Ergänzung

You are in the sickroom. Your sister lays on the bed.

You: „Hey sister, how are you doing? Are you fine?“

Sister: „oh nice to see you! I missed you! Thanks for coming over! I am fine, at least I try to be. But the medicaments making me slow.“

You: „I am so sorry. My sweet sister it is not the medicaments, which make you slow. The Mini-Sun, which gives you all the power has been stolen.“

Your Sister starts crying, because she is terrified.

You: „I swear everything will be good. I am going to bring the Mini-Sun back! Please trust me and do not be afraid!“

You: „I love you! I will see you soon.“