



GOLD DIGGER

AUG 07 #88

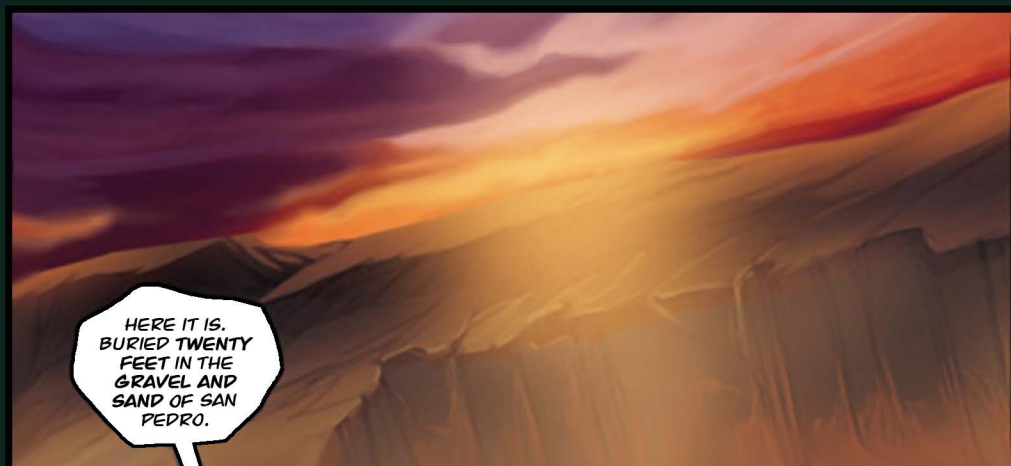
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Can.

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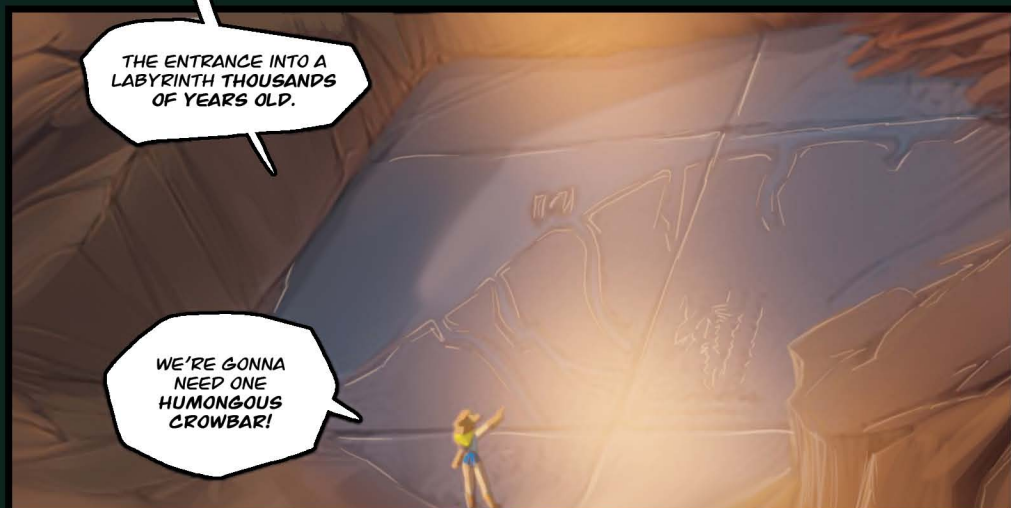
FRED
PERRY



AUGUST 2007

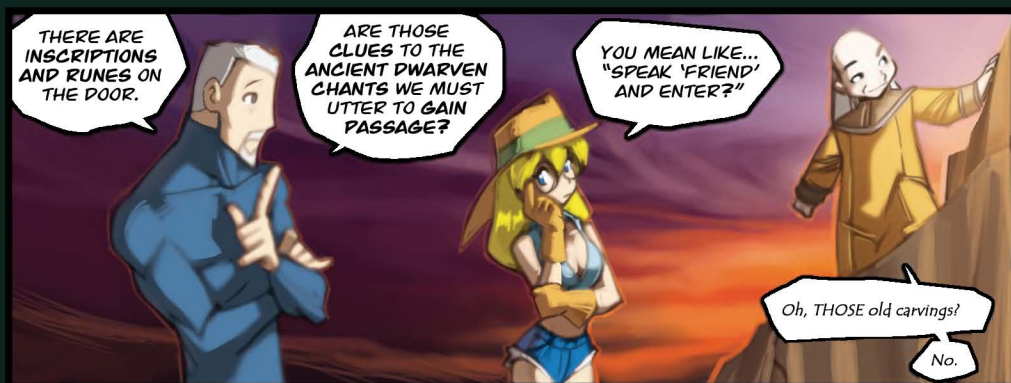


HERE IT IS.
BURIED TWENTY
FEET IN THE
GRAVEL AND
SAND OF SAN
PEDRO.



THE ENTRANCE INTO A
LABYRINTH THOUSANDS
OF YEARS OLD.

WE'RE GONNA
NEED ONE
HUMONGOUS
CROWBAR!



THERE ARE
INSCRIPTIONS
AND RUNES ON
THE DOOR.

ARE THOSE
CLUES TO THE
ANCIENT DWARVEN
CHANTS WE MUST
UTTER TO GAIN
PASSAGE?

YOU MEAN LIKE...
"SPEAK 'FRIEND'
AND ENTER?"

Oh, THOSE old carvings?

No.



That's just a
little graffiti.

Rique
Piqui

VEHHH



VROOOM

OKAY, EVERYONE,
GET READY FOR SOME
FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE
DUNGEON-CRAWLING!

WAGONS HO!

YOU GOT ENOUGH
FIREPOWER BACK
THERE, BRIANNA?

I DUNNO, PENNY.
YOU TELL ME!

I HOPE TO GAWD
EVERYBODY "WENT"
BEFORE WE LEFT
CAMP!

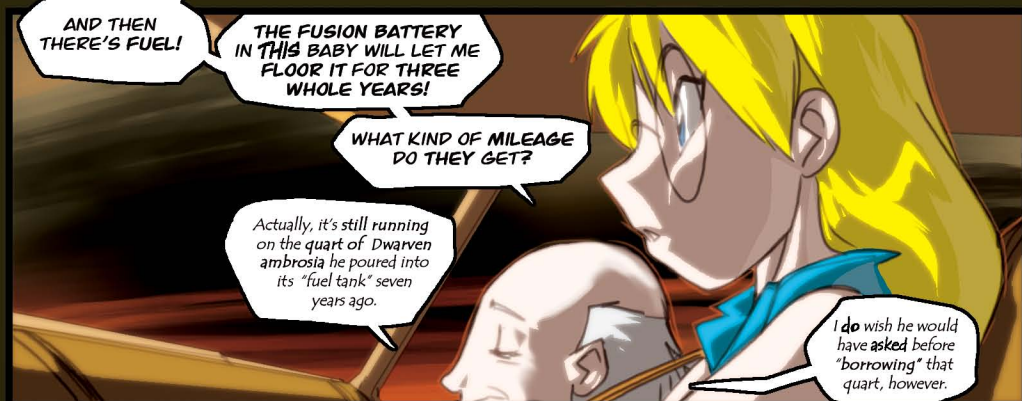
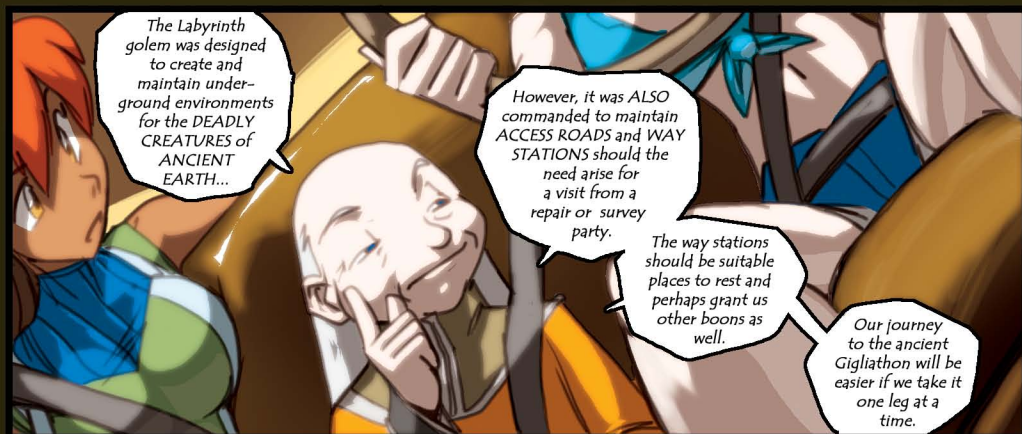
SOMEONE
REMIND ME...
HOW FAR DO
WE TRAVEL?

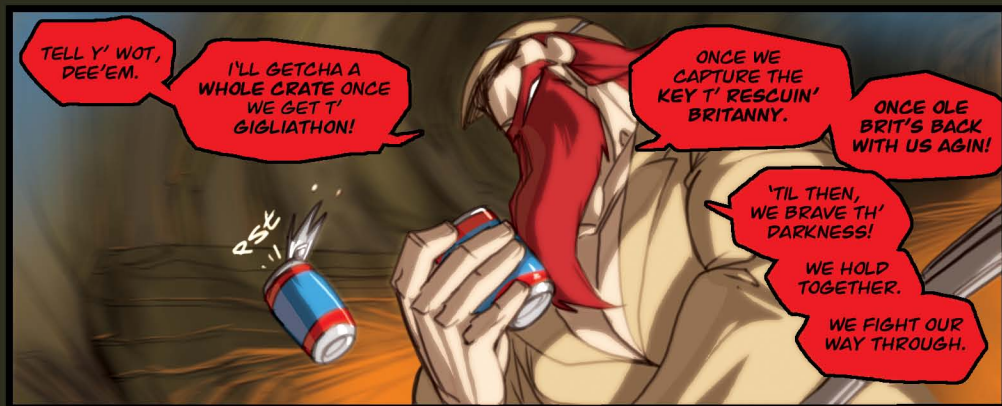
TWO
THOUSAND
MILES,
GENN.

BUT DON'T
WORRY!

I KNOW A
FEW SHANTIES
TO PASS THE
TIME.

UHM... GENN?
WOULD YOU MIND
REACHING BACK
AND GETTING MY
C.D. CASE?







MR. DEE'EM,
I HATE TO SOUND
LIKE A SIGHT-
SEER, BUT...

...WHAT IS THAT?

It's called
a Labyrinth
Drill Scale,
Gina.

Constructed
of iron, copper
and brass...and
diamond.

That one is
spent and
decomposing.

WAIT... DWARVES
HAD TECHNOLOGY
THOUSANDS OF
YEARS AGO?

Actually, Gina,
it's simply gears
and a spring.

Clockwork.



Look.

There are
more ahead
still working.

The cavern is
being reinforced.
Labyrinth may
be converting
this section into
a new storage
area.

Its speed is
set to "high",
I see.

HUH?
BUT IT'S NOT
MOVING AT
ALL!

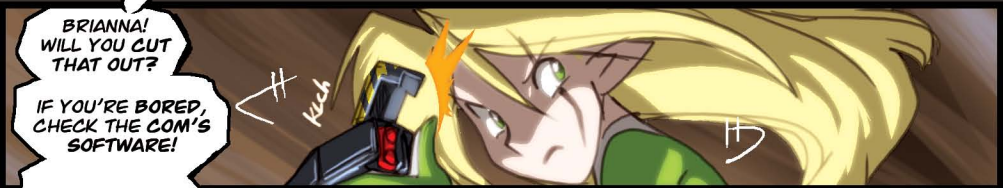
One inch per
week is, indeed,
high speed,
Gina.

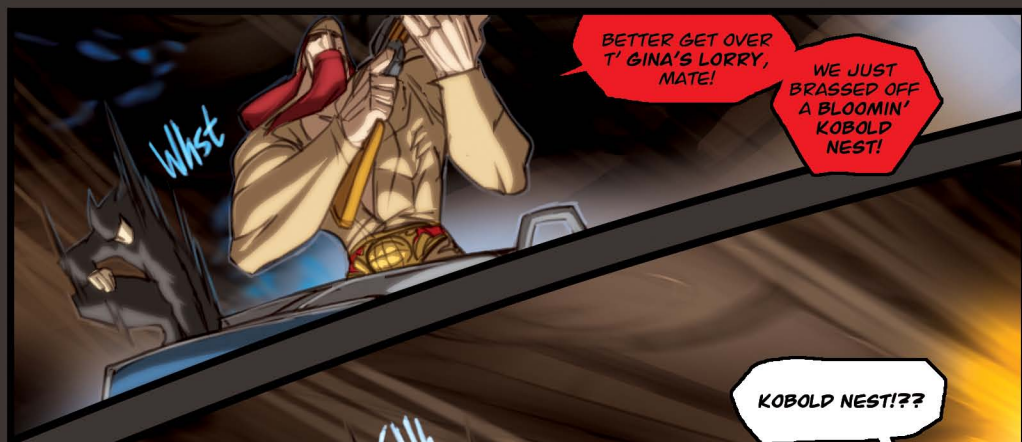


JINKIES!
HOW CAN YOU
TELL?

Ho ho!
How can
you not?

???







SOMETHING'S COMING
OUT OF THAT SAND PIT!
PUT THE PEDAL TO
THE METAL, GINA!!

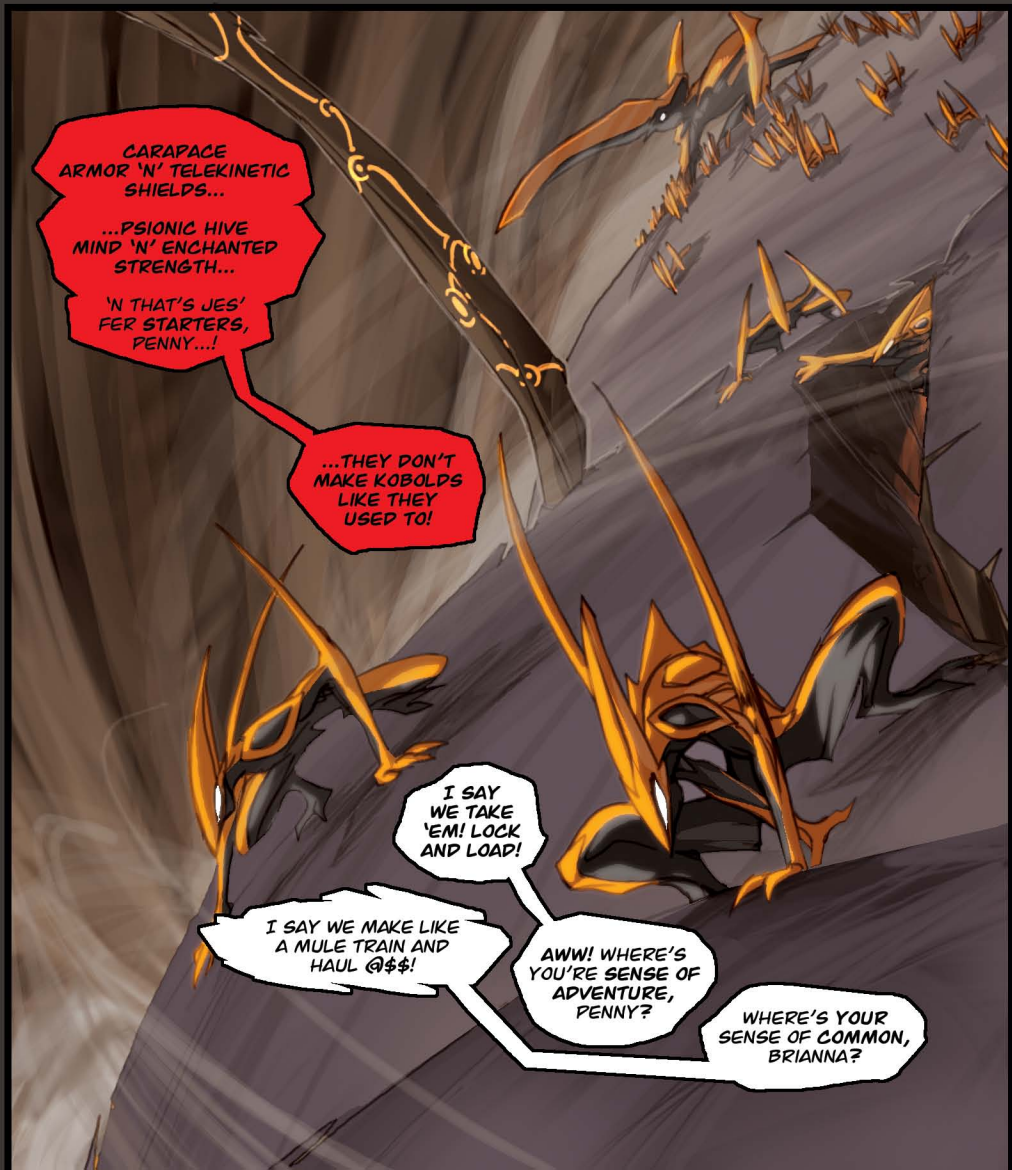
KRAH!
KOOOM

THAT "SOMETHIN'"
IS A PSI-SNAIL,
PENNY!

A KOBOLD'S
SYMBIOTIC
MOBILE
FORTRESS!

SINCE TH'
LI'L NIPPERS'VE
HOOKED UP WITH THEM
SNAILS, THEY'VE
GAINED A FEW
PERKS!

HUH? WHAT
PERKS?



CARAPACE
ARMOR 'N' TELEKINETIC
SHIELDS...

...PSIONIC HIVE
MIND 'N' ENCHANTED
STRENGTH...

'N THAT'S JES'
FER STARTERS,
PENNY....!

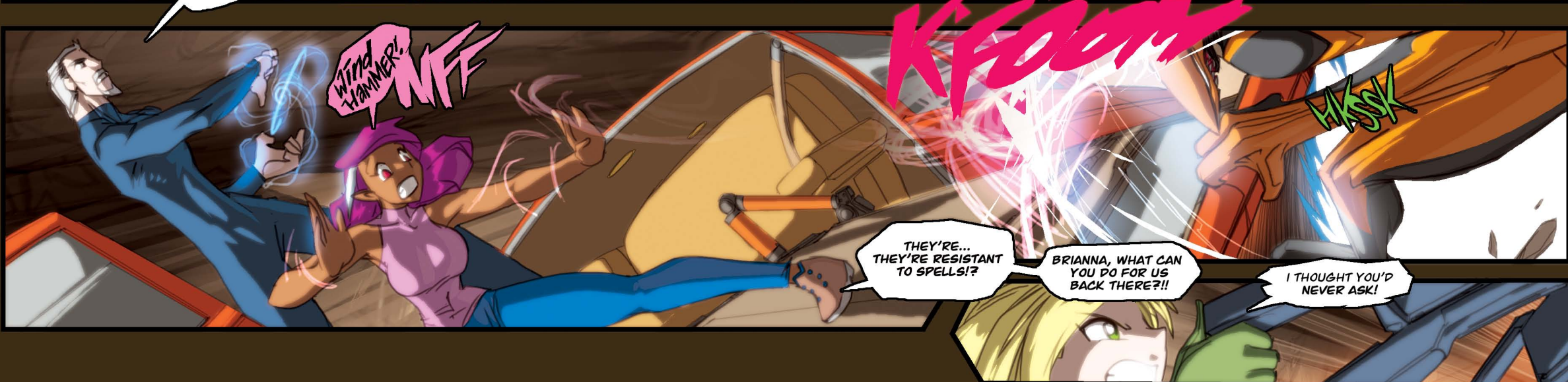
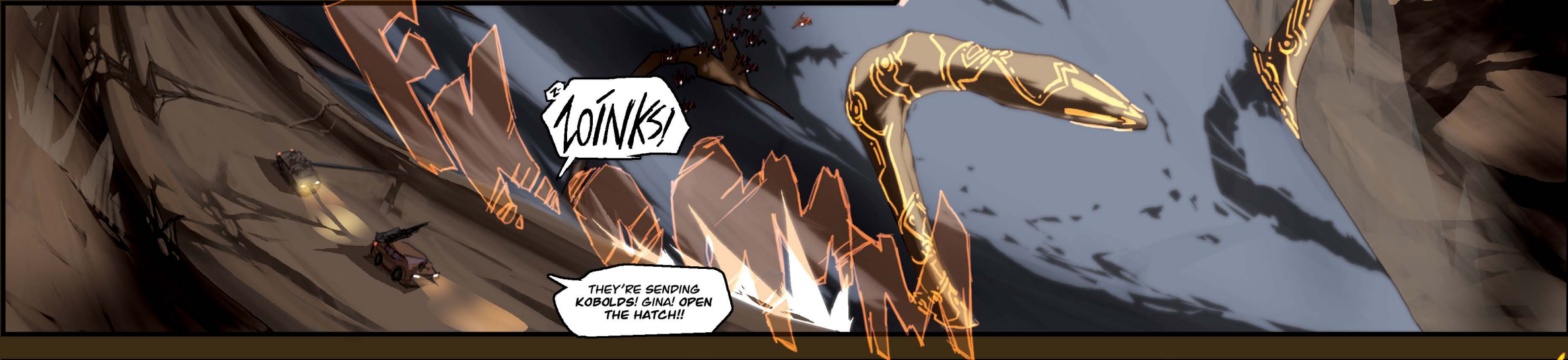
...THEY DON'T
MAKE KOBOLDS
LIKE THEY
USED TO!

I SAY
WE TAKE
'EM! LOCK
AND LOAD!

I SAY WE MAKE LIKE
A MULE TRAIN AND
HAUL @\$\$!

AWW! WHERE'S
YOU'RE SENSE OF
ADVENTURE,
PENNY?

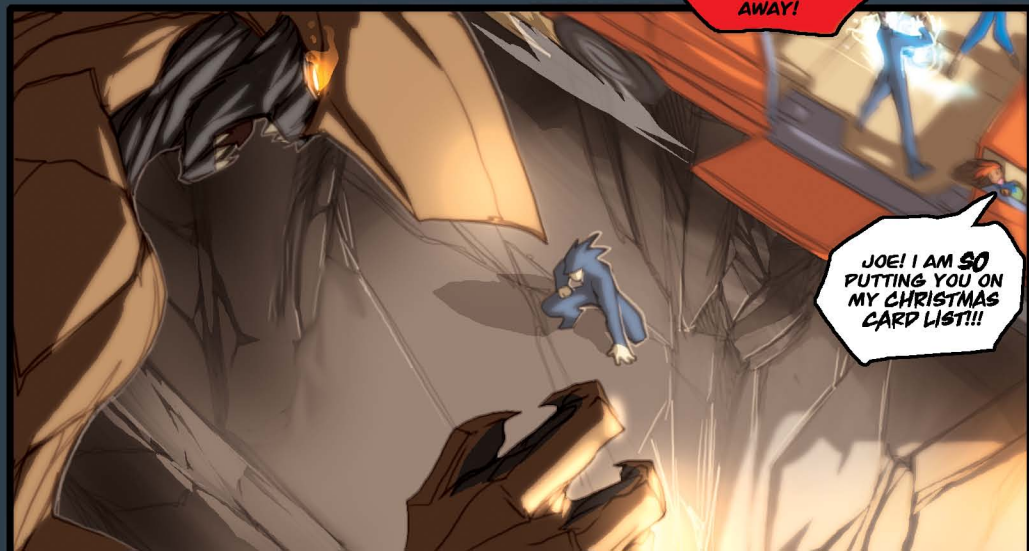
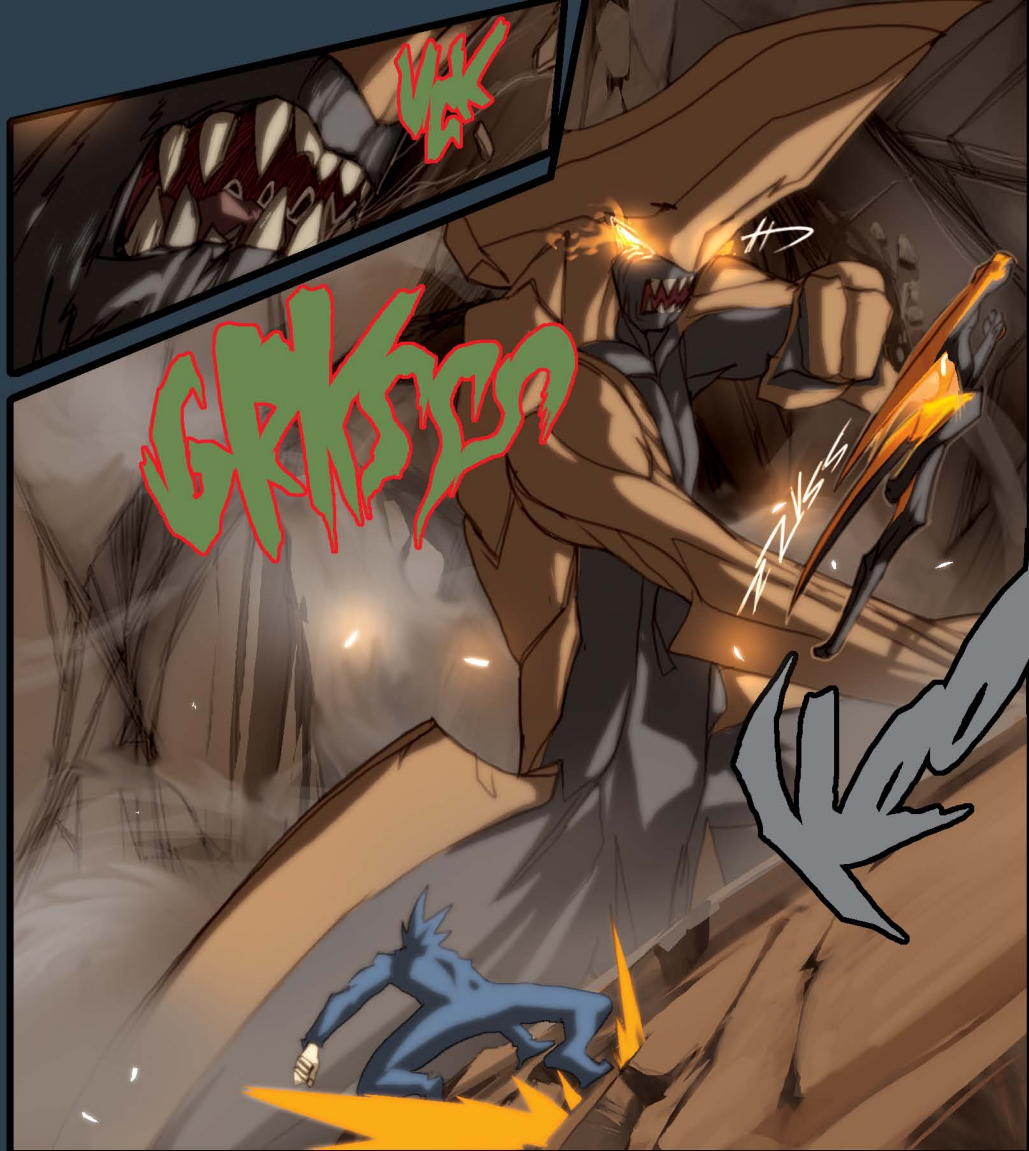
WHERE'S YOUR
SENSE OF COMMON,
BRIANNA?













GINA! I--
I NEED A
WORD WITH
YOU!



ALL THESE SPELLS
AND MONSTERS
FLYING AROUND...

...DO YOU REALIZE
THAT THE TWO OF
US ARE THE ONLY
ONES HERE WHO CAN'T
ACTUALLY TAKE
A "HIT" AND
LIVE?



G-GOOD
POINT!

LEVEL THREE
PERSONAL SHIELD
GENERATORS?

LEVEL THREE
PERSONAL SHIELD
GENERATORS!



OKAY.

MAKING UP A PAIR
FOR US FROM THIS
VEHICLE'S BETA-
ENGINE.

SET FILTERS SO
WE CAN STILL INTERACT
WITH THE CAR AND
PASSENGERS!



DONE!

WE'RE NOW
PRACTICALLY
INVULNERABLE!

AS LONG AS THE
S.U.V. ISN'T TOTALLED
SOMEHOW!

Excuse me, but...
what did you
just DO?



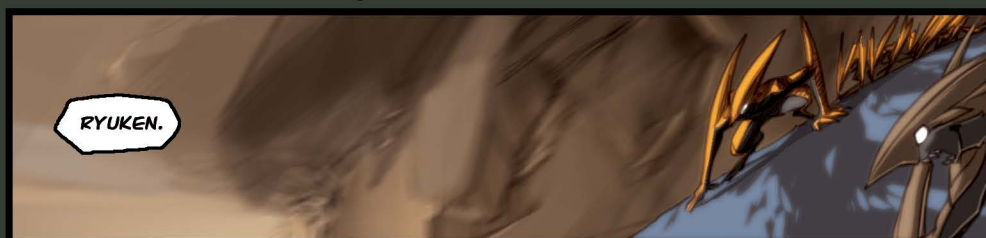


K-KENNY!
'OLD ON!
WAIT!!!

VILE CREATURE!

PREDATOR OF
WORLD
BENEATH!

MY NAME!
REMEMBER IT!



RYUKEN.



SHINRYUKEN!



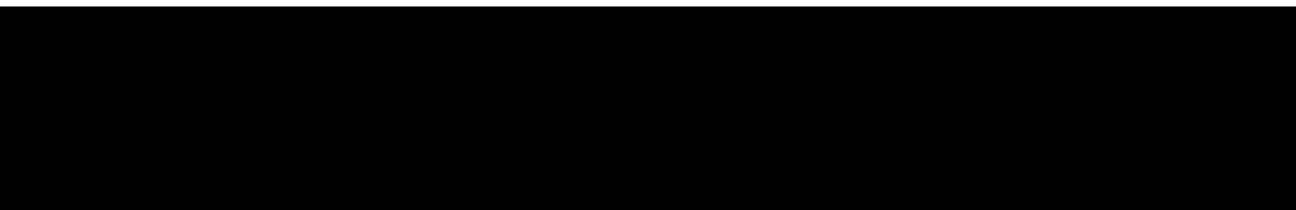
THERE IS
NO BLIGHT
BEYOND
MY REACH!



AND THERE
IS NOTHING...

...MY COLOSSAL BLADE
CANNOT CUT.







THAT...
WAS CLOSE!

I MUST COMMEND
YOU, MR. DEE'EM.

THAT WAS AN
IMPRESSIVELY
EXPEDIENT
"ESCAPE"
CAST.

THERE IS
NO WAY MY
"TELEPORT"
COULD
COMPARE.

IS EVERYONE
ALL RIGHT?

WE NEED
A HEAD
COUNT!

JOE?

H-HAI.



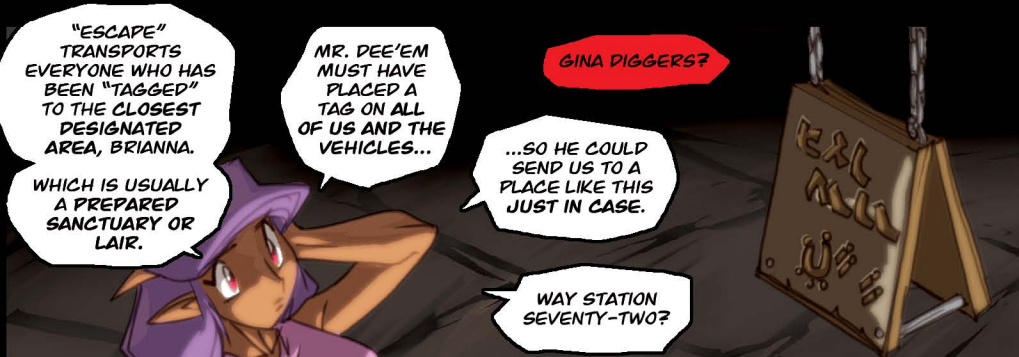
WHAT THE HECK
HAPPENED?

WHERE THE HECK
ARE WE??

WHAT THE HECK
DOES AN "ESCAPE"
SPELL DO???

KENNY?

OAH.



"ESCAPE"
TRANSPORTS
EVERYONE WHO HAS
BEEN "TAGGED"
TO THE CLOSEST
DESIGNATED
AREA, BRIANNA.

WHICH IS USUALLY
A PREPARED
SANCTUARY OR
LAIR.

MR. DEE'EM
MUST HAVE
PLACED A
TAG ON ALL
OF US AND THE
VEHICLES...

GINA DIGGERS?

...SO HE COULD
SEND US TO A
PLACE LIKE THIS
JUST IN CASE.

WAY STATION
SEVENTY-TWO?



GINA??

We're approximately
one hundred miles WEST of
were we started...

Very much off our
east-bound course.

Thus far, I've visited
almost all of the
way stations Labyrinth
has created on my
PREVIOUS inspection
tours over the
centuries.

Stocking each with
emergency supplies
and items.

Preparing each to
serve as an
"ESCAPE POINT"
in case of
EMERGENCIES.

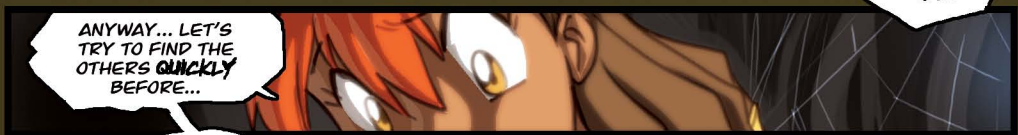
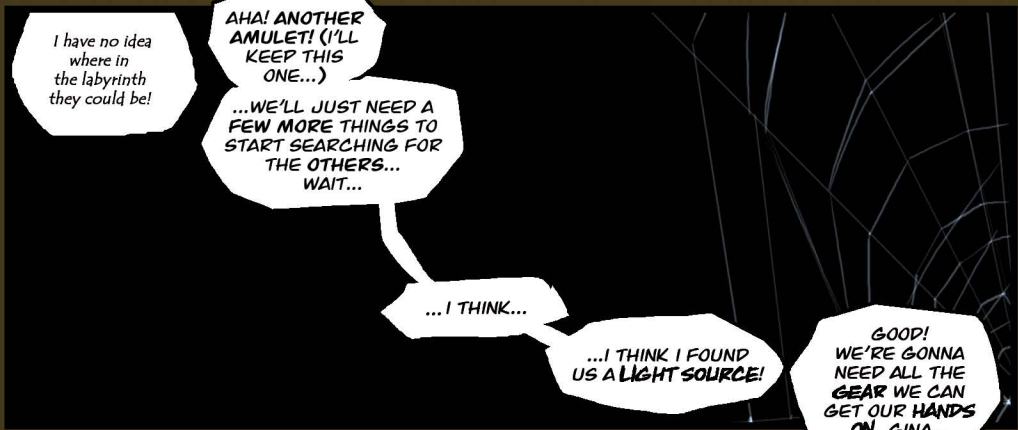
My escape contingency
spell should have easily
whisked us all here...
to the nearest
"ESCAPE POINT."

H-however...

...both Gina and Penny
placed some strange
FIELD around themselves.

It interfered with
the spell!

I could feel them
being TRANSPORTED...
but... I could not
tell WHERE!





OHMIGAWD,
PENNY!

WORDS CAN'T
POSSIBLY
EXPRESS HOW
SILLY YOU
LOOK RIGHT
NOW!

NEXT: PENNY AND GINA'S THUNDER-THIGHED,
MIDDLE-OF-THE-EARTH ADVENTURE!