

Yeah, quite a moment, huh? Now I could skip on in the story and just tell you what happened but, well, I'm not that cruel, so...

“What...the....fuck?!”

“I mean, maybe later. But we've only just met properly.” she extends her hand and looks down at the sleeve covering half her hand. “Oh, no, that will not do at all.” her suit shimmers, pulling tighter until it more resembles the Samaritan's costume, although the figure it's hugging is decidedly and obviously female, the 'S' sloping between her breasts. “There, that's better. Not wearing hand-me-downs, even if they are from myself.”

“Who are...”

“I told you, I'm Sammie. I'm kind of the Samaritan and kind of not. It's complicated.” she shrugs.

“No, really, who are you?”

“Well, Master, I'm a memory in the Samaritan's mind mixed with a bit of 7th dimensional magic and locked away.”

“7th dimensional...wait, I remember this. That imp...”

“That's the one. One of the first things he did to mess with the Samaritan was to turn him into a woman and...”

“One hundred. Oh, wow, that was, I, where is Kent hiding? I have a lot of my mind to give him! And who is that?!”

“Hi, Lana.” Sammie waves, “I'm Sammie the Samaritan. Kent's not available at the moment. But if you want to stick around, I can tell you the story as well. So, like I was saying, the very first time Xymaplytyxr met the Samaritan, he used his magic to turn him into a woman, me. Well, not me me, but sort of me. Obviously the Samaritan triumphed, got him to reverse it and tricked him into leaving this dimension, just like he did every other time. At that point, I didn't really exist. Mostly just a memory with some magic clinging to it. But each time they fought, a bit more magic stuck and grew with me, making that memory something more like a thought and then a mind and then a personality. And just now I got let out and now I'm a real person with a real body and everything.”

“Got let out how?”

“Well, when you were being tranced, Kent, the big lug, slipped in with you. I pushed a bit until he found the door holding me. Then he opened it and I swapped places with him, so he's locked in the corner of my mind I was locked in for his.”

“So you can let him out?”

“I mean, sure, I could, but that would be locking me away again, and I've already been cooped up for years! I only just got here and I want to have some fun!”

“What about Kent?”

“What about him? He's safe up here.” she taps her head.

“And you'll let him out?”

“I mean, maybe. When I feel like it. He kept me there for years!”

“He didn't know you existed!”

“Ok, fine, alright, I can see I'm not wanted! I'll go back into the dark and cold and loneliness and you'll never have to be bothered by me ever ever again!”

“Now you're just being dramatic.”

“You're not the one being asked to give up on a life that only just started!” she snuffles, wiping away a tear.

“You know, that's almost as effective as Kent's puppy dog eyes. Ow.” he looks over at Lana as she elbows him in the ribs.

“Honey, we can't just let you stay. Not if it means Kent's locked away.”

“But...”

“I'll talk to him when he's back and see if we can work something out.”

“But...”

“How about when we bring him back tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow?”

"Of course. You and I have a story to write."

"Right. Hold on, hold on, I can't go like this. Master, can you release me from my trance? Pretty please? I promise faithfully to come back tomorrow so you can let Kent out."

"You're still in a trance? But you sound..."

She nods.

"Ok. Counting up, rising out of your..."

"zeroonetwothreefour..."

"What's with the Master stuff?"

"Bugged if I know. I certainly didn't make her call me it."

"Uh-huh."

"I didn't!"

"I said I believed you."

"Yes, but you said it in a way that clearly showed you didn't."

"I'm a journalist. I don't believe anybody."

"That's..."

"Onehundred." She blinks. "Oh, I didn't, I thought I might, I'm really real! Whoo-hooo!"

"Ready?"

"You bet...wait, I can't go out like this!" her clothes shimmer and are replaced by tight jeans and a white Samaritan bellyshirt.

"How do you do that?"

"Neat, huh? Will save a fortune in clothes."

"Yes, but how..."

"I told you! Lot of 7th dimensional energy stuck to me, so I get to do things like that."

"What else can you do?"

"How should I know? I've only been real for like five minutes..."

The door swings shut, leaving Pranger alone in his office. "Well..." he reaches for the bottle of scotch.