**Classroom**

However, all my motivation for studying mysteriously disappears once I get to school, and I end up spending most of the morning daydreaming. Thinking about all the different things I could do with a photographic memory is a lot more pleasant than putting my actual memory to work.

And I mean, if I’m gonna end up studying later anyways…

Teacher: Pro.

Teacher: Why are you smiling?

Pro: Huh?!? I, uh…

Pro: I was enjoying the content so much that I-

Ms. Tran looks at me skeptically, knowing full well that I’d never enjoy the content of any class.

Pro: Sorry. I’ll pay attention now.

**Classroom**

I do my best to stay focused for the rest of our morning classes, but…

…

Well, let’s just leave say I did my best and leave it at that. Yay.

Pro: School is hard…

Asher: What were you dreaming about? You looked like you were enjoying yourself.

Pro: I was. I really was.

Asher: So? Were you thinking about Lilith? Or maybe Prim?

Pro: Wrong and wrong.

Asher: That’s strange. It’s usually one of those two.

Asher: Or is there a third girl…?

A little annoyed, I sink my head back into my arms, like a turtle retreating into its shell.

Pro: There’s no third girl.

A blatant lie. But it’s not like he’d know any better.

Asher: Right, right…

He starts to laugh, and I let out a long, defeated sigh.

Pro: I don’t really see what’s so amusing about teasing me. But apparently you and Petra really enjoy it.

Asher: Well, recently you’ve been a major gossip topic, so it’s not only us. And besides, it’s exciting when things happen to your friends.

Pro: Is it?

Asher: It is. To most people, at least.

Pro: Huh…

He pulls up his chair and sits down, lunchbox in hand.

Asher: Anyways…

Asher: Have you heard from Lilith yet?

Pro: I haven’t. And why would I be the first person she’d contact?

Asher: …

Pro: Alright, fine. But I’d would’ve probably at least told Petra if that were the case, right?

Asher: I dunno…

Asher: Do you even have her number?

Pro: I…

Pro: …don’t.

Asher: See?

Unable to come up with a logical retort, instead of answering him I grab my own lunch as well.

Asher: Well, I guess we’ll see what happens.

Pro: Yeah.

Asher: Oh yeah, Petra told me that your gonna join a club with Prim?

Pro: Um, well, more like I’m gonna look at clubs with Prim, but…

Asher: Have any in mind?

Pro: Not really, no. Actually, aren’t you in a club?

Asher: Well, technically…

Asher: …but I usually don’t go.

Pro: Why not?

Asher: I have other things I wanna do, and they don’t really need me there anyways. I’m pretty sure most of the new members don’t even know who I am.

Pro: Huh…

Asher: Do you guys wanna check it out one day though? I wouldn’t mind showing you around.

Pro: Wait, really? Wouldn’t it be awkward for you?

Asher: Kind of, but that doesn’t really matter.

Pro: Oh, okay.

Pro: Thanks.

Asher: No problem.

Suddenly not nearly as annoyed as I was previously, my appetite returns and I start to eat my lunch.

Asher: Just let me know when you wanna visit. Today won’t work, but anytime this week should be good.

Pro: Alright, will do.