**Bedroom**

As soon as I get home I head straight upstairs and crash onto my bed yet again. I probably should go eat dinner, but I don’t actually feel that hungry. Maybe because of that croissant I ate earlier.

However, instead of closing my eyes and sleeping I stare at my phone, half-expecting it to start buzzing at any moment. She usually messages me when I get home, so it should be coming in any moment now…

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Defeated, I cast my phone aside only for it to buzz a few seconds later. With a little groan I roll over to retrieve it.

Mara (text): How’d it go?

Pro (text): It was…

It was what, exactly? Fun? Exciting? Inspiring?

Pro (text): ...nice.

Well, guess you can never go wrong with an ambiguous answer.

Mara (text): It was nice.

I can almost hear the disappointment in Mara’s voice.

Pro (text): Yep.

Mara (text): …

Mara (text): What happened?

I tell Mara everything, emphasizing the parts I think she’d wanna hear, like how Prim bought me a croissant, and skimming over the parts that may get me in trouble, like how I sat with Roxy throughout the entire thing. It’s a good thing she didn’t call, or she might’ve realized that I’m hiding a few things.

Mara (text): Sounds like you had fun. I’m glad.

Mara (text): And a little relieved.

Mara (text): Well, I’m gonna go so I’ll talk to you later.

Mara (text): Night!!

Pro (text): Good night.

Even though she ended the conversation I wait for a bit, but no more messages come so I put down my phone for good.

I’m tired. I know I should eat something, but all I really wanna do is sleep…

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Actually...

I force myself to sit up before I pass out, and eventually my eyes focus on the small stack of notebooks sitting above my desk. Instinctively, I get up and head over, pulling out my math notes and browse through them, remembering that I’ll be tutoring Prim tomorrow.

Let’s see how much I remember.