



GOLD DIGGER



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FRED PERRY



FEBRUARY 2012



C'MON!
C'MON!!!

PICK
UP!

HELLO?

GINA!

IT'S ME!

HI, PINI!

BEEN MEANING
TO CALL YOU!

I JUST
GOT A LITTLE
CARRIED AWAY
WITH OUR
ASTRAL RIFT
EXPEDITION
HERE...

THERE'S THIS
SEALED
VAULT FULL OF
DANGEROUS
BATTLE GOLEMS
AND MAGICAL
WEAPONS!

A DRAGON
STRIKE TEAM IS
GETTING READY
TO CLEAR IT
OUT!

IF THINGS ARE QUIET AT MY
LAB, WE COULD USE AN EXTRA,
NON-TRIGGER-HAPPY
HAND OUT HERE!

ACTUALLY...

...I WAS
CALLING ABOUT
YOUR LAB...

≥GASP!≤
AN ACCIDENT?!
IS EVERYONE
ALL RIGHT?

EVERYONE'S OKAY...
THE LAB'S OKAY...
BUT THERE ARE...
DIFFICULTIES?

DON'T TELL ME...
BRIANNA'S BEHIND IT.

WELL... YES...
AND NO.

I'M NOT SURE YET, BUT IT SEEMS SOMETHING WEIRD HAPPENED TO THE **OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER** FOCUSING YOUR **WARP FIELD** DEVICE...

AND NOW, WE'RE TURNING
OUT THE POCKETS OF AN
INVADER THAT TURNED OUT TO
BE AN **EIGHT-YEAR-OLD,**
ALTERNATE-REALITY
VERSION OF BRIANNA!

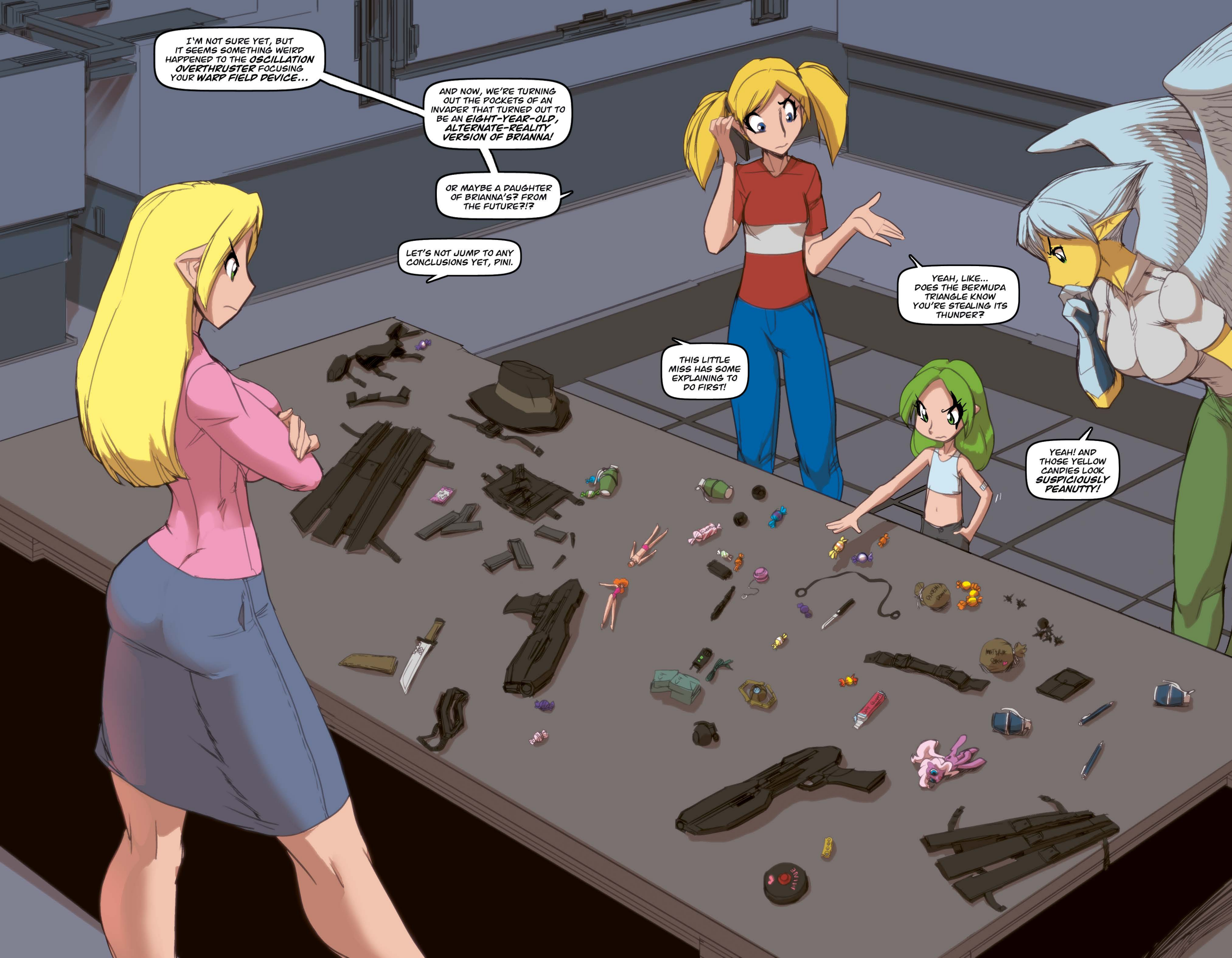
OR MAYBE A DAUGHTER
OF BRIANNA'S? FROM
THE FUTURE?!?

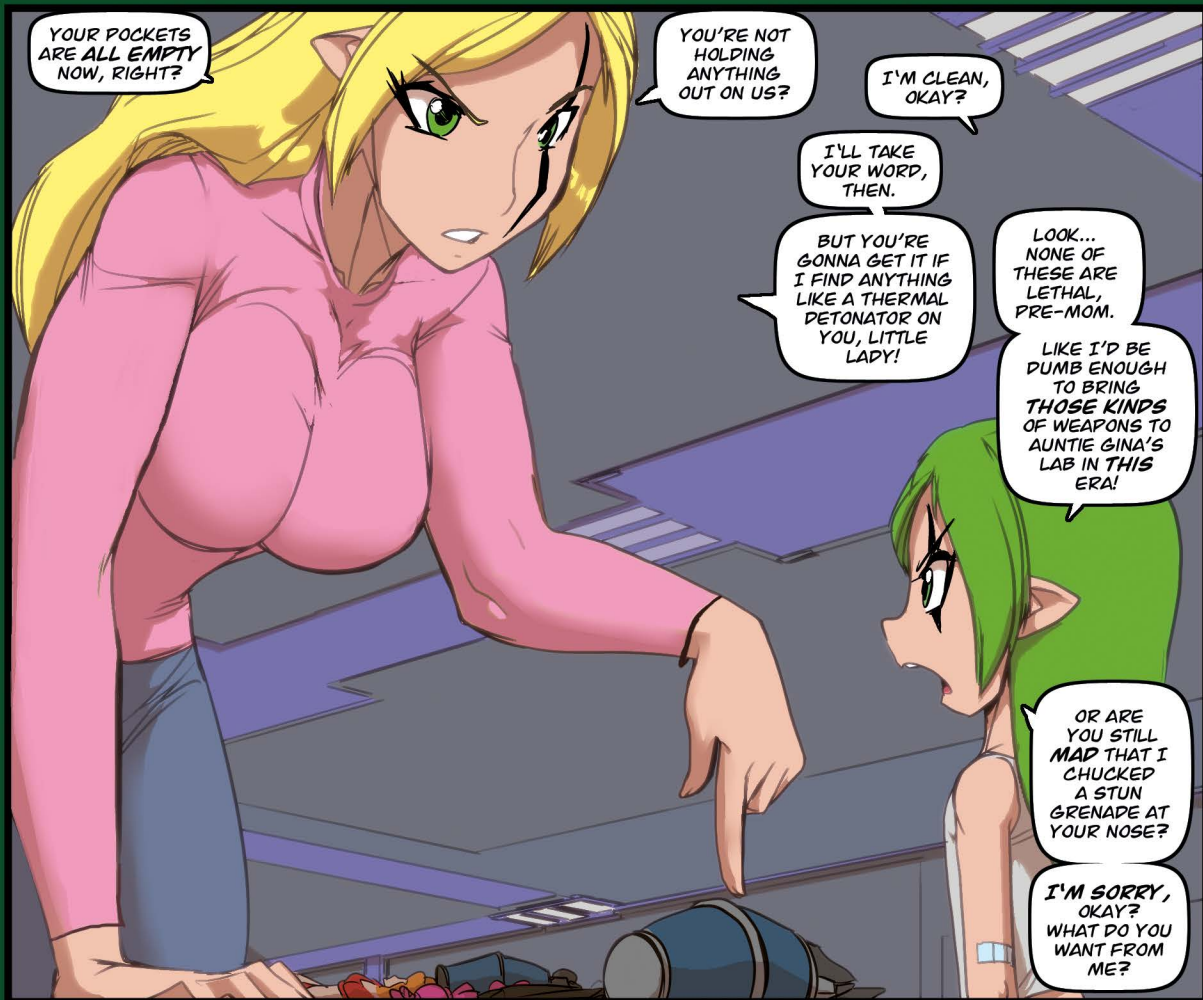
LET'S NOT JUMP TO ANY CONCLUSIONS YET, PINI.

YEAH, LIKE...
DOES THE BERMUDA
TRIANGLE KNOW
YOU'RE STEALING ITS
THUNDER?

THIS LITTLE MISS HAS SOME EXPLAINING TO DO FIRST!

YEAH! AND
THOSE YELLOW
CANDIES LOOK
**SUSPICIOUSLY
PEANUTTY!**





YOUR POCKETS ARE ALL EMPTY NOW, RIGHT?

YOU'RE NOT HOLDING ANYTHING OUT ON US?

I'M CLEAN, OKAY?

I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD, THEN.

BUT YOU'RE GONNA GET IT IF I FIND ANYTHING LIKE A THERMAL DETONATOR ON YOU, LITTLE LADY!

LOOK... NONE OF THESE ARE LETHAL, PRE-MOM.

LIKE I'D BE DUMB ENOUGH TO BRING THOSE KINDS OF WEAPONS TO AUNTIE GINA'S LAB IN THIS ERA!

OR ARE YOU STILL MAD THAT I CHUCKED A STUN GRENADE AT YOUR NOSE?

I'M SORRY, OKAY? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?



WHAT WE WANT, LITTLE LADY ARE ANSWERS!

STARTING WITH THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF THESE FUTURISTIC ITEMS!!!

MY SENSES DETECT A SMACKERAL OF HONEY-ROASTED PEANUTS WITHIN ONE OF THESE CANDIES!

WHICH ONE IS IT?

TALK!!!

NONE!

THE SMELL IS ARTIFICIAL AND THE TASTE IS LIKE CHALK!

THANKS TO THE GREAT PEANUTASTROPHE THAT WILL TAKE PLACE ONE YEAR FROM NOW...

...THERE ARE NO PEANUTS IN THE FUTURE!!!



Kia Horrified
GASPI!

CHARLIE?

YOU KNOW SHE'S MESSIN' WITH YOU, RIGHT?

AM NOT!



LISTEN UP, PINI.

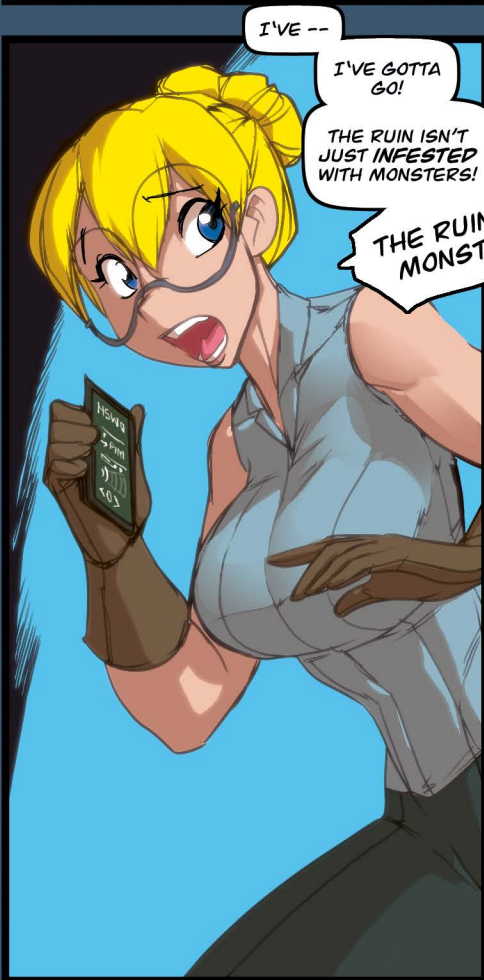
IT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE USED MY OSCILLATION OVERTHRUSTER TO PRODUCE A CAUSATIONAL PROBABILITY "SOAP BUBBLE"!

A MATERIALIZED ALTERNATE REALITY VISITOR THAT'S THERE BECAUSE SOMEONE WANTED HER THERE.

WHICH IS SILLY, BECAUSE I'VE BEEN TRYING TO "MATERIALIZE" AN ELECTRON, BOSON OR EVEN A QUARK FOR YEARS!

POINKS!

POINKS!

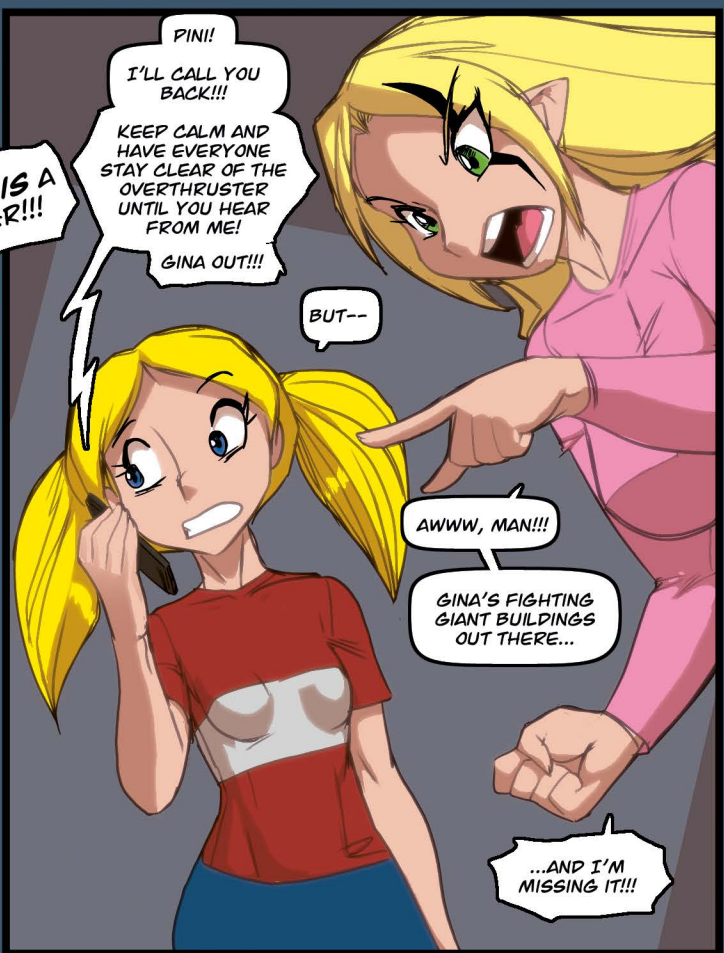


I'VE --

I'VE GOTTA GO!

THE RUIN ISN'T JUST INFESTED WITH MONSTERS!

THE RUIN IS A MONSTER!!!



PINI!

I'LL CALL YOU BACK!!!

KEEP CALM AND HAVE EVERYONE STAY CLEAR OF THE OVERTHRUSTER UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME!

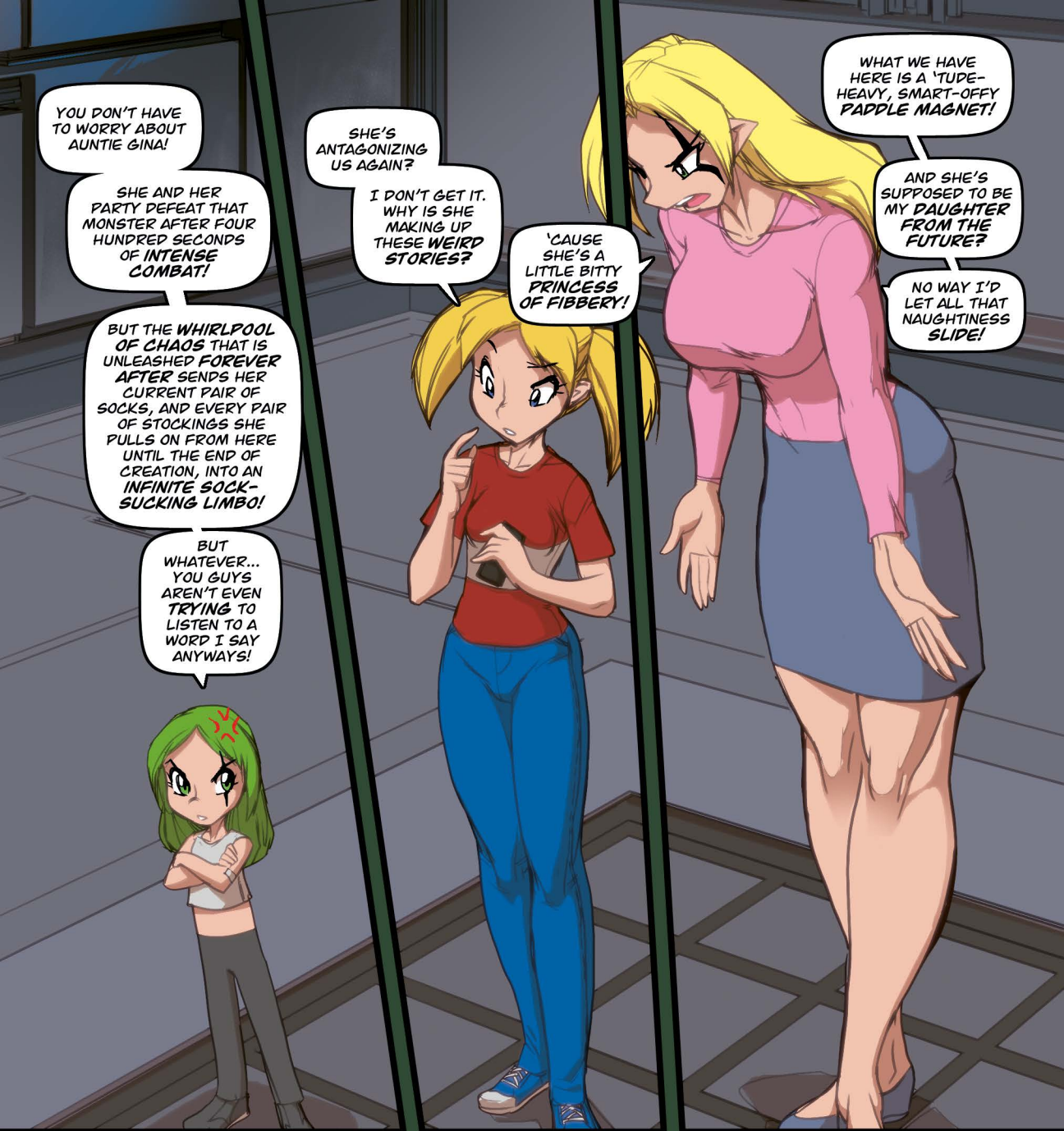
GINA OUT!!!

BUT--

AWWW, MAN!!!

GINA'S FIGHTING GIANT BUILDINGS OUT THERE...

...AND I'M MISSING IT!!!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AUNTIE GINA!

SHE AND HER PARTY DEFEAT THAT MONSTER AFTER FOUR HUNDRED SECONDS OF INTENSE COMBAT!

BUT THE WHIRLPOOL OF CHAOS THAT IS UNLEASHED FOREVER AFTER SENDS HER CURRENT PAIR OF SOCKS, AND EVERY PAIR OF STOCKINGS SHE PULLS ON FROM HERE UNTIL THE END OF CREATION, INTO AN INFINITE SOCK-SUCKING LIMBO!

BUT WHATEVER... YOU GUYS AREN'T EVEN TRYING TO LISTEN TO A WORD I SAY ANYWAYS!

SHE'S ANTAGONIZING US AGAIN?

I DON'T GET IT. WHY IS SHE MAKING UP THESE WEIRD STORIES?

'CAUSE SHE'S A LITTLE BITTY PRINCESS OF FIBBERY!

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS A 'TUDE-HEAVY, SMART-OFFY PADDLE MAGNET!

AND SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE MY DAUGHTER FROM THE FUTURE?

NO WAY I'D LET ALL THAT NAUGHTINESS SLIDE!

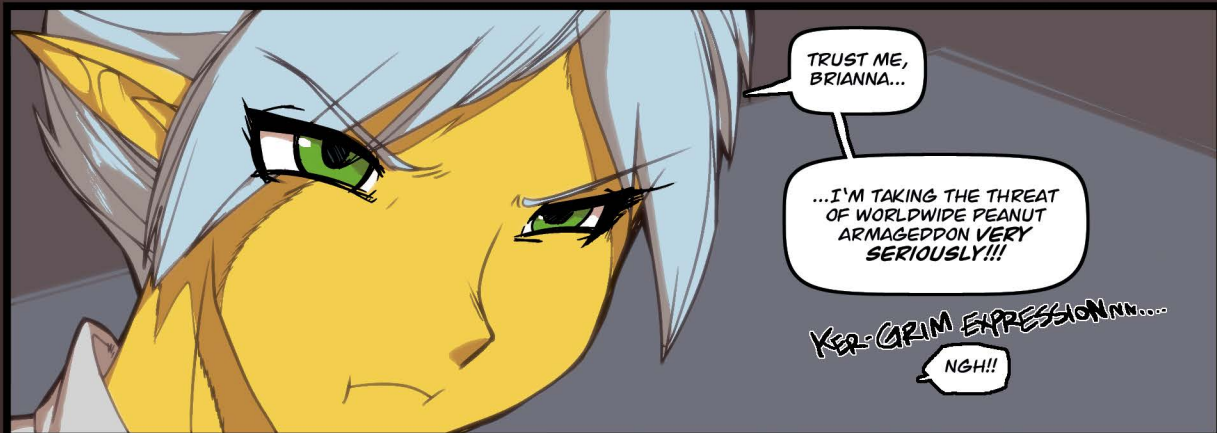


BUT...

W-WHAT IF THE STORIES SHE'S TELLING AREN'T FIBS?

WHAT IF SHE'S ANGRY BECAUSE WE WON'T TAKE HER SERIOUSLY?

LIKE I'M ABOUT TO TAKE A PEANUT APOCALYPSE AND A SOCK-SUCKING CHAOS VORTEX SERIOUSLY!

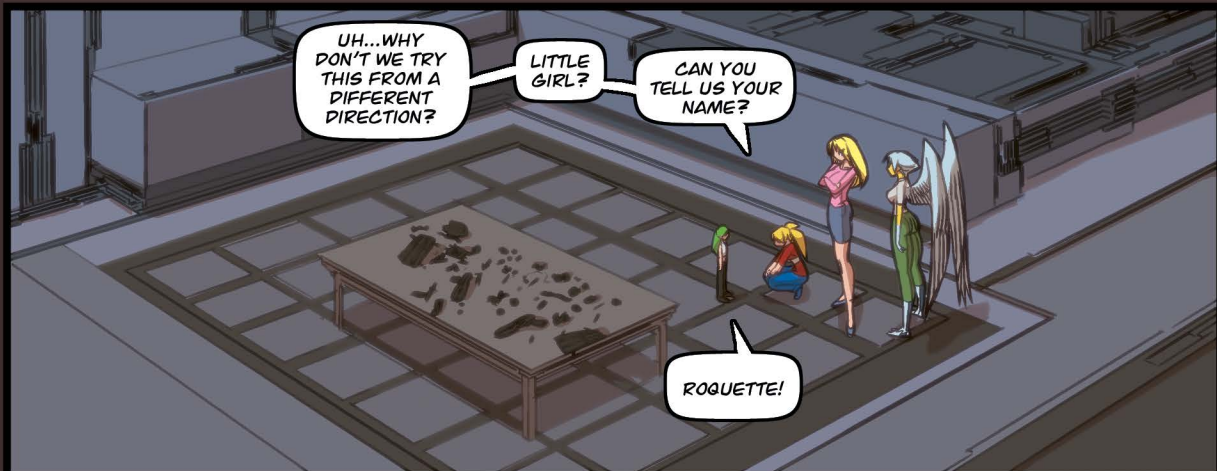


TRUST ME,
BRIANNA...

...I'M TAKING THE THREAT
OF WORLDWIDE PEANUT
ARMAGEDDON VERY
SERIOUSLY!!!

KER-GRIM EXPRESSIONNN...

NGH!!

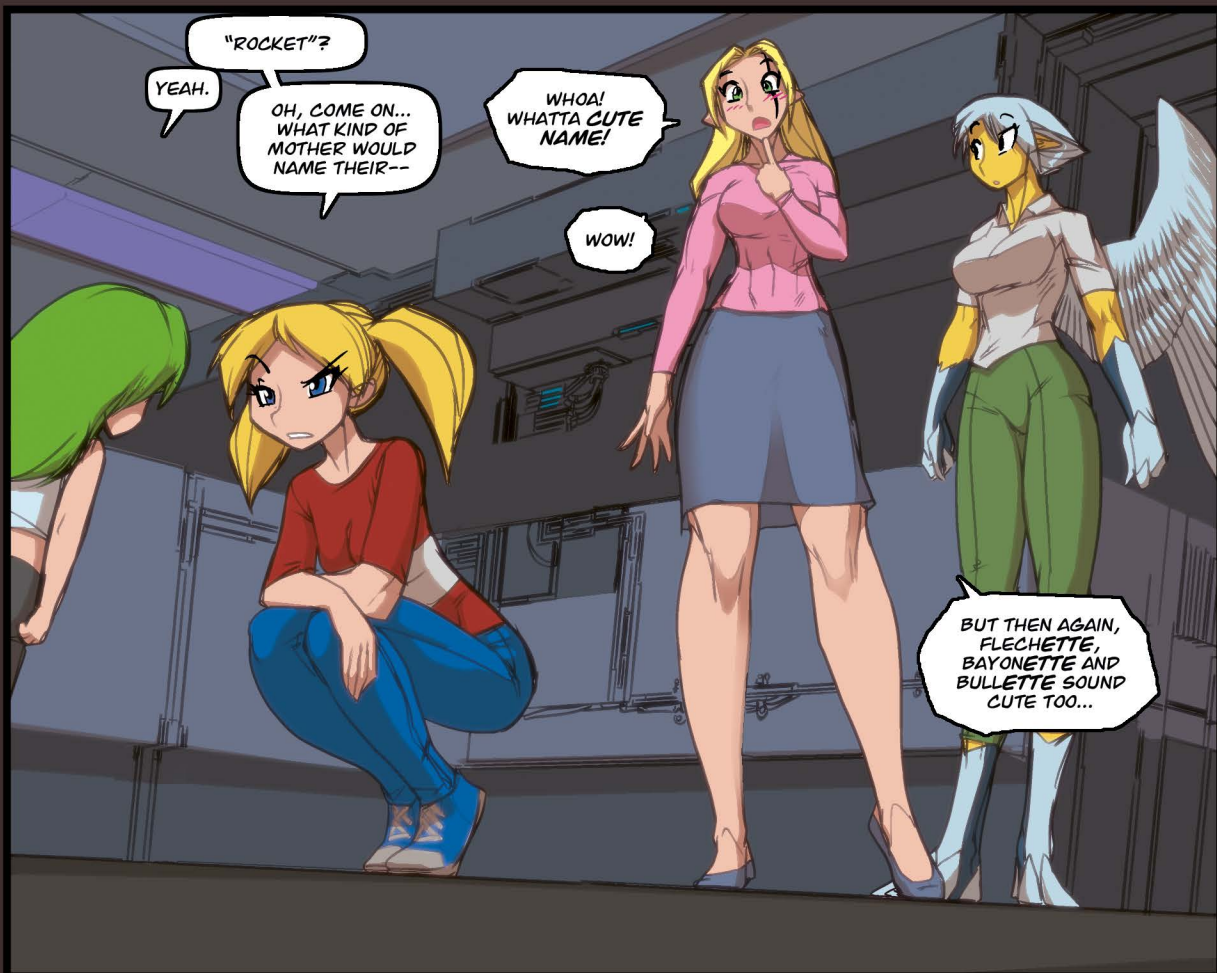


UH...WHY
DON'T WE TRY
THIS FROM A
DIFFERENT
DIRECTION?

LITTLE
GIRL?

CAN YOU
TELL US YOUR
NAME?

ROQUETTE!



"ROCKET"?

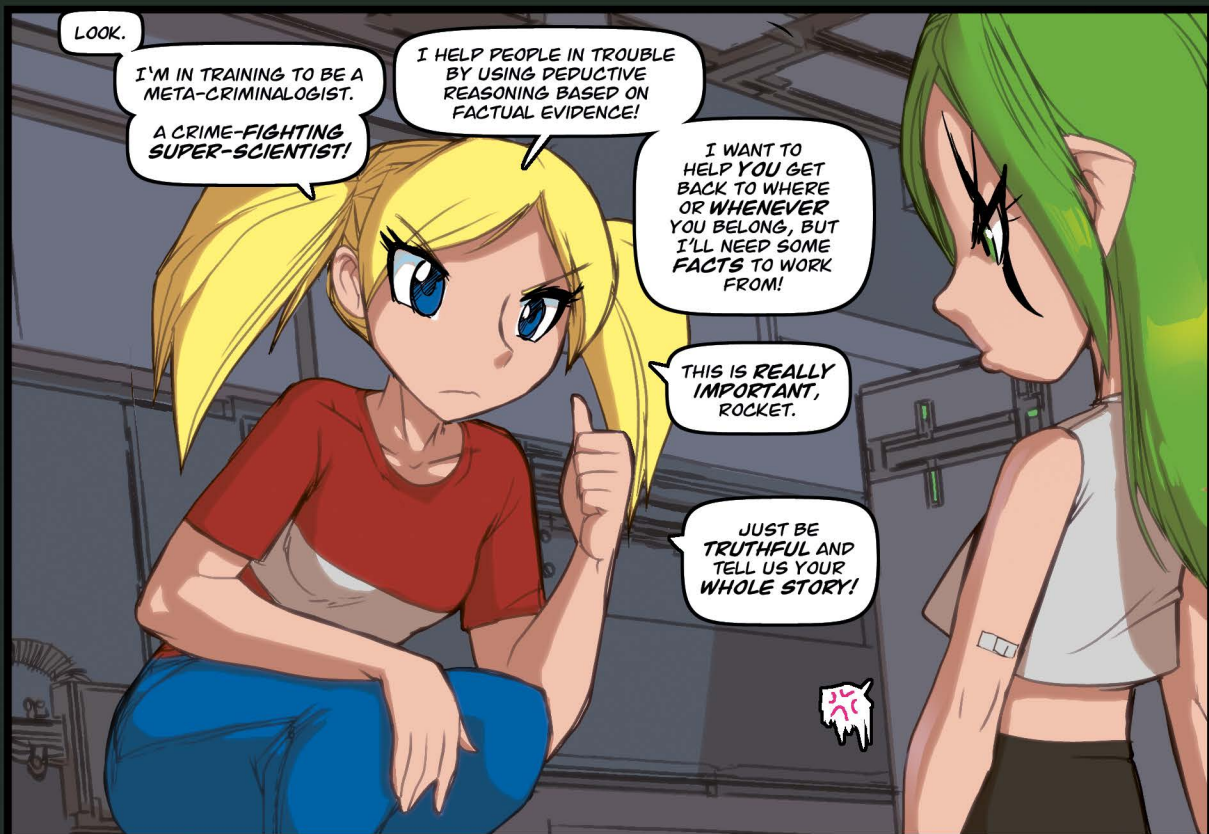
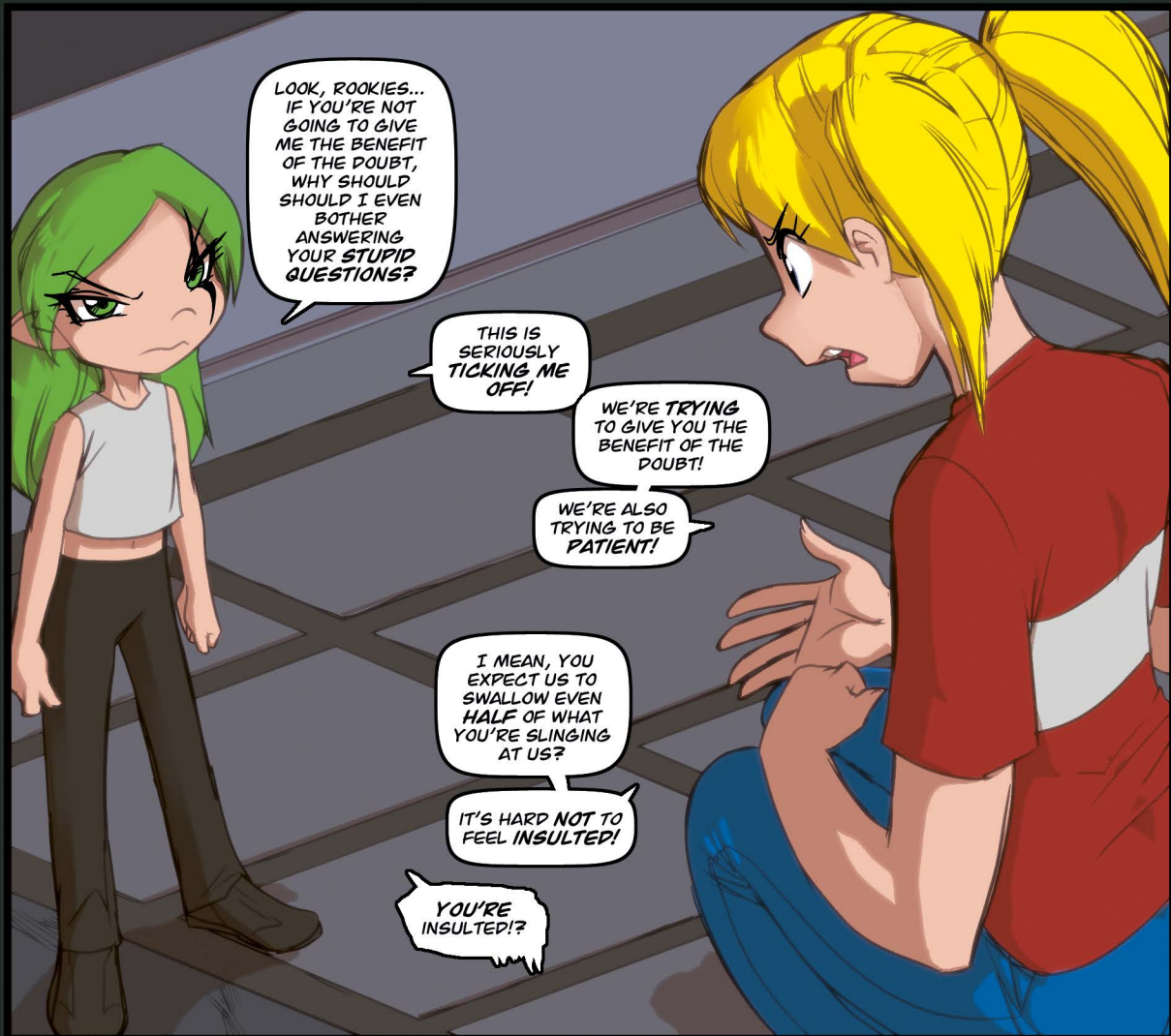
YEAH.

OH, COME ON...
WHAT KIND OF
MOTHER WOULD
NAME THEIR--

WHOA!
WHATTA CUTE
NAME!

WOW!

BUT THEN AGAIN,
FLECHETTE,
BAYONETTE AND
BULLETTE SOUND
CUTE TOO...



ALL
RIGHT.

LIKE IT OR
NOT, HERE'S
THE WHOLE
TRUTH!



A FEW YEARS FROM NOW,
AUNTIE MADRID WILL BE
OUT EXPLORING THE
ASTRAL RIFTS WHEN HER
FOODPARACKACYCLE
INEXPLICABLY GLITCHES.

SHE WILL BE FORCED
TO CONTINUE HER YEAR-
LONG EXPEDITION WITH
**NO DESSERT ON
THE MENU!!!**

UPON THE COMPLETION OF THAT
EXPEDITION, AUNTIE MADRID
WILL TELL AUNTIE GINA OF HER
SUGARLESS HARDSHIPS
THROUGH THE ASTRAL RIFTS!

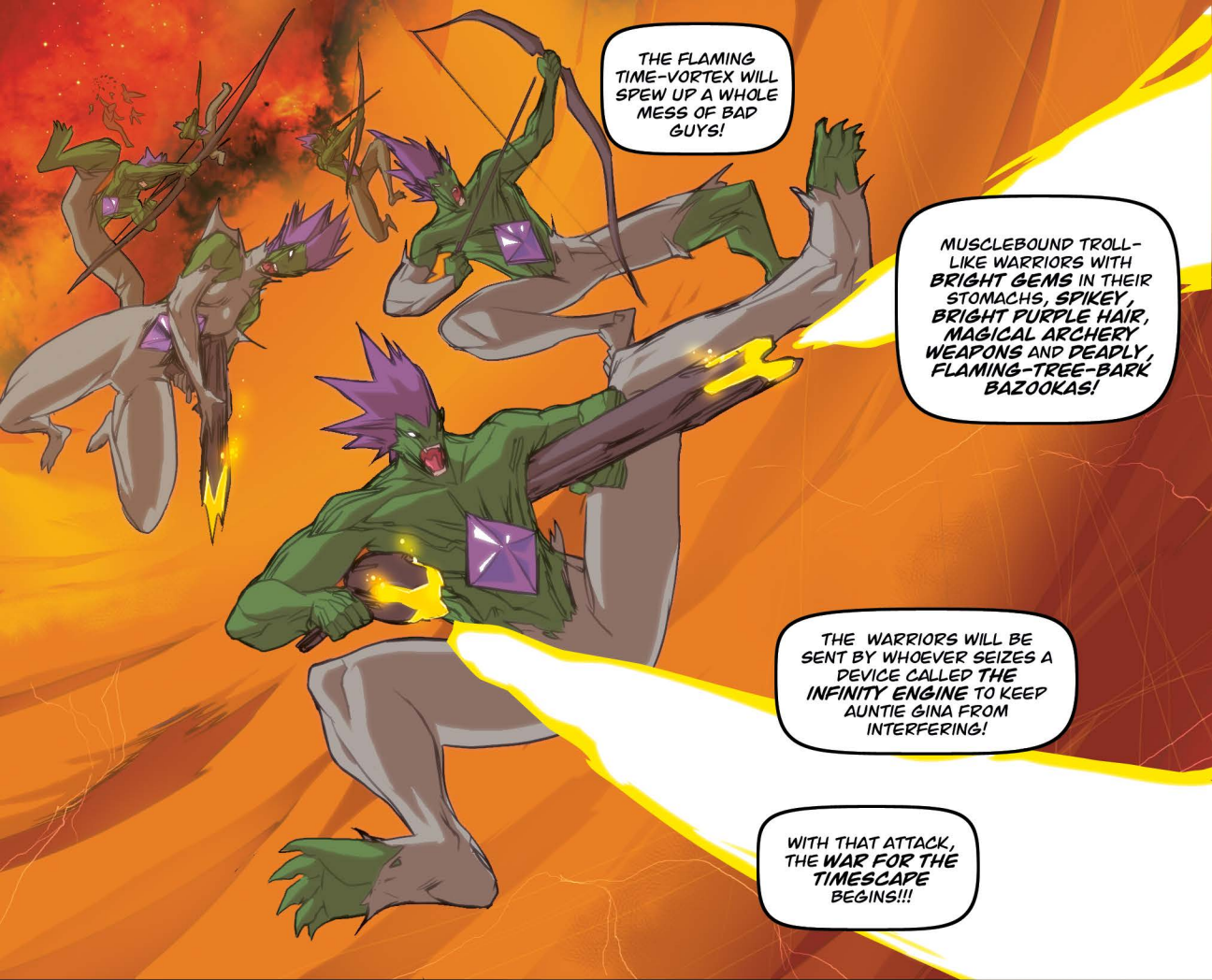
AUNTIE GINA WILL GREATLY
SYMPATHIZE AND WILL INVITE
AUNTIE MADRID TO THE ANNUAL
EXPLORER'S SOCIETY BANQUET,
WHOSE THEME, THANKS TO
AUNTIE GINA BEING
CHAIRPERSON...

...WILL BE A **SUPER
SWEDISH CHOCO-BUFFET
SMORGASBORD!!**



BUT THE FESTIVITIES WILL BE CUT
SHORT SUDDENLY AND TERRIBLY AS
A SINISTER RIFT IS TORN OPEN IN THE
TIME AND SPACE, SURROUNDING
AUNTIE MADRID'S BIG OL'
CHOCO-PARTY!!!





THE FLAMING
TIME-VORTEX WILL
SPEW UP A WHOLE
MESS OF BAD
GUYS!

MUSCLEBOUND TROLL-
LIKE WARRIORS WITH
BRIGHT GEMS IN THEIR
STOMACHS, SPIKEY,
BRIGHT PURPLE HAIR,
MAGICAL ARCHERY
WEAPONS AND DEADLY,
FLAMING-TREE-BARK
BAZOOKAS!

THE WARRIORS WILL BE
SENT BY WHOEVER SEIZES A
DEVICE CALLED THE
INFINITY ENGINE TO KEEP
AUNTIE GINA FROM
INTERFERING!

WITH THAT ATTACK,
THE WAR FOR THE
TIMESCAPE
BEGINS!!!



FORTUNATELY, WHOEVER SENDS THOSE
BAD GUYS FORGETS TO FEED THEM
FOR A FEW DAYS, BECAUSE EVERY
ATTACKER WILL BE DISTRACTED BY
THE CHOCOLATE BUFFET TABLES!!!

THERE WILL BE LASERS,
MISSILES, AND SUGARY
ICING FLYING ALL OVER
THE PLACE!

THANKFULLY, THE
ENEMY WILL BE
FORCED BACK
INTO THE
TIMESCAPE!

ONCE THE SMOKE CLEARS AND
THE RIP IN TIME-SPACE CEASES ITS
CONVULSIONS, AUNTIE GINA AND HER
FRIENDS BEGIN PREPARATIONS TO
ENSURE ANOTHER TIME-AMBUSH
IS NEVER LAUNCHED AGAIN!

HOWEVER, THE COLLATERAL
DAMAGE TO THE SWEDISH
CONFECTIONERS WILL BE
BEYOND CALCULATION!!!



AFTER AUNTIE GINA
DISCOVERS THAT THE ENEMY
IS TARGETING EVERYONE IN
OUR WHOLE FAMILY...

...AUNT BRITANNY
SENDS TIFFY TO PICK
ME UP AND BRING ME
TO GINA'S WARP
FIELD LAB!

AND BY THE WAY,
I'VE ALMOST
F-FINISHED MY
HOMEWORK WHEN
THAT HAPPENS!

I-I'M NOT
PLAYING NO
VIDEO GAMES!!!

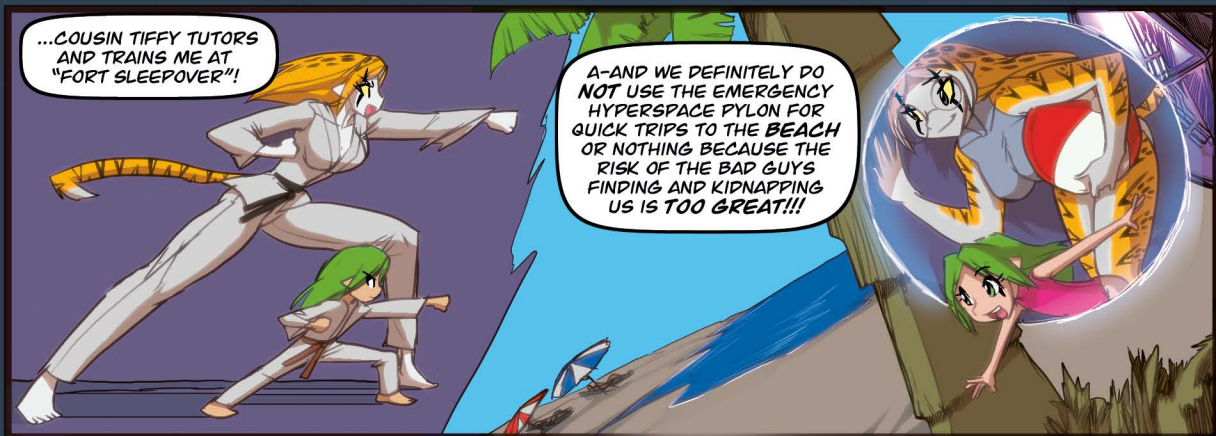
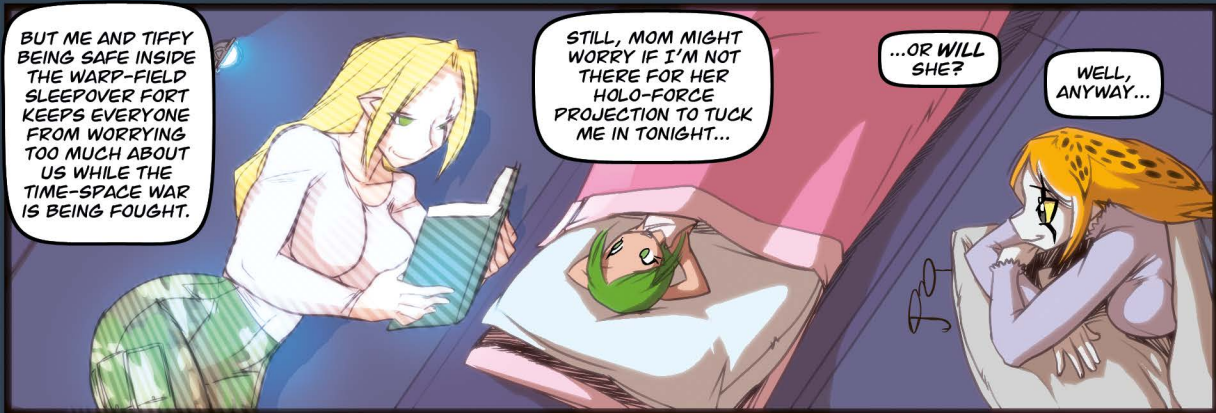


ANYWAY, WITH OUR FAMILY
IN DANGER FROM A
CHRONOSPACE ATTACK,
AUNT BRITANNY LEAVES
TIFFY AND ME INSIDE THE
WARP FIELD SHELL,
WHERE WE'RE SAFE...

...AS EVERYONE
ELSE IN OUR FAMILY
GOES OFF TO BEAT
UP THE GUY TRYING
TO KILL US!

THEY HAVE TO SUCCEED, TOO,
BECAUSE THE INFINITY ENGINE
WAS USED TO ERADICATE THEIR
EXISTENCE FROM THE FLOW
OF "PROBABLE TIME"...

...WHICH DIDN'T
ACTUALLY HAPPEN...
...OR DID
IT!?





SO I DRESSED UP IN THE **STEALTH GEAR TIFFY** MADE FOR ME AND DROPPED INTO THE OPEN WARP FIELD PORTAL!

A SCARY TRIP FOR SURE, BUT THIS ERA IS CLOUDY FOR SOME REASON, SO ENEMY TIME-MAGES HAVE A TOUGH TIME PATROLLING!

BUT NOW, AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE I HAD GETTING HERE, THE PARADOX OF MOM NOT MARRYING DAD WAS JUST A CASE OF MISHEARD **BACHELORETTE PARTY PLANS!**

GEEZERS!

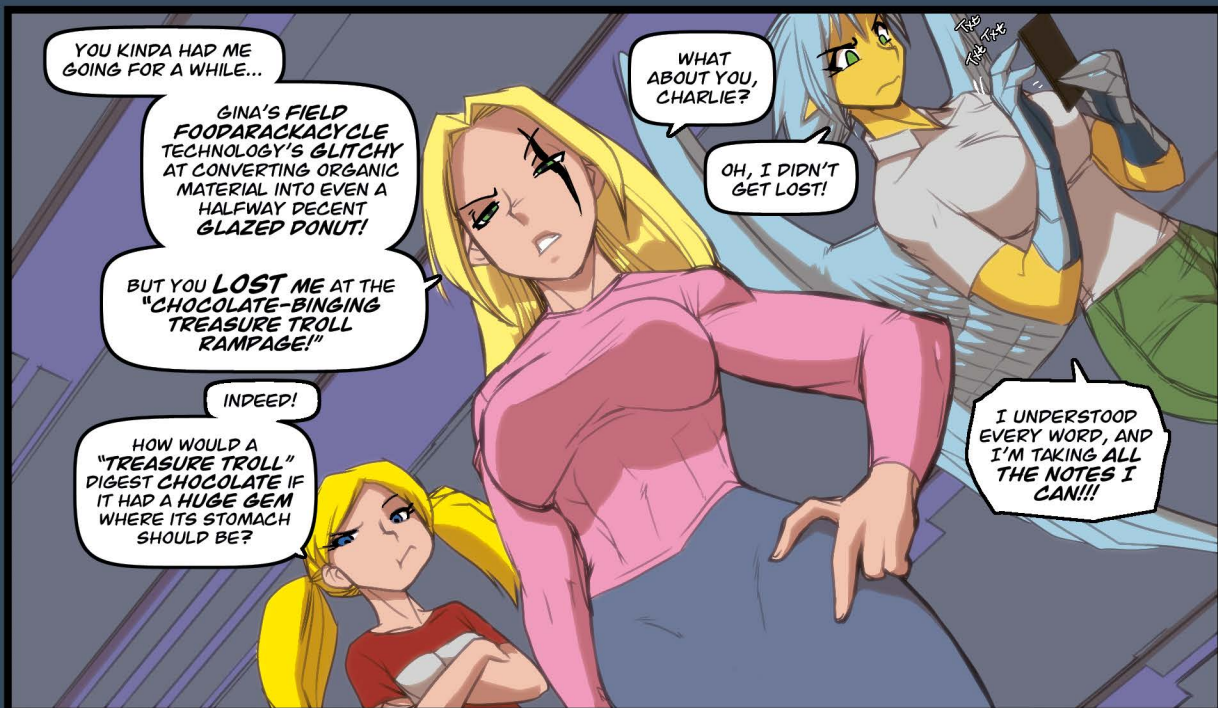


SO.

THAT'S THE **WHOLE TRUTH!**

AND...

...YOU DON'T BELIEVE A **WORD** OF IT, AND I TOTALLY WASTED MY TIME, HUH?



YOU KINPA HAD ME GOING FOR A WHILE...

GINA'S FIELD **FOODPARACKACYCLE** TECHNOLOGY'S **GLITCHY** AT CONVERTING ORGANIC MATERIAL INTO EVEN A HALFWAY DECENT **GLAZED DONUT!**

BUT YOU **LOST** ME AT THE "**CHOCOLATE-BINGING TREASURE TROLL RAMPAGE!**"

INDEED!

HOW WOULD A "**TREASURE TROLL**" DIGEST **CHOCOLATE** IF IT HAD A **HUGE GEM** WHERE ITS STOMACH SHOULD BE?

WHAT ABOUT YOU, CHARLIE?

OH, I DIDN'T GET LOST!

I UNDERSTOOD EVERY WORD, AND I'M TAKING **ALL THE NOTES I CAN!!!**



ALL THAT FUTURE INFORMATION C-COULD REALLY SAVE LIVES!!!

I'M CALLING THIS DOCUMENT...

... "**THE ROCKET PROPHECIES**"!!!



TSKS

SO CHARLIE IS THE ONLY ONE HERE WITH THE BRAINS TO GET THE BIG PICTURE!?!

GEEZERS, PRE-MOM!!!

YOU MENTIONED YOU LACKED WISDOM WHEN YOU WERE YOUNGER...



...BUT YOU NEVER SAID YOU WERE AN AIRHEAD!!!



PEEBRIS
Time out
Corner

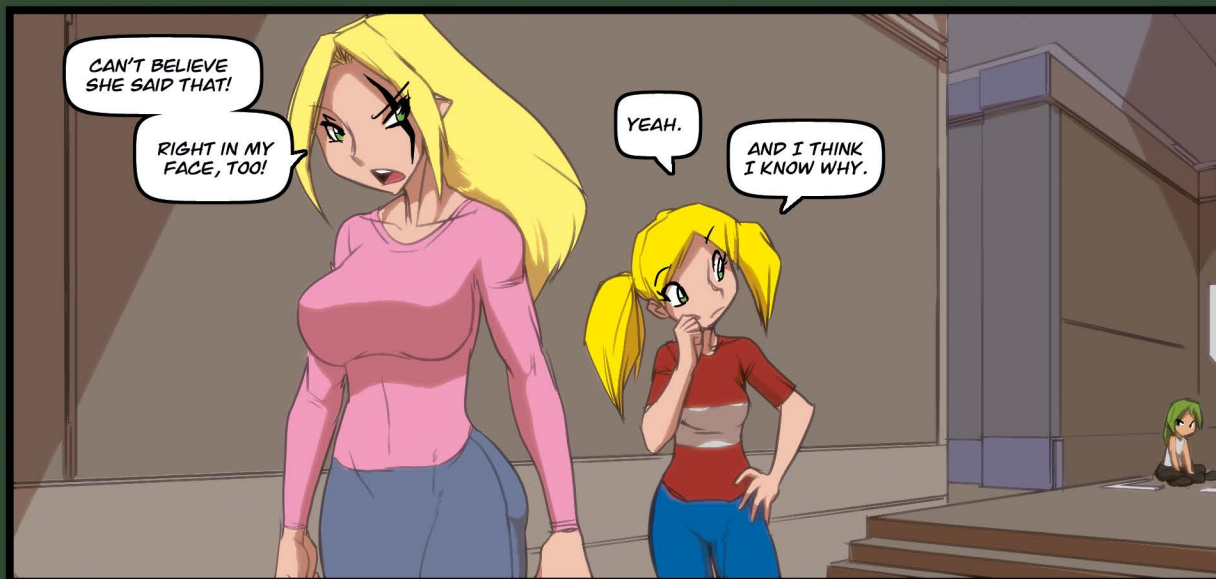


YOU TOO.
GET YOUR LITTLE BUTT IN THERE!

HEY!!!

I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!

HAXXORIN' INTO TIME AND SPACE FOR CHEAT CODES AIN'T NO CRIME!!!



CAN'T BELIEVE SHE SAID THAT!

RIGHT IN MY FACE, TOO!

YEAH.

AND I THINK I KNOW WHY.



MIND YOU... THIS IS TOTALLY SPECULATORY.

MAYBE SHE BELIEVES THE BEST WAY FOR A TIME-TRAVELLER WHO'S MADE IT TO THE PAST TO CONCEAL HARMFUL KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE...

...WOULD BE TO MAKE UP THE MOST OUTRAGEOUSLY WEIRD STORIES EVER!

SO THAT EVERYTHING SAID TRAVELLER REVEALS SEEMS IMPLAUSIBLE!

RIGHT NOW, EVEN IF ROCKET DID TELL THE TRUTH, THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN USE IT TO MAKE ANY PLANS!

I CAN'T EVEN TOTALLY CONVINCE MYSELF THAT SHE'S A TIME-TRAVELLER!



THERE'S GINA'S THEORY OF ROCKET BEING A CAUSATIONAL REALITY BUBBLE...

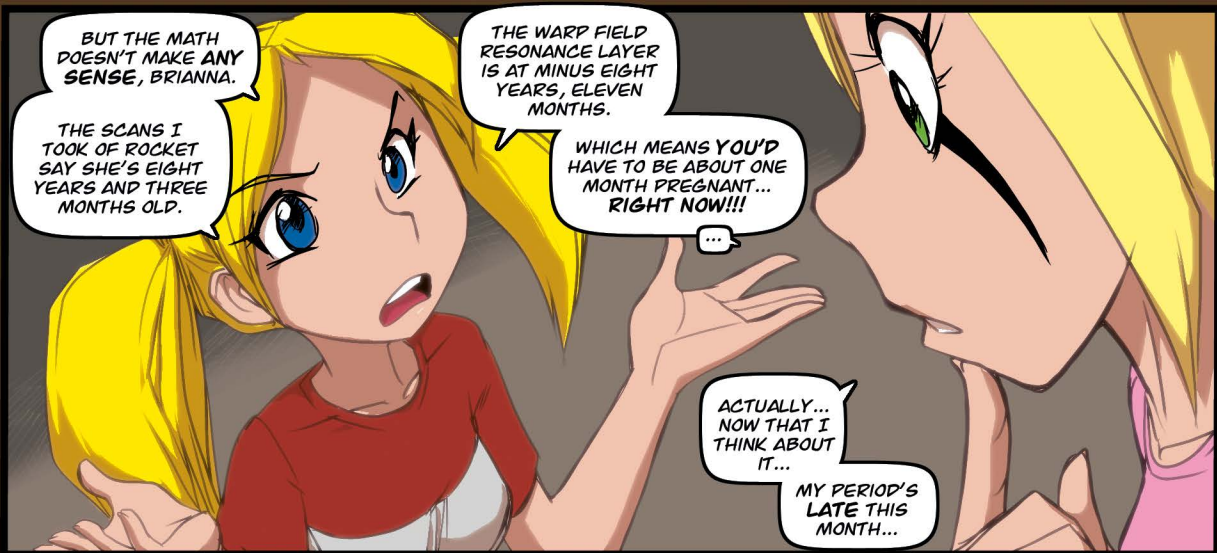
...OR PERHAPS SHE'S A GHOST OF PEEBRI'S ADVANCED A.I. BOUNCING AROUND IN SOME ERRANT HOLO-FORCE PROJECTION SHORT CIRCUIT?

NO.

SHE'S MINE, ALL RIGHT.

ONLY PEEBRI AND NOW ROQUETTE HAVE EVER MADE ME FEEL THIS STRANGE MIX OF WONDER AND CONFUSION AND FRUSTRATION AT THEIR ANTICS.

BUT I'M STILL DISAPPOINTED AT ROQUETTE'S MAJOR, MAJOR ATTITUDE!



BUT THE MATH DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE, BRIANNA.

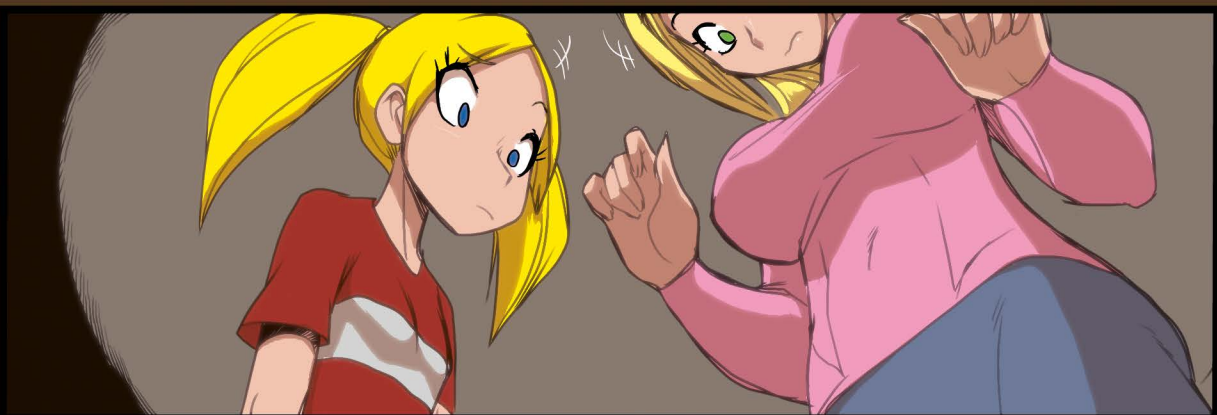
THE SCANS I TOOK OF ROCKET SAY SHE'S EIGHT YEARS AND THREE MONTHS OLD.

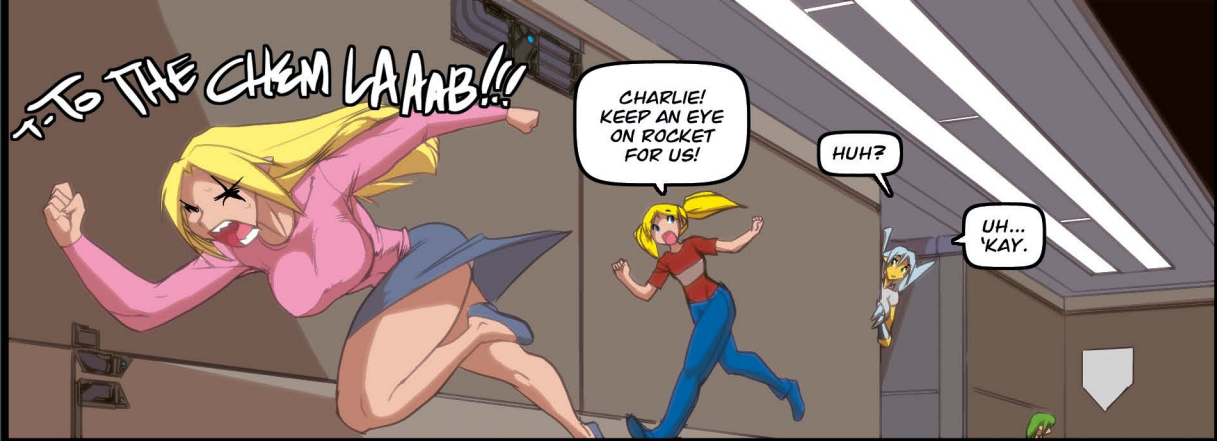
THE WARP FIELD RESONANCE LAYER IS AT MINUS EIGHT YEARS, ELEVEN MONTHS.

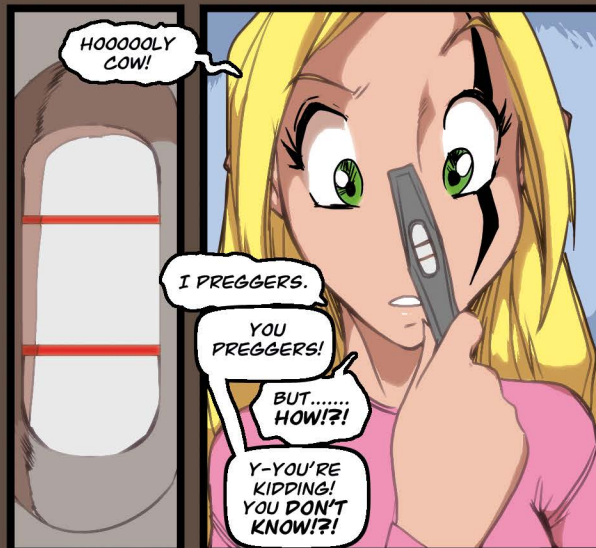
WHICH MEANS YOU'D HAVE TO BE ABOUT ONE MONTH PREGNANT... RIGHT NOW!!!

ACTUALLY... NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT...

MY PERIOD'S LATE THIS MONTH...





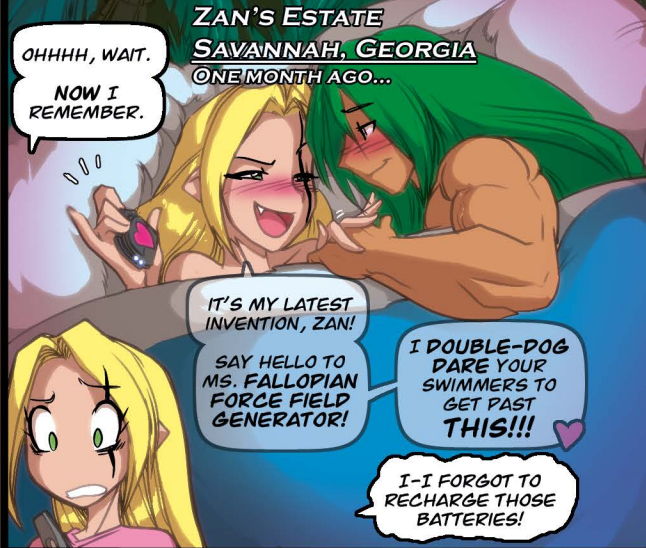


HOOOOOLY COW!

I PREGGERS.

YOU PREGGERS!

BUT..... HOW!?!
Y-YOU'RE KIDDING!
YOU DON'T KNOW!?!
I THINK I SHOULD SIT DOWN.



ZAN'S ESTATE
SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
ONE MONTH AGO...

OHHHH, WAIT.
NOW I REMEMBER.

IT'S MY LATEST INVENTION, ZAN!
SAY HELLO TO MS. FALLOPIAN
FORCE FIELD GENERATOR!

I DOUBLE-DOG PARE YOUR SWIMMERS TO GET PAST THIS!!!

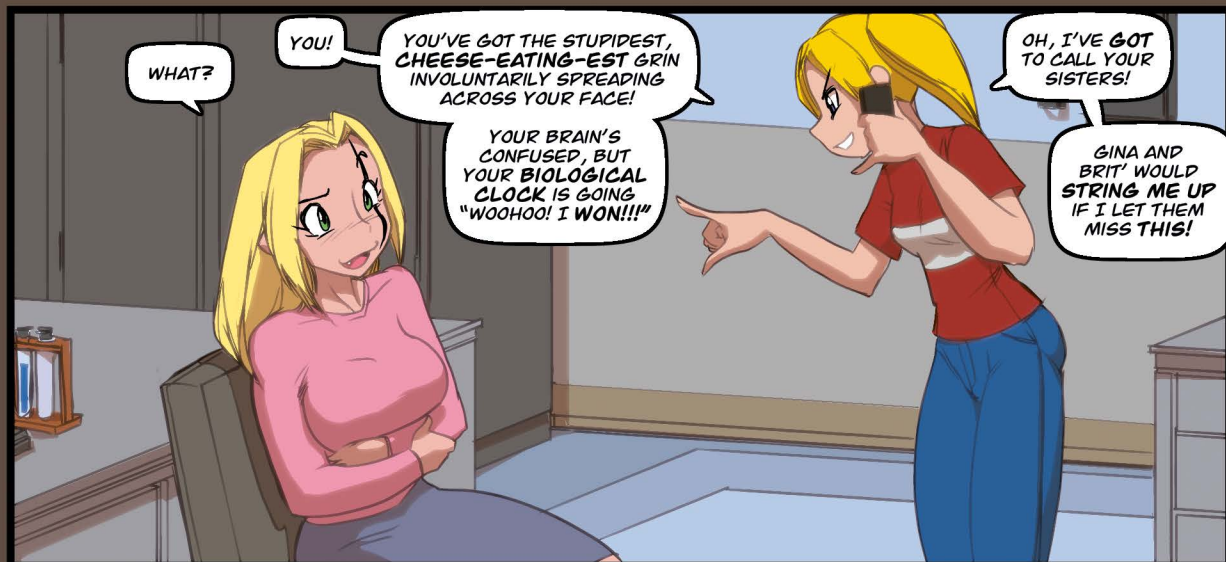
I-I FORGOT TO RECHARGE THOSE BATTERIES!



I THINK I SHOULD SIT DOWN.

I THINK YOU SHOULD SIT DOWN TOO.

HEH.
HEH HEH.
HEE HEE!



WHAT?

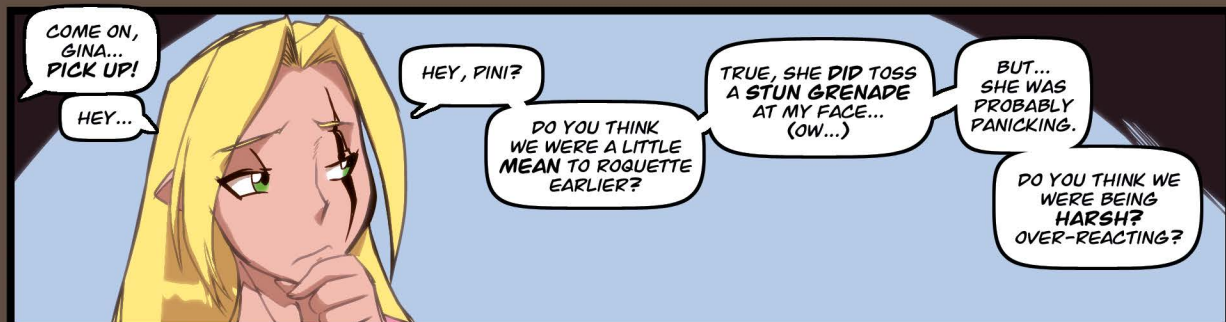
YOU!

YOU'VE GOT THE STUPIDEST, CHEESE-EATING-EST GRIN INVOLUNTARILY SPREADING ACROSS YOUR FACE!

YOUR BRAIN'S CONFUSED, BUT YOUR BIOLOGICAL CLOCK IS GOING "WOOHOO! I WON!!!"

OH, I'VE GOT TO CALL YOUR SISTERS!

GINA AND BRIT' WOULD STRING ME UP IF I LET THEM MISS THIS!



COME ON, GINA... PICK UP!

HEY...

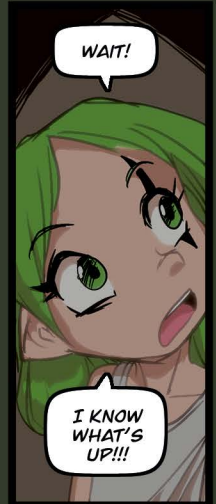
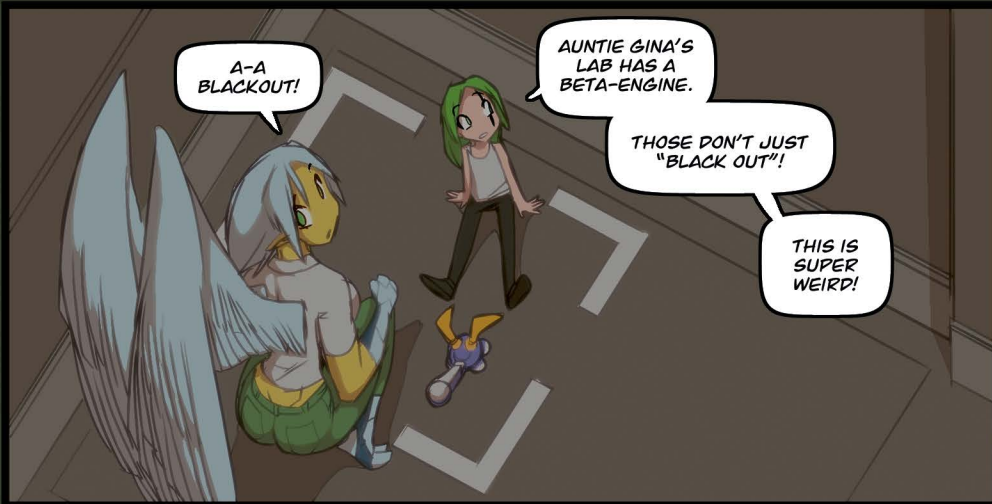
HEY, PINI?

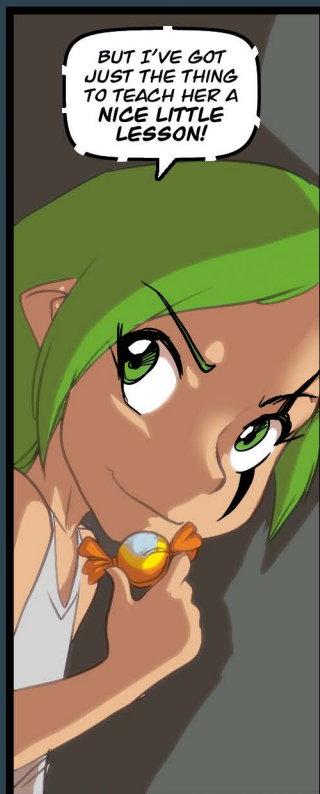
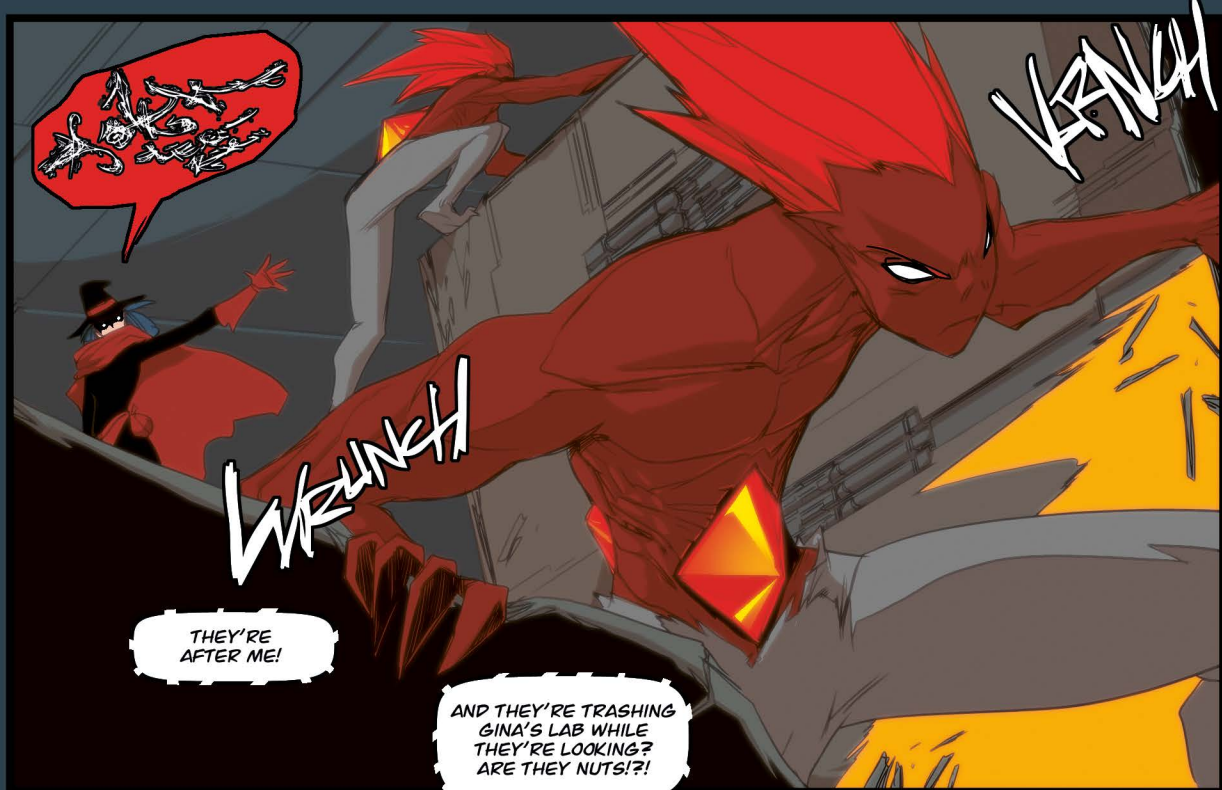
DO YOU THINK WE WERE A LITTLE MEAN TO ROQUETTE EARLIER?

TRUE, SHE DID TOSS A STUN GRENADE AT MY FACE... (OW...)

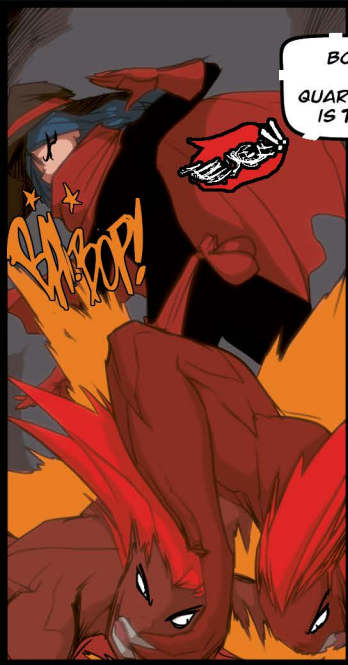
BUT... SHE WAS PROBABLY PANICKING.

DO YOU THINK WE WERE BEING HARSH? OVER-REACTING?

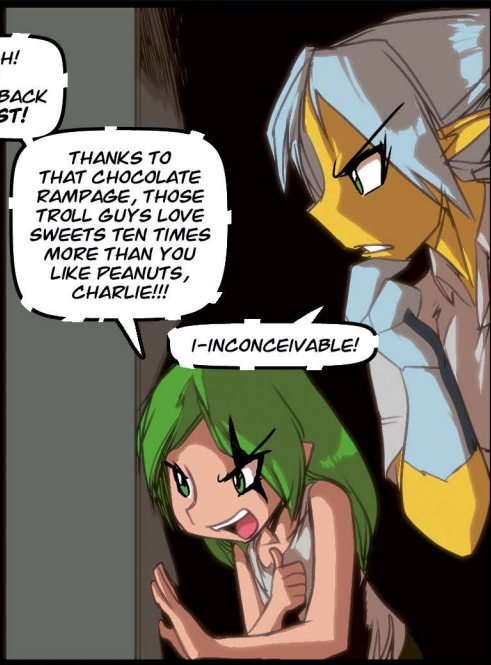








BOOYAH!
THE
QUARTERBACK
IS TOAST!



THANKS TO
THAT CHOCOLATE
RAMPAGE, THOSE
TROLL GUYS LOVE
SWEETS TEN TIMES
MORE THAN YOU
LIKE PEANUTS,
CHARLIE!!!

I-INCONCEIVABLE!



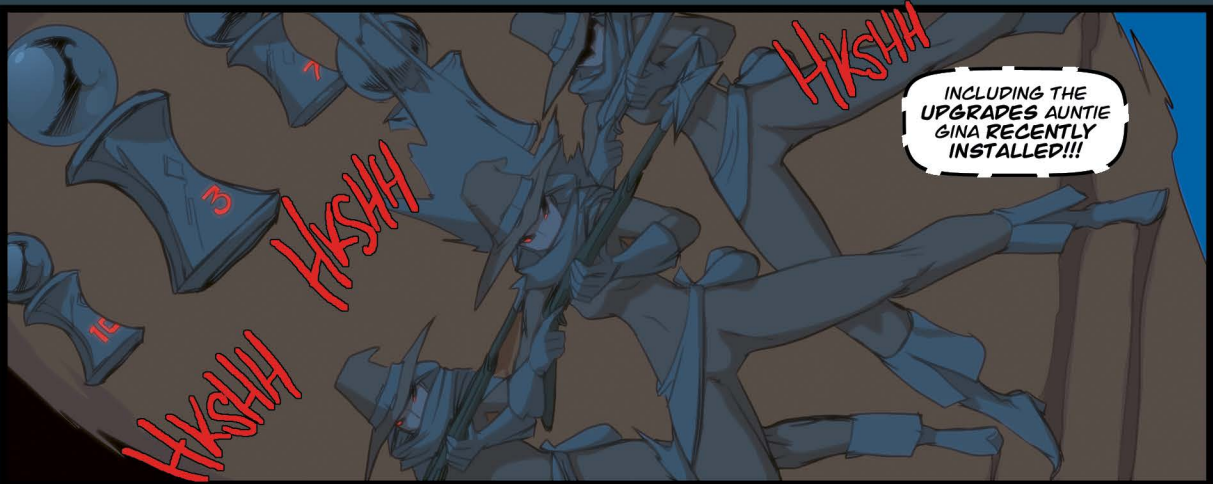
WHOOA!
THE LIGHTS
ARE BACK ON!

WE BROKE THAT
TIME MAGE'S
CONCENTRATION!

AND NOW THAT
THE POWER'S
BACK ON...



... SO ARE THE
DEFENSES!



INCLUDING THE
UPGRADES AUNTIE
GINA RECENTLY
INSTALLED!!!



WHO THE HECK ARE THOSE--

AUNTIE GINA CALLS THEM "PAWNS"!

SHE ANALYZED THE REMAINS OF SOME DURING A TRIP TO A DANGEROUS TEMPLE AND FIGURED OUT HOW TO MAKE THEM USING "RIBBON" OR SOMETHING!

THEY TOTALLY KICK EVERYTHING'S BUTTS!

THE TROUBLE IS AUNTIE GINA CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW PROGRAM THEM!

WHEN AUNTIE MAKES THEM IN HERE, THEY'RE STUCK WITH ONE OF THE INSTRUCTION SETS THAT WERE ON THE PAWNS SHE ANALYZED IN THAT DUNGEON...



"DEFEND THE AREA FROM INVADERS WIELDING LETHAL WEAPONS OR ABILITIES"!

HEE HEE! LOOK AT MS. ROOKIE TIME MAGE MAKE A RUN FOR IT!!!



WHA--

THAT'S WHAT SHE GETS FOR SWINGING THAT NIHILATOR AROUND!

R-ROCKET?

SHOULDA KEPT YOUR WEAPONS ON STUN LIKE I DID!!!

STOOPIDS!

ROCKET!!!



