**Riverside**

I end up leaving the house a little earlier than I’d originally planned. It’s not like I was doing anything anyways, and I have a feeling that Petra might tolerate tardiness even less than Mara.

The area is dead silent, save for the slight movement of water below and an occasional breeze here or there. That combined with the somewhat derelict scenery makes the walk a little unsettling, a feeling that isn’t helped by the bridge in the distance…

I wonder what happened that day. It was probably a random occurrence, but ever since then I’ve been naturally apprehensive of the place, as if it were haunted…

?Prim: Um…

Startled by the voice behind me, I jump.

Prim (surprise eek): …!

Prim (shy sigh):

Pro: Oh, it’s just you.

Pro: Hey, there.

Prim (shy shy): Hey…

Prim: Um…

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): Are you alright?

Pro: Yeah, I’m fine. Was just spacing out.

Prim (shy shy): I see.

We stare at each other for a moment, both of us a little hesitant to make a move. The awkwardness gets a little too much for me, though, so I decide to break the silence.

Pro: Uh…

Pro: Let’s get going?

Prim (shy embarrassed): Oh, right.

Prim (shy shy):

I tentatively continue to walk forwards, and Prim nervously trots up beside me, like a baby deer.

Prim (shy neutral):

Pro: Have you been there before? To the batting cage.

Prim (shy curious): I haven’t. Have you?

Pro: A few times.

Prim: Um…

Prim (shy shy): Is it hard?

Pro: Kinda, I guess. I’m pretty bad at it, though.

Prim (shy down): I see.

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): Hopefully it’ll be alright.

Prim (shy curious):

Pro: Yeah. Well, at the very least you’ll probably do better than me, so…

Prim (shy hehe):

I’m rewarded for my comment with a small laugh, and we discuss baseball for the rest of our trip. It’s a little scary how much I’ve learned about the sport, and as we continue to talk the idea of joining a team starts to feel less and less surreal.