

























































...Detritus...





Oh! I didn't notice this painting here before.

It's another of Miss Roselyn, like the one in the foyer.

> Ah, yeah. Saria's work again.

> > It seems like she enjoyed painting Rose a lot. They must have been good friends.

Saria's death had to have been devastating to her as well.

I wonder if Rose was planning to be the nanny, had Saria lived?

I don't remember, but...
yeah, probably. She acts like a
stern old wolf now, but somehow
I get the feeling back then she'd
have been just as excited.

Come on, we should get out of here.

I don't like this place. Too many old...



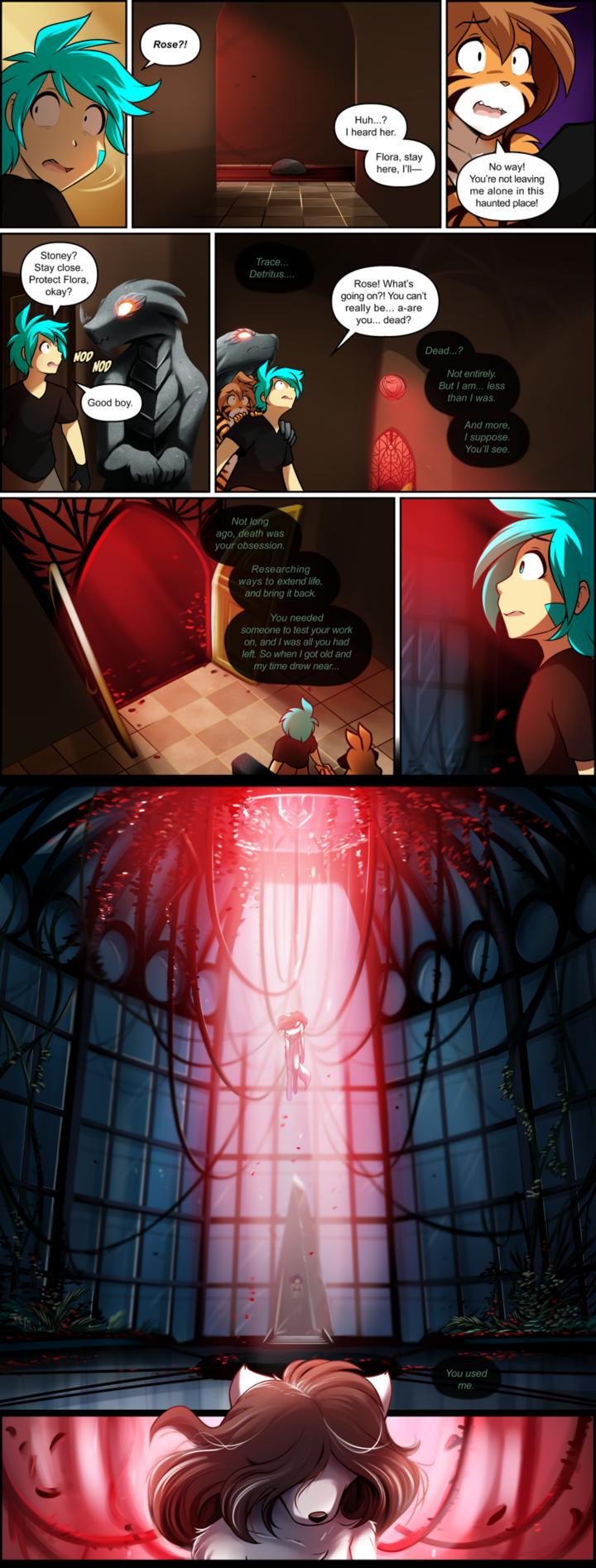






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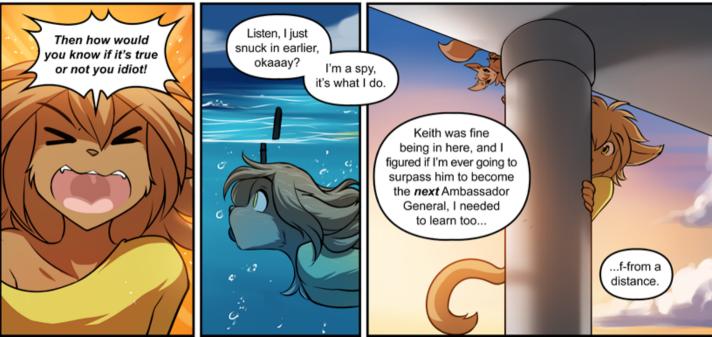














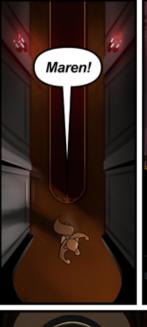
























































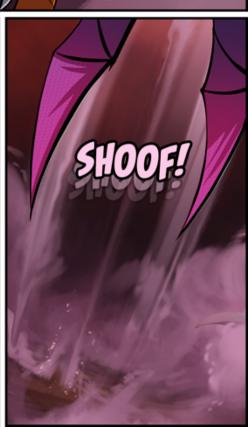


























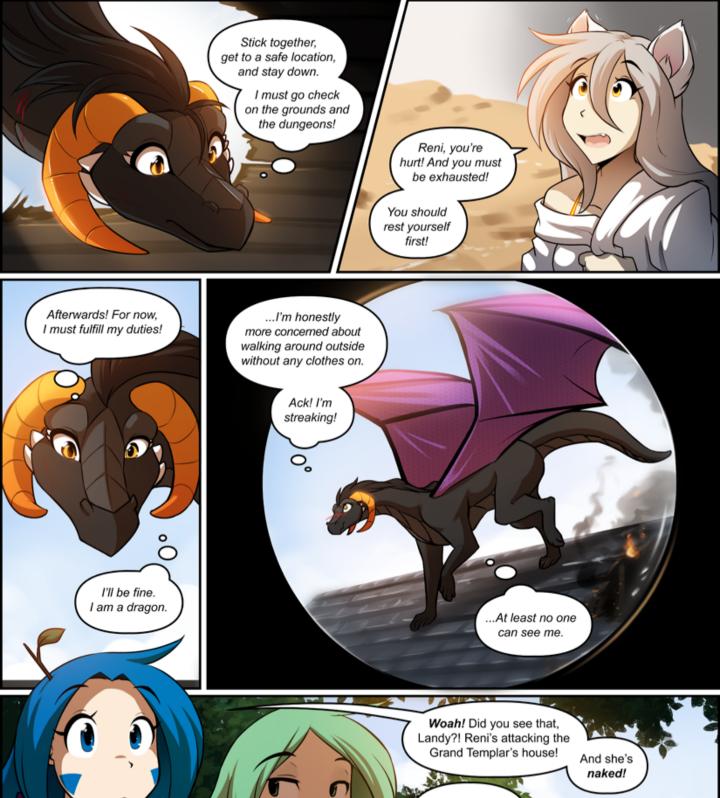




Raine!

Tail!

Hm...?













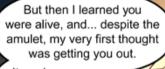












It made me realize just how much I'd come to value you.

> To the point where I'd even consider risking my own... substantially more valuable self.



Brutus...You've always been my most loyal friend.

A weakness I've allowed myself to tolerate.







Oh, can we get something to eat once we get back? We can celebrate your success! I'm... starving...

I can't wait... to get back home.

I never doubted you'd come back for me. I... Clovis...

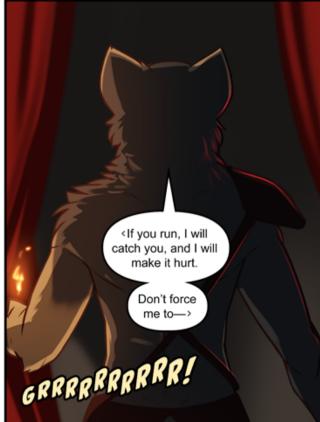




























































































on someone...

Maybe try and make sure you hit something more vital next time?



















































































Detritus already started it! I can't... I can't make it stop!







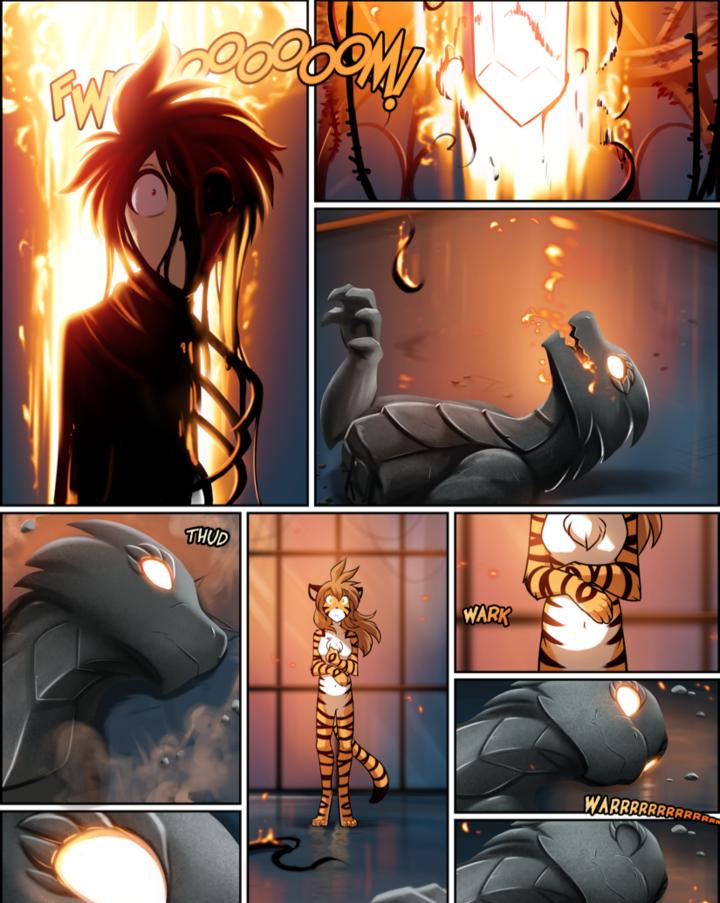






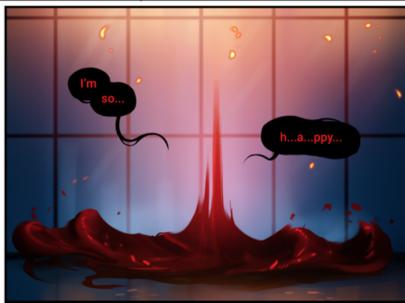




































































































[ Oh, well, thanks, but you're a little late, Lynn. I don't think we're in any more danger.]

any assistance. 1









