AnTs™
Vs.
Dragons™

99% PURE WIERDNESS
0.5% MIXED WEIRDNESS
0.25% STORY
0.25% ABSOLUTE CRAZINESS
100% UNNATURAL

0.25% RANDOM GLITCHES IN THE STORY (WE HOPE THIS IS NOT THE CASE)
ALERT CODES

IN THE BOOK

CODE COX- You Don't Want To Know
CODE BLUE- Uh-Oh
CODE PURPLE- Help Us
CODE RED- Ose Nose
CODE MAGENTA- Ayayayay My Pants Are Falling From the Sky
CODE WHITE- Crazy Alert! Wayowayowayowayowayowayowayowayowayowayowayo
CODE MAD- I Dropped My Ice Cream Sundae
CODE RUN FOR YOUR LIVES- Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
CODE HELP- Danger!
"X" Word- Xylophone Butt!
CODE 1- Code 2
CODE 2- Code 3
CODE 3- Code 4
CODE 4- Code 5
CODE 5- Brraaaaaaaaaaap!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!-Code 1
Activities in this Book

Find the ferret: Find the picture of a ferret on each page after Previews For Stories We Will Never Write (Hopefully).

Find the ferret BONUS: Find the ferret wearing a sombrero and birthday hat (this ferret counts in Find the Ferret)

Random test: Choose a random but common word and count how many times it is used in the Book.

M&M Challenge: If you are a kid, bring a pack of M&M’s to school. If your class has less than 20 students, take out one M&M and eat it. If your class has more than 20 students, eat 2. Give 1 M&M to each of your classmates. If you have leftovers, send them to us!

Hi
Ding dong! Hi. I’m here to tell you about my beautiful husband...Whoops! They’re my WIFE.
Wow! My efiW stepped on mice on the way to school! Look! Mice! Let’s see what they want to
tell us. Here it is: Did you come here because of Lillie’s wish? I like gum. What do you like? I
like Monsters™. When’s breakfast? Monsters™ ate my parents for breakfast. (Or was it lunch?)
(Or dinner?) (Or whatever?)

I LIKE GUM!

I can’t believe it: Lillie’s wish came true!

“Bingel bongel!” said a unicorn™ who came out of the sky!

I suggest you close this book write I mean right now because the rest of the story just goes on
and on and doesn’t say much about puppies on Mars.

“Bingel bongel!” said the unicorn™ again.

Then everyone died blapsel!

“Blips!” said the alien. That did it. The alien walked over to the super alien and said “Blipsel
black bloroks!”

Then the super alien walked over to the super super alien...

OH WHATEVER! There was something about the king alien and pink steel cages!
From the Authors of AnTs™ Vs. Dragons™ Presents

Previews for Stories We Will Never Write

(Hopefully)

1. The Polar Bear™ and the Flea™

“Hello,” said the Polar Bear™

“Hello,” said the Flea™

“May I eat you?” asked the Polar Bear™

“No,” said the Flea™

Interesting Fact: Fleas™ don’t like to be eaten by Polar Bears™

Moral: Polar Bears™ like to eat Fleas™.

Epilogue: The Polar Bear™ went to see Mosquito™.

2. Ants™ vs. Fleas™

“Hi,” said the Ant™.

“Hi,” said the Flea™.

“So, you wanna’ fight?” asked the Ant™

“Nah,” said the Flea™. “I’m not really in the mood.”
“So, do you want to get ice cream?” asked the Ant™

“Sure,” replied the Flea.

Interesting Fact: Fleas™ are called “Fleas™” because they are Fleas™.

Moral: Fleas™ like Barnacle Butts.

Epilogue: The Flea™ got a double chocolate sundae with Barnacle Butts.
One day in the Ant's™ training room one AnT™ was practicing target shooting. First the target was still. Zap! Sideways! Zap! Up & down. Zap! Circles! Zap! Random! Zap!

"OK, you're done," said the manager.

Meanwhile in the training yard, an AnT™ was climbing a mountain. Little did he know that the Queen AnT™ was resting under the mountain! She yawned and threw her arms up! The poor little helpless AnT™ went flying! This isn't a wimpy story, so he won't land on a trampoline if you're wondering. Instead the Queen caught the AnT™ right before he hit the trampoline! Then she dropped him. On the trampoline!

"OOOPPPS," she said. “The sun must have gotten to me."

Then she looked up. Everyone else was frozen in blocks of ice! Meanwhile the Dragons™ training room...

Zap! Zap! Yes, Zap! Zap! Because what the Dragon™ shooting the target did not know, was that another Dragon™ was shooting on the other side! Zap! Sideways! Zap! Up & down! Zap! Suddenly the target moved and they shot each other. They were taken to the hospital. 🐲

"The Dragon™ doctor can cure that," said another Dragon™.

“At least the Dragons™ at the training center were so stupid that they used stun guns,” confirmed the Dragon™ Doctor “But that was why they missed!!!!!!!!!!!”

Meanwhile back at the Dragons™ training room, there was a Dragon™ climbing the seesaw. Suddenly a jumping Dragon™ jumped on the other end! They landed at the same time. It cracked in half and they fell in the holes that were for jumping over. Meanwhile a Dragon™ was climbing a mountain. Then a smaller Dragon™ walks up the mountain and says “Is it just me or is it getting colder?” Then the entire mountain froze! The Dragon™ at the top was frozen in a
block of ice. He tipped over and slid down the mountain at top speed burning a path through the ice. Five hours later...

“I got to the top of the mountain.”

“No. You cheated! You used the suction cups,” said the coach.

“Oh” said the Dragon™. “I didn’t know I had the suction cups on.”

“The ice is cracking,” said the coach Dragon™. 🐉

“Uh oh,” said the mountain climbing Dragon™.

“AAAAAAAAAAA…” He fell into a crack in the ice and was instantly sealed in an air bubble.

Meanwhile the Dragons™ were having a meeting for an attack.

The manager said, “There’s something missing. But what? Never mind.”

The General snorted. “These are our attack Dragons™. We will fly over the fence and breathe fire. Now we must ask the commander.”

Sure enough fifteen seconds later: “PROCEED!” shouted the commander, so loud that the earth shook.

As you know the AnTs™ are frozen in ice, so as the Dragons™ breathed fire, they became unfrozen. They hopped on their Mimis™* and rode away. 99.99999% of the AnTs™ went to the AnT™ base (1 went to the restroom, which unfortunately locked automatically behind him). The other Dragons™ followed the AnTs™ to their base. Little did the Dragons™ know the AnTs™ had placed bombs on the track. But the Dragons™ were prepared for any battle. They had bomb-proof suits. The bombs blew up without hurting the Dragons™.

Soon they came to a fork in the road (½ went one way, ½ went the other), but the AnTs™ had gone to the training room. Some AnTs™ were practicing

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*“Mimis” are AnT™ Motorcycles that float
target shooting. 🐜 Others were axe-throwing. Suddenly, the Dragons™ came busting in. Some Dragons™ were hit by flying axes. Others had targets plastered all over them and were shot over and over. Unfortunately, there was a slower but smarter Dragon™ who had stayed in the bushes, and what did he see?

Please wait. Keep waiting. Ah, I see you’re finally ready. (I have to go to the bathroom) ............................

I’m done! Ah, I see you have to go too!...

Ah. You’re done. Why don’t you go again? It’s intermission you know.

______________________________________________________

Ah you’re back. Where was I? I think it was in the Ants™ training room. Was it?...

It wasn’t? Really?...

So was it when the Ant™ and Dragon™ crash... Oops! That was one of my doodles!

We ended at “Please wait,” right?...

O.K., here we go. He saw the big mama Ant™! (On her big fat Mimi™). You can guess what happened. (If you’re wondering, he kidnapped that Queen). He drove her to the Dragon™ base. Meanwhile, well the Dragons™ got clobbered. None of the Dragons™ lived. Next, the Ants™ did a “little” more training. They were doing target shooting and axe-throwing. Target shooting level 2.

“Wait,” boomed a voice from the changing room. “I’m not ready yet.”

Meanwhile at the axe-throwing, an Ant™ threw a blunt axe at the target. Suddenly a trampoline flew out and the axe bounced back and hit him. Then an Ant™ came forth and apologized.

“I thought it was trampoline throwing,” he said in a high squeaky voice, said the Narrator” back at the target shooting (level 2).
There came the familiar sound, “I’m not ready yet!”

“That’s the 2,034,206th time you’ve said that”, said the manager. “Please edit out what I am about to say.”

O.K., said the Narrator.

“Oh holy”

“Jeez,” said the Reader. “I can see it.”

“See what?” asked the manager. “The big inappropriate swear word I just said?”

“Duh,” Said the Reader.

“That’s the 2,041st time you’ve said that swear word” shouted the Ant™ in the locker room. Suddenly out of nowhere, somebody said, “I see big ol’ storm clouds forming.”

OK. All the Ants™ knew it was the weather Ant™. But storm clouds were forming, and you know what that means!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

“Goos-”

“ees!” said the Reader. “I can’t even read what I just said!”
Meanwhile the remaining Dragons™ were at the training base when a piece of something (a “D”) hit a Dragon™. Then an “S” flew out of the sky too. It hit another Dragon™. Then a “™” flew out of the sky too. Then a Dragon™ said, “Walk for it! Oops,” he shouted. “Run for it!”

But it sounded like ________________.

O.K.?... ___________________ !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! 🐭

“Oh-no!” shouted the Narrator. “It’s falling!”

Aaaaahhhhh!” shouted the hamster that had just appeared.

“Who are you?” asked the Big Mama Ant™.

“I’m the graphic designer,” said the hamster. “I can make weird stuff happen.”

“Like what?”

“Like this,” said the hamster. “Watch and learn.”

The hamster raced up some tiny stairs that no Dragon™ had ever seen before.

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Suddenly the hamster reappeared.

“See that big black heart? Page 5?”

“This is page 5. “ 🐭

The hamster nervously eyed the rubble.
“SUE HIM!!!!!!!!!!!!” everyone shouted.

“Look, a knight in shining armor!” said the hamster.

Every Dragon” turned. Poof! The hamster disappeared.

“Darn reflexes,” said a Dragon”.

The hamster appeared again five feet away.

“I’ve got to work on that disappearing thing,” said the hamster.

“SUE HIM!!!!!!!” everyone else shouted.

“Look, a robot!” said the hamster.

Everyone looked. The hamster disappeared.

“IT’S FALLING!!!!!!!” shouted the Narrator.

WHAT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
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Table of Contents

1. AnTS™

VS

ragon
“OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” said all the Dragons.

Suddenly there came a loud “Squeak!” and then “Crash!” from a balcony no Dragon™ had ever noticed before. Then a humongous round object came rolling toward them.

“Sorry,” came a hamster like voice from the balcony. “That was my hamster wheel. Oooh!!! I found chocolate!!!!

“Kill him!” shouted a young Dragon™. “That’s my chocolate!!!!

“Now now, honey. Don’t be violent,” said the Big Mama Dragon™.

POOF! The hamster disappeared. Suddenly a snail came, well, I guess “sliming” down the steps.

“I have to show you something,” said the snail. “It’s awesome!”

He pressed a button and the stairs flipped over to be a ramp. As he slowly climbed the ramp, he said, “By the way, this is going to be a worst seller!!!!!”
As soon as the snail had disappeared a loud buzzing noise filled the air. The Bees™ (on their buzz-mobiles). There they buzzed. They grabbed the Dragons™ and flew with them to a battlefield that no Dragon™ or Bee™ had ever noticed before. At first the Dragons™ thought that it was black and white like a mottled notebook cover, but as they got closer they realized it was white and swarming with Ants™. Luckily, there was a slow and clever Ant™ (that might sound familiar) who snuck out of the battlefield and into the big mama’s cell!!!!!!

“Hey, you’re late,” said the Queen. “You were supposed to be here at 2:00 AM. Not 2:00 PM. O.K., I’ll go for twelve hours la... Oh what the hey. Just rescue me now!!!!!!!

“O.K... Hay is for horses”

“Just rescue me now before its 2:01, O.K.?"


“O.K.,” said the Queen. “And it’s 2:00:59.”

Ppthththttthhhheh. Super working! Crrreeeeeek

Jeez, it’s 2:01, so they crept out onto the battlefield.

“O.K.” said the Queen. “Let’s kick some guns... I mean butts.”

“Not without my Mimi,” came a voice from... well... nowhere in particular.

Later on, mama Ant™ was walking along looking for a battle. She saw a Dragon™ and pulled out her sword.

“You’re fired!” said the Narrator to the manager. “You do all the writing in the same font. The new manager I hired does wacky awesome stuff like:”
“See? See?” said the Narrator. “Oh, and from now on, when we speak of you, we will call you ‘Manager 1’ and the new manager will be ‘#1Manager’ or ‘Manager 2’ (except if that doesn’t work out)”. You may be wondering why the Narrator does the firing of people and the manager does the “Pow” “Kazam” stuff. Seriously, we have no idea.

Back to the story...

AAAHHHHH

Malfunction!!!!!!!!!!!

Ni

Ni

Icky icky icky icky patoing ga wasah wasah wasahsah

Bhgyhbbhuybfghjjg vgbvbhb vbb

Could a phone call change your life?

This one quite possibly could. Call and learn how Control Data Institute can train you to become a computer programmer, operator, technician. Call today and we’ll send you this free booklet that tells how to get started. Control Data Institute. Your future could be just a phone call away.
Call 757-3888

That’s 757-3888

P.S. There are no puppies on Mars.... YET! (Dun dun DUN!!!!)

“More like ‘Dumb dumb dumb’,” said the peanut gallery. “That was a really
strange tangent in an otherwise perfectly linear story. Who’s in charge here

anyway?”

Back to the story... (for real) MMMMMMMHHHHHHHHH. Where was I? I’ll go get
my script. Flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, flip, fl
“Twelve, you’re late,” said the Narrator in a murderously calm voice. “Well actually you’re not. But I’m just sticking to my lines. Ok? So I just called you 13?”

“I’m unlucky,” said page 12. “It’s because when we were writing this down, I was page 13, and I got that line, and I said ‘I’m unlucky. It’s because everyone believes I am’ but when we typed it up, I became Page 12, so it doesn’t really make sense. Unless you think the number 12 is unlucky.... I’m sort of having an identity crisis. Can you just pretend I’m 13? And we’ll continue from my old lines.”

“No,” said page 14. “I’m more unlucky.”

“Are not!” said page 12... or 13... depending on how you look at it.

“Am too!” said page 14.

“Are not!” said page 12.

“Am too!” said page 14.

“Are not!” said page 12.

“Am too!” said page 14.
“Are not!” said page 12.

“Am too!” said page 14.

“Are not!” said page 12.

“Am too!” said page 14.

“Are not!” said page 12.

“QUIET!” Screamed the Narrator.

“I’m back!” shouted the Reader. “I WAS IN HAWAI’I.”

“Awwww, Man,” complained every Narrator, unused Editor, Manager, Ant™, Dragon™, Bee, Hamster, Snail, and “TM” in the Book.

“When did you leave?” someone asked.

“Page 9,” said the Reader.

Are you wondering what that “ator” was? It was the end of the word “Narrator,” which the Reader so rudely interrupted.

“Hey you guys,” said the Reader. “I’m going to Guatemala!”

“Yay!!!!!!” shouted everyone previously mentioned saying something together.

“And you’re coming with me!” said the Reader.

“Aw man!” said everyone previously mentioned previously being mentioned saying something together.

And now for a commercial break (do you like this font?)! It, the commercial, is for ! Oops!

Uuuugggghhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! LA LA LA!!!! I love to sing! Don’t
you? Look: The commercial was for those except stuffy ones. I am cursed so I can’t say the word. Oh, here comes someone who I can ask to say it: ugdfhgjkds teddy BEARS Ok. I’m not going to waste any more time trying to say something that I can’t. I will sing!!!! Lalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalala lalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalalala!!! !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOU AREN’T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE YET!
WHAT HAPPENED TO PAGE 13?

“THIS IS THE WORST BOOK EVER!” said the peanut gallery. “Oops! I thought we were still at the malfunction part... Oh whatever. I’d better leave.”

“Actors like that are going to make this movie be a zero star. Oh wait. This isn’t a movie. This is a book. I have GOT to do something about this headache!” said the Narrator. “Oh fine! You can get back to the story.”

“Wait” said the Editor. “I would like to inform everyone we are having problems with the page numbers. Pretend that the pages are what we say they are.”

...Then a buzzing noise filled the air for the 80, 791, 625, 000th time in the making of this book.

“That’s incorrect!” shouted Reader. “It’s only the 3rd!”
“Only because you’re reading the final draft!” retorted everyone previously mentioned previously being mentioned saying something together. (And the unused Editor.)

“You’re fired!” said the Narrator to the Manager. “I hired a new manager.”


“Do you like bunnies?” said the Editor. “Because I like bunnies.”

“Hey!” shouted every banana slug, fence post, and giant orange baby rattle in the book. “That was the Manager’s line!”

“OOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” said the Editor. “I am an idiot™!”
“That wasn’t me!” said a giant orange baby rattle.

“Yay!” said the Narrator. “We’re out of the weird zone!”

“Yay!” exclaimed the Reader. “Back to the story!”

As the Queen studied her opponent, she decided to use a gun as oppose to her sword. As she sheathed her sword and pulled out her gun, the Dragon™ started to copy her thoughts.

“Hey!” she shouted. “You can’t do that. My thoughts are copyrighted and and and stuff! Oh, and how do you read thoughts anyway? That could come in useful somewhere.”

“I just can’t tell you how I read thoughts. And I don’t care that your thoughts are copy…”

“BUNNY POWER!” shouted the manager.

“Righted and...and...and stuff because I’m a criminal!” finished the Dragon™.

“Whoa! That was weird!”

“AAAUUUUUUUUUHGGGGGGGRRRGGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!” screamed the Queen. “I must protect myself from that criminal (And the crazy manager.!)”

“HAHA!” she thought to herself behind her shield. “I will shoot through the shield while he thinks he’s safe.”

“HAHA!” thought the criminal. “I will shoot through the shield while she thinks she’s safe.”

BOOM! That was what the little AnT™ walking to school heard.

“Code red and white and one!” called the burping Editor.

“You’re under arrest!” said the random police officer.

“Aaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!” said the Editor. “I could use a rest. Thank you officer.”

“NO!” said the police officer. “You’re going to the slammer!”

“Ouch! How many pounds?” asked the Editor.
“NO!” said the police officer.

“Ohhhh!” said the stalling Editor. “I’m going to my house for a surprise party!”

“No, you’re going to jail!”

“House!”

“Jail!” 🐌

“House!”

“Jail!”

“House!”

“Jail!”

“House!”

It went on like this for some time before...

“Jail!”

“House!”

“Jail!”

“Jail!”

“House

“Jail!”

“House!”

“Fine, you win!” said the Editor who had just used the Bugs Bunny trick. “I’ll go to my house.”

The criminal shot right before the Queen™ stepped out of the way. The bullet hit the Dragon™ sneaking up behind her. Meanwhile a baby AnT™ was checking his mail. He had 2 letters. The first one he opened said:

“Roses are red looming big to an Ant™,
I wish you would drown in a waste treatment plant.
Signed,
The Big Mama Dragon™ – Hahaha”
The second one said:

“Roses are red, Violets are blue
Come to the Dragon™ fort, and we will feed (on) you.
Signed,
Your mom (NOT the Dragons™)”

Suddenly, a UFO flew out of the sky and abducted everyone. Then it dropped them on the queen and criminals’ heads. Ouch! This was the beginning of the LAST BATTLE (of the 1st book.)

“I’M BACK!” Shouted the annoying reader. “I missed you when I was in Guatemala. Did you miss me?”


“Wait, maybe you can help us kill the evil end parenthesis.” Said the Mama Ant™


“LaLa,” screeched the Reader.

“Maybe Luke should kill the Reader first.”


“What was the ‘Sploosh’?” asked the narrator named Eddie.

“I peed my pants,” said the Editor.

“Is it bad?” asked the Narrator.

“Code Cox!” said the Editor proudly.

“Can I see?” asked the Narrator.

“Sure,” said the Editor taking off his pants and throwing them up in the air.
“Oooh!” said the Narrator. “That is bad. Now put your pants back on.”

“I can’t.” frowned the Editor.

“Why not?” asked the Narrator.

“Code Magenta,” shouted the Editor.

“What is ‘code magenta’?” asked the new Reader.

“Ayayay my pants are falling from the sky,” replied the Editor and the Narrator simultaneously.

“1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Jinx!” Shouted the Editor.

“Aw, man!” said the Narrator. “That’s the 900,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,5th time you’ve jinxed me during the making of this book.”

“No,” said the Reader. “It’s only the first.”

“Ugh,” said the Editor. “That’s only because you’re reading the final-ish draft. Plus you started in the middle of the book.”

“Back to the story,” said Reader.

Back at THE BATTLE Giant Period.
“OK,” said the tour guide guy Ant™. “You have seen the Giant Period. That is the end of your tour. Before we get back to the story, I have to tell you about the Old Evil Farting Blind Granny Lady checking her mail.”

The first letter was a post card with a picture of a mushroom cloud made out of poisonous gas. She threw it behind her. She farted (And there was a sudden spelling error, and she became the granite lady). The same thing happened on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th all the way up to the 50th letter. The 51st letter was from the Guinness Book of World Records saying that she had accomplished the most farts in 0.5 seconds. “By the way,” it said at the end. “You’re good at pulling out letters.

Then, ♬♬♬ “All of Us are Moving to Mars♬♬♬” sang the Letter. “And by all of us, I mean, everything that is living on Earth (My dog wanted to come too) except YOU GRAMMITE LADY!” (There was another typo).

“Back to the story,” said the tour guide/Eddy (aka ‘The Tour-Narrator.’)”

“How romantic!” drawled the dust speck.

“CAUTION! CAUTION! CODE MAD on your head if you don’t move!” shouted/squeaked the carrot particle who was eating a particle-sized ice cream speck. Back to THE BIG BATTLE!

The Dragons™ had fired a neon green missile at the Ants™ kingdom. Suddenly it disappeared.

“What happened?!!!!!!!??????” boomed the Dragon™ General named Billy Bob Joe as the Ant™ who had just disconnected the radar cables snuck away.

Meanwhile on the battlefield that nobody had noticed before half the Dragons™ were battling all the Ants™. Well, not all the Ants™. You’ll see later. The Ants™ were having a good time at the battlefield. There was only 1 Dragon™ left. The Ants™ charged. Suddenly a big pink steal cage slammed down on all the present Ants™.
“Got you!” shouted the Big Mama Dragon™. “You’re going to Drrraaggoonn™ Jaaaaiiiiilllll!”

“Speed up the recording!” ordered the Editor. “And by the way, shouldn’t Dragons™ go to Drrraaggoonn™ Jaaaaiiiiilllll?!”

“Well” said the Mama Dragon™. “The Dragon™ Ja-”

“Drrraaggoonn™ Jaaaaiiiiilllll,” corrected the Manager.

“Where did u go?” asked the text message.

“I went on a vacation to Mars and surprisingly there were a lot of people there and I said the ‘X’ word and Mom put soap in my mouth so I’m gonna’ go get a drink of water. “

“What’s the “X” word?” asked the text message.

“It’s-Code Cox,” said the Narrator.

“Can we white out the Drrraaggoonn™ Jaaaaiiiiilllll part?” asked the Editor.
“That’s too much stuff and in the wrong place!” page 7 paragraph 1 sentence 2 word 3 letter 2 shouted. (It happened to be “I” when we first wrote this story down, so you could say “I shouted it!” HAHAAA! Also, don’t bother checking it. We are already aware that it is now incorrect.)

“ME HUNGRY!” shouted Godzilla. Well, actually that was Godzilla’s foot. GODZILLA shouted something that sounded like:

“TO BE...”

STOMP

“CONTINUED!”

Then, because Godzilla’s foot was hungry, the Godzilla Treat Bar ran. Godzilla ran after it stomping on everything in his path including the first copy of this book. Luckily they found it. Well, duh.

But Godzilla doesn’t wear shoes, so...
“Ewwww! Take it away!”
There. Happy?!?!?!?!

“Yes.”

“I like pie,” said Jabba the Hutt, eating pickles.

“Whoops,” said the hamster. “Click!

Click. “Whoops,” said the snail. “Aaaarrrrrre weeeeee oooouuuuutttttlaaaaaawssssss yeeeeet?”

“That’s insulting,” said the Grandson of the Old Evil Farting Blind Gramipe (I hate these typos) Lady.

“It’s even more insulting to be insulted by the Grandson of the Old Evil Farting Blind Gigglemipe (errr! These typos) Lady,” said the Grandson of the Old Evil Farting Big Mama Dragon™!

“I’m not all those things,” said the Big Mama Dragon”. 
Okay. Back to THE BIG BATTLE! So every Ant™ in the big pink steel cage was shipped off to jaaaaiiiilllll where they were smushed into a one acre cell and forced to hug each other until their bones rattled which was

PORT-A-POTTY

Uh, random?

Then they were moved to the choking room where they were fed gruel and had cold rotten oatmeal poured on their heads. They lived happily ever after until the next scene.

“SCENE TWO!” Screamed God.

Then a guy who you may remember from page 2 from the restroom had an idea.

He took the toilet plunger and opened the door. Then a million, thousand ton boulders came rolling right at him!!! Now, I bet you’re wondering what he did. Well he did what any sensible Ant™ would do.

He counted the boulders to make sure there were one million. Then he took the bathroom scale and weighed one. Of course it weighed 1000 tons.

Then he jumped on his mimi and flew up as the boulders crushed the bathroom spraying #1 all over the bottom of his mimi.

“Rats!” He said. “I just got my mimi washed!” as he flew off to PRINTING ERROR. To Help His Friends

!mooz tnew sih imim

He reached the choking roo—
“Stop the blood effects!” shouted the storm clouds. “They’re making me sick!”

“How can you see the blood effects?” asked the manager. “You’re only on pg. 10”

“I’ve got x-ray glasses!” explained the clouds. “See for yourself!”

“Okay, said the manager.

Random part that isn’t really part of the story that doesn’t exist: He sneaked around the corner and fainted at the scent of cold, rotten oatmeal.

When he woke up he walked over to –

“Ow,” said the manager.

...to get back to the story.

“Whops!” said the characters previously mentioned I don’t know how many more previously mentioned saying something together. “We must get back to the s-”

“We must pause the story. Now back to the story.”

“tory.” Luckily, he landed safely and had the plunger and his mimi.

Unluckily, the big mama dragon was patrolling the corridors and she was rounding the bend but not quite past it and they luckily grbfulfininkotet.

The End

(Just kidding.)

Have you found the ferret on this page yet? Well it is kind of big.

If you have, please take a pen and draw a moustache on it.

If you haven’t, please read the big orange sentence at the top of the next page. Out loud. As loud as you can. Thank you.
I am a DUD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

HAHA! I love doing that!

CONCLUDED IN...

Surfs UP/DOWN

AnTs™ vs Dragons™ book 2/two/II

HOW NOT TO WRITE A SEQUEL