

Things of a disclaimery nature:

I do not own the PPC-it was created by Jay Thorntree and Acica Byrd

PPC Interlude 1: A meeting between the mutates

The hallway to the office of the Sunflower Official was never a welcoming place even in the best of circumstances. To the nervous ghoul walking down said hallway, it was as unwelcoming as the maw of a giant monkeyshine playing the fiddle ...*damn*. He reached into his pocket for his pills and tossed a few back. *That's better*. He raised his hand nervously and gave a timid knock. There was no answer.

"Well, guess no one's home. Might as well go and-" He was cut off by a deep, no-nonsense voice that he felt, rather than heard.

Come in, Mr. Derwin.

Well, shit. Derwin sighed to himself. He squared his shoulders, and went into the office, taking a seat in front of the desk that belonged to the aforementioned suit-wearing giant sunflower.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" He asked nervously.

I did, yes. Do you know why? The SO replied.

He was almost immediately interrupted by the suddenly-panicking ghoul. "Sir, I cleaned up the pudding! And no matter what the Maquis de Sod says about the pie, I only winged him, honest..."

Agent Derwin...

"...And even though yes, I did set the training center on fire, no one was hurt, not seriously at least, and the wombat was captured within 3 minutes, ask anyone who was there, sir, and the paint cleaned right off, I know it did, and the..."

Agent Derwin!

"And...did you just call me 'agent,' sir?" Derwin asked hesitantly.

The SO nodded. (Well. He nodded as best a flower can, anyway.) *I did, yes. Congratulations, Agent Derwin*. He placed a patch into the hand of the speechless ghoul. *You are now a full agent of the Department of Mary Sues-Freelance division; albeit on a probationary status. Please go to your Response center, your partner is waiting for you. That will be all, Agent*.

Derwin left the office, his heart pounding in his chest. *I'm an...agent?* He worked this sentence over in his head. *I'm an agent*. A smile came to his mouth. "I'm an AGENT!"

RC 5^7, a quarter of an hour later...

Agent Gurgan, Dept. of Mary Sues, was not happy. Actually, he was never happy when it got right down to it, but at this instance he was especially unhappy. "Who are you, what are you doing here, and why have you taken upon yourself to bother me at..." He glanced at the clock on his wall. "...three o'clock in the morning?" He asked the smiling ghoul standing in his doorway.

Derwin gave him a happy wink. "I'm Derwin! I'm your new partner! And it's three o'clock in the afternoon, actually." With that, he brushed past the indignant Gurgan and plopped himself on the bed that took up most of the little RC. "So! With that out of the way, who are you?"

Gurgan eyed the other ghoul stonily. "I'm Gurgan, aka the guy who is going to bash your face in if you if you don't get the hell out of..." he rewound the conversation. "...did you say 'new partner?'"

Derwin nodded happily. "Yes indeed! Saw the SO and everything! Got the patch, see?" He pointed proudly to the patch pinned on the front of his ratty gray coat. "Department of Mary Sues-says so right here in black and white!" He grinned again, and bounced on the bed happily.

Gurgan grimaced. "Of course you are. Of course you did. Of course...well, just of course." He took the badge from the other ghoul and glanced at it, a frown appearing on his face. (Well...a deeper one, anyway.) "It says that you're probationary. Why is that, 'new partner?'"

Derwin's smile turned a little guilty. "Well...there have been...incidents."

"What kind of 'incidents?'" Gurgan deadpanned.

"Wellllll...first off, there was..."

30 minutes later...

Gurgan stared at the nervously smiling Derwin, dumbfounded. "No @\$*(@ing way. No FUCKING WAY." He lit a cigarette and stared again. "No #@\$)(ING WAY!" He buried his head in his hands. "No fucking way." He said to himself.

Derwin got up and patted the older mutant on the back in a reassuring kind of way. "Don't worry! I'm sure this will be LOTS of fun! I still have a lot to learn, though, and I'm sure you will be a great teac-"

He was cut off by the sound of a loud BEEEEEEEEEEP coming from the computer that took up the other half of the little RC. Gurgan frowned and ran to the console, his face falling. "Well...shit." He said in an unhappy tone. "Come on, rookie, we got a job to do."

Gurgan grabbed the black derby on the stand by the bed and told Derwin "I hope you learn fast, rookie." Derwin gulped as Gurgan dragged him into the Portal. *Well...I'm an agent* he thought to himself. *This should be fun.*

Spoiler alert: It was.

To be continued.