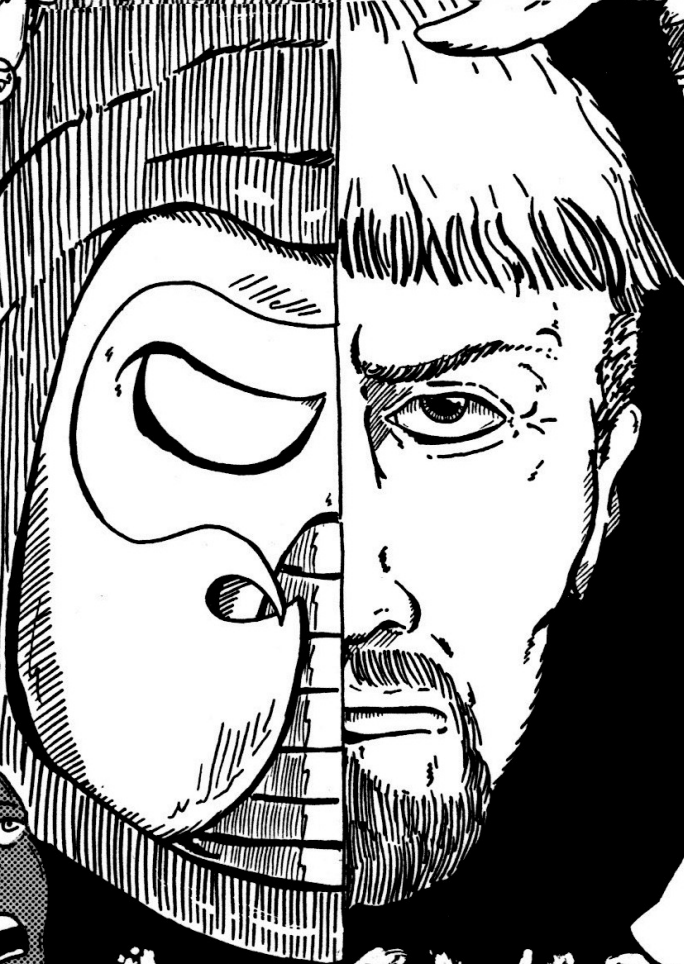


25
NOV

AMOEBA

ADVENTURES



ALEX'S STORY

THE DARK AGES • 6 OF 8

NK!9

PROTOPLASM PRESS • \$2.50 U.S. \$3.00 CAN • NOVEMBER 1997

AMOEBIA ADVENTURES #25 • The Dark Ages Part 6

“Paths”

Created and written
by Nik Dirga
Art by Max Ink

“...Can't repeat the past? Why of course
you can! ...I'm going to fix everything
just the way it was before.”

—The Great Gatsby, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

THE SLIMEBALL SPEAKS

Welcome back.

Well, first I need to apologize for the lengthy wait between the last issue of *Amoeba Adventures* and this one!

But I haven't spent the past 11 months or so playing Parcheesi. There's lots of news to relate and little space, so without further ado...

• • •

First, I'm sorry to announce that next issue will be Max Ink's last as artist. Before the rumor mill starts churning, let me stress that Max and I are still pals and all, but as they say “creative differences” have led to our deciding to go our separate ways.

I want to take this chance to thank Max for his superb, ground-breaking work as artist of *Amoeba Adventures* since #14, and wish him well in whatever he does next — like I've always said, *AA* really became the kinda comic I'd like to read when Max joined up with me.

The next announcement ties directly into that one, and that's that next issue, #26, will *not* be the final issue of small-press *Amoeba Adventures* as previously announced. I've decided to put the kibosh on any independent publisher ambitions we may have had and to continue *Amoeba Adventures* as a small press series under my guidance for at least a while longer. To be frank, the main reason I got into

this was to tell stories, not to be a publisher. I want to get “back to my roots” and just tell some stories, and I hope you'll be here to read 'em.

So, next issue Max will be here for his swan song; the issue after that, *Amoeba Adventures* #27, will be written *and* (hold your gasps, peons!) drawn by me, the first issue I've drawn since #13! I'm no Max Ink by a long shot, but I admit that there's a certain pleasure in having every panel of *AA* under my jurisdiction again. Following #27, *AA* will head off in an entirely new and hopefully interesting direction, and will feature a mix of my own art and special guest artists.

• • •

The next announcement I need to make is regarding my recent move — in case you ain't heard, I'm no longer in Mississippi, and dealing with all the ramifications of my impulsive decision to relocate back to my native California after seven years away took up a lot of spring and summer. I've got a new reporting job with a good newspaper, and am readjusting to life on the West Coast again. The ol' Mississippi P.O. Box that's been home to Protoplasm Press for seven years has been returned to the post office for fumigation and renovation, and my new address is P.O. Box 64, Oakdale CA 95361-0064. Mark that one down in your Rolodex, folks!

• • •

This issue's story, long in the works and longer in the execution, is admittedly not the most “reader-friendly” issue to return with — “Alex's Story” heavily relies on many past issues of *AA* for its background, and a lot of the events referred to either took place in past issues or “behind the scenes” in them, so to speak. For the record, much of Alex's story as related here was originally told in *Amoeba Adventures* #7, 10 and 11, all of which are indeed available from me if you don't got them.

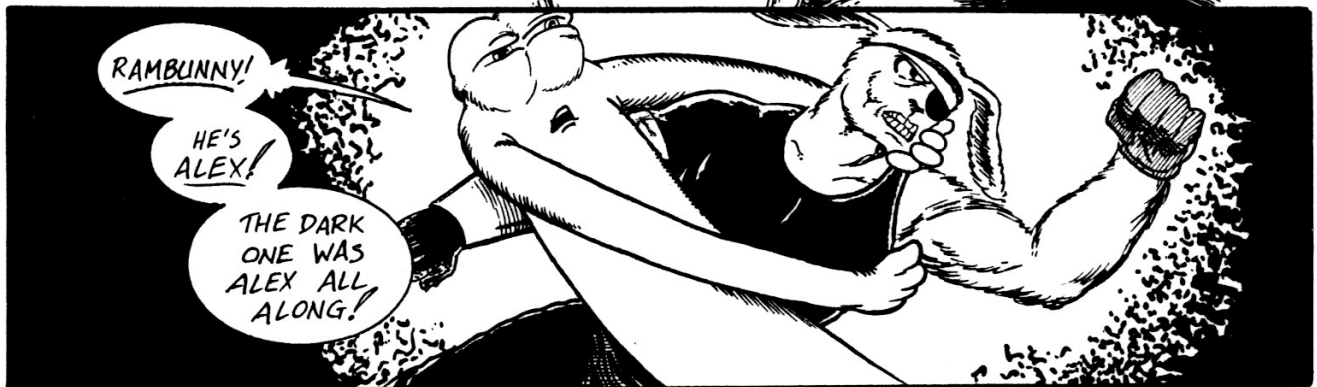
• • •

OK, I think all my bases are covered. Again, thanks to all the regular *AA* readers and subscribers for your patience the past year or so — your frequent calls and notes asking, and I quote, “what the hell happened to the next issue?” were the large stick in the side I needed to get moving again. You guys is the bestest, and I hope you'll be staying around for the rest of the show!



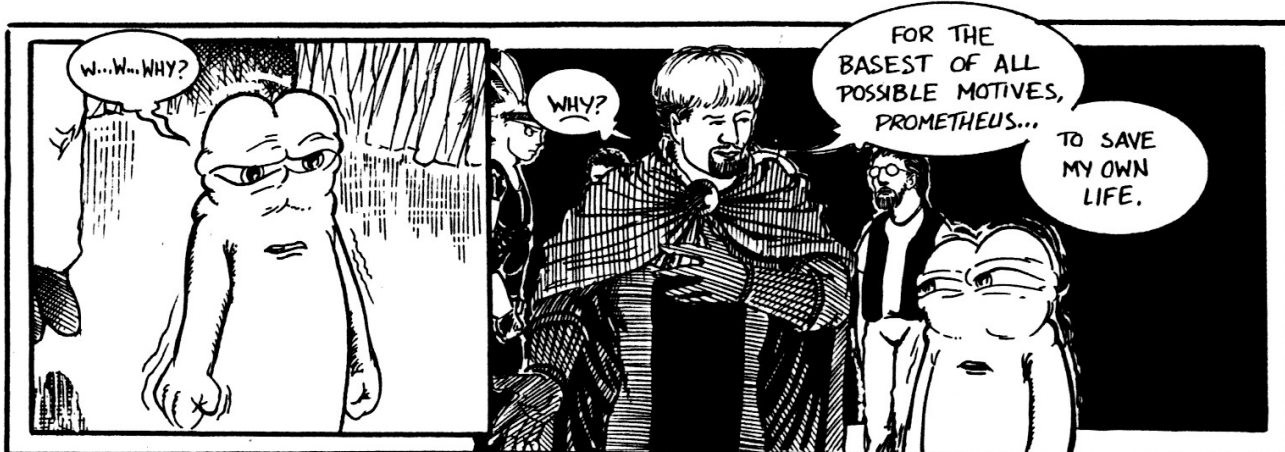
NEXT ISSUE: It's the battle that we've been leading up to for the past three years — Prometheus versus The Dark One! Look for non-stop action and some shocking developments! Be here for “Wrath,” coming in January, so help me God.

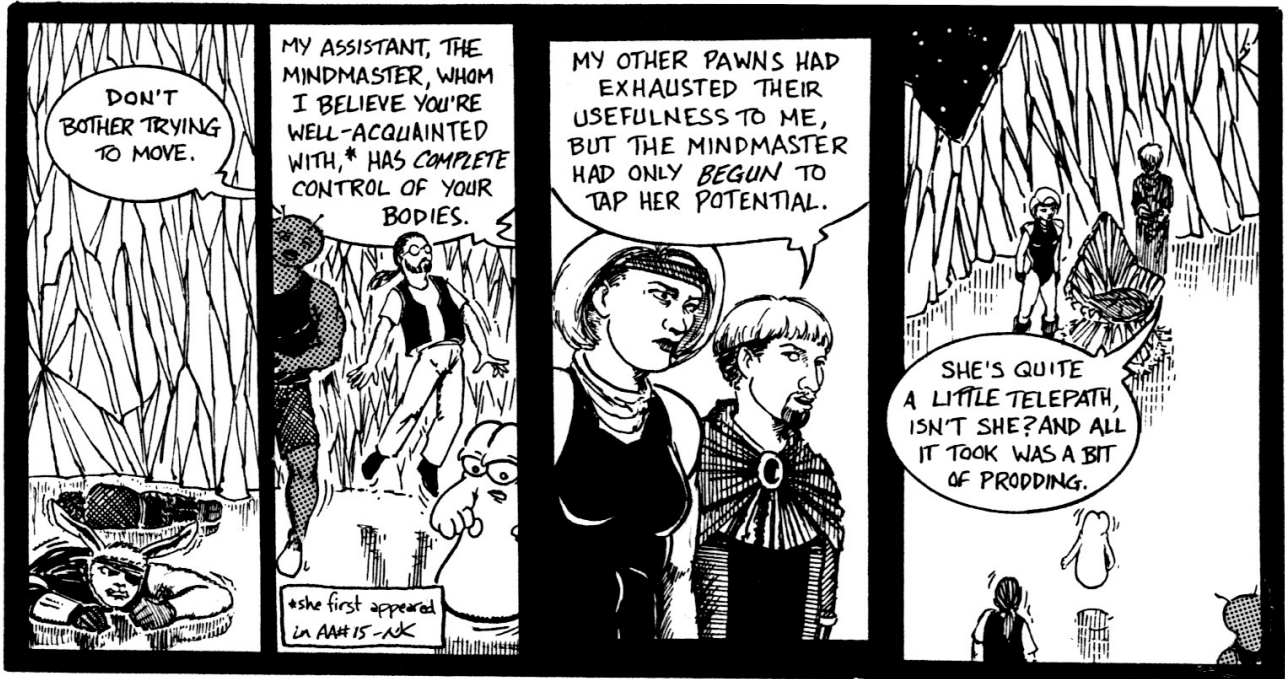
AMOEBIA ADVENTURES #25, November 1997, is published three times a year by Protoplasm Press, P.O. Box 64, Oakdale CA 95361-0064. *Amoeba Adventures* and all characters herein are ©1997 Nik Dirga, all rights reserved. Additional copies are available for \$2.50 postpaid, \$3.00 Canada. Subscriptions are indeed available at the reasonable price of \$10/4 issues. A flier of available back issues is yours for the asking. Retailers, ask about special store discounts. It's not “I buried Paul,” it's “cranberry sauce.”

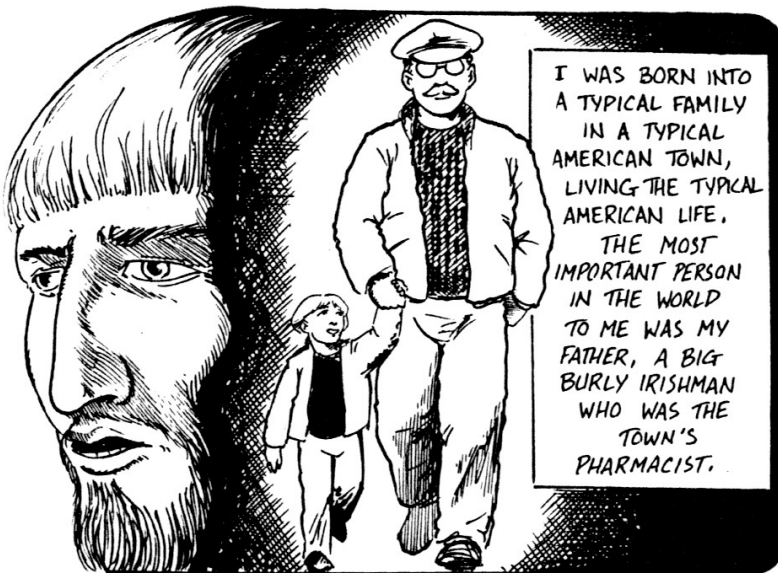






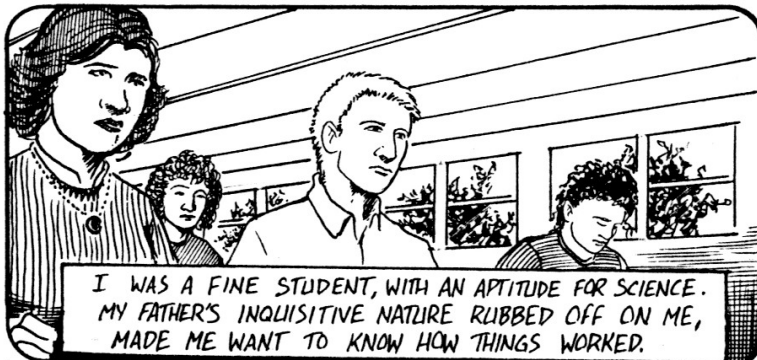






I WAS BORN INTO A TYPICAL FAMILY IN A TYPICAL AMERICAN TOWN, LIVING THE TYPICAL AMERICAN LIFE. THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN THE WORLD TO ME WAS MY FATHER, A BIG BURLY IRISHMAN WHO WAS THE TOWN'S PHARMACIST.

I LOVED MY MOTHER, BUT I IDOLIZED MY FATHER. HE TAUGHT ME WHAT WAS RIGHT AND WRONG... HOW THE WORLD WORKED, AND HOW IT OUGHT TO WORK. WHATEVER GOOD I AM TODAY I OWE TO HIS GUIDANCE.



I WAS A FINE STUDENT, WITH AN APTITUDE FOR SCIENCE. MY FATHER'S INQUISITIVE NATURE RUBBED OFF ON ME, MADE ME WANT TO KNOW HOW THINGS WORKED.

BUT I WASN'T JUST A SCIENCE GEEK... I HAD FRIENDS OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM... AND I HAD A GIRLFRIEND, KENDRA... SHE WAS WONDERFUL, PRETTY, AND AS DETERMINED TO UNDERSTAND THINGS AS I WAS.

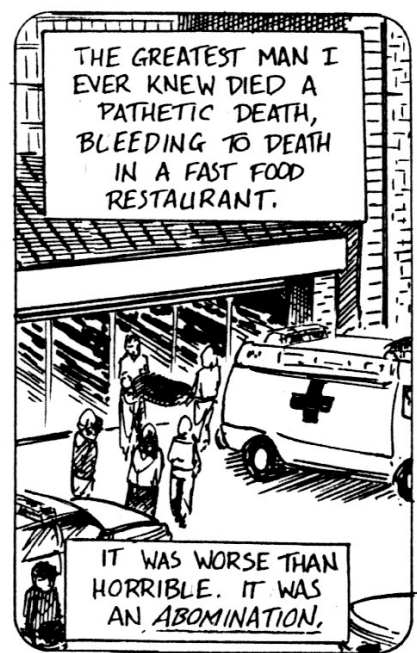
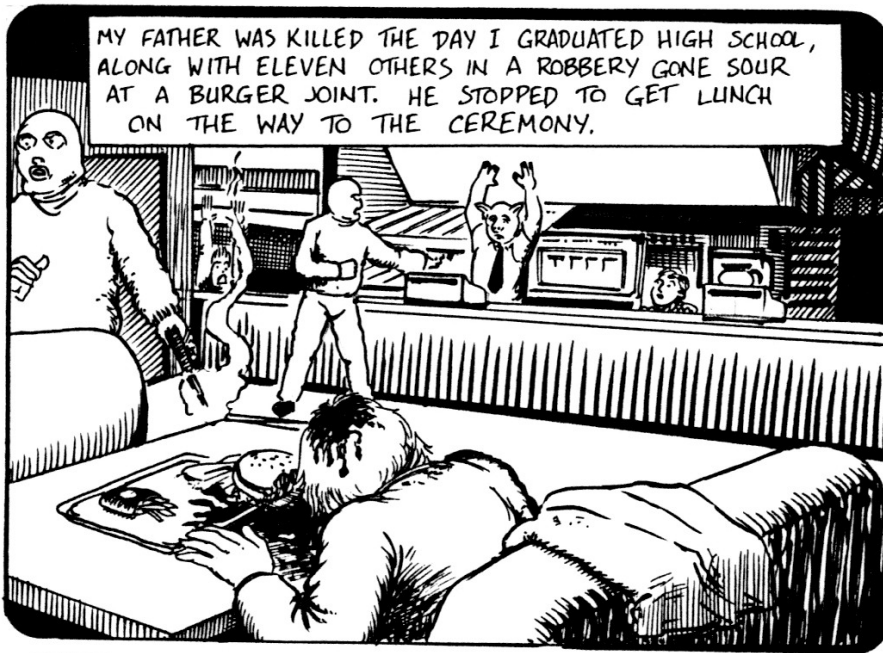


THEN GRADUATION DAY CAME.

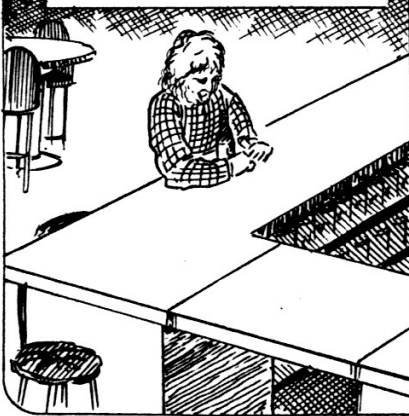


AND I LEARNED THE RANDOM, TERRIBLE WAY THINGS REALLY WORKED.





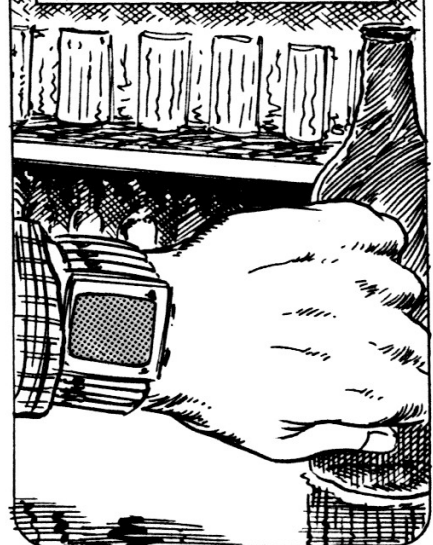
SEVERAL YEARS PASSED.
I BECAME LOST IN
MYSELF, MISSED MY
FATHER SO MUCH THAT IT
BECAME A FIXATION.
I DROPPED OUT OF
COLLEGE, LOST KENDRA
AND DRIFTED THROUGH
A SERIES OF LOW-PAYING
JOBS, DRINKING TOO MUCH
FOR MY OWN GOOD.



I MIGHT WELL BE DOING
SO TODAY IF LIFE HADN'T
CHOSEN THAT MOMENT FOR
ME TO HAVE AN EPIPHANY.



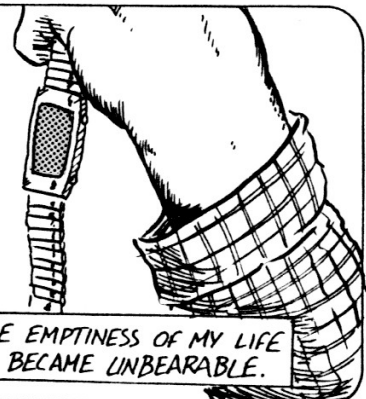
I LOOKED AT MY WATCH
TO FIND THE TIME, AND
DISCOVERED IT HAD
BROKEN; SIMPLE AS THAT,
BUT IT WAS THE FINAL
INDIGNITY TO ME.



NOTHING HAD
GONE RIGHT
SINCE THE DAY
MY FATHER
DIED. I LOOKED
AT THE DEAD
EYE OF THE
WATCH AND SAW
SAW A GRAY
NOTHINGNESS
IN FRONT
OF ME...



...AND THE EMPTINESS OF MY LIFE
SUDDENLY BECAME UNBEARABLE.



THE MIRROR BEHIND THE BAR
WAS AN IRRESISTIBLE TARGET.



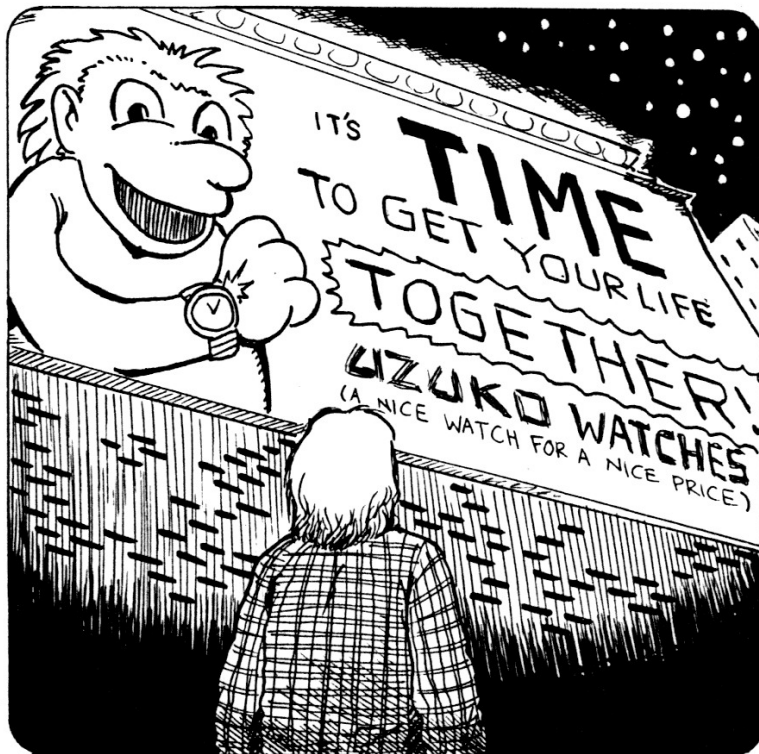
I WAS ASKED
TO LEAVE.
I TOOK MY
BROKEN WATCH
AND WANDERED
OUT INTO THE
STREETS.

AS I WALKED ALONG, THE IMAGE OF MY WATCH CRACKING THE MIRROR KEPT REPLAYING OVER AND OVER IN MY MIND, SOMETHING ABOUT IT SEEMED SO SYMBOLIC TO ME—

A MESSAGE IN AN UNINTELLIGIBLE CODE,



IT WAS WELL AFTER THREE IN THE MORNING WHEN THE ANSWER HIT ME.



TIME.

TIME WAS THE ANSWER TO EVERYTHING.

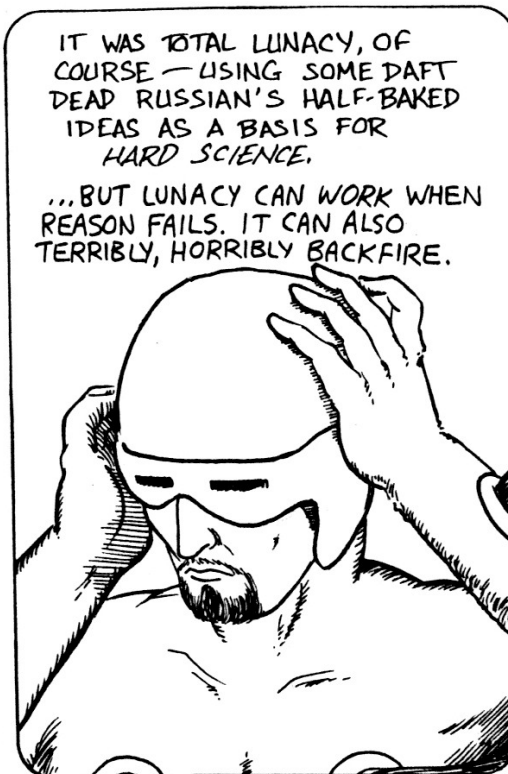
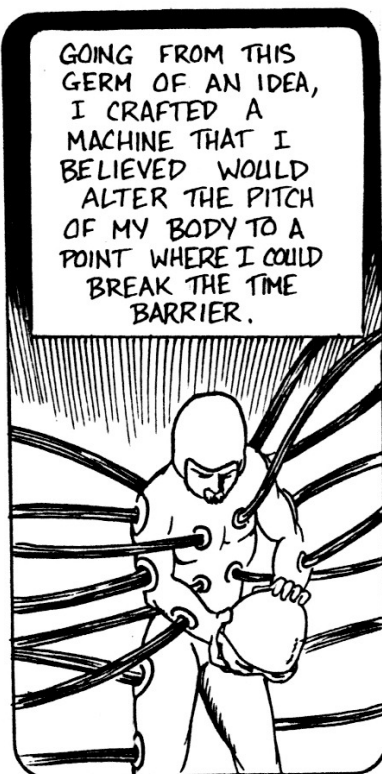
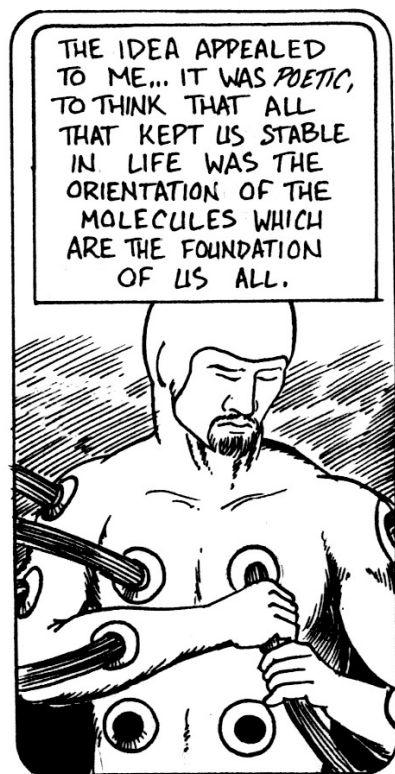
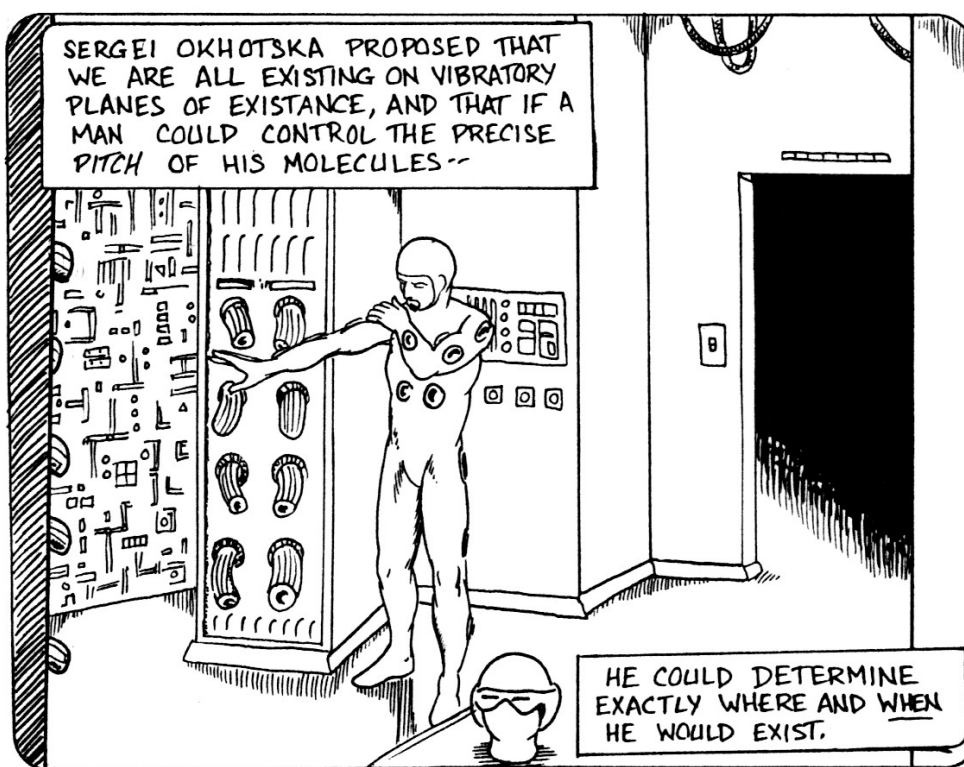
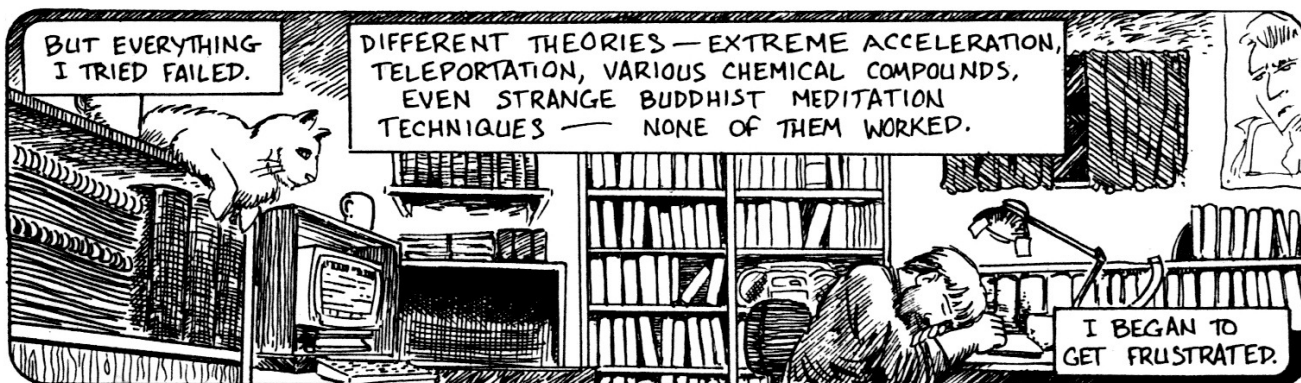
I HAD TO FIND A WAY TO GO BACK IN TIME TO WHEN MY LIFE MEANT SOMETHING...

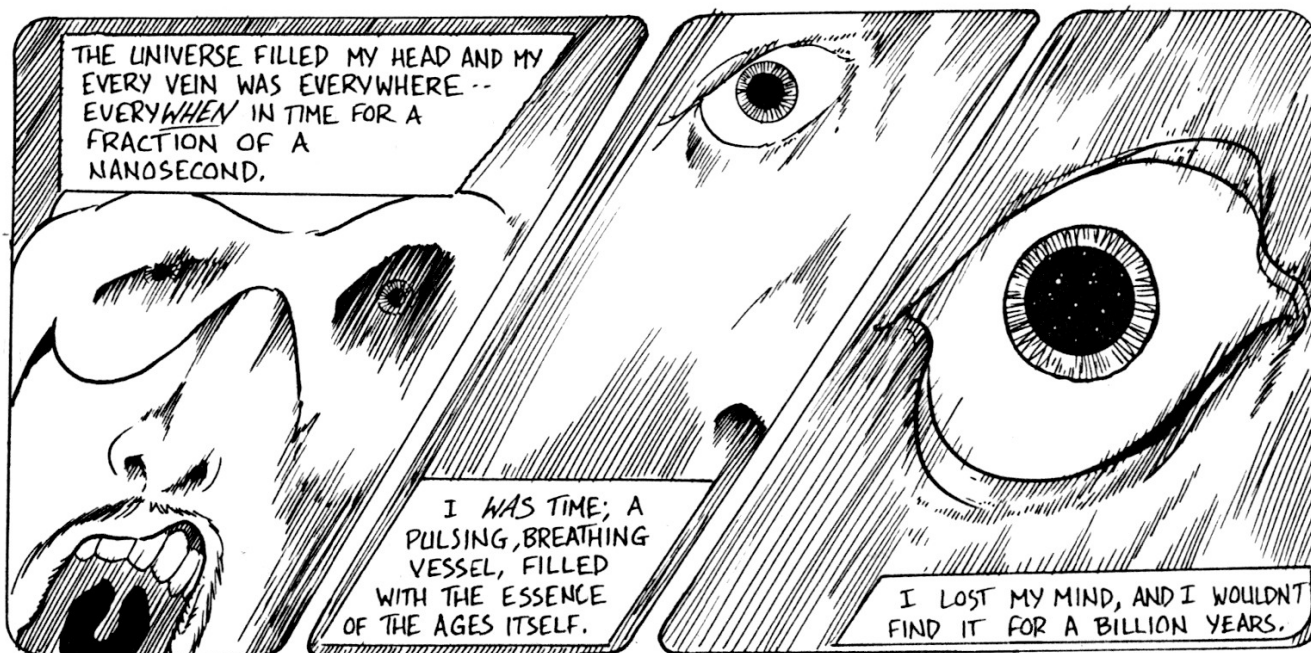
...I HAD TO GO BACK AND FIND A WAY TO SAVE MY FATHER.

I RETURNED TO SCHOOL, MINING MY OLD LOVE FOR SCIENCE, WORKING LIKE MAD UNTIL I EARNED MY WAY INTO A GRADUATE PHYSICS PROGRAM.

I STUDIED EVERYTHING I COULD ABOUT THE NATURE OF TIME...

...DETERMINED TO BREAK ITS CODE AND LEARN ITS SECRETS.



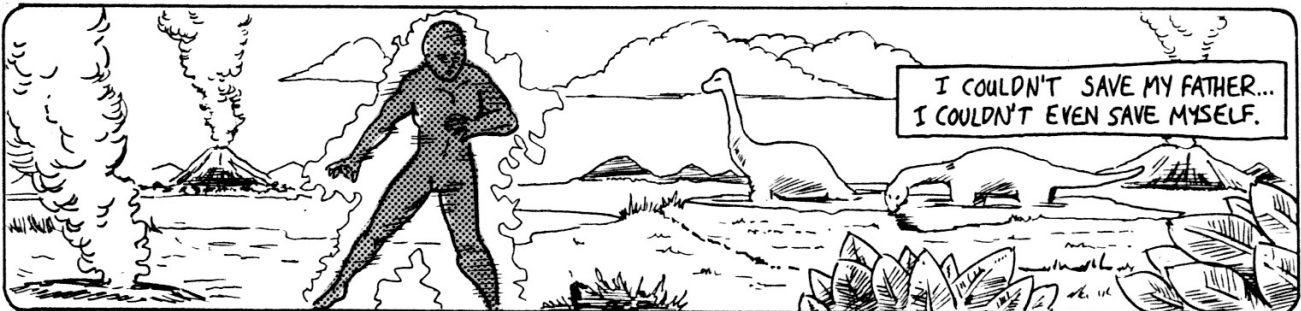
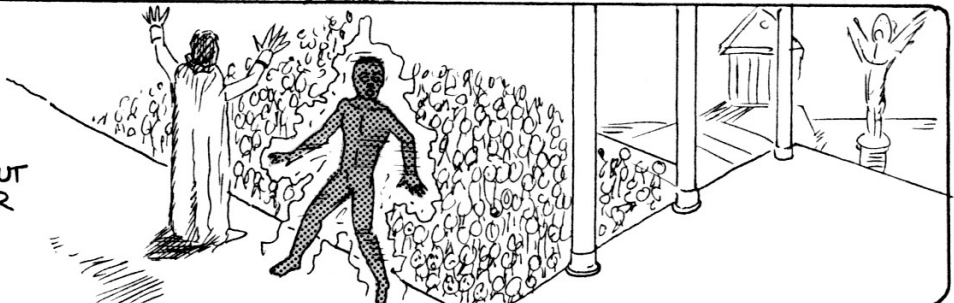


WHEN I FOUND MYSELF AGAIN, I HAD BEEN LOST IN TIME FOR LONGER THAN I COULD FATHOM. IT WAS CENTURIES BEFORE I COULD EVEN REMEMBER MY NAME.



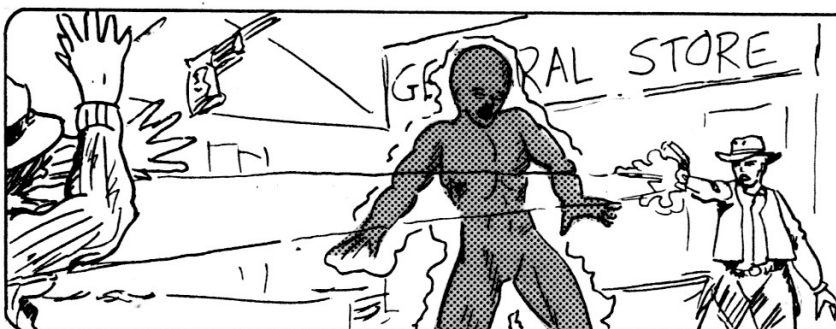
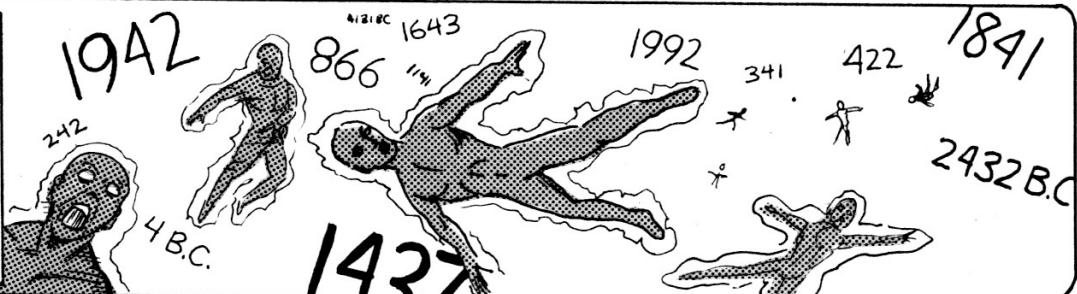
I DISCOVERED I WAS COMPLETELY OUT OF SYNC WITH REAL TIME... MY FOOLHARDY EXPERIMENT HAD TURNED ME INTO A KIND OF "INVERTED MAN."

IT WAS A CURSE: I WAS INDEED ABLE TO TRAVEL BACK AND FORTH IN TIME, BUT COMPLETELY WITHOUT CONTROL OVER WHEN OR WHERE I'D APPEAR.



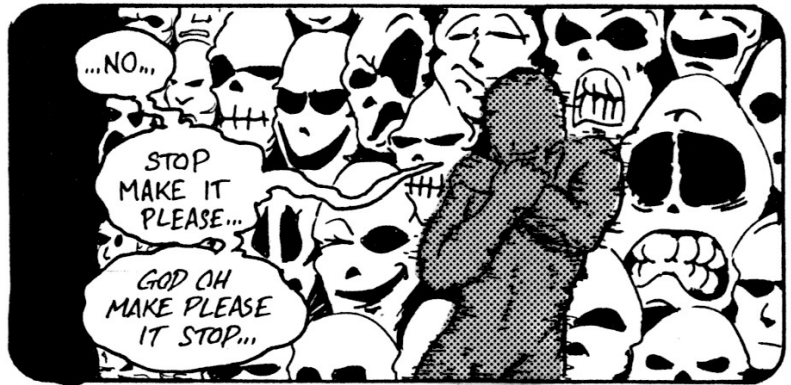
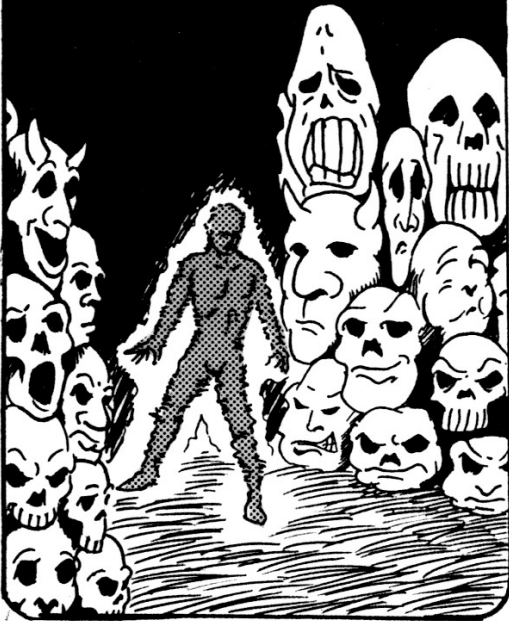
I COULDN'T SAVE MY FATHER... I COULDN'T EVEN SAVE MYSELF.

MY VIBRATORY PATTERN WAS CHANGING CONSTANTLY... I'D BECOME A PHANTOM DRIFTING THROUGH HISTORY.



IT WAS THE GREATEST HELL I'D EVER KNOWN, AND IT WENT ON FOR WHAT FELT LIKE YEARS. YEARS WITHOUT TIME, A SPACE I COULD CALL HOME.

AND JUST WHEN I THOUGHT
IT COULDN'T GET WORSE,
I MET THE DEVIL HIMSELF.

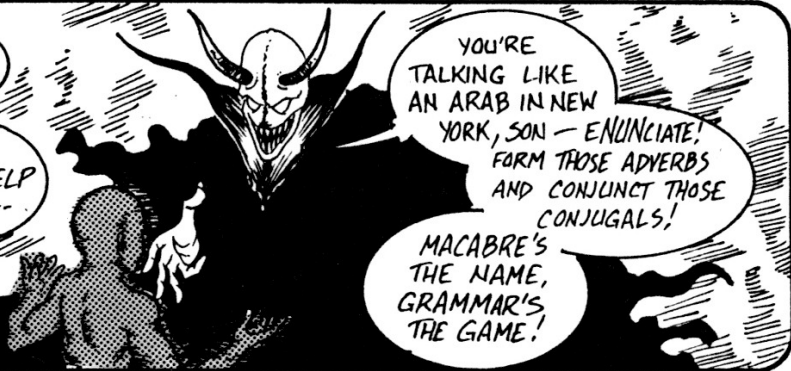


MY EXPERIENCE
HAD GARBLED
MY SPEECH
PATTERNS,
MAKING ME ALL
BUT UNINTEL-
LIGIBLE.

ME
HELP...
TO
PLEASE HELP
SAVE--

YOU'RE
TALKING LIKE
AN ARAB IN NEW
YORK, SON - ENUNCIATE!
FORM THOSE ADVERBS
AND CONJUNCT THOSE
CONJUGALS!

MACABRE'S
THE NAME,
GRAMMAR'S
THE GAME!

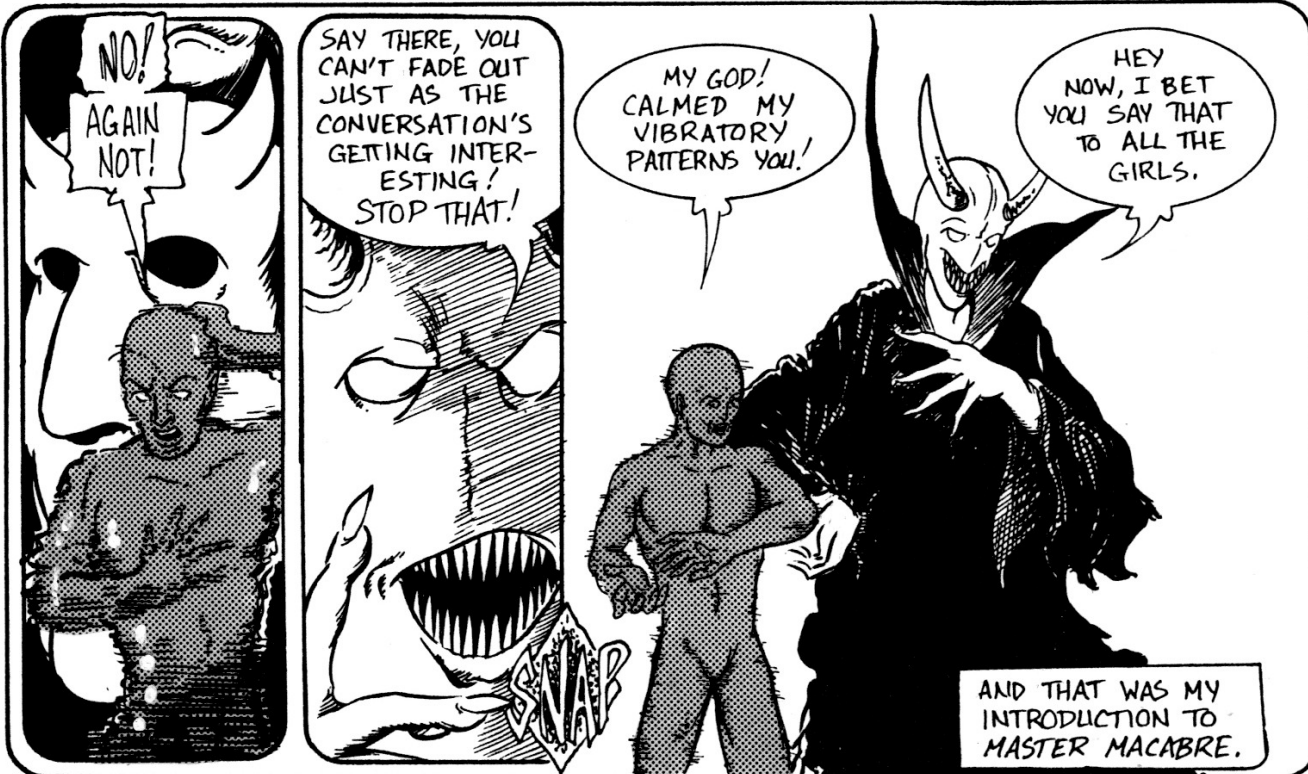


NO!
AGAIN
NOT!

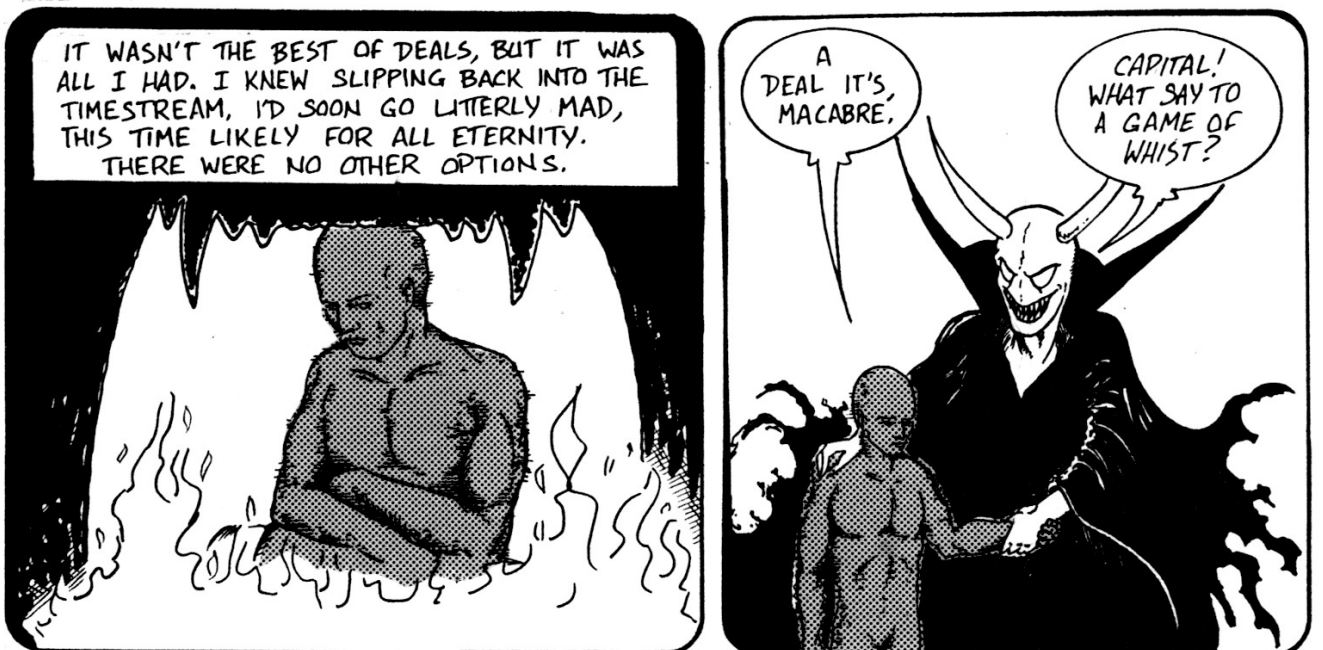
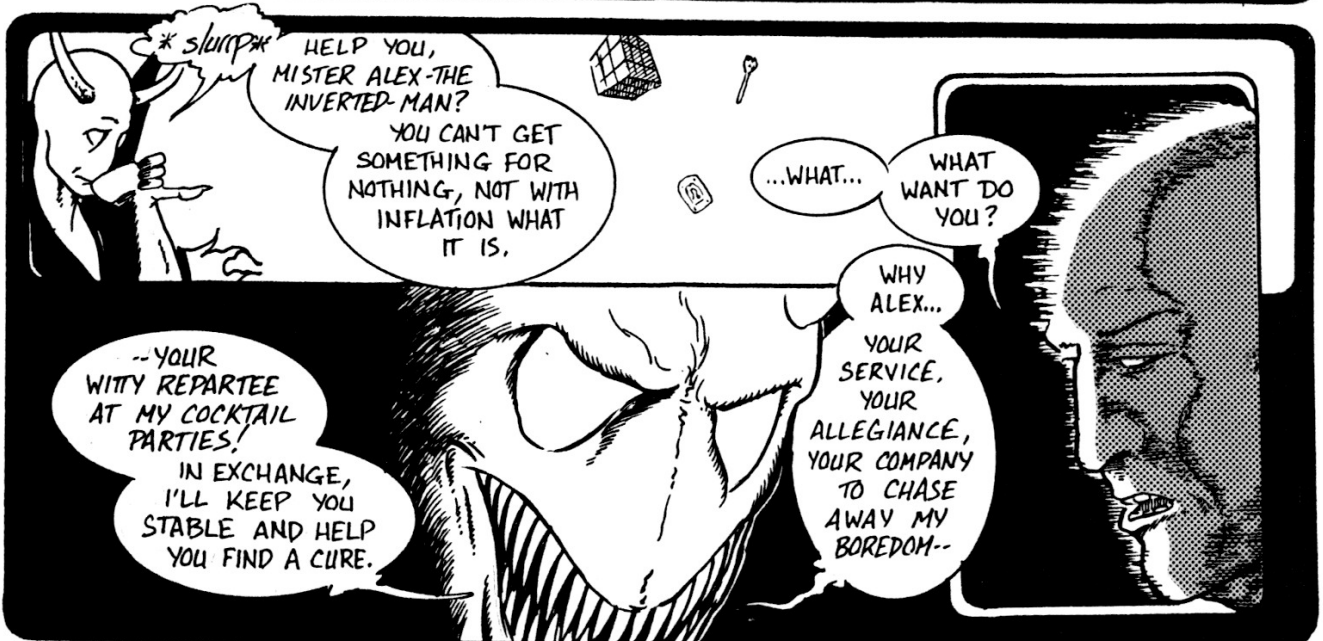
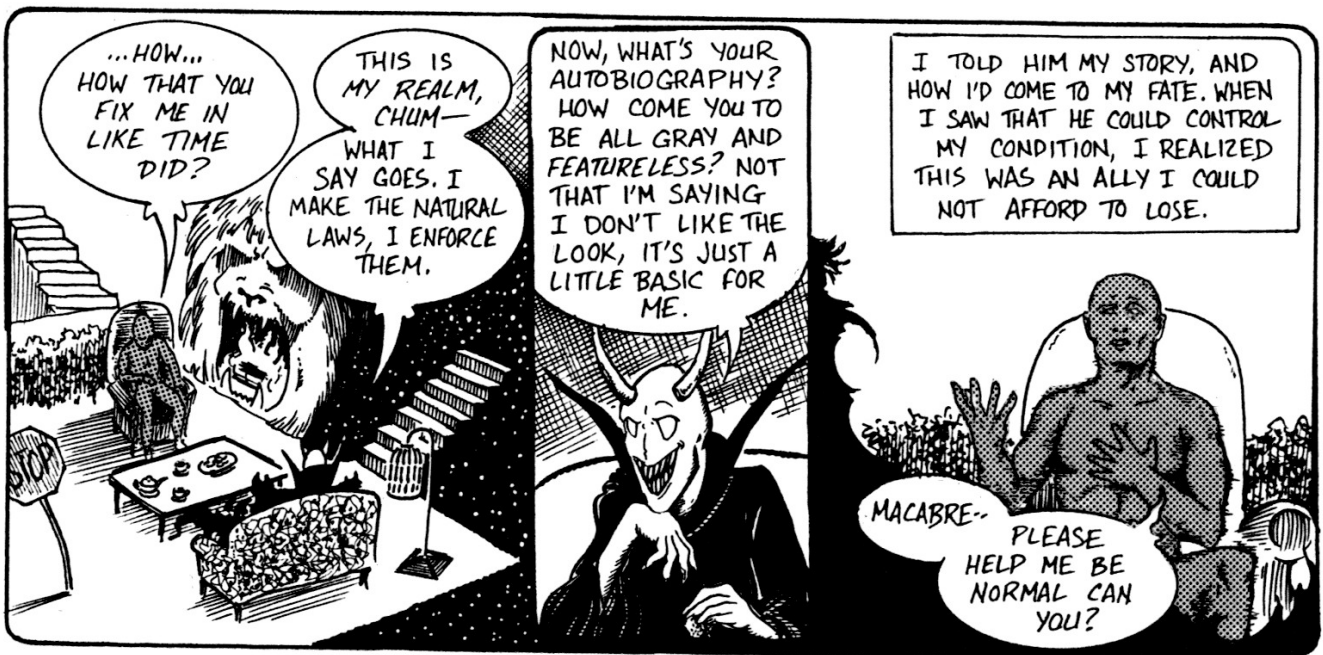
SAY THERE, YOU
CAN'T FADE OUT
JUST AS THE
CONVERSATION'S
GETTING INTER-
ESTING!
STOP THAT!

MY GOD!
CALMED MY
VIBRATORY
PATTERNS YOU!

HEY
NOW, I BET
YOU SAY THAT
TO ALL THE
GIRLS.



AND THAT WAS MY
INTRODUCTION TO
MASTER MACABRE.



MACABRE WAS AN IMMORTAL BEING OF INCREDIBLE POWER — DRIVEN TO NEAR-INSANITY FROM BOREDOM. HIS WAS A NEVER-ENDING SEARCH FOR ENTERTAINMENT — AND I AMUSED HIM.



HE TOYED WITH MEN'S LIVES LIKE A BOY STOMPING ON ANTHILLS — FOR THE SHEER JOY OF IT.

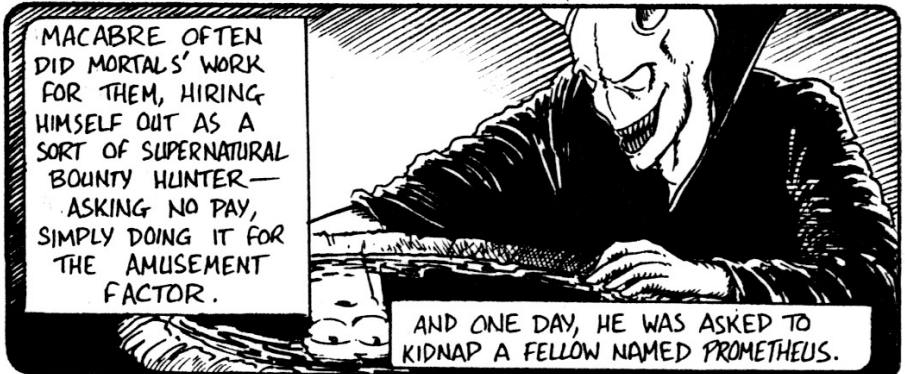


AND THE LONGER I WAS IN HIS POWER, THE MORE NUMB I GREW TO HIS EVIL.

BUT WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE?



MACABRE OFTEN DID MORTALS' WORK FOR THEM, HIRING HIMSELF OUT AS A SORT OF SUPERNATURAL BOUNTY HUNTER — ASKING NO PAY, SIMPLY DOING IT FOR THE AMUSEMENT FACTOR.



AND ONE DAY, HE WAS ASKED TO KIDNAP A FELLOW NAMED PROMETHEUS.

MACABRE ABDUCTED PROMETHEUS FOR A GROUP OF RENEGADE SCIENTISTS — HE WAS FASCINATED BY THE LITTLE AMOEBA, WHOM HE CALLED "A TREASURE OF POTENTIAL."

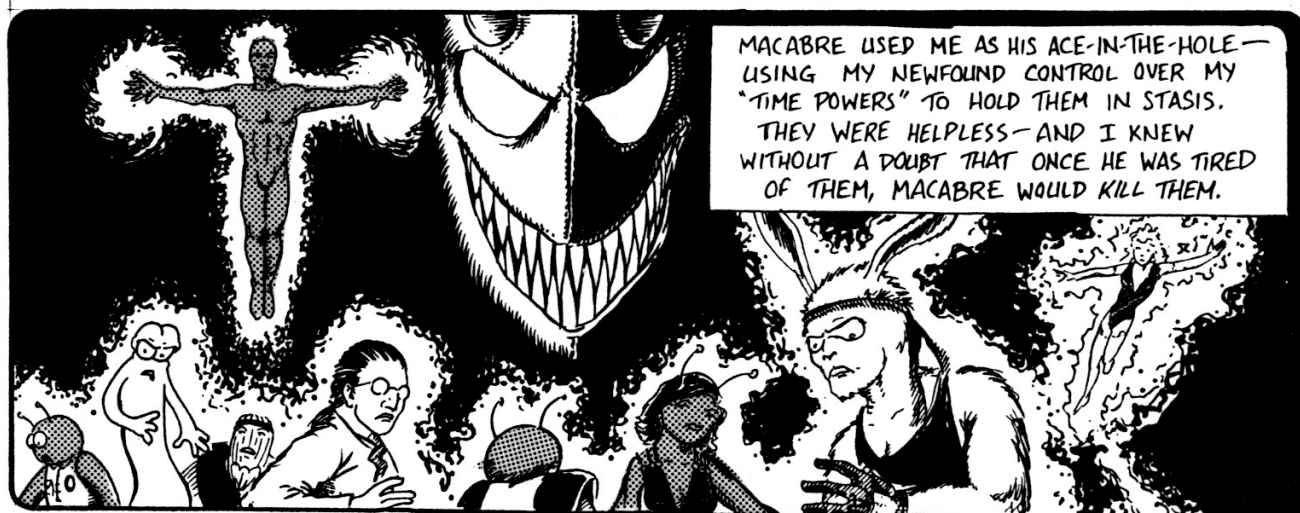


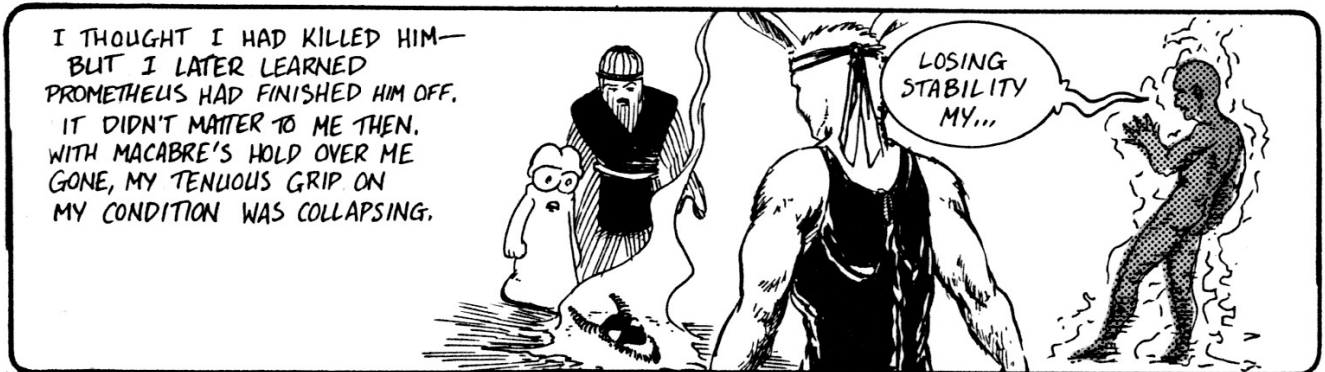
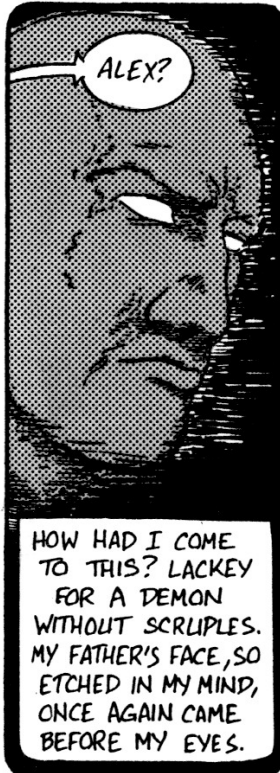
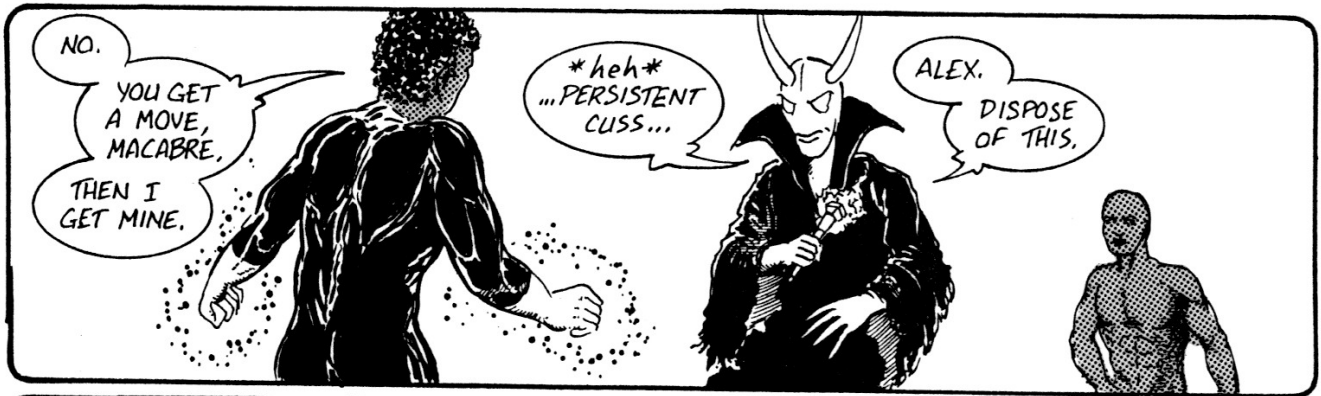
BUT PROMETHEUS HAD POWERFUL FRIENDS. HIS TEAMMATES IN THE ALL-SPONGY SQUADRON ENTERED MACABRE'S REALM AND CONFRONTED HIM.



MACABRE DEFEATED THEM BADLY, AND SENT THEM ON THEIR WAY.









I REAPPEARED SOMEWHERE ELSE -
AS ALWAYS, I HAD NO IDEA
WHERE OR WHEN I MIGHT BE.



A MOMENT HASN'T PASSED
SINCE THEN THAT I DON'T
WISH I'D NEVER FOUND OUT
WHERE I WAS. IT WAS
THE LAST AND MOST
HORRIBLE TIME I WOULD
EVER VISIT.



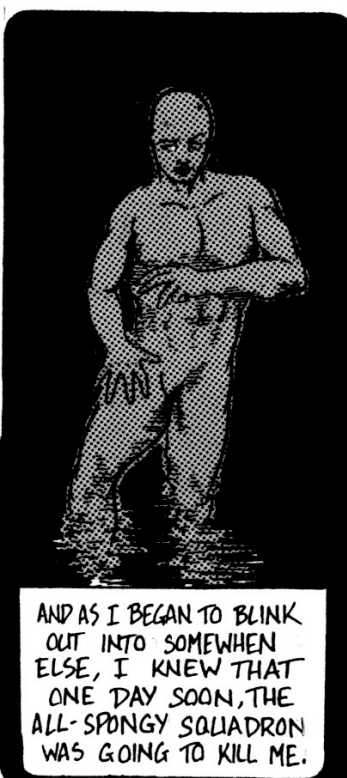
IT WAS MY
DEATH.

...HE'S
GONE.

AND GOOD
RIDDANCE,
I SAY.



I SAW MY DEATH,
AND IN AN INSTANT
I REALIZED WHEN
I WAS. I WAS IN
THE FUTURE.



AND AS I BEGAN TO BLINK
OUT INTO SOMEWHEN
ELSE, I KNEW THAT
ONE DAY SOON, THE
ALL-SPONGY SQUADRON
WAS GOING TO KILL ME.

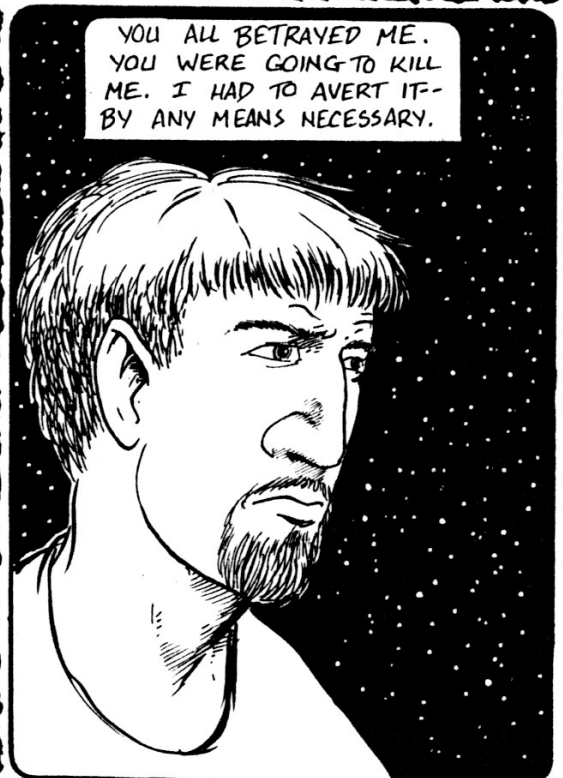
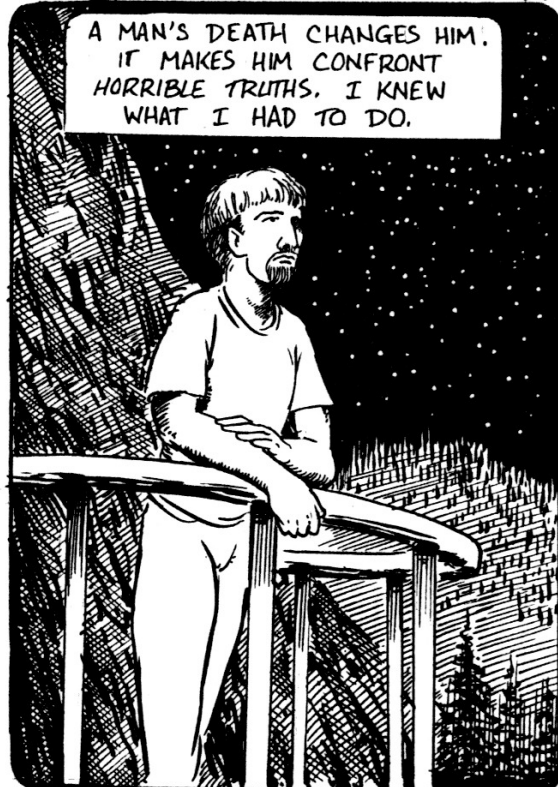
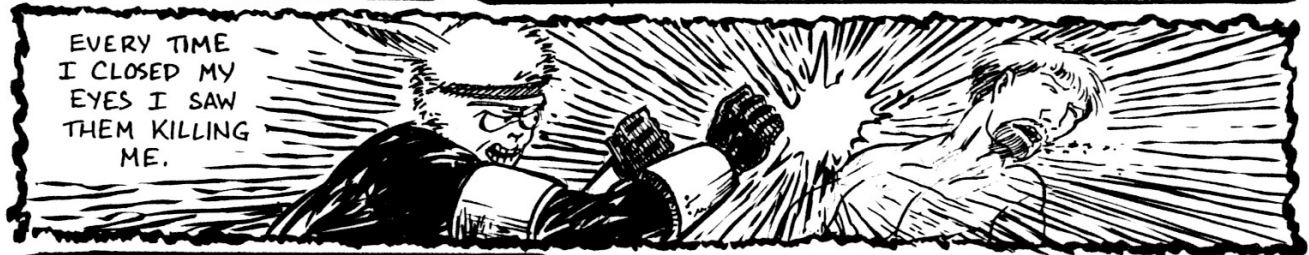
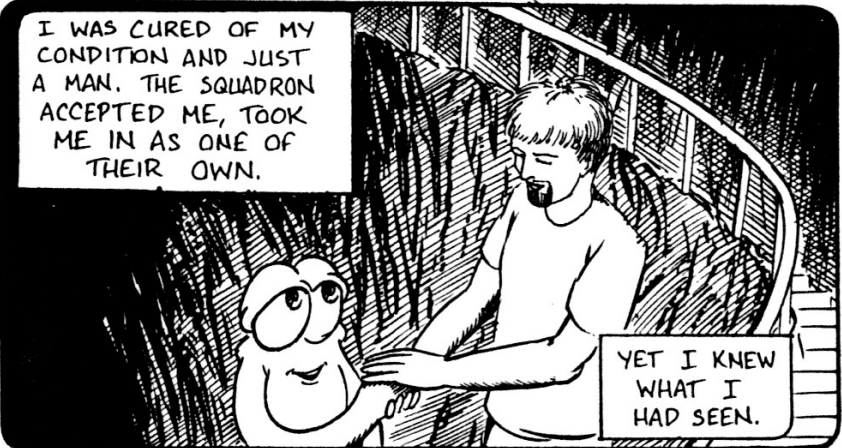
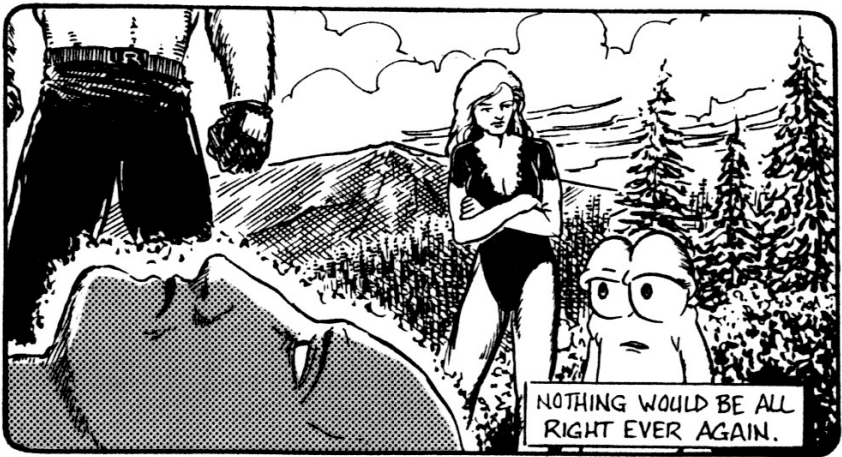


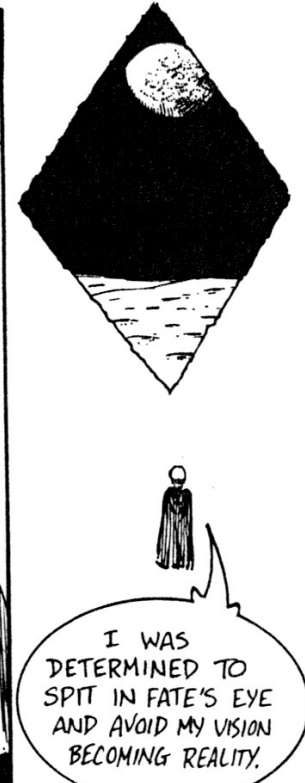
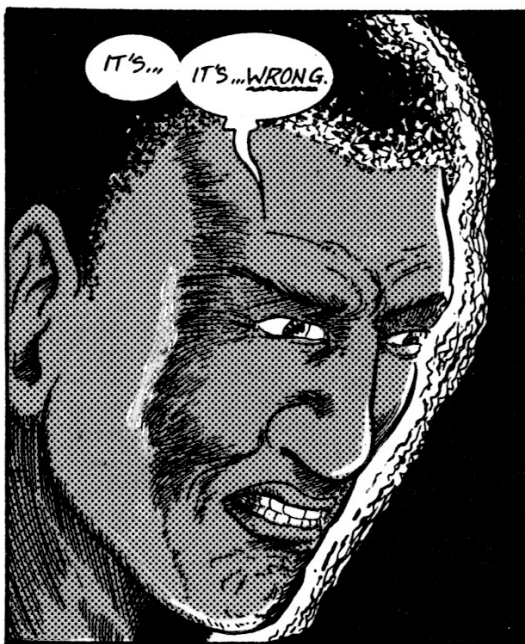
WHEN I OPENED MY EYES AGAIN,
I WAS BACK IN THE PRESENT.
SPIF HAD PREPARED A
DEVICE TO RESTORE MY
VIBRATORY BALANCE -
HE SAVED ME.

THERE YOU
GO! YOU BLINKED
OUT, AND FOR A
SECOND THERE, I THOUGHT
WE'D LOST YOU.

LIE
BACK,
ALEX.

EVERYTHING
WILL BE ALL
RIGHT.





BUT WHAT COULD I DO? I WAS ONLY HUMAN NOW, AND THESE SO-CALLED HEROES COULD CRUSH ME WITH ONE HAND. I NEEDED POWER— BUT WHERE COULD I FIND ENOUGH POWER TO DEFEAT THEM?

HAH!
RUMMY!

...DON'T
UNDERSTAND WHY
YOU CAN'T DEAL
WITH THIS,
HANK.

THE ANSWER WAS RIGHT UNDER
MY NOSE. HANK JENSEN, ONE
OF THE NEWEST MEMBERS OF
THE SQUADRON, HAD RECENTLY
GAINED INCREDIBLE, GOD-LIKE
POWERS— AND CLEARLY, THE
BURDEN OF THEM WAS TOO
MUCH FOR HIM.

...I'VE TRIED
TO TELL YOU, DAWN.
I JUST QUESTION IF I
SHOULD USE THESE
POWERS FOR
ANYTHING.

I DON'T
KNOW IF I'M
UP FOR
THIS.

OH,
I'VE HAD IT
TRYING TO
TALK WITH
YOU.

DO
WHAT YOU
WANT.

YOU WILL
ANYWAY.

OKAY—
WHO'S UP FOR
TRISCUITS?

SAY—
CAREFUL,
DAWN!

HANK HAD POWER AND DIDN'T WANT IT... I HAD
NONE AND DESPERATELY NEEDED IT TO SAVE
MY LIFE. WITH HANK'S POWERS, I COULD DEFEAT
THE SQUADRON, BRING BACK MY FATHER,
AND EVERYTHING WOULD BE OKAY.

SHEESH—
WOMEN IS THE
CRAZIEST
PEOPLE!

WELL, THIS
IS A PERIOD OF
ADJUSTMENT FOR
HER, MITSU...

FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN A LONG WHILE, THE
FUTURE LOOKED BRIGHT.



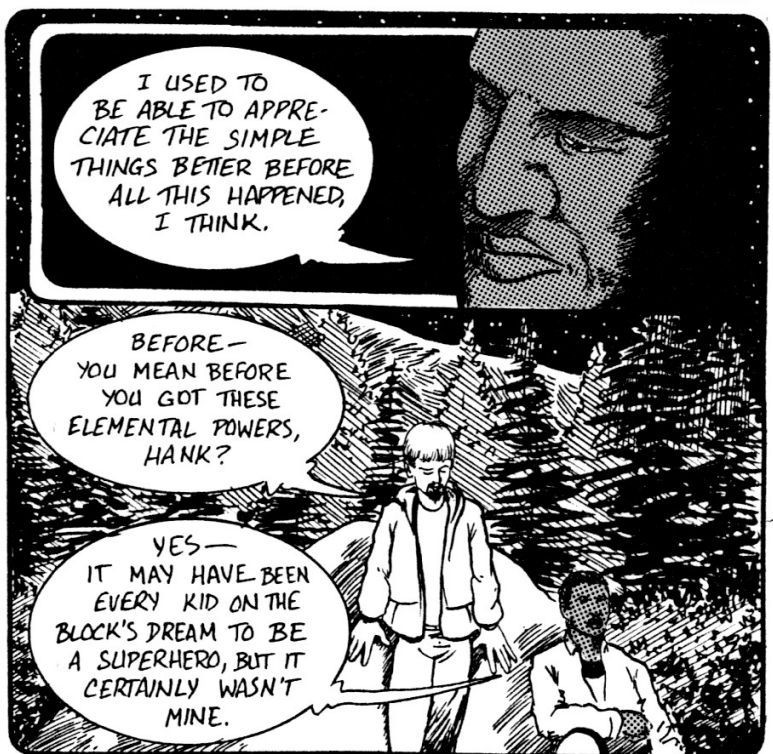
OH! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE OUT HERE, HANK.

HELLO, ALEX.



BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, ISN'T IT?

I SUPPOSE...



I USED TO BE ABLE TO APPRECIATE THE SIMPLE THINGS BETTER BEFORE ALL THIS HAPPENED, I THINK.

BEFORE— YOU MEAN BEFORE YOU GOT THESE ELEMENTAL POWERS, HANK?

YES— IT MAY HAVE BEEN EVERY KID ON THE BLOCK'S DREAM TO BE A SUPERHERO, BUT IT CERTAINLY WASN'T MINE.



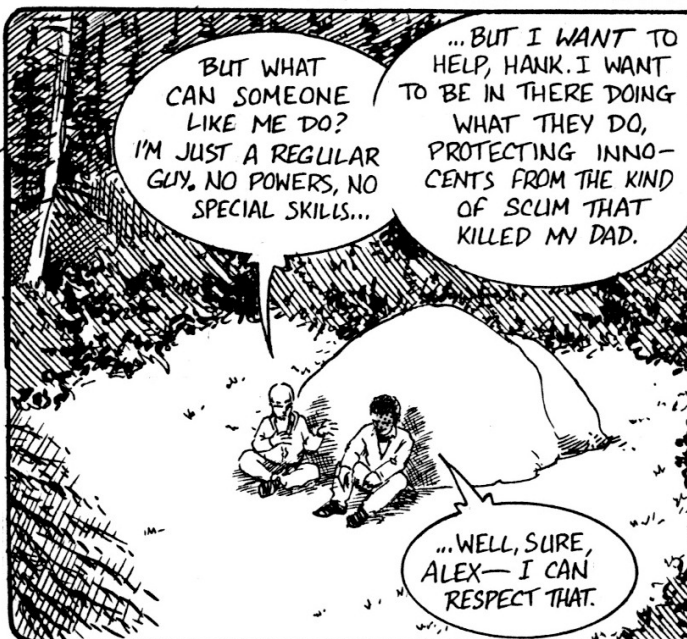
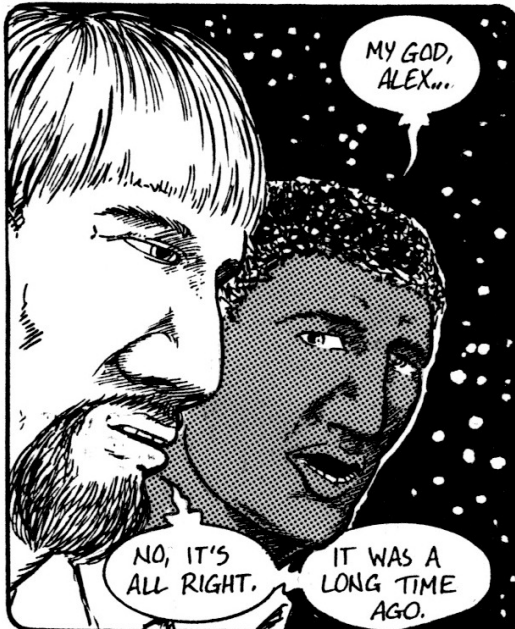
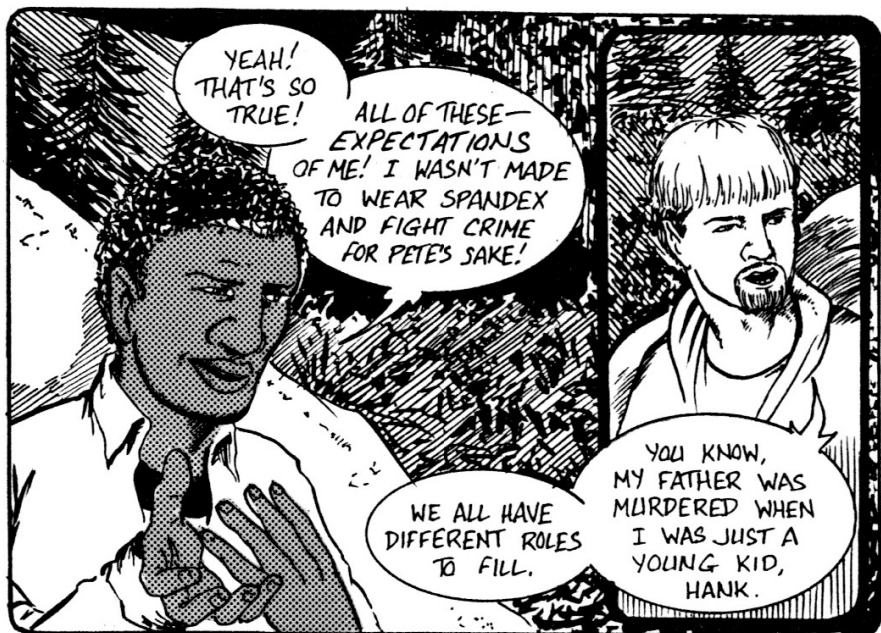
I MEAN... I'M A SCIENTIST, ALEX. IT'S ALL I'VE EVER WANTED TO BE!

I WANTED TO KNOW HOW THINGS WORKED, AND I'VE ALWAYS ACCEPTED THAT THERE'S AN ORDER AND A RULE TO EVERYTHING.



BUT NOW— THESE POWERS, THEY DEFY SCIENCE!

THEY SPIT IN ITS FACE! I DO SOMETHING, AND I CAN'T TELL YOU IN THE LEAST **HOW** I DID IT.





WHAT?

...I MEAN, WHAT?

...ALEX, ARE YOU SERIOUS?



SERIOUS AS A MURDER, HANK.

YOU DON'T WANT THESE POWERS... I DO. THEN I CAN JOIN THE SQUADRON AND HELP THEM. HELP PEOPLE EVERYWHERE. HELP PEOPLE LIKE MY DAD.



ALEX, I... I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I COULD DO SUCH A THING, LET ALONE IF I SHOULD.

NO MAN SHOULD HAVE THESE POWERS.



I ... I JUST ...

NO MAN SHOULD, HANK, BUT YOU DO!

AND IF YOU CAN'T USE THEM FOR THE RIGHT THING, THEN I CAN!

DO THEY REALLY DESERVE TO JUST GO UNUSED WHEN THERE'S SO MUCH WRONG IN THE WORLD?



DAMN IT, HANK!

THESE POWERS ARE THE GREATEST GIFT A MAN CAN HAVE! DON'T TURN ME DOWN!



TRUST ME.

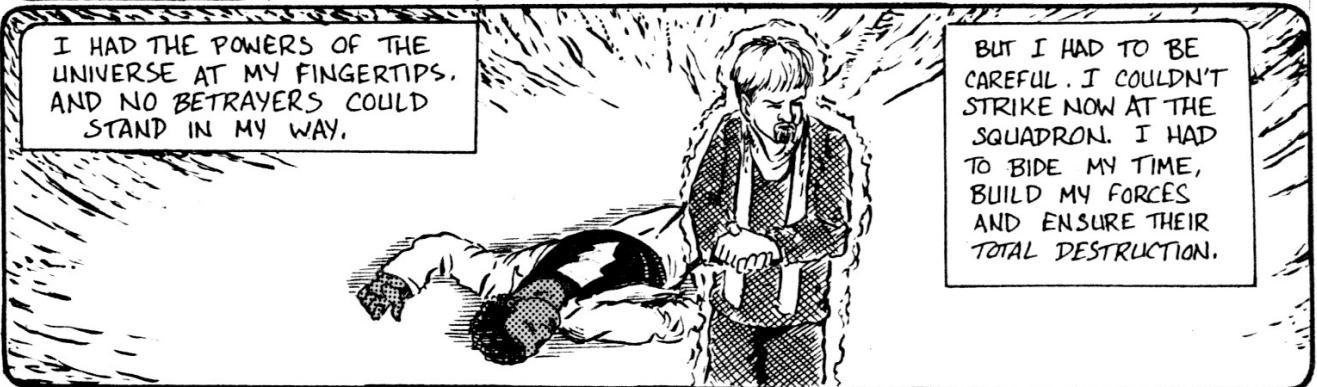
I... I WANT TO TRUST YOU.



All right.

You're right.





BUT I HAD TO BE CAREFUL. I COULDN'T STRIKE NOW AT THE SQUADRON. I HAD TO BIDE MY TIME, BUILD MY FORCES AND ENSURE THEIR TOTAL DESTRUCTION.



HANK'S MIND WAS GONE, SHATTERED BY THE TRANSFER OF POWERS. I HAD TO EXPLAIN HIS DISAPPEARANCE...

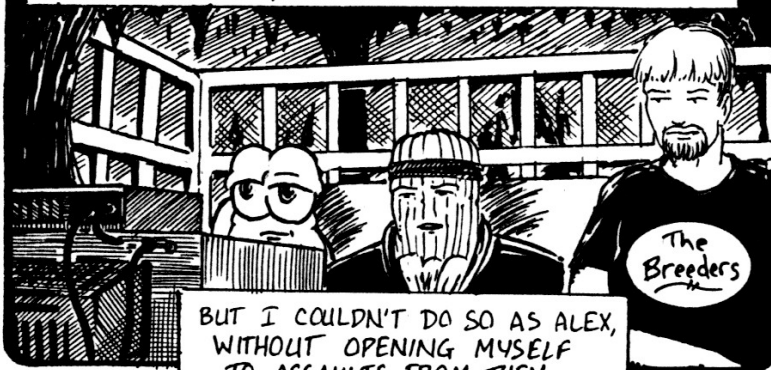


—THAT ONLY IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE COULD HANK TRULY CONTROL HIS POWERS.



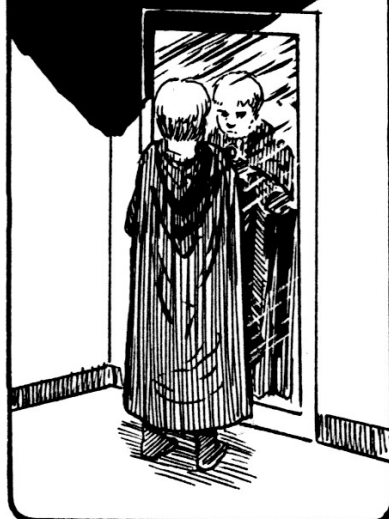
HANK'S EXILE WAS NEVER QUESTIONED. I DROPPED HIS MINDLESS BODY OFF AT AN ASYLUM FOR THE HOPELESSLY INSANE, AND I WAS FREE TO TAKE MY PLACE WITH THE SQUADRON, AS THEIR BELOVED FRIEND AND HANDYMAN ALEX.

I REALIZED I COULDN'T ENTIRELY UNDERMINE THE SQUADRON FROM WITHIN — I HAD TO GO ON THE OFFENSIVE, AND ATTACK THEM FROM OUTSIDE.



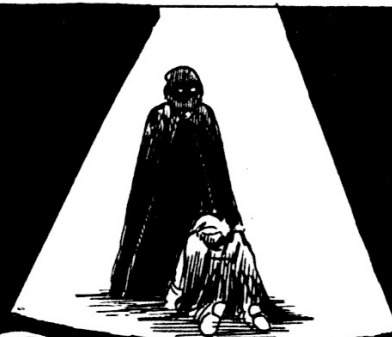
BUT I COULDN'T DO SO AS ALEX, WITHOUT OPENING MYSELF TO ASSAULTS FROM THEM.

I CRAFTED AN IDENTITY, THAT OF A MASKED ENEMY WHOM I CHRISTENED "THE DARK ONE."



"THE DARK ONE" WOULD ATTACK THE SQUADRON FROM WITHOUT WHILE I WOULD DESTROY THEM FROM WITHIN. THEY WOULD PAY FOR THEIR BETRAYALS AND MURDEROUS DEEDS, ALL THE WHILE SUFFERING ATTACKS FROM A FOE WHO WAS ACTUALLY ONE OF THEIR OWN.

I WOULD GATHER PEOPLE WHO HATED THE HEROES AS MUCH AS I DID, AND SEND THEM AGAINST THE SQUADRON TO BREAK THEIR CONFIDENCE, TO WIDEN THE CRACKS ALREADY FORMING IN THEIR RANKS.



I HAD TIME.



TIME AND POWER WERE MY DEFENSE AGAINST THEIR TREACHERY.

WHEN THE TIME CAME, I LAUNCHED STRIKES AGAINST EACH OF THE TEAM INDIVIDUALLY, CATCHING THEM OFF GUARD. I WANTED TO SCARE THEM, MAKE THEM FEEL ASSAULTED FROM ALL SIDES SO THEY'D LOSE THEIR COMPOSURE.

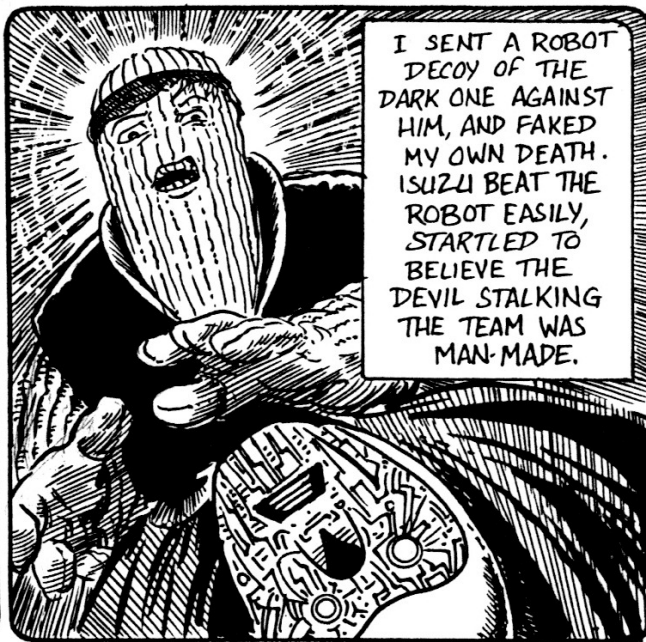


I HATED KARATE KACTUS MOST OF ALL...
HIS HYPOCRITICAL RIGHTEOUSNESS,
HIS OUTDATED CHIVALRY.

I WANTED HIM
TO SUFFER.



I SENT A ROBOT
DECOY OF THE
DARK ONE AGAINST
HIM, AND FAKED
MY OWN DEATH.
ISUZU BEAT THE
ROBOT EASILY,
STARTLED TO
BELIEVE THE
DEVIL STALKING
THE TEAM WAS
MAN-MADE.



AND THEN I KILLED HIM.



HIS LAST SIGHT
WAS OF ME, STANDING
OVER HIM.

HIS LAST THOUGHTS
WERE OF BETRAYAL...

HIS LAST
WORD WAS "WHY?"

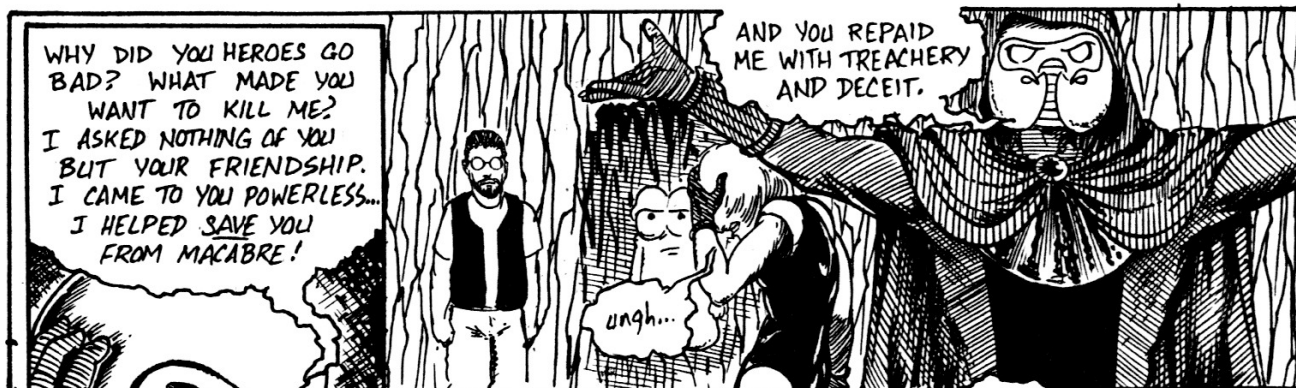


"WHY?"
WHY DO
BAD THINGS
HAPPEN?

WHY
DO PEOPLE
DIE?

WHY DO
FRIENDS BETRAY
YOU?





WHY DID YOU HEROES GO BAD? WHAT MADE YOU WANT TO KILL ME? I ASKED NOTHING OF YOU BUT YOUR FRIENDSHIP. I CAME TO YOU POWERLESS... I HELPED SAVE YOU FROM MACABRE!

AND YOU REPAID ME WITH TREACHERY AND DECEIT.

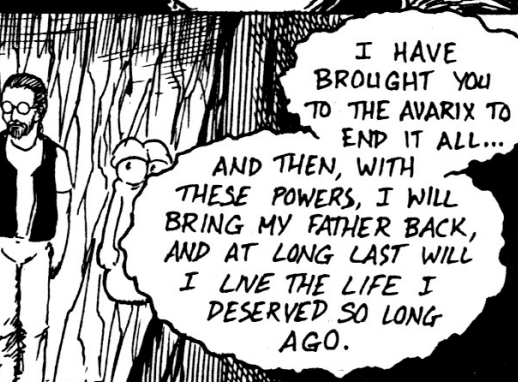
Ugh...



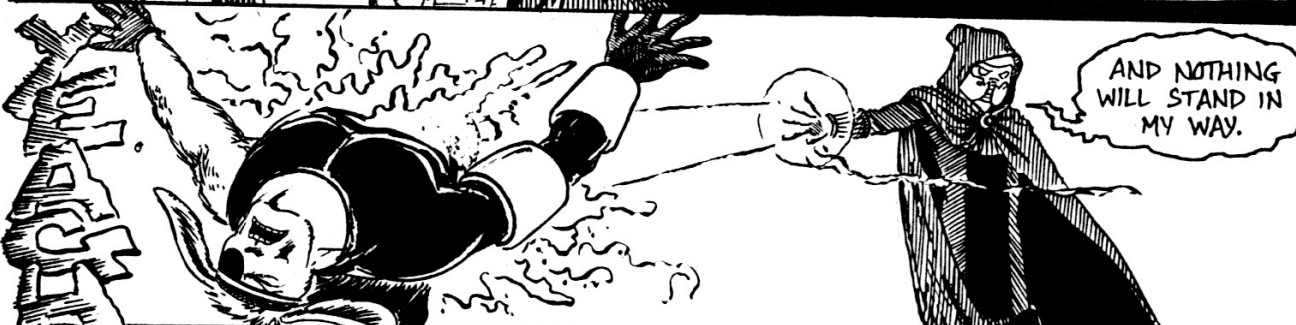
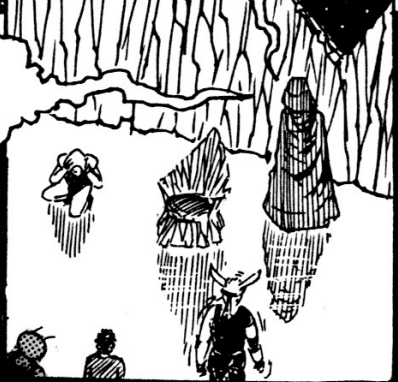
SO HERE WE ARE!

I SEE YOU EVEN BROUGHT POOR BEFUDDLED HANK ALONG FOR THE FINAL ACT.

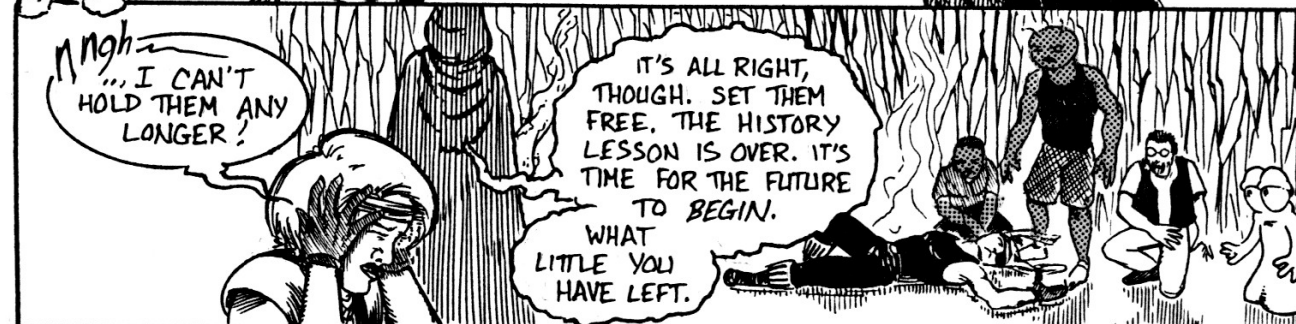
AT LAST, WE'RE ALL TOGETHER AGAIN.



I HAVE BROUGHT YOU TO THE AVARIX TO END IT ALL... AND THEN, WITH THESE POWERS, I WILL BRING MY FATHER BACK, AND AT LONG LAST WILL I LIVE THE LIFE I DESERVED SO LONG AGO.



AND NOTHING WILL STAND IN MY WAY.



Ugh... I CAN'T HOLD THEM ANY LONGER!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, THOUGH. SET THEM FREE. THE HISTORY LESSON IS OVER. IT'S TIME FOR THE FUTURE TO BEGIN.

WHAT LITTLE YOU HAVE LEFT.

NEXT: **WRATH**



THE UFO CHECKLIST



The United Fanzine Organization is a group of self-publishers dedicated to creating high-quality small press comics. Here's a list of our latest releases as of October 1997. For information on the UFO, contact our current chairman: Bob Elinskas, 1805 Girard St., Utica, NY 13501

VISIT THE UFO ON THE WEB! <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/3018>



AXEL -n- ALEX #3: Alex Robinson was an ordinary boy... until the mysterious robot Axel became a part of his life. Their adventures have just

begun, but when the U.S. government becomes involved, will Axel and Alex be separated forever? Featuring a quintet of surprise guest-stars! 28 pages, \$1.50 from Terry Flippo, 205 Breezewood Court, Mt. Airy, MD 21771



CIRCLE WEAVE #4: Tensions mount between the wizard Morrim, his apprentice Rowan, and their allies in the Poguen Order. Meanwhile, the

sinister Cruet Forx and his bounty hunters close in for the kill! A sweeping epic of science and sorcery! 32 pages, \$2.00 from Matt Kelleigh, 1562 E. Olive Way #304, Seattle, WA 98102



RHINO BYTES #2: Small-town superheroes F-Man and Rhino Boy just want to relax and pig out at their favorite pizza parlor. A couple of would-be

terrorists have other ideas, and the result is the wildest food-fight since Animal House! 36 pages, color cover, \$2.00 from Denny Stephens, P.O. Box 716, Ortonville, MI 48462

RONNIE & DAVID #17: David Friar, aka Hyperspace, thought he was the only superhuman in the world -- now he's up to



his neck in them! But the government wants all the free agents eliminated, and the powerhouse named Kane is just the man for the job! 12 pages, 75¢ from Rich Watson, 172-32

133rd Avenue Apt. 11A, Jamaica, NY 11434



SOUTHERN FRIED #2: "Summer of '75" looks back at the joys and anxieties of adolescence. From football, comic books, and rock 'n roll to bullies, family

squabbles, and being chased by the cops! Full of honesty and emotion. 20 pages, \$1.00 from Jerry Smith, 3344 Horner Dr., Morristown TN 37814



STEPPENWOLF CHRONICLES #2: In a futuristic world, mastermind Roland Steppenwolf seeks absolute power! But when his own

allies betray him, his arch-foe Albion may hold his only chance for survival! 24 pages, \$1.00 from Byron Black, P.O. Box 9501, Fort Wayne, IN 46899

TETRAGRAMMATON

FRAGMENTS: The official newsletter of the UFO, with news, reviews, and commentary from our talented members. For a sample issue, send \$2.00 to Chairman Bob Elinskas, 1805 Girard St., Utica, NY 13501

SPECIAL 2020 BONUS SECTION

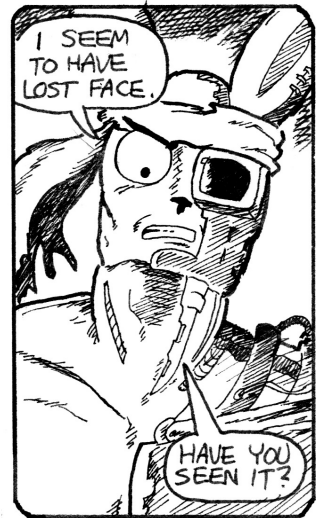
Amoeba Adventures #25 was an issue plagued by delays and big changes in my life. Between #24 and #25, I quit my job in Mississippi and moved across the country back to California. I got a job as a reporter at a paper in the Central Valley and I was literally the brokest I've been in my adult life for about 6-8 months - my only furniture was a sleeping bag on a foam pad for months and a boom box for my CDs.

It derailed Amoeba Adventures badly, and also in there Max and I came to an amicable parting of ways. Our collaboration was one of the best creative endeavors of my life. He'd completed about 80% of the art for what was going to be a double-sized 50-page #25, and in the end I decided to break that massive story into two issues. That turned #25 into one massive monologue by Alex revealing the origins of The Dark One. I think his story mostly works, although it was a huge exposition dump and a deep dive into a time-travel tale (I love time travel tales) that almost felt like it came from another comic entirely.



A sketch by Max Ink of Amoeba Adventures #25's cover.

I had been oddly fascinated by the vision of "Cyborg Rambunny" for ages (what can I say, it was the 1990s). Rambunny's injuries at the hands of the Dark One were foreshadowed as far back as Amoeba Adventures #8, right. Max drew a few illustrations of "Cyborg Rambunny" over the years, although we did tone down the injuries in the final comic when they finally appeared. (An eyepatch did make a bit more sense than some "robot eye," frankly.)

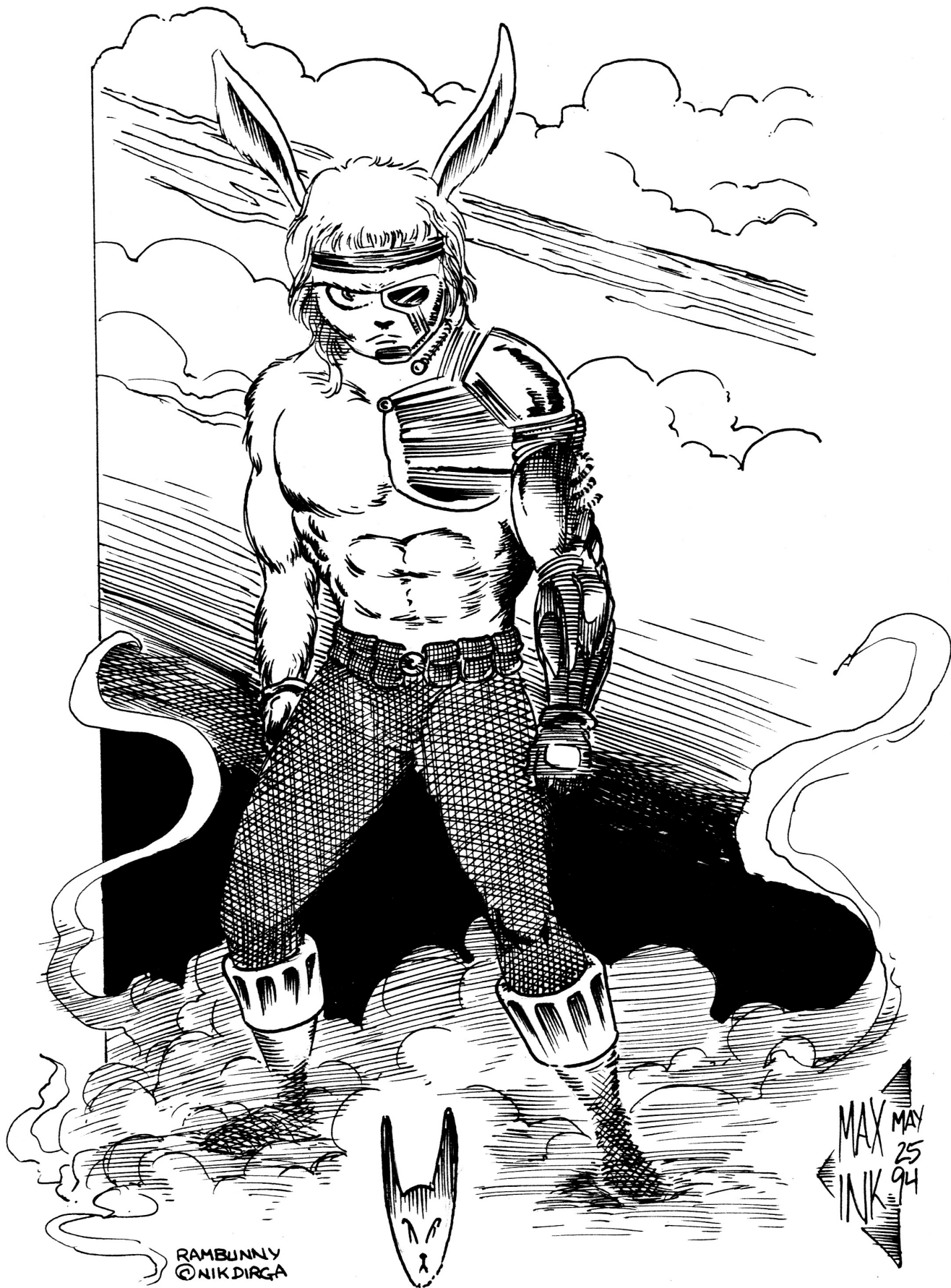


AMOEB ADVENTURES

IT'S WORTH THE WAIT
(and a buck)



MAX Oct
INK 93

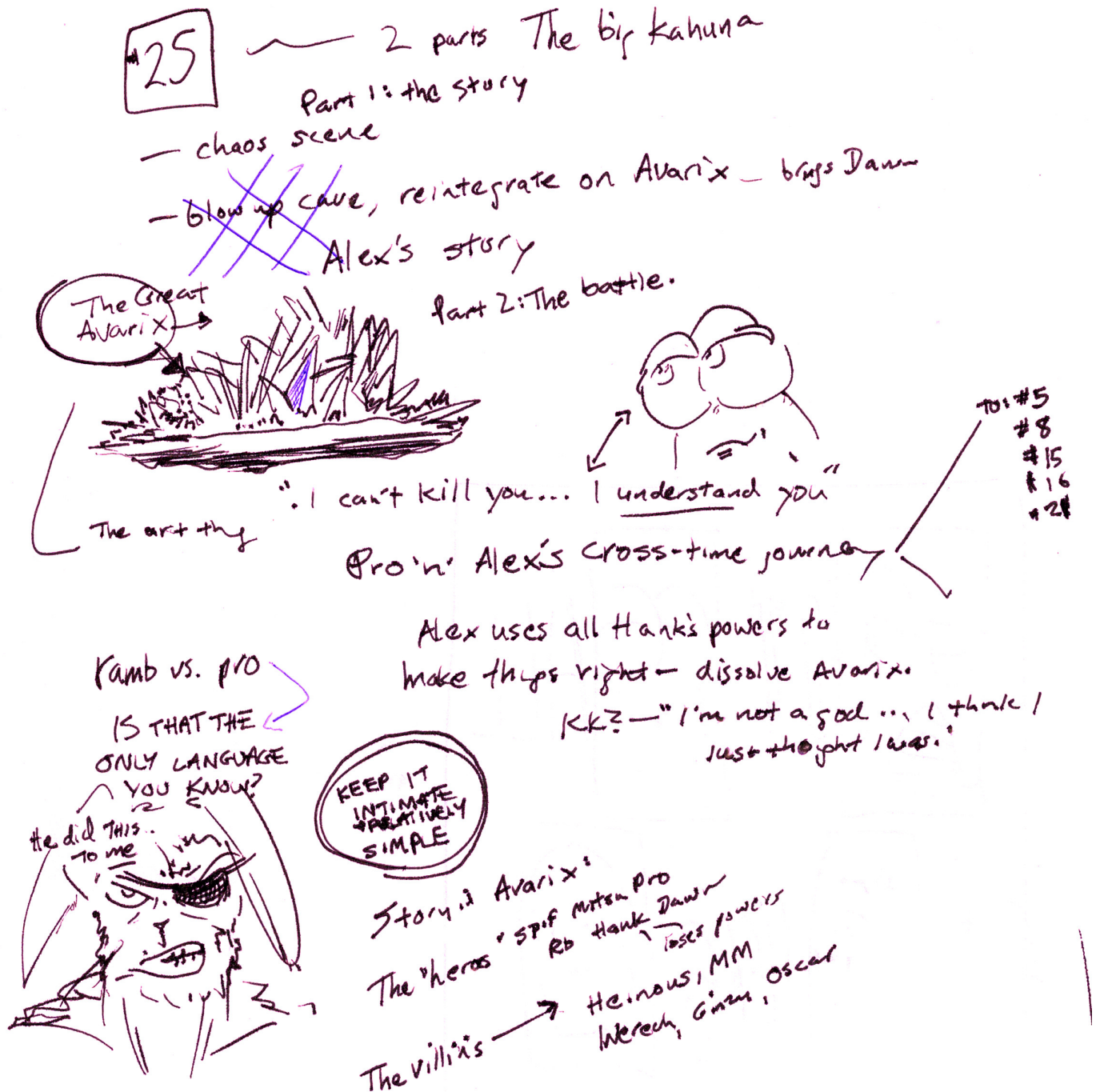


RAMBUNNY
©NIK DIRGA

MAX INK
MAY 25 94

I had much of Alex's backstory planned for ages, but #25-26 was one of the most complicated stories I ever tried to write, doubling back on multiple past issues and attempting to connect all the dots. I still am unsure how well it succeeded, but hopefully some part of Alex's central tragedy that I tried to get across worked.

One idea I had that didn't quite work in the end was having Alex and Prometheus's battle (in #26) skipping through time and back into scenes in various past issues of Amoeba Adventures history. A cool notion, but the story was already getting too tangled a beast to fit that in. Besides, #25 featured a lot of callbacks to previous issues as it was.



#25 — 32 pages? or 40?

HER POWERS
AUGMENTED.

⊙ OPENING — FADE OUT — AT THE AVARIX — DARK ONE + MINDMASTER — FROZEN

LET ME TELL YOU
A STORY.

WHAT IT IS?
ON MOON.

→ ALEX'S TALE

BORN → FATHER DIES → TIME OBSESSION — EXPERIMENTS

ACCIDENTS. → I BECOME GOD → MAC COMES — TERRIBLE ALLIANCE.

FINAL VISION. → NOW I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO. ~~DARK ONE BORN.~~
I DIE.

AND I KNEW HANK VS.
IT.

ALEX TAKES
HANK'S POWERS.

DARK
ONE
BORN. HANK
EXILED.
IN T

THE CAMPAIGN

OF TERROR
BEGINS.

NO MOVEMENT

UNCALCULATED.

→ AND HERE
WE ARE.

THE PLAN IS ALL.

RB IS FREE — FIGHTS MM.

III. THE FIRE.

BATTLE ROYALE. SPIF, HANK, RB + NIN VS. MM.

THROUGH TIME ...

MM HAS A CEREBAL HEMORRHAGE.
DIES.

AS PROMETHEAN

PRO VS. DARK ONE.

→ TO #5 / 8 / 15 / 21

AND BEYOND — RB'S ORIGIN IN 'NAM

\$BUZZ AS TEEN ?

MEDICAL

▷ PRO CANNOT DIE.

YOU CAN'T DIE... I WON'T KILL YOU. I WON'T.

PRO VS. RAMBUNNY — BRIEF FIGHT.

SPIF THINKS IT OVER. PRO IN SPACE!

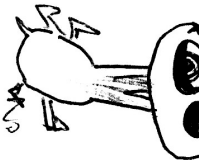
HANK HAS POWERS. ALWAYS HAS. AND HE CAN TAKE
'EM. AWAY.

DARK ONE DEFEATED.

RB "IT AIN'T RIGHT. HE OUGHTA PAY. I'M RIGHT AND
YOU'RE WRONG. YOU AND YOUR GODDAMNED NOBILITY ARE ALL WRONG

HANK TAKES HIM AWAY. KILLS HIM? OR WHAT? "I'VE SET HIM FREE."
HANK TRANSPORTS 'EM BACK TO EARTH.

IT'S NOT
ME. YOU
MUST
UNDERSTAND
THIS.



A scribble from Alex's "biography" as I started to put the pieces together.

Alexbio

12/5/96 6:05 PM

Nice childhood. My father and I very close. Aptitude for science. Father dies, though --- senior year high school, on way to graduation. Gunned down in a McDonald's. How's that for an ugly American death?

He was shattered. Drifted. Drank. Until he broke his watch in a bar -- last straw. An old man showed me how to fix it -- and the solutions came to me. Time was the key. Time. If only I had the tie.

That day on I was a transformed man. Went to college, studying physics. Wanted to go back in time. Failed methods... Acceleration, physical.. nothing worked. Began to drift again. Came upon it -- vibration through time somehow. cq. Vibrating unlocked the membranes of time. Decided to try it with some sort of vibrating machine thingamabobber.

The accident. For a moment I was God, everywhereeverywhen, (HAUNTING FACE) and it was heaven. Then it became hell. I couldn't control my vibrations -- bouncing around in time 'til I thought I'd go mad.

And Macabre came. He was amused by me, a peculiar curio to a man who collected curios... Offered to stabilize me in return for my services. I took it. Could've been worse. He kept me in one place. But I couldn't be his lackey. I betrayed him.

I paid. I started to cycle around -- saw it. The last most horrible vision. My death.

Spif helped stabilize me, brought me back -- and that's when I knew what I had to do.

A man's death changes him, makes him confront horrible truths.

I knew what I had to do. I had to avert it. By any means necessary. But I needed power. And where could a man get power?

That's when Hank occurred to me. I confronted him, and he was slowly going mad from the burden of his powers. I could get his powers, avert my death, find a way to bring my father back -- and it would all be OK. It would. I persuaded Hank to give them up -- and that's when I became a God. The Dark One was born. Alex died then. (Bring up later). Masqueraded as Hank, took Hank away.

And began my campaign of terror against you. Hank is clever, though, escaped from the asylum I put him in. And Rambunny should've died. No matter. All leading to this place, this time, when I avert my death -- through yours.

IS EVIL SOMETHING DESPERATE MEN TURN TO OR AN OUTSIDE FORCE CONTROLLING US? IS IT WEAKNESS OR AN INABILITY TO ACCEPT CHANGE? TELL ME PLEASE.

General Standards Part C : Costume: #3

All characters shall be depicted in dress reasonably acceptable to society.



A one-page gag from the very funny minicomic "Comics Code Illustrated" organised by Matt Feazell, featuring various indie comics artists illustrating various excerpts of the now-defunct Comics Code Authority.

The cover to the UFO newsletter Tetragrammaton Fragments #156, featuring several other UFO heroes along with Rambunny, including characters from Terry Flippo's Axel, Bob Elinskas' Mister Midnite, Rich Watson's Hyperspace, J. Kevin Carrier's Lady Spectra and Jason Wright's Project 72.

