

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.

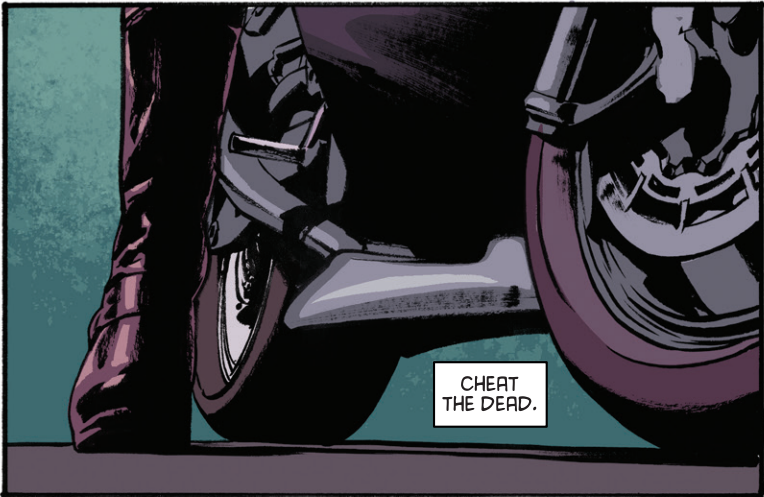
OIL-DRUM ALTARS
BURNING ON THE
STREET CORNERS.

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.



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

I'LL MEET YOU AND *RAISE*.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND.

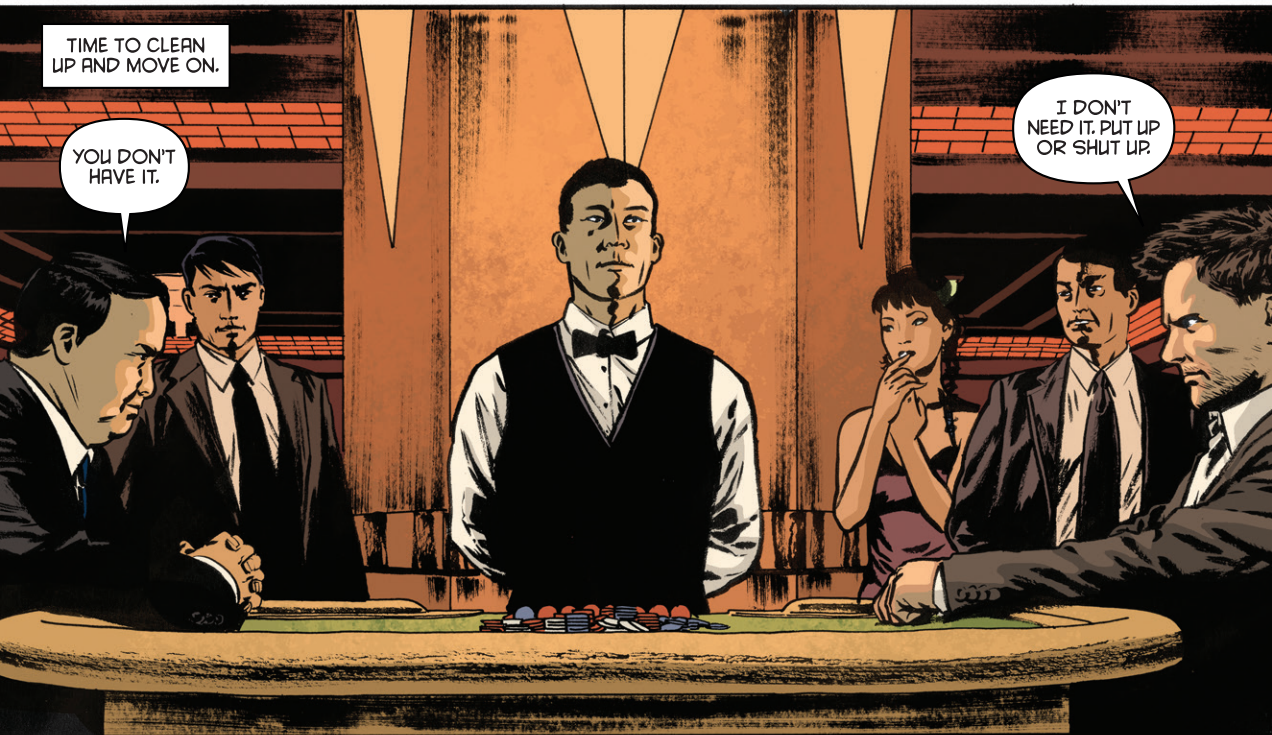


...BEFORE I SPRING THE TRAP.

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!

