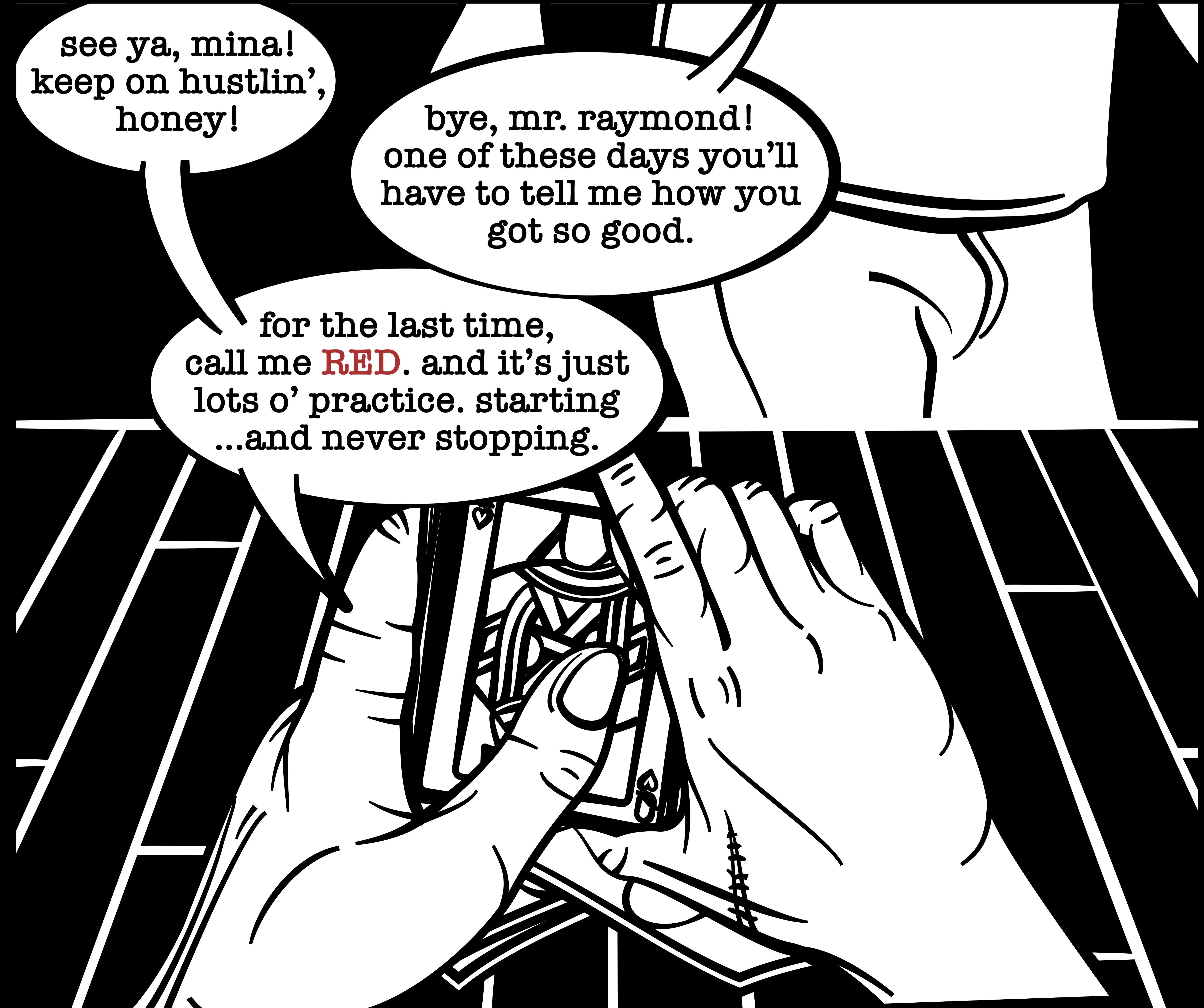




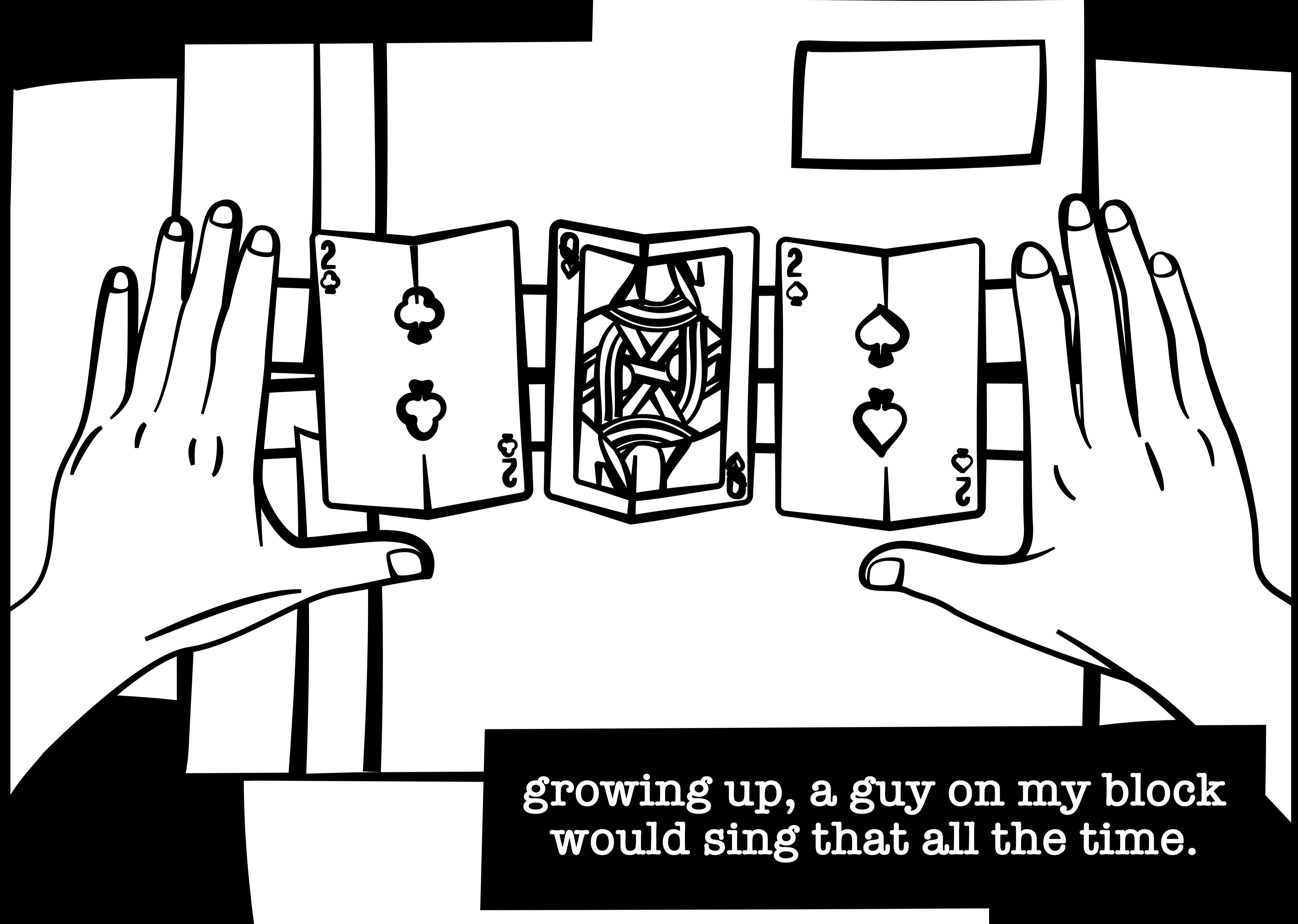
old hustle

daniel goldberg + sohum gupta

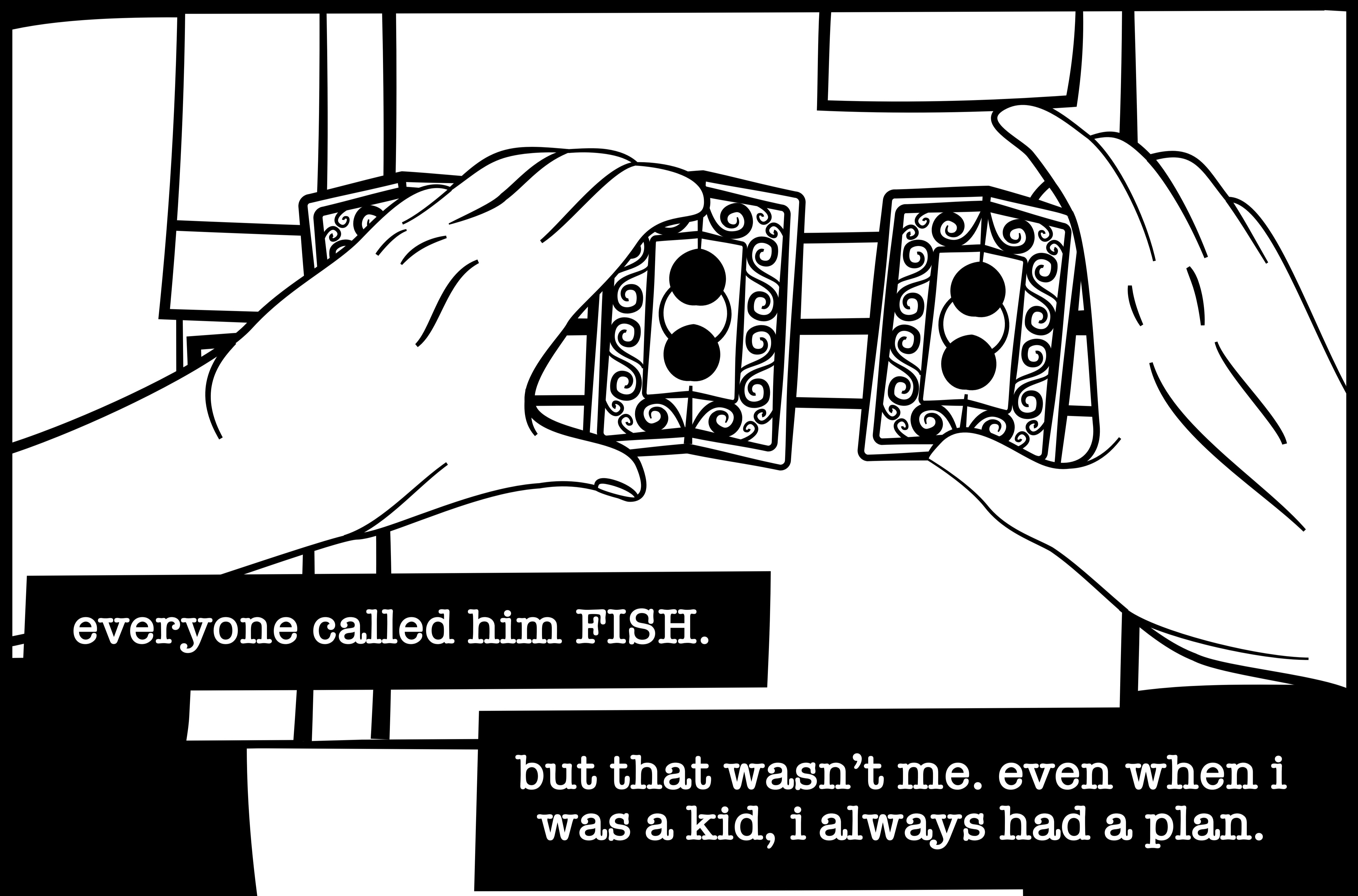




keep on hustlin' till
you get your slice.

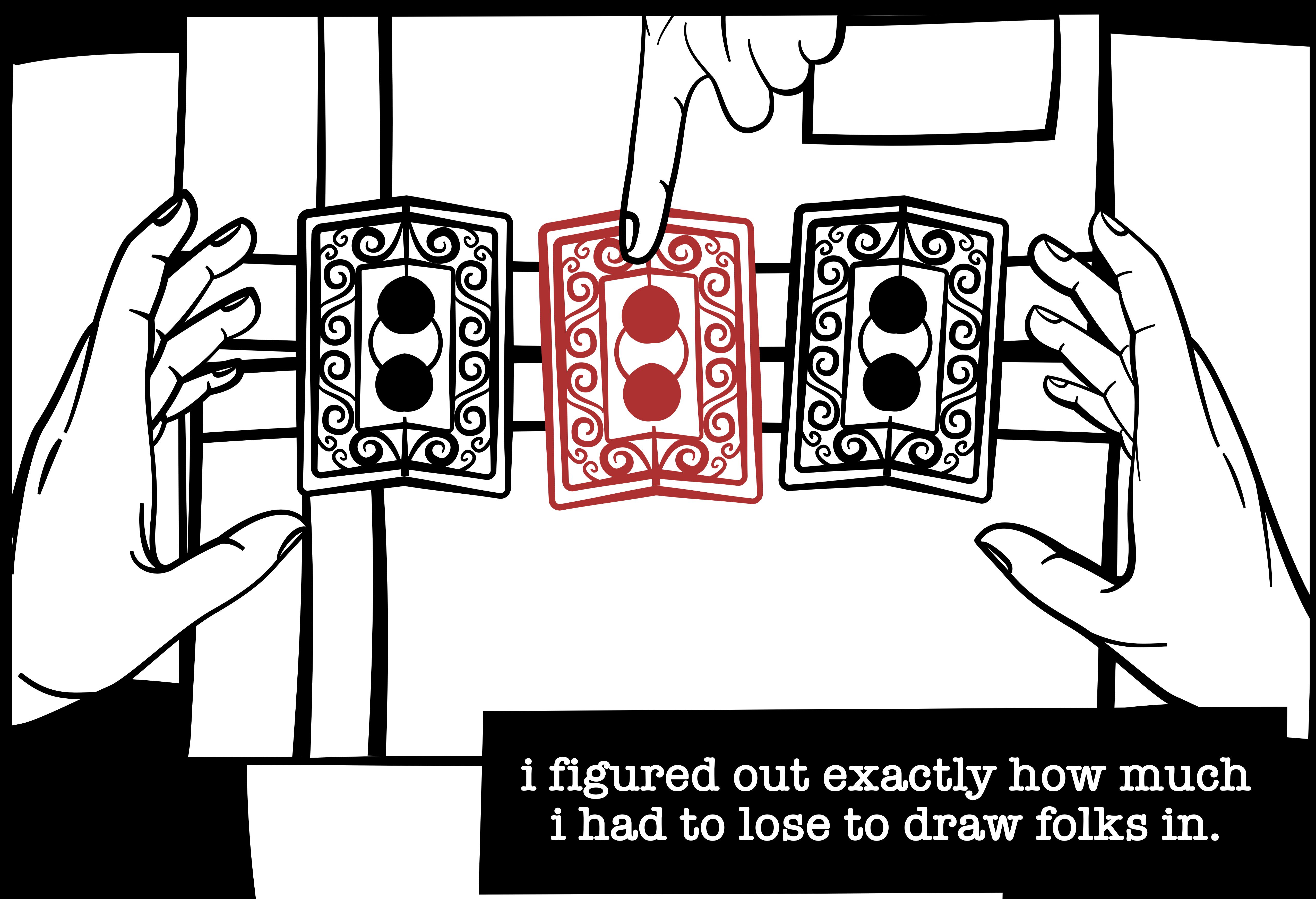


he claimed it was the only advice he'd ever needed.
but he was always in debt, on the hook for some
impulsive racket he'd tried to pull.

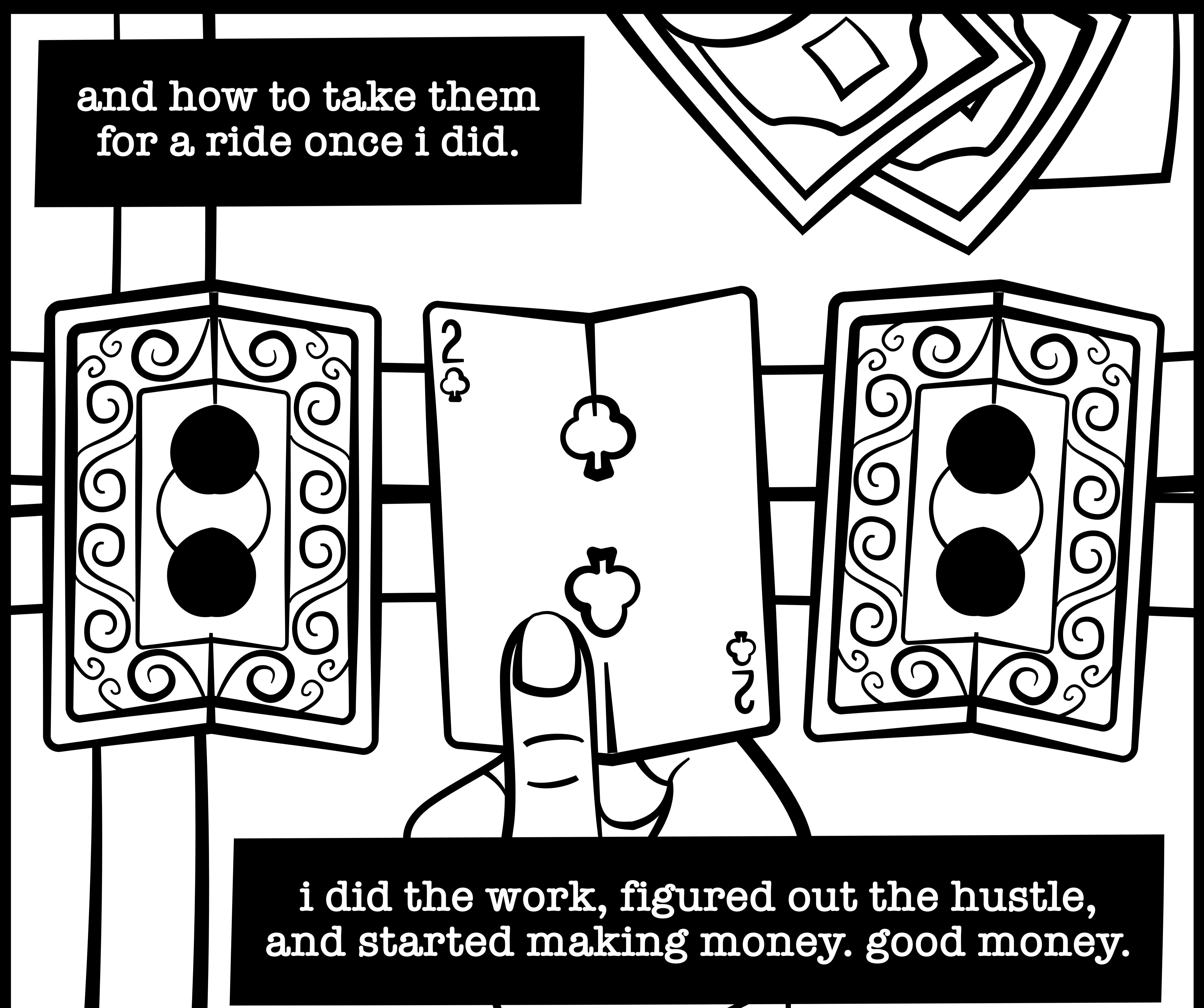


but that wasn't me. even when i
was a kid, i always had a plan.

i spent three months in my bedroom teaching
myself MONTE before i tried it on the street.



and how to take them
for a ride once i did.



i did the work, figured out the hustle,
and started making money. good money.

from the beginning, i knew what i wanted.
a fancy house, a fast car, and a family that
didn't need to hustle like i did.



from there, it was all about getting the money.

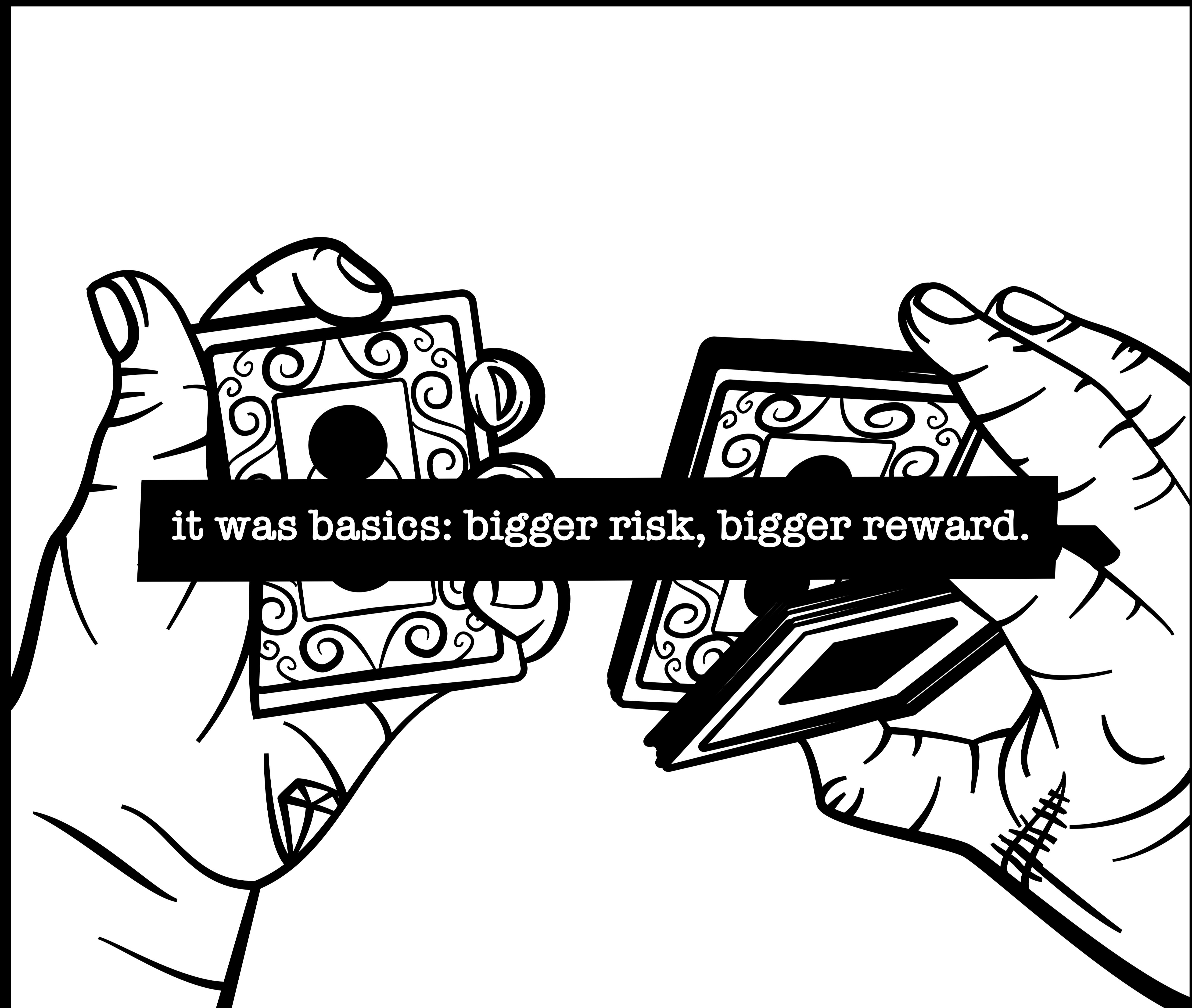
i met DENISE a couple years later. i was
still shuffling monte, and i'd picked up a job
at a bodega, but it wasn't enough anymore.



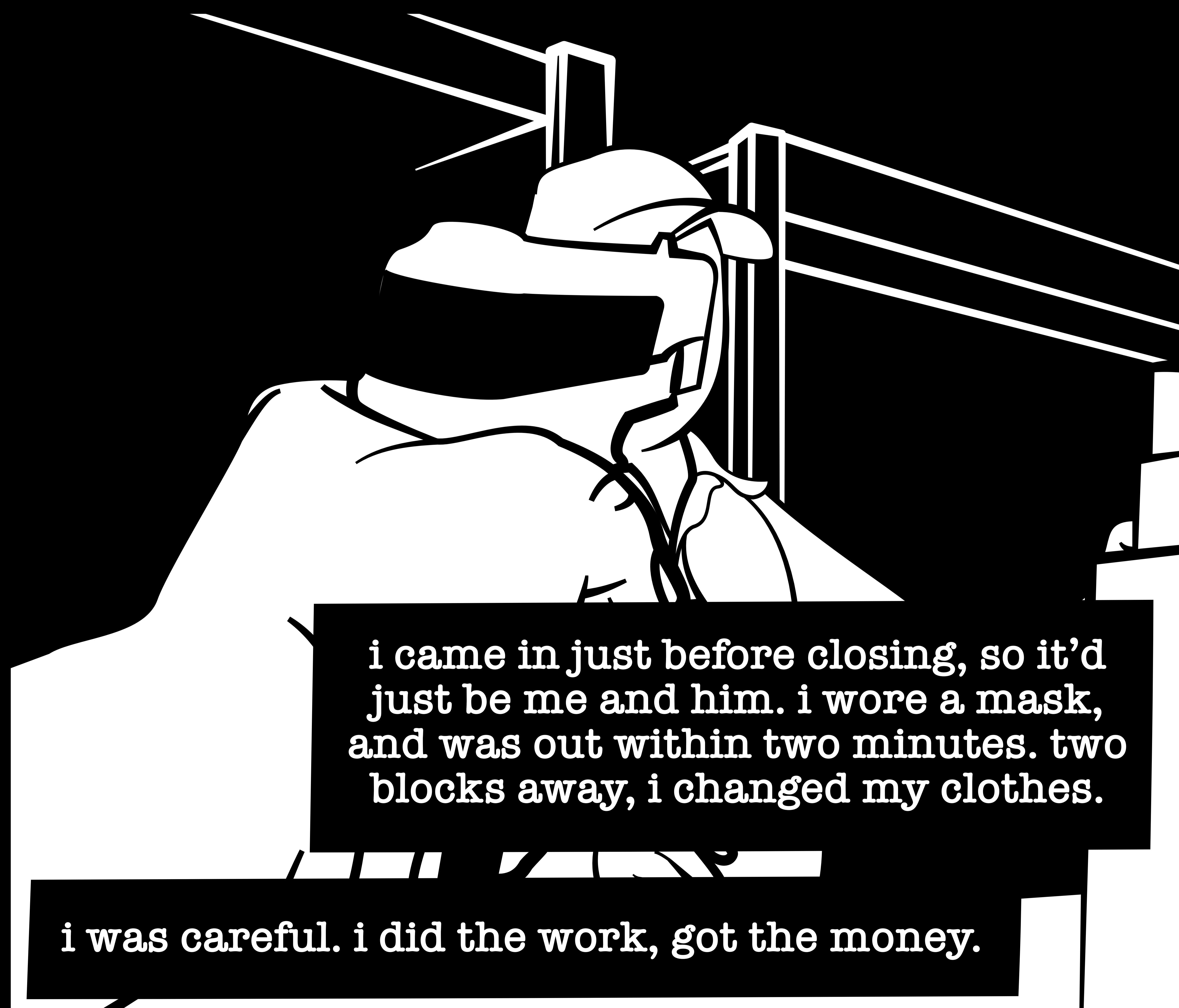
things were moving quickly now. fall in
love, and suddenly the plan's not the plan.



everything became urgent.
i wanted to make it happen.



it was basics: bigger risk, bigger reward.



i came in just before closing, so it'd
just be me and him. i wore a mask,
and was out within two minutes. two
blocks away, i changed my clothes.

i was careful. i did the work, got the money.



i don't regret the holdups. i had responsibil-
ities. had to bring home as much as i could.

keep on hustlin' till
you get those bills.




prison time wasn't part of the plan.



but i didn't let it stop the work.



you never stop the work, not even behind bars. you just change the currency.



five years is a long time, and denise was real angry when she found out about the robberies. we didn't last.

fancy house, fast car, happy family.




get your slice.

but when i got out, i finally got to hold my daughter's hands.

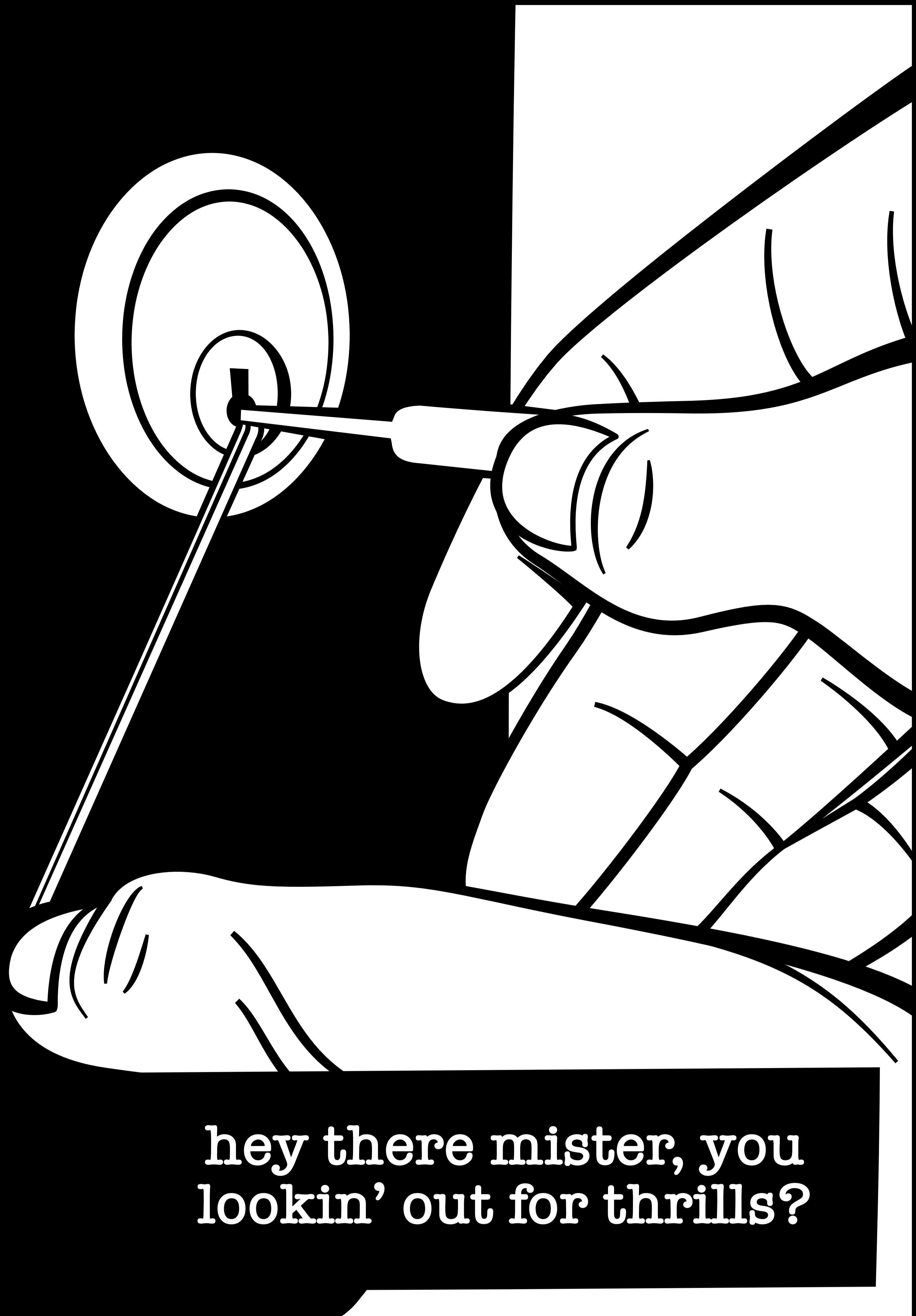
prison didn't make me stop. if anything, i had to speed things up again. i'd lost time and gained expenses.

no way could i make enough honest money to follow through on the plan.

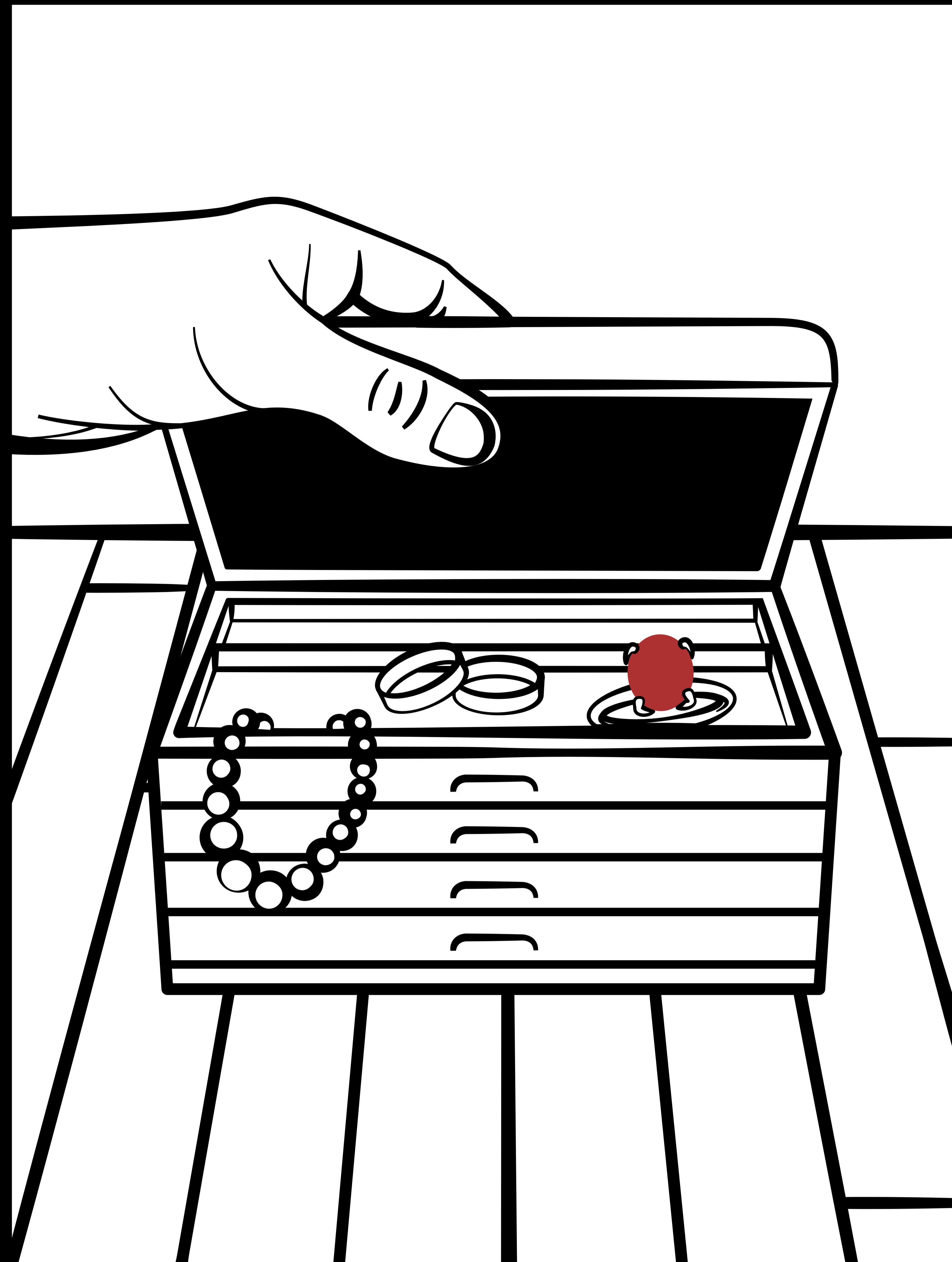
B&E, though. that could do it.



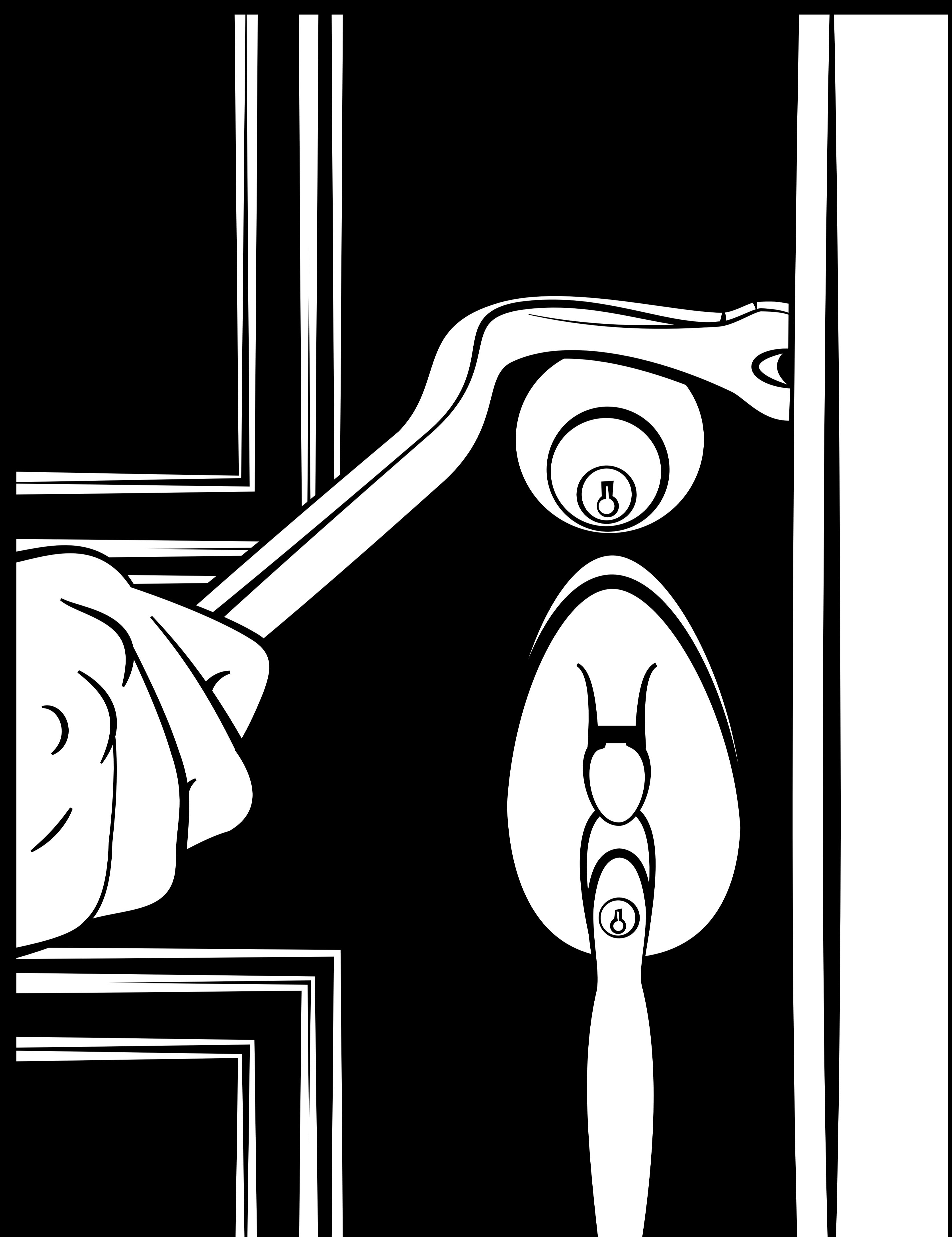
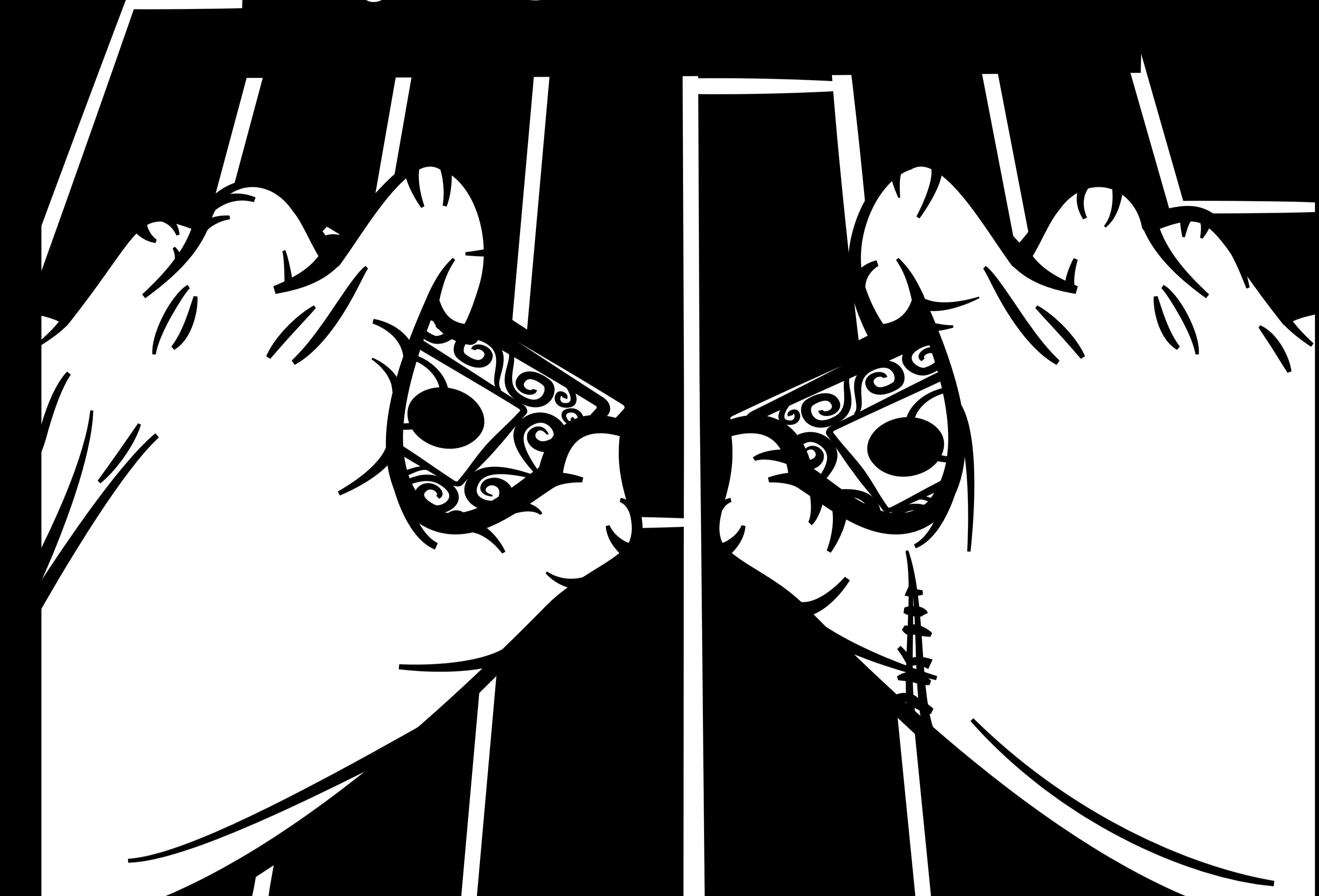
bigger risk, bigger reward.



hey there mister, you
lookin' out for thrills?



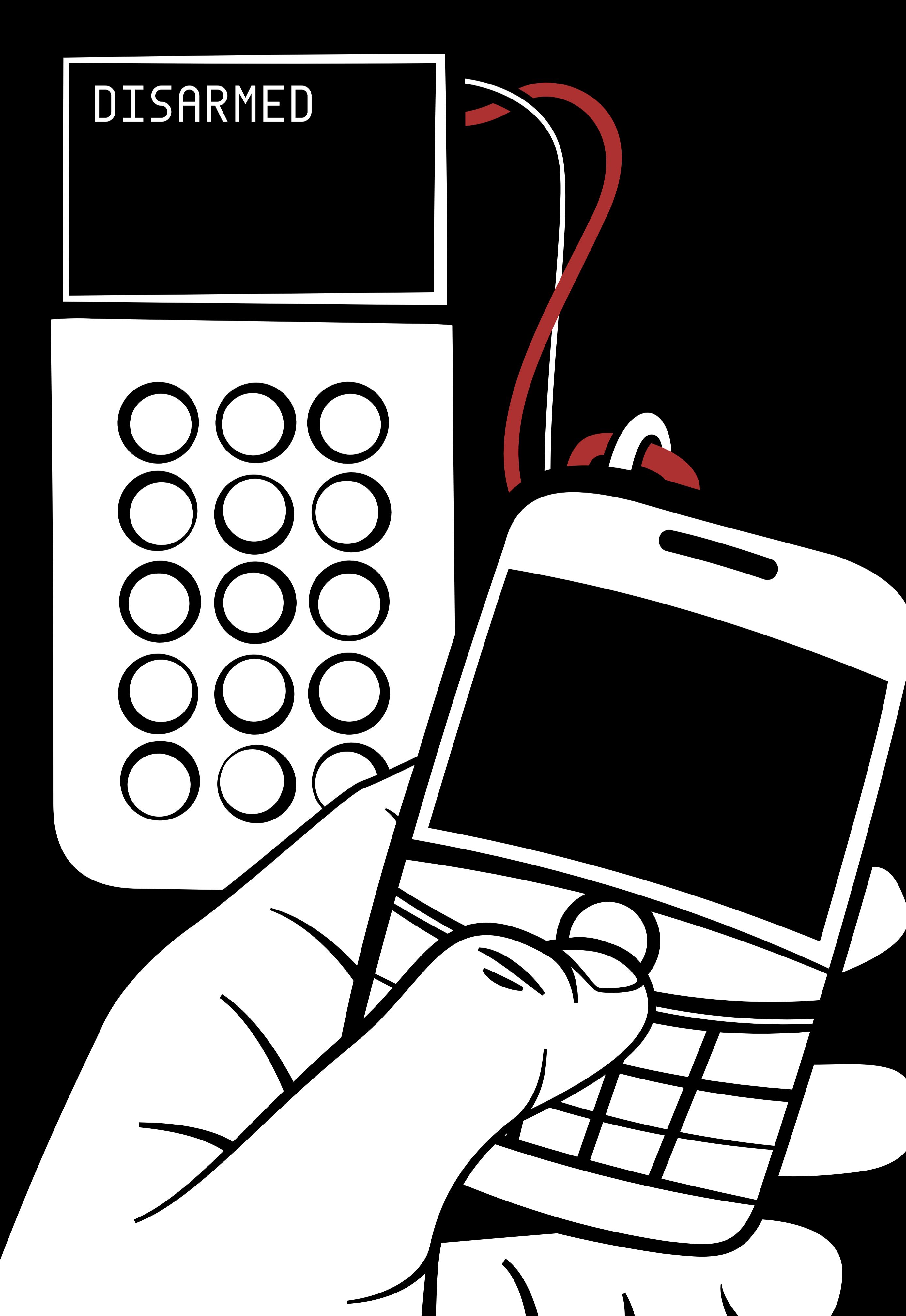
keep on hustlin' till
you get those bills.



hey there lady, you
going for the good life?



keep on hustlin' till
you get your slice.



hey there mama, see
the green in my hand?



i went out hustling,
i took my stand.

burglary was a solid hustle. i worked it for years, houses mostly. a store every now and then.

if you knew what you were doing and had a good fence, you could make some serious money.



i was gonna do it. fancy house, fast car, happy family. or happy daughter at least.

but somehow it was never quite enough. no matter how much i worked, how many houses i hit, there was always somewhere the money had to go.



i got mina into a decent apartment and made sure we were all taken care of, but beyond that?

the plan wasn't coming through, and i was getting older.

i started hitting bigger targets, and more often.



most were these beautiful, old brownstones. it felt good standing in them. not like i belonged, but close.



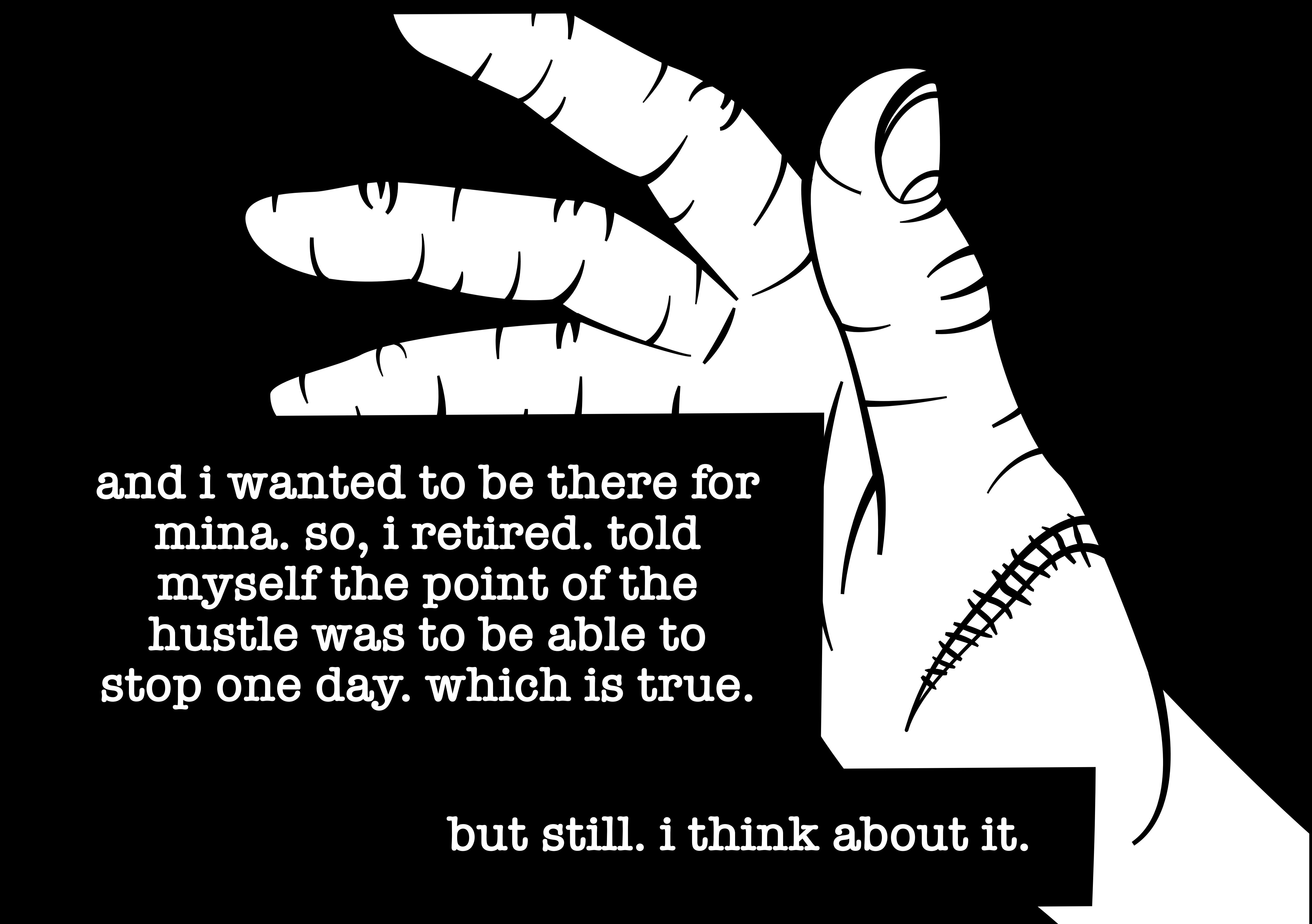
it made me sloppy.

and the more of the fine houses i hit, the more close calls i had.



i was going to get caught, and this time, the writing was on the wall.

i'd made a decent living. not like i wanted, but decent enough.



and i wanted to be there for mina. so, i retired. told myself the point of the hustle was to be able to stop one day. which is true.

but still. i think about it.

i could either stop, give up on the plan, or go back to prison.

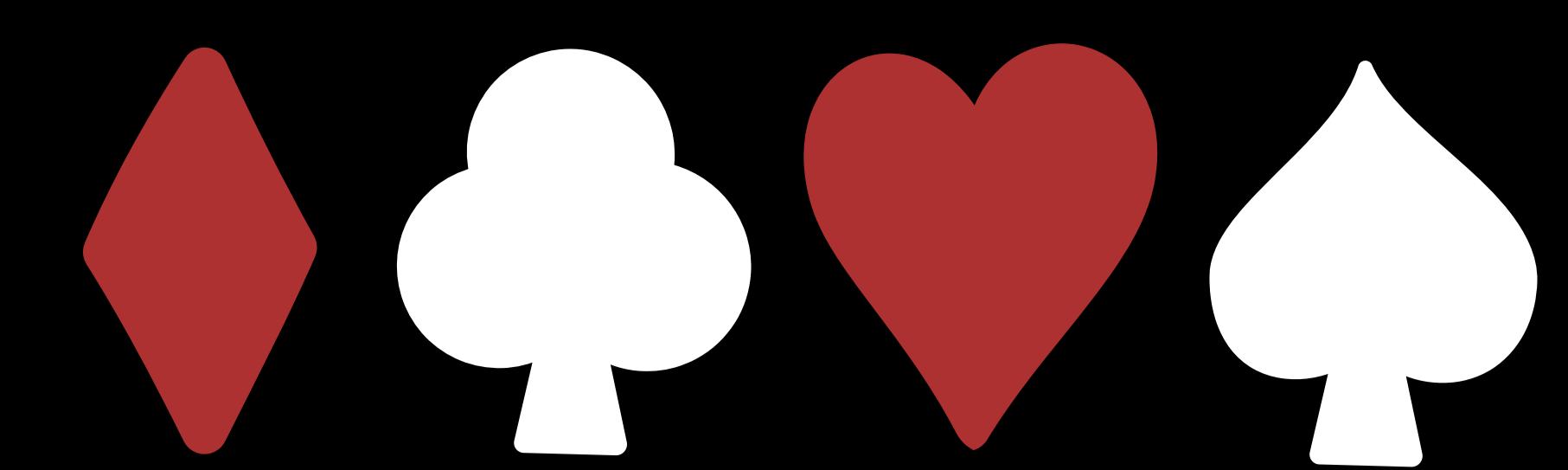
what if i'd kept working at it?

played just one more hand?

or two?



hey there mister, you lookin' out for thrills?...



“old hustle”

written by daniel goldberg
art by sohum gupta