**Front of School**

Petra: So…

Petra: Why exactly are we gardening…?

Pro: You’re the one who said you wanted to join…

Petra: I mean, that’s true, but you didn’t tell me what was happening beforehand…

Pro: You ran off before I could.

Petra: That’s also true, but…

Pro: And nobody’s forcing you to stay.

Petra: …

Petra: Alright, alright, point taken.

Defeated, Petra lets out a sigh.

Petra: By the way, where’s Prim? She disappeared halfway.

Pro: She went to put her bag away.

Petra: I see.

It took a while for us to actually find the gardening club, but with Ms. Tran’s (reluctant) assistance we were able to locate their clubroom. After getting over the surprise of having prospects for their club, they welcomed us warmly, happily showing us the basics and designating a few flowerbeds for us to take care of for the day.

Petra: Still, I don’t really see how you’d find this appealing in any way.

Well, to be honest I don’t, but a certain childhood friend of mine wouldn’t let me rest if I didn’t try it at least once.

Pro: I don’t think it’ll be as bad as you think it’ll be.

Petra: Huh…?

Before Petra can get going, however, Prim pops up beside her, having snuck towards us completely unnoticed.

Prim: Sorry about the wait…

Prim: Huh?!? Petra?!? Are you alright?!?

Petra: Um, yeah, I’m fine…

Petra: Well, now that you’re here let’s get started, I guess.

Petra: How are we gonna do this?

I wait for someone to respond, but both Prim and Petra look at me expectantly.

Pro: Uh…

Pro: How about we work together starting from that side, and then we can make our way across?

Petra: Alright, I guess that works.

Prim: Yeah.

Suddenly a bit more enthusiastic, I grab a small spade and try to put on a cheerful smile, internally relieved that they went along with my decision.

Pro: Well, those flowers won’t water themselves. Let’s get going.