**Bedroom**

I wake up thankful that Mara took into account my desire to sleep in. If she scheduled our outing earlier, I might’ve not made it, which wouldn’t have resulted in anything good.

I slowly roll over and grab my phone to check the time.

11:54. Not bad.

**Kitchen**

My mom’s door was open when I passed by, and her absence from the living area tells me that she probably went to work again. She told me that things were starting to slow down, but was that really true…?

On the table is an unusually elaborate breakfast, left with a note that confirms my suspicions.

*Went to work. Will be back in the afternoon.*

A little frustrated, I sit down and eat, noting with a pang of guilt that my breakfast tastes as good as it looks.

**Riverside**

Half an hour later I find myself on my way to the library, equipped with all the textbooks and notes I should but probably won’t read through.

It’s a beautiful day. Not a cloud is in sight, and yet the sun isn’t overbearingly bright, either. It’s almost enough to make me forget about my worry, about my mom’s overwork.

Almost.

I shake my head, trying to rid myself of all negative thoughts. Worrying this much will only make Mara worry as well, and it’s not like it’ll change anything anyways.

As I pass by the bridge, I feel my chest tighten ever so slightly. I haven’t forgotten about the little incident from two weeks ago, but thankfully this time nothing of the sort happens.

Two weeks ago…

It isn’t a very significant amount of time, but for some reason it feels like forever. It was before I met Prim, before I started going to her practices…

I wonder what she does on Saturdays. When she doesn’t have school or practices to go to.

Actually, now that I think about it, she probably practices on Saturday as well.