**Home Station**

In the end, Mara quickly got over her distrust of minced meat and happily gobbled down her hamburg steak, a portion of my chicken and egg bowl, and three quarters of our communal pizza.

Mara (neutral satisfaction): If fingers tasted like hamburg steak, then I don’t think I’d mind eating them.

Mara (neutral smiling):

Pro: That’s a really dangerous path you’re venturing down…

Mara (neutral hehe): Just kidding. Kinda.

Kinda…?

Mara (neutral curious): But anyways, we really ate a lot.

Pro: Yeah, we did. Although I’m pretty sure you ate more.

Mara (neutral hehe): Hehe.

Mara (neutral satisfaction):

She smiles with such obvious satisfaction that I find myself smiling a bit too.

Mara (neutral curious): By the way, does your school have a gardening club?

Pro: Uh…

I’ve seen students tending to the flowerbeds around the school before. I think.

Pro: Probably. Why?

Mara: Well, while you’re searching for a club to join…

Mara (neutral smiling): You should check them out too.

Mara (neutral neutral):

Pro: Huh? Why?

Mara (neutral skeptical): Do you really need a legitimate reason to visit a club for a *single* day?

Pro: No, not really.

Mara: …

Mara (neutral neutral): Fine, I guess I’ll tell you.

Mara: If you join the gardening club at your school…

She pauses for suspense, which I find is a rather odd thing to do given the nature of our conversation.

Mara (neutral smiling\_eyes\_closed): …then I can go to your school and garden too.

Pro: …

Pro: Huh?

Mara (neutral curious): I live in an apartment, so we don’t have a garden.

Pro: Why don’t you join the gardening club at your own school, then?

Mara: We don’t have one. They hire people to take care of the school’s exterior.

Private schools really are on another level, huh…

Mara (neutral thinking): But if you join the gardening club, then I can come after school every day and plant whatever I want.

Mara (neutral smiling): So? What do you think?

I stare at Mara, wondering if she’s being serious or not. As a student from another school, she probably wouldn’t even be able to spend extended periods at ours, much less rearrange our flowerbeds.

But I guess there won’t be any harm in checking it out. It’s not like I actually have to join.

Mara (neutral neutral):

Pro: Alright, I’ll ask Prim to see if she’d be alright with it.

Pro: …

Pro: What? What is it?

Mara: You gotta ask Prim, huh…?

Pro: I mean, our club search is kinda a joint endeavor-

Mara (neutral skeptical): And you also have Lilith coming back to school tomorrow. Good for you, you’re surrounded by pretty girls. I bet you’re having the time of your life.

Pro: Um, Mara…?

Mara: …

Mara (arms\_crossed hmph): Hmph.

Huh?!?!?!?

Completely lost, I bewilderedly try to come up with an explanation for Mara’s sudden mood swing. However…

Mara (neutral happy):

…after a few seconds, she does a complete 180 yet again.

Mara (neutral hehe): Hehe.

Mara (neutral fufu): How was my “jealous childhood friend” impression?

Pro: Impression…?

Mara (neutral smiling): Yup. An impression.

Pro: It felt pretty real…

Mara (neutral curious): Oh, nice. Then it was good, right?

Pro: I guess…

Mara (yay yay): Yay! Hollywood here I come!

Pumping her fist in the air, she runs off, apparently forgetting about the feast she just devoured.

Pro: Hey, wait up-

Mara (neutral happy): Catch me if you can!

Mara (exit):

I try to catch up to her as she flees, but a few steps in my dinner threatens to come back up, bringing me to my knees.

What’s been up with her today?