**Bedroom**

The night after I left Lilith’s apartment is a restful one, and for the first time in what seems like forever I’m able to sleep peacefully throughout the night, dreaming pleasant dreams while comfortably entangled in my sheets.

However, it all comes to an end when I’m gently roused from my sleep.

Mom (neutral smiling): Hey, good morning.

Pro: Mom…?

I get up and look around sluggishly, wondering why I was woken up on a fine Saturday morning.

Pro: Isn’t it the weekend?

Mom (neutral neutral): Actually…

Mom (neutral confused): Your school just called, and you have to go in for remedial classes.

I blink a few times, confused.

Pro: Really?

Mom (neutral frown): Yeah.

Pro: Ah…

Come to think of it, I guess I did have a test yesterday. And it wouldn’t exactly be surprising if I failed it.

Pro: Alright, I guess I’ll get ready to go then.

Mom (neutral smiling\_worried): Don’t feel too badly about it, alright?

Mom (neutral worried): Oh yeah, how’s your throat?

Pro: Oh, um…

Pro: I guess it’s a little bit sore.

Mom (neutral smiling\_worried): I see.

Mom (neutral smirk): And how’s your friend?

Pro: Friend?

Mom (neutral smiling\_eyes\_closed): The girl at the hospital yesterday.

Pro: Ah, um…

Mom (neutral curious):

Pro: I think she’ll be fine. She’s pretty tough, after all.

Mom (neutral sigh): That’s good to hear.

Mom (neutral smiling): Well, you should eat something before you leave. Breakfast will be ready for you when you get downstairs.

Pro: Oh, right. Thanks, Mom.

Mom (neutral smiling\_eyes\_closed): You’re welcome.

**Neighbourhood Road 1**

The streets are, as they should be on a Saturday morning, empty save for an occasional runner or shopper here or there. It’s a little bleak, but the absence of the usual hustle and bustle that I’m accustomed to is also oddly calming.

The walk would probably be more enjoyable if I weren’t going for remedial lessons, though. It’s a little disappointing to have to go in for extra help after two consecutive tests, although this time I guess I more or less have an excuse for doing poorly.

Not that I should use it as an excuse. If I could go back in time and choose between passing a test and worrying about Lilith, I’d pick the latter each time.

It’s only been a few weeks, but she’s become someone irreplaceable for me. I don’t know what I’d do if she left, and now that I think about it that’s still a possibility…

…

I wonder when I’ll be able to see her again.