**Music Store**

The first thing I notice when I enter the store is the impressive collection of guitars, all of them hanging on the left wall.

Right. Huge guitar sale.

Looking around, I begin exploring the store. In one area, there are display cases of albums and shelves filled with musical-related books. In another, there’s a small row of electronic keyboards, and I have to resist the temptation to press on the keys as I pass by.

Wow... I would’ve loved this place when I was a kid.

Prim (shy thinking):

As I continue my exploration of the store, I notice a familiar figure at the end of the aisle, staring at a row of rather expensive-looking electric pianos.

Prim (surprise eek):

Pro: Prim?

Prim: …!

Prim (surprise embarrassed): ...

Prim (shy embarrassed): Oh, hi.

Pro: Hey. Didn’t think I’d find you here.

Prim (shy down): ...

Prim (shy shy): I didn’t think you’d be here, either.

Pro: Well actually, I’m an aspiring rock star.

Prim (shy curious): Oh, I see.

Prim: …

Prim (shy surprise): Wait, actually?

Pro: I’m just kidding. Why are you here, though?

Prim (shy neutral): Oh, um...

Prim (shy shy): I really like music.

Pro: I see. You play any instruments?

Prim (shy down): Um, yeah. Piano.

Ah.

Prim (shy shy):

Pro: Oh, is that what you meant by practice?

Prim nods. I think in middle school I had a classmate whose parents forced him to play piano. I played a bit too when I was younger, but I quit pretty soon after I started.

Pro: So, uh, what grade are you in?

Prim (shy down): Oh, um…

Prim (shy shy): I finished all the grades.

Pro: Oh, I see.

Pro: …

Prim (shy eek):

Pro: Wait, what!?!?

Prim (shy panic): Um…

Prim (shy embarrassed): I finished all the grades.

Pro: Yeah…

Pro: So, are you a professional?

Prim: I don’t think so...

Prim (shy shy): I don’t get paid to play yet. Right now, I practice at a music school as an extracurricular, where I play as part of its orchestra.

Pro: I see.

Pro: Wow.

Prim (shy eek\_blushing):

Pro: That’s actually pretty amazing. Do you want to be a pianist?

Prim (shy embarrassed\_blushing):

Prim gives me a shy nod.

Prim: Yeah.

I pause, still trying to wrap my head around what Prim just told me.

Pro: So…

Pro: Do you have a major role in the orchestra? Or a minor one?

Prim (shy thinking): Oh, um...

Prim (shy shy): I guess a major one.

Pro: There would be a lotta violins, right? But they all have different parts. So, like, would you be the main piano player, or…?

Prim (shy hehe):

Prim blinks at me, and then, to my surprise, lets out a small laugh.

Prim: No, there’s only one piano.

Prim (shy smiling):

Pro: Oh. That makes sense.

Come to think of it, pianos are pretty big…

Prim (shy neutral):

Pro: So, um…

Pro: What type of music do you play? Do you play, like, uh…?

Prim (shy thinking): Usually classical music.

Prim (shy shy): A lot of the pieces we play don’t really use the piano though…

Prim: …so sometimes I don’t play much at all.

Pro: Interesting. I never knew that.

Pro: But then again, I’m starting to realize that I don’t know a lot of things...

Prim (shy hehe): It’s okay.

Prim (shy earnest): I didn’t know a lot in the beginning too, but as I—

Prim (shy eek):

Prim’s interrupted by a continuous buzzing sound. She pauses and takes her phone out of her pocket, putting it to her ear.

Prim (shy shy): Hello?

Prim (shy worried): ...

Prim: I’m really sorry...

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): ...

Prim: Okay.

Prim: Yeah, I’ll be home soon.

Prim (shy worried):

She hangs up and turns back to me.

Pro: Everything okay?

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): Um, I need to go home soon.

Prim (shy down): I was supposed to buy groceries, so...

Prim (shy shy): I have to go now.

She turns around to leave.

Pro: Ah, wait.

Prim (shy curious):

Prim stops and looks back at me curiously.

Pro: Um, I have to buy groceries, too.

Pro: If you don’t mind...

Pro: Can I come along?

Prim: ...

Prim (shy smiling\_eyes\_closed): Okay.

I’m still not sure what exactly pushed me to ask something like this, but I fight the urge to smile as I give her a grateful nod.

Pro: Thanks. Let’s go.