**Bedroom**

A groan escapes my lips as I roll over away from the sun, my head hurting and my stomach sore. There’s nothing I want more right now than to close my eyes and sleep the rest of the morning away, but unfortunately I’m already on probation and awaiting sentencing.

Last evening Mara force fed me four scoops of ice cream from a rather avant-garde ice cream parlour, but one of the flavours didn’t agree with me and my stomach ended up hurting for the entire night. I couldn’t sleep because of the pain, which made the whole thing suck even more.

Ah well. C’est la vie, I guess.

After taking a few minutes to summon all my willpower, I sit up, realizing that getting out of bed Is where the real battle lies. And if that’s a battle, then today’s test would be an all out intergalactic war…

Oh boy. Today’s looking up already.

**Front of Door**

An anxious Mara peers through the window as I head outside, obviously concerned about my well-being. Which would be a little touching if she weren’t the cause of my poor health.

Mara: Oh. Morning.

Pro: Morning.

Mara: Um…

Mara: How’s your stomach?

Pro: Still a little sore, but the worst is in the past.

Mara: That’s good to hear. Um…

Mara: Sorry.

Pro: It’s fine. Still don’t know what you were thinking, though. Duck egg and wasabi ice cream?

Mara: Well, it sounded really interesting so…

Pro: Things that sound interesting often don’t taste very good.

Mara: Huh? That’s not true.

Pro: There’s a reason why certain flavours aren’t mainstream.

Mara: Maybe they’re meant for gourmets, and not for a certain blue-haired teen with the palette of a two year old.

We glare at each other for a moment before bursting out in laughter yet again.

Mara: Well, at any rate I’m glad you’re feeling better.

Mara: Let’s go to school. You have a test today, right?

Pro: Yeah. It’s during last period, though.

Mara: Still wouldn’t wanna miss it. Although I guess we’ll be able to take our time today.

**Front of School**

Apparently unconcerned about her own attendance, Mara walks with me all the way to school, stopping just outside the gate. We actually got here pretty early, which is surprisingly nice since there aren’t many students around at this time.

Mara: Well, we’re here.

Pro: So we are.

Pro: Don’t you have your own school to get to, though? Are you gonna be okay?

Mara: Oh, I didn’t tell you? We have a day off today.

Pro: Huh? Why?

Mara: My school does an open house for third-year middle school students, so if you’re not in any clubs or councils you don’t have to go.

Pro: Why not?

Mara: Dunno. They probably have to do demonstrations or something.

Mara: But I, Mara the Masterful, am too talented to show off my skills to the mere masses.

Pro: Right…

Mara: Hehe.

Mara: All jokes aside, it’s nice to have an extra day off here or there.

Pro: Yeah, I wish I could relate…

Even my scheduled days off are sometimes replaced with remedial classes…

Mara: Sucks to be you.

Mara: Well, I have some things that I need to do today, so I’ll be taking off now.

Mara: Let me know what happens, okay?

Mara: See you tomorrow!!

Pro: Yeah, see you.

She trots off happily, and it’s only when she disappears that I realize that she said something strange.

Isn’t tomorrow a Saturday?