**Teacher’s Office**

Thanks to Lilith’s guidance, I was able to write the test to a standard where I could more or less expect to pass. Happy that my weekends were saved from remedial lessons, I cheerfully skipped out of the classroom only to be grabbed by the collar and dragged to the teacher’s office.

Right. The test is over. And my condemnation begins.

Teacher: So…

Teacher: How do you think you did on the test?

Pro: Huh? Oh, uh, I think I passed. Probably.

Teacher: Really? That’s a pleasant surprise. Did you cheat?

Pro: Why is that your first thought…?

Teacher: I’m joking, I’m joking.

Teacher: I’ll start marking them now, so I guess we’ll find out whether you actually did pass or not.

Teacher: Anyways, as for your punishment…

She points towards the window, and I go to look outside, my stomach churning at what awaits me. In the parking lot waits not one, not two, not three…

…but four trucks.

Teacher: They ordered a bunch of stuff for the cultural festival. You’re not going home until every box in every truck has been placed in the correct classroom. Got it?

Pro: Yes ma’am…

Teacher: Alright. Then get to work.

Teacher: And report back here when you’re done, okay? I’ll probably have your test marked by the time you finish.

Pro: Alright…

I dejectedly trudge towards the door, my body already sore in anticipation of all the physical labour I’m about to do. And what makes it worse is the knowledge that Prim will probably be long gone by the time I’m free, meaning that I’ll at least have to wait through the weekend to find out what happened.

But at the same time, this is what I get for being late for class on multiple occasions. Being punished for something is one thing, but being punished for something you know you definitely deserve is something different altogether.

Ah well. I guess I’ll have to be more careful from now on.

**Teacher’s Office**

The sky has already turned a navy blue by the time I finish and tramp back to the office. Most of the doors that line the hallways are locked, the classes that they safeguard dark and barren.

The teacher’s office is the only room with signs of life, and upon opening the door I find that the only life form in the vicinity is Ms. Tran.

Teacher: You’re finally done. I was getting worried that you finally snapped and went home.

Teacher: But I guess despite how you look, you’re actually pretty responsible.

Pro: Yeah, I dunno about that…

Teacher: Don’t sell yourself short, it’s one of your better traits.

She holds out a popsicle for me to have, but I respectfully decline, sick of icy sweets for the time being.

Teacher: Well, I marked your test, and…

Pro: And…

Teacher: And you passed. With quite a bit of room to spare.

Teacher: Well done.

Filled with relief, my body goes slack.

Teacher: Make sure to thank Lilith properly, alright?

Pro: Huh? How did you know?

Pro: I’m starting to think you have a ring of informants, or something…

Teacher: Something like that.

Seriously…?

Teacher: Anyways, I still have one more thing to do. That box over there, bring it to the music room, alright? If the door’s locked, then leave it outside.

Pro: Alright.

*If* the door’s locked…?