**Kitchen**

Lilith has both of us on the verge of collapsing after a few hours, but thankfully before we pass out my mom comes downstairs and stops the onslaught.

Mom: Sorry to interrupt, but…

Mom: Are you guys hungry?

Lilith: Um…

Seeing an opportunity, Petra and I jump on it.

Petra: Yes. Absolutely starving.

Pro: Positively ravenous.

Mom: And you, Lilith?

Lilith: Yeah, I guess.

Mom: Good. I ordered a couple pizzas a while ago, so it should arrive any second now…

As if on cue, someone knocks on the door.

Mom: Oh, and there it is.

**Cutscene - Pizza Party**

Mom goes to open the door and pay for the food, and after a minute or so she returns with two steaming pizzas in hand. We scramble to clear the table as she places them down, opening the lids to reveal a pair of beautiful, glistening discs.

Mom: I thought I’d splurge a little today, so I bought them from a slightly fancier place.

Petra: Heh, they look so good…

My parent laughs a little at Petra’s obvious delight.

Mom: Hopefully they’ll taste good too.

Mom: Am I intruding, though? Should I leave.

Lilith: Oh no, not at all. Please stay.

Mom: Alright.

She sits down beside me and we start to eat, enjoying the slightly higher-end pizzas greatly.

Petra: Thanks so much, Ms…

Petra: Erm…

Petra: Thanks, Pro’s mom!!

Mom: You’re welcome.

Mom: Here Lilith, try some of this…

Lilith: Oh, thanks.

I sit back and eat quietly, a little put out by how well my mom’s getting along with the other two.

Ah well. At least they’re not fighting.

Mom: You both look pretty athletic. Do you guys play sports?

Lilith: Yeah. We’re both on the baseball team.

Mom: Oh really?

Mom: I went to watch a professional baseball game once. I was shocked by how fast the ball went, and how the players seemed to be used to it.

Mom: Being able to play something as intense as that, well…

Mom: I think it’s pretty impressive.

Petra: Hehe, really…?

Petra laughs bashfully, obvious flattered.

Lilith: We’re a lot worse than the professionals, though.

Mom: I guess so. Still, to unathletic people like Pro and I, it’s pretty amazing.

Ouch.

Petra: Pro kinda reminds me of my little brother.

Pro: Huh?!? In what way?

She opens her mouth with malicious intent written all over her face, but then she remembers that my mom’s beside her and holds herself back.

Petra: Um…

Petra: He’s kind?

Lilith: Isn’t your brother two years old? And didn’t you say kids are monsters at that age?

Petra: Yeah, um…

Petra: …

Petra: I meant that Pro seems like a younger brother type, you know? Like he seems pretty, um, timid at first glance…

Petra: …but he can be surprisingly responsible.

Well, I guess that’s a little better.

Mom: That’s good to hear.

Pro: I’m an only child, though.

Petra: Really? Actually, I guess I only saw one room…

Petra: Must be nice. I have two younger siblings, and it’s always so hectic…

Pro: Are you sure? I can’t really see you as an older sister…

Petra: What do you mean? It doesn’t matter if I seem like an older sister, since I *am* an older sister.

Lilith: To be honest, I can’t really see it either.

Petra: Huh…? But you’ve met my siblings before…

Petra sighs exasperatedly, causing me and my mom to laugh. Even Lilith smiles a little, her eyes a bit gentler than usual.

The rest of our meal follows in a similar manner, with lots of friendly discussion and vibrant laughter. All thoughts about studying, tests, or work are pushed away and forgotten, and instead we eat and make merry.