GRRARGH!
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
SOUNDED LIKE AN ANIMAL OR SOMEONE WHO'S HURT.
DYLAN. SON, GET AWAY FROM THE WINDOW.
SCRIK SCRIK
TRAAAVIS.
JUST BE QUIET, OKAY.
CRASH
HEY GUYS, I TH--

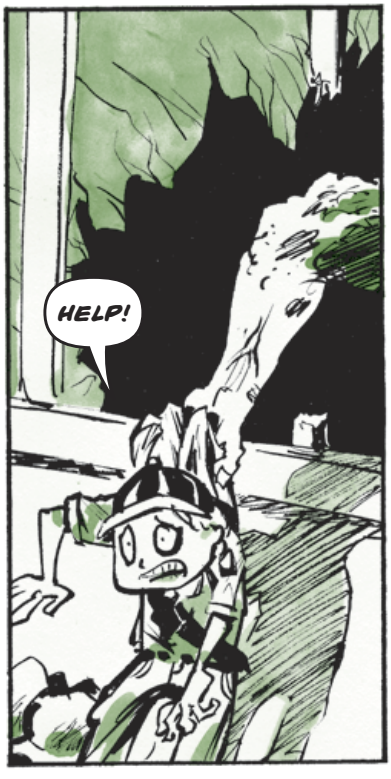
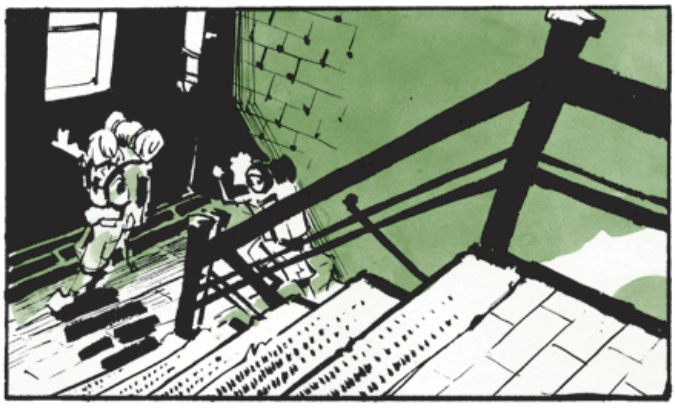
MOMMY!

DYLAN!

PADRE, COME BACK!
WHY DID HE DO THAT!
WHO TOOK DYLAN?

PADRE? PADRE?
BRAVES, GRAB YOUR GEAR! FOLLOW ME!

DYLAN'S GOING TO NEED HIS PACK-- AAAAH!


HELP!

WHY IS THIS HAPPENING!?!
LET GO OF HIM! LET GO!