**Home Station**

Lilith asks me to walk me to the station instead of her home, which I oblige without thinking much of it. We don’t talk much on the way there, and before I know it we arrive.

The area’s swarming with people as per usual, a stark contrast to the noiseless environment of a residential area.

Lilith: This is far enough. Thanks.

Pro: No problem.

Lilith: Um…

She looks away, uncharacteristically bashful.

Lilith: I’m really sorry about earlier. For bringing up your home situation…

Pro: Oh, don’t worry about. Really.

Lilith: …

Lilith: Alright.

Lilith: As for our next session, does Thursday work? We have practice on Wednesday, so tomorrow’s a no-go.

Pro: Yeah, that’s fine with me. Thanks.

Lilith: No problem.

After a few seconds of silence, Lilith takes a moment to look around at the people passing by before turning her attention back to me.

Lilith: I guess I should go now, so um…

Lilith: I’ll see you later.

Pro: Oh, yeah. See you.

With one last wave she slips into the station, leaving me to stand awkwardly amongst a sea of suits. For some reason I don’t feel like moving, but after being pushed around one too many times I decide to head home as well.

**Kitchen**

When I get home I find my mom in the kitchen cleaning up, and after apologizing profusely I rush over and help her out.

Pro: I’m really sorry…

Mom: It’s fine, it’s fine. I don’t mind cleaning up a bit.

Mom: Did you walk Lilith all the way home?

Pro: To the station.

Mom: Oh, alright.

Mom: She’s a good girl, don’t you think? She’s really polite and grown-up for her age, and she seems really capable.

Mom: I bet she’ll be a good wife one day.

Pro: Right…

Mom: Petra’s also nice. She’s a little less mature, but she makes up for it with her cheerfulness.

Mom: Actually, she kinda reminds me of…

However, she trails off, her lighthearted mood suddenly gone.

Pro: Mom?

Mom: Oh sorry, it’s nothing.

Pro: Who does she remind you of?

Mom: Um…

Mom: Just someone I used to be friends with. Don’t worry about it.

Pro: Oh, okay.

She finishes washing the last dish and turns off the tap, her smile forced and weary.

Mom: Sorry, I’m a little tired so I think I’m gonna go to bed. I have to work tomorrow, after all.

Pro: Okay. Sorry again.

Mom: You know, I’d rather you thank me instead.

Pro: Thanks, then.

Mom: You’re welcome. Bring your friends over again, okay?

Pro: Alright.

**Bedroom**

She heads up to her room, and after turning off all the lights downstairs I follow suit. Exhausted from a long day of math, I crash into bed and lie there motionlessly, enjoying myself a bit more than I probably should.

I wonder why Mom seemed so downcast, though. It seemed like she was recalling a painful memory, so maybe something happened to this friend of hers? Or maybe they had a falling out? I have no idea.

A friend like Petra…

Actually, come to think about it, I have one too. A bright, bubbly childhood friend who loves to tease me…

I haven’t talked to her at all today, huh?

Before I can shy away, I grab my phone and make the call.

Ring…

Ring…

Ring…

But she doesn’t pick up. What a waste of willpower.

Before I can put my phone back down, however, my ringtone sounds.

Mara: Hey, hey!!

Mara: You called?

Pro: I did but you didn’t pick up.

Mara: Hehe. That was on purpose. I wanted to put you on edge.

Pro: Huh…

A little exasperated, I sink into my pillow.

Mara: So? Why’d you call?

Pro: Um…

I pause, wondering if I should tell her…

Mara: Hm? What’s that? You missed my voice?

…but as usual she reads my mind instead.

Pro: Well, something like that.

Mara: …

Mara: Oh. I see.

Her voice becomes unusually soft, a clear departure from her usual energetic, teasing tone.

Mara: Well, for the record I kinda missed you too. So thanks for calling.

Pro: Oh, um…

Pro: No problem.

Mara: What’d you do today?

Pro: I, uh…

I tell her about everything that happened today, how I found out that Prim’s a horrible cook, how Petra, Lilith, and I somehow found ourselves at my place, and how we spent the evening studying and eating pizza.

I explain every detail that I can remember, and Mara listens intently, laughing whenever I recount something funny or asking questions when she wants to know more.

Pro: And that’s about it. I just got home.

Mara: I see. A full day, huh?

Pro: Yup.

Mara: You’ve been surprisingly busy recently.

Pro: Well, that’s partially your fault.

Mara: I know, I know.

She giggles cheerfully, putting a smile on my face.

Pro: Are you coming tomorrow morning?

Mara: Of course. I can’t miss two days in a row.

Pro: Huh? I’m pretty sure you have at some point…

Mara: Nope. We walked to school together every day until high school, and since then I’ve never missed consecutive days.

I try to think of a counterexample, but nothing comes up.

Pro: Wow. That’s actually kinda impressive.

Mara: Hehe.

Mara: If you want, I can sneak in and wake you up as well…

Pro: No, it’s fine…

Mara: Boo.

She laughs again, this time a little more teasingly.

Mara: Well, I’m gonna go take a bath so I’ll talk to you later.

Mara: See you tomorrow! Have a good night.

Pro: You too.

She hangs up, and after putting down my phone I roll over, my body already shutting down.

A full day, huh? A full day packed with mishaps and awkward moments, maybe.

But a full day nonetheless.