



In a world where all the animals have **SUPERPOWERS**, **ZEB** the ZEBRA, **Margarine** the PENGUIN and **Barry** the LEMUR have the **WORST** powers of all.

Working at a café and watching everybody else **SAVE THE WORLD** day in and day out, **ZEB**, **Marge** and **Barry** wonder if they will **EVER** get to be **SUPERHEROES** FOR A DAY themselves.



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THE TERRIBLE TRIO

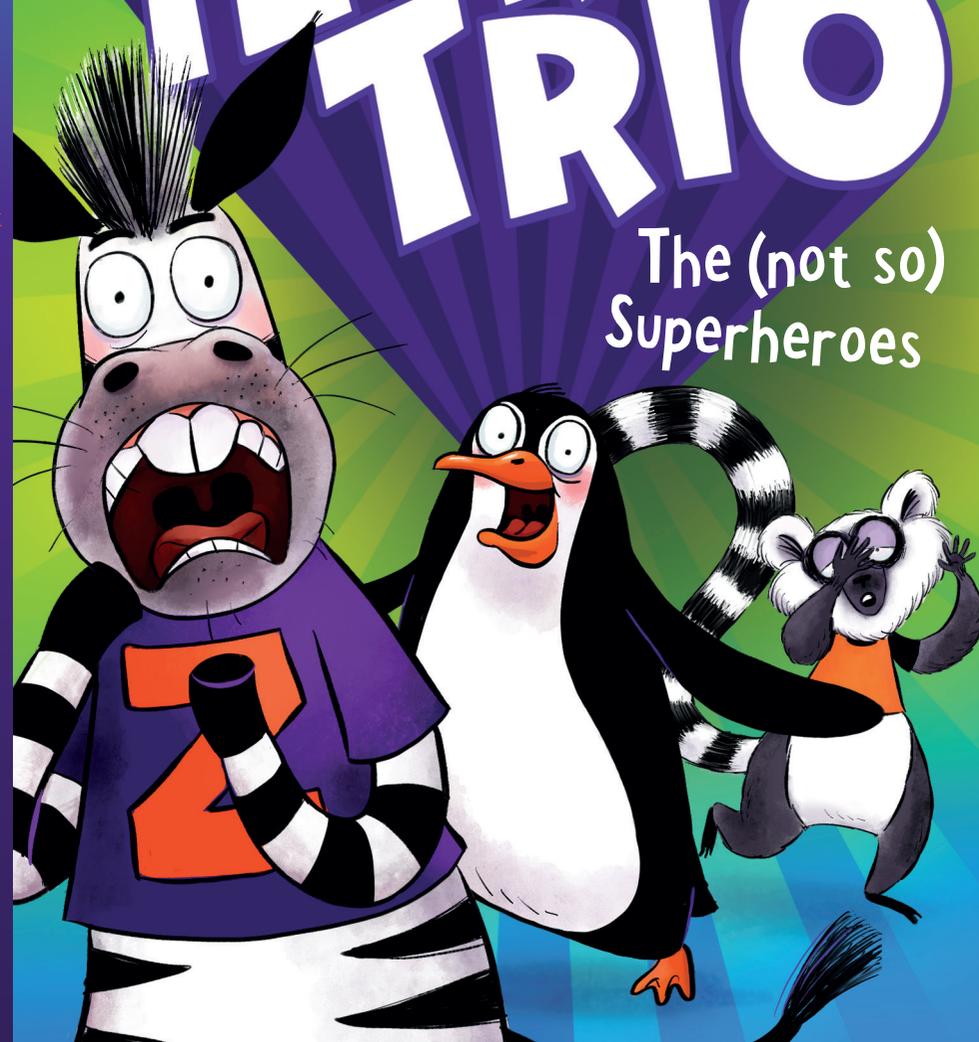
— SWAPNA HADDOW MINKY STAPLETON



SWAPNA HADDOW
ILLUSTRATED BY MINKY STAPLETON

THE TERRIBLE TRIO

The (not so)
Superheroes



*For my superdog Archie
– Swapna*

*In memory of our pup, Scooby, whose superpowers
included deathly farts and sniffing out cheese.
– Minky*

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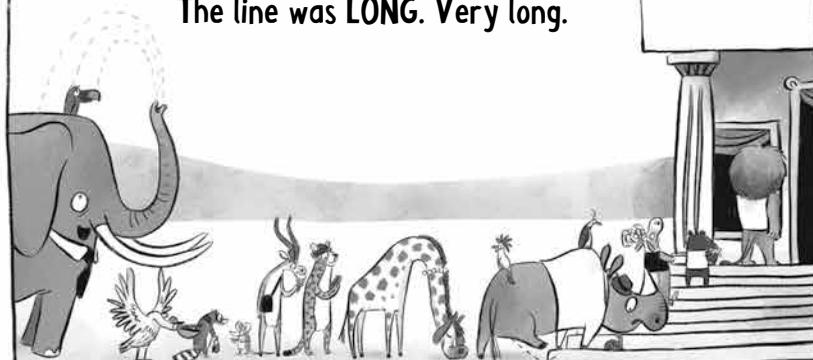
**AND SO IT CAME TO BE
that a great announcement
was made...**



The First
MINISTRY OF
SUPERPOWERS
IS NOW OPEN AND
EVERY ANIMAL
IN THE WORLD
is invited
TO RECEIVE THEIR
SUPERPOWER.



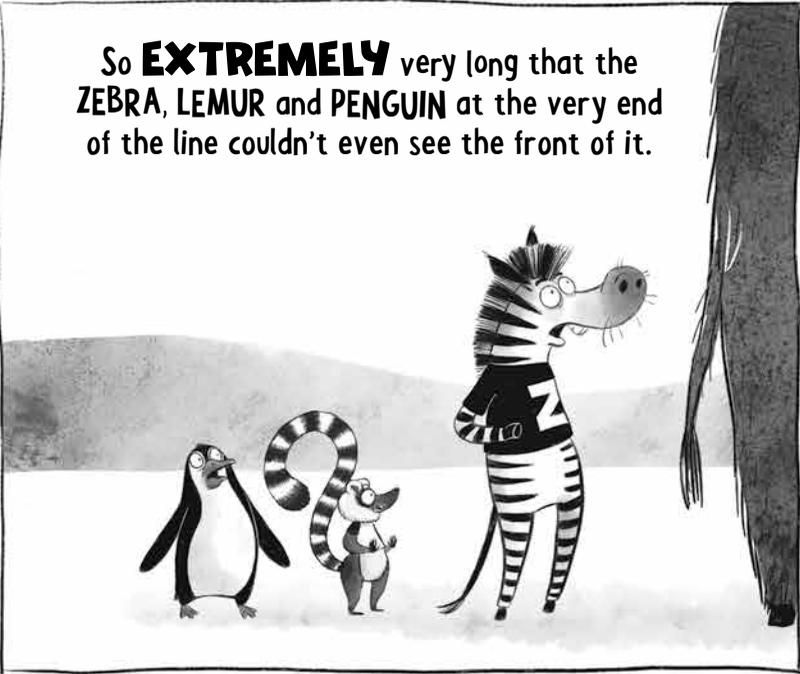
The line was **LONG**. Very long.



VERY, VERY LONG.



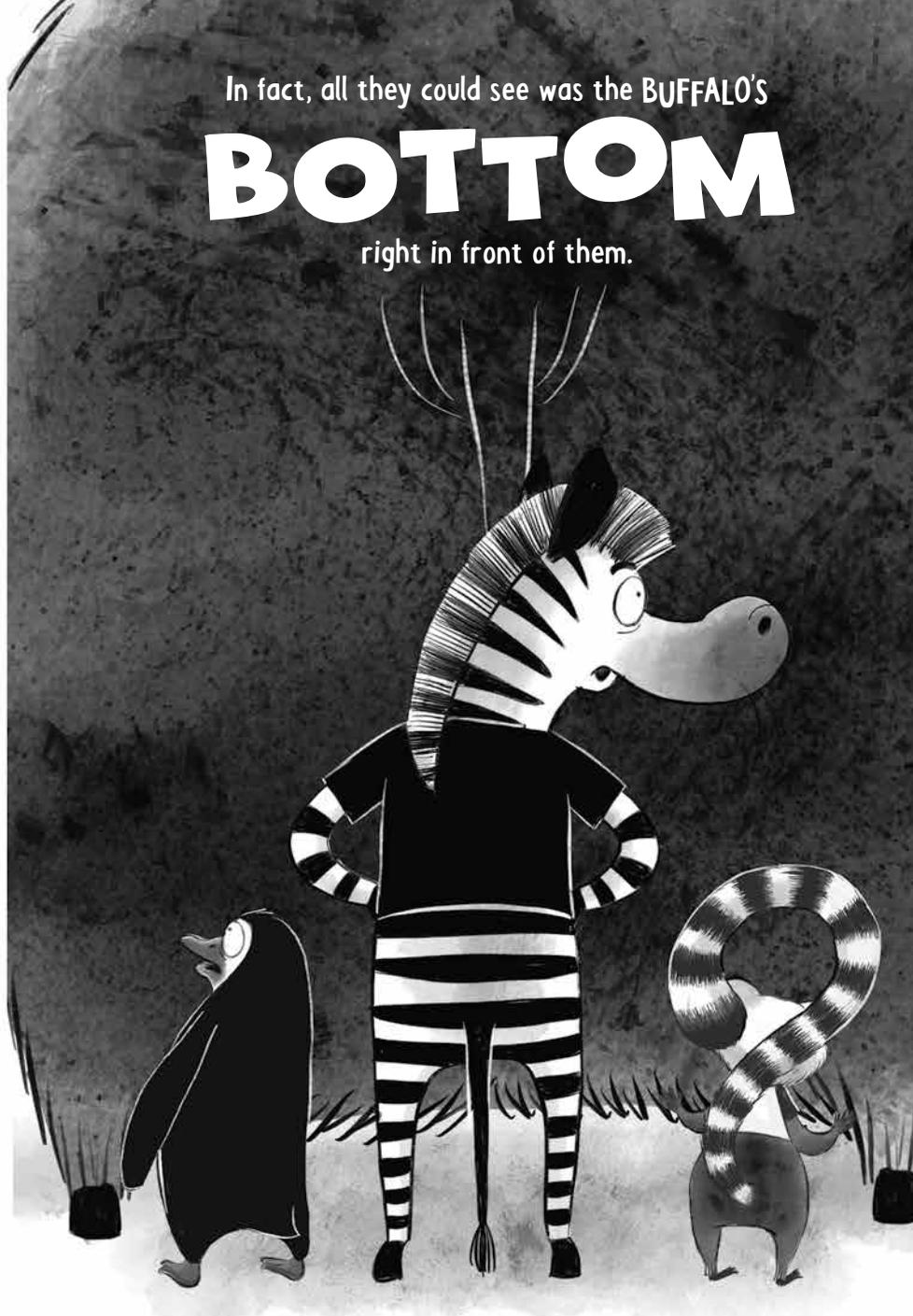
So **EXTREMELY** very long that the ZEBRA, LEMUR and PENGUIN at the very end of the line couldn't even see the front of it.



They couldn't see the MIDDLE of it either.

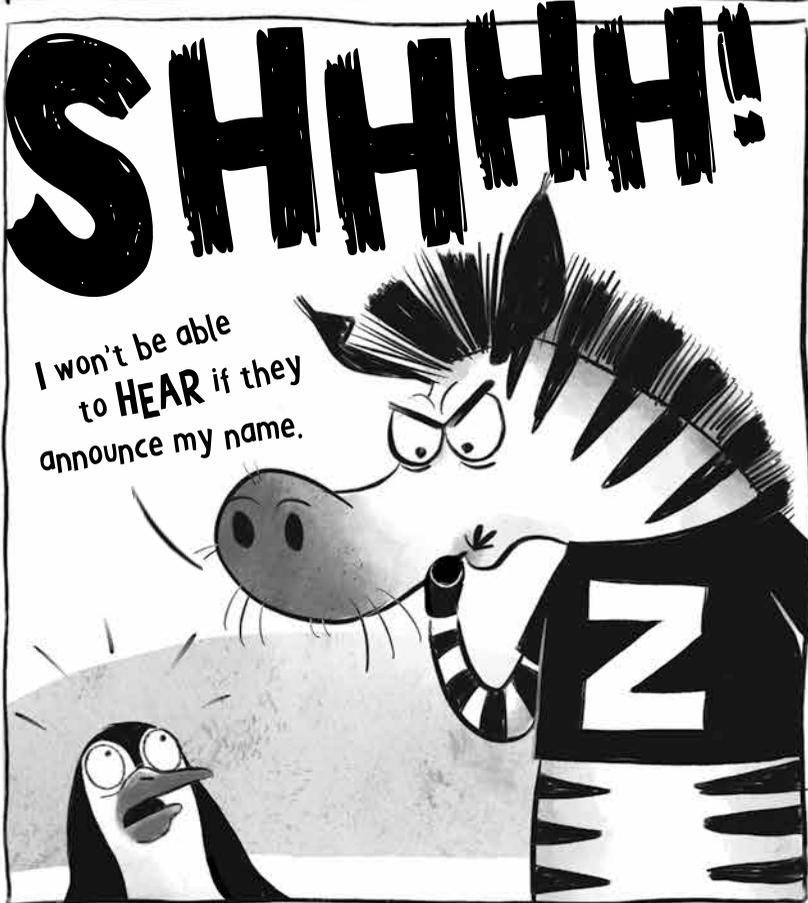


In fact, all they could see was the BUFFALO'S
BOTTOM
right in front of them.





I wonder what
SUPERPOWERS
we're going to get!



SHHHH!

I won't be able
to **HEAR** if they
announce my name.



Don't mind him,
he's **ALWAYS**
in a mood.



I'm **Barry**.
And this is **ZEB**.

I'm **Margarine.**



Margarine?

Don't you mean
Marjorie?



Nope. **Margarine.**



It's **MAR-JOH-REE.**
Nobody is called
MARJAREEN.



I am.



You can't be.
That's **NOT** a name.



It's **MY** name.

I was named after
my mum. Her name was

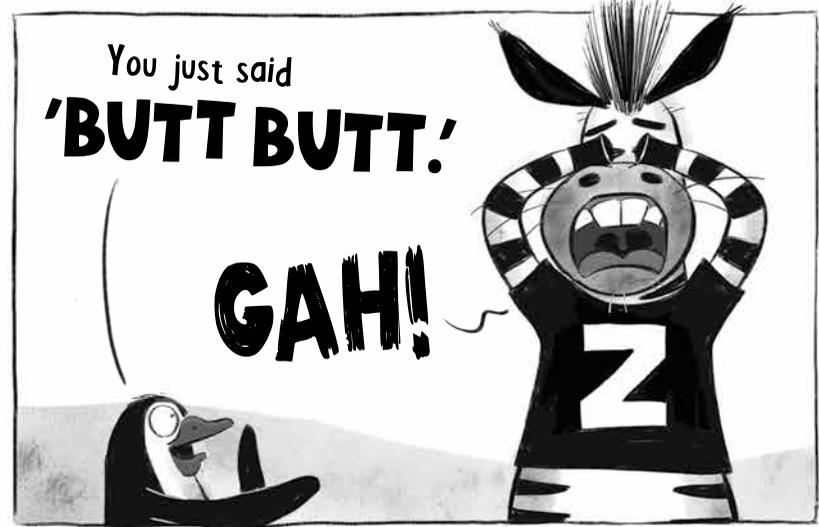
**Marjorie On
Toast.**



Your mum?
Marjo-REE On Toast?

YEP.





FINE.
But I'm calling you
Marge.



All my friends call
me **Marge,**
so I guess that
makes us friends.



The ground started to

RUMBLE

beneath them and the **BUFFALO** in front shuffled forward.



It's happening!
The line is
MOVING!



They've started
handing out
POWERS!



SHHHH!

Up ahead, at the front of the line...

**AND YOU,
MY LION
FRIEND,
SHALL
RECEIVE...**



THE POWER
OF A **SUPER**
ROAR!



YOU WILL BE ABLE TO
FLATTEN TREES
AND **CRUSH MOUNTAINS.**

THANK YOU!



Then up strode the second in line, a CHAMELEON.



A day ago, she had been third in line as there was a TAPIR in front of her,



but the LION had grown **HUNGRY...**

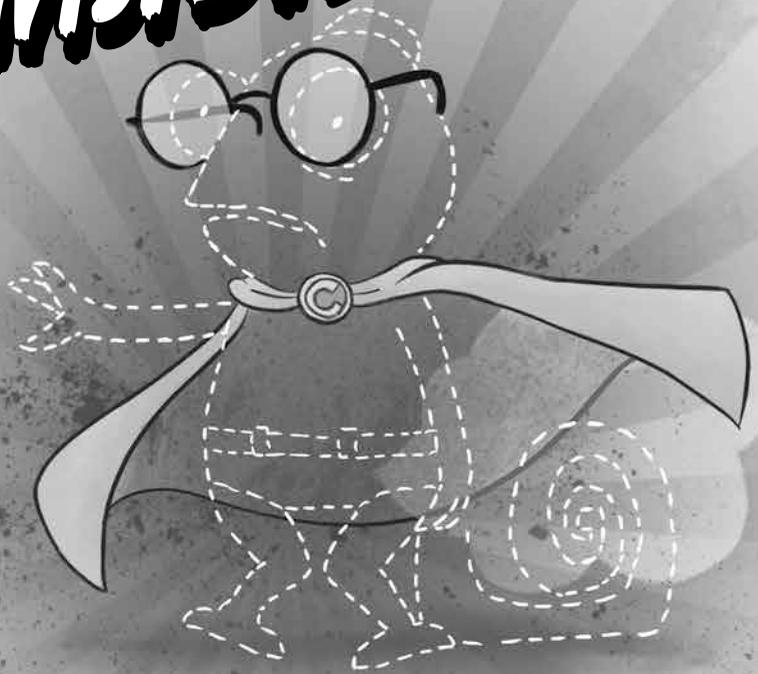


so the CHAMELEON managed to move up in the line.

AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE...



THE
POWER OF
INVISIBILITY!



YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MOVE AROUND
UNSEEN*

*YOU WILL ALSO BE ABLE TO USE A PUBLIC BATHROOM
AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW IT WAS YOU WHO MADE THAT
TERRIBLE SMELL.



And so it went on. Powers were
bestowed upon each ...



and every animal ...



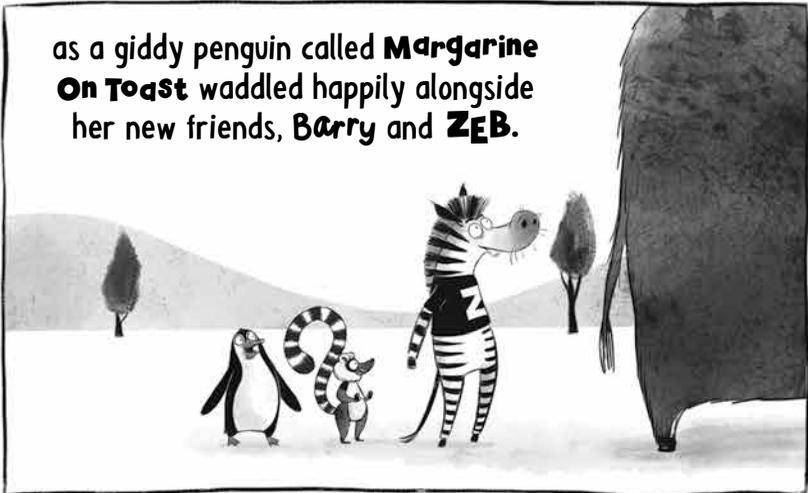
and the line moved...



slowly forwards...

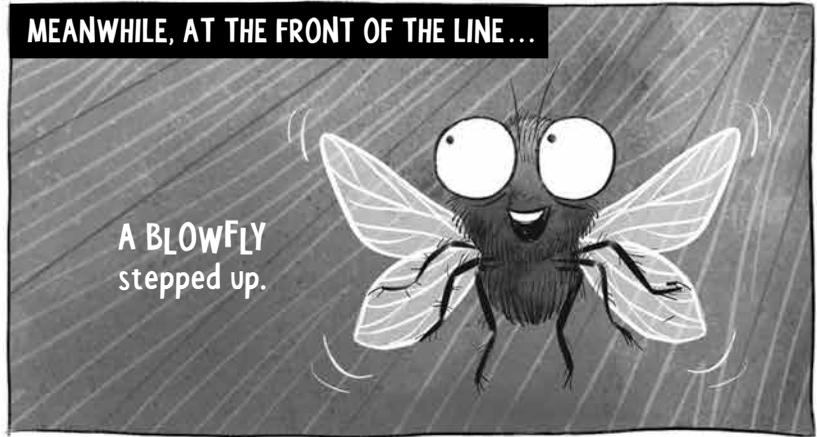


as a giddy penguin called **Margarine On Toast** waddled happily alongside her new friends, **Barry** and **ZEB**.



MEANWHILE, AT THE FRONT OF THE LINE...

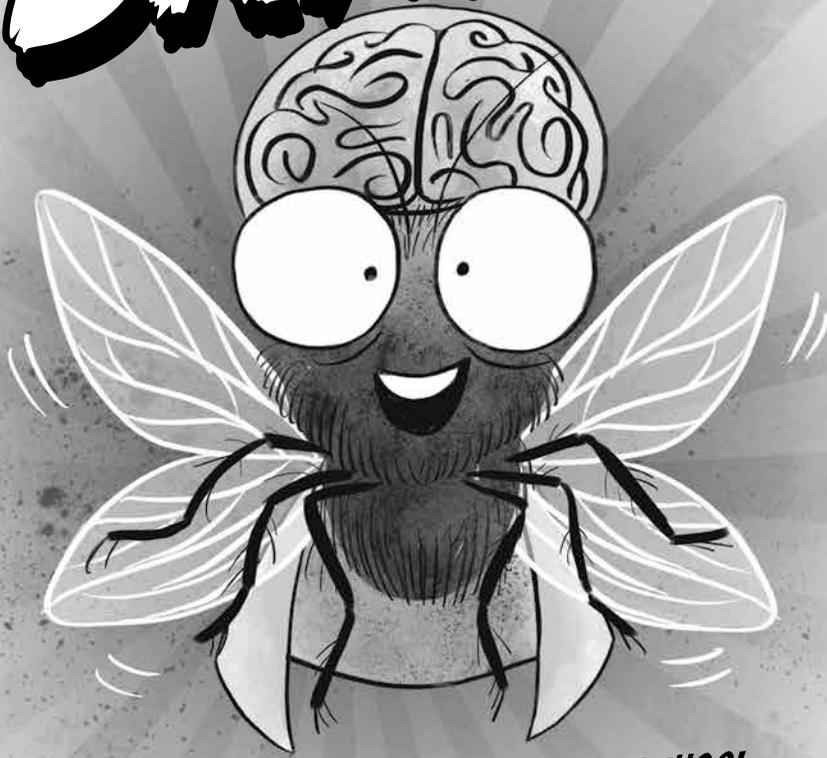
A **BLOWFLY** stepped up.



AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE...



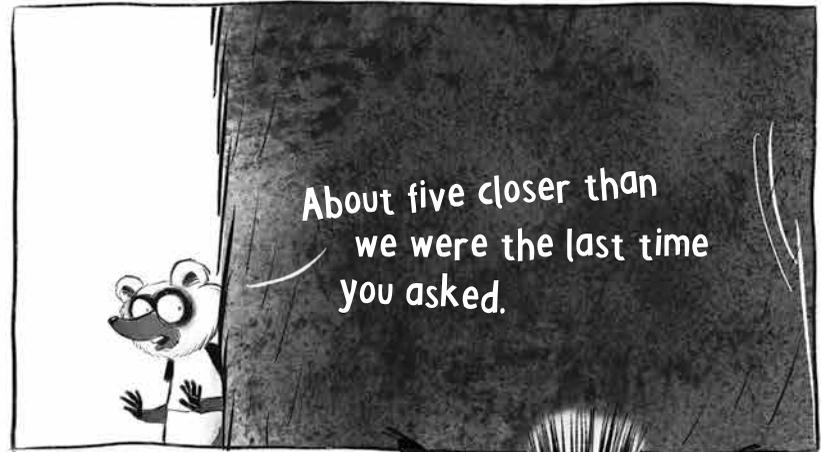
THE POWER
OF A **BIG**
BRAIN!



YOU WILL **NEVER** HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL
AND YOU WILL **NEVER** BE SQUISHED
IN A FLY SWATTER BECAUSE
YOUR BRAIN IS THAT **BIG.**



I can't see how far
we are from the front.
Can YOU see?



About five closer than
we were the last time
you asked.



GAH!
What's taking
SO LONG?

NEXT UP...

**AND YOU
SHALL
RECEIVE...**



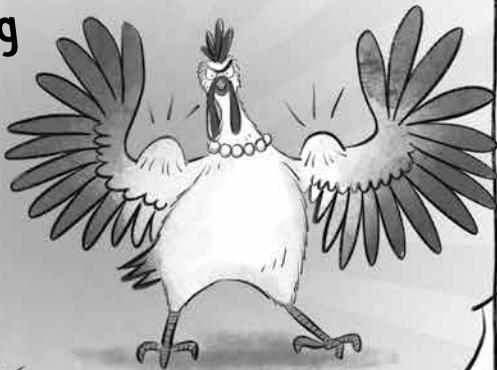
**THE
POWER OF**

STRENGTH!

**YOU'LL BE SO STRONG
YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SPIN A RHINO
ON THE TIP OF YOUR FEATHER LIKE A BASKETBALL.
YOU'LL ALSO BE ABLE TO **OPEN**
A JAR OF JAM.**

WHA-A-A-A-T?!!

A super-strong
CHICKEN?



NOOOO!

I wanted that power!
I've never been able
to open jars of jam!

THE HOURS PASSED SLOWLY.



ZEB, Marge and Barry played...

??
**GUESS WHAT BARRY'S
THINKING
RIGHT
NOW?**

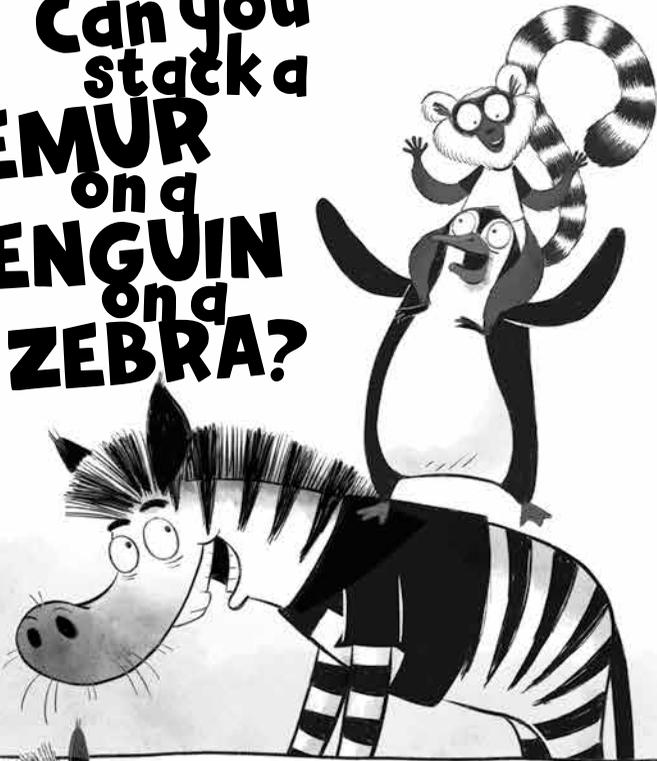


but that grew boring rather
quickly because he was always
thinking about sandwiches.



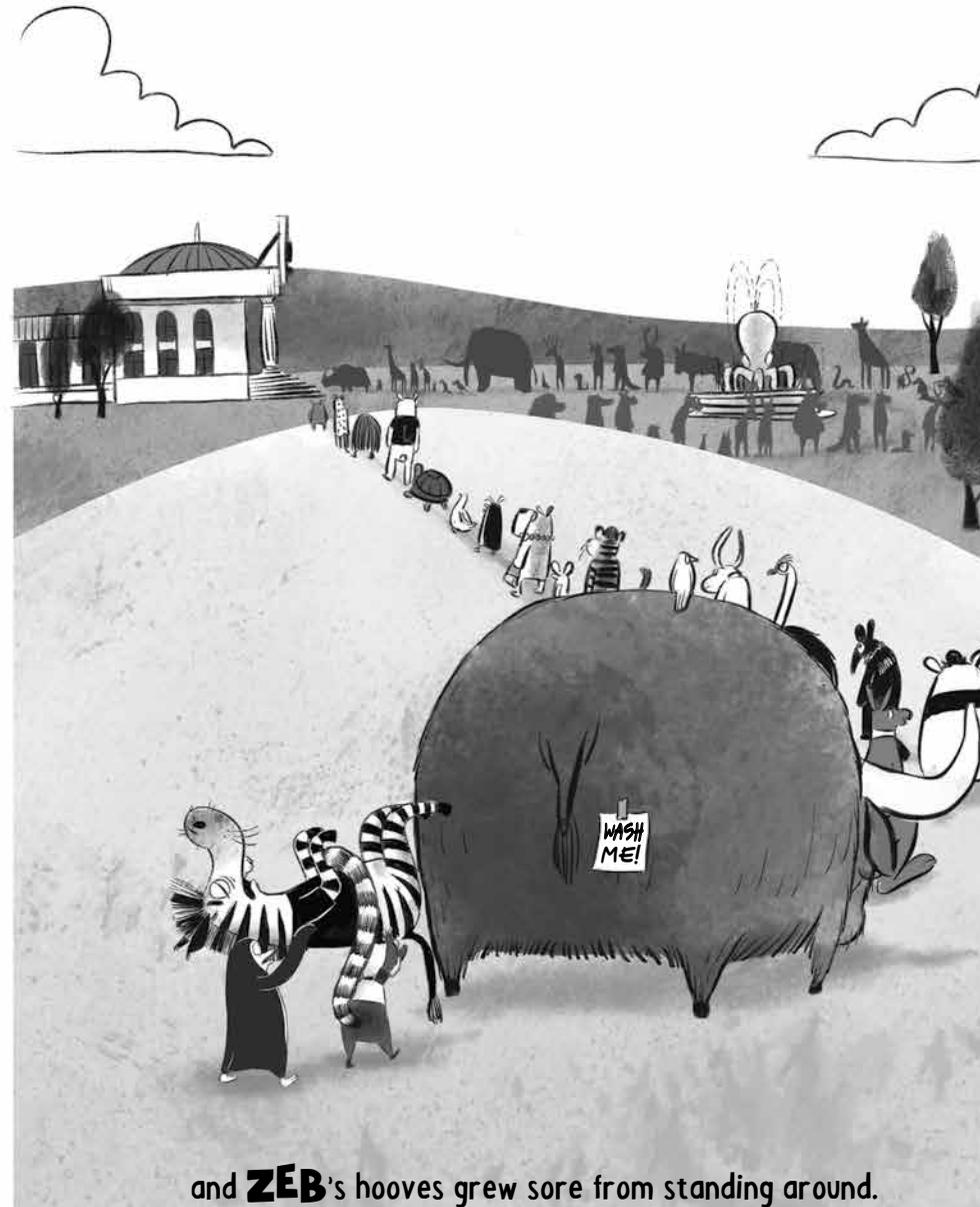
They also played...

Can you
stack a
LEMUR
on a
PENGUIN
on a
ZEBRA?



Which was great **FUN**,
until **ZEB** suggested
doing it the other way
around and **Barry** almost
ended up as flat as a
Chapatti.

The line snaked up and down and around and under
and over and through and back around again ...



and **ZEB**'s hooves grew sore from standing around.





NEXT UP WAS A BLUE-FOOTED BOOBY.

**AND YOU SHALL
RECEIVE...**



THE POWER TO
TRIP SOMEONE UP
JUST USING YOUR

MIND!



Oh, that's a cool power.
No one will ever make fun of
that **BLUE-FOOTED BOOBY'S**
name again.



Bahahaha!
You said
BOOBY!



OW!

See?
I told you.



ZEB daydreamed about a superpower that would
make him a **PROPER HERO**...

**THE
SPEED**

TO GET TO A
DISASTER...



**THE
STRENGTH**

to lift a **DOUBLE-DECKER BUS**
off a little lamb's foot...



**AND THE POWER TO SEE THE
FUTURE**
so he could **WIN** the **LOTTERY**
EVERY WEEK.





He could see himself being interviewed for TV at his **FIVE-STABLE MANSION.**



FANS would send him letters...

and stop him in the street for **PHOTOS.**



They would make a **MOVIE** about him and his brave rescue missions.

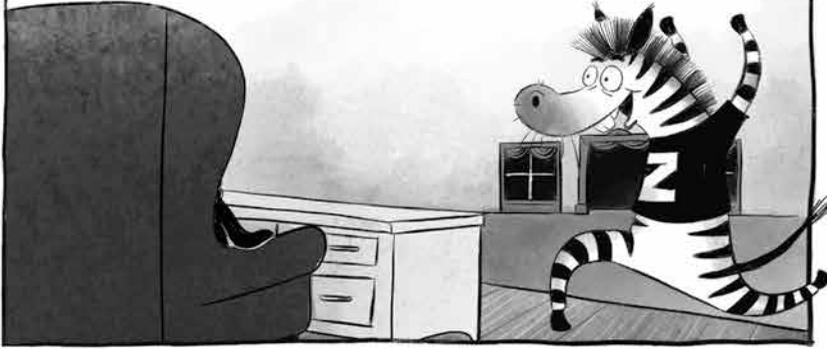


And he would attend the **PREMIERE** dressed in a fully diamond-encrusted saddle and designer sunglasses.



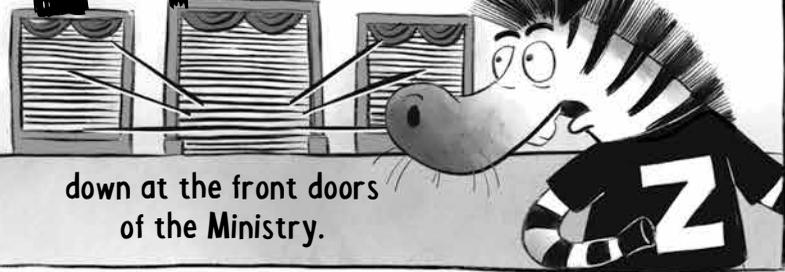
Finally, the **BUFFALO BUM** in front of **ZEB** moved aside...

and it was time for **ZEB** to receive HIS POWER. He leapt up onto the stage and bowed before the Superpower Ministry Manager as he awaited his POWER...



But all he heard was the shutters

CLATTERING



down at the front doors of the Ministry.



HEY!

I thought that **BUFFALO** was the end of the line. I don't remember seeing **YOU THREE** before.

We've been here
THE WHOLE TIME!
It's just that that **HUGE BUFFALO**
was blocking us.



He did have a
**GINORMOUS
BOTTOM.**
It was very hard to see around.

Listen, I've had a long day.
Plus, I'm all out of **POWERS**.
I just want to go home, have a cup of tea
and watch my favourite show.

Oooo,
what's your favourite show?
I've been looking for
a new show to get into.

It's that new one...

**WATCHING
PAINT DRY.**

Each week
they spend an hour looking
at a painted wall drying.

That sounds right up my alley.
I LOVE a documentary.
Have you seen ...

**WATCHING
GRASS GROW?**

I HAVE! I don't know why
they cancelled it after
FIFTY-TWO seasons.

OH!

I don't want to disturb this RIVETING chat about paint drying, but what do you mean,

YOU'RE ALL OUT OF POWERS?



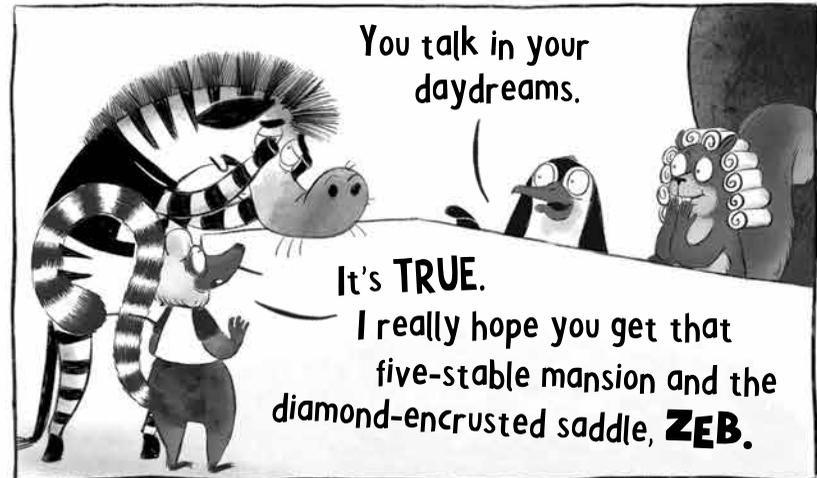
He's a little RUDE, isn't he?

You get used to it.
He just really wants a **SUPERPOWER.**



He's been DAYDREAMING about being interviewed on TV and everything.

How would you know?



You talk in your daydreams.

It's TRUE.
I really hope you get that five-stable mansion and the diamond-encrusted saddle, **ZEB.**



Listen, I **REALLY** need to get home or I'll miss the beginning of my show ...

SO THERE WILL BE
NO MORE
POWERS TODAY ...



OK, OK.

I suppose I could make up
three more **POWERS** —
and then I'm **DONE!**
So let's make this **FAST**, OK?



Right, let's do the **PENGUIN** first.

**AND YOU SHALL
RECEIVE...**

