MICRO DIGITA: Wow, Perfecta!

PEFRECTA: Please call me Polly.

MICRO DIGITA: You’re tiny like me.

PERFECTA: I had a feeling that your power could be contagious.

MICRO DIGITA: Wait.  You’re in a wheelchair?

PERFECTA: Still want to trade problems with me?

MICRO DIGITA:  Wow, your life isn’t at all what I expected.

PERFECTA: Come on.  Let’s make the most of this travel-by-internet.   I have a feeling we’re going to find out a thing or two about your “friends.”