

GOLD DIGGER NO.4

FRED PERRY



Oct. 1999  
\$2.50 U.S.  
\$3.75 CAN

# GOLD DIGGER



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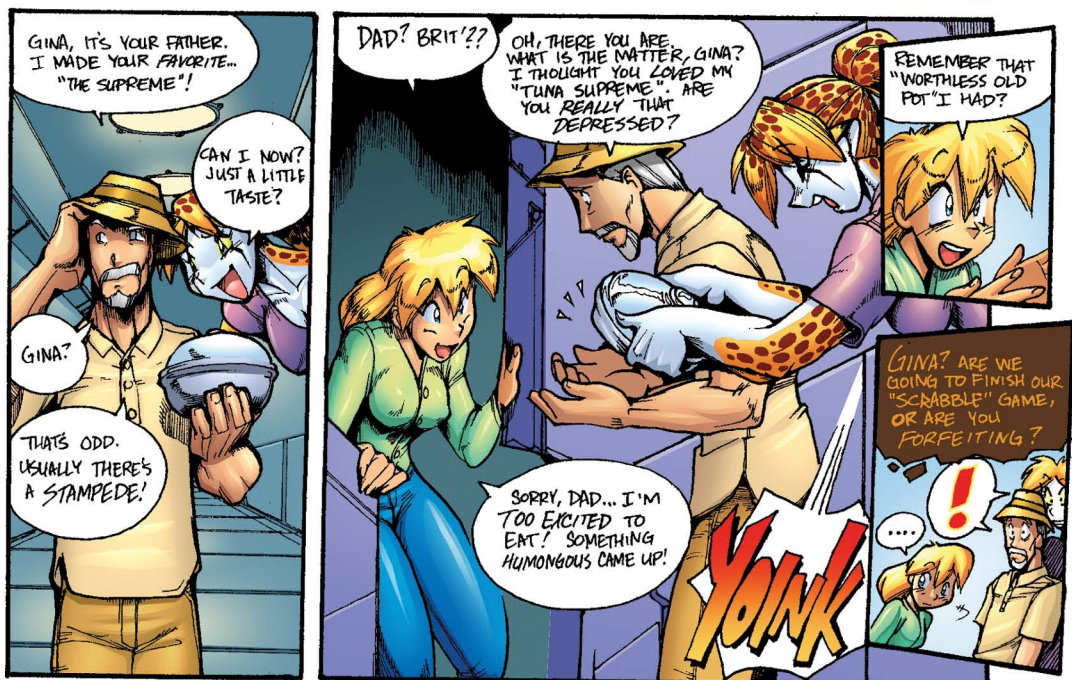
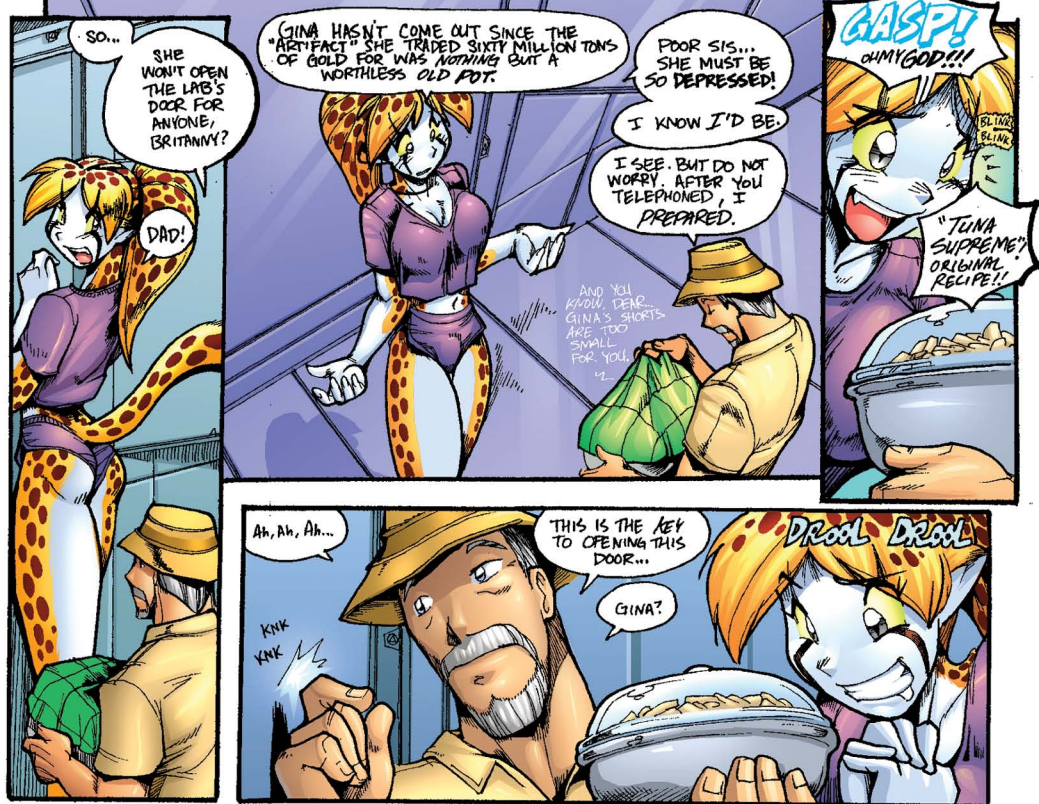


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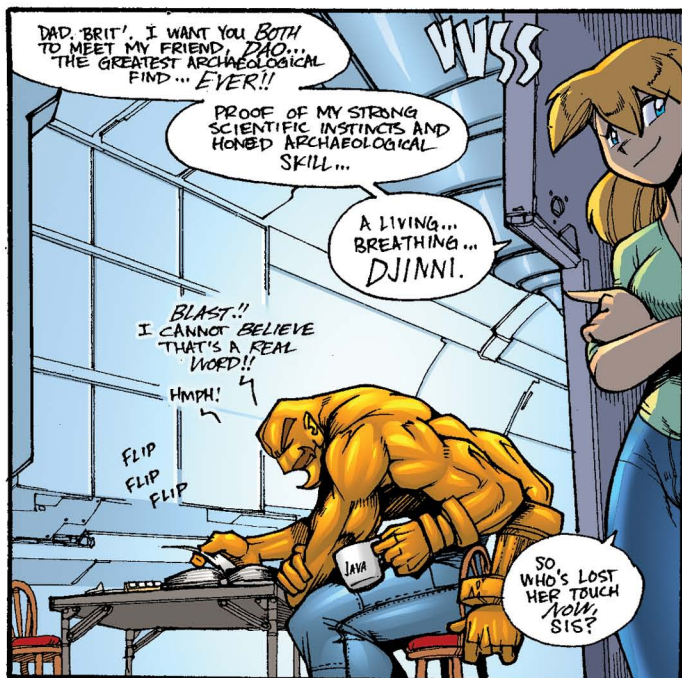


# GOLD DIGGER<sup>®</sup> BY FRED PERRY



Coloring by: Joe Weltjens





DAD, BRIT', I WANT YOU BOTH TO MEET MY FRIEND, DAD... THE GREATEST ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND... EVER!!

PROOF OF MY STRONG SCIENTIFIC INSTINCTS AND HONED ARCHAEOLOGICAL SKILL...

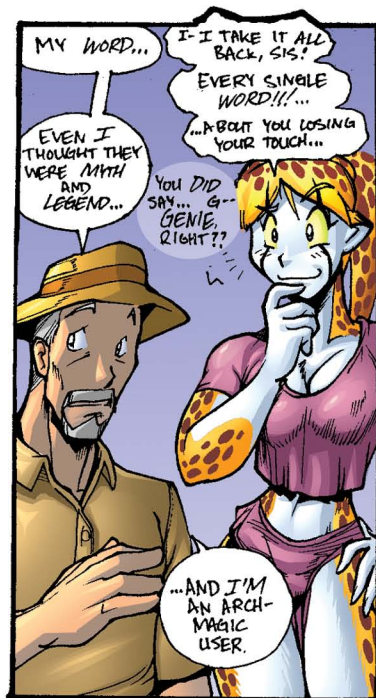
A LIVING... BREATHING... DJINNI.

BLAST!! I CANNOT BELIEVE THAT'S A REAL WORD!!

HMPH!

FLIP  
FLIP  
FLIP

SO WHO'S LOST HER TOUCH NOW, SIS?



MY WORD...

I-I TAKE IT ALL BACK, SIS! EVERY SINGLE WORD!!... ABOUT YOU LOSING YOUR TOUCH...

EVEN I THOUGHT THEY WERE MYTH AND LEGEND...

YOU DID SAY... G-- GENIE, RIGHT?!

...AND I'M AN ARCH-MAGIC USER.



GINA?

SHOW ME WHERE "HELIOAEROTHERAPY" IS IN THE DICTIONARY!! THAT CANNOT BE A REAL WORD!!!

A-ACTUALLY... IT'S A SIMPLE MEDICAL TERM FOR FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE.

SEE?



HMPH. LAST TIME I PLAY "SCRABBLE" WITH AN M.D.

Heh...

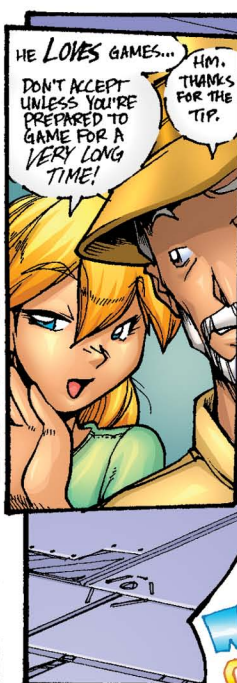
DAD, THIS IS MY FATHER... ARCHMAGE DR. THEODORE DIGGERS.

GREETINGS.

A PLEASURE...

ER... CARE FOR A GAME OF CHESS, GOOD DOCTOR?

WELL, I...



HE LOVES GAMES...

DON'T ACCEPT UNLESS YOU'RE PREPARED TO GAME FOR A VERY LONG TIME!

HM. THANKS FOR THE TIP.

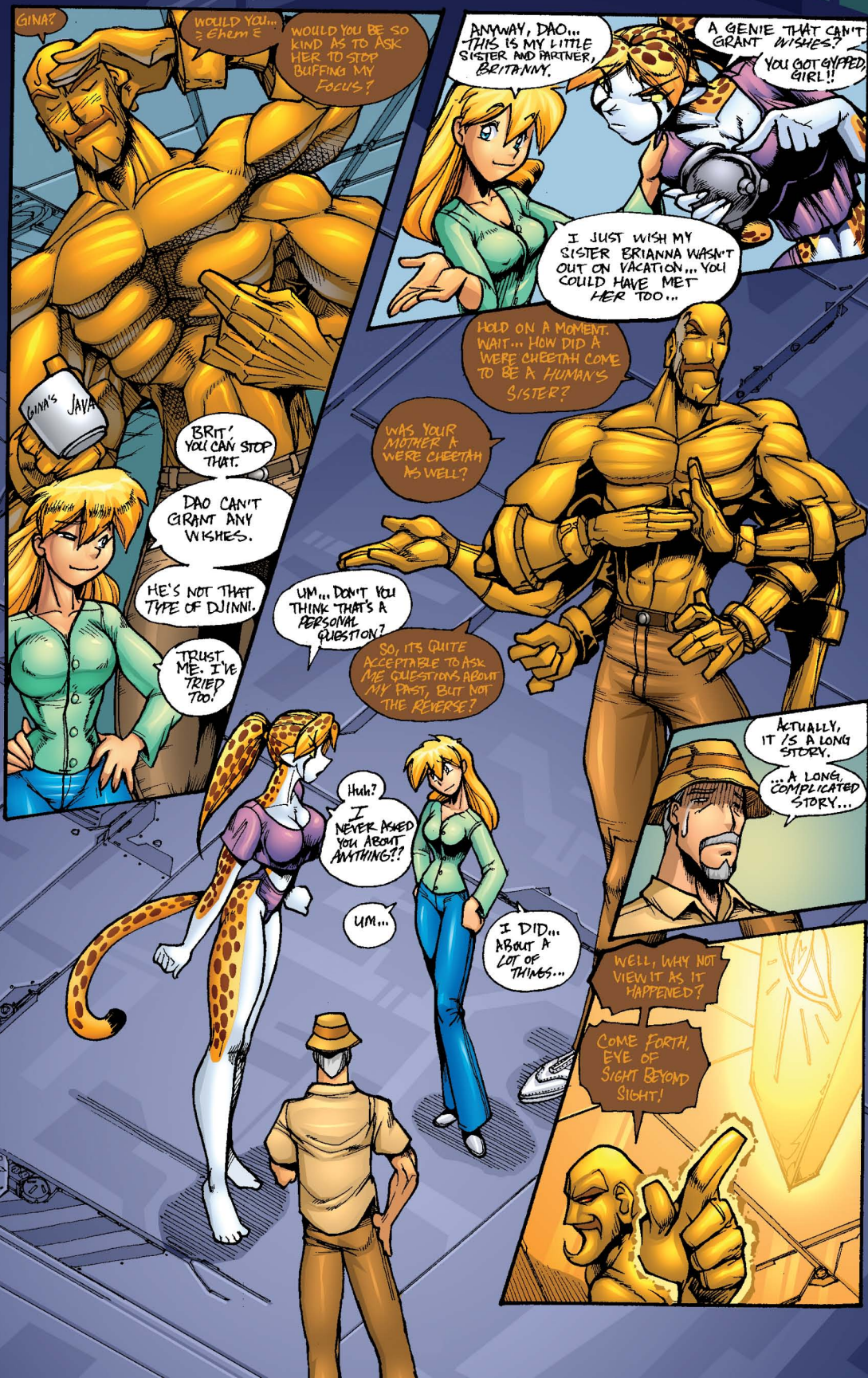


I'VE GOT YOUR POT! NOW I'M GONNA MAKE ME SUM WISHES!!

FIRST, I WISH FOR A  
**MAGIC CREDITCARD!**

IN JAHMBESE!!  
MEKKALEKKA-HI  
MEKKA HI-NEE-HO!!





GINA?

WOULD YOU...  
...EHEHE

WOULD YOU BE SO  
KIND AS TO ASK  
HER TO STOP  
BUFFING MY  
FOCUS?

ANYWAY, DAO...  
THIS IS MY LITTLE  
SISTER AND PARTNER,  
BRITANNY.

A GENIE THAT CAN'T  
GRANT WISHES?  
YOU GOT GIFFED  
GIRL!!

I JUST WISH MY  
SISTER BRIANNA WASN'T  
OUT ON VACATION... YOU  
COULD HAVE MET  
HER TOO...

HOLD ON A MOMENT.  
WAIT... HOW DID A  
WERE CHEETAH COME  
TO BE A HUMAN'S  
SISTER?

WAS YOUR  
MOTHER A  
WERE CHEETAH  
AS WELL?

BRIT!  
YOU CAN STOP  
THAT.

DAO CAN'T  
GRANT ANY  
WISHES.

HE'S NOT THAT  
TYPE OF DJINNI.

TRUST  
ME, I'VE  
TRIED  
TOO!

UM... DON'T YOU  
THINK THAT'S A  
PERSONAL  
QUESTION?

SO, IT'S QUITE  
ACCEPTABLE TO ASK  
ME QUESTIONS ABOUT  
MY PAST, BUT NOT  
THE REVERSE?

Huh?  
I  
NEVER ASKED  
YOU ABOUT  
ANYTHING??

UM...

I DID...  
ABOUT A  
LOT OF  
THINGS...

ACTUALLY,  
IT'S A LONG  
STORY.  
...A LONG,  
COMPLICATED  
STORY...

WELL, WHY NOT  
VIEW IT AS IT  
HAPPENED?

COME FORTH,  
EYE OF  
SIGHT BEYOND  
SIGHT!



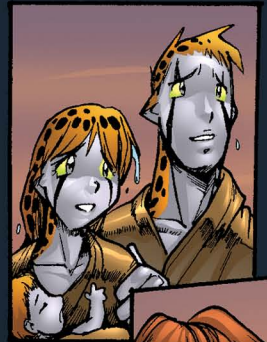




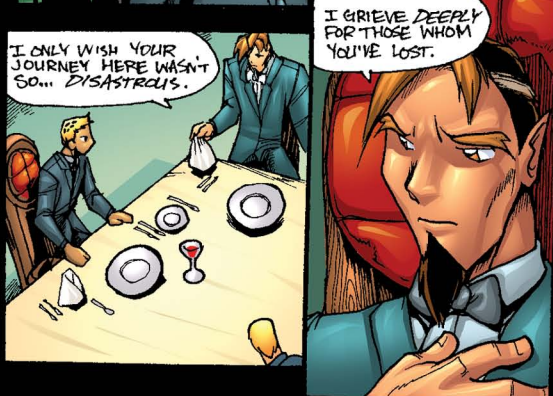
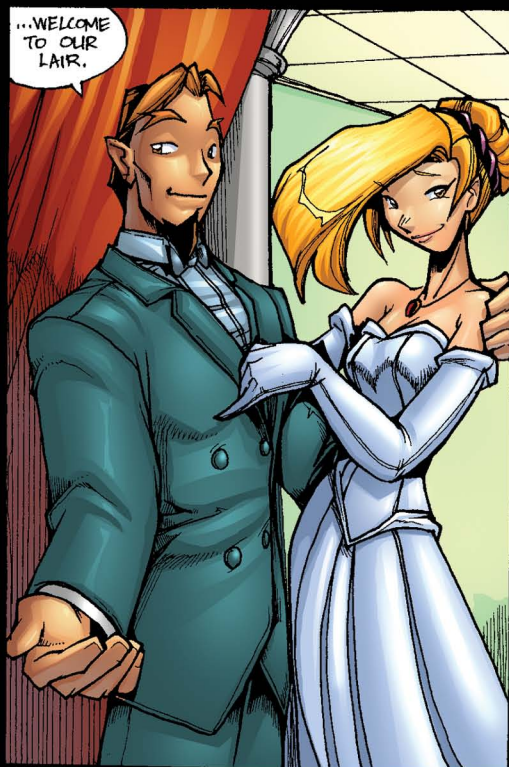




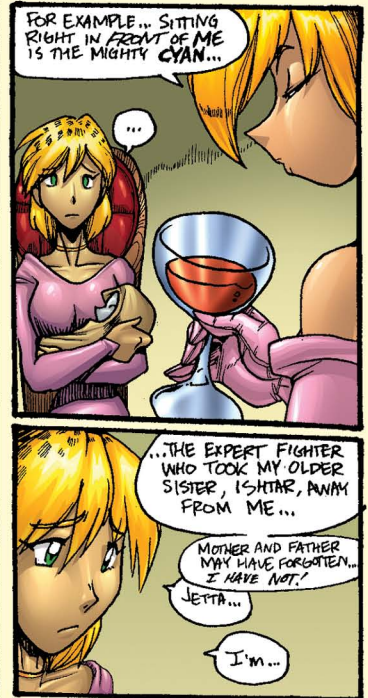
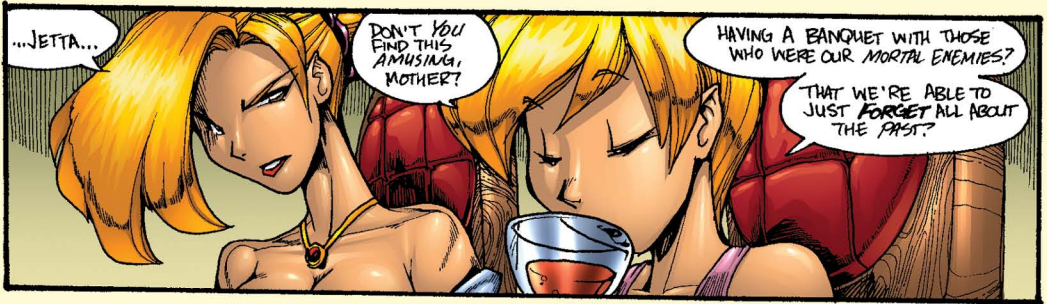
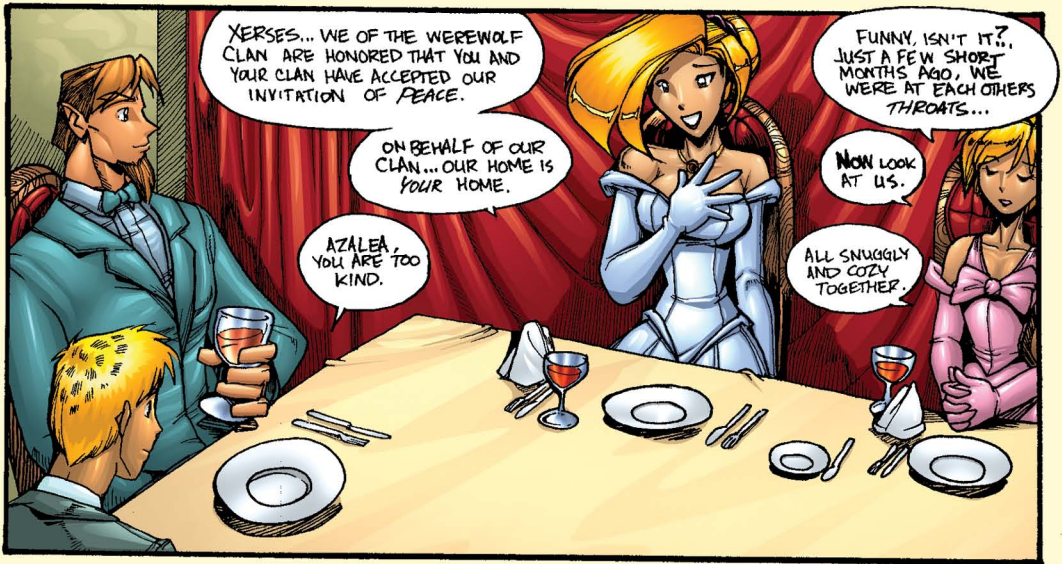




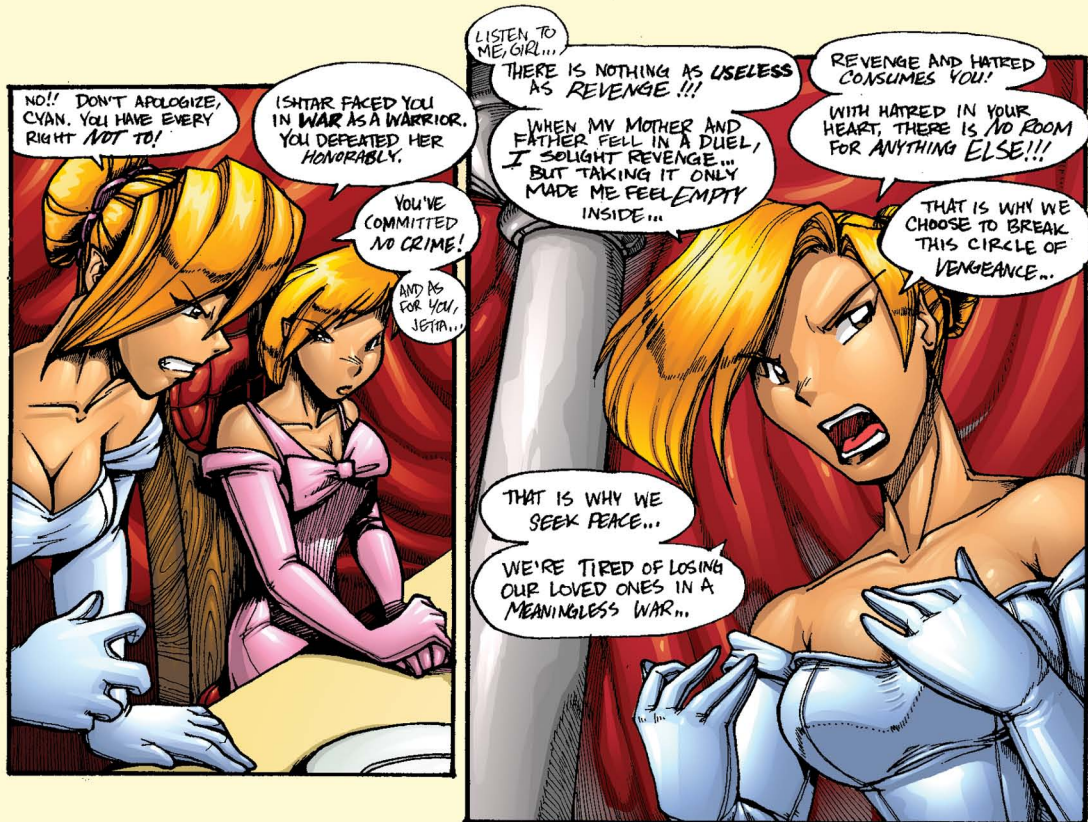














A MAGICAL NIGHT  
IS IT NOT, CYAN?

THANKS TO YOU AND  
BRENDAN, AZALEA.

STILL...I FEEL A  
BIT SILLY...WEARING  
THESE CLOTHES.

TUT, TUT, CYAN.  
WHEN WE ARRIVE IN  
THE ENCHANTED REALM,  
YOU'LL FEEL RIGHT AT  
HOME.

AT THE END OF  
THIS PATH IS THE  
"OLD CAMP"...ALL  
WE HAVE TO DO IS  
SPEND THE NIGHT...  
WHEN WE AWAKEN,  
WE WILL BE IN  
OUR NEW HOME.

BUT...WHERE  
IS BRENDAN?

SEALING THE  
KEEP SHOULDNT  
HAVE TAKEN SO  
LONG.

"I'D BETTER GO  
LOOK FOR HIM."

YOU IMPRESS  
ME, BRENDAN...  
ALPHA OF THE  
WEREWOLF  
CLAN.

BUT I'M  
A BIT  
CONFUSED.

WHY HAVE YOU USED THE  
TINY FRACTION OF MAGIC  
I'VE GIVEN YOU...IN SUCH  
WAYS?

CREATING THE  
DROUGHT IN THE  
SERENGETI TO  
DRIVE THE CHEETAH  
CLAN TO THE  
BRINK OF  
STARVATION?

ALL THE BETTER TO  
HAVE THEM DESPERATE  
ENOUGH TO TRUST  
MY KIND, HOPEFUL  
WORDS OF "PEACE"  
O' MASTER.

STRIKING DOWN  
THE CHEETAH'S  
AIRCRAFT?

A DISASTER DESIGNED  
TO KILL OFF A FEW OF  
THEIR NUMBERS...AND  
FOR ME TO COME TO THEIR  
RESCUE...SEALING  
THEIR TRUST IN ME.

Heh....  
I SENSE NOW  
THAT YOU WISH TO KNOW  
THE FINAL PHASE OF  
MY PLAN, YOUNG  
MASTER?

YES...

TO DOMINATE THE REMAINING MAGES ON  
EARTH, I NEED AN ARMY... A MAGICAL ARMY!

YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULD  
TRADE YOUR WEREWOLF CLAN  
INTO SLAVERY IF I GAVE YOU  
THE POWER OF THAT BOOK OF  
SPELLS.

HOW WILL THIS  
"FINAL PHASE"  
GRANT ME CONTROL  
OVER YOUR CLAN?

TONIGHT, INSTEAD OF  
TAKING THE CLANS TO THE  
"PROMISED LAND..."

I WILL SLAUGHTER  
HALF OF THE WERE-  
CHEETAHS...THOSE  
REMAINING WILL SURELY  
BE CONFUSED AND WILL  
CERTAINLY GO BEEZEEK...  
ATTACKING!

THE BATTLE WILL END  
WITH THE EXTINCTION  
OF THE WERECHETAHS,  
AND MY CLAN, WEAK  
AND HELPLESS FROM  
THE EFFORT...

AT THAT TIME  
ENSLAVING THEM  
SHOULD BE  
NO TROUBLE.

WELL DONE,  
BRENDAN.  
WELL DONE!



AS A REWARD FOR SUCH... CLEVERNESS, I GRANT YOU ANOTHER FRAGMENT OF MAGIC.

THE BOOK OF SPELLS WILL NOW ALLOW YOU ACCESS TO EVEN GREATER POWER...

STILL, IT IS A PITY ABOUT THE WERE-CHEETAHS.

THEY WOULD MAKE SPLENDID SLAVES.

THEY'RE SPOKEN FOR, KYLE.

GOHWRAIN!?

THE WERE-CHEETAHS' TOTAL EXTERMINATION WAS THE PRICE I TACKLED ON.

A BROKERING FEE OF SORTS.

AFTER ALL, BRENDAN WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE YOU IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, EH, KYLE?

W-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, GOHWRAIN?

JUST PROTECTING MY INVESTMENTS.

BRENDAN, I BELIEVE YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO KEEP.

I TAKE MY LEAVE, THEN.

MEANWHILE... "KYLE" AND I HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS.



**BRENDAN!**

AH... AZALEA... I SEE YOU STILL HAVE THAT NASTY HABIT OF EAVESDROPPING.

WE TRUSTED YOU...

I BELIEVED YOU!!!

YOU BETRAYED US!!!



**WH??**



FOR THIS.

**FWOOO**



WHY DON'T YOU DROP THAT  
CHEESY ILLUSION-AURA,  
DIGGERS.  
IT CHEAPENS US  
BOTH.

I'VE KNOWN  
YOU WERE HERE  
EVER SINCE YOU  
ARRIVED...

A PITY YOU  
MISSED THAT  
PINNE-CRASH  
EARLIER THIS  
AFTERNOON...

IT WAS A  
SPLENDID  
SHOW.



BUT, I REALLY DON'T  
WANT THEM ALL DEAD!  
...NOT AS LONG AS THEY  
DON'T KNOW OUR  
CLAN EXISTS...

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT  
YOU, GOTHWRAIN... BUT...

YOUR ASSASSIN, BRENDAN,  
JUST DEPARTED WITH AN  
"UNLOADED WEAPON".

I DISABLED EVERY  
SPELL IN THAT BOOK  
WITH A SPELL HE  
BELIEVED WOULD GIVE  
ADDITIONAL  
POWERS!

TOO BAD,  
GOTHWRAIN!  
YOU MESSED  
UP!

HOWEVER,  
THE ORACLE  
CASE OF OUR CLAN  
DEMANDS IT...

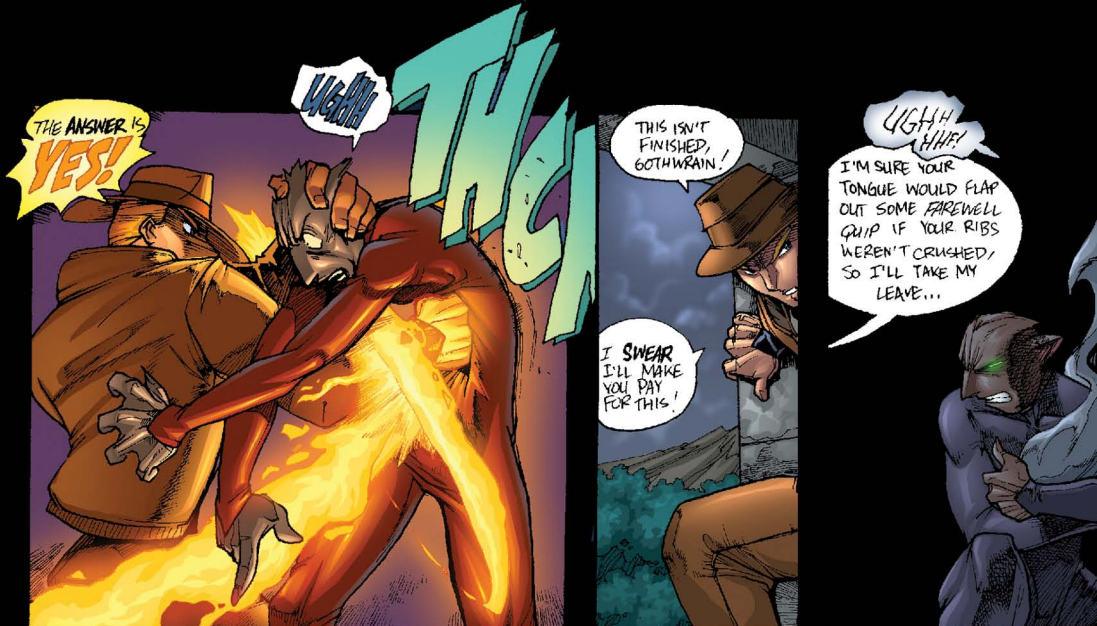
AND SINCE  
THEY RUN  
THINGS...  
WHAT'S ONE  
TO DO?















THERE WAS NO HONOR IN THAT---AZIL, FATHER...

WHY ARE WE ATTACKING THE CHEETAHS?! WE DECLARED PEACE!!



TO ATTACK THEM... TO KILL THEM AFTER WE'VE INVITED THEM INTO OUR HOME IN PEACE--- AN UNFORGIVABLE DISGRACE!!!

YES... ISN'T IT.



WE WERE ONCE PROUD WARRIORS!

WHY, FATHER?

WHY DID YOU FORCE OUR CLAY TO BECOME SHAMEFUL MURDERERS?

WHY??



ASK YOUR MOTHER, JETRA.

"...ASK YOUR MOTHER."



THIS IS IT...

THE ANCIENT PLACE.

THE VILLAGE AZALEA DESCRIBED.

WAAH WAAH



SHHH... WE'LL BE SAFE HERE...

SHHH... MOMMY'S HERE.

DON'T CRY.

BWAAH

PLEASE... PLEASE, DON'T CRY



SHHH

SHHHHH DON'T CRY, MOMMY'S HERE...

SHHH... EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.



DON'T WORRY, MOMMY'S HERE.

MOMMY'S RIGHT HERE.

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.

MOMMY'S HERE. MOMMY LOVES YOU.

AND MOMMY WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU!



IT'S TOO LATE!

I CAN'T FEEL ANYONE ALIVE!

I'M TOO LATE!!!



