| Week 3 - Arcane                      | When did you get so               | Oh, you did put that idiot     |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Vander learns none of this.          | (4)                               | on his ass, though, right?     |
| No worries there.                    | living in someone else's shadow?  | Mm.                            |
| Powder took care of the              | Everyone out.                     | Get up, Claggor. We're going   |
| evidence.                            | Sit down.                         | out.                           |
| I tried, okay? You don't get it.     | -I'm fine.                        | Wait, now?                     |
| You're older, you're bigger.         | -Sit. Down.                       | Hey, hey, that's mine!         |
| -It, it isn't fair.                  | Those kids look up to you.        | -You wanna be treated like     |
| -So stick with us!                   | Yeah, I know.                     | (9), right?                    |
| Take a (1) or two.                   |                                   | Then you should know better    |
| -Everyone all right?                 | When people (5)                   | than                           |
| -Never better.                       | up to you,                        | to come back from a job empty- |
| Good.                                | you don't get to be selfish.      | handed.                        |
| I don't suppose you can explain      | -I'm not                          | I'm gonna have a little word   |
| why it is                            |                                   | with your informant.           |
| that I'm hearing about an            | You say swim, they dive in.       | adults care comfortable        |
| explosion                            | You say light a fire,             | earn handle hearing look       |
| and a foot chase topside?            |                                   | lost punch                     |
| Four children fleeing the scene.     | ž – ž                             | rost puncii                    |
| What the hell were you thinking?you. |                                   |                                |
| That we can (2) a                    |                                   |                                |
| real job.                            | what happens to us down here.     |                                |
| A real job?                          | We make ourselves a problem       |                                |
| We got our own tip, planned a        | for Piltover,                     |                                |
| route,                               | and they will send the enforcers. |                                |
| nobody even saw.                     | So? Why answer to them?           |                                |
| -You blew up a building.             | These are our streets.            |                                |
| -That wasn't                         | Someone should remind them of     |                                |
| Did you even stop to think about     |                                   |                                |
| what could have happened to          | You're not (6) me.                |                                |
| you?                                 | That path?                        |                                |
| Eh? To them?                         | This?                             |                                |
| Where did you even get this tip?     |                                   |                                |
| -We just heard it at Benzo's shop    |                                   |                                |
| -From?                               | Just makes more of them.          |                                |
| -Little Man.                         | We clear?                         |                                |
| I took us there.                     | -How'd you get this?              |                                |
| If you wanna be mad, be mad at       | Some idiot was following us.      |                                |
| me.                                  | On our side? Who?                 |                                |
| But you're the one who always        | I don't know. He was after the    |                                |
| says                                 | stuff.                            |                                |
| we have to (3) our                   | Where is it now?                  |                                |
| place in this world.                 | We (7) it.                        |                                |
| I also told you time and time        | All of it?                        |                                |
| again,                               | Good.                             |                                |
| the Northside's off-limits.          | Nothing can tie you               |                                |
| -We stay out of Piltover's           | to what happened up there.        |                                |
| business.                            | You're gonna have to lay low      |                                |
| -Why?                                | for a bit, understand?            |                                |
| They've got plenty, while we're      | Okay.                             |                                |
| down here                            | We're gonna be fine, right?       |                                |
| scraping together coins.             | I'll take (8) of it.              |                                |