

UNDERTOWN.
THE MOST DANGEROUS NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE BIG CITY.

AND THE RUSTY STUMP IS THE MOST DANGEROUS TAVERN IN THAT NEIGHBORHOOD.

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RUSTY STUMP

HALLOO?

I'M
LOOKING FOR
CAPTAIN JONES.

HALLOO?

I'M LOOKING FOR CAPTAIN JONES.

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM.

COULD YOU PLEASE DIRECT ME TO CAPTAIN BILLY JONES?

OOH! YOU BEST LEAVE, LAD.

WHO WANTS THE CAPTAIN?

EXCUSE ME, MA'AM.

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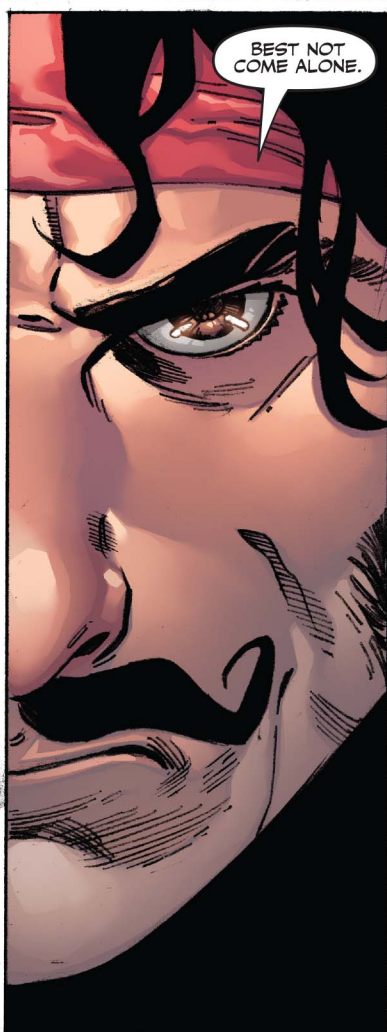
COULD YOU PLEASE DIRECT ME TO CAPTAIN BILLY JONES?

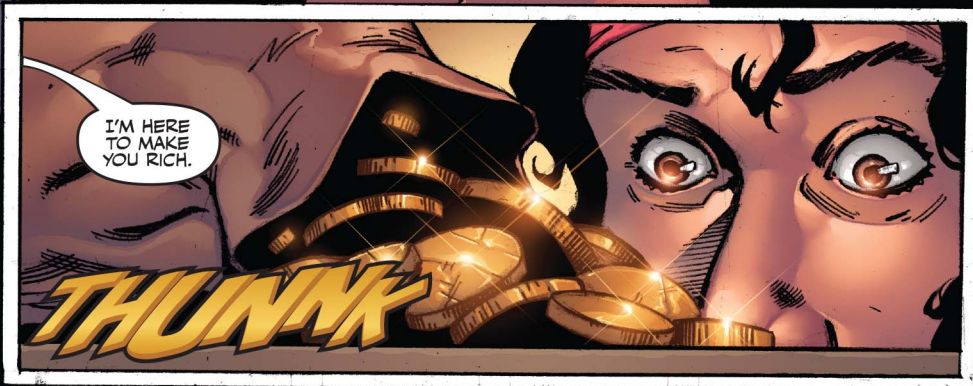
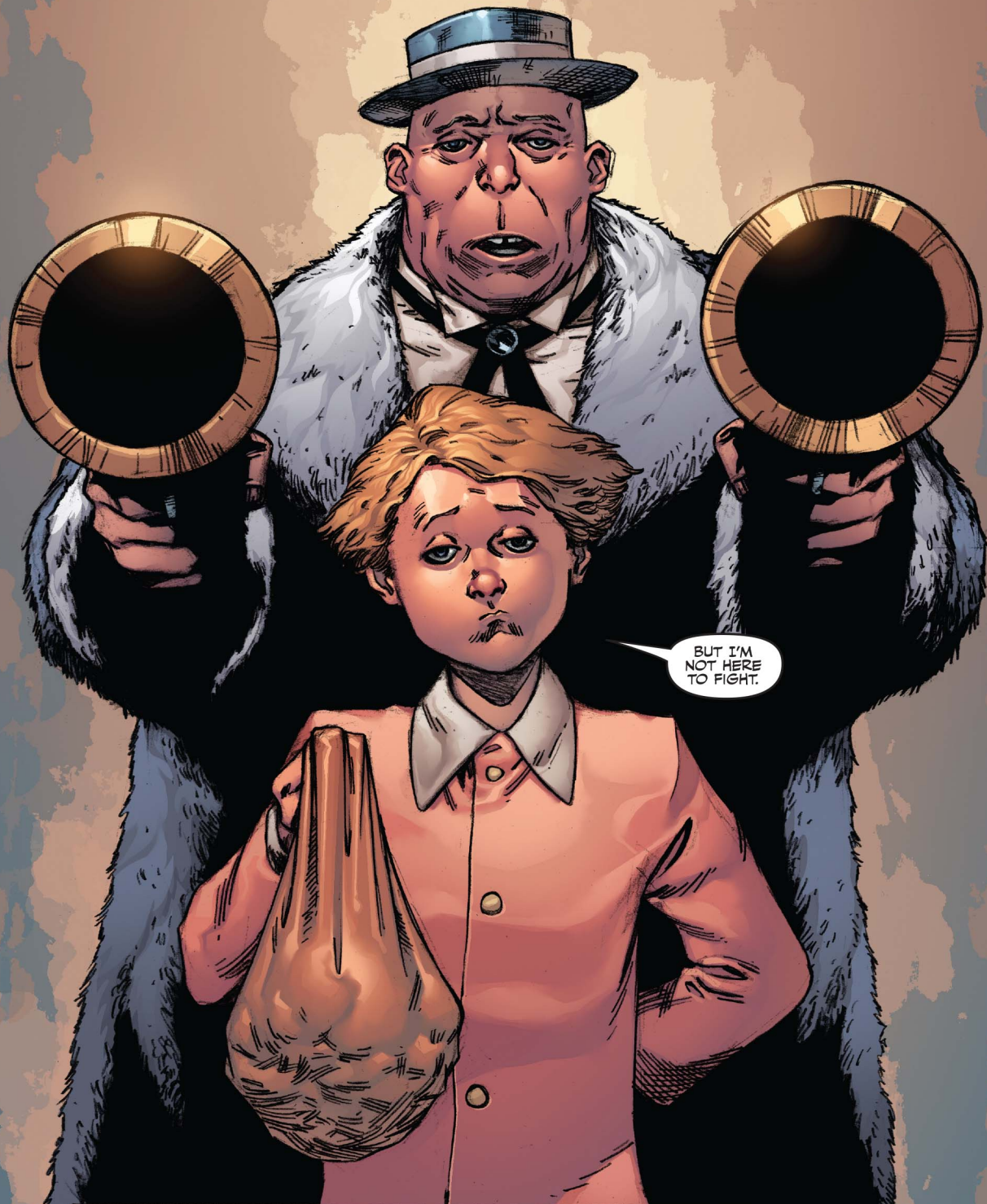
OOH! YOU BEST LEAVE, LAD.

WHO WANTS THE CAPTAIN?

CAPTAIN
BILLY "WHIZ BANG"
JONES? LEADER OF THE
VELOCIKINGS?







THE NEXT DAY.

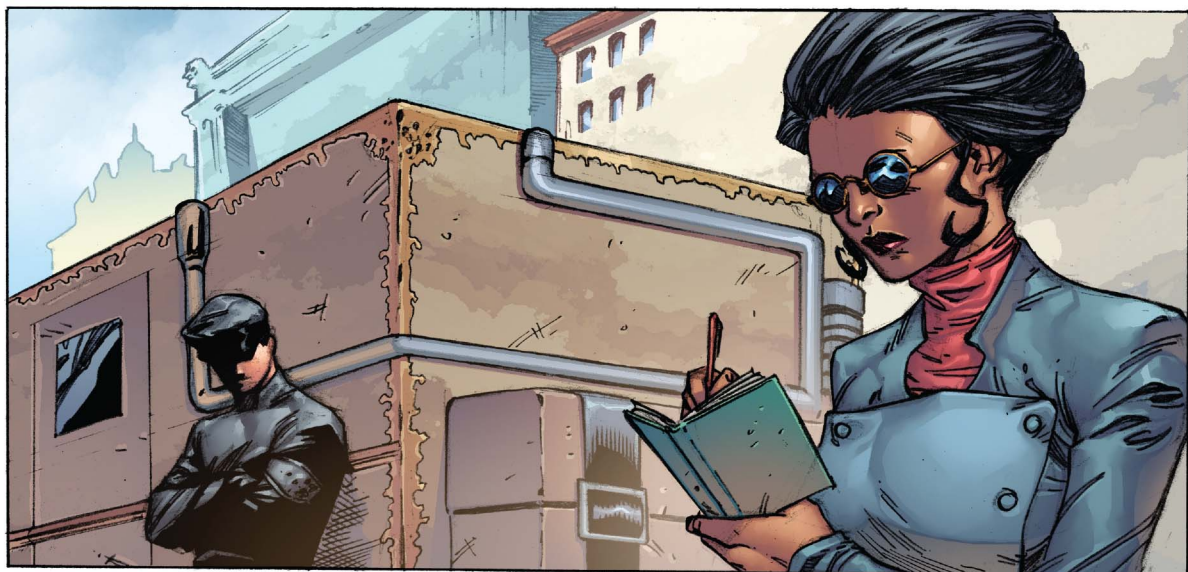
IN A SIGNIFICANTLY
NICER PART OF THE
BIG CITY.

KI YAH.

CHESTERFIELD GRIMES.
NEW MILLIONAIRE IN TOWN.

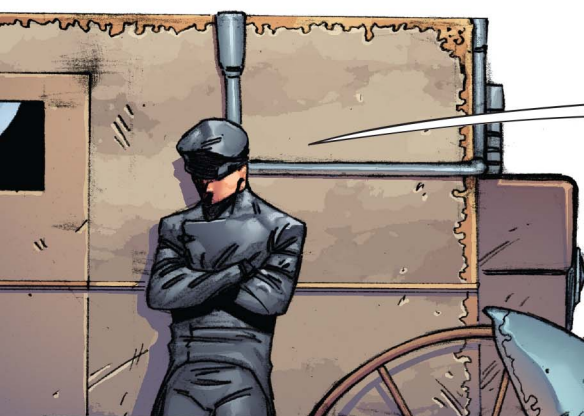
MR. REID
SHOULD BE
WAITING FOR
YOU, SIR.

STAY WITH
THE CAR, MAE.
I SHAN'T
BE LONG.



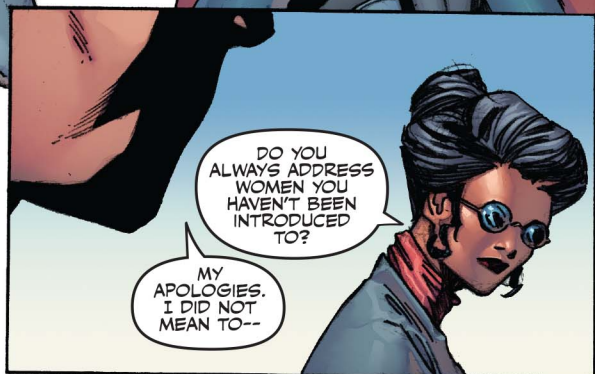
NICE
AUTOCARRIAGE.

I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE IT IN
THE CITY.



MR. GRIMES
HAD IT SHIPPED
OVER FROM
LANDING.

THE SCIENCE
WONDER CITY!
DO YOU KNOW
**FLASH
GORDON?**



DO YOU
ALWAYS ADDRESS
WOMEN YOU
HAVEN'T BEEN
INTRODUCED
TO?

MY
APOLOGIES.
I DID NOT
MEAN TO--



THEN ALLOW
ME TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF.

MAE JENSON.

KATO HAYASHI.

THE OFFICE OF
BRITT REID,
MILLIONAIRE
PUBLISHER OF
THE SENTINEL.

I'M PLEASED
TO MEET YOU,
MR. GRIMES.
BUT I HAVE TO
CONFESS...

UNLESS
WE'RE TALKING GIN
OR PRINCIPALITY
WINE?

I DON'T
KNOW A THING
ABOUT THE
IMPORT-EXPORT
BUSINESS.



I COME
SEEKING MORE
GENERAL ADVICE,
MR. REID.

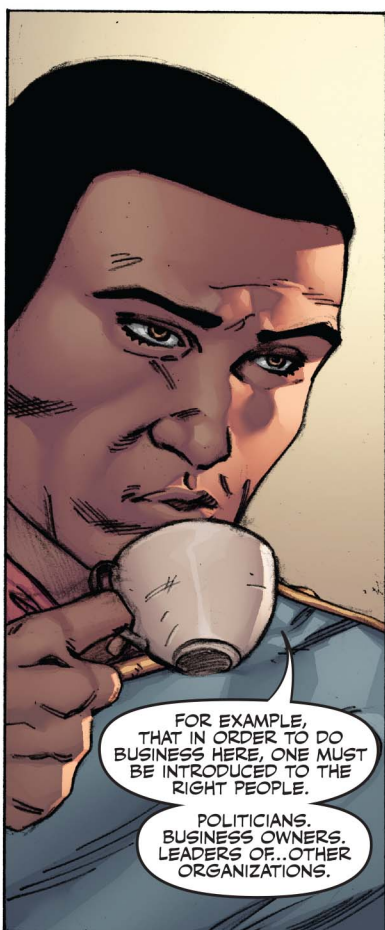
I'M TOLD
THAT YOU HAVE
YOUR FINGER ON
THE PULSE OF
THE CITY.

AND I'VE HEARD
SO MANY DISTURBING
RUMORS ABOUT YOUR
METROPOLIS.



FOR EXAMPLE,
THAT IN ORDER TO DO
BUSINESS HERE, ONE MUST
BE INTRODUCED TO THE
RIGHT PEOPLE.

POLITICIANS.
BUSINESS OWNERS.
LEADERS OF...OTHER
ORGANIZATIONS.



HEAVENS,
MR. GRIMES.
DO YOU MEAN
CRIMINALS?





YOU ARE FAMOUS FOR YOUR CRIME LORDS. FOR EXAMPLE, THE MURDER KING--

DISAPPEARED YEARS AGO.



SO I'VE HEARD. YET WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? CAPTAIN JONES, DANDY JIM, THE GREEN HORNET...

THEY ALL WORK FOR THE VEILED LADY, DO THEY NOT?



PERHAPS NOT ALL OF THEM.

FOR A NEWCOMER, YOU SEEM TO BE UP ON ALL THE BIG CITY GOSSIP.



WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS FAIL US, GOSSIP IS ALL THAT'S LEFT.

MAY I ASK WHY THE SENTINEL HAS NOT EXPOSED THIS WOMAN?



THE VEILED LADY? NO ONE KNOWS WHO SHE IS.

BECAUSE, YOU KNOW. VEIL.



INDEED.
I THANK YOU FOR
YOUR TIME.

I WISH
I COULD BE OF
MORE HELP.



THERE IS
ONE MORE THING,
PERHAPS.

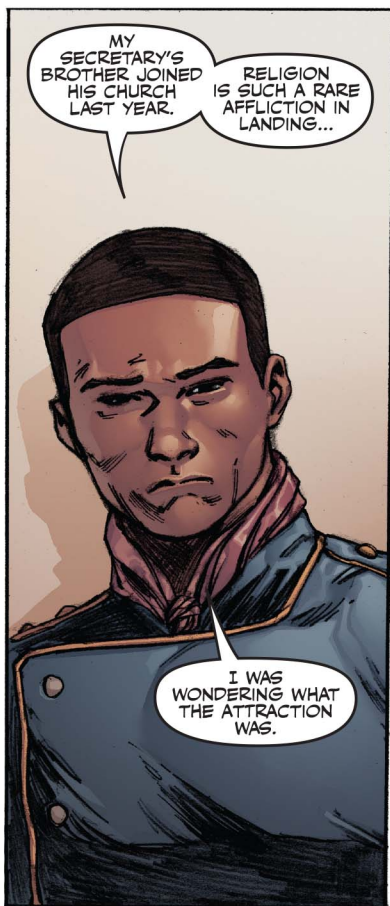
WHAT CAN
YOU TELL ME
OF THIS MAN
TIK TOK?



A RELIGIOUS
NUT. THE KIND
THAT COMES
IN CANS.

THEY SAY HE
WON'T LEAVE HIS TIN
SUIT. I CAN'T IMAGINE
HOW IT SMELLS
IN THERE.

HOW'D YOU
HEAR ABOUT
HIM?



MY
SECRETARY'S
BROTHER JOINED
HIS CHURCH
LAST YEAR.

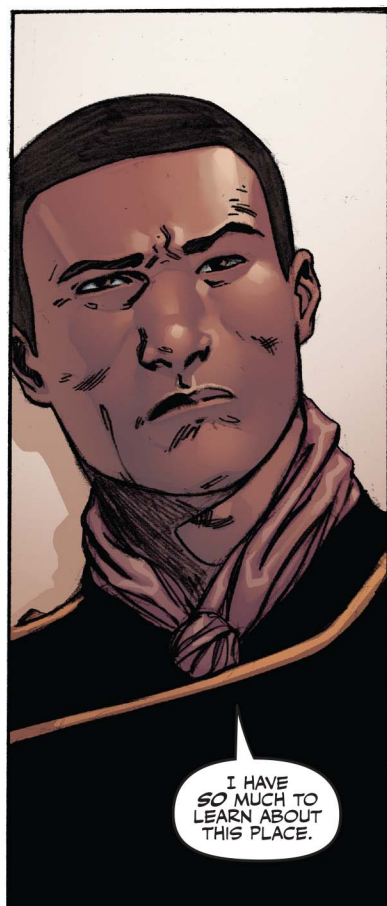
RELIGION
IS SUCH A RARE
AFFLICTION IN
LANDING...

I WAS
WONDERING WHAT
THE ATTRACTION
WAS.



I SUPPOSE
THE USUAL. SALVATION.
TRANSFORMATION.

POT-LUCK
DINNERS.



I HAVE
SO MUCH TO
LEARN ABOUT
THIS PLACE.

BREED TOWER.

THAT'S IT?
THREE?!

LIDIA VALCALLAN. AKA THE
VEILED LADY, BOSS OF
BIG CITY'S UNDERWORLD.

THREE
LOUSY ACOLYTES.
UNBELIEVABLE.

HE PROMISES
MORE, BUT SUPPLIES
ARE...THINNING.

FORMERLY KNOWN AS
LITTLE MISS MURDER.

AAAAGH!

MY LADY,
ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

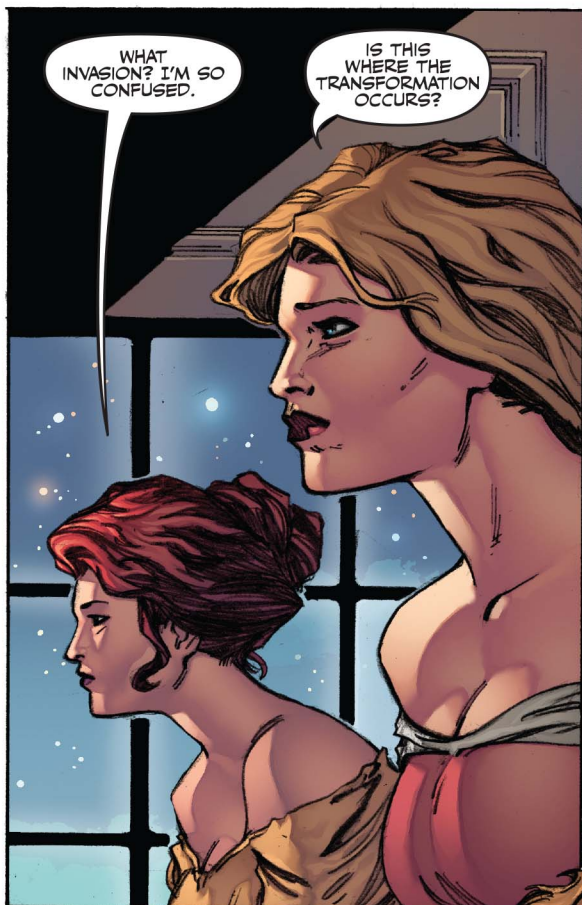
AND AS OF SIX
MONTHS AGO,
THE BRIDE OF
BLACKMASS.

(SHE HAS A LOT
OF TITLES.)

NO, I'M NOT
ALL RIGHT.

WHEN MY
HUSBAND HUNGERS,
I HUNGER.

AND THANKS TO
THE FAILED INVASION,
HE'S STARVING.





SOULS!

IN YOU GO.



PUNT

EEEEH!



KUH-DAM

I REALLY SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN ACCOUNTING.