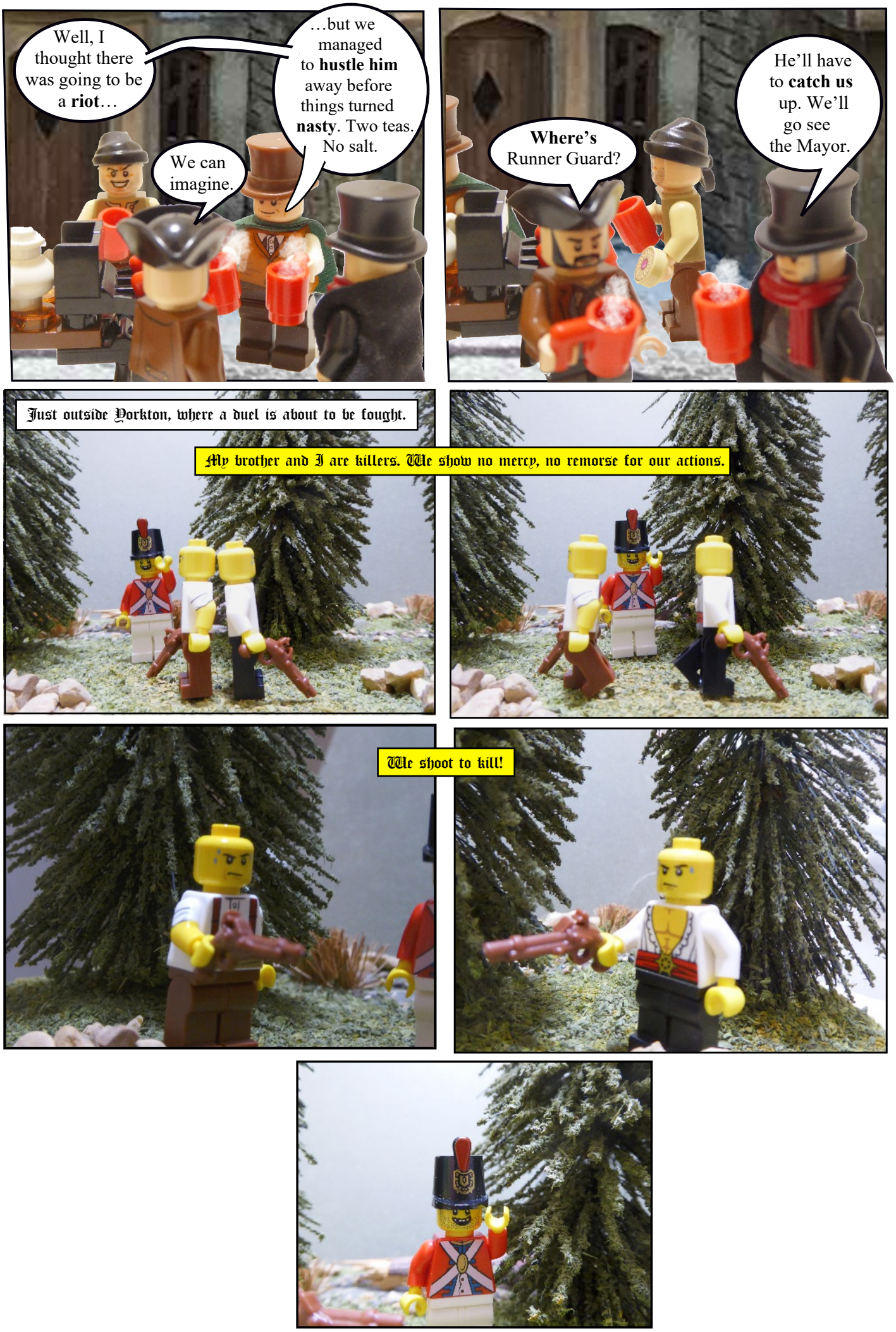
Well, I thought there was going to be a **riot**…
…but we managed to **hustle him** away before things turned **nasty**. Two teas. No salt.
We can imagine.
Where's Runner Guard?
He'll have to **catch us** up. We'll go see the Mayor.
Just outside Yorkton, where a duel is about to be fought.
My brother and I are killers. We show no mercy, no remorse for our actions.
We shoot to kill!