father, friends, lost, march, tiger

Bagheera: Now what's happened?

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Bagheera: Oh, it was me, Colonel.

Hathi: What do you mean, sir, taking over my command? Highly irregular you know.

Bagheera: Oh, Colonel, I am sorry, but-but I need your help.

Hathi: Oh, that's impossible. We're on a cross-country march.

Bagheera: But it's an emergency, colonel. The man-cub must be found.

наthi: Man-cub? What man-cub?

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Bagheera: The one I was taking to the man-village.

Hathi: Good. That's where he belongs. Now sir, if you don't mind, we'd like to get on with the march.

Bagheera: No, no, no, you-you don't understand, Hathi. He is (2)_____. He ran away.

Shere Khan: How delightful.

Hathi: Well, serves the young whippersnapper right.

Bagheera: But-but Shere Khan, the (3)_____, he's sure to pick up the man-cub's trail.

Hathi: Ha, ha. Shere Khan. Nonsense, old boy. Shere Khan isn't within miles of here. Oh, sorry Bagheera. Fortunes of war and all that sort of thing you know.

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Bagheera: Ah, thank you colonel. Now there's no time to lose.

Hathi: Yes, yes, well. Good luck. When the man-cub is sighted you will sound your trumpet 3 times.

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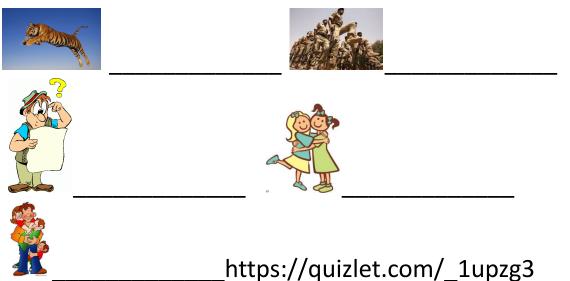
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