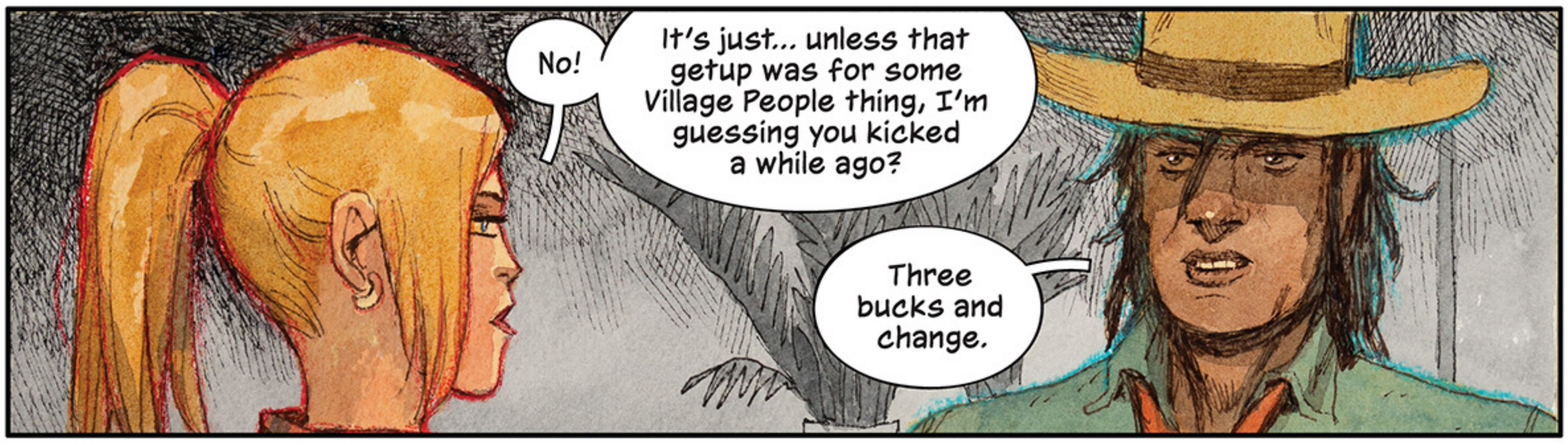
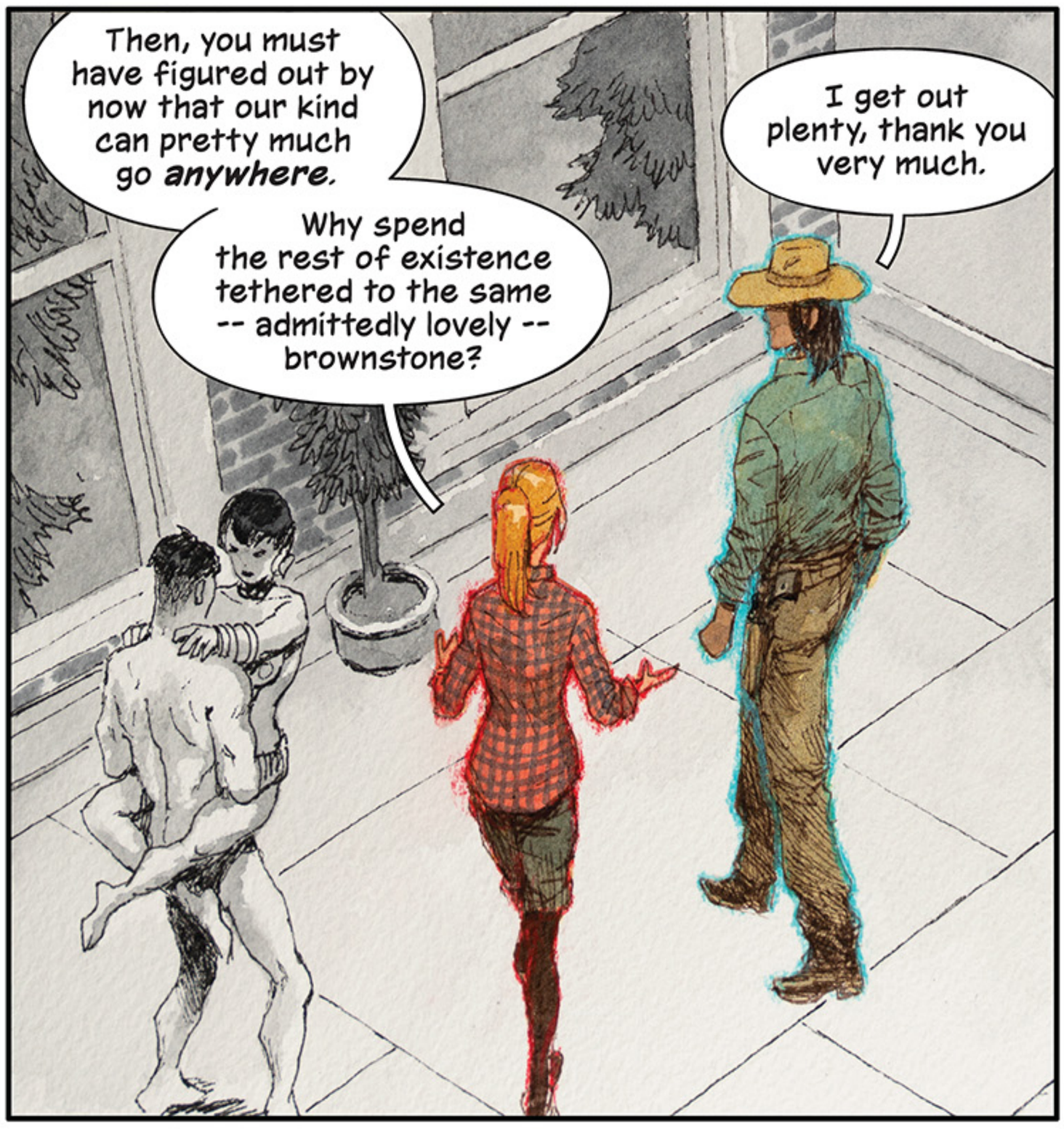
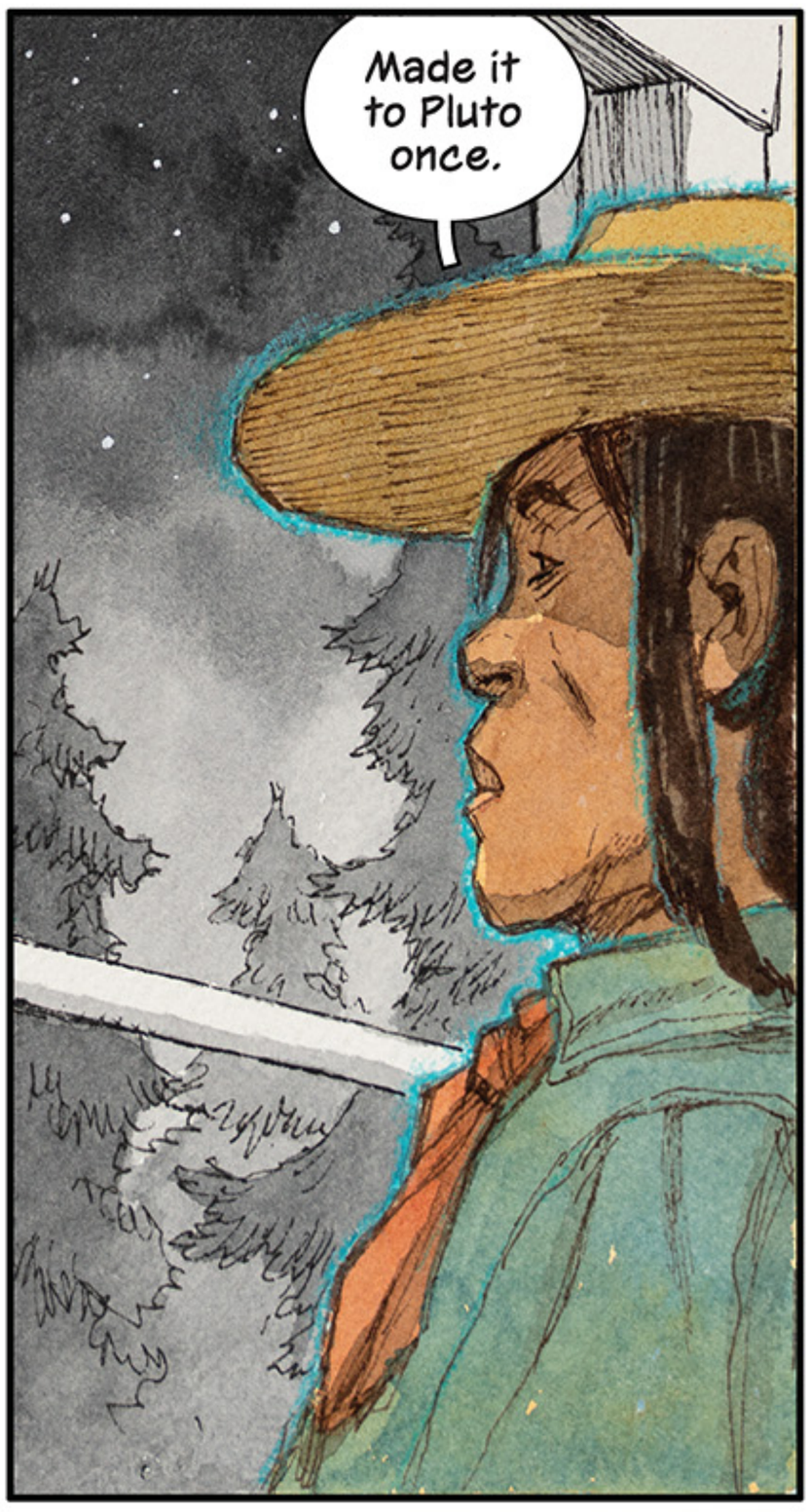
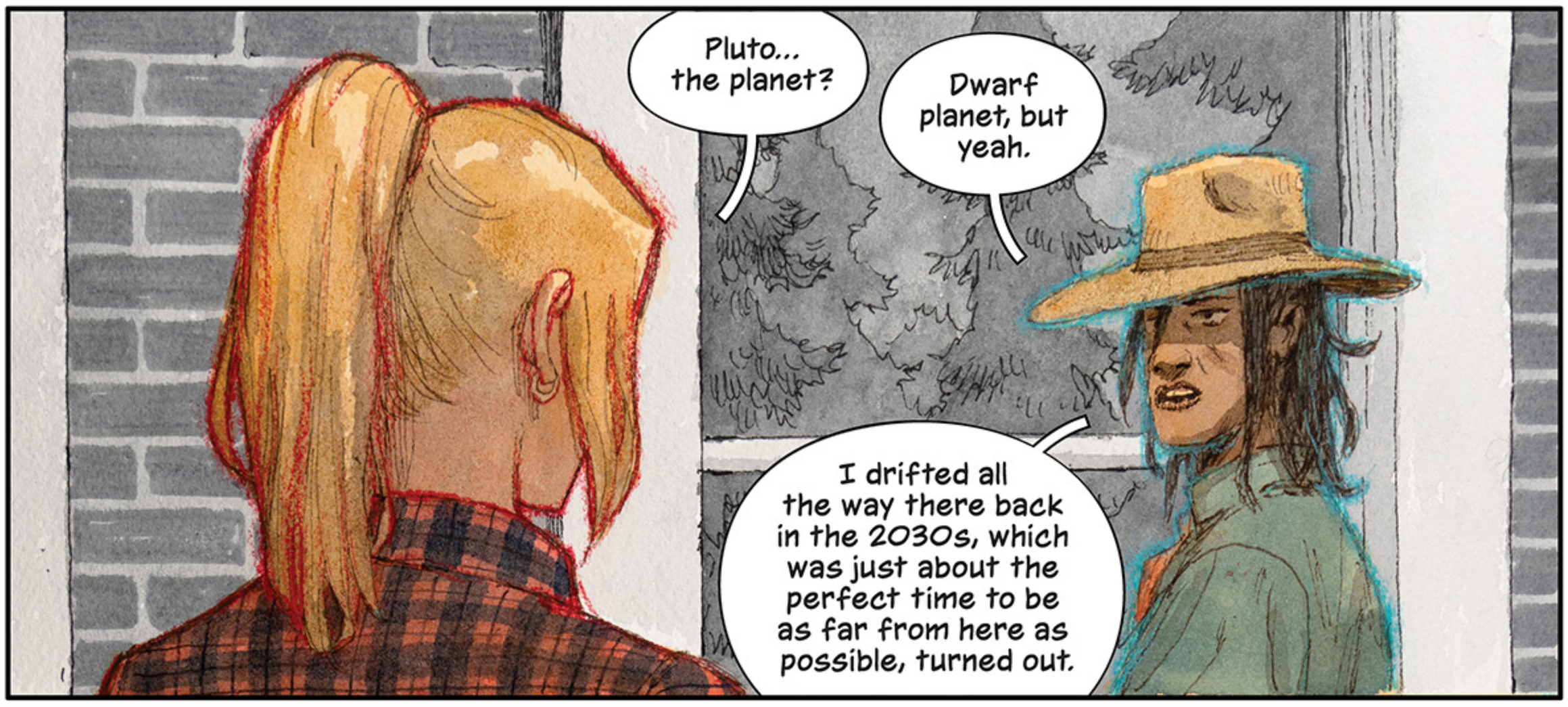
Hold on, you actually *lived* here?
What, you surprised a man like me could afford a place like this?

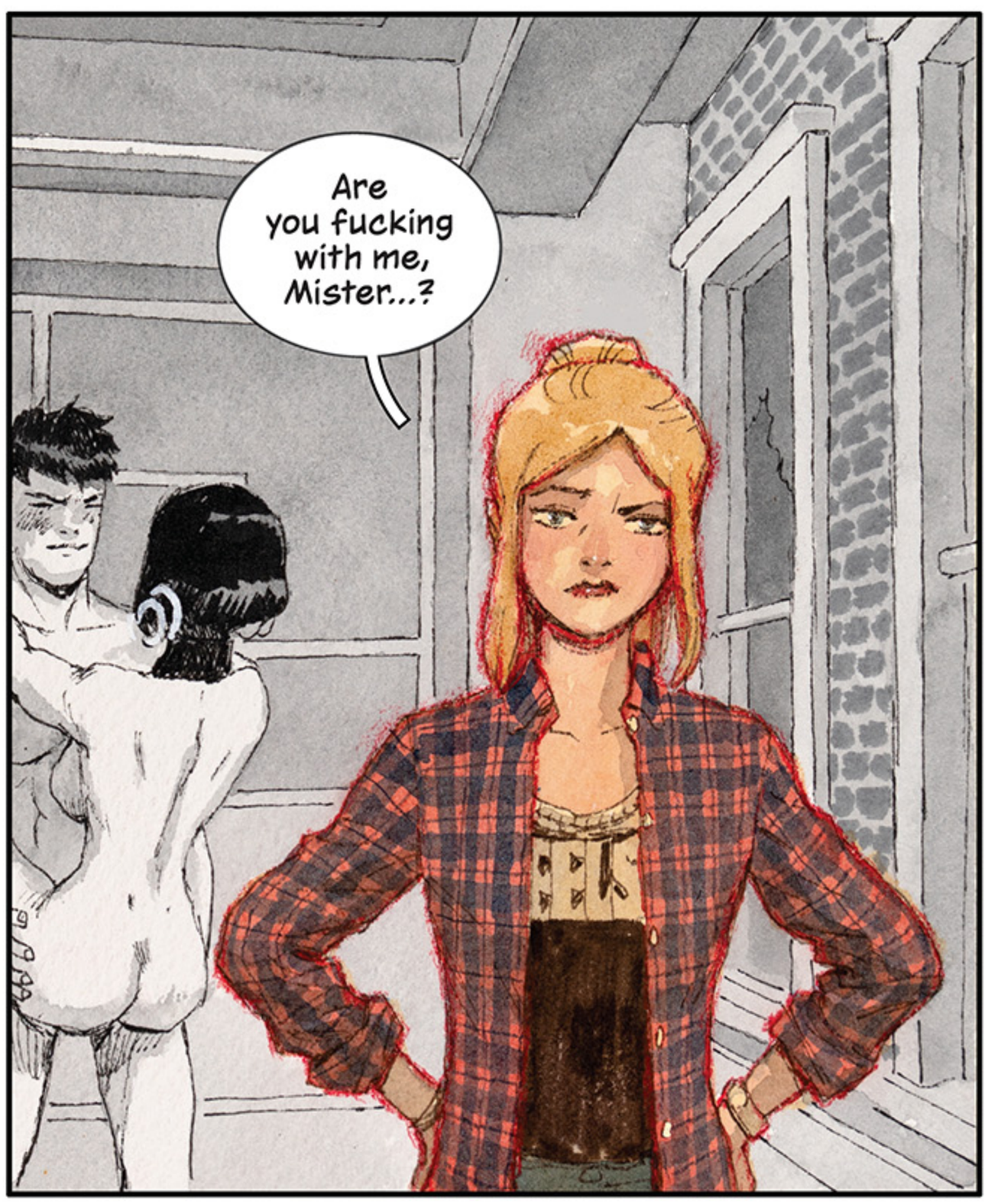

No!
It's just... unless that getup was for some Village People thing, I'm guessing you kicked a while ago?
Three bucks and change.


Then, you must have figured out by now that our kind can pretty much go *anywhere*.
Why spend the rest of existence tethered to the same -- admittedly lovely -- brownstone?
I get out plenty, thank you very much.


Made it to Pluto once.

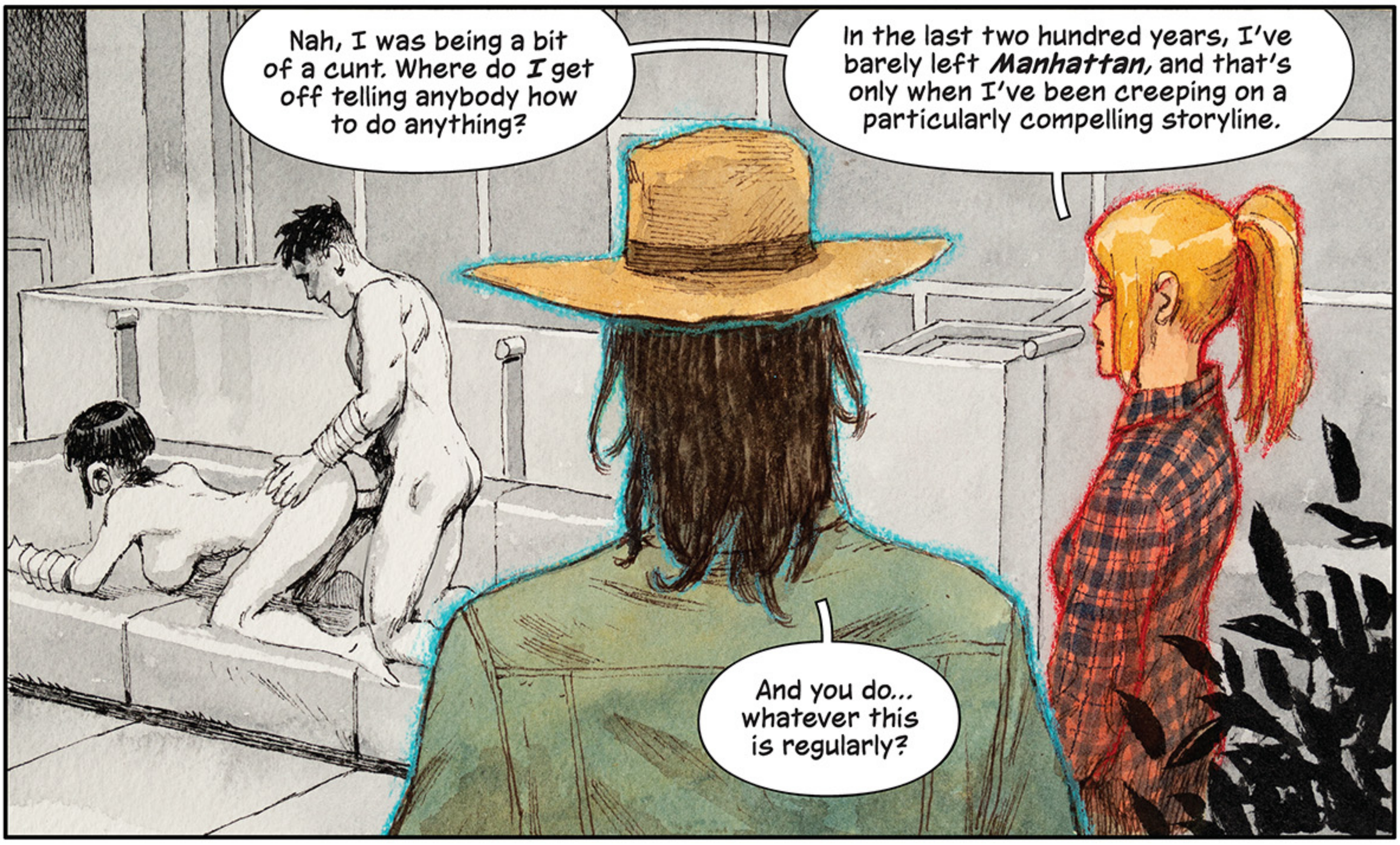

Pluto... the planet?
Dwarf planet, but yeah.
I drifted all the way there back in the 2030s, which was just about the perfect time to be as far from here as possible, turned out.

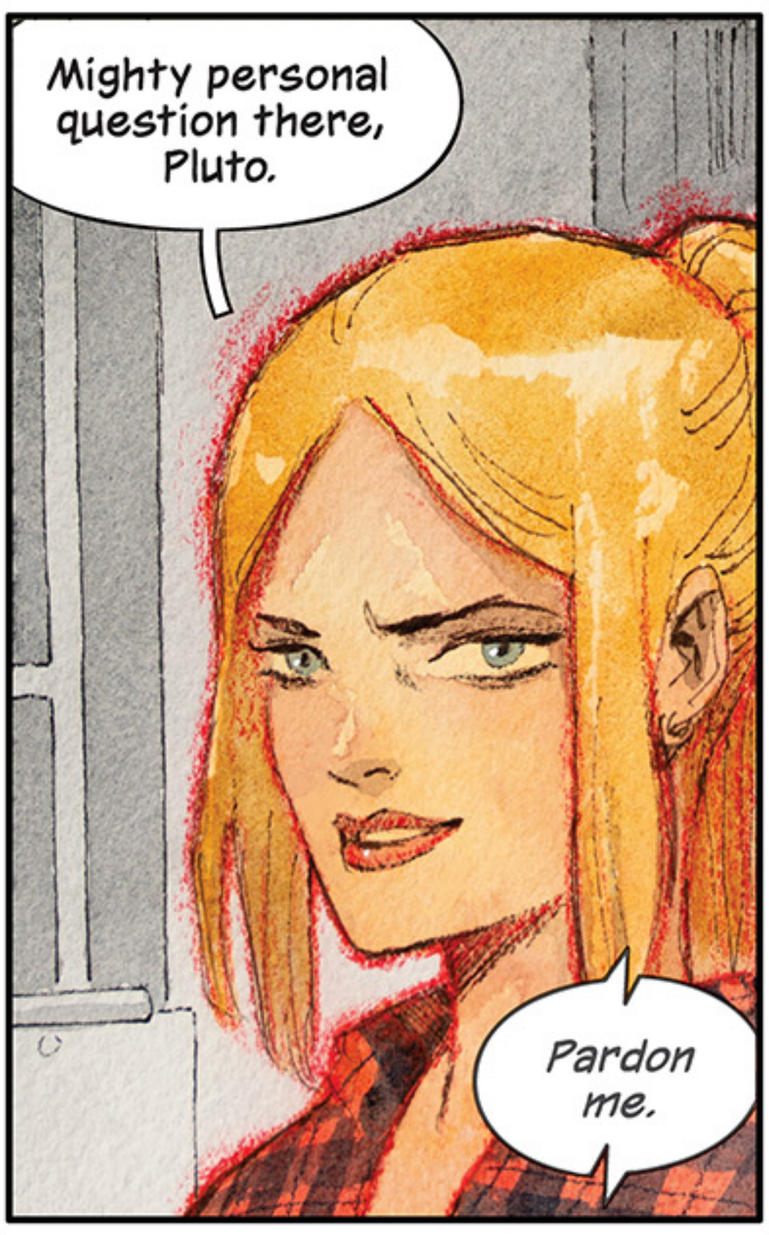
Anyway, took me nine years to reach the thing, but just under *sixteen* to find my way back.
Got turned way the hell around somewhere between Saturn and Jupiter.


Are you fucking with me, Mister...?

Sam.

Val.
Then sorry, *Val.*
For calling you that other word before.


Nah, I was being a bit of a cunt. Where do *I* get off telling anybody how to do anything?
In the last two hundred years, I've barely left *Manhattan,* and that's only when I've been creeping on a particularly compelling storyline.
And you do... whatever this is regularly?


Mighty personal question there, Pluto.
Pardon me.

You have one breaking news alert.
Shall I continue?