**Classroom**

As usual, I have a hard time staying focused in class, and I find myself thinking about my encounter with Lilith several times throughout the lesson, much to my teacher’s annoyance.

However, morning classes eventually end, and as I start to unpack my lunch I feel a tap on my shoulder.

Asher (waving smiling): Yo.

Pro: Oh, hey. What’s up?

Asher (neutral neutral): Not much. You didn’t look too interested in class today.

Pro: Is that any different from usual?

Asher (neutral curious): Today was different. Something happen?

Asher’s social perception skills are on point as always.

Pro: Not really.

Pro: You know Lilith, right?

Asher: Yeah. We sometimes hang out in the same group.

Pro: I ran into her earlier today and we talked for a bit.

Asher (neutral neutral): Oh, I see.

Asher (neutral confused): Wait, what?

Pro: Is it really that unusual for me to talk to someone new…?

Asher (neutral smiling\_nervous): Yeah, it kinda is.

Asher (neutral curious): But also, you were with Lilith? Was one of her friends there, or was it just the two of you?

Pro: Just the two of us.

Asher (neutral thoughtful): Huh.

Asher: Usually when we all hang out, she doesn’t talk to the boys. Like at all. Whenever someone tries, she just glances at him with an indifferent look on her face.

Asher (downcast downcast): She doesn’t even say hi when we see each other. Kinda cold…

Teacher (neutral neutral):

Before I can respond, we’re interrupted by our teacher. I tense up automatically, thinking that she’s going to tell me off for not paying attention again.

Asher (neutral neutral):

Teacher (neutral curious): Could one of you guys drop off those books at the library?

She gestures towards her desk, where a large bin waits to be taken away. Asher and I glance at each other, hoping that the other person will volunteer, but neither of us do.

Asher (neutral smiling): Rock-paper-scissors then?

Teacher (neutral disappointed): Really…?

Pro: Yeah, I guess. On shoot, okay?

Asher (excited excited): Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!

Rock **OR** Paper **OR** Scissors

{

Asher (neutral smirk):

I throw rock, hoping that Asher will pick scissors, but instead, he throws paper. I let out a sigh as Asher tries to hold back a smile.

}

{

Asher (neutral smirk):

I throw paper, hoping that Asher will pick rock, but instead, he throws scissors. I let out a sigh as Asher tries to hold back a smile.

}

{

Asher (neutral smirk):

I throw scissors, hoping that Asher will pick paper, but instead, he throws rock. I let out a sigh as Asher tries to hold back a smile.

}

Asher (neutral grinning): Well, that’s that. Sorry.

Pro: Alright, I’ll do it. Where should I put it?

Asher (neutral smiling):

Teacher (neutral neutral): Put it on the librarian’s desk, and they’ll take care of it.

Pro: Okay.

Asher (exit):

Teacher (exit):

My body groans as I stand up, and after a brief pause to shake out the numbness out of my legs I grab the box and head towards the door, wishing a temporary farewell to those I’ll be leaving behind.

**Hallway 1**

The trip to the library is longer than I remember. But to be fair, I haven’t gone there for a long time, and my memory probably isn’t the best anyways.

A couple of turns and a few hallways later, I find myself at the entrance of the library. Holding the box with both of my hands, I use my shoulder to push open the heavy door as I step inside…

**Black Screen**

?Prim: *Eep!*

**Cutscene - Meeting Prim**

...and almost drop everything on the floor as I collide with somebody who lets out a muffled yelp.

I steady myself, thankfully with the box of books still in my hands, before realizing that I’d just knocked over a girl who looks a year or two younger than me. Fortunately, she doesn’t look injured, but she eyes me warily, holding her book close to her chest.

Pro: Oh, sorry about that.

?Prim: ...

“I didn’t see you there.” **OR** “What’s your name?”

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Pro: I didn’t see you there.

?Prim: ...

After a brief pause, the girl gives me a small nod.

?Prim: It’s... okay.

A sense of relief flows through me as I’m forgiven.

Pro: I’ll be more careful next time.

?Prim: Me too.

**Hallway 1**

And with that, she picks herself up and hastily walks past me, careful not to make eye contact. What an odd girl.

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Pro: What’s your name?

The girl stares at me.

?Prim: I...

?Prim: I have to go.

Ouch.

**Hallway 1**

She hastily gets up and walks past me, ducking her head to avoid eye contact as she makes her way out of the library.

What an odd girl. Or maybe I’m the odd one. Who knows?

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