**Bedroom**

A quiet but piercing creaking sound wakes me from my slumber, and the first thing I notice when I pry open my eyes is that the door is open. Still groggy, I sluggishly scan the room, half-expecting Mara to appear out of nowhere again.

However, instead of her it’s my mom, already in her suit for work.

Mom: Oh, sorry, did I wake you up? You usually sleep so soundly…

Pro: Um, you did but it’s fine.

Pro: What time is it?

Mom: It’s pretty early, sorry. You could probably sleep for at least another hour or so.

Pro: I see.

Pro: You’re leaving for work now?

Mom: Yeah.

Pro: It’s only been a couple weeks since you collapsed, though. Aren’t they asking for a bit much?

Mom: Well, today’s gonna be a really busy day apparently…

Mom: I’ll have to work late as well. They’ll give me tomorrow off, though.

Pro: Huh…

I pause, wondering if that’s a good or bad thing. It’s probably a win since less hours overall are being worked, but in terms of her health…

Pro: Ah well…

Pro: Please don’t get hospitalized again, though.

Mom: I won’t, I won’t.

Mom: You’ll have to manage dinner for yourself though. I left some money for you on the table.

Pro: Oh, okay.

She reaches out and ruffles my hair gently before moving back towards the door.

Mom: Go back to sleep, alright?

Mom: I’ll see you later.

Pro: See you.

And she goes, leaving me to sink back into my sheets and fall asleep yet again.

**Bedroom**

The same quiet but piercing creaking sound wakes me from my second slumber, and, recognizing its source, I don’t even bother to open my eyes this time. Instead I roll over and sleepily mumble out words, too tired to put in any more effort.

Pro: Did you forget something…?

However, nobody responds, so I begrudgingly sit up and open my eyes.

Mara: …

Mara: And who, exactly, did you think you were talking to?

Mara…?

Pro: Um…

Pro: My mom.

Mara: A likely story.

Confused, I blink at her, trying to clear my head.

Pro: What do you mean?

Mara: …

Mara: I don’t know, nor do I care. Die.

Pro: Huh…?

Mara: Anyways, do you know what time it is?

Pro: No, I don’t.

Mara: I figured…

Mara: We’re already late for school.

Pro: For real…?

Mara: Yup. Your classes would’ve started around half an hour ago.

Pro: Why didn’t you wake me up?

Mara: Well…

Mara: …

Mara: You were sleeping so peacefully, so I didn’t want to disturb you.

Can’t really complain about that.

Pro: You could’ve gone to school by yourself.

Mara: It’d just feel wrong to leave your house in the morning without you, though. It’d be like I gave up on you, or something.

Mara: Although, given how much you’ve been sleeping in lately, I might soon…

Pro: Have mercy, please…

Mara: I’m just kidding, don’t worry.

Mara: C’mon, it’s time for you to get up. Your breakfast is really good today, so eat it and then we can head to school.

Pro: Um…

Pro: How do you know it’s good? And speaking of which, if you were watching me for a while, why did you just come in?

Mara: Huh?!? I, uh…

Mara: May have gotten hungry.

Pro: So you ate my breakfast.

Mara: Maybe.

Pro: How much of it?

Mara: About half or so.

Well, I guess it’s fine. I don’t eat much, and good food is wasted on me anyways, so…

Mara: Sorry.

Pro: It’s fine, it’s fine.

With a sigh, I pull myself out of bed.

Pro: You wanted to go out to eat something spicy, right? Let’s go after school.

Surprised, Mara stares at me for a few seconds, which is a little uncomfortable because I’m still in my pajamas, but I guess it’s not that big of a deal.

Mara: …

Mara: I guess it can’t be helped, if you wanna go that badly.

Mara: I’ll gladly take you up on your offer.