**Music School**

Roxy: Not bad, huh?

Pro: Yeah.

Roxy, who I completely forgot about, stands up and stretches.

Roxy: Well, I gotta go find Kengo. The guy I was with earlier.

Roxy: I guess I’ll be seeing you again though, so I’ll talk to you later.

Pro: Oh, alright. Bye.

Roxy: Bye.

Prim (shy shy):

She walks away, and after a few moments Prim replaces her, looking a little nervous.

Pro: Oh, hey.

Prim (waving shy):

She gives me a little wave.

Prim (shy shy): Hey.

Prim: Um…

Prim (shy down): …

Prim (shy earnest): How was it?

Pro: It was…

I pause for suspense, slightly enjoying the look of anticipation on Prim’s face.

Prim (shy surprise):

Pro: ...really, really good. Like really good.

Prim: …

Prim (shy sigh\_relief): That’s a relief…

Prim (shy shy): We still have a long way to go, though.

Prim: Still…

Prim (shy smiling\_eyes\_closed): I’m happy you enjoyed it.

Ah man, that smile needs to be protected at all costs…

Prim (shy shy): Anyways, are you ready to go?

Pro: Oh, um…

Pro: Yeah. Let’s go.

**Train**

The train is packed on the way back up, allowing no room for studying. I don’t think Prim really minds though, since she begins to nod off as soon as we get on.

Prim (neutral sleepy): Sorry, I’m a little tired…

Prim (slapping ouch):

She slaps herself with surprising force.

Prim (shy shy): You were talking with Roxy, right…?

Pro: Oh, yeah. Kinda.

Prim (shy down): What…

Prim (shy shy): What did she think?

Pro: About?

Prim (shy bambi): …

Pro: Oh, uh…

Pro: She said that you’re really good, both you and the entire thing. Uh…

Pro: Apart from that she didn’t really mention anything else.

Prim (shy sigh\_relief):

Prim lets out a relieved sigh.

Prim (shy shy): That’s good…

Prim (shy worried): I feel bad, taking her spot.

Pro: Her spot?

Prim: …

Prim: I started playing for that school this year, but I’m not actually a student there. The school is just doing my sister a favour.

Prim: Roxy is though, but despite that I’m the one playing in all the performances…

Pro: Wait, that’s an actual school?

Prim (shy shy): Um, kind of.

Prim: It’s not a high school, but they have a bunch of instructors and you can take lessons for an instrument there. It’s really expensive though.

Pro: I see. And you don’t take lessons there?

She shakes her head.

Prim: I have a private instructor.

Pro: Oh, okay.

Yeah, it makes sense that Prim would be worried about something like this, especially since Roxy’s older. If I were her and some first-year came out of nowhere and took my spot, I think I’d be frustrated too.

But still…

Pro: I think…

Pro: ...that you don’t have to worry about it. It’s based on merit, right? So if the instructors think you’re better, then you’ll be the one to play.

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): But…

Pro: No buts. That’s how it is, right?

Prim: …

Prim (shy smiling\_nervous): I guess so.

Prim (shy down):

Realizing that I’ve probably overstepped my bounds and said too much, I hastily try to change the subject.

Prim (shy surprise):

Pro: Anyways, you guys were really good. I enjoyed that a lot more than I thought I would…

Pro: Also, I think I recognized some of the things you played.

Prim (shy neutral): Oh, maybe.

Prim: This time we’re playing more contemporary pieces, and a couple of them are from movies or anime.

Prim (shy smiling\_eyes\_closed): It’s different, but it’s really fun.

Pro: That’s good, especially since you guys practice so much.

Prim (shy shy): Um…

Prim: We don’t practice that much, actually.

Really…?

Prim: Three times a week isn’t that much. And that’s only before a performance.

Prim: Normally it’s only once a week.

Pro: Still, it’s a pretty long trip to make several times a week. I can kinda understand why your parents would be a little worried if you were alone…

Pro: Most would, I think.

Prim (fidget down): Well…

Prim (fidget smiling\_nervous): Mine in particular, I guess.

Pro: What do you mean?

Prim (fidget shy): They’re a little…

She pauses a moment to think.

Prim: ...overprotective. At least when it comes to me.

Prim (arm\_behind shy): They trust my sister. She’s always been smart, responsible, and really, really good at piano, so they weren’t surprised when she became a professional.

Prim (arms\_behind down): But as for me on the other hand…

Prim: …

Prim (arms\_behind smiling\_nervous): ...I guess I’m not nearly as dependable.

Prim (shy sigh):

Prim lets out a small, wistful sigh.

Prim (shy wishful): She’s really amazing. I wish I could be like her…

Probably because I have neither siblings nor a concrete goal in life, I have a little difficulty relating to Prim’s words. Still, I can tell that it really does bother her…

Prim (shy surprise):

Pro: Well, I think you’re pretty amazing too.

Pro: If you talk like that, then all of us normal people are gonna feel bad, you know?

Prim: …

Prim (arms\_behind hehe): Pfft.

Prim (arms\_behind smiling\_eyes\_closed): Sorry.

Pro: Don’t worry about it.

Prim (exit):

Hit by another wave of fatigue, Prim starts nodding off again. She eventually falls asleep, which I find extremely impressive given that she’s standing on a crowded, moving vehicle.

**Front of Station**

I wake Prim up as we arrive at our stop, and after she groggily regains awareness of her surroundings we get off the train and head out of the station.

Prim (neutral sleepy):

Pro: Are your parents gonna to pick you up again?

She nods lethargically, leaving me to half-wonder if she actually heard my question.

Prim: They’re waiting in the parking lot.

Pro: Oh, okay.

Prim (shy sleepy): Um…

Prim: Our next practice…

Pro: Thursday, right?

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): Um…

Prim (shy shy): It’s on Friday.

Pro: Oh…

Prim (shy hehe):

Prim laughs ever so slightly.

Prim (shy smiling\_eyes\_closed): I’ll be fine from here. Thank you so much.

Pro: Oh, no problem. I guess I’ll see you on Friday then. Not Thursday.

Prim: Yeah. See you.