**Hallway 1**

The lunch bell rings, and after being defeated in a series of rock-paper-scissors matches by Asher I end up having to go buy drinks for the second time this month. A bit bitter about losing, I trudge down the hallway dejectedly, regretting my decision to challenge him again.

Petra: Now that’s an ugly face…

A slightly startled Petra suddenly appears to block my path, her face tinged slightly with concern.

Petra: Did something happen?

Pro: Oh, nothing too serious…

Pro: I lost a bet to Asher and now I have to buy him a drink.

Petra: …

Petra: Seriously…?

Petra: You were that worked up about that? What are you, a child?

Pro: Well, yeah, but-

Petra: I guess you really are friends with Asher though, huh?

Pro: Huh? What do you mean?

Petra: Oh I mean, like…

Petra: You guys seem so different, you know? Asher’s charming, cool, and good-looking, while you on the other hand…

Petra: Well, let’s just say you’re a bit different.

So I guess I’m the opposite of “charming, cool, and good-looking.” Nice.

Pro: We’ve been in the same class since the start of high school. To me it’s more surprising that *you’re* friends with him, considering how we’re in different years.

Actually, come to think about it they went to that mixer together, no…?

Pro: Do you like him or something?

Petra: …

Petra: …!

Her face turns beet red in an instant, but before I can even snicker she pulls me towards the wall and lowers her voice to a whisper.

Petra: H-H-How could you say something like that?!??!?

Pro: Huh?!? It was just a quest-

Petra: Shhh!!!!

She looks around warily to make sure there aren’t any eavesdroppers around before turning her attention back to me.

Petra: For the record, I don’t. I absolutely don’t.

Petra: If you say a word to anyone, I swear that I’ll-

??? (Kari): Petra?

Petra lets out a yelp that sounds like a mouse being stabbed and pushes me away from her abruptly, mortified about being called out.

Kari: Oh, and Pro.

Kari: What are you guys doing?

Pro: Oh, we were just talking about…

I trail off once I notice Petra’s expression and, not really wanting to die a slow and agonizing death, I quickly cover up my mistake.

Pro: …cafes.

The first word that comes to mind also accidentally comes out of my mouth. I nervously glance at Petra, who seems initially confused…

…but thankfully she starts to play along.

Petra: T-That’s right.

Petra: Believe it or not, Pro’s actually quite the café connoisseur. You’d be surprised by how much he knows about stuff like, um, tea quality and décor, and stuff like that…

Kari: Really?

Kari: I never would’ve thought that *you’d* be into that kinda stuff.

Pro: Yeah, I guess. I have a friend who’s really into them, and she, um, drags me out to a new one on almost a weekly basis…

Kari: Ah, that makes sense.

Pro: It’s a little embarrassing though.

Kari: Not at all. I think it’s cute.

Pro: Oh. Thanks.

I start laughing nervously, both relieved that I’ll get to keep my life and embarrassed from Kari’s unexpected compliment.

Kari: Well, I’m gonna head back to class so I’ll talk to you later.

Kari: See you.

Petra: Oh, wait, I was heading there too so I’ll go with you.

Kari: Oh, okay.

The pair start walking down the hallway, but a few steps later Petra turns around and waves, her expression unusually Prim-like. Which, of course, doesn’t suit her at all, but I still wave back before going my own way as well.