**Bedroom**

The first thing I do when I wake up is jolt upwards and look around warily, ready for an attack from any angle. Nothing happens for over a minutes, though, so eventually I relax and grab my phone to check the time.

7:55. Not too late, and not too early. Perfect.

However, as I get out of bed I hear a quiet but distinct clattering sound from downstairs. My mom would probably be gone by now, so who…?

…

Oh. Right.

**Kitchen**

My suspicions are confirmed as soon as I enter the kitchen.

Mara: Morning.

Pro: Morning…

Pro: I thought we talked about this? Yesterday?

Mara: We did.

Mara: You only said not to wake you up, and I didn’t wake you up.

Pro: Huh…

Pro: Where’d you find the apron?

Pro: What about the food my mom made?

Mara: That? I ate it.

Mara: It was really good.

She grins happily, but this time I can only help but sigh. It’s way to early for her to be this energetic; I wonder where it all comes from?

Mara: Don’t worry, though. I made you breakfast, and I think it turned out pretty well.

Pro: Really…?

Mara: Yup, yup. Here you go.

She places a foreign dish in front of me, one that I don’t recognize. Two English muffin halves serve as the base, and sitting on top of them are slices of bacon and two yellow spheres that I can’t identify.

Mara: It’s called “eggs benedict,” I think.

Pro: What are the things on top?

Mara: …

Mara: Those are eggs.

Pro: Huh?!? No eggs I know are that colour and consistency.

Mara: That’s because they’re coated with sauce…

Pro: Oh.

Suddenly the dish seems a lot more appetizing, and after catching a whiff of its smell my stomach starts to growl.

Mara: Eat up while it’s still hot.

**Neighbourhood Road 1**

Unlike Prim’s bento from yesterday, Mara’s dish was amazing. Despite the relatively large serving I found myself wanting more after finishing up, but unfortunately I had to settle for an apple instead.

Pro: By the way, where’d you find that apron?

Mara: Hm? I brought it from home, of course.

Pro: Is it yours?

Mara: Yeah.

Pro: Huh. I’ve never seen it.

Mara: Well, it’s not exactly something I’d carry around with me…

Pro: That’s true, I guess.

Mara: You wanna see me wear it more often?

Pro: I never said anything like that…

Pro: …but yeah. Kinda.

Pro: If it means you’ll cook again.

Mara: …

Mara: Hehe. Will do.

Mara: I’ve gotten pretty good, huh?

Pro: Yeah. Really good.

Delighted by my praise, Mara runs ahead and does a little twirl before returning back to my side.

Pro: You seem like you’re in a good mood today.

Mara: Do I? I feel pretty normal.

Pro: Ah, I guess you’re usually in a good mood. But today seems a little different.

Mara: You think?

Mara: I dunno. I don’t think anything particularly good happened recently…

Pro: I see.

Pro: What did you do yesterday, by the way?

Mara: Nothing much. I went to school early, and then after class I went back home, and then I went shopping for groceries, and then I read manga for the rest of the evening. It was a pretty typical day.

Mara: Although I guess…

Pro: You guess…?

Mara: …

Mara: It’s nothing.

Suddenly feeling mischievous, Mara reaches out and pinches my cheek, causing me to start.

Pro: Ow…

Pro: What was that for?

Mara: Nothing in particular. Just felt like it.

Pro: …

Mara: If you’d like I’ll let you pinch mine as payback.

Without skipping a beat I gladly accept her offer, much to her surprise.

Mara: Ow…

Mara: I didn’t think you’d actually do it…

Pro: You’re the one who said I could.

Mara: Well, I did but…

Mara: …

Mara: Chivalry is dead, huh?

Pro: Huh? What do you mean?

Disappointed, Mara takes a deep breath and lets out a long, over-exaggerated sigh.

Mara: I guess it was wrong to expect anything from you. You’re just a Pro, after all.

Pro: …

Mara: …

She stares at me dejectedly for a few more seconds, but then her smile returns as abruptly as it disappeared.

Mara: Just kidding, just kidding.

Mara: Although it’d be nice to be treated a little better. I bet you treat Prim like a princess.

I mean, now that I think about it, she’s not wrong…

Pro: That’s because Prim’s polite, reserved, and kind…

Mara: …

Pro: I’m joking, I’m joking.

Pro: It’d just feel weird to treat you that way. We’ve known each other forever, so I can be myself comfortably.

Mara: …

Mara: Well, I guess you pass. Barely, though.

Pro: This was a test…?

Mara: Correct. And to bump your grade you’ll hold my bag for the rest of the way.

Not really seeing the point in arguing, I hold out my hand, which causes her to burst of laughing.

Mara: Alright, alright…

Mara: You passed that one with flying colours.

Mara: Don’t worry about my bag. Let’s get to school.