ISTANBUL, TURKEY...
IN AN ESPECIALLY UNSAVORY PART OF TOWN...

WELL, WELL!
LOOK WHO FINALLY DECIDED TO SHOW...
ERWIN "FEE WEE" TALON
AND HIS LATEST GENETICALLY ENGINEERED GOONS!

I CANNOT SAY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO
THIS MEETING, MS. DIGGERS...

I BELIEVE THE FEELINGS ARE MUTUAL, FEE-WEE.

BUT YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING I WANT, AND
I'VE GOT SOMETHING YOU WANT.

CONVENIENT, ISN'T IT.

"LORD TALON"?
IS THAT WHAT THE SELF-
PROCLAIMED "MASTER OF
GENETIC ENGINEERING" IS
CALLING HIMSELF THESE DAYS?

I LIKE "FEE WEE"
BETTER!

HMPH! YOU'RE
JUST JEALOUS
BECAUSE MY I.G.
IS ALREADY TWICE
THAT OF YOURS
AND I'M ONLY
3½ YEARS OLD.

DREAM ON,
SHORT-STUFF...

BY THE WAY...
LOOKY WHAT I GOT!

GASP!

IT'S... TH-TH- THE
INFINITY PEARL!

THAT'S RIGHT, FEE WEE! ALCHEMIST'S
LONG AND LOCKED THE SECRET
OF MOLECULAR REGENERATION IN
THE INFINITY PEARL!

PERFECT FOR YOUR
GENETIC EXPERIMENTS
AND STUFF.

I'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANT...
NOW DO YOU HAVE WHAT I WANT?
... Do you have the "The Key of Aton"?

Of course I do. I had my masterpieces here retrieve it from that hidden tomb in the Sphinx's head!

But that doesn't mean I'm going to trade it to you...

Excuse my cold hands, Miss...

KLONG

Galford! Please release Ms. Dugers of the pearl!

Heh... Heh...

I forgot to mention. I had one of my patented force field generators turned on.

I guess you won't be copping any feels today, huh...

Might have been fun though.
Very clever, but that leaves you in a predicament as well. We can't get the Pearl, but you can't get the key!

I could if I really wanted to... look behind you.

Now, Pee-Wee, I know your genetic toes are good fighters, but even they would get the crap beat out of them if they tangle with a platoon of my hunt-bots!

Gulp!

So... do we trade? Or do we call the whole deal off? It's up to you.

Start a fight... Pee-Wee, start a fight...

I'll get even with you for this, gold digger!! Here's the aton key.

Now gimme the pearl.

Everything checks out.

Here ya go, Pee-Wee!

The, I need a cold one.

You and me both.

Next time, Gina.

Next time!

Don't let the door hit your backside on the way out, P.W.!
Good work, hurt-boots! Mission accomplished!

Memory upgrades for everybody!

Yaaay.

You guys return to the garage while I take the key to--

Hey!

Hey who took my key!!

Sorry, babe... I don't normally steal from cute competitors, but I've been after this for a long time!

Hey.

What a drama! And he thinks I'm cute! And he likes my hat! And he thinks I'm cute! And he likes my hat! And this is adorable! And in error! Cute! He thinks I'm cute! Likes! Want! Been! Paralyzed! I'm out! Helin hormones! Hat! Heh! Heh!

By the way... nice hat!

Choo! Our user has been retrieved! The stolen item!
ACTIVATING BATTLE ARMOR MODE!

OH OH! FEET DON'T FAIL ME NOW!

I'VE GOT A CLEAN SHOT!

THEN GO FOR WHAT YOU KNOW!!

STUN BEAM! MAXIMUM POWER!!

THAM
Jinkies! That guy actually got away from one of my robot's blasts! I should be mad, but...

How could I get away with such handsome buttocks?

Units Alpha-2 and Rho-4... This is Gina. Any sign of the thief?

Negative. Maybe he got away.

Then initiate damage control protocols and repair the mess you made, Gina.

Maybe we should have used the wave motion nuclear frag launchers.

Made.

I'm sure that was no ordinary thief! Never.

And he's not going to just pawn that key off either! 'C.'

He's after me.

Whatever that key owes!

The next day, in Egypt...

We're here, Gina.

You can stop talking about your mystery-mans guns now.

Jealous, Ace?

No, I'm just tired of hearing about this guy's stuff.

You've been on the subject for the past two hours!

I think you're jealous!

I think you're tripping! You'd better check yourself... anyway, we're here.

But it looks like someone beat us to the site.
AND THAT SOMEONE TOOK OVER PARKING SPACE WITH AN ULTRA-LIGHT HELICOPTER.

IT'S HIS! IT HAS TO BE!

DROP ME OFF HERE, ACE.

CALL ME IF YOU RUN INTO SOMETHING YOU CAN'T DEAL WITH.

I'LL BE DOWN FOR YA.

THANKS, ACE...

CHEETAH, I'M HERE TO SAVE YOUR BUTT, AND I'D HATE TO LOSE A GOOD CUSTOMER.

WHY, ACE... I Didn'T KNOW YOU CARED?

NOW TO GET SOME WORK DONE.

LET'S SEE IF MY GINA-CORDER CAN GIVE ME ANY CLUES TO THE THIEF'S TRAIL...

... OR CLUES TO OUR MUTUAL OBJECTIVE: THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN UNDERGROUND AIRPORT...
A scent molecule trail and an infrared footprint!

Hmm. He's wearing good shoes, says!

...but the trail stops cold right here...

The entrance must be right here, but I don't have the key to open it!

Drat! That guy must have locked the door behind him!

Oh, well. Back to the drawing board?

J-Jim! I didn't even have time to scream!

Guess he left the door open after all.

And since he's come here first, he's probably taken care of all the dangerous traps and stuff here, too...

I should be reasonably safe...

OOOG!! Fluorescent lighting!

But just in case, I should better turn my force field on.
THERE! NOW, LET'S CHECK THE OLD GINA-CORDER AGAIN AND-

FWUM

FIELD INTEGRITY AT 43 PERCENT!
WHAT THE HECK...?

WARNING -- FORCE FIELD OVERLOAD!

Huh

WAH

COLETTA

DAM! SHE'S AT THE MAIL BACK HOME THIS TIME!

I'M ALONE!!

DOUBLE ZONKS!

TOTAL SYSTEM FAIL RE! ZERO PERCENT INTEGRITY--

I HOPE THIS ROBOT THING IS ELECTRONIC...

WARNING -- FORCE FIELD OVERLOD

OTHERS -- WE'RE THIS EMP MINI-ROCKET WON'T EVEN TOUCH IT!
WHHEWW!

Being crammed in an air-tight sarcophagus to suffocate to death was bad enough!

But it was piping in million-year-old MIBK...

I'm glad that battery ran down...
Ehmm... THE BATTERY didn't run down by itself, you know!

My E.M.P. rocket had something to do with it...

OH... Ehmm... NO KIDDING?

I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOMETHING OF MINE ON YOUR PERSON, SIR...

SOMETHING THAT LET YOU ENTER THIS AREA...

AND UNLESS YOU DON'T WANT TO END UP LIKE THAT ROBOT, I SUGGEST YOU GIVE IT BACK!

My name's Ryan Tabbot.

Um...

Well... Okay. Anybody that's good enough to evade my bots after stealing my property has to have some skill...

Plus you're pretty cute!

But I'm keeping my eye on you!

My name is Gina Diggers. I know.

You know you and I are probably the only people on this planet that know of this key's worth.

It took me years of research to uncover its secrets. Took me a few hours, gimme!

I do my homework on all of my "competition."

I've been waiting to meet you, one day.

Play it cool, Gina. Mustn't let him discover your weakness forrectal muscles!

So how do we run this "partnership?"
WELL SEEING AS HOW YOU SAVED ME BY TRASHING THE ROBOT THAT IMPRISONED ME IN THAT SARCOPHAGUS, I GUESS I'M AT YOUR SERVICE...

At least until I can pay you back.

I could take advantage of that, Ryan...

(Oh boy could I!!)

In fact, when this is over I probably will!

But now we've got work to do.

I found that text too, but I'm not here for scientific discovery...

I'm a treasure hunter! I'm here for booty.

Will arrive... Huh? Nothing...

By the way... The fluorescent lighting in this chamber allows us to see, but I don't know if all of the chambers are as well lit...

I hope you have a light source we can use... just in case...

Um........... No.

Huh? I thought you always carried a whole back full of gadgets.

I do... but I launched an EMP rocket and it detonated too close to me!

All my gear was totally disrupted by the resulting electro-magnetic pulse! Useless!!

But at least the pulse took out the robot.

That's too bad! Because here is the first obstacle.

I was trying to open this portal when the robot trapped me...
YEAH! I FOUND THIS SWITCH WHILE LEAVING AGAINST THE WALL... BUT THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO — GAH!

JINKIES!

ON THE OTHER HAND, I DID MANAGE TO FIND SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HELP.

IT MIGHT TRIGGER THE PORTAL'S UNLOCKING MECHANISM.

RYAN: TERMINAL INTERFACE COMPLETE. USING NAME ID: RYAN ZABROZ. INTERACTIVE MODE INITIATED.

THIS IS AN ANCIENT COMPUTER TERMINAL... DESIGNED TO LINK WITH HUMANS!

HE'S... HE'S HOOKED INTO THE COMPLEX'S COMPUTER!

RYAN: CAN YOU HEAR ME? CAN YOU FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS STRUCTURE OR THE PEOPLE WHO QUIT IT?

ACCESSING INITIAL DATA LOG..... INITIALIZING HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY SYSTEMS.....

THIS HYPERSPACE-PORI CONSTRUCTED BY THE AMONIANS 2700 YEARS AGO.

THE AMONIANS ARE AN ANCIENT SPARRING RACE SPECIALIZING IN GALACTIC EXCISION AND CONQUEST.

THE AMONIANS' CASTE-BASED SOCIETY EXISTS ONLY TO EXPAND AND PROTECT ITS LEADER — A PLANET-SIZED OVERMIND CALLED AMON.
This planet was discovered by them and deemed inappropriate for colonization or conquest, but appropriate for use as the location of a Hyperspace Port.

The Amonians used the local denizens to help construct the Hyperspace Port and a system of pyramids to provide its electro-gravitational power.

"The Hyperspace Port was controlled with a special interface module called the Key of Aton."

"Unfortunately, the key was lost 2690 years ago, leaving the Port cut off from the Amonians, and none able to get a replacement key."

"Since that time, the Hyperspace-Port has been abandoned. Save its Maintenance Officer, who completed this log 2690 years ago."

"So that's what this place really is... and why it's under the pyramids."

"I just wish my video camera was working so I could get that all on film!"

"Interface complete... disengaging..."

"Grrrr!!! That... wasn't... fun..."

"Did it open the door?"

"Not the way you think."

"Oh..."
IT OPENED A DOOR TO A WHOLE NEW WORLD OF POSSIBILITIES, THOUGH.

Huh?
I'LL TELL YOU LATER.

LET'S SEE, NOW... YOU SAID THIS KEY WAS SOME KIND OF INTERFACE MODULE...

NO, I DIDN'T.
I NEVER SAID I TRUSTED YOU...

WAIT A MINUTE... IF ALL OF YOUR EQUIPMENT IS WORTHLESS, THAT MEANS YOU WERE BLUFFING WITH THAT BLASTER, WEREN'T YOU!

THE KEY IS MADE OF LEAD, SO THE E.M.P. WAVE DIDN'T SHUT IT DOWN LIKE THE REST OF MY GEAR.

WHATEVER ELECTRONICS IN IT SHOULD STILL WORK.

(AW...)

PRESTO!

WOW! NOW THAT'S PRETTY GOOD.
I'M IMPRESSED?

AND IF YOU THINK YOU'RE IMPRESSED NOW...

JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE ME IN A THONG BRAH!

GNA GNA GNA!

Z--ZOLNKS!

WAK!!

THE KEY! I MUST POSSESS IT!

GIVE IT TO ME!

JINKIES!
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!
AND... DID THAT THING JUST... TALK TO MY BRAIN?
Hey, me too! Maybe it's telepathic or something.

It said it wanted the key.

Relax! I've got photographic reflexes, and I've seen every pain-chamant movie ever made!

I'll take care of this clown.

Oh, man! You've got me started now.

I was goin' to go easy on you...

But now I'm gonna mold you like silly putty...

Say goodbye—aw, crap!

Duck miss!

Gina, watch out! It's goin' for you!
UNF!

MUG

FAREWELL FOOLS!

I TOLD YOU TO WATCH OUT!

LETTING IT MUG YOU LIKE THAT! I BET YOU DIDN'T EVEN WATCH ONE VAN DAMME Flick!

WAD THE NECK IS VAN DAMME!

NEVER MIND! IT'S GETTING AWAY!
AND IT'S SHUTTIN' THE DOOR!!!

UGH!!!

HURRY!!!

YOU WANNA HUSTLE IT UP, GUYS?

I'M GETTING SIX HERNIASE HERE!

I COULD IF YOU WEREN'T IN THE WAY...

I'M CLEAR!!

GOOD! NOW HELP ME THROUGH!!!

UGH
UNFF

WHEN... ARE YOU OKAY?

HELLO?

OH... OH, YEAH. I'M... OKAY.

THANKS FOR KEEPING THAT DOOR OPEN.

WHAT CAN I SAY? I'M A GENTLEMAN.

BESIDES, I COULDN'T LET YOU AND THOSE GORGEOUS EYES BEHIND THE DOOR!

-I-I GUESS NOT.

WEE!! MAKE OUT TIME!! HOORAY!! YAY!!

WAIT - LET HIM MAKE THE FIRST MOVE.

SO, WHAT NOW?

-SIGH - WE'LL BETTER GET AFTER THAT KEY...

(Under different circumstances I'd have suggested something a little more... fun.)

DRAT!

YEAH... YOU'RE RIGHT.

I BET IT TOOK THE KEY DOWN THAT ELEVATOR-PLATFORM.

HMM... IT LOOKS SMALL... IT'LL BE A TIGHT FIT.

WE'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH IT. I CAN'T RISK LEAVING YOU ALONE AROUND HERE.

I'M NOT COMPLAINING.

I LIKE THE SMELL OF OLD SPIRE!

OY! I WONDER IF HE'LL DO IT WITH ME?

SQUEEZE

HEY!! STOP THAT!

HEE HEE

SORRY... THE SUDDEN ACCELERATION STARTLED ME!
HELLO, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

THIS MUST BE THE MAIN AREA OF THE HYPER-SPACE-PORT.

I CAN'T WAIT TO STUDY ITS TECHNOLOGY...

FIRST THINGS FIRST, GINA. WE HAVE TO FIND LAUGHING BOY AND GET THAT KEY BACK!

THERE'S NO GUARANTEED I WE CAN MAKE IT INTO ANY OF THE TREASURE VAULTS WITHOUT IT!

Gina...

RYAN, I'M GOING TO MAKE IT MY PERSONAL MISSION TO TEACH YOU THAT THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN MONEY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, THERE'S CREDIT TOO!

UH-OH!

I THINK I SEE OUR LIZARD...

...AND I'M SURE IT'S ALREADY STARTED USING THAT KEY FOR WHATEVER SCHEME IT'S COOKED UP!

<THERE, THE RECALL SEQUENCE HAS BEEN INITIATED>
AND WITH THIS KEY, NOT ONLY CAN I ACTIVATE THE HYPERDRIVE MOTIVATOR...

CHEW! CHEW!

...I CAN FINALLY GET THAT BLASTED LAUNDRY MACHINE WORKING AGAIN!

Yeah! Just in time to kick your Froxxysy behind back to Sesame Street, Kermit!

Hold on, Ryan! Maybe it has a good reason for wanting the key!

Indeed I do, human...

I used the key to activate the main hyperdrive!

This entire structure is being transported back to the prime world!

Unfortunately for your kind, your current level of technology makes you too dangerous to continue to exist. I'm afraid an assault fleet will have to be sent to destroy this planet!
NOTHIN' A QUICK BLOW TO THE GUT CAN'T SOLVE...
Ugh

JINXIES! THAT LIZARD MUST BE AN AMONIA! BUT THAT WOULD MAKE HIM ALMOST 3000 YEARS OLD!!

GINA, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

RYAN! LOOK OUT!

SON OF A BITCH!!

THAT'S IT! YOUR #94 IS MINE. NOW!

I SHALL ENJOY THIS, HUMAN!

THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THIS CATASTROPHE IS TO SHUT DOWN THIS MACHINE BEFORE IT SWEEPS UP ENOUGH POWER FOR A HYPER-SPACE JUMP.

HMM... MAYBE THIS WIRE...
GET AWAY FROM THAT, YOU STUPID HUMAN! IF YOU INTERFERE WITH THE SYSTEM NOW, THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE WILL SELF-DESTRUCT!!

I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD.

I AM SOOO COOL! YOU OKAY, BABE?

WAH

O'MUCH! KIND OF... THIS MACHINE USES GLOBS OF STATIC ELECTRICITY AND I GOT ZAPPED!

NOT AS ZAPPED AS HANDBAG HERO! I DUSTED HIM GOOD!

WAIT A MINUTE... LOOK!!

... THE GYROS ON THE MAIN SCREEN...

"SYSTEM OVERLOAD! SELF-DESTRUCT IMMINENT HAVE A NICE DAY??"

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD READ THAT SHARP CHINA...

JINKIES! A ROBOT! THAT LIZARD-LADY WAS AN AUTOMATON ALL ALONG!

WITH SENTIENT A.I. IF ONLY I COULD'VE STopped IT.

NO TIME FOR SCIENCE! LET'S ROLL!
But there's so much I could learn.

Hustle up, Gina! Pretty soon this place'll be just burnt mud and memories.

Ow! Don't tug so hard!

Well, I'd carry you, but you don't look very light, especially your gas!

I don't think I like you anymore!

GASP THE TREASURE VAULT

Jinkies! There is a treasure vault here! This must be a different lift than the one we took before!

We gotta go back for it!

It's too late, Ryan! The whole shabang is gonna blow!

WAAAAAAH!
I just lost a fortune! It's probably buried under a mile of rock now.

Look on the bright side! The Egyptian government wouldn't have let you keep a penny, anyway!

Hey, what they don't know won't hurt 'em.

Ooo! My hat!

Woo! Some fun, huh?

And to think I got it all on film thanks to my handy-dandy Gina-camera!

I just wish it had power for its flash bulb!

I'm soo happy for you.

I was about to ask the same thing.

So Ryan?

Doin' anything this Friday night?