**Bedroom**

I almost fell asleep in the living room right after getting home, but thanks to my mom I managed to make it upstairs before passing out. I slept like a baby throughout the entire night, not waking up once until the sun had long cleared the horizon.

When I open my eyes for the first time today, I notice that all traces of grogginess or nausea are gone. What’s still there, however, is a slight unease that sits in the bottom of my stomach. I know in my head that I’ll be fine, but like that time at the bridge I still can’t help but worry…

Mara: Wow, that’s a horrible face you’re making.

Pro: …

I start, sitting up straight and making an undignified noise that costs me my pride as a male, something that, of course, amuses Mara to no end.

Mara: Y…Your voice…

She tries to say something between bouts of shaking laughter, but ultimately waits to calm down first.

Mara: I didn’t know your voice went that high…

Pro: Bite me…

Mara: Oho?

Pro: Not literally.

Mara: Boo.

My heart rate slowly falls as Mara swings her feet from the chair she’s roosted in onto the floor.

Pro: What time is it?

Mara: Mmm, around 11:30.

I probably went to bed at around 8:30 last evening, which means…

I slept for 15 hours. Yikes.

Mara: You had breakfast waiting for you downstairs when I arrived, but I haven’t seen your mom. She probably went to run errands, or something.

Pro: Oh, okay.

Pro: Wait. What do you mean by ”had…?”

Mara: Huh?!? Uh…

Pro: Oi.

Mara: …

Mara: Hehe.

Mara: I might’ve taken a, um, taster. Of the entire thing.

Mara: I washed the plate though. And the fork.

Pro: As if that makes it any better…

Mara: Huh?!? It does!!!

Pro: That’s like breaking into someone’s house, stealing everything they have, and then leaving twenty bucks to fix the window…

Mara: That’s still better than breaking in and not leaving anything at all. It’s the honourable thing to do.

Pro: Right, because deciding to steal someone’s breakfast is so, *so* honourable…

Mara: You never know. What if it were poisoned? I coulda saved your life, maybe.

Pro: Right, right…

Pro: Anyways, what am I supposed to eat now?

Mara: Well it’s almost time for lunch…

Mara: Your mom left some money on the table, along with a note. Something about going to the hospital for a check-in?

That’s right. It’s been two weeks today since she collapsed. To be honest, it seems like it was so long ago - even the thought of my mom fainting seems surreal now, even though I know she’s still working as hard as ever…

Mara: So we could go for lunch. Or I could make us something.

Pro: What would you make?

Mara: Dunno.

Mara: Something a bit more on the fancy end, though.

Pro: Huh.

Something fancy? I’m actually a little curious as to what she’ll choose.

Pro: We’re going back to the shrine tonight, right? So why don’t we eat at home now, and get something for dinner?

Mara: Okay, sounds like a plan.

Mara: Get ready to be blown away!!

Mara: Although…

Mara: I’d appreciate it if you’d put on some pants first.

Laughing hysterically, Mara dashes out of the room as my face turns a cherry red. I’m sitting with my blanket wrapped around my entire body, but given how my pajamas are sprawled on the floor I guess I forgot to put them on last night…

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What a menace.