



(GREETINGS,  
YING KO.)

(THE  
**Red  
EMPRESS**  
SENDS HER  
REGARDS.)



*Like any group new to American shores, Chinese immigrants often found criminal enterprise the only path afforded them by a culture that promised equality and opportunity but was in fact steeped in bigotry and exclusion.*



Like the Italian and Jewish mobs, the Tong societies soon wielded a ruthless authority that resulted in both power and wealth.

<HOW SADLY PREDICTABLE... MIGHTY YING KO-- THE DREADED SHADOW OF JUDGMENT-- LURED AND SNARED FOR THE SAKE OF A WORTHLESS ARISTOCRAT!>

<WELL...NOT ENTIRELY SO. NOW THAT THE VAPID MISS SULLIVAN HAS SERVED HER ROLE AS LIVING BAIT, I'M SURE HER FAMILY WILL PAY A HEFTY SUM FOR HER RANSOM.>

<SHE WILL BE RETURNED TO THEM... MOSTLY UNHARMED!>

<A FATE DENIED TO YOU, I'M AFRAID.>



<HUH? LI... WHAT'S WRONG?>



<AND NOW... HE'S GONE! HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?!>







<HE...>

I...>

<IDIOT!>

<DON'T LOOK INTO HIS EYES.>



WAP



<MY EMPRESS HAS LONGED TO CELEBRATE THE DAY OF YOUR DEATH.>



<YOUR TULKU TRICKS COUNT FOR NOTHING, YING KO.>

<IT WILL BE A MOST MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY!>



TNT  
CAUTION



Countless times, I've sat and waited.  
My stomach in knots awaiting his  
return from yet another mission  
fraught with certain danger.

As per his instructions.  
No...as per his **command**.

HOW LONG'S  
IT'S BEEN,  
SHREVIE?

ONLY TEN MINUTES,  
MISS LANE.

AND SO FAR...  
NO SIGN OF ANY  
TROUBLE.

BUT BY THE  
TIME WE NOTICE  
ANYTHING...  
IT MIGHT BE  
**TOO LATE!**

C'MON NOW,  
MISS LANE...  
YOU KNOW  
THE BOSS.

HE'S WHO  
THE BAD GUYS  
ARE SCARED OF...  
NOT THE OTHER  
WAY AROUND!

HO, CABBIE!







SORRY, FELLAS.  
I KNOW THIS IS A SHABBY  
SECTION OF TOWN AND ALL...  
BUT I'M NOT AVAILABLE.  
WAITIN' ON ANOTHER  
FARE.

