

A P
Antarctic
Press™

2	\$2.50 U.S.
AUG 1993	\$3.25 Can.

FRED PERRY'S

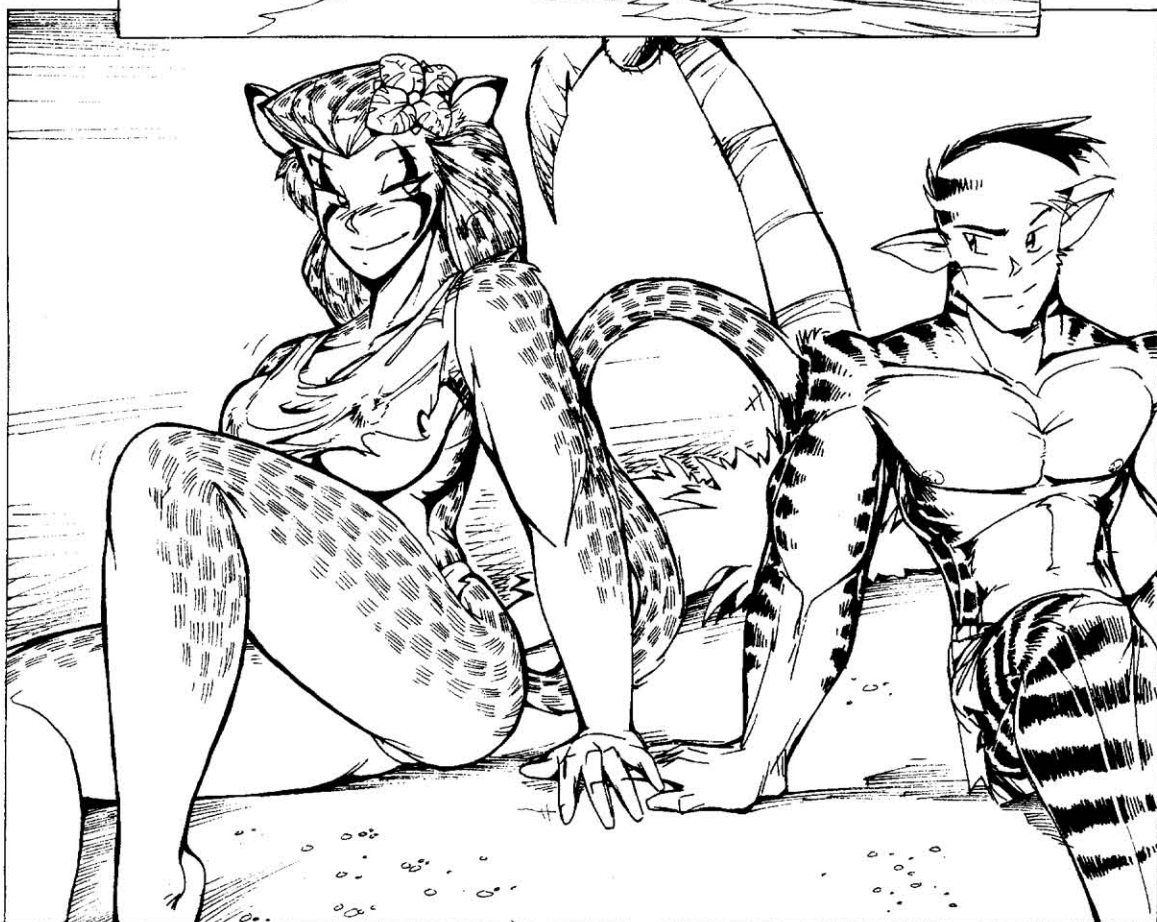
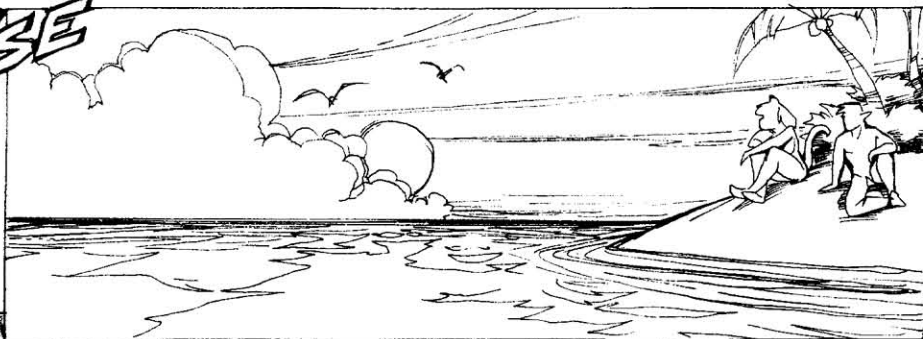
GOLD DIGGER

**NOW A
MONTHLY
SERIES!**



CURSE

PART II





ARE WE
HAVING
FUN
YET??



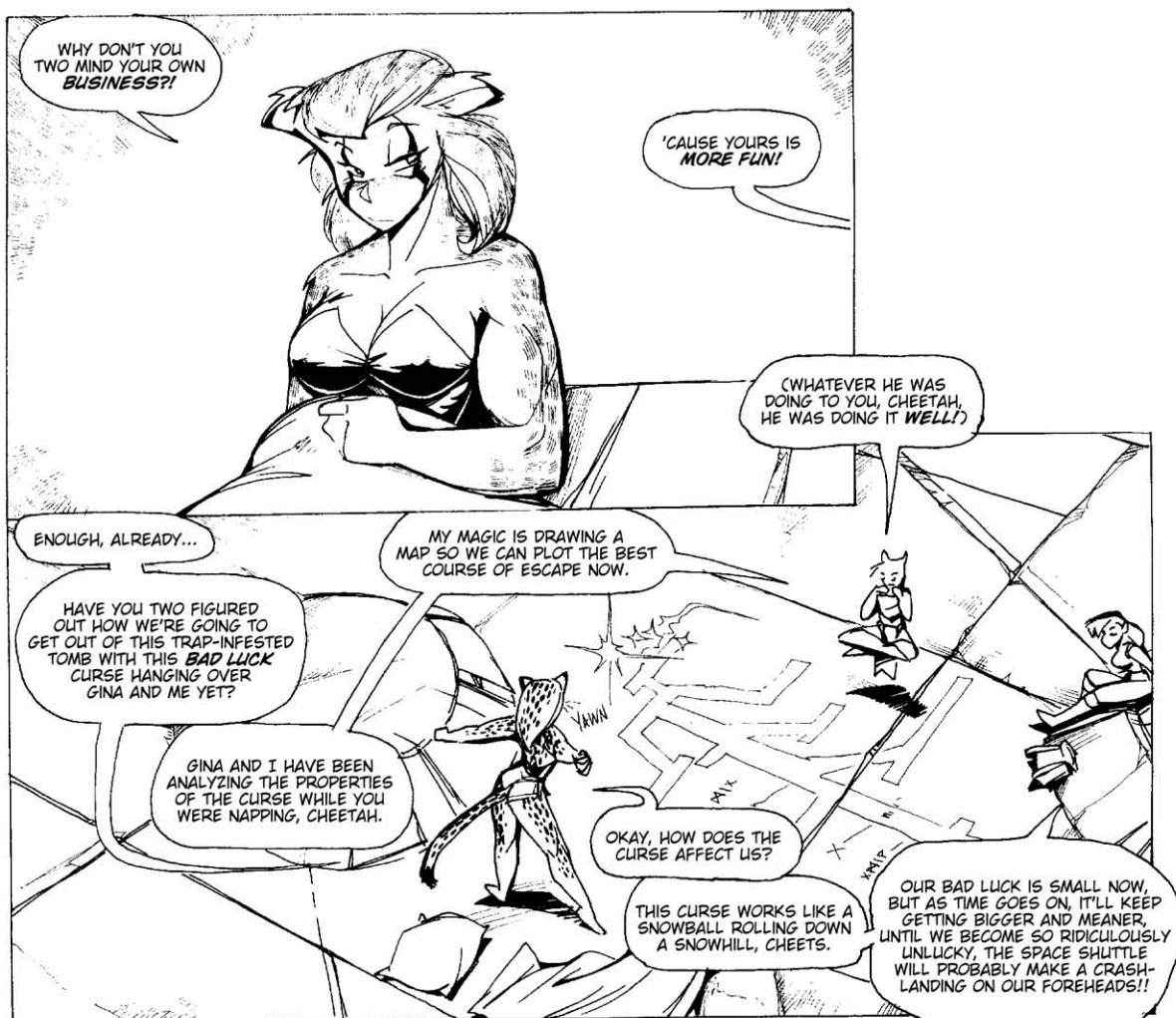
I SAID, "ARE
WE HAVING
FUN
YET?"



I'M SURE SHE
WAS BEFORE YOUR
VOICE AWAKENED
HER, GINA.

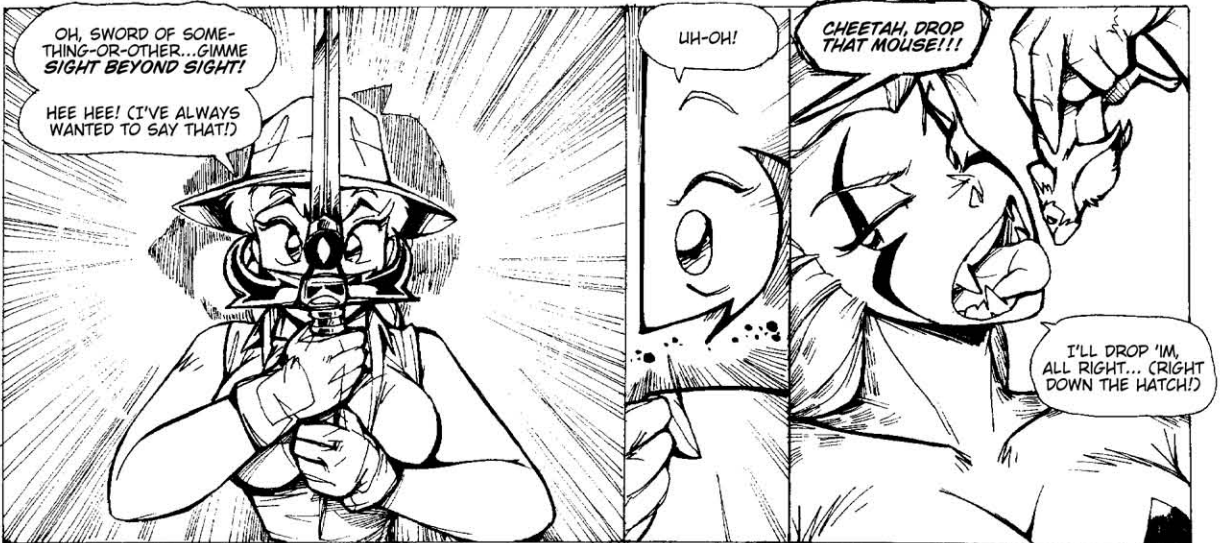
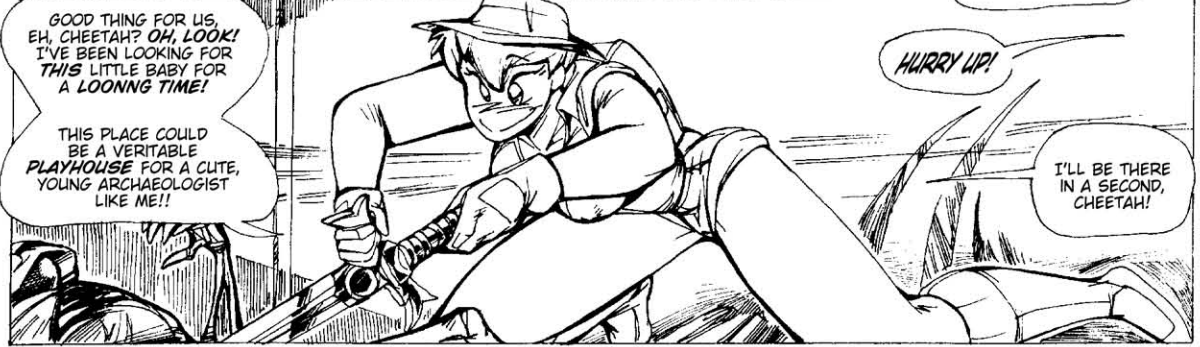
I'D USE MY ESP TO SEE
WHAT KIND OF DREAM WOULD
MAKE HER **SIGH** AND **MOAN**
LIKE THAT, BUT IT'S **RUDE** TO
PRY THOUGHTS FROM FRIENDS.

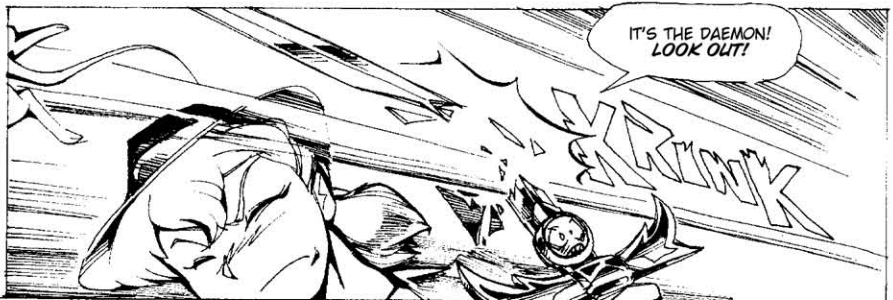
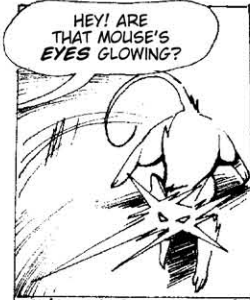
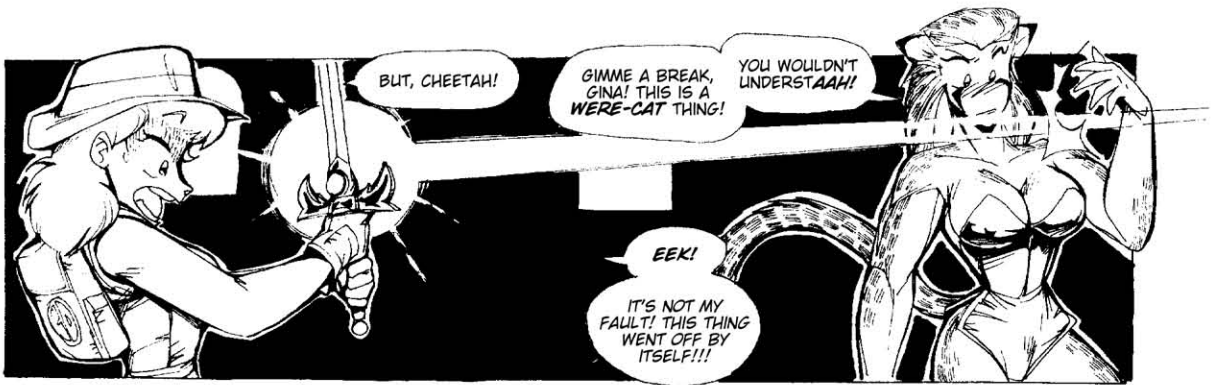
WHO NEEDS ESP, GENN?
CHEETAH WAS DREAMING
ABOUT **STRIPE** AGAIN!











WELL, NO SIDE
ORDER IS GONNA
SCARE ME OFF!

MOUSE
PATÉ
Comin'
up!!



CATCH
STUFF

Unh!

K
B
A
N
N



HURRY UP, CHEETAH!
WE'RE IN TROUBLE AND
YOU'RE SITTING THERE
LIKE A LUMP! RUN!!



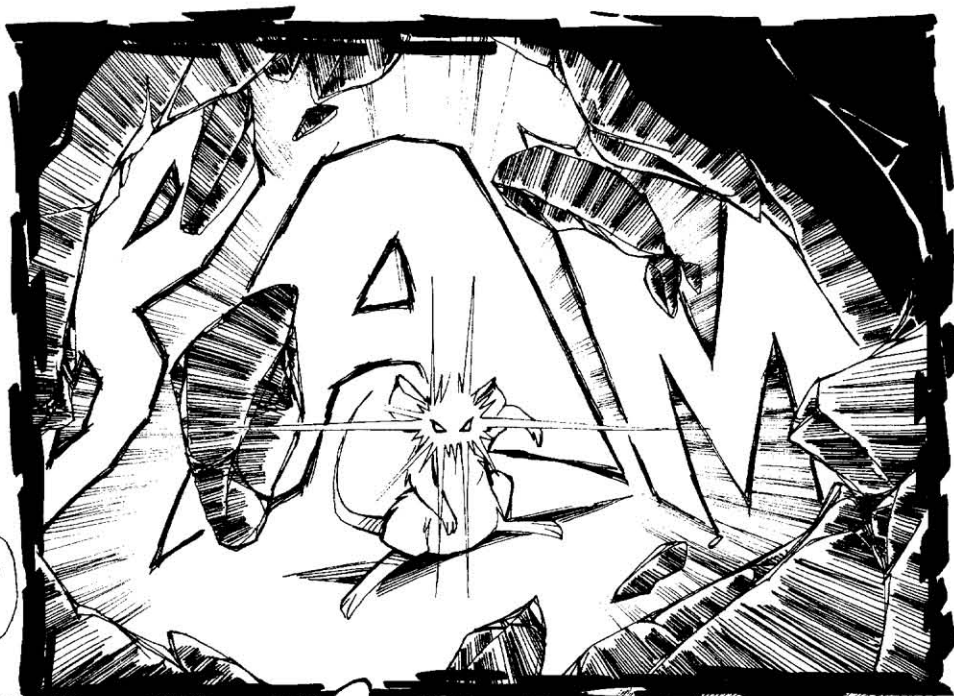
(GASP!)

OOH...



EEEEER!





WHEW!

I GOT HIM!
THE DAEMON
IS DEFEATED!!

FROM NOW ON,
MICE ARE OFF
YOUR DIET,
BABY SISTER!

SAYS YOU!

RUN AWAY! **BOOM**

You and your
Big stomach !

DID YOU SEE
THAT? IT SURVIVED
A BLOW EQUAL TO
A **BUICK** BEING
DROPPED ON IT!

I HOPE IT
WON'T FOLLOW
US!

THAT THING HAS GOT TO
BE A CLASS-TEN DEMONIC
FORCE AT THE VERY **LEAST!**

CHEETAH! YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE AS
STRONG AND AS TOUGH
AS A **BULLDOZER!**

WHY DON'T YOU
JUST BEAT IT UP?

'CAUSE I KNOW
I'D BE A PANCAKE
IF TWO TONS OF ROCK
WAS BOUNCED OFF
MY HEAD, AND THE
DAEMON WASN'T
EVEN PHASED!

BESIDES, BEING A
WERE-CHEETAH, I CAN
ONLY BE KILLED BY SILVER,
MAGIC OR OTHER WERE-
FOLK, AND THAT THING
HAS **ONE** OUT OF THE
THREE!

ROARRR

IT'S CHASING US!
OH, NO!!!

YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING
ON WEIGHT AGAIN,
HAVEN'T YOU!

QUICK! UP THE STAIRS!

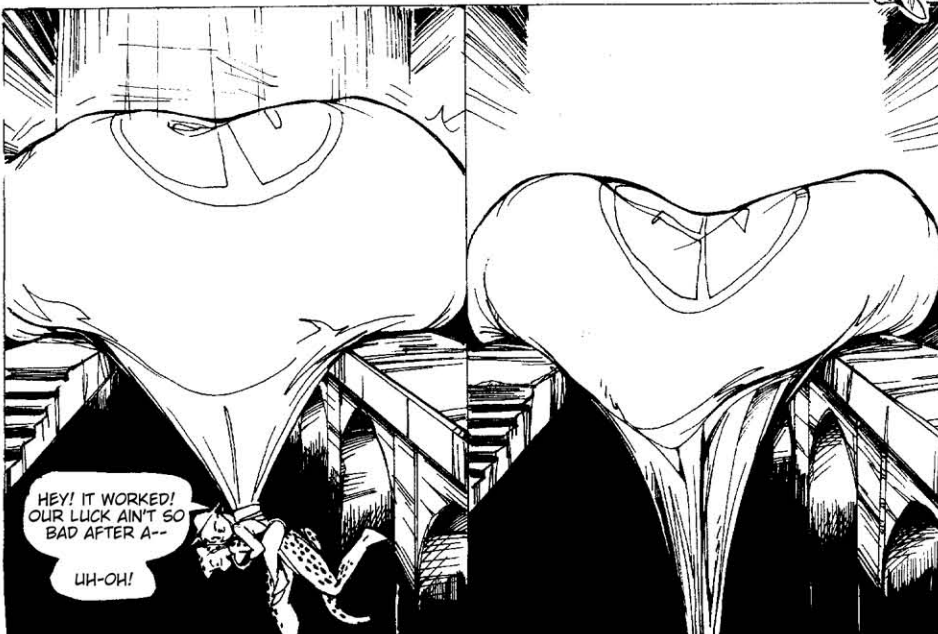
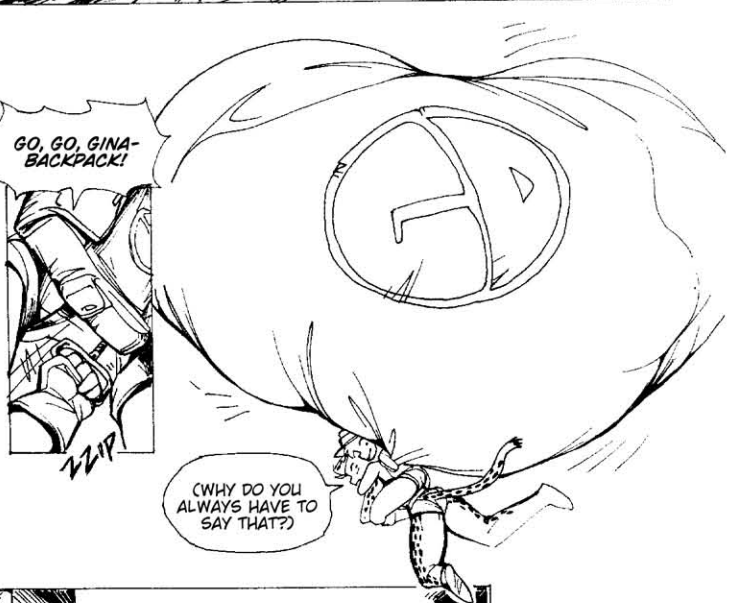
WAIT A MINUTE...
WITH *OUR* LUCK,
THIS STAIRCASE'LL
PROBABLY BE
TRAPPED!

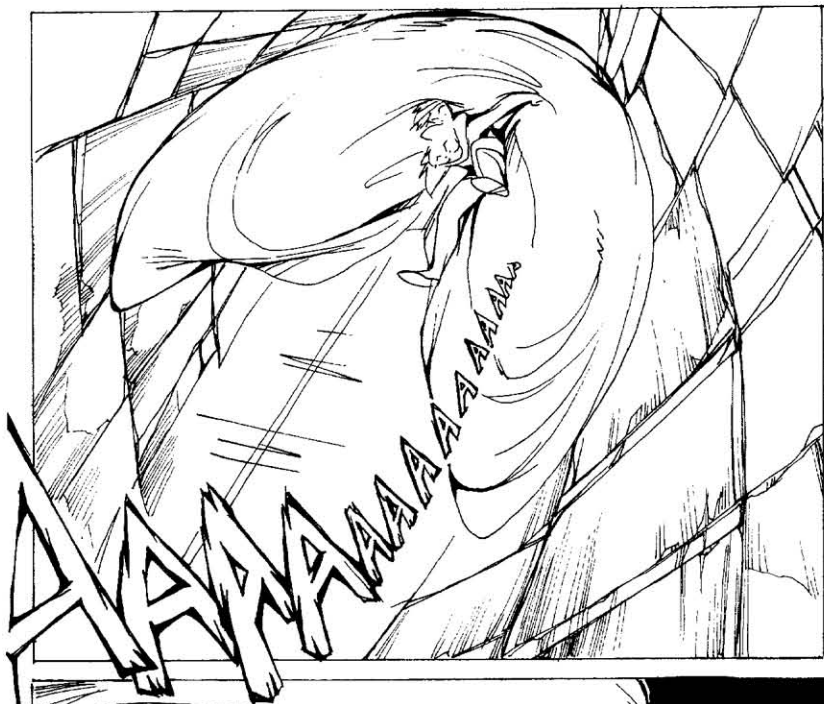
I'D BETTER TEST IT!



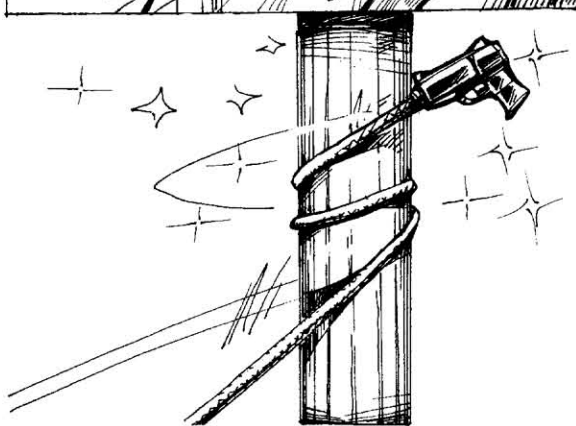








I'M TRYING!
I'M TRYING!



STOP GABBIN' AND GIVE US A HAND, GENN!!!



KBOOM EEEEEEK

WHAT WAS THAT?

A TIME-DELAYED
EXPLOSION! I WOULDN'T
WANT MY INVENTIONS
FALLING INTO THE WRONG
HANDS, SO MY EJECTOR
STRAP WAS LINKED
TO A TIMER!

I'D SAY WE'VE SEEN
THE LAST OF *THAT*
DEMONIC RODENT!

THEN LET'S PRESS ON.

HOW MANY MORE
TRAPS DO WE HAVE
TO LOOK FORWARD
TO, GENN?



WE BYPASSED
NEARLY *ALL* OF
THEM BY COMING
THIS WAY AND
THROUGH THE
DAEMON'S LAIR.

THE PATH SHOULD
BE CLEAR NOW.



EXCEPT FOR THIS
LAVA STREAM.

THIS MUST BE LAVA
FROM THAT TRAP WE
SET OFF YESTERDAY.

WHADDAYAMEAN, "WE"?

LOOK, THE PATH CONTINUES
OVER THERE! YOU CAN LEAP
THAT DISTANCE EASILY!

YUP...





I THINK THAT'S FAR ENOUGH FOR YOU TWO!

OH, GREAT! NOT THESE PUNKS AGAIN! I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE LOST THEM!

(I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BE CALLING THEM "PUNKS" NOW, CHEETAH!)

SILENCE, YOU PAIR OF DECADENT, TOMB-ROBBING, CAPITALIST CAMEL DUNGS!

I, THE SUPREME GENERAL OF GENERALS, AKBAR, WILL ONLY GIVE YOU ONE SECOND TO HAND OVER THE TREASURE YOU HAVE STOLEN, OR MY MEN WILL REDUCE YOU TO A FINE RED MIST!

AND WE WILL, TOO!



EEK! LOOK OUT BEHIND YOU!! ANOTHER DEATHTRAP!!!

WHERE?

move it, furbrain!!
oh yeah..



OUTTA THE WAY, LOSERS!

WOOSH

HA! THEY FELL FOR THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK!

YOU DID TOO.

THAT DOESN'T COUNT! I WASN'T READY!

WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT LATER! IT'S TIME TO SUMMON THE GINA-MOBILE WITH MY GLOVE-TRANSMITTER!

G TO GM... HAUL YOUR BUTT OVER HERE!

Gleep

