**Front of Music School**

Pro: Um…

Prim (shy shy):

I pull on the door to Prim’s music school, but it won’t budge.

Prim (shy eek):

Pro: Are you sure it was today?

Prim (fidget down): I’m sure…

I peer through the window, seeing nobody in the building.

Prim (fidget shy):

Pro: Well, I guess we are a little early. What time does it start?

Prim: 4:30.

45 minutes early, in fact. Mara would be proud.

Pro: Ah…

Pro: What should we do?

Pro: I’m usually always late to everything, so I’m not used to things like this.

Prim (fidget down): Well…

Prim (fidget bambi): Let’s take a small walk?

**Music School Road 1**

We decide to head back the way we came, looking at all of the small shops that line the sidewalks. However, despite the large number of businesses that have decided to make their home here it’s rather empty, making it feel a little gloomy.

It’s a shame, though. If you look past the absence of pedestrians, you’ll notice that all the shops have a kind of rustic aesthetic that makes the area charming. Mara would probably like it here.

Prim (shy shy):

As we pass by a cafe, I notice the way Prim’s gaze shifts ever so slightly towards the window display.

Prim (shy eek\_blushing):

Pro: You want something?

Prim (fidget down\_blushing): Um…

She fidgets with her thumbs, avoiding my gaze. Man, when she’s like this…

...

...she’s kinda cute. Just a bit.

Prim (fidget shy\_blushing):

Pro: Let’s get something then. What do you want?

Prim (shy shy\_blushing):

To my surprise, she shakes her head.

Prim: Wait here.

Prim (exit):

She dashes into the cafe without another word, leaving me to wonder what’s going through her mind. Suddenly alone, I lean against the wall, pulling out my phone to avoid the glances of passing strangers.

A few minutes later the door opens beside me.

Prim (arms\_behind shy\_blushing):

Pro: Oh, you’re back. What’d you get?

Prim (hiding bag):

Instead of answering, she holds up a bag.

Prim: Here.

Pro: Hm?

Prim: It’s for you.

Prim (fidget down\_blushing):

Stunned, I take it and look inside, finding a freshly baked croissant.

Prim: As thanks.

Prim: …

Prim (munching embarrassed\_blushing):

Apparently too embarrassed to say anything else, she takes her own croissant and takes a bite.

Pro: Prim…

Pro: Thanks.

Prim: …

Prim (arms\_behind smiling\_eyes\_closed): You’re welcome.

Prim (exit):

We stand outside and eat our food, enjoying the warm breeze that started to blow by. However, after a few minutes Prim spots someone from her school, and instead of continuing to loiter around we decide to follow them, both of us a little relieved that there’s practice today after all.