**Classroom**

We had gym class right before lunch today, and after it ended I returned to the changeroom to find that my clothes were tampered with again. Nothing was taken, though, so once again I pushed it to the back of my mind.

Asher (tired exhausted)): Ugh…

Asher sits down beside me, looking exhausted.

Pro: You really went at it today, huh.

Asher (tired neutral): I guess.

Asher (tired catching\_breath): I enjoy basketball quite a bit, but maybe I shouldn’t have played so hard…

Pro: Especially since we have a test.

Asher (tired neutral): Yeah…

He takes another few moments to fully recover before reaching for his bag.

Asher (neutral cheerful): Well, let’s get started I guess. Studying.

Pro: Oh, right.

I follow suit and take out my notes, a little startled by Asher’s sudden motivation.

Pro: I didn’t think you were the type to study much, though.

Asher (neutral skeptical): What’s that supposed to mean…?

Asher (neutral defensive): I study all the time. And besides, our test is literally next period...

Pro: Huh?

Pro: I thought it was at the end of the day?

Asher (neutral smiling): Nope.

A sense of impending doom starts to flood into my body.

Asher (neutral playful): And don’t you have Prim’s performance tomorrow to go to? So you can’t fail no matter what.

Pro: Yeah…

Suddenly panicked, we spend the entirety of our lunch break studying furiously, working our way through our notes as quickly and efficiently as possible. Thankfully I have Asher to explain all the parts I still haven’t really figured out, but even with his help I can’t fight down the nervousness rising in my chest.