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New York City. It's more dangerous than a beautiful woman, tougher than a two-bit steak, and more unforgiving than a pair of burlap undershorts. It takes guts to make it in this town but nobody ever called you a coward...at least not twice. It was all going so well... Carlo Two Toes decided to retire to Miami Beach, (well, okay, maybe you helped him make up his mind a little -- he used to be Carlo Three Toes after all), but he left you his sweet little bookmaking operation before he went. The dough was rolling in, your wiseguys were happy as clams in linguini, and you finally found a fedora that fit your unusually shaped head. Life was good. Then that rat, Don D'Oro, started moving in on your rackets on the docks, and Miss DeMeanor developed a thirst for your bootlegging business in Brooklyn... You know it can't last; there are just too many Bosses who want a piece of your action. Well, you'll just have to do something about that, won't you? This is New York, this is...

DEATHGROUND!