**Baseball Diamond**

After speed-walking the rest of the way, I arrive a little bit before the game starts, much to my relief.

Lilith (waving neutral):

Lilith spots me from the dugout and gives me a small wave, and I wave back. I head over to talk to her, but suddenly I see something that makes me stop.

Lilith (exit):

Petra (neutral neutral):

Petrov (popsicle eating):

?Greta (neutral surprise): …

?Greta (pointing frustrated): It was him!

Lilith (neutral curious):

Petra (neutral surprise): Huh?!? It was Pro?

?Greta (neutral confused): Pro…?

Petra (neutral smile): Oh, that’s his name.

?Greta (neutral neutral): Oh.

?Greta (neutral worried): Well, he was the one who bought Petrov ice cream, not me.

Petra (neutral frowning): Pro…

Petra: Why’d you buy him ice cream? He still needs to eat lunch…

Petra (neutral groan): Ah, Mom’s gonna kill me…

Petra (neutral drained):

Pro: I told him that, but then…

Petrov (popsicle neutral):

Petrov looks at me as if warning me not to snitch, so I hesitate before continuing on.

Pro: Um…

Petrov (popsicle eating):

Petra: Seriously…?

Petra (neutral sigh): You’re kinda a pushover.

Petra (neutral drained):

Pro: I’m sorry…

Petra (neutral neutral):

Lilith (neutral curious): Petra, what happened?

Petra: Oh, uh…

Petra explains the situation to Lilith, who listens intently.

Lilith (neutral neutral): I see.

Lilith (neutral expressionless): Pro, you’re sort of a pushover.

Pro: I’m really sorry…

Lilith (neutral smiling\_slightly): Well, being nice isn’t always a bad thing.

Lilith (neutral neutral):

Petra (neutral stern):

Petra turns to Petrov, a stern look on her face.

Petra: You’d better be able to eat a full meal today, alright?

Petra (neutral sigh):

He nods, and she sighs.

Petra (neutral neutral): Alright, you guys go sit over there. When’s Mom coming?

?Greta (neutral thinking): In about half an hour.

Petra: Alright, alright. Make sure Petrov doesn’t wander off, okay?

?Greta (neutral neutral): Okay.

?Greta (exit):

Petrov (exit):

Petra (neutral sigh):

As Petra’s siblings head to the stands, Petra lets out another sigh and turns to me.

Petra (neutral smiling\_nervous): Ah, I’m really sorry about them. Thanks for helping them out.

Pro: Don’t worry about it.

Pro: You seem like an entirely different person when it comes to your siblings, though.

Petra (neutral neutral): Yeah, well…

Petra (neutral sigh): It’s up to the oldest sibling to be the responsible one.

Petra (neutral neutral):

Lilith (neutral curious): Is that so?

Petra (neutral surprise):

Lilith (neutral thinking): You don’t really seem like the older sister type, though.

She said it.

Petra (neutral annoyed): Ah, bite me.

Lilith (neutral neutral):

Petra (neutral drained): Anyways, I’m glad they got here safely. They insisted on watching our last game of the year, and then my mom made it into a family thing. It’s a good thing that my dad’s at work, or otherwise I’d die from the embarrassment.

A third year calls for Petra from outside the dugout.

Petra (neutral neutral): Oh, sorry, I gotta go help out.

Petra (neutral smiling): Thanks again, Pro.

Petra (exit):

And with that, Petra shifts away, leaving me and Lilith sort of alone, but not really. A quick glance around the dugout tells me that a few others are watching us, and I find myself tensing up just a little bit.

Pro: How do you think the game’s gonna go?

Lilith (neutral thinking): Um…

Lilith (neutral neutral): I’m not sure.

Pro: Oh, I see.

Lilith: I think we’ll be fine, though.

Pro: That’s good. Are you nervous?

Lilith: No, not really.

Lilith (neutral expressionless): Well, actually maybe a little.

Pro: Ah, so you are.

Lilith (neutral curious): Isn’t it normal for people to be nervous before things like these?

Pro: Well, I wouldn’t know.

Lilith (neutral smiling\_slightly): Oh, that’s right.

Lilith (neutral worried\_slightly):

Someone calls for Lilith too, and after responding she turns back to me apologetically.

Lilith: Sorry, it looks like we’re starting.

Lilith (neutral neutral): I’ll talk to you later.

Pro: Oh, no problem. Good luck.

Lilith (exit):

I head over to the stands while Lilith heads on to the field. It seems like there are actually a few others from our school here to watch, although I don’t know anyone specifically.

The game starts off a little slowly. It turns out that there’s a lot of waiting in baseball, and while I don’t really mind it, about twenty minutes in a bored Petrov makes his way over and tugs on my sleeve before being recaptured and taken away by his older sister.

Things start to pick up near the end though, and by the last inning I’m on the edge of my seat. Our school’s team is up by one run with the other school up to bat, and things look grim when the center fielder misses a ball hit to the outfield…

**Cutscene - Outfielder Lilith**

…but the game is saved by Lilith, who makes the throw back home.

I stand up and cheer as she jogs back to the dugout, amazed that she managed to make that play.

She seems as collected as ever, but her eyes are sparkling with a vibrancy rarely seen. Although she doesn’t even smile while her teammates congratulate her, for some reason I can tell that at this moment she’s truly happy.

And being able to see that makes me pretty happy as well.