Sam's Grandmother.

"I am really glad to see you, old fellow."

It was a handsome young man who moved softly across the room in the image, with a friendly, old-time, formal air that would have comforted Sam's grandmother. He was dressed in the fashion of the day, with a soft hat and long tailcoat, and his manner was one of warmth and respect.

"I smell the smell of you, I smell the smell of you, Sam."

The man's words were a mix of verse and rhyme, a playful and affectionate way to address Sam, who was known to have an appreciation for poetry and language.

"Now, Mr. Doctor, I demand some answers."

The man paused, his eyes narrowing as he turned to Sam, who was seated by the fire, looking around in curiosity.

"What, dear Sam?"

Sam's grandmother was visibly agitated, her hands waving and her words slurred. She seemed confused and frustrated.

"I don't know who you are, but I have something to say to you."

The man stood, his voice rising in anger.

"I don't care who you are, but I have something to say to you."

He stepped closer to Sam, his face close to his, his eyes filled with rage.

"You have something to say to me, don't you?"

Sam's grandmother reached out, her hand+ing forward, her voice trembling with emotion.

"Oh, Sam, I don't know what to do."