

Sure.

Alright!  
Let's show 'em  
how we dooo.



Yeah, uhm, kind of awkward  
though, right? People are  
looking.



It's fine.  
Everything's  
fine. We set  
the tone.

Come on Michael,  
let's see your  
partial-zombie  
dance!



WHRRROOOO



Oops.

MEOW  
little kitty cat.



Sir, leave her  
alone, please.  
Sorry man,  
sister says no.

Lame.



You guys are protecting  
me, and that's very sweet,  
but there's  
no need to.

There is  
though,  
a bit?



Aha!



Hello!

Victoria.









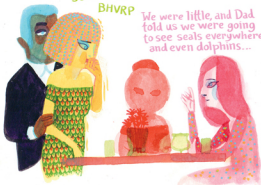
Am I in  
trouble?

Nooo no sis,  
everything's fine. I was  
just about to tell Lola  
about Scotland  
is all. You remember?



Yeah,  
Scotland...  
BHVRP

We were little, and Dad  
told us we were going  
to see seals everywhere,  
and even dolphins...



When we bragged about it at school nobody  
believed us. So we were like, just you wait,  
we'll take pictures! But once we got to Scotland...

Zero seals, zero dolphins!

Nada! So, what we did is, we got this little  
disposable camera.

Haha, yesss...

And we struck all these poses, with our  
hands outstretched, heheeee! As if we were  
petting something! And when we got back...

We took magazines and we cut out  
seals and dolphins!

And pasted them onto the pictures.  
We filled a whole album.



Alteing photos like  
a couple soviet  
propagandists!

Hey, Vic. Uhm...  
You know all  
I want is  
for you  
to be  
happy.

I'm  
happy!

Sorry, I drank some wine too,  
and I'm being corny, but I love you  
to death. Vicky, my lil' sis.

Aww...

I love  
you,  
too!

That's  
it for the  
vodka,  
I think.

Michael,  
let me...  
let me clean  
that up...

Let's go, Vic,  
have a  
cigarette  
with me.



Lola, leave it.  
I'll do it.

Oh darn,  
I smudged  
your pretty  
dress.

It's nothing.  
Here, have  
a ciggy.

No thanks,  
I roll my  
own  
now.

Vic, Vicky...

Am I being  
annoying?

Pff... No.

Anoying-JSH,  
maybe?

Mm. You guys  
have been a bit  
Big Brother tonight.

But I am your  
"Big Sister,"  
Vicky. And I  
see you're  
doing better.  
You're eyes...  
They're better.  
But there's no  
need to rush it.

You're very intelligent.  
Your brain is a powerful  
little machine. Capable  
of amazing feats. But you  
can't let the machine  
overheat.

You're like the  
Albatross right now, like,  
uh, I wanna say... Flaubert,  
Baudelaire.

Whatever.  
Blablablaire.

And a  
big-ass  
beak.

You're a  
little bird  
with these  
huge wings.

But you have to rest those  
big wings, just a bit.  
And when you're rested,  
THEN you can take flight!



