My previous book, *Hostage*, took three months to complete. After it was released I was totally exhausted but ready to try again and correct some mistakes I had made on my previous graphic novel. So I started a new graphic novel. I was halfway through the storyline when I got completely stuck. Pondering on it for weeks, my sister Colleen finally suggested an idea- an idea that completed the story and thus got me ready to write the script. I took a month to finish the script for *Hostage*, but this time it only took three days. Time passed, and I gradually got to the inking process. It was then that I decided to turn the comic into a black and white story, like my previous short story, *Diamond Dash*. So I went back to inked page one and covered parts with black and added plenty of shadows (This I do not really recommend unless you are prepared to spend a lot of money on black markers). Anyway, here I present to you, with the help of Colleen:

**IAN SU**

**COLLEEN SU**

**THE ROOKIE**

**EVEN ROOKIE FBI AGENTS CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE.**
I.S. : TO MR. WIESZCZ

C.S.: TO AUNTIE YAO MIAN
Careful. You are about to be destroyed big time.

Don't get cocky, dude.

You wanna die, fine by me.

Oh, really?

Wha-a...

...Checkmate.

You gotta concentrate.

How did you do that?!

Easy Peasy, criminals Weasy.

Humph.

Good game, Scott. Let's play again-

Detectives Coleman and Chen, we need you like, now.

What is it?

Another case in the life of a homicide detective...
Hello, sirs, hey, Lauren.

Thank goodness you are here. Edmund Vorman has been murdered!

No! The legitimate businessman near the Dupont Circle?!

Ouch.

It appears that he was doing his legitimate business when he was attacked, murdered, and burglarized.

We need you to investigate this case.

First, you head over to his office. Half the city's police are there.
No evidence, nothing in his office? What was taken?

Nothing left behind. Two cabinets were burglarized. Mr. Vorman’s brother informed us that they were safes stashed with cash.

And the cash is all gone?

Everything except two dollar bills, a five and a one.

Okay, not helpful. Let’s check the security cameras.
The camera went dead at 10:01:24 P.M. After ten minutes of fumbling, we managed to turn it on again. We then saw the screen into Mr. Vorman's office, where we saw him dead, shot.

So it occurred between those times.

Yes.

This is a blind angle case.
Oh, my goodness…

We must get back to headquarters immediately.

A black glove…

We must get back to headquarters immediately.

Meanwhile…

Our glove trap is working, I see. Soon the whole FBI will be here.

Then we will destroy all of them, ha, ha!
NEXT STOP IS FEDERAL TRIANGLE. TRANSFER TO BLUE LINE.

A GLOVE... NOT SURE IF IT IS A CLUE. LET'S BRING IT TO THE LAB.

WE ARE SCANNING THE GLOVE FOR FINGERPRINTS. SO FAR, WE'VE COLLECTED 4.

TWO ARE MINE, THE OTHER TWO THUMBPRINTS ARE UNKNOWN. THE CODE IS 7888887.

TRACK THE FINGERPRINT.
Hmmm, somewhere in Saudi Arabia.

Awesome! We're tracking a terrorist from Saudi Arabia who murdered a guy in D.C.!
We have no idea what his motive was, though.

Don't be so sure. Your next job is to enter this location's coordinates onto the Embraer 100 in the airport and fly there immediately.

Can I come too? Please?

Olivia?

Sorry, Olivia, but you're too young.
Plus, you're only a rookie.

Humph. I never get to come with you guys. I've been training for 5 years!

Sure, but the director doesn't think you're ready.

And besides, you're a girl.
Wait another 10 years, Olivia. By then you'll be my age and you can take my place.

TEN YEARS?! I'll be 41 by then, old, gray-haired and wrinkled!

Calm down, Olivia. Scott is right.

Yes sir. Right away.

Type in coordinates 00345, please, captain.

We're approaching the deserts.

Oooh! Look! A pyramid!

I guess it looks suspicious.

Pyramids? We're in the Middle East, not Egypt!
CAPTAIN, WHAT IS THAT PYRAMID DOWN THERE?

I GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH. THE COORDINATES ARE LEADING ME THERE.

THERE'S A JET CIRCLING AROUND TOWARD US.

I SEE IT. LOOKS LIKE THE FBI ARE HERE- GET READY ALIM AND ADBUL.

BEST OF LUCK!

NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT ON EARTH A PYRAMID IS DOING IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

MAYBE-
BANG!

YOU'RE TRESPASSING, YOUNG MEN.

TRESPASSING! WHY, YOU LITTLE-

Um, we were just wondering what a pyramid was doing in the middle of Saudi Arabia. It's fantastic.

WHAT—HEY!

Um, we were just wondering what a pyramid was doing in the middle of Saudi Arabia. It's fantastic.

Well, that was easy. Alim, come and get these two scoundrels into base.

Hello? Yes, it's me. Coleman and Chen have just been attacked and knocked out. They've been taken into an artificial pyramid that's actually a base full of gangsters. I saw it myself.

Okay. Thanks, John. We'll be right there.
We need you to get to the pyramid ASAP. We'll do it right away.

Uh, uh. Not you, Olivia.

Aaaaww!

Coordinates: 00345 Destination: Somewhere in Saudi Arabia Passengers: 4

Meanwhile...

Arragh, I can't get free. They've taken us prisoner.

Duh, they've taken us prisoner.

They've woken up. Alert Lord Loham.

نعم سيدي

Who are you? And where are we?

You are our guests.
You!

You may call me Lord Loham. I am the director of this organization dedicated to fighting rotten Americans like you.

Rotten?! Why, you little rotten Middle Eastern yourself! You murdered a nice businessman for no reason!

Oh, it was no black-hearted murder, young man. So much more...

It was all a trap for you to get here to our secret pyramid base. When you were captured, you would send distress calls, and soon the entire FBI gang will be here to save your necks, and then we will crush them!

And you will see how easy it is for us to wipe them out.

You can't do that! It's-

Murder, yes. We don't care about what we do.

This is what Americans can do to you, nitwit. And once they do this, oh, they'll be coming back with more.
There it is. Let's go.

Don't take another step. You've got a blaster cannon pointed at your head.

Now what?

I suggest that we risk it.

Run!!

There! A button!

R ATATATATATA R ATATATATATATAT

BEEP

ZZZTTT

Tell me where the others are being held prisoner, or your life!

Room 34A.
Unless you call for help, you two, you will never find your way out here, needless to say.

Oh, they had no need to make any call, mister.

Oh no! Hector! Loham, you—

Lord Loham to you, rotten American! And don't worry about your friends. They'll wake up soon enough, but with a very nasty headache.

You're a monster.

Thanks for the compliment. But it's just us now...
Look, Hector, Vince, Sandy, and Peter's beacons have disappeared. They're in trouble...

Wait, where's Olivia?!

I'll call more agents.

FBI, ma'am. A ticket to Jed Airport, Saudi Arabia, and make it quick. I'm in a big rush.

Right away, miss.
She bought a one-way ticket to Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. That way.

United Airlines (Pant) Flight #089?

Pushed off two minutes ago, sir. You're too late.

Okay, miss. We'll get you there. This will do. $56.34, and what in the world... a pyramid?

Never mind. Here's $57.

 Mayweather Hitch!
BEEP

INTRUDER!

Hey!

Ooh! Mercy!

If you don't tell me where the prisoners are, you'll never open your eyes again.

What prisoners?

Tell me now, or it's lights out- painfully!

IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHERE THE PRISONERS ARE, YOU'LL NEVER OPEN YOUR EYES AGAIN.

Okay, okay! Room 34A!

If you're lying, I'm coming back for you.

I swear on my life! Just don't kill me!
IT'S OVER FOR YOU TWO, AMERICANS.

NOT TODAY, MISTER.

OH, DEAR, OH DEAR! MORE AGENTS! AND LOOK, IT'S A GIRL! I'M TERRIFIED...

OH, IT'S MORE THAN A GIRL, SUNSHINE.

PSHEW! WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR BODY- A HOSE?
This is special stun antidotes. But if it is overused, it can put you to sleep too!

Something unfair?

Oh, it was nothing.

Boy, thanks for that, Olivia.

This base is self-destructing in 3 minutes minus 60 seconds... 59 seconds...

Oh, no! We need the exit now!

I forgot the way!

I forgot, too. But I think I know of a guy...

You're going to bed for a few million years now. Goodnight, sleeping beauty!

Ow!
I'm serious about my threat now, sir. You tell us where is the exit now, and we'll leave you to die with the pyramid. But if you don't... I might as well stun you to death here.

No! No! No! No! No!

Come on! Come on!

BOOOM!

Coleman!
Chen!

Captain! So good to see you. We need a ride back to D.C., but we can't find one. If only...
Careful, you're about to die.

Not today, loser.

Checkmate.

The End
HOSTAGE (KP1 2017)

Two hitmen have been hired by an infamous crime boss to kidnap a German millionaire. This seems very easy for two veteran killers—until they find the whole country out for their blood. Still, rebellious Vincent Guliotte and his Korean partner Olav Kortaz shoot their way out of several narrow escapes. But bumps and shudders come across life every day, and it gradually gets harder to smuggle the kidnapped millionaire to the man who hired them…
IAN SU is an American Writer/Artist residing in New York City, and he is the artist on the graphic novel Hostage (For more, go to hostagegraphicnovel.wordpress.com). Find him on YouTube and on kp1industries.wordpress.com.

COLLEEN SU is Ian Su’s sister and partner in over 50 comic issues, including the rare Python Bounty Series, Super Squad Series, and Super C.I.A. She lives in New York City.
INVESTIGATING THE MURDER OF A BUSINESSMAN IN D.C. IN HARD WORK FOR DETECTIVES COLEMAN AND CHEN. IN FACT, IT IS THE HARDEST JOB THEY HAVE EVER BEEN GIVEN. ALL IS NOT GOING WELL UNTIL THE DETECTIVES FIND A BLACK GLOVE WITH SUSPICIOUS FINGERPRINTS ON IT. THEY ARE LED TO A PYRAMID IN THE MIDDLE OF SAUDI ARABIA. BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY GET THERE. AND HOW WILL THEY BE SAVED FROM A GROUP OF POWER-HUNGRY TERRORISTS?