**Train**

The train car we get onto is basically empty, save for a few tired-looking salarymen here and there. We sit down in the corner, away from everybody else.

Prim (shy shy):

Pro: Can I ask you something?

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): Um…

Prim (shy shy): Go ahead.

Pro: Why do you wanna become a pianist?

Prim (shy surprise): Huh?

Prim (shy thinking):

I blink, a bit startled myself. I don’t know why I wanted to ask that, but it slipped out before I could stop myself.

Pro: Oh, uh…

Prim (shy shy):

Pro: Just a bit curious, you know? Since you’re really passionate about it.

Prim: Oh…

Prim (shy worried\_slightly): …

Flustered, I try to remedy my mistake.

Pro: Sorry, you don’t have to answer. Forget about it.

Prim (shy smiling\_eyes\_closed): No, it’s okay.

Prim (shy thinking): Um…

Prim (shy shy): I have an older sister. Who’s a professional pianist.

Prim (shy wishful): She’s really talented and works really hard, and ever since I was little I’ve looked up to her as my role model.

Prim: Seeing her practice for hours to improve…

Prim (shy smiling\_eyes\_closed):

She smiles a little wistfully.

Prim: ...makes me wanna do the same.

Prim (shy shy):

Pro: That makes sense.

Prim (shy disappointed): But I still have a long way to go…

She visibly deflates, worrying me a little.

Prim: The only reason I’m allowed to play at that school despite not being a student, is because my sister used to be a student there, and she talked to the higher ups for me.

Prim (shy shy):

Pro: Wait, why didn’t you go there too?

Prim: Well…

Prim: You have to apply, so I applied after middle school, but I, um…

Prim (shy down): …

Prim (shy nervos\_smiling): I didn’t get in.

Prim: I got nervous during my audition and played really badly.

Pro: Oh, that sucks.

Prim (shy shy): Yeah…

Prim (shy disappointed): Although it’s not really an excuse.

Prim (shy wishful): I know I don’t have the same natural ability as my sister, but I can’t help but wanna be like her…

Prim (stretching yawn):

She lets out a sigh that turns into a small yawn partway through. She stretches her arms above her head, and it’s only then I realize how drained she looks.

Prim (shy sleepy):

Pro: Take a nap. I’ll wake you up when we get there.

Prim: Are you sure?

Pro: Yup. I’m pretty used to it.

Pro: Have a friend who really likes dozing off on the train…

Prim (shy sleepy\_smiling):

Already half-asleep, she leans against the wall, smiling ever so slightly.

Prim: Thanks. For everything.