1988

“Don’t you dare cheat off my papers, Holmes!” a snub-nosed girl perks and almost lies down on her copybook.

“I don’t need to. It’s obvious I’m smarter than you!” he also turns as far away as the space of the desk allows and pretends to be captured by the view outside. These classes are boring all the same, they are too easy for him.

“Holmes!” the nasty girl again.

He stops, after all, letting her catch up with.

“You’ve left your copybook”.

She hands over the copybook.

“Sherlock” says he instead of thanks. “Call me by my first name”.

She crinkles:

“Your name is stupid”.

“But it’s only my own. Anyway, you’re one to talk”.

“I was named after a queen, by the by!”

“A fictional queen. And you don’t look like one actually”.

It seemed not to have been told quite well – she turns back and runs away.

1989

He folds his arms and says firmly:

“I’m definitely smarter than you”.

She sniffs:

“Don’t make me laugh. Who plumped out that remark about the Amazon being in Arizona yesterday?”

He turns red, but doesn’t give up.

“Instead, I know it was you who slipped that note to Billy. You had surely written it with your left hand, but you shouldn’t have torn up a sheet from your notebook. It has blue margins, and they’re double”.

Her eyes widening, the girl begins fumbling with a braid.

“Stop it, Hermione,” he says graciously, “no one, except me, will ever guess. And I am not bother with all those stuffs. The thing I’m curious about is whether you don’t actually see that Billy’s an idiot?”