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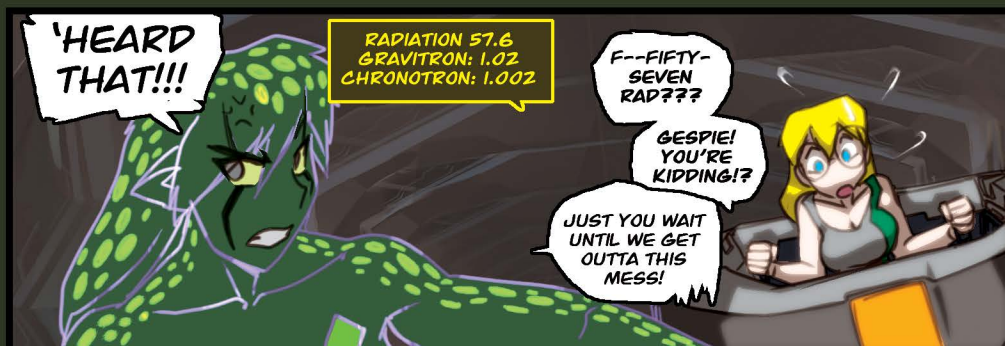
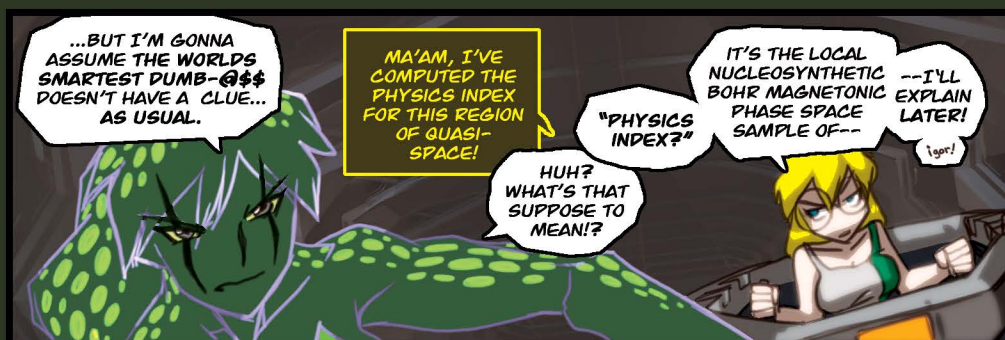
FRED PERRY
COUNTDOWN
TO ISSUE
#100

GOLD DIGGER



JULY 2008







BRITANNY... THE
ENEMY APPROACHES.
THE ENEMY OF ALL
THAT LIVES.

THERE IS NO PROTECTION
FOR LESSER CIVILIZATIONS
SAVE ONE...TO JOIN WITH
THE CHILDREN OF RI...
THE DYNASTY OF
STARS!

HENCE, IT IS
THE DIRECTIVE OF
FATHER RIO...THAT
ALL ARE PRESERVED
AND REFORGED
IN THE GREAT
FURNACE OF
SOULS!

I WILL BRING
YOU TO THE
FLAMES.

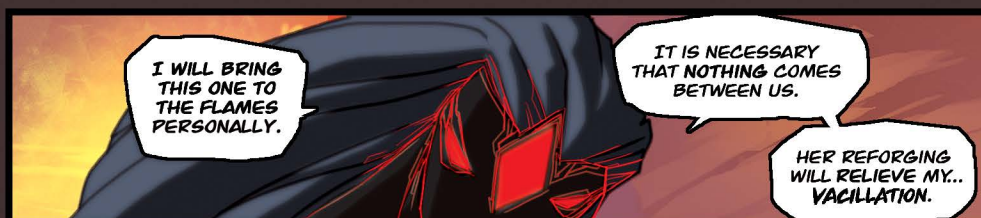
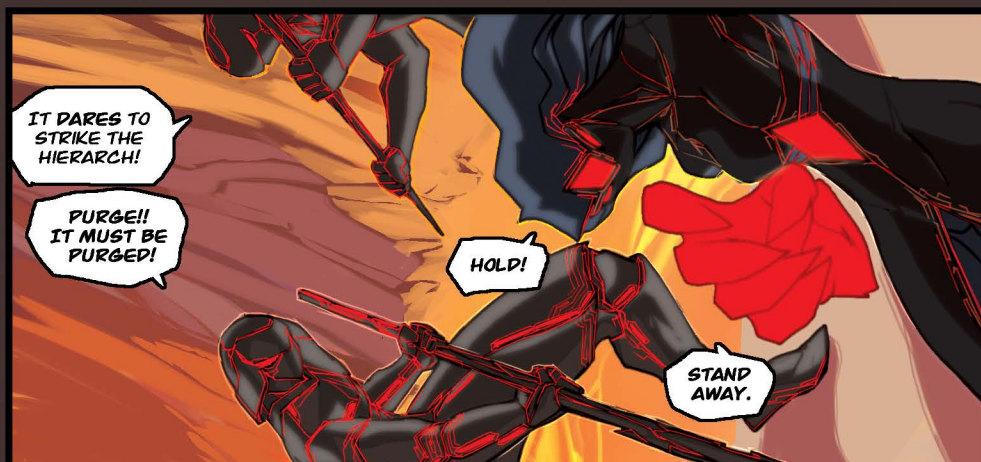
YOU WILL
JOIN THE
FAMILY, AND
TOGETHER,
WE WILL
SAVE ALL
THAT
EXISTS!

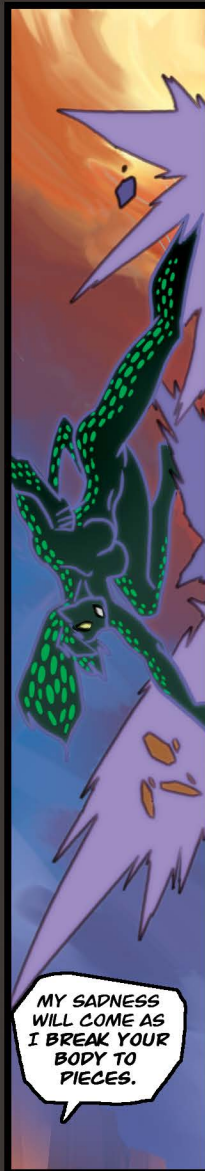
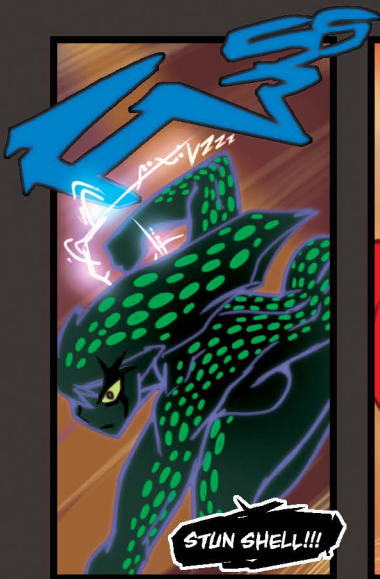


WELL, HOW
YOU GONNA DO
ALL THAT,
CRESCENS...

...WHILE I'M CHANGING
YOU BACK TO NORMAL
WITH THE RIGHTEOUS
FRIENDSHIP MAGIC OF A
"JUSTICE CHEETAH"
BEAT-DOWN!??













WE'RE
COMIN', BRIT!
TRY TO GO
LIMP!!!

AND DON'T
LOOK DOWN
AT THE LAKE
OF LAVA
BENEATH
YOU!!!

GINA!!
GET BACK!!!
D--
DON'T
INTERFERE!!!

AND WATCH
MY BABY SISTER
GET SQUASHED
LIKE A COMMON
BLATTOPTERA?



NOT GONNA
HAPP--

WHOOOPS!!!
IT'S THE
BOYS
FROM THE
CHORUS
AGAIN!

OBSURE
WARNER
BROTHERS
RABBIT
CARTOON
REFERENCE
IS OBSURE,
MA'AM.

NOT TO
ME.



TRACTOR
BEAM
CHARGED!

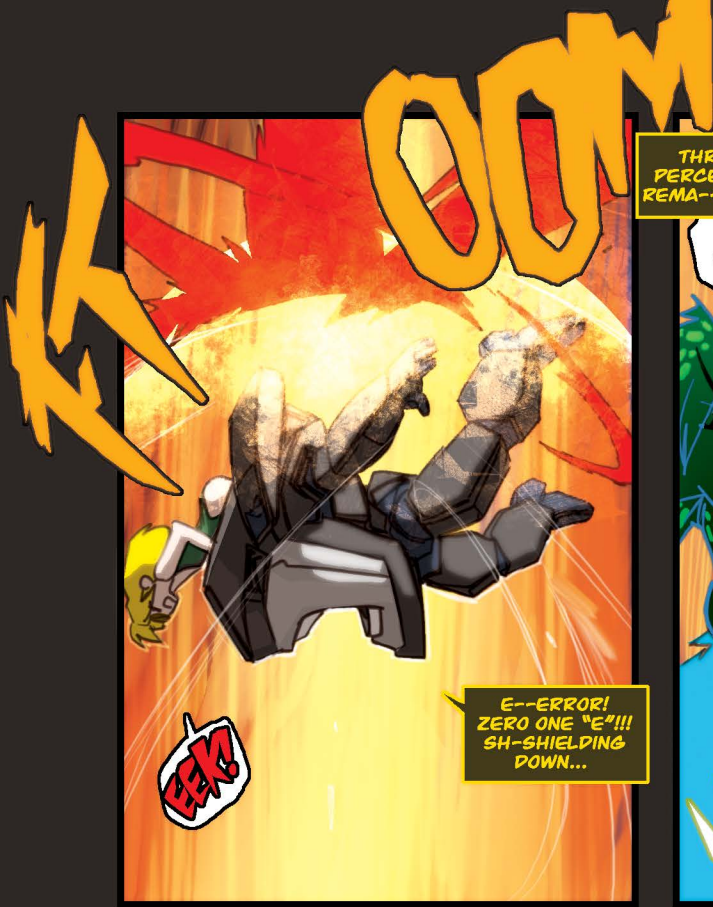
OH, MAN!!!

THIS
JUST
MIGHT
SUCK!!!



MA'AM,
ENEMY
FIRE!!!

AW, GIMME
A BREAK!!!



THREE
PERCENT--
REMA--INING!

oh--
DAMMIT!

E--ERROR!
ZERO ONE "E"!!!
SH-SHIELDING
DOWN...

EEK!

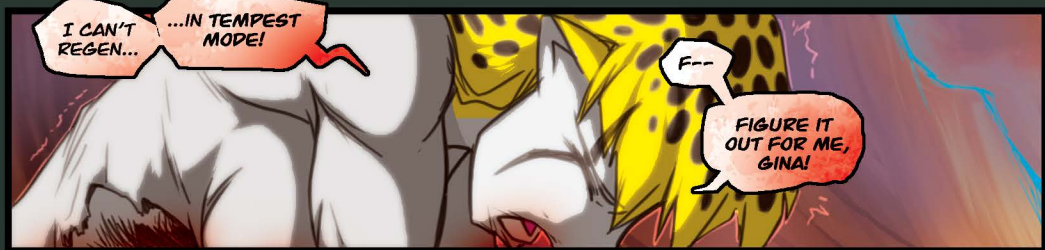


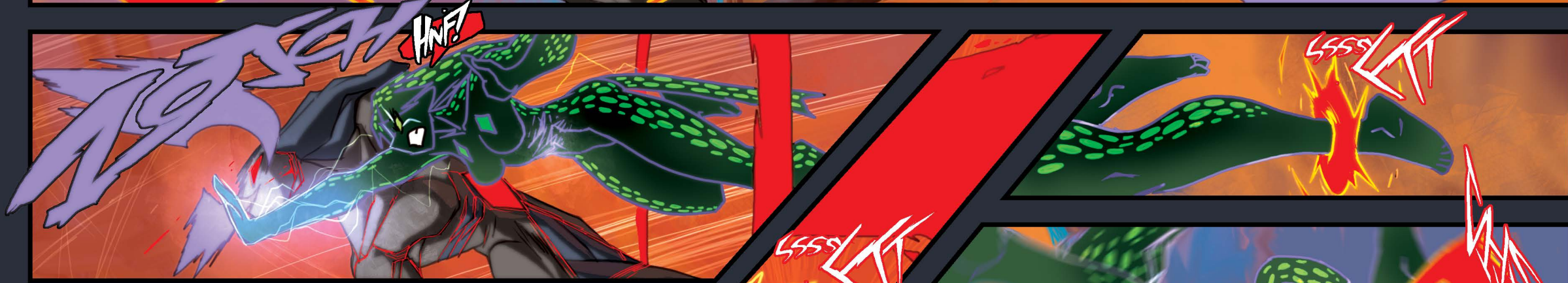
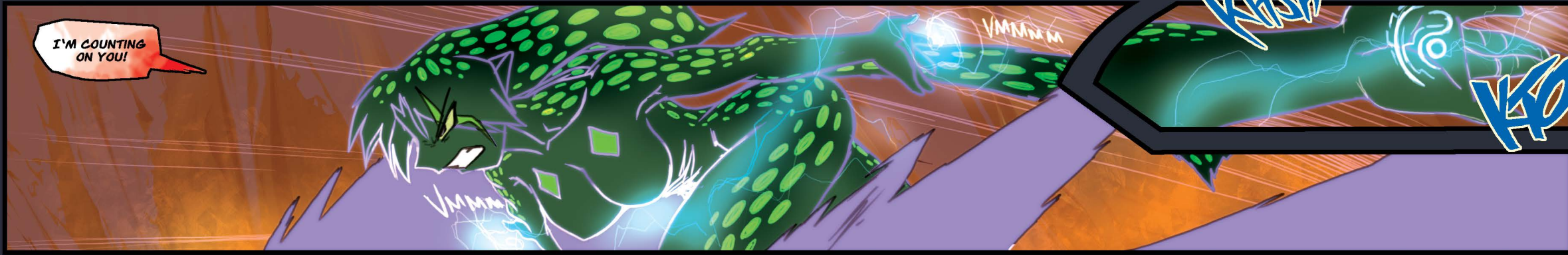
WHOA!!!
OMIGOSH!

YOU...
YOU WEREN'T
AS HURT AS
IT LOOKED
LIKE YOU
WERE?

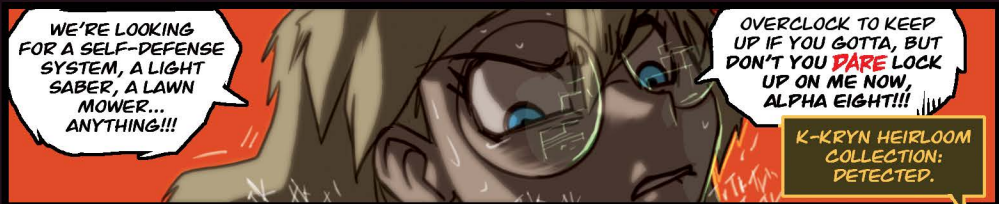
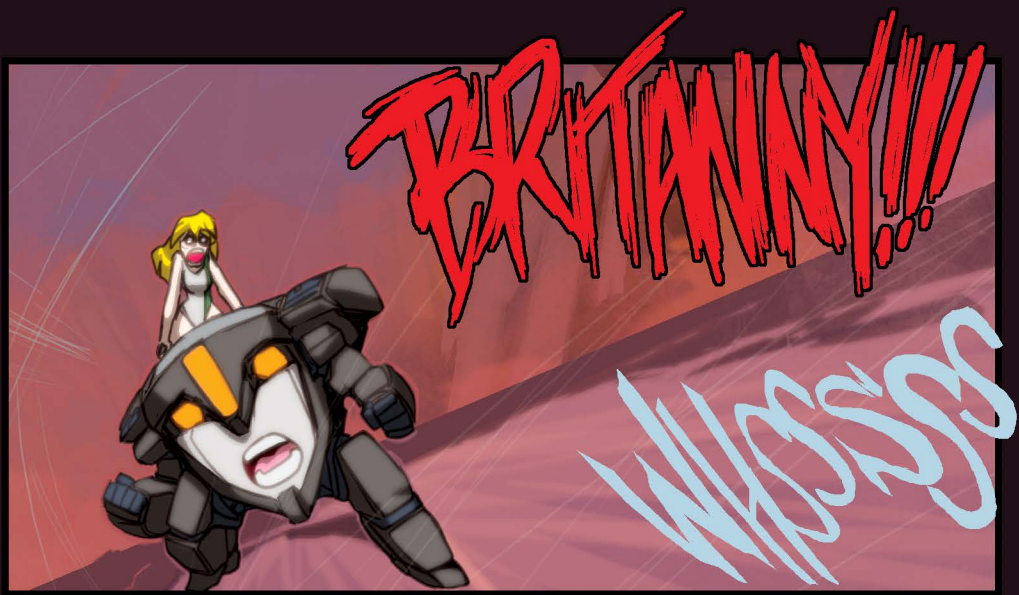
DID--I
JUST...UM...
RUIN YOUR
AMBUSH?!

LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN,
MY DUMB@\$\$
SUPER-GENIUS
SISTER CAN
BE TAUGHT!









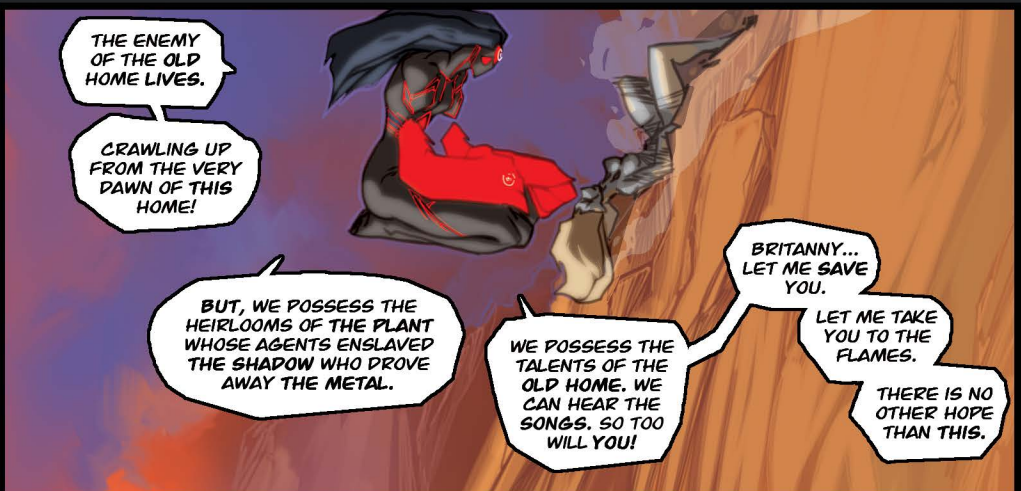




THE REMEMBRANCE
SINGS TO US,
THE CHILDREN OF
MOTHER RI'S DYNASTY,
THROUGH THE SMOKE
OF TIME, BRITANNY.

IT BRINGS
THE ECHOES OF
DREAD AND
DOOM!

EVEN IN QUASI-
SPACE...THE
ECHOES, THOUGH
FAINT, ARE STILL
HORRIFYING.



THE ENEMY
OF THE OLD
HOME LIVES.

CRAWLING UP
FROM THE VERY
DAWN OF THIS
HOME!

BUT, WE POSSESS THE
HEIRLOOMS OF THE PLANT
WHOSE AGENTS ENSLAVED
THE SHADOW WHO DROVE
AWAY THE METAL.

WE POSSESS THE
TALENTS OF THE
OLD HOME. WE
CAN HEAR THE
SONGS. SO TOO
WILL YOU!

BRITANNY...
LET ME SAVE
YOU.

LET ME TAKE
YOU TO THE
FLAMES.

THERE IS NO
OTHER HOPE
THAN THIS.



AND HOPE
PREVAILS
ONCE AGAIN,
HIERARCH.

OUR TROUBLES
HAVE DIMINISHED
THEMSELVES!

FOOTMAN.
I TOLD YOU
NOT TO
DISTURB ME.

RETURN TO
YOUR POST
AROUND THE
FURNACE.



AS YOU
COMMAND,
HIERARCH.

BUT I FIRST
I MUST REPORT
TIDINGS OF
TRIUMPH!

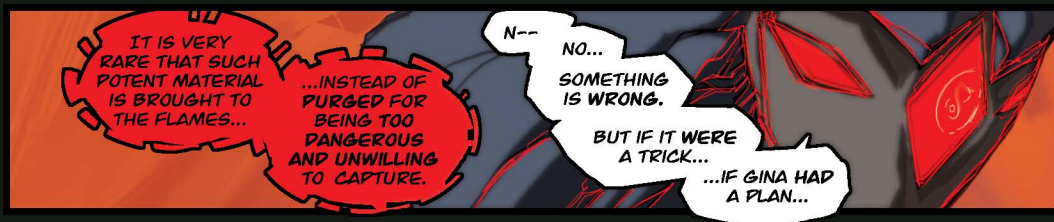
THE ALIEN AND
HER STRANGE DEVICE...
THE COMPANION OF
YOUR PREY...

...HAS WILLINGLY
SURRENDERED TO
THE SOUL FURNACE.



HER INTELLECT AND
THE STRENGTH OF
HER DEVICES WILL
BE WELCOMED
INTO THE
DYNASTY.

SOON, ANOTHER
HIERARCH WILL
BE BORN INTO
OUR FAMILY.



IT IS VERY
RARE THAT SUCH
POTENT MATERIAL
IS BROUGHT TO
THE FLAMES...

...INSTEAD OF
PURGED FOR
BEING TOO
DANGEROUS
AND UNWILLING
TO CAPTURE.

N-- NO...
SOMETHING
IS WRONG.

BUT IF IT WERE
A TRICK...

...IF GINA HAD
A PLAN...

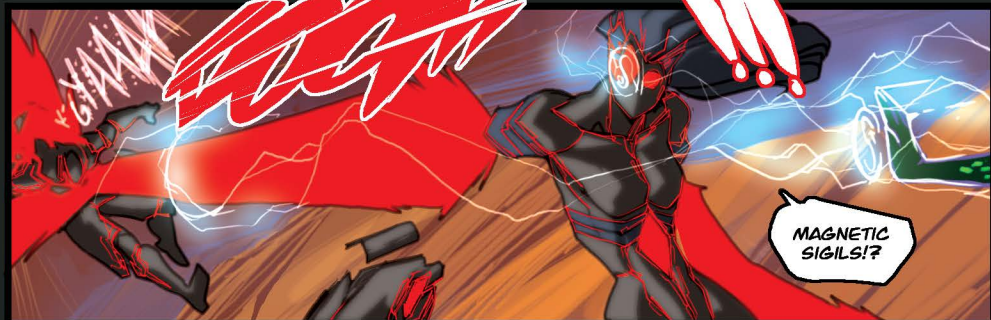


...HOW COULD
SHE POSSIBLY
SURVIVE THE
STAR FLAME
OF THE SOUL
FURNACE?

HEH...

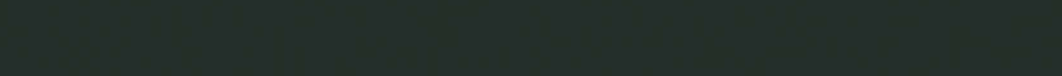
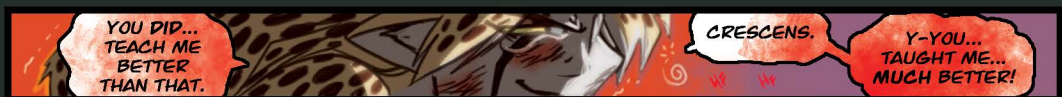
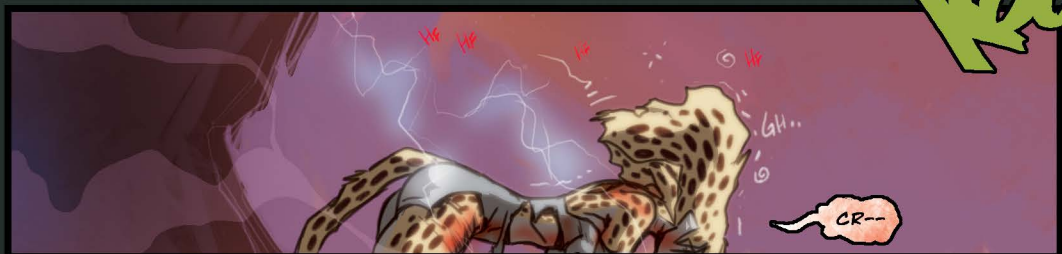
W--WITH
H-HEAT
SHIELDS--

F--FIFTY-SEVEN
TIMES STRONGER
THAN NORMAL!



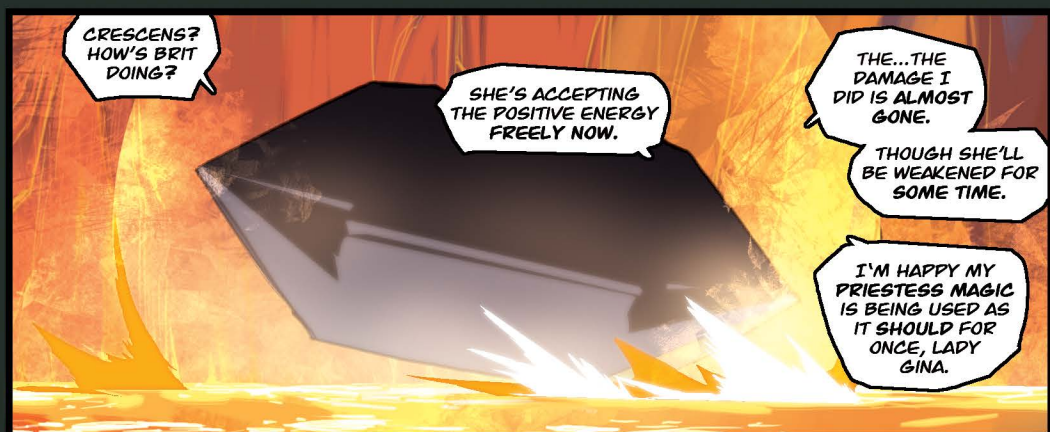
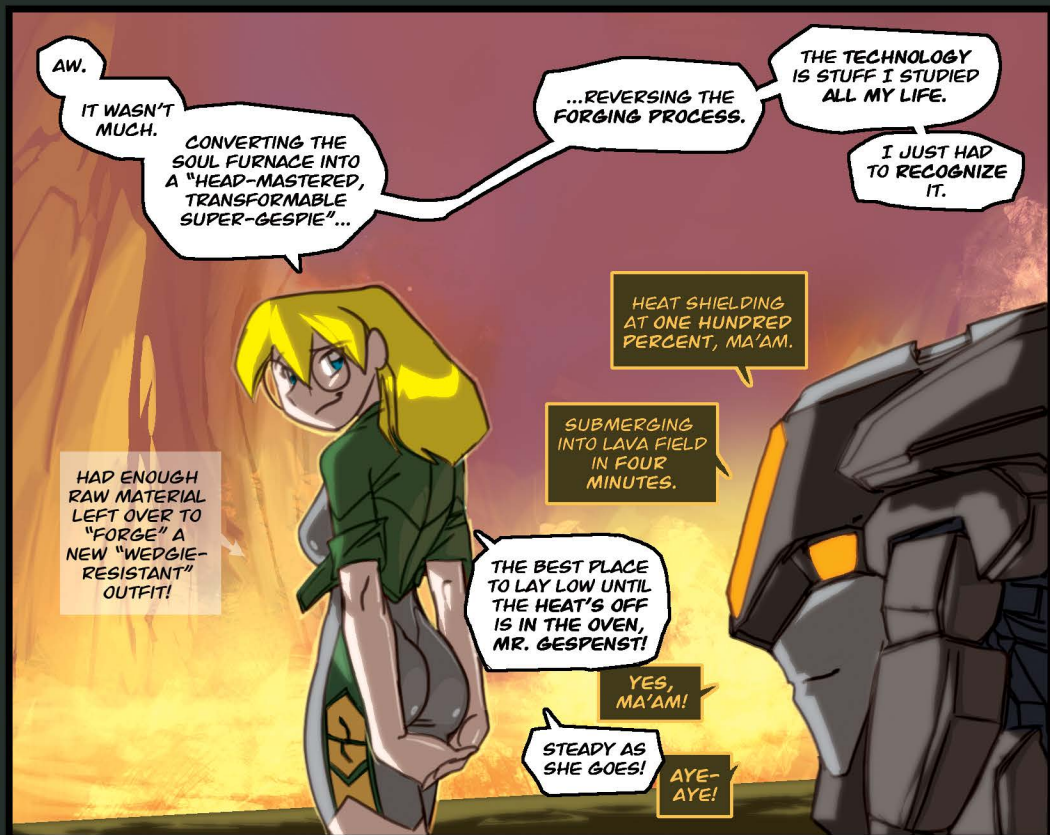


BOOM









DEPTH IS POINT
ZERO FOUR, MA'AM.

HM.

TO UNDERSTAND
THAT, YOU HAVE
TO UNDERSTAND
QUASI-SPACE.

I HAVE TO ADMIT, THE NATURE
OF THIS PLACE ELUDED ME
FOR A WHILE, BUT I'VE BEEN
RECORDING DATA AND
MAKING OBSERVATIONS!

THIS PLACE IS
A DIMENSION THAT
SIMULTANEOUSLY
TOUCHES EVERY
OTHER DIMENSION!

QUASI-SPACE IS STRETCHED
THIN, AND ITS FABRIC BENDS
AROUND OTHER DIMENSIONS.
IT'S INFLUENCED BY EVERY
REALM IT TOUCHES!

LIKE A STARLESS,
SUNLESS SEA
FULL OF INVISIBLE
WHIRLPOOLS.
IMPOSSIBLE TO
NAVIGATE RELIABLY
UNLESS YOU HAVE
SOME ANCHORED
BUOYS FOR
TRAVEL
MARKERS.

EACH OF THOSE
WHIRLPOOLS HAS
ITS OWN PHYSICS
TRAITS.

THOSE TRAITS
GO UNNOTICED
BY EVERYONE HERE
BECAUSE EVERYONE
USES MAGIC...THE
"PHYSICS" OF
QUASI-SPACE.

EVERYONE
BUT ME!

BECAUSE I
DON'T USE MAGIC, I
BORROW A LOCAL
"WHIRLPOOL'S"
TRAITS, AND SO
DOES MY
EQUIPMENT.

FOR EXAMPLE...
THE LOCAL PHYSICS
OF THIS ARTIFICER
MAGMA-MOON
MAKES ME FIFTY-
SEVEN TIMES
MORE RESISTANT
TO RADIATION!

IF WE WEREN'T
SITTING IN A
VOLCANO, I'D
BE BLIND AND
FREEZING MY
BUNS OFF.

WITH EVERYONE
ELSE... SHE SPEAKS
ENGLISH.

WITH ME...
SHE GOES INTO
"PIG-NERD-SCIENCE-
LATIN"!

DEPTH:
FIFTEEN FEET.
PRESSURE
STEADY.



ANY TIME, SIS.