



The Ant Men That Tarzan Forgot

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The mailman pulled up to the box, flipped the lid open, and stuffed in that day's worth of four or five letters. He noticed there were several letters in the box which the people apparently had not yet picked up from the day before, or it was outgoing mail. He decided to flip through the other letters to

make sure. After he pulled the letters out he noticed—belatedly—that at least a couple of dozen tiny black ants crawled back and forth across the top letter.

He hurriedly stuffed the mail back into the infested box but was too late to prevent a handful of the diminutive creatures from crawling up his pant leg. He smashed them and returned to his vehicle. Driving to his next destination, he discovered ants on the car seat and smashed those. Then he saw more living ants on his pants. Once again, he smashed them. He glanced at his shirt and began killing ants there, too.

Where had they all come from? Surely he had killed at least three times more ants than he earlier thought there were. Now he glanced at the bundle of yet-to-be delivered mail in the car, and there were more ants. He swiped at those, too, then at some more on the seat, then at some more on his pants.

For the next half hour, as he continued to drive and deliver, new ants would appear and he would bat and kill them.

And then—*where had that tree come from?*

Dead in the path of his vehicle was a tall, black tree trunk. He frantically swerved to avoid hitting it, only to go off the road and down an embankment. His car rolled over several times and mail flew everywhere.

When the motion and the noise finally stopped the mailman lay still for a moment, then heard a strange clicking sound. Still dazed, he

saw a giant black ant—fully 20 feet tall—entering his field of vision on legs he recognized as looking identical to the tree trunk.

The clicking of the huge creature's mandibles was the last sound he would ever hear, and the animal's huge legs were the last sight he would ever see.

Half an hour later, two meth dealers came along the lonely country road and saw the tire tracks and skid marks leading off the shoulder and over the embankment. They pulled over and hopped out, scrambling down to the wreckage below.

"Letters," said Grubb, who seemed to be the leader. "Sometimes they have checks in 'em. Let's get 'em."

"But ain't dat a *federal* defense?" asked his less brainy partner, Bugs.

"Shuddup and start grabbing," growled Grubb, who already had a huge handful of mail.

Bugs stooped down to pick up some letters, then stiffened. He stood up and then smashed his foot down on a pile of mail.

"Watcha doin' that for?" snarled Grubb.

"Pesky ant," said Bugs. "I *hate* ants!"

Click... click click click... click...

"Wot's dat?" Bugs felt the hair standing up on the back of his neck.

Grubb looked up with irritation. There were times Bugs *really* bugged him. Then he noticed something different. Frowning, he couldn't quite put his finger on it until his eyes popped wide.

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"Hey! Where'd those trees come from?"
One dark bole then another moved and an
immense black shadow fell over them.

"*Geeze!*" Bugs yelled as they turned around.

