**Bedroom**

I wake up after a long, restless night, wishing that I could stay in bed and sleep in till noon. Why is it that you can never sleep when you need to, but as soon as you have to wake up you immediately start dozing off?

I glance at the clock to see if I can afford to sneak in a few more minutes, but it turns out that if I don’t wanna be late for school, I won’t even have time to eat breakfast.

Well then. Guess I’d better get going.

**Neighbourhood Road 1**

After sluggishly pulling on my clothes, I go downstairs and head towards the door.

Even though I knew what to expect, it still doesn’t prepare me for the twinge of loneliness I feel when I step out of my house the next morning only to be greeted by silence instead of Mara’s cheerful face.

The walk to school is uneventful, and I spend most of it staring at the ground in front of me. I can hear the chatter and footsteps of other students as they walk and talk together in groups.

Mara’s probably noticed by now how I don’t really have a solid friend group to call my own, which is likely why she wants me to talk to others. If she were here right now, she probably would’ve encouraged me to do so again.

But when I throw a glance at the people around me, I see friends laughing together, sharing inside jokes, discussing events, or talking about topics that I have no clue about.

Talking to new people really is easier said than done. Or easier imagined than done, in this case.

A sigh escapes my mouth.

It’s strange. Last year, I think I was on friendly terms with most of my classmates, but this year I don’t even know most of my new classmates’ names. I guess the excitement of being a high school student completely died off.

As I keep walking, I notice a girl enthusiastically running to greet her friend across the street.

I’d probably find it difficult to admit this to her out loud, but the feeling of comfort that having Mara around gives me...

I really do take it for granted sometimes.