**Library**

We actually do end up getting really comfortable spots at the library, securing a pair of newly added bean bag chairs in an area with lots of natural lighting, but not directly in the sun.

Mara: Wow, this is really nice…

Mara: I wonder how much one of these would cost? I kinda want one for my room.

Pro: They seem really nice, so I’d assume that they’d be pretty pricey.

Mara: Aw…

Mara: Maybe I’ll move out and live here, then.

Pro: I feel like that definitely wouldn’t be worth it…

Mara: I dunno about that.

Mara: Free internet usage, a really big manga collection, washrooms that are cleaned hourly…

Mara: And not to mention these chairs. Doesn’t sound too bad, right?

Pro: What about having a shower, and a kitchen?

Mara: Erm…

Mara: There are always public baths. And I could eat out every day…

Mara: …

Mara: Realists really take the fun out of everything, huh.

Pro: Yup, yup.

I break out laughing at her blatant disappointment, causing her to sigh.

Mara: Anyways, we should probably start studying soon. Writing’s gonna be a little difficult though, so…

Pro: Should we switch spots?

Mara: I really don’t wanna move, though…

Pro: Right?

Mara: But I guess we should…

Pro: Huh? Mara?

Mara pulls herself to her feet, a feat of almost godlike proportions that leaves me in shock.

Mara: You, especially, need to study.

Pro: I mean, you’re not wrong, but…

Mara: So c’mon. Get up.

A quiet, dejected noise escapes my mouth, and I struggle to my feet, suffering immensely.

Mara: That’s a good boy. Let’s go find a table.

**Library**

Mara makes sure that I stay focused and on track, checking in every so often to make sure that I’ve been making progress. However, she also makes sure to keep the mood light, being lenient with breaktime and occasionally initializing random conversations.

Mara: Hey, Pro.

Pro: Hm? What’s up?

Mara: What do you think about nicknames?

Pro: Nicknames? Where’s this coming from?

Mara: Just answer the question.

Pro: Mmm…

Pro: I think they can be cute.

Mara: …

Mara: That’s it?

Pro: I mean, I don’t really have any strong opinions about them…

Pro: I guess they can be a sign of strong friendship. In some cases.

Mara: Hmm…

Mara pauses, unusually thoughtful about a seemingly trivial topic.

Mara: Your name can’t really be turned into a nickname, though. It already sounds like one, like it’s an abbreviation of your actual name.

Pro: I mean, I guess that’s fair…

Mara: But then again, mine isn’t the best either.

Mara: Mara, Mara…

Mara: …

Mara: Nope. Can’t come up with anything. That’s too bad.

Mara: Maybe instead of nicknames, we could say each other’s names in unconventional ways? Like for my name, you could emphasize the “-ra” instead of the “Ma-“ or something.

Mara: And for your name…

She starts saying my name in a variety of different ways, changing her emotional tone, vocal pitch, and even sometimes her accent with each iteration.

Pro: Um, Mara…

Mara: Hm? Are you embarrassed?

Pro: Yes.

Mara: Hehe. C’mon, try saying my name too.

Pro: Mmm…

Knowing that she’ll never rest until I do, I reluctantly say her name.

Pro: M-Mara…

Mara: …

Mara: HUH?!?!?

Mara: You didn’t have to make it sound that weird!!!

Mara: A-A-And why are you so r-red?!?!?

She turns a beet red herself, doing her best to avoid my gaze.

Pro: S-Sorry…

Pro: It just came out wrong.

Mara: …

Mara: Okay…

Mara: I guess that’s the end of that, though.

Pro: Yeah…

Mara sits up straight and clears her throat, regaining her composure.

Mara: Well, we’ve been fooling around for long enough, I think.

Mara: Let’s get back to work.

She turns back to her problem sets, and after a deep breath I follow suit. We gradually go back to normal as the minutes pass by, but despite this we don’t talk much for the rest of our time at the library, both of us still too embarrassed to bring up anything substantial.