**James:**

Who’s There? Come here, little ladybug. Don’t be afraid. I promise I won’t hurt you. Come on. You see these?

*James shows Ladybug his parents’ glasses and scarf.*

These are the only things left of my parents. I must keep these very safe. This is no place for the two of you. You can leave any time you want. I can’t leave, because… I have no place to go.

**Spiker/Sponge:**

You see that cottage up on the top of the hill? That’s where me and Sponge live. And you see that door at the bottom of those stairs? The ones that lead down into the dirt cellar? That’s where you’ll live with the rest of the creepy-crawlies.

Listen here, beast. The only reason we claimed you was ‘cause we need some help around here. You will take this axe and chop down that rotten old peach tree and kill every single crawling thing you find!

**Ladahlord:**

And there it is! The very first primordial ooze of an inkling that has the potential to lead to so many other fan-tas-ma-rific things! HA! James! That bag, right over there, contains something remark-u-lous! Are you willing to reach into the great unknown and find out what’s inside? Come on, James! Only you have the power to change the course of your wretched little life. What’s it gonna be? Victim? Or Hero?

**Insects:**

Hold on everyone, calm down, calm down. I’m afraid there’s been a bit of a misunderstanding. There’s nothing to be afraid of, it’s just a little boy. Proper introductions are in order. We’re insects. At least we were insects. Until we ate the green things. Now I’m afraid we’re something quite different.