

Human Happenings



*The magazine that keeps you informed
on the happenings of humans.*

Human Happenings, written by ants *for* ants, even if the occasional human steals it! (I'm looking at you reader! This is written in special human ink, and I know what you're doing! Put this down NOW! This is a magazine by ants, *for* ants. And I suspect you haven't paid! But if you have, feel free! Or if this is a gift, feel free! But if it isn't,

STOP READING NO HUMANS ALLOWED

(This is the special blank sheet of paper in every magazine.
Enjoy the untouched beauty of this page, young ants.)

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"Ant Swimming Lessons"

By Ade Iphstra

Back in RA 32nd, events occurred that traumatised hundreds of ants from the Hesutu and Krigon colonies. These acts were dismissed and ignored for many years, but at last, some attention has been brought to them, since famous warrior Ava Krigon revealed that she had been one of the many victims. These acts were perpetrated by humans, one of which renowned reporter, Ann Exerok, has managed to get an interview from.

The first known victim is Ara Hesutu, a humble worker ant. "I was searching for food for my colony," Ava has said, "I'd only just reached a delicious looking crumb, when I was attacked! One second I was on the ground, the next I was swimming for my life in the deepest, most terrifying lake I've ever seen!" The interviewed human, claims it was a cup, and it "didn't teleport the ant", but when questioned about the possibility of shallowness, Ara continued to stick with her claim of its severe depth, "It was a lake. There's no doubt about it. I've never seen such deep water since, even after the time traveller came in RA 34th."

These incidents have remained unnamed due to the general dismissive attitude most ants seem to possess, but the interviewed human refers to these acts as "Ant Swimming Lessons." There is current debate over whether this should be the official name, as it has a rather light-hearted tone for such a horrific event.

Only one fatality occurred during these "Ant Swimming Lessons", Afa Krigon, who is described as an exceptionally compassionate and intelligent ant, one who'd have been a wonderful inventor with her genius mind, had she survived these events. But the loss of Afa Krigon wasn't the only one- she may have been the only fatality, but the hundreds of other ants are too traumatised to speak of the experience with very few exceptions. They have been described to have changed drastically from these "Ant Swimming Lessons".

I never thought
they'd be questioning
me about this.



The interviewed human didn't express any sympathy for the ants, and claimed to have committed it for "fun". It was so dismissive, even composed, cool-headed Ann Exerok couldn't finish the interview out of plain disgust. However, the human did say that it has ceased its actions, in the form of a comment, "Yeesh! That was a long time ago in the backyard with my little sister!"

So this threat toward the Hesutu and Krigon colonies has ceased. Of course, they still have many other dangers, but it is a relief to know that these innocent ants will no longer be tortured like this.

(THIS IS ALL THE INFORMATION THAT HAS BEEN GATHERED. THE FEW ANTS WHO DARE TO SPEAK OF IT, HAVE LITTLE RELIABLE INFORMATION, AND IT IS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO FIT TOGETHER THE PUZZLE OF THESE EVENTS- EVEN WITH AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PERPETRATOR.)

POEMS

Antmageddon, a senryu by *Ala Aphyx*

Fire roaring below
Larvae clinging to lit leaves
While ants toss droplets

The Ant's Nest, by Afi Hesutu

Safety,
Such safety
In scuttling ants
And warm soft moss
Gone

All your poems have been read, and these are the winners. The top ten will be sent 3 mls of sugardew
The top three (The third can be found on the following page) will receive special awards presented back
in time at RA 54. (Human Happenings Headquarters)

A.F.D.



"They Just Can't Survive Without Each Other"

One day, evil came

We didn't know it was coming

We didn't prepare

But we all knew what we could do-

We grouped together

We allowed the evil to seize us

But we clung to each other

It kept us safe

Hope was what kept us going

Hope we would reach safety

We *knew* we would reach safety

But we were wrong

Something intervened

We fell apart

We couldn't help each other

Not anymore

And we all sunk to the bottom of that evil, alone

Alone

"Those fire ant rafts," the man said to his wife.

In front of the tired-looking couple, a blob of red was falling apart.

"That's the only good thing 'bout these floods- get to kill those stupid ants when they form those rafts."

The ants flailed in the water, struggling to find their colony mates.

"Spray 'em with just a little soap, and they all separate, and sink to the bottom."

The last of red vanished from sight.

"They just can't survive without each other."

Sprayed By Soap

"Floods suck," thought the hives
"But at least we can save our lives"
Or so those ants thought, but for *NOPE*
The raft was being sprayed by soap!
Oh, those ants have no hope!

(This is the infamous, illegal poem that has resulted in the fifty two colony wars of the Afi.)

(Will be discussed in the next issue.)

Dear Editor of *Human Happenings* magazine,

My name is Aly, queen of the Cavitica. Your magazines have always been highly sought after by our colony: the ants, eggs, and our young larvae in particular, who are voracious readers of your magazine.

Recently, in my colony there has been a trend in young ants craving a "different life". Not the typical "different life" that larvae crave: the life of a resendibite or a "time-traveller" (As some larvae refer to resendibites). These young ants want to research humans instead, for your magazine.

I know that these larvae will never truly be a part of our colony with this dream so strong in their minds. That's why I'm sending you this list of potential researchers. With these ants you could have *loyal*, competent workers; competent because they want your magazine to succeed. It matters that much to us, the older ants, and the young who want to join you.

Recommended ants:

Aro Cavitica: A female larvae who loves your magazines. She reads and rereads them daily. She practices her stealth skills so that she can spy on humans to assist in the research of your magazine.

Ali Cavitica: A male larvae, known as "the larvae ring leader". He trains the other larvae in stealth so they can be researchers. He is motivated to be a team player so all larvae in stealth training can be a part of the mission to spy on humans for your magazine.

Atu Cavitica: Atu Cavitica is so determined to be a part of your crew, she broke into *Human Happenings* Headquarters when she was still an egg! She somehow made her way to the front desk disguised as an adult ant with the help of leaves and sticks to obtain an interview. Her disguise was so convincing she was only caught because her language skills were underdeveloped.

I hope you will consider these young ants' aspirations and allow them to serve your Magazine's crew and especially ant society. They can and will help you find the much needed information to stop the ghastly squishing of ants that your magazine plans to, and will stop. The Cavitica colony, and all of antkind is cheering you on.

Sincerely,

Aly Cavitica

Dear Aly Cavitica,

Hello!

My name cannot be disclosed, but I am so glad to learn the identity of the egg that got past our level 5 security! All of us are looking forward to meeting Atu Cavitica. She is hired on the *spot*. She has the skills needed to hold an extremely important position in our magazine which we can't disclose

Any other ants who want to apply should send applications directly to Vorrbyn Colony 4 RT ago (before the Vorrbyn Colony was stepped on!) through standard time travel. Thank you for supporting our magazine and its cause!

Sincerely,

Assistant Editor of *Human Happenings* Magazine, who's name still can't be disclosed.

Note: The position *Human Happenings* has in mind for Atu Cavitica is to implement new technology to transform an ant into human form to infiltrate human society.

(For those of us who weren't there for the Great Cake Heist of RA thirty second)

How to Make a Human Cake

Are you a baker ant or do you aspire to be one? Well congratulations!

It's a very small group of ants that want to learn how to do this human pastime, and you are one of an even smaller group who has the opportunity to learn it!

For each article us bakers insert a carefully tested, beautiful, delicious, easy-to-make recipe that can help us all learn about these creatures while simultaneously being absolutely mouth-watering and so much fun to make! Its the perfect way to start off your baking hobby!

Prepare your ingredients, and dive right into this brilliant new recipe.

Special Tools:

AN™ stem for mixing

2 glass shards- half spheres, hollow (Called "bowls")

A "sieve"- (<https://ant.humanhappenings.ca/cooking/sieve/purchase?>)

Ingredients:

WM™ Nonpoisonous Seeds

Pressed burdock leaf vein

A millilitre of chestnut flour

A millilitre of sugardew

A droplet of Dandelion Milk

Peanut bits (Optional)

Berry bits (Optional)

Directions:

1. Mix together the WM™ Nonpoisonous Seeds and burdock inside of one of the “bowls” using the AN™ Stem
2. Sift the chestnut flour using your “sieve” into the mixture
3. In another bowl, mix together the sugardew and dandelion milk with the stem, now cleaned
4. Put the initial dry mixture into the new wet mixture
5. Mix well

(Optional): Mix the peanut and berry bits in for a fantastic flavour)

6. Put out in the sun for 5 hours or over a torch on medium setting for 10 minutes

You’ve successfully completed a human cake! Congratulations young ant, you’re a real baker in the making!

Dear Human Happenings,

Would a colony of 5,347,240 ants be enough to take on a single human?
And how would these ants go about doing so?

The Matikah colony is in dire need of your advice on this matter. Even we, as a supercolony of Argentine Ants, can be victim to colony-threatening circumstances; specifically, humans.

Humans have been attacking Argentine Ants since RF1. We managed to persevere and ignore the casualties for the sake of survival. But with our now high numbers, we refuse to stand it.

A human has been caught pouring black oil atop our nests, with the purpose of exterminating our kind.

We plan to kidnap this human and under the threat of our newly acquired pitchforks and torches, force him to move to Antarctica. Would you think this possible with 5,347,240 ants? And, do you have any recommendations on how to carry this out?

-fiya Matikah

Dear Fiya Matikah,

I am positive that your colony could take on this human. With your numbers, I have full confidence that your plan should succeed.

But, there is another question I feel you should be asking. Rather than the question you asked, "Would we?" The question should be "*Should we?*"

Humans are marvelous creatures to study and observe, and if you were able to capture and find a way to communicate with this human... It might be the start of something very special between our two species.

It would be impossible for any smaller colony to perform such a feat, and so you have such a tremendous opportunity!

Of course, it is ultimately your decision on whichever path your colony takes. As I see it, you have two choices here:

You may choose the path of power and destruction.

Or

You may choose the path of peace, and knowledge. A path that would potentially save so many ant lives from humans, if you were to attempt to form a rapport instead.

Please, give careful consideration in this matter. Seeking revenge most often does not end well for those who seek it. Seeking communication and progress instead; that is something that could save so many ant lives.

-Human Happenings

The Heart of the Colony

The man looked bored out of his mind. She nearly huffed at the bored look the slob had on his face. *Doesn't he know we're making history here?!*

The lazy looking man propped his chin with his elbow and he peered over his colorful station at her. "Are you prepared to enter Ant Society?" he droned.

Love the enthusiasm, she thought wryly. Yes, absolutely, absolutely Ada, sir, sir!" Ala said determinedly, head nodding quickly. He nodded, and then reached out to push the bright red button that would transform her into an ant.

She blinked. She was an ant. But how? Nothing had happened! No flashes of light, nothing like what she'd expected! *Stupid sci-fi books*, she thought furiously, *They lied to me!*

"Who are you?" the creature asked curiously.

"I-I'm... uh..." *An ant!* She realized with shock. But how? The territory of the nest she'd been informed of was supposedly several kms from where she was going to spaw- be transported. How could this ant be right in front of her? And on a far more important note, how was the ant speaking? And how could she understand this strange ant language?

"Are-are you from the Farat colony?" the ant was beginning to look deadly. Her jaws were spread, and her rear legs were now supporting her. Her voice was deadly too, each word spoken slowly.

"N-nope! I'm not from... the Farap?" oh, she hoped she was right, "But... are you...?"

The ant relaxed immediately, despite her unconvincing tone, "Nope! I'm a Hasutu ant, through and through! Are *you*?" Ala opened her mouth to respond, but she was interrupted. "Ha, just kidding! Obviously not," her eyes were wide and friendly, and her jaws slipped to a normal position. "What colony are you from, though?"

"N-none!" she managed to break in to the other ants speech, "I don't have a colony," she looked down at her front legs, as she'd been instructed to do, with this whole 'colony destroyed by humans' backstory.

"Well maybe you could join us," the other ant didn't even ask what'd happened, "We're pretty awesome, over here at the Hasutu colony! Not the Farat, though, they suck! They're evil! And I'm so glad you're not going to join them, you're really nice!" The ant turned around, nodding with excitement at each word. "C'mon!"

Ala stared at the hyperactive ant. She hardly knew who the ant was... she'd just come up and threatened her... Her colony wasn't known to her colleagues. She was probably from an invading colony who stole food from their own test ants.

And yet, her heart warmed at the hyperactivity of this ant. Even as she prattled, and interrupted and generally acted bipolar, she already could feel a building rapport with this ant.

"What's your name?" Ala called, scrambling after the strange ant.

She turned around, eyes shining, "Its Aphyx!"

"They'll really let me in?" she breathed, "Just like that? Not even talking to the queen?"

Prancing in front of Ala, Aphyx led her new colony member, "Of course, silly," she laughed, "We need all the workers we can get! Besides, the queen doesn't have time to deal with us lowly worker ants!" She wasn't being sarcastic.

Ala inwardly frowned, "Doesn't that bug you?" *Bug. Haha.*

"Um no," her antennae twitched, "Was it different in your colony? I bet it was. Hey, what kind of job do you want? We can really do whatever we want here, so long as we've been in enough battles! Ooh, do you wanna meet the larvae? They're soo cuute!!"

"Sure?" Ala muttered. She couldn't imagine how anybody, even an ant could find those squirming lumps of white cute.

Aphyx frowned, "Not your area of interest, huh? Well, maybe you could come hunting with me? Huuh?"

"Alright," she stared at the ant, who's face reflected disappointment.

"O-kay, let's get going- Oh hey Aha, meet Ala, she's new to here! She may seem a little grumpy, but she's real nice!"

"Oh..." Aha sighed, "Aphyx, I have to get to my post. We need guards, especially since..." she sent a pointed glance.

"Okay!" Aphyx nodded, "Okay, come on Ala! Let's get going." She returning to her skipping along the halls.

"The hunting patrols go out here," her antennae flicked excitedly, as she pointed towards a sharply upcurving tunnel. "C'mon! Let's go together! We can get gnats! Ooh, or maybe a big peanut! Ara said she laid a pheromone trail to one! I've got an amazing cake recipe," she blabbed, "Food is the heart of the colony, y'know!"

Ala frowned as she sorted. "Nuts with nuts, berries with berries, gnats with... gnats..." She oversaw the organizing the food stores now. She'd worked her way up quickly in the ranks, now only two below Aphyx.

"Hmm..." she murmured. At day, she was this- Ala, the lonely ant who'd lost her colony and was determined to prove herself useful.

At night, she wrote. She would write dozens of reports on every ant she encountered, though careful to leave out drawings, trying her best to ignore the fondness she felt towards each of them. Pranking little Yapa. Excitable Ata. And of course, the very first one she'd wrote, Aphyx.

Speak of the devil. "Hey Ala!" Aphyx chirped, "Do you want to visit the larvae with me? Its your break time, right? Mine too! Haha, I know, I matched up the times so we could hang out!"

"Oh! My break?" Ala yelped, and scrambled to her feet, "Yeah! Sure, whatever the activity was!"

"C'mon," Aphyx dragged her behind her, "Let's go see the larvae-"

"W-woah, see the larvae," she protested, feeling squeamish, "I mean, I don't feel-"

"Nope, no way out of it. Let's go!" Aphyx announced.

Aphyx tugged on Ala's antennae, and with a groan, Ala dragged herself after the hyper ant.

"Aphyx!" a blob cried, "Aphyx!!!"

"Hello, Agai!" Aphyx smiled, "Ahi! Ati! Ara! Oh its so good to see all of you guys!!!"

Ala shuddered as a smaller white blob skidded under her feet, "Sorry!" it squealed.

"Ala, c'mon! Look, I brought cake for us all-" A single larvae consumed the delicious cake.

"Come on Ada!!!" Aphyx huffed, glaring at the larvae as she skidded away. "That was for all of us-"

Ala disappeared from the room. She decided she'd rather spend her break somewhere else, among the grown *mature* ants.

"You guys are just the heart of the colony."

Oh, and so is everything else, she thought wryly.

"Ala, come in," a voice hissed to Ala. She froze. She fumbled for the device, "Yes Ada, sir?"

"You're in the wrong colony," he fumed, "You're in a *invasive* colony."

"Y-yes, sir, but-" she began.

"We're poisoning it. You have two hours to get out. Good luck." The message ended.

She stared down, stunned at her "phone" . He... he didn't even listen! Did it really matter which colony? She suddenly stiffened.

Poison.

We're poisoning it.

So many deaths... so many ants would be dying. She would lose her friends... She would lose Aphyx...

"I-I," she stammered, "T-two hours!" the phone was dead. "UGH!" she clutched onto it. Antennae drooping, she began to sob, "W-what do I do?" she whispered, "What *can* I do to save my colony..."

"Ala!" Aphyx cried out, excitedly, "Guess what? Ala! ...Ala?" she stepped into the crevice Ala'd tucked herself into. "What's wrong?"

Ala threw her legs around Aphyx, confusing the ant even more. "The colony!" she gasped out, "The colony will die in two hours!"

Aphyx froze, "Th-that can't be.. h-how?" she jerked away, her eyes wide. "How!" she snapped, "How'd you know that?" her voice softened, "How, Ala?"

Ala inhaled. She had a decision here. A decision that could mean the death of a colony of ants, or her own, human life.

Ala knew instantly. And she nodded to herself, and opened her mouth, and told Aphyx what she knew.

...

Aphyx sighed, "Are you serious? You're seriously telling me, you are a human who has snuck themselves into our colony for the purpose of learning about us and your human friends-"

"They're just my... colleagues," she muttered.

"Your colleagues plan to poison us?" Aphyx inhaled sharply, "We have to start an evacuation."

Ala froze, "You mean... you'll help me? You... believe me?"

Aphyx nodded grimly, "C'mon. Let's warn the queen. I think us unimportant ants have some important-enough news to share with her."

Ala nodded, watching Aphyx charge out of the crevice, the picture of determination. She felt a warm feeling bubbling up. *She believes me.*

"C'mon Ala!" Aphyx called, "We have to save the colony, remember?"

Ala jolted back to reality and called back, "Coming!"

...

The queen'd believed her too.

The ants marched out of the nest, carrying food, brood, and sugardew, immutably on the move. No ants talked. They just walked in grim unison, hoisting each of their precious items over their heads. But, Ala could feel their gazes on her. The curious questions they longed to ask her.

Still, she kept her head high, rather than duck it.

"Ala's human," the news seemed to pass telepathically through the crowds, a new fascinated gaze on her every second.

Aphyx trotted beside her. She turned to glance at Ala. Her look was sympathetic.

Suddenly, a huge rubber object slammed to the ground, inches, in Ala's eyes, from her antennae. She pulled back in surprise. *What is that?* She realized a second later, it was a shoe. And a mere moment later, she realized that it'd crushed the row of ants that marched in front of her.

Ants were wailing in horror, as the shoe came down, unsure of what to do, only able to watch in complete terror.

I must take control! She realized, but only after another row was squished. All the ants were scattering now. But, with determination, she yelled, "Everyone! To the hole!" There was a hole in the wall that was barely big enough for a cockroach.

But, grateful for orders, the ants scuttled forward, all charging for the hole. They rammed themselves inside, and luckily there was a great gap between the outer walls and inner walls of the research facility, and they all managed to avoid the shoe and escape into the wall.

The ants all held their breath. No sound could be heard from the other side. The shoe was retreating.

Then a wail arose from a larvae, "Ata! Ata!" After the silence was broken, it had no chance of holding. Every ant began to wail the names of their lost loved ones, or simply wail in general.

"Aphyx!" Ala begged, "Aphyx where are you?"

"I'm... here..." Aphyx rasped from beside her. Ala whipped around and stared at her. The ant was trembling, clearly in shock, but recovering quickly, "What was that?" Aphyx breathed, "How was it so quick..?"

Ala shook her head. No time to explain now, "I'm going back out." The ant had finally sealed her fate as a member of the Hasutu colony.

"W-what are you going to do?" Aphyx gasped. Only she'd heard and comprehended what Ala'd said, every other ant was wailing at the top of their lungs.

"I'm going to give my final report," Ala said firmly, "To my colleagues. It's the one hope we have left."

Aphyx gazed at her bewildered, "But- you can't go out-"

Ala pushed through the crowds, even as Aphyx wailed at her, "It's a suicide mission! You'll die! No! Ala! They-"

"Even if I do," Ala sighed, "At least I'll have tried. I owe you all that much." She knew Aphyx wouldn't hear her, but it didn't matter. Ala was already out, her eyes focused on the phone she'd dropped. She could see the shoe in the distance.

But she scuttled forward, her thorax swelling in determination. The phone drew closer and closer, and the shoe slammed down 5 times quicker than she could run. "No!" she cried, and put on a burst of speed. She slammed into the phone, and held it up to her jaws and antennae.

"You will not squish my colony!" she declared. The shoe stopped, literal inches above her head. It was yanked back into the previous step it'd been in.

"Your colony?" the man demanded through the phone, "Are you mad?"

"This is my colony, and I will not have you harming them," she snapped. Across the linoleum floors, she could see the ants coming towards her. And her heart swelled with love, "They are my colony, and-"

"You're a human!" he snapped, "Colonies do not exist for us, we do not-"

"I am no human," Ala spoke into the phone, and tossed it as far as she could, despite the distinctly human voice she could hear screaming at her from it. The voice that came from the owner of the shoe in front of her. Glaring challengingly, she stared up, unblinking at Ada.

A crowd of ants stood behind her, stunned. Every ant, every face stared with shock at Ala who'd... just...

"We need to move out of here," Ala said, turning to face the ants, "There is a whole world out there. Dangerous yes, but better than this." She gestured to the massive shoe. "We have to go. We must leave. They won't spare us for any longer."

Aphyx stood up, and walking over to Ala, she stood by her side, and with a nudge as prompt, Ala began to tell them of a world beyond the walls of this laboratory, a green mossy world full of flowers, insects, plants full of delicious nectar, aphids with honeydew, but everything abuzz with life and peace.

And nearby, a phone stayed on. A phone with a connection to the owner of a very deadly shoe...

"Come on!" Ala cried, and the ants followed her obediently, but now full of hope of the place they hadn't had promised.

Ants followed Ala, not as a human, but as a leader, perhaps even a queen one day, Ala could be. Aphyx knew she would support Ala in the position. After all, Ala was the heart of the colony for all of them.

(The aftermath of the incident.)

...

For years, ants would talk about the great Ala.

Who she was, how she'd come to the colony, her story. The poorly planned backstory, which was admired as truth. But most of all, they talked about what she did. Her major sacrifice for the colony.

The colony would care for her for many years, watching, talking and feeding her. Dozens of larvae, pupae and workers would occasionally visit the ant who'd saved their future.

They would stare at her in awe and say they wanted to be heroes just like her, ones who would lead to safe, beautiful havens full of life and cheer.

Aphyx visited her most of all, softly whispering to her about a new inane topic. She would talk about the special cake recipe she'd read about, she would whisper about the drawing Apoi had drawn.

Aphyx would tell Ala about everything. But in each visit, there was one thing she always began with. She would always beg her to wake up.

But Ala never woke up from her coma. The shoe'd squished half her head, and it was amazing she survived. She died in LR 45, two RA after Aphyx died of starvation during a food crisis.

(This message can only be read by humans. Written in "special human ink", its invisible to the eyes of an ant.

You probably know this is a true story. How else would human terms like "phone" make their way inside of it? Ah, I'm sorry. I wish I could erase this. I'll start over.

Hello. Its nice to meet you, whoever you are. You are likely human. Or perhaps, like Ala, you are a human, in the cloak of an ant, uncovering mysteries your predecessor refused to share.

Whatever it is, as I write what I hope are not scribbles, I am writing to you.

You've read this story, you've seen how it ends, perhaps. Maybe Ala wakes up, maybe I gain immortality and laugh at this message. But, I feel certain, that even if I am not the one to end this tale, it will most certainly end tragically.

After all, all ants die. And with this as a true story, I am certain that both me and Ala will meet fate, perhaps grisly, tragic, quiet, but in the end, death.

Still, never mind all that. I'm not going to bore you with these philosophical ramblings. I may be old, but I haven't gone senile just yet.

I want to tell you, a human, someone like my very best friend, Ala, that this is not all there is to this story. There is so much forgotten, or dismissed, or overlooked. There are events that are not told, tragedies that are forgotten, and most of all, the true meaning of Ala's journey, and her sacrifice.

But I don't want to just tell you that. I want to ask you. Could you, you a human of a heart like Ala's, uncover the rest of this story? Write the names of the forgotten, show the effects of everything afterwards?

I'm asking you this, because you are human. Like Ala. And you could have her heart as well. Whether... you as a human have a heart like Ala's.

Or perhaps, I am wrong about all of this. Perhaps Ala was not human. Perhaps she was an ant, to her death. And that is my final request. Please, figure out these stories. Who Aga was. Why Ala made her sacrifice.

And whatever you do, or do not do, answers my final question.

The question I care the most about, the question I most want to ask.

Is Ala an ant, or a human?

---Aphyx Hasutu

Ant-credible's



Wasp-Flier!



Can be yours, for only
200ml of sugar dew!

Larvae will gape, as you soar over them
with the grace of our hero, Ant-credible!

Batteries not included

The Great Cake Heist of R. A. Thirty-Second

--An Ant Ballad

(Chorus) We carried cake crumbs and hotdugs galore

But nothing we ever brought home before,

Compared to the great cake we reckon

That we brought home in R. A. Thirty-Second

(Verse 1) We came upon a picnic unlike any before

With hotdogs, a great cake, and pastries galore

To bring the tiered delicacy was too much to take

Then one of us hollered "But my daughter loves cake!"

(Verse 2) With that we decided that we must prevail

And we struggled to hoist it to no avail

Then who on his wasp flier should appear

Ant-credible himself, who said "I am here!"

(Verse 3) We pushed and we shoved we heaved and we ho-ed

Then, when Ant-credible gave it a go,

We hoisted the great cake above us with ease

Then took our prize home and the larvae were pleased

(Verse 4) The larvae all cheered with tears in their eyes

At the sight of the cake a thousand times their size,

We munched and we gobbled and feasted on cake

And that night all went to bed with sweet bellyaches

About the Creator of Human Happenings:

*Ata Voryxx was born in RA4, and is currently living. She
Lives with her twenty-six sisters, and her fifteen daughters and two sons.*

*She founded+funded Human Happenings, and is currently still the
legal owner of the magazine. Her works are included/written in*

special editions and some of the exclusive early editions of the

1+2 Human Happenings issues. She can be contacted at:

HumanHappenings.ant/contact/AtaVoryxx

Human Happenings:

The issues come out monthly, but
for 15mls of sugardew you can sign up to
the *Human Happenings* website
and receive weekly special editions and
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