



JUN 09 #108

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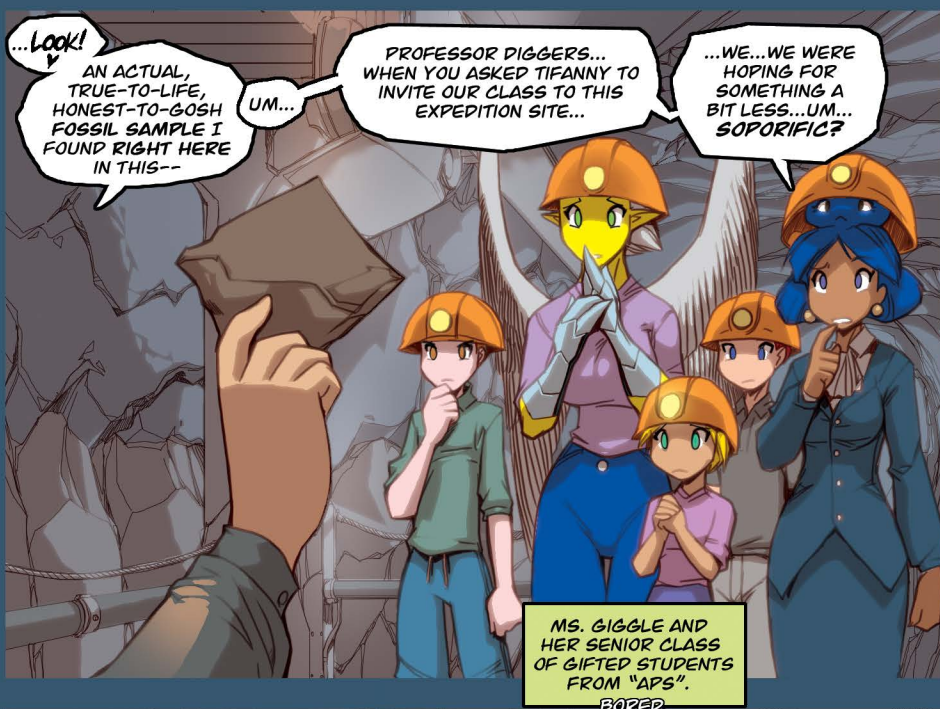
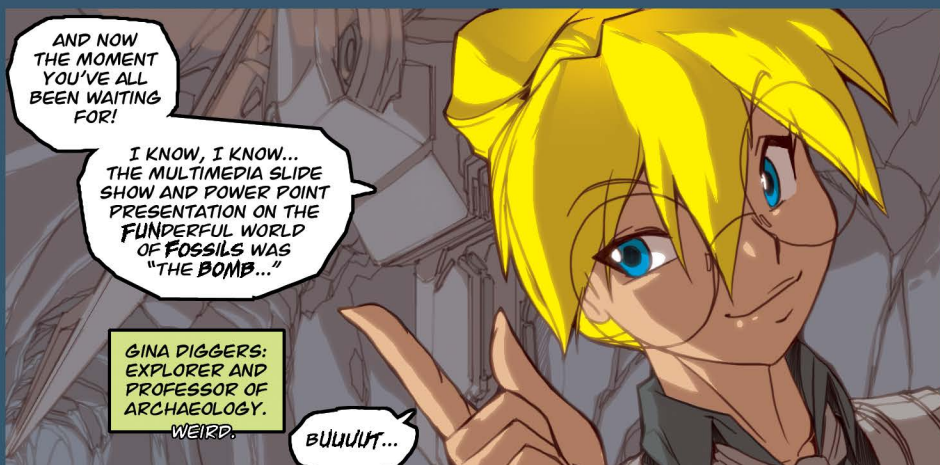
FRED PERRY

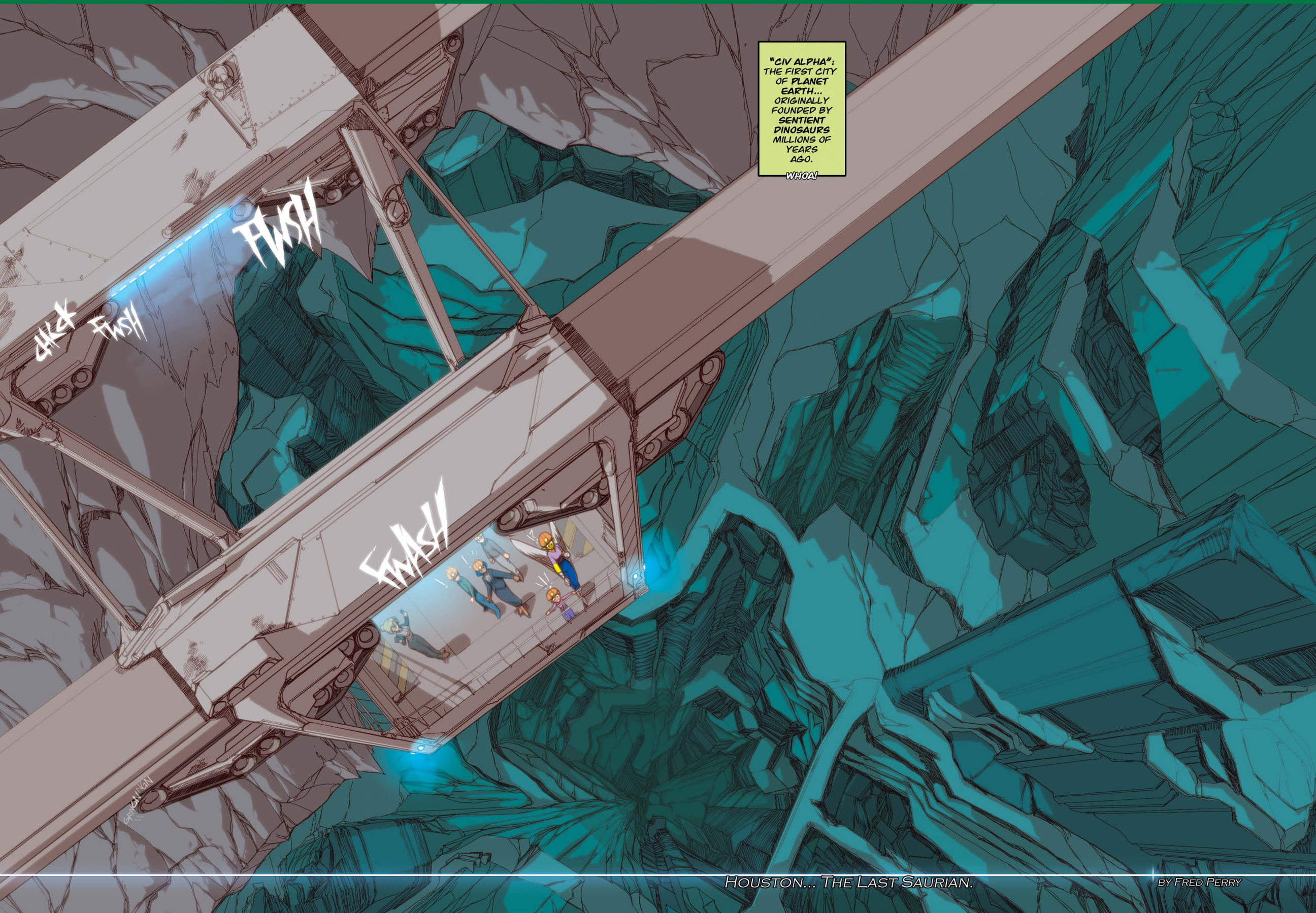
GOLD DIGGER



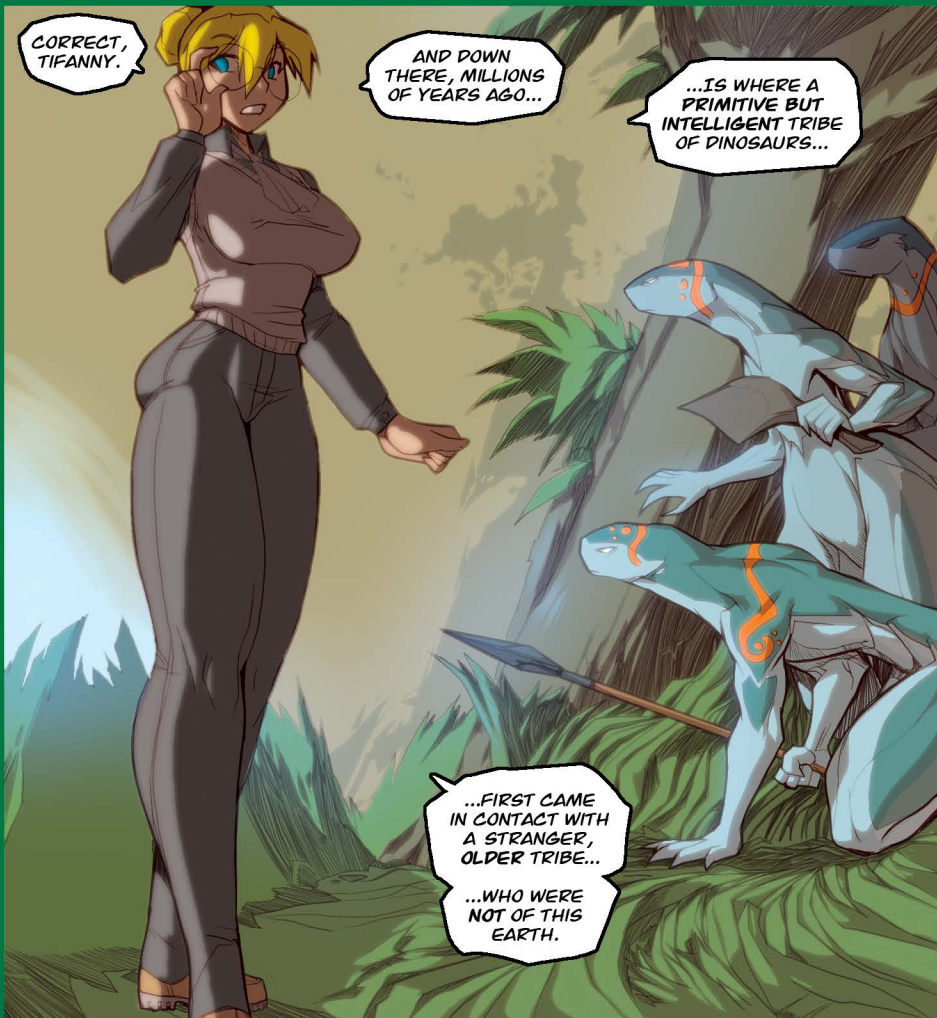
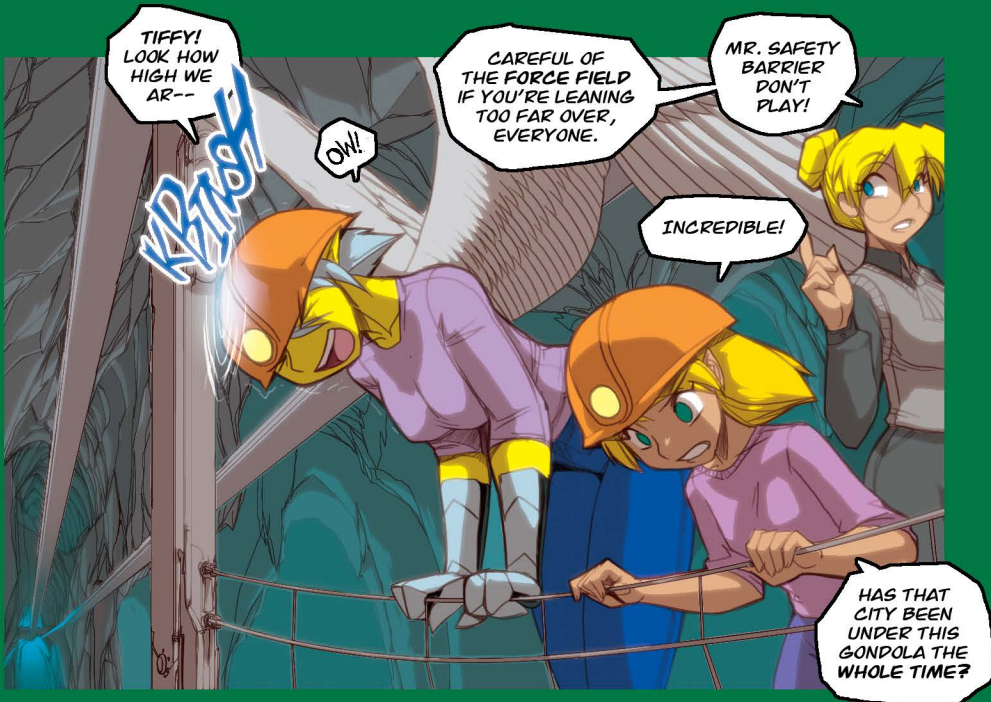
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JUNE 2009





"CIV ALPHA":
THE FIRST CITY
OF PLANET
EARTH...
ORIGINALLY
FOUNDED BY
SENTIENT
DINOSAURS
MILLIONS OF
YEARS
AGO.
WHO?



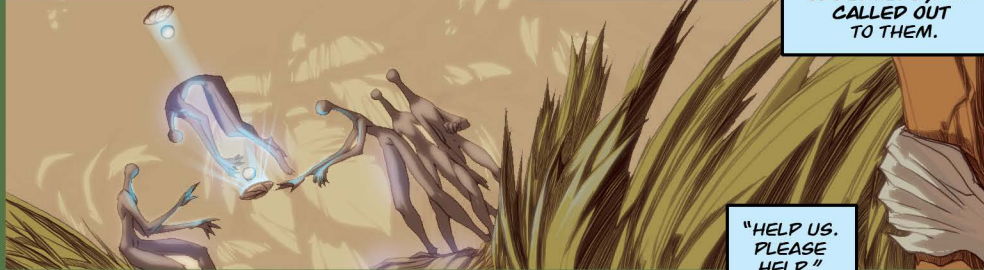
TRAPPED IN A SNARE OF AN ENEMY WHO HAD LONG SINCE VANISHED FROM THE EARTH...

...WAS A SENTIENT UMBRA.

A MEMBER OF THE "SHADOW TRIBE".

THE ENIGMATIC ARTIFACT THAT HELD THAT SHADOW WAS TOO COMPLEX FOR THE REST OF ITS TRIBE TO UNLOCK.

BUT THEN, THE SHADOWS SENSED THE LATENT PSIONIC ABILITIES OF THEIR SURPRISINGLY INTELLIGENT OBSERVERS, AND CALLED OUT TO THEM.

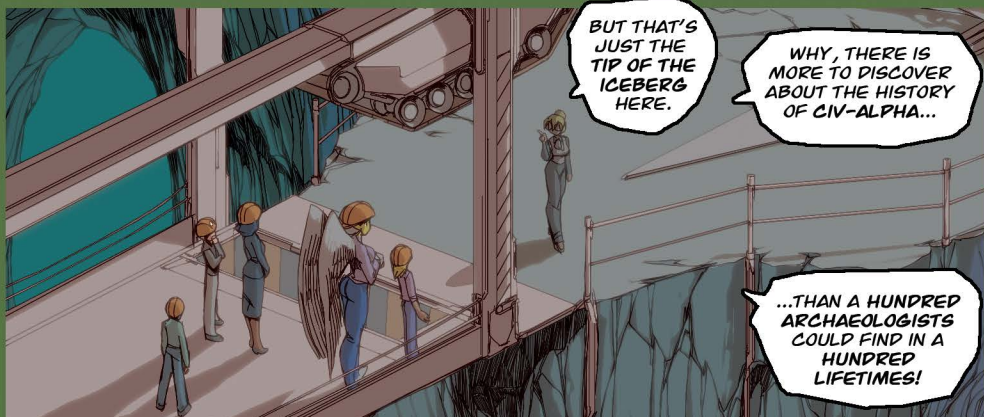
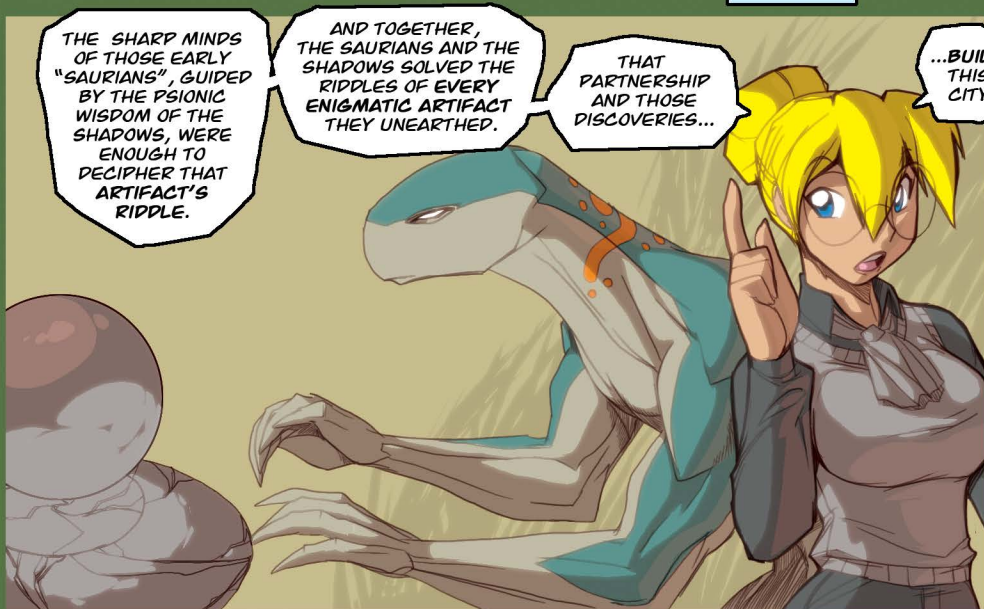


THE SHARP MINDS OF THOSE EARLY "SAURIANS", GUIDED BY THE PSIONIC WISDOM OF THE SHADOWS, WERE ENOUGH TO DECIPHER THAT ARTIFACT'S RIDDLE.

AND TOGETHER, THE SAURIANS AND THE SHADOWS SOLVED THE RIDDLES OF EVERY ENIGMATIC ARTIFACT THEY UNEARTHED.

THAT PARTNERSHIP AND THOSE DISCOVERIES...

...BUILT THIS CITY.



TH-THAT'S WHY YOU INVITED OUR "ADVENTURER'S CLUB" ISN'T IT, AUNT GINA?

ONE--ONE DAY, WE'LL HAVE TO BE THE ONES TO CONTINUE THIS QUEST!

W-WELL, WE'RE READY!

LEAVE THE FUTURE TO US!!!



WH-WHOA! WHOA!!
HOLD THE BUS,
TIFANNY!

NO ONE SAID
ANYTHING ABOUT
QUESTS OR
DESTINIES!



BUT I HAVE
NOTICED YOUR
INCREASING
INTEREST IN
MY FIELD
OF SCIENCE.

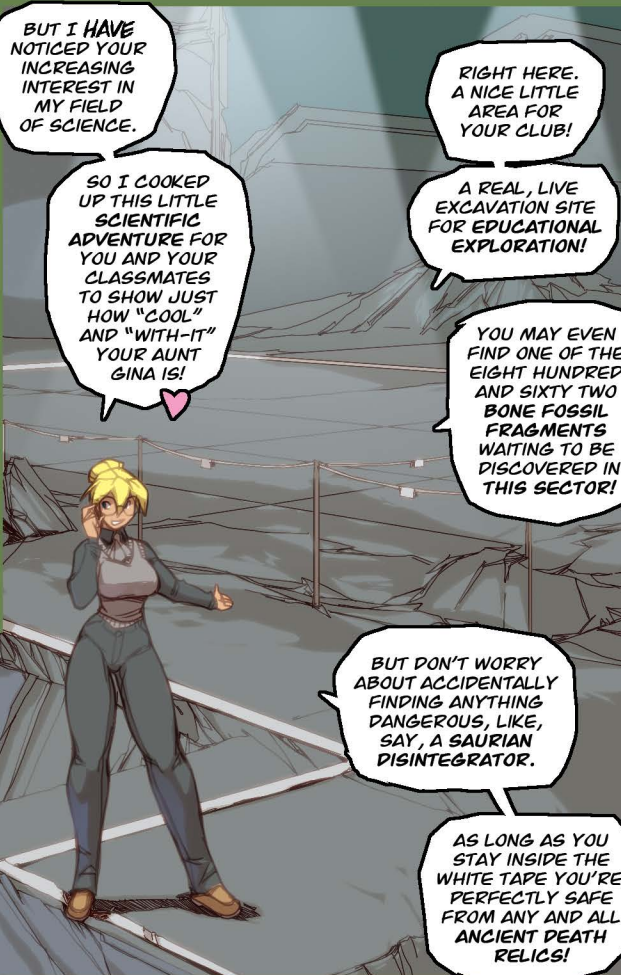
SO I COOKED
UP THIS LITTLE
SCIENTIFIC
ADVENTURE FOR
YOU AND YOUR
CLASSMATES
TO SHOW JUST
HOW "COOL"
AND "WITH-IT"
YOUR AUNT
GINA IS!



RIGHT HERE.
A NICE LITTLE
AREA FOR
YOUR CLUB!

A REAL, LIVE
EXCAVATION SITE
FOR EDUCATIONAL
EXPLORATION!

YOU MAY EVEN
FIND ONE OF THE
EIGHT HUNDRED
AND SIXTY TWO
BONE FOSSIL
FRAGMENTS
WAITING TO BE
DISCOVERED IN
THIS SECTOR!



BUT DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ACCIDENTALLY
FINDING ANYTHING
DANGEROUS, LIKE,
SAY, A SAURIAN
DISINTEGRATOR.

AS LONG AS YOU
STAY INSIDE THE
WHITE TAPE YOU'RE
PERFECTLY SAFE
FROM ANY AND ALL
ANCIENT DEATH
RELICS!

WAIT...
YOU ALREADY
SCANNED THE
REGION?

COMPLETELY?

AUNTIE!!!
YOU MAY AS
WELL HAVE
STUCK US ON
A BEACH WITH
SAND BUCKETS
AND TOY
SHOVELS!

BUT
THESE
SHOVELS
ARE ALL
LIGHT-
SABERY!

PARTNER
UP FOR
THE LAB,
EVERYONE.

CHARLIE
AND TIF'.



ERWIN AND
POJO.

RIGHT.

YES, MS.
GIGGLE.



AND DO KEEP
YOUR LAB PAPER
UNDER THREE
HUNDRED
PAGES,
ERWIN.

IT TOOK ME
AGES TO
GRADE YOUR
LAST "OPUS".

I'LL
TRY, MS.
GIGGLE.

?

ERWIN?







MS. GIGGLE?

OUR PRELIMINARY FINDINGS REPORT IS FINISHED.



THANK YOU, ERWIN. EXCELLENT WORK, POJO.

ERWIN!? ERWIN... TALON!?

ERWIN "PEE WEE" TALON!?!



AND WHILE I COMPILED THE DATA, POJO DESERVES MOST OF THE CREDIT.

HIS EXCEPTIONAL LYCANTHROPE OLFACTORY SENSES NARROWED DOWN OUR SEARCH DRAMATICALLY.

THERE ARE THREE SAURIAN SKELETONS IN THIS AREA.

THEY SMELL LIKE REALLY OLD SOUP BONES!

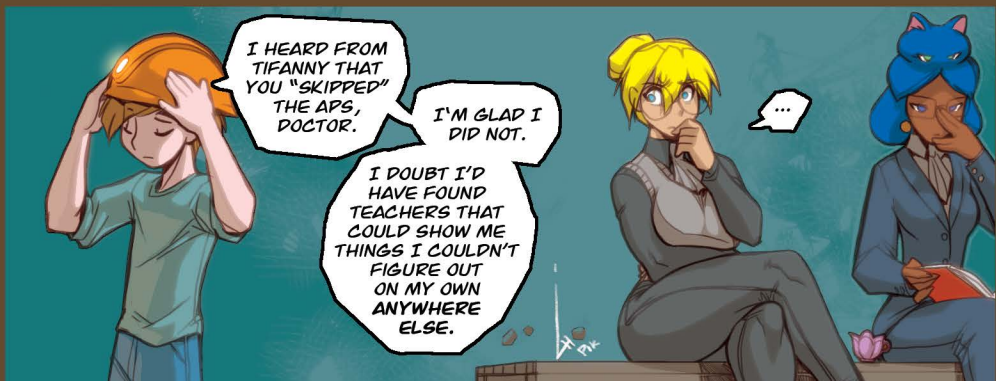


WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR...YOUR BODYGUARDS!? YOUR GLASSES!? YOUR ATTITUDE!?

OH! ARE YOU AND ERWIN PREVIOUSLY ACQUAINTED, DOCTOR?

IN MY IMMATURE LIFE AS AN ANGRY, GREEDY, PREPUBESCENT TREASURE-HUNTER...

...DR. DIGGERS AND I WERE... RIVALS.

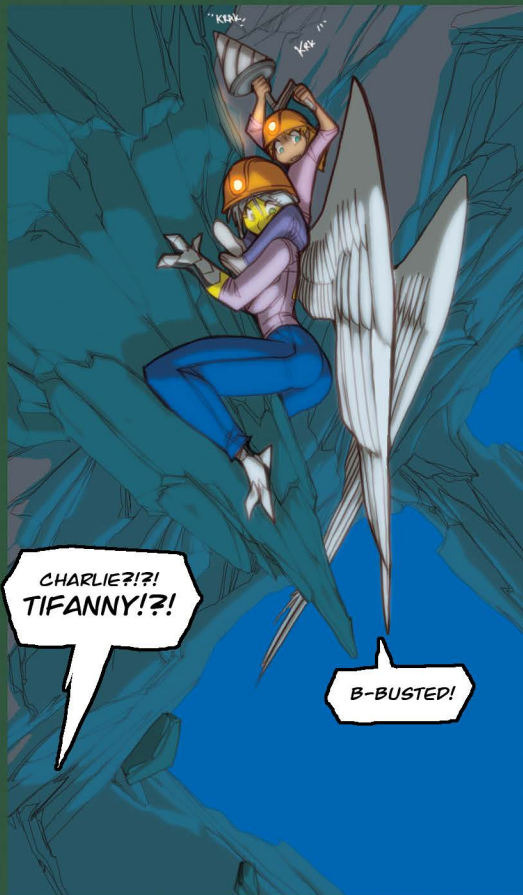
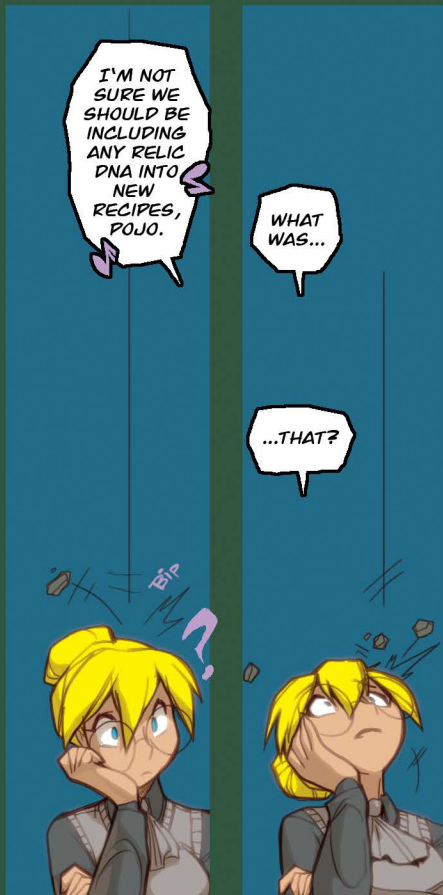


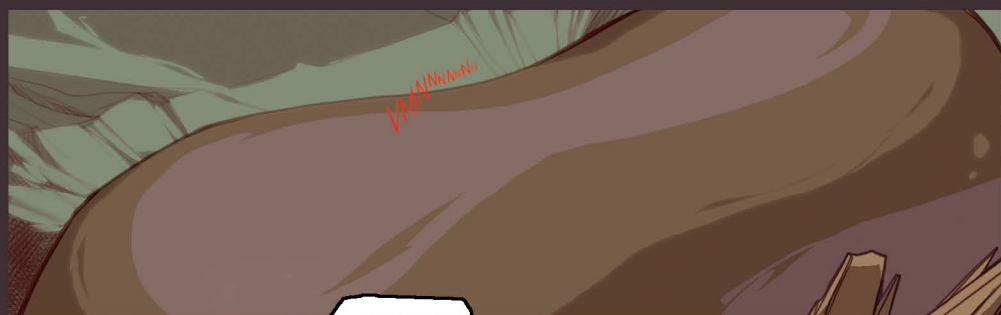
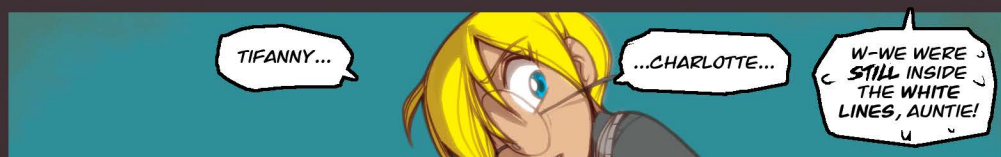
I HEARD FROM TIFANNY THAT YOU "SKIPPED" THE APS, DOCTOR.

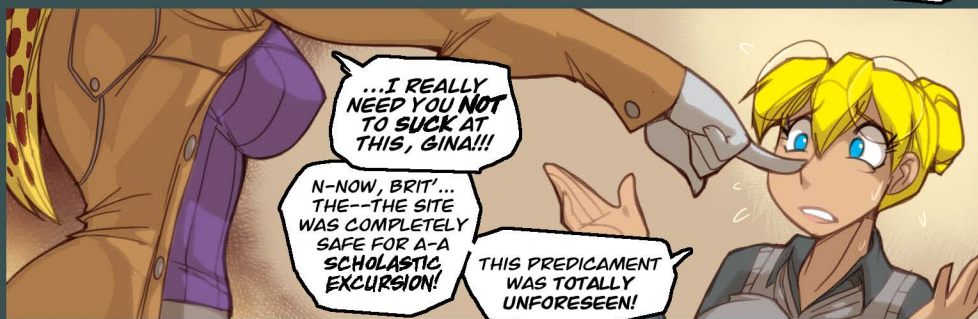
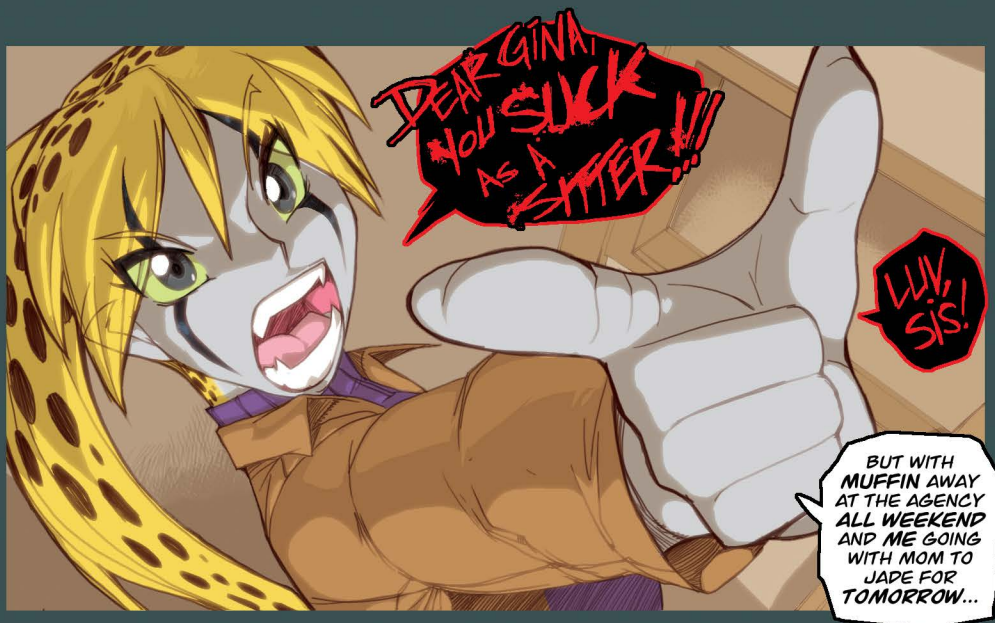
I'M GLAD I DID NOT.

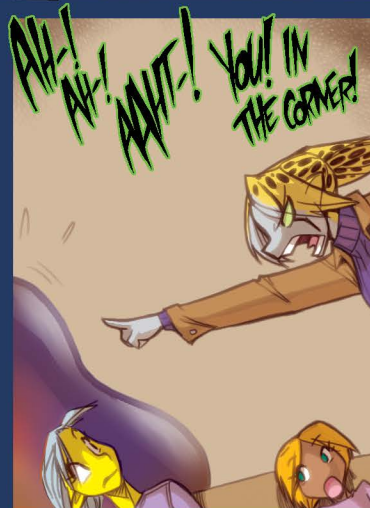
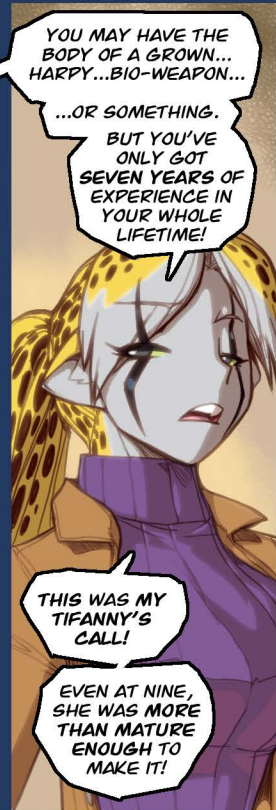
I DOUBT I'D HAVE FOUND TEACHERS THAT COULD SHOW ME THINGS I COULDN'T FIGURE OUT ON MY OWN ANYWHERE ELSE.

...













>SIGH<

>SIGH<

NO INTERNET...
NO CABLE TV...
NO VIDEO GAMES.

NO CUDDIE-
CAKES FOR
DESSERT.

A-AND THEN
THEY PHONED PENNY
AND SHE WAS ALL LIKE...
"CHARLOTTE'S GOT TO
LEARN TO TAKE MORE
RESPONSIBILITY!"

AND ~~THEN~~ EVERYONE
AGREES I GOTTA SHARE
YOUR PUNISHMENT AND
BE YOUR BODYGUARD!

>SIGH<



WELL...AT LEAST
IT'S ALL UNTIL
THEY FIGURE
OUT WHAT THE
MILK DUD IS...

...OR HOW TO
STOP IT FROM
TELEPORTING
TO YOU EVERY-
TIME YOU GET
MORE THAN
TEN FEET
AWAY.

BUT...

...I DUNNO.

M-MAYBE
WE DID KINDA
MESS UP,
TIFFY.



...



HUH?

MYN?

OH!
YOU WANNA
SEE WHAT I'M
READING?



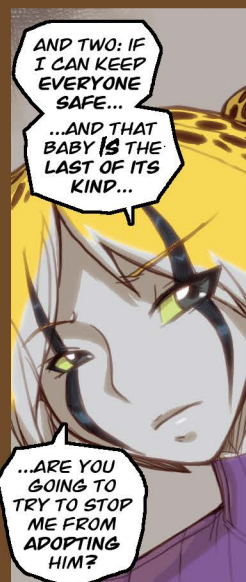
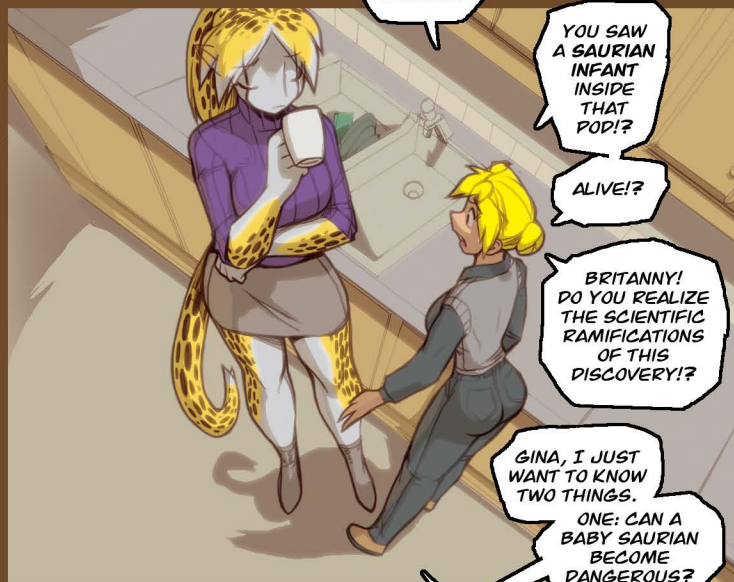
I-I-T'S FOR
MY BOOK
REPORT.

I WAS GOING
TO DO ONE ON
THE EIGHTH
WONDER OF
THE WORLD.

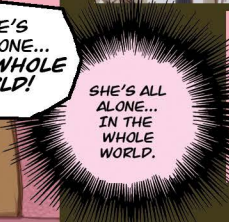
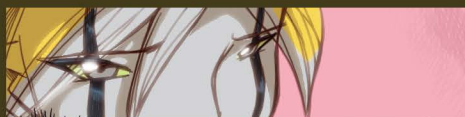
BUT IT TURNED
OUT TO BE THE
ASTRODOME
IN HOUSTON.



houston.



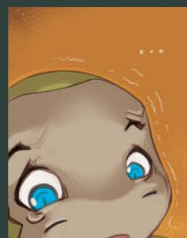
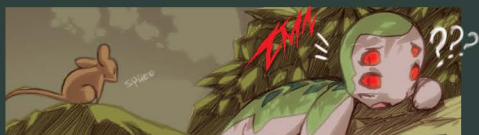
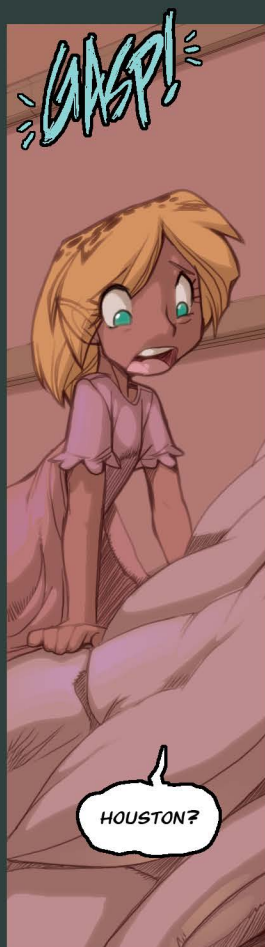






TKO





LITTLE PRINCE.

YOU ARE OF
THE SOLDIER'S
BROOD.

CONCEIVED
AS A WEAPON.

YOUR GENTLE
SOUL WAS TO
BE SCARRED...
TWISTED!

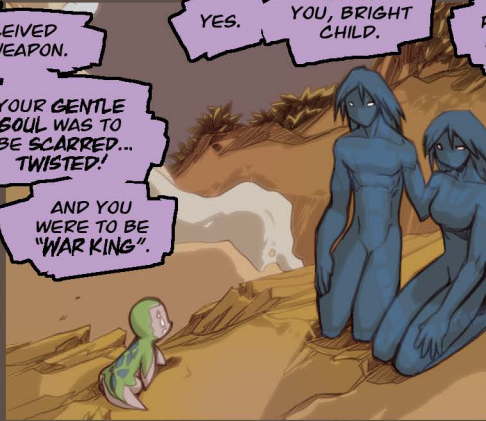
AND YOU
WERE TO BE
"WAR KING".

YES.

WE KNOW
YOU, BRIGHT
CHILD.

PLEASE, DO
NOT FLEE.

PLEASE,
LISTEN
AS WE
TEACH.



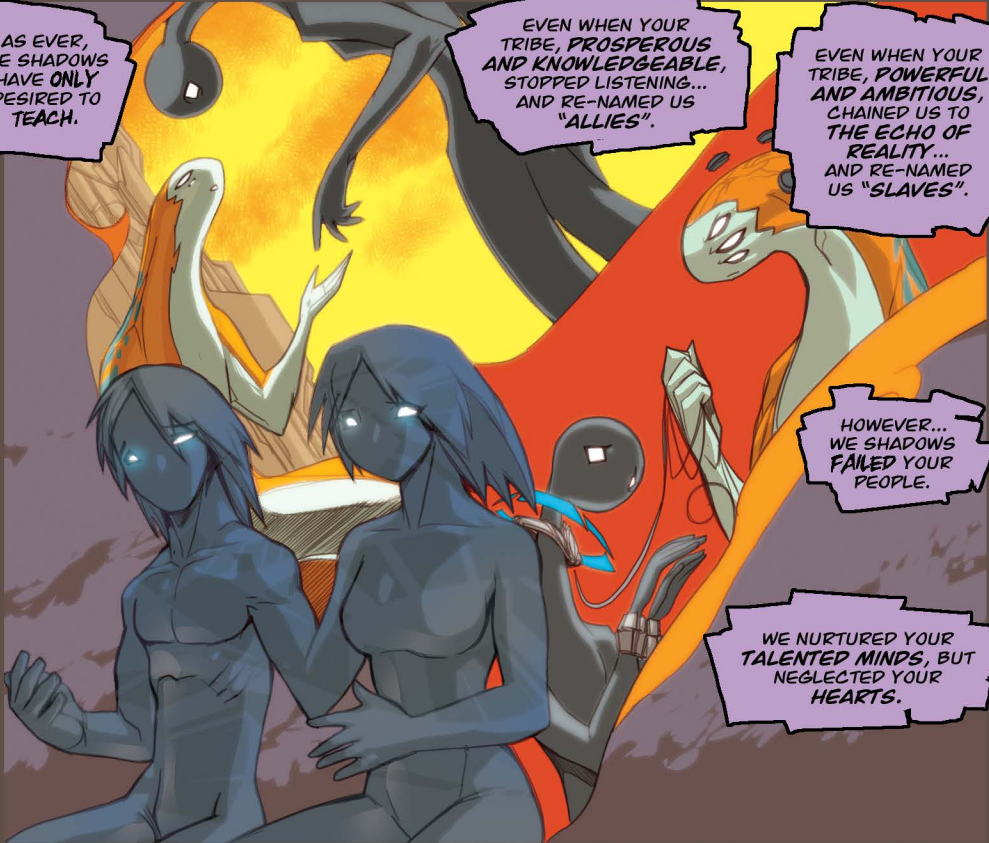
AS EVER,
WE SHADOWS
HAVE ONLY
DESIRED TO
TEACH.

EVEN WHEN YOUR
TRIBE, **PROSPEROUS**
AND **KNOWLEDGEABLE**,
STOPPED LISTENING...
AND RE-NAMED US
"ALLIES".

EVEN WHEN YOUR
TRIBE, **POWERFUL**
AND **AMBITIOUS**,
CHAINED US TO
THE ECHO OF
REALITY...
AND RE-NAMED
US "SLAVES".

HOWEVER...
WE SHADOWS
FAILED YOUR
PEOPLE.

WE NURTURED YOUR
TALENTED MINDS, BUT
NEGLECTED YOUR
HEARTS.



IN THE END,
YOUR TRIBE WAS
SLAIN BY THEIR OWN
EPIPHANIES.

THE SLAVE
CHILDREN OF
THE SAURIANS...
THE AMON AND
THEIR YOUNGER
SIBLINGS...
THE DRAGONS.



