**Classroom**

What could Prim possibly want? She asked to meet behind the school, which could mean...

Teacher: What did you get for question twenty?

No way, no way. There’s no chance, right?

I try to push Prim out of my thoughts, but the harder I try the clearer her blushing face appears in my mind...

Teacher (neutral serious): Pro?

At my name, I jolt upright in my seat. With embarrassment, I realize that my face feels hot.

Pro: Oh, sorry. Didn’t know who you were talking to.

Teacher (neutral skeptical): I find that highly unlikely, considering that you’re the only student here.

Right…

Pro: Oh yeah. Let’s see...

I look down at my worksheet, trying not to let the disappointment show on my face when I realize that I stopped doing the questions after ten.

However, salvation comes in the form of Ms. Tran’s notes, which, because of the way she’s holding them, I can kind of see. The numbers aren’t too clear, but I think I can see a five at the bottom of the page, where question twenty would be.

Pro: Um...

“I wasn’t listening.” **OR** “Five.”

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Pro: I wasn’t listening.

Teacher (neutral sigh):

Ms. Tran sighs disappointedly.

Teacher (arms\_crossed disappointed): Well, to give you a hint when you eventually make it to the question, the answer is an imaginary number.

Teacher (neutral disappointed): Look, I know that class is almost done, but try to focus for the last bit, alright?

Pro: Alright. Sorry about that.

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Pro: Five.

Teacher (neutral sigh):

Ms. Tran sighs disappointedly.

Teacher (arms\_crossed disappointed) : The answer is an imaginary number, Pro.

Teacher (neutral disappointed): Look, I know that class is almost done, but try to focus for the last bit, alright?

Pro: Alright. Sorry about that.

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**Classroom**

I manage to stay focused for the rest of class, and eventually we finish up.

Teacher (neutral neutral): That’s it for today.

Teacher (neutral disappointed): Try not to fail your next test, okay? Being here for remedial lessons sucks for me as much as it does for you.

Pro: Sorry…

Teacher (neutral expressionless): Don’t apologize like you know you’re gonna fail anyways…

Teacher (neutral disappointed): ...

Teacher (neutral sincere): I guess we’ll see what happens. Next time, try to pay attention though. In regular classes as well.

Pro: I’ll do my best…

Teacher (neutral sigh):

Ms. Tran sighs.

Teacher (neutral disappointed): You’re basically telling me that you won’t.

Teacher (neutral neutral): Ah well. We’ll deal with that another time. You have something to do right now, don’t you? With that first-year?

Teacher (arms\_crossed smug):

I think of Prim’s embarrassed face again, trying my utmost not to blush.

Teacher (arms\_crossed smiling\_eyes\_closed): Get going. You shouldn’t get into the habit of making people wait.

Pro: Oh, right.

Teacher (exit):

After thanking her, I somewhat hurriedly pack up my stuff and head outside, where Prim is hopefully waiting.

**Back of School**

Prim’s already there when I make it to the back of the school, and she starts in surprise when she notices me turning the corner.

Prim (shy eek\_blushing):

Pro: Um, hey.

Prim (shy down\_blushing): …

Prim (shy shy\_blushing): Hey.

Prim: Thanks for coming…

Prim (fidget down\_blushing):

We pause sheepishly, waiting for the other to say something. Prim fidgets nervously, avoiding eye contact.

Pro: So—

Prim (shy earnest\_blushing): So I—

Prim (shy embarrassed\_blushing):

We both freeze.

Prim (shy down\_blushing): Um, go ahead.

Pro: Oh, uh, I was just going to ask you why you called me here.

Prim (shy shy\_blushing): Oh.

Prim (shy embarrassed\_blushing): ...

Prim: So...

Prim (shy down\_blushing): I know this is a little… sudden...

She hesitates again, and I’d be lying if I say that I’m not thinking about a... *certain type* of scene seen in anime and manga that so commonly takes place between a guy and a girl behind the school...

Prim (shy shy\_blushing): But um…

Prim: …

Prim (shy earnest\_blushing): Are you free tomorrow?

Pro: Um, yeah, I think so.

Prim (shy down\_blushing): Then…

Prim: ...

Prim (shy earnest\_blushing): Can you come with practice to me tomorrow?

Huh?

Pro: Practice?

She nods.

Pro: Like music practice?

She nods again.

Prim (shy eek\_blushing): Oh, it’s fine if you don’t want to!

Prim (shy down\_blushing): But I... um…

Prim (shy embarrassed\_blushing): I’d like someone to go with me.

Pro: Oh, I see.

I subtly take a deep breath, trying to steady my pounding heart.

Pro: Uh...

I look away for a second, weighing my options. On one hand, I’m ecstatic that she invited me to go somewhere with her.

On the other, however, it’s a little strange how she asked me to go with her to practice instead of anywhere else. I’m not trying to be picky or anything, but if I wanted to hang out with someone I don’t think I’d pick something to do where the other person would just watch.

Maybe something’s up?

I look back at Prim, who’s looking at me hesitantly.

“Sure.” **OR** “Sorry.”

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Pro: Sure, I’ll go with you tomorrow.

Prim (shy smiling\_blushing):

Prim’s expression lights up, and she smiles gratefully.

Prim: Thank you.

Pro: So what’s the plan?

Prim (shy shy\_blushing): Oh, um...

Prim: Let’s meet at the station?

Pro: Sure. What time?

Prim (shy down\_blushing): At, um... is 9:30 okay?

Prim (shy shy\_blushing):

Pro: Yeah, that’s fine.

Well, my body probably won’t be very fine when it’s forced to wake up several hours earlier than it normally would on a Sunday, especially when I woke up early today too.

But I guess there’s no going back now.

Prim (shy down\_blushing): Um, I should probably get going now.

Prim (shy shy\_blushing): See you tomorrow, then.

Pro: Oh, right. See you.

Prim: Thanks again.

Pro: No problem.

Prim (exit):

Prim dashes off, and I watch her leave, still trying to fully comprehend everything that just happened.

Eventually, I give up. Station at 9:30. That’s all I need to remember.

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Pro: Sorry, I think I’ll pass.

Prim (shy disappointed): Oh.

The disappointment in Prim’s face is obvious, but she does her best to hide it.

Prim: That’s okay.

Prim (shy down): …

We stand silently for a few moments, and I feel a pang of guilt for letting her down.

Prim (shy disappointed): Um…

Prim: I better get going now.

Pro: Oh, uh…

Pro: Me too.

Pro: I’ll see you later, then.

Prim: Yeah.

Prim (exit):

We go our separate ways, and I find myself wondering what her practices are like. Should I have accepted? I don’t know. Maybe.

But I guess it’s too late to turn back now.

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