**Bedroom**

I end up falling asleep after an evening of playing newly downloaded games on my phone, which really shouldn’t have happened taking my academic standing into account. Realizing that I need no more distractions in my life, I remedy my mistake by deleting them all as soon as I get up.

It’s actually rather refreshing, and after a few more moments in bed I disentangle myself from my sheets and start to get ready for school.

**Front of House**

The first thing I notice when I step outside are the clouds that blanket the sky. An almost sure sign of rain later today, prompting me to quickly step back inside the secure an umbrella.

The second thing I notice is the absence of a certain bubbly, pink-haired teenager. She didn’t text me either, which means…

Is she actually late?

Mara: What are you doing?

She suddenly appears behind me, causing me to start and almost trip down the stairs leading to our front door.

Pro: Huh?!?!?

Mara: I mean, you were kinda just standing there-

Pro: What are *you* doing?!?!? Why were you inside?!?!?

Mara: Hm? Using the washroom. What else would I be doing?

She looks at me like it were the most obvious thing in the world.

Pro: Right…

Mara: I mean you were taking so long…

Pro: Sorry…

Mara: Don’t worry, don’t worry.

She steps outside, locks the door, and slips our spare key back under the doormat in one fluid motion, like it’s something she’s done many, many times before.

Which she probably has.

Mara: Well, let’s go. No point in standing around.

**Neighbourhood Road 1**

Mara seems to be in a rather strange mood today. It’s not like she’s particularly down or anything, but she’s not exactly cheerful either. Instead she sort of just looks around curiously, taking everything in with uncharacteristic interest.

Pro: Um, Mara…

Mara: Hm?

Pro: Everything alright…?

Mara: Of course. Why?

Pro: Then…

Pro: …what exactly are you doing?

She looks at me thoughtfully, making me wonder for a second if I’m reading too much into things.

Mara: Well, you see…

Mara: Last night I started a manga where this one character has a photographic memory…

Mara: …and he’s pretty cool, so I was trying to see if I could look at something, blink, look away, and then see the image clearly in my head.

Mara: It’s a lot harder than it seems, though…

Pro: I’m pretty sure that’s impossible for us regular people…

Mara: But how do we know we’re truly regular? What if we have some sort of secret talent hidden away, waiting to be found and cultivated?

Mara: And besides, wouldn’t having a photographic memory make things really easy? You wouldn’t have to study, and you could spend all your time touring cafes and reading manga…

Pro: I still think you’d have to study a bit, especially for application questions. It’s not like they give you all the answers ahead of time.

Mara: I mean…

Pro: I feel like being really smart would be more useful.

Mara: …

Mara: You can be kinda boring sometimes, you know.

Pro: Well, excuse me.

Mara: Excuse yourself.

Mara: …

We both break out laughing, both of us unable to keep a straight face for very long.

Mara: Well, seeing how neither of us are geniuses, I guess we’ll have to study a bit more to avoid failing, huh?

Pro: Yeah…

Pro: I guess we’ll have to do another study session soon, huh?

Mara: …

Mara: Yeah.