

Oniichan /McKeown/

“Then you should call me, Yukari, as is the custom here.” She gave a small bow. She didn’t seem to be embarrassed by being clad only in a robe in the house of an older, single male. Sam felt she was hiding the fact that she was amused by it all.

“Well, it looked like I guessed right on your sizes. I went for extra slim on everything.” She lifted the two bags.

“Arigato, Samantha-chan,” Yukari smiled, apparently excited by the thought of new clothes.

Jeremy sat down as the two girls disappeared upstairs. He felt suddenly drained of energy and knew it was a sign of a depression that he dared not allow to take hold. So he got up and paced. Fortunately, the girls were not long. Samantha came down first and pointed behind her. “Ta-da.”

Jeremy looked up as Yukari came down the stairs. She wore flat sneakers, leggings and a dark-green tunic that came down to mid-thigh. She held a denim jacket in one hand and looked like she’s been born in 21st Century. He could feel the depression fade.

Sam walked past him, poured herself a coffee, and leaned against the counter. “So Jeremy,” Sam said, “how is it that you ended up with a Japanese girl with no clothes?”

“Well,” Jeremy said, scratching his head. “It’s kinda hard to explain but, well, Yukari was a ghost. She was haunting the Japanese Legation here, she was the daughter of one of the diplomats stationed there.”

Commented [TLL1]: I don't really know what this sentence is trying to convey. I think deleting it might be fine, to put more emphasis on the previous line.

Commented [TLL2]: Whoa, this is a sudden POV shift. We were in Sam's head earlier in the scene.

Commented [TLL3]: Nice

Commented [TLL4]: Not well worded. Considering smoothing this out. Here, there.