

Doc brought us back to just before I'd subpoenaed my own grandpa... which, geez, sounds like a bad country song.

SHKOWNNNNN

It helped. Sure, I still felt a little woozy, but I was in good enough shape to run into town.

Hill Valley
2 miles

Doc said he had to stay with the DeLoorean—and out of sight—since he was supposed to be locked up... but we made arrangements to meet over by where the Snack n' Shop would eventually get built.

EEP!

All I had to do was figure out how to keep my grandpa safe without breaking the space-time continuum.

And while I waited for myself to finish talking, I overheard something else...

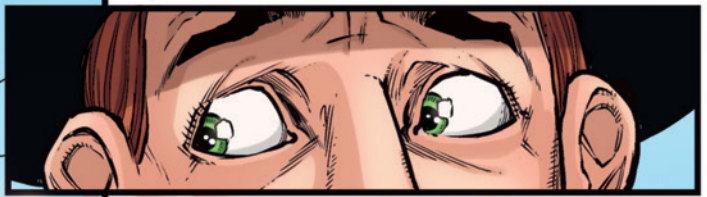
I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! SUBPOENA AND ALL.

AND YEAH, WE'LL MAKE IT MESSY.

OKAY, BOSS. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT TONIGHT, AT HIS HOUSE.

Once I overheard Tannen's goon, I knew where they were going to ambush Grandpa. And it was all my fault—I was the one who told him to go home!

It took me almost three blocks to catch up with Grandpa without being seen.



ARTIE!
HEY!



WHAT—WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WE CAN'T BE SEEN TOGETHER!

I KNOW, ARTIE, I KNOW, BUT THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE OF PLANS. YOU HAVE TO COME WITH ME.

NO, I DON'T! I'M GOING HOME.



HEY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD.

I'M FINE. BUT I CAN'T LET YOU GO HOME. IT'S A MATTER OF... NATIONAL SECURITY?

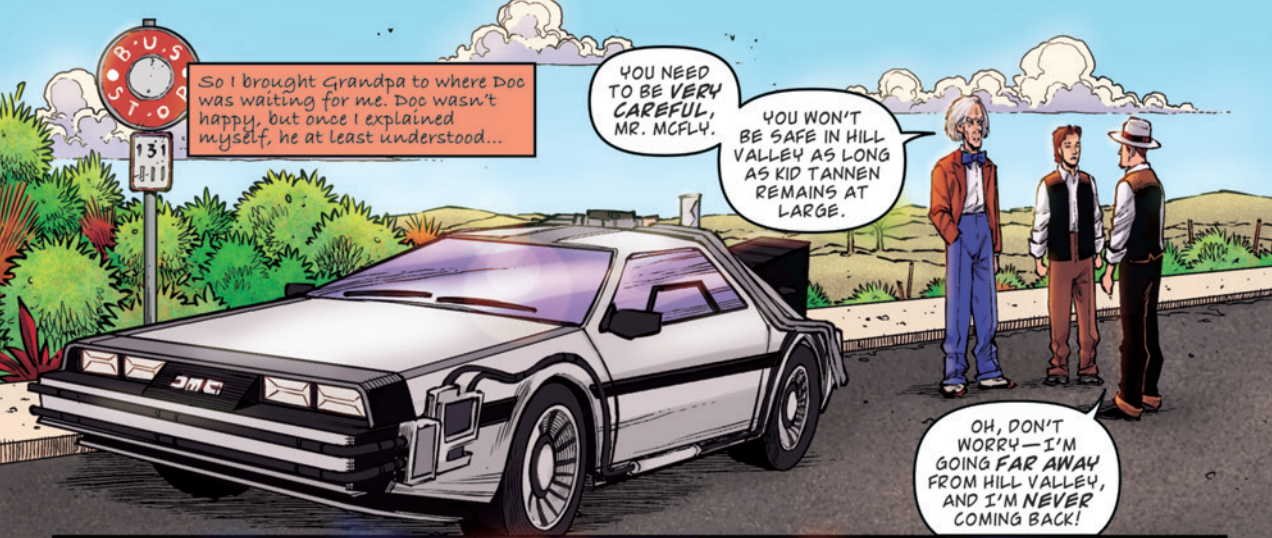
I don't know why I said national security, but the second I did, I felt a little better... which meant I'd convinced him.



LOOK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, BUT BEFORE YOU GO ANYWHERE OR DO ANYTHING, WE REALLY SHOULD TALK TO MY BOSS.

AT THE COURTHOUSE?

NO, AT THE SNACK N'—ER, JUST FOLLOW ME, OKAY?

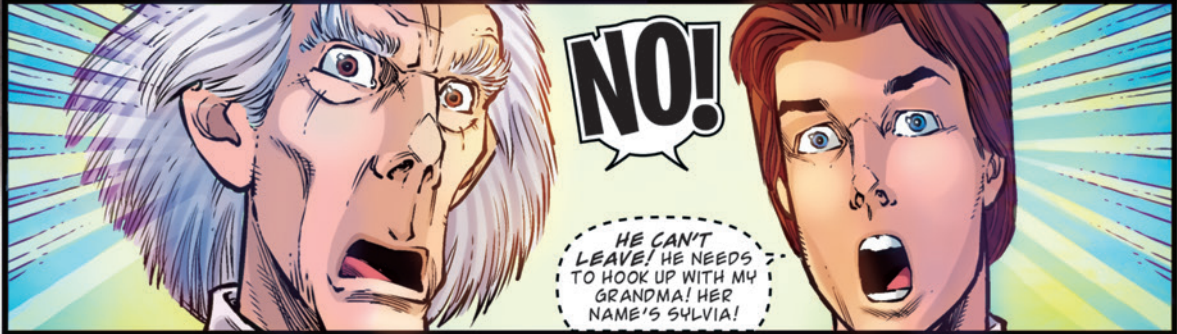


So I brought Grandpa to where Doc was waiting for me. Doc wasn't happy, but once I explained myself, he at least understood...

YOU NEED TO BE VERY CAREFUL, MR. MCFLY.

YOU WON'T BE SAFE IN HILL VALLEY AS LONG AS KID TANNER REMAINS AT LARGE.

OH, DON'T WORRY—I'M GOING FAR AWAY FROM HILL VALLEY, AND I'M NEVER COMING BACK!



NO!

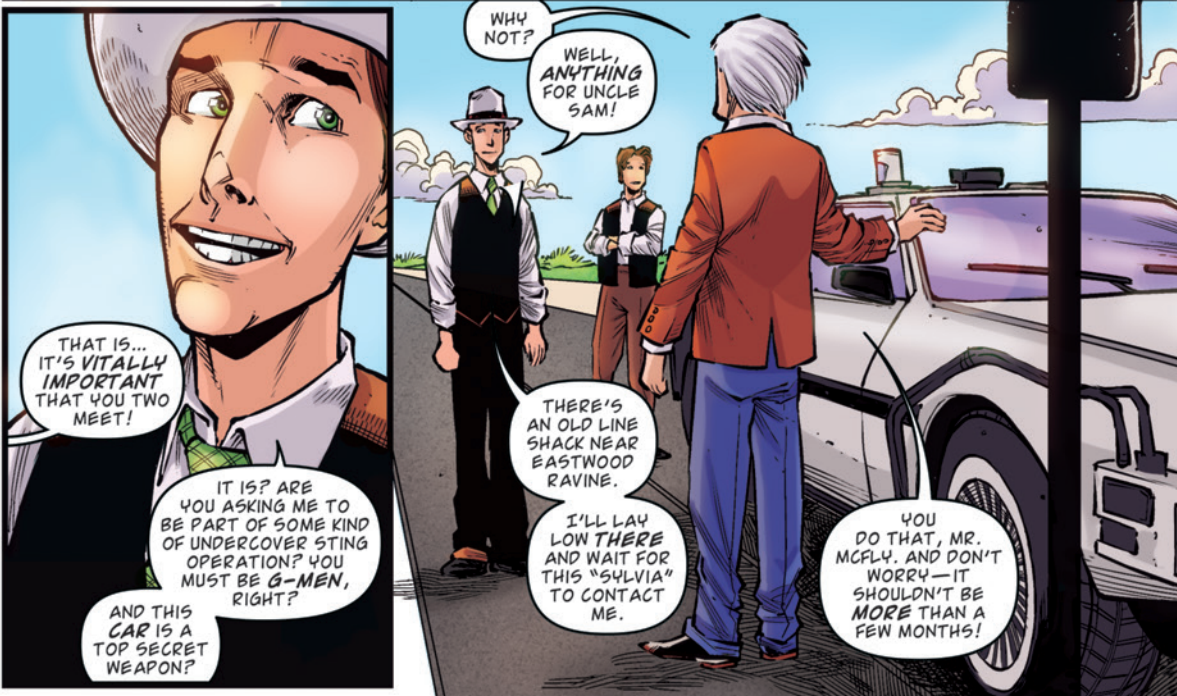
HE CAN'T LEAVE! HE NEEDS TO HOOK UP WITH MY GRANDMA! HER NAME'S SYLVIA!



DO YOU KNOW A WOMAN NAMED SYLVIA?

NO...?

WELL, SHE KNOWS YOU! OR WILL.



THAT IS... IT'S VITALLY IMPORTANT THAT YOU TWO MEET!

IT IS? ARE YOU ASKING ME TO BE PART OF SOME KIND OF UNDERCOVER STING OPERATION? YOU MUST BE G-MEN, RIGHT?

AND THIS CAR IS A TOP SECRET WEAPON?

WHY NOT?

WELL, ANYTHING FOR UNCLE SAM!

THERE'S AN OLD LINE SHACK NEAR EASTWOOD RAVINE.

I'LL LAY LOW THERE AND WAIT FOR THIS "SYLVIA" TO CONTACT ME.

YOU DO THAT, MR. MCFLY. AND DON'T WORRY—IT SHOULDN'T BE MORE THAN A FEW MONTHS!

