**Front of School**

We return our tools and thank the gardening club again once we finish, deciding to meet at the front again after we get ready to leave.

Petra: Ah, it feels nice to be clean again…

Petra: My hands had so much dirt on them, and I wasn’t sure if it’d come off.

Petra: Also, why are worms so slimy, and why were there so many of them…?

Pro: Aren’t worms good for plants? They air out the soil, or something.

Petra: Then they should stay in the soil. Having a bunch of them randomly pop out at you is kinda scarring…

Yeah, I can’t really argue with that.

Pro: I think you dealt with it pretty well, though.

Petra: Well, Petrov brings them home a lot, so I guess I’m kinda used to them? This one time I jumped in bed, and-

Thankfully, Prim arrives at the perfect moment, preventing Petra from recounting her disturbing experience.

Prim: Sorry for the wait.

Pro: Oh, no problem…

Prim: Um…

She looks between Petra and I, noting how uncomfortable we are.

Prim: Do you guys wanna get something to eat…?

Petra: Huh?!? Uh…

Petra: Sure, I guess.

To be honest, I have a feeling that anything I eat will come straight back up, but I guess it’ll be fine…

Pro: Alright, let’s grab something. I don’t really have any preferences, so you guys can choose something.

Petra: Same here. You pick something, Prim.

Prim: Um, in that case…

**Front of Convenience Store**

We soon find ourselves standing outside the local convenience store, a red bean bun in each of our hands.

Petra: You really like these, huh? We got them last time too.

Prim: Well…

Prim: …

Prim: They’re really good.

Petra: Yeah, they are.

I look at the steaming buns in my hand, debating whether or not to start eating. Tempted by the smell, I eventually work up the courage to take a bite, and once I do my appetite takes over. I end up eating an entire bun, quite the feat considering my squeamish stomach.

However, my accomplishment is quickly overshadowed by Prim.

Petra: Wow, you finished yours fast.

Prim: I was hungry.

Petra: You wolfed down both of yours in the same amount of time Pro and I finished one…

Even though I’ve seen her eat even more, I still find myself surprised by Prim’s voracity. Her eyes flicker towards the bun in my hand ever so slightly, and I decide to offer it up. She’ll probably enjoy it more than I will.

Pro: Um, Prim, do you want this one? I don’t really feel like eating it.

She reaches out happily, but after a brief moment of reconsideration she retracts her hand reluctantly.

Prim: It’s alright. I should probably leave room for dinner…

Pro: Oh, okay. No problem.

Guess I’ll save it for later.

Petra: Oh yeah, Prim. Last night I saw a video of your sister again.

…

What?

Prim: My sister…?

Petra: Yeah, I was scrolling through videos and one of her competitions popped up. She’s really good, huh? Seeing her play really inspires me.

Prim: Yeah…

Pro: Um, what are you talking about? Isn’t Prim’s sister a student?

Petra looks at me oddly, unknowingly about to drop a bomb.

Petra: You didn’t know? Prim’s sister’s a professional pianist.

For real…?

I look to Prim for confirmation, and she nods slowly.

Prim: She is.

But isn’t her arm broken…?

Prim: Um, I should probably go now.

Prim: Today was fun. Thanks.

Pro: Wait, Prim…

But she doesn’t wait, instead turning around and running away.

Petra: …

Petra: Did I say something…?

Pro: Well, you did, but I don’t think it was your fault…

Pro: Never mind that, though, shouldn’t we go after her?

Petra: Um…

Petra: If we both go then she might feel surrounded. I think only one of us should go.

Pro: Then…

My first instinct is to chase after her myself, since I’ve met her sister and can more or less guess what’s going on. However, Petra’s closer to her and likely knows her better, and by extension is probably the better choice…

Go after her. **OR** Let Petra go after her.

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Pro: I’ll go.

Petra: Why you?

Pro: I don’t know if this is the right thing to do, but…

Pro: But I really think I should go.

She stares at me blankly, leading me to think that she doesn’t approve.

Pro: Um…

Petra: …

Petra: You’ve really grown up, huh?

Pro: Huh? What’s that supposed to mean?

Petra: Nothing, nothing.

Petra: Why are you standing around? You just made that declaration, so stand by it and go after her.

Pro: Oh, right. I’ll see you later then.

Petra: Get going.

She pushes me in the direction that Prim ran off in, giving me a physical boost forward.

Petra: Don’t you dare back down at the last moment, okay?!?

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Pro: I think you should go.

Petra: …

Petra: Are you sure?

Pro: Of course I’m sure.

Petra: Alright.

Pro: What are you waiting for? Get going.

Petra: Oh, right.

Petra: I’ll see you later, then. I’ll text you what happens.

I watch her as she sprints off, a little regretful but knowing that this is probably for the best.

Hopefully she’ll be able to reach Prim.

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