

MARK OPERATED A ONE-MAN MISSILE OBSERVATION CENTER IN SOUTH AMERICA! HIS VIGIL WAS LONELY EXCEPT FOR THE TWO-WAY HAM T.V. SET!

HELLO, CROWLEY! WELL, MY STATION IS READY TO FUNCTION!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!



HOLD IT! I'M GETTING INTERFERENCE! I'M GOING TO CHECK THE ANTENNAS!...BE RIGHT BACK, CROWLEY!



NO WONDER THE SET IS JUMPING! THE AIR'S FILLED WITH THOUSANDS OF FLYING INSECTS! WONDER WHAT THEY ARE? I'LL TRY TO CATCH ONE!



GOT ONE! OUCH! IT STUNG ME! BETTER HANDLE THIS ONE WITH A TWEEZER!



CROWLEY...HERE'S WHAT'S CAUSING THE INTERFERENCE! IT LOOKS LIKE A NEW FORM OF WASP! THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THEM! DO YOU RECOGNIZE IT?

YES! IT'S A MALE DRIVER ANT! MARK, BE CAREFUL! THEY'RE DANGEROUS!



...THERE'S PROBABLY AN ARMY OF THEM HEADED YOUR WAY! ABANDON THE STATION! GET OUT OF THERE!

...AND MISS THE FIRST EXCITEMENT IN OVER A YEAR? I KNOW ABOUT THOSE ANTS! I CAN OUTWIT AND OUTFIGHT THEM!



AS HE RACED FROM THE SHACK TO PREPARE FOR BATTLE, HAD MARK NOTICED A FEW SCRAGGLY ANTS, HE WOULD HAVE RECOGNIZED THEM AS DRIVER ANT SCOUTS!

