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The first floor
window barely
made a sound...



And everything
was just like he
remembered.

Even though he
hadn't been to this
house in years.



It should have
been easy.

In-and-out in
five minutes.



But the old
man was a
light sleeper.

HELLO...? IS
SOMEBODY
THERE?

... [redacted] ...











After the war, one of the things that united the Japanese public was their hatred of Americans.

So for guys like Mack and his friend Sal, "*The Demon of New Orleans*", there was decent money to be made...

All they had to do was lose *spectacularly* to guys they outweighed by fifty pounds.



For a while they were famous, recognized on the streets wherever they went... *Celebrities*.

Except none of their fans actually liked them.



Still, it was a good life.

They stayed at the fanciest hotel in Tokyo and had more booze and women than they could handle.





But even with all that, eventually being *hated* got to Sal.



There was a clerk at a jewelry store in the hotel arcade who gave him this sneering look every time he walked by...



And that *look* just ate away at him... A little bit every day.



So Sal decided they were going back to America...

And before they left, they were going to *rob* that jewelry store... and ruin that clerk's life.



It was a simple plan. Only three people needed.

Two to pose as customers, and one to *transport* the score.

It was the arrogance
of the wealthy that
made it so simple.

The store often had *private
viewings* of their gems for
the hotel's rich guests.

So Sal and his girlfriend had
the clerk bring a briefcase
full of diamonds and rubies
right to their room.



The plan was to drug the guy's tea, and
when he passed out, Mack would take
the briefcase and head for the airport.

Then Sal and his girl would
check out of the hotel and
follow on the next plane.



But something went wrong...
The drugs didn't work or Sal's
anger got the better of him...

But either way, he ended
up pistol-whipping the
clerk half to death...



