**Home Station**

After resisting the urge to fall asleep myself, I rouse Prim as we arrive at our station, and after making sure she’s safely handed off to her parents I head home. Remembering Mara’s prediction, I text her everything that happened.

However, instead of texting me back she calls me immediately.

Mara: Hey there.

Pro: You didn’t have to call. A text would’ve been just fine.

Mara: Huh…?

Mara: Aren’t you happy to hear my voice?

Pro: I mean, it’s only been a few hours since I’ve last heard it.

Mara: You really are something else…

Mara: I’m glad you cleared things up with Prim, though. Sounds like it really was bothering her.

Pro: Yeah…

Pro: How did you know?

Mara: I…

She pauses for effect.

Mara: ...can tell the future.

Pro: If you could do that, why haven’t you won us the lottery yet?

Mara: Because, um…

Mara: I’m not old enough? Or something like that.

Pro: Right…

She laughs tiredly, lacking her usual enthusiasm.

Mara: Still, someone who keeps their promises, huh?

Mara: That’s kinda corny.

Pro: Ouch...

Mara: Sorry, sorry. It sounds like something you’d say, though.

Mara: Anyways, are you free tomorrow?

Pro: Probably. Why?

Mara: Let’s go to the library.

Pro: To do what? Study?

Mara: Yup.

Pro: …

Mara: Hello?

Pro: Are you actually gonna study?

Mara: What do you mean? Of course I am.

Pro: Alright…

For some reason, I severely doubt that we’ll end up getting a lot done.

Pro: What time?

Mara: Any time works for me.

Mara: You probably wanna sleep in a bit, right? So how about 1:00?

Mara: And then we can get lunch.

Pro: Sure, sounds good.

Mara makes a satisfied sound, probably stretching out on her bed.

Mara: Alright, I’m gonna go take a shower now.

Pro: See you tomorrow, then.

Mara: See you.

She hangs up, and I surprisedly realize how far I’ve walked in the span of our call. It’s actually not that bad if you have something to do, I guess.

But still, I could really use a shower too. And another 12-hour nap.