

**DYNAMITE** 

# UNCANNY

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SEASON OF  
HUNGRY  
GHOSTS

PART ONE



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*Jack 13*

DYNAMITE  
ENTERTAINMENT  
PROUDLY PRESENTS

# UNCANNY

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THEY CALL IT  
THE *SEASON*  
OF *HUNGRY*  
GHOSTS.

WHEN THE GATES OF  
HELL OPEN UP AND THE  
DEAD COME PROWLING,  
LOOKING FOR A PIECE  
OF THE ACTION.

THE WARM NIGHT  
AIR FILLS WITH THE  
SCENT OF INCENSE  
AND CANDLE WAX.

OIL-DRUM ALTARS  
BURNING ON THE  
STREET CORNERS.

FAKE PAPER MONEY  
WILTING IN THE  
SINGAPORE RAIN.

THE LOCALS LEAVE THESE  
OFFERINGS TO KEEP THE  
SPIRITS OFF THEIR BACKS.

BUY A LITTLE PEACE.

CHEAT  
THE DEAD.





NO WONDER  
THE GHOSTS  
STAY HUNGRY.  
IT'S ALL *FAKE*.

SO THEY HAVE  
TO KEEP HUNTING  
FOR THE NEXT HIT.  
THE NEXT MARK.



ANYTHING  
TO MAKE THEM  
FEEL ALIVE.

UNTIL IT'S TIME TO  
GO BACK INTO  
THE SHADOWS.



I CAN RELATE.



FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD MEANS I'VE BEEN IN SINGAPORE A YEAR NOW. FIGURES.

GETTING TOO COMFORTABLE. GETTING *STALE*.

BUT THIS PLACE HAS RICH PICKINGS FOR A MAN IN MY LINE OF WORK...

AND *THIS* SMUG FUCK IS READY TO *FALL*.

HOPING YOUR HAND WILL SPROUT *ACES* IF YOU STARE AT IT LONG ENOUGH?

THE BET IS FOR YOUR LAST *FIFTY THOUSAND*, MR WEAVER. MEET ME OR FOLD.

I *READ* HIM BEFORE THE GAME. HE'S A BLUFFER WITH MORE MONEY THAN SENSE.

I'LL MEET YOU AND *RAISE*.

BEEN LURING HIM INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY ALL NIGHT. LETTING HIM THINK HE'S WINNING...

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND.

...BEFORE I SPRING THE TRAP.

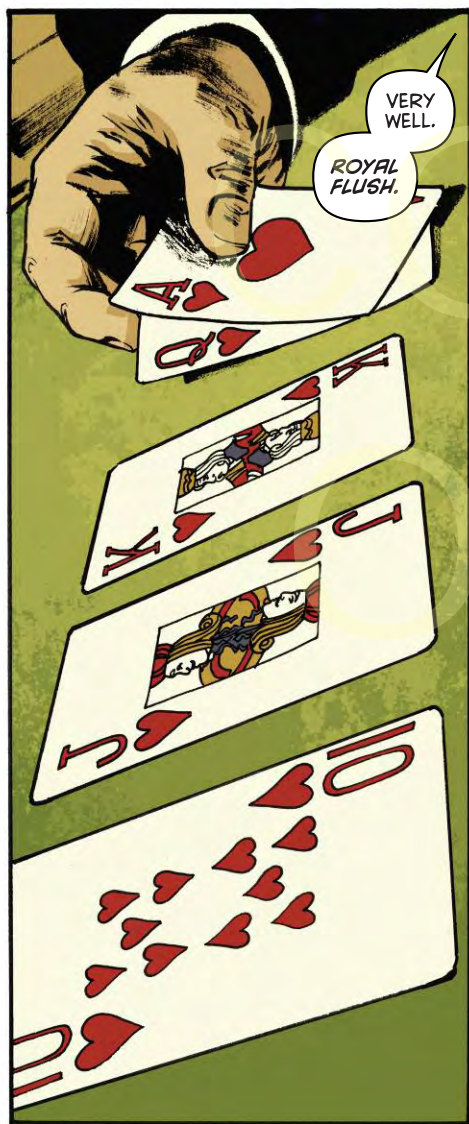




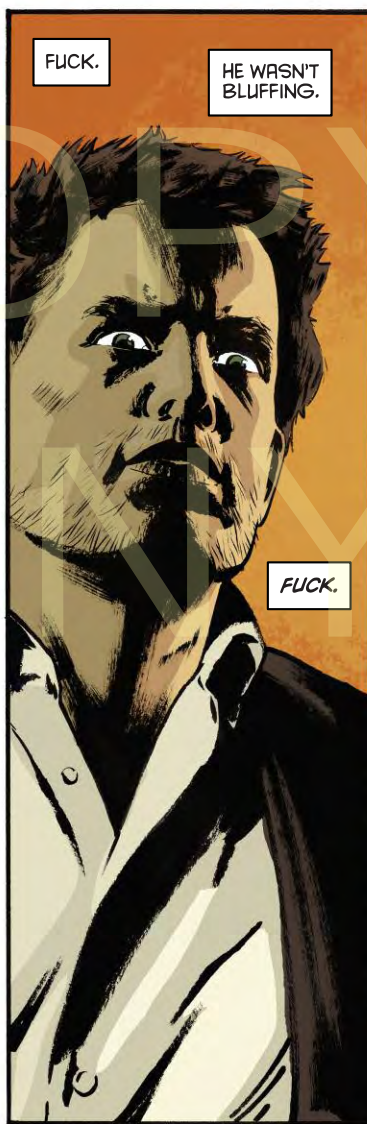
TIME TO CLEAN  
UP AND MOVE ON.

YOU DON'T  
HAVE IT.

I DON'T  
NEED IT. PUT UP  
OR SHUT UP.



VERY  
WELL.  
  
ROYAL  
FLUSH.



FUCK.

HE WASN'T  
BLUFFING.

FUCK.



YOU OWE ME  
TWO HUNDRED  
THOUSAND  
DOLLARS,  
AMERICAN.





KUDOS, MR LEE.  
I CAN SEE HOW YOU  
WON THE CASINO.

GUESS I'D  
BETTER GO  
WRITE YOU A  
*CHECK.*



XIONG,  
MY HEAD OF  
SECURITY,  
WILL  
ACCOMPANY  
YOU.



NO TRUST  
LEFT IN THIS  
TOWN, HUH?



I DON'T HAVE TWO  
HUNDRED THOUSAND  
DOLLARS.

WALK.

HELL, I DIDN'T  
HAVE THE *FIFTY*.

BOUGHT  
THE CHIPS  
ON STOLEN  
CREDIT.

SMILE AND  
LAUGH, LIKE I JUST  
SAID SOMETHING  
MEANS I DON'T  
GIVE A SHIT.

HA HA!







HOW THE FUCK  
DID I GET LEE  
SO WRONG...?

I SHOOK HIS HAND  
BEFORE THE GAME.  
GOT A GOOD SOLID  
*READ* ON HIM.

HIS HEAD WAS  
FULL OF ANGLES,  
EVERY ONE OF  
THEM A BLUFF.

I SAW IT. I TOOK  
IT IN. TURNED IT  
AGAINST HIM.



UNLESS SOMEHOW HE  
*KNOWS* WHAT I CAN DO.  
PREPARED FOR IT...

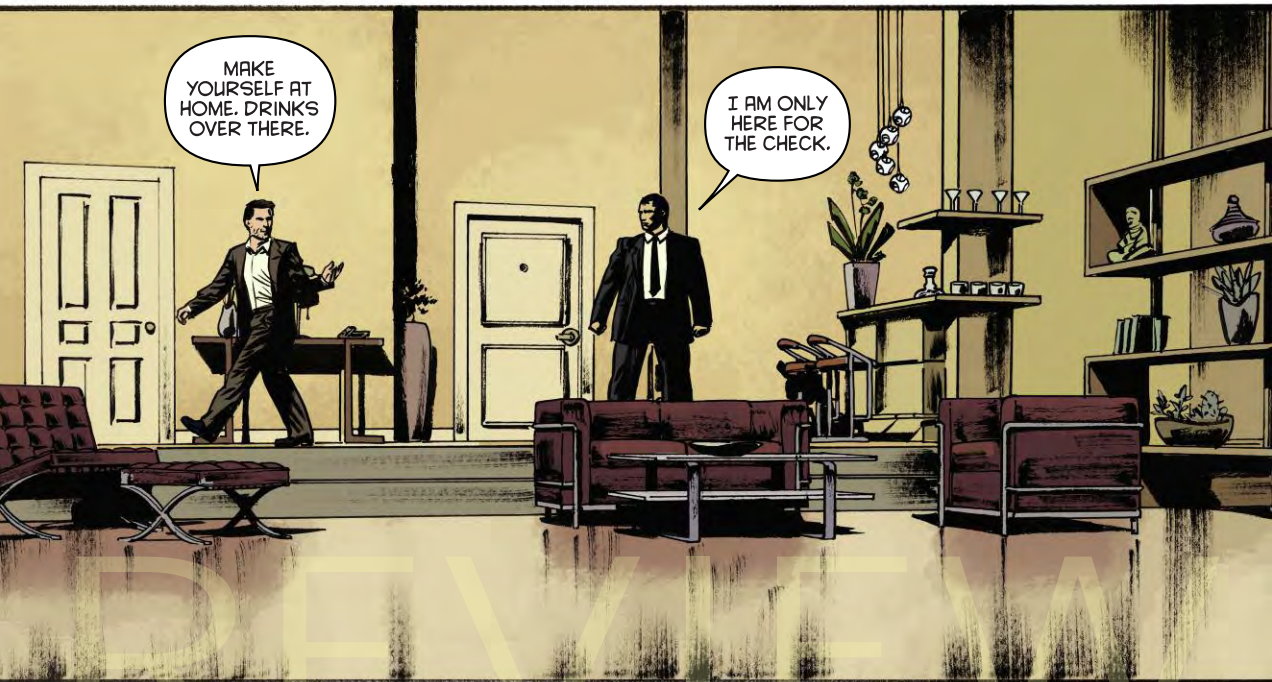


...AND PLAYED ME LIKE A VIOLIN.













AND SUDDENLY  
I *KNOW* HIM.



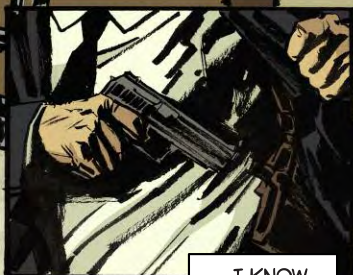
FOR THE NEXT  
FEW MINUTES,  
I KNOW HIM  
BETTER THAN I  
KNOW MYSELF.



I KNOW HE'S WEARING A GUN IN A  
SHOULDER RIG UNDER HIS LEFT ARMPIT.

I KNOW IT'S A NORINCO MODEL 77B  
WITH A THREE-POUND TRIGGER PULL.

AND BECAUSE HE'S  
ALSO A BLACK-BELT  
IN *TAEKWONDO*...



...I KNOW  
HOW TO TAKE  
IT OFF HIM.









OH, GREAT.



YYAAAH--!



THAB







KRAKK

AAAAIII--!



HADN'T SEEN  
THE KNIFE.

LIKE I SAID.  
GETTING STALE.



TEMPTING AS IT IS, THE GUN'S A COP MAGNET. ESPECIALLY IN A TOWN AS UPTIGHT AS THIS ONE.

FORTUNATELY, XIONG KNOWS HOW TO FIELD STRIP A 77B BLINDFOLDED.

I KEEP THE FIRING PIN. JUST IN CASE.



ONE LAST THING...

PAYDIRT.





*BEEP BEEP*

BY THE TIME I FIND XIONG'S CAR,  
THERE'S NOT MUCH OF HIM LEFT.

HIS REPERTOIRE OF KICKS,  
PUNCHES AND DISARM MANEUVERS  
FADE LIKE A WAKING DREAM.

ALWAYS HATE THE COMEDOWN.  
THAT HOLLOWED-OUT FEELING  
MIXED WITH SOUR ADRENALINE.

THAT AND MUSCLE BURN. IT'S  
NOT LIKE I HAD TIME TO STRETCH.



THE FACT THAT XIONG  
SHOOK MY HAND MEANS HE  
DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS  
COMING. IF LEE KNEW, WHY  
DIDN'T HE WARN HIM?

IF LEE *DIDN'T*  
KNOW, THEN WHAT  
THE HELL...?



TOO MANY ANGLES.  
TOO MANY *GUNS*...

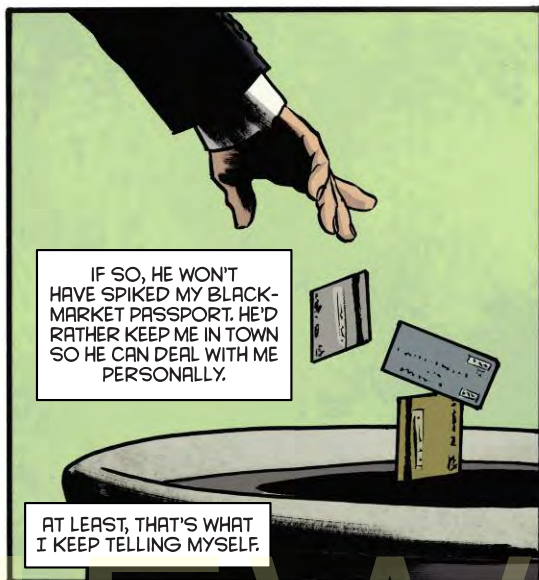
NOW'S NOT THE TIME.  
*FOCUS*, ASSHOLE.





ALL I DO KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT MY CREDIT'S BURNED.

DO I HAVE LEE TO THANK FOR THAT?



IF SO, HE WON'T HAVE SPIKED MY BLACK-MARKET PASSPORT. HE'D RATHER KEEP ME IN TOWN SO HE CAN DEAL WITH ME PERSONALLY.

AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT I KEEP TELLING MYSELF.



ENOUGH CASH LEFT TO BUY A TICKET BACK STATESIDE--JUST--AND AN EMPTY BAG.



NO BAGS RAISES FLAGS.

ENJOY YOUR FLIGHT, MR JONES.

WE HOPE TO SEE YOU BACK IN SINGAPORE SOON.



DON'T COUNT ON IT.





LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE CLEARED FOR TAKEOFF. WE HOPE YOU ENJOY THE FLIGHT.

FLIGHT CREW, DOORS TO MANUAL AND CROSS-CHECK.



BUSINESS CLASS. FUCK IT.

IF THEY'RE GONNA GRAB ME, MIGHT AS WELL BE OUT OF A COMFORTABLE SEAT.

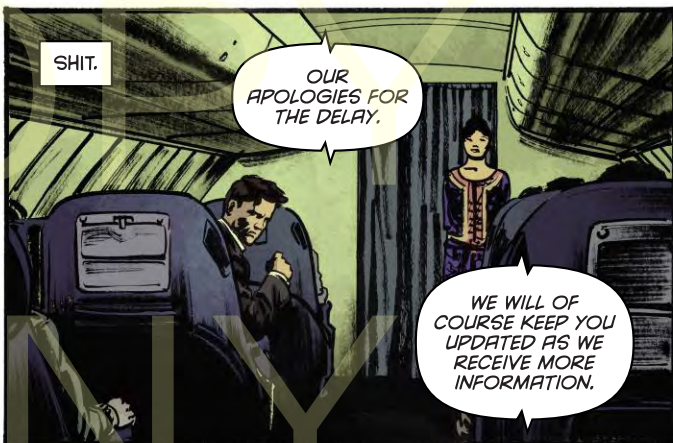


RELAX. LET THE WHISKY DO ITS WORK.

NOBODY KNOWS. NOBODY SUSPECTS A--

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'M AFRAID I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS.

WE'VE JUST BEEN ASKED TO RETURN TO THE GATE.



SHIT.

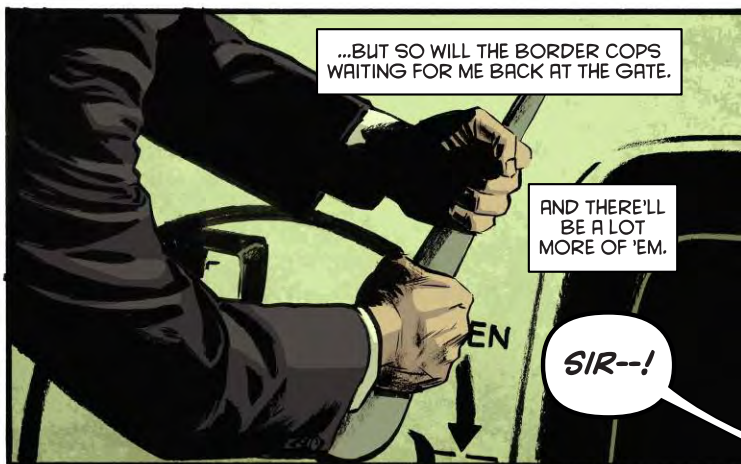
OUR APOLOGIES FOR THE DELAY.

WE WILL OF COURSE KEEP YOU UPDATED AS WE RECEIVE MORE INFORMATION.

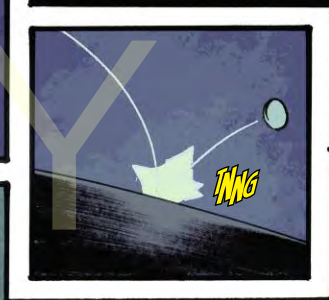


AIR MARSHAL.













WHUD



I ONLY TAKE  
WHAT I NEED.

HIS GUN. HIS  
PHONE. HIS  
KEY-CODE...

...AND THE  
COMPLETE  
SECURITY  
PROTOCOLS  
FOR CHANGI  
INTERNATIONAL  
AIRPORT.



<CODE NINE!  
SUSPECT IS  
HEADING FOR  
THE CARGO  
TERMINAL!>

<BLUE OVERALLS--  
HE'S DRESSED AS  
A MAINTENANCE  
WORKER!>

<WE NEED HIM  
ALIVE! DO NOT  
OPEN FIRE!>



DESPERATION MOVE.

BUT IT SHOULD KEEP 'EM CHASING THEIR  
TAILS LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO REACH THE  
BLIND SPOT ON THE SOUTH PERIMETER...

...OR NOT.

THE *FUCK*...?

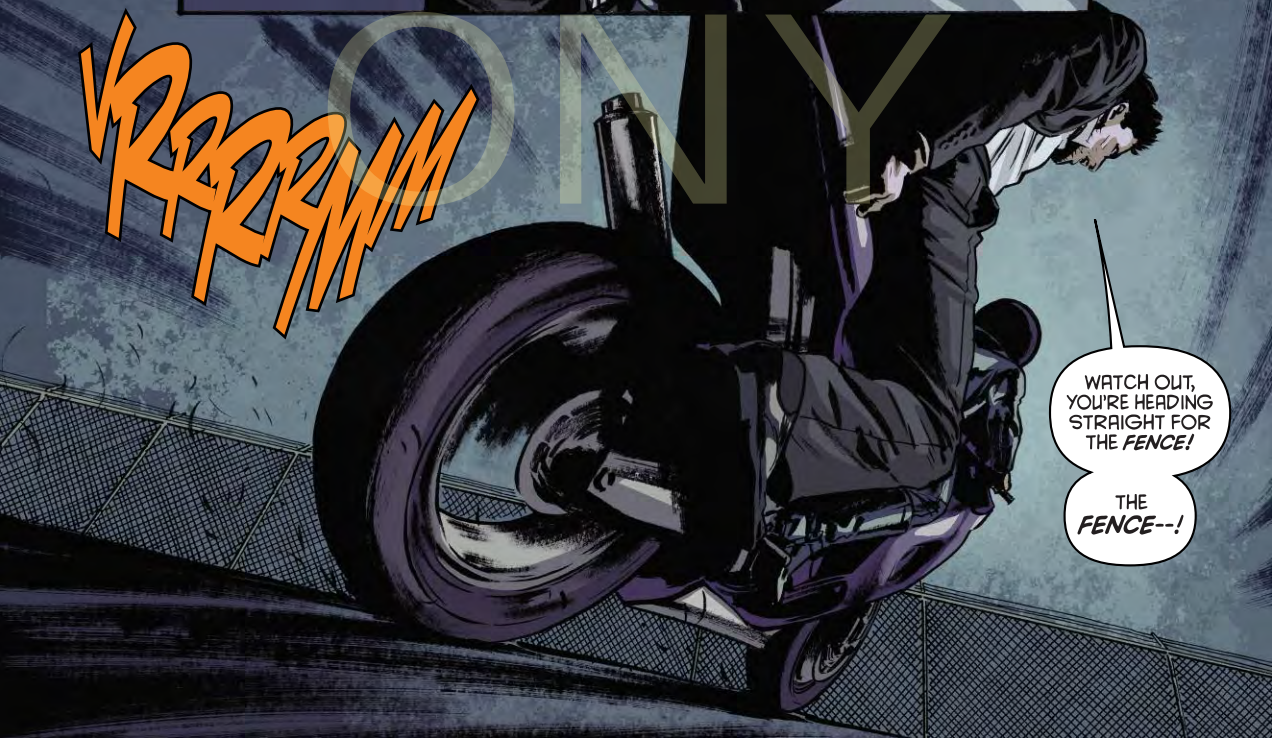
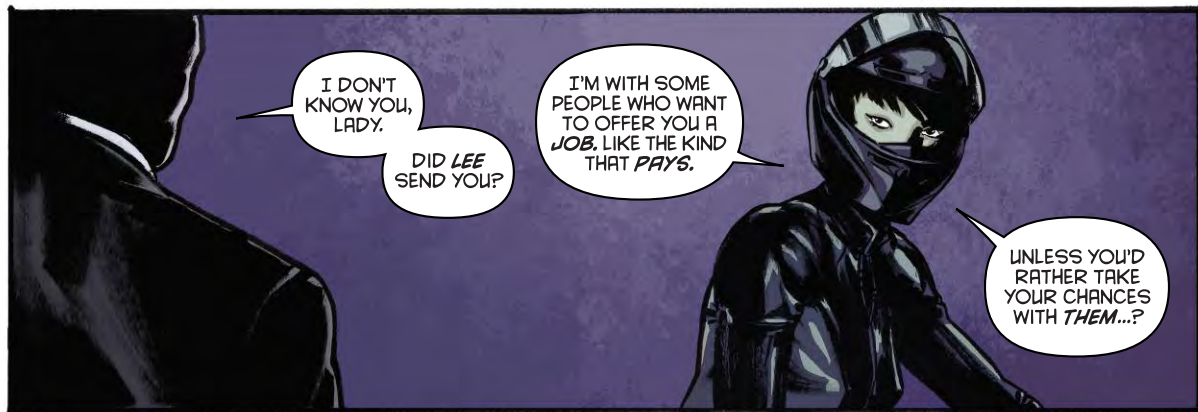
WEAVER!

WHO THE  
FUCK ARE  
YOU?

RIGHT NOW,  
YOUR ONLY  
FRIEND IN THE  
WORLD.

GET ON!







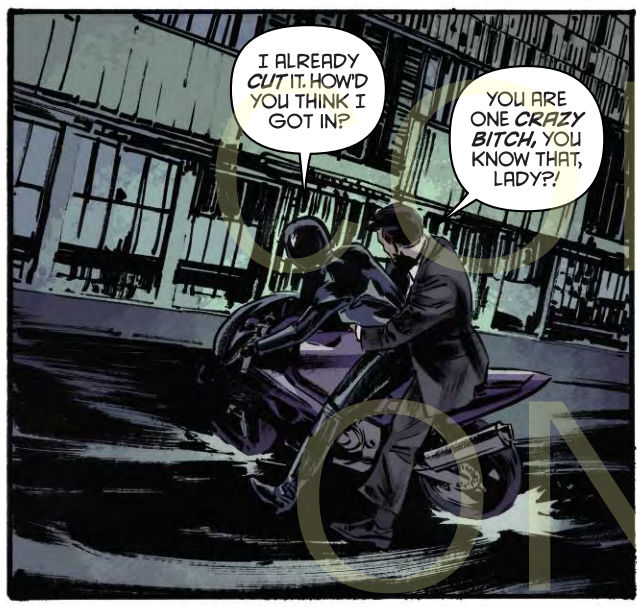


ARE YOU SHITTING ME---?!

PUT YOUR HEAD DOWN.

SHANNING

REVIEW



I ALREADY CUT IT. HOW'D YOU THINK I GOT IN?

YOU ARE ONE CRAZY BITCH, YOU KNOW THAT, LADY?!



I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED A BITCH.

THE NAME'S MAGGIE.

FINE, WHATEVER.

ANY OTHER POINTS OF ETIQUETTE YOU WANT I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT?

YEAH...



KEEP THOSE HANDS TO YOURSELF.

TO BE CONTINUED!