**Front of School**

Around four hours later I find myself standing outside the school gate beside Prim, doing my utmost to hold back tears. Prim also seems to be subdued, although she’s stoic enough to hide most of her distress.

We ended up picking a light novel that our library had multiple copies of. It was ultimately sweet and warm, but its ending was sad and heartbreaking, leaving Prim and I emotionally wrecked.

Pro: That was almost as sad as Your Lie in April…

Prim: Yeah…

Pro: But it was really good, right? Even though I’m about to cry, it was really good.

Prim: Yeah…

Pro: Although I kinda feel bad for Asher, since he had to console us afterwards…

Prim: Yeah…

Prim: By the way, are you waiting for someone?

Pro: Hm? I am. How about you?

Prim: My dad said he’d pick me up from school today.

Pro: Oh, I see.

She looks at me curiously.

Prim: What about you?

Pro: Uh, I’m waiting for a friend.

Prim: I see.

Prim: Um…

Prim: Could you wait here for a second?

Pro: Hm? Sure, I guess.

Before I can ask why, Prim spins around and trots back towards the school, returning after a few minutes with something in each of her hands.

Prim: Um, here.

She holds out a canned milk tea, stuffing it in my hands with surprising force.

Prim: As thanks. For today.

Prim: See you.

And she darts away before I can thank her, running as fast as she can towards the parking lot. A strange sense of happiness starts to swell inside of me, but unfortunately the feeling doesn’t last very long.

Petra: Ugh…

Petra: What are you grinning about?

Pro: Huh? None of your business.

Petra: …

Petra: I know Prim’s really cute, but the way you were watching her was kinda creepy…

Pro: Bite me.

Petra: No thanks.

Petra: Anyways, why’d you call me out here? I’m a busy person, you know.

Pro: Right, right, sorry. I just found something that I thought you’d be interested in.

I smile mischievously as I pull out a few sheets of paper from my bag, holding them out for Petra to see.

Petra: What’s this?

Pro: Well, you see…

Pro: Prim and I visited Asher’s club today, and after talking with one of the upper-years I got my hands on a particularly interesting piece of writing.

Petra: Asher’s club? Hold on…

Petra: …

Petra: Did Asher write this?!?!?

Pro: Correct.

She stares at me incredulously for a few seconds before coming to back to her senses.

Petra: What do you want? Name your price.

Pro: Hm? I dunno if I wanna sell out my friend like that…

Petra: MacDonald’s for a week.

Pro: For a week?!?!?

Petra: Yup.

I flinch, rattled by her determination.

Pro: I was joking, you can read it for free…

Petra: Really?!?!?

Pro: Yeah…

I hand over the papers, but to my surprise Petra declines them.

Petra: I’ll read it later. I have a test tomorrow to study for, and I still need to get Prim a present.

Pro: Oh, I still need to grab one for her too…

I almost forgot. Yikes.

Petra: In that case let’s go together.

Pro: Huh? Just me and you? Isn’t that kinda weird?

Petra: …

Petra: It’s really only weird if you make it weird. So stop making it weird, and let’s go pick out a present for her.

Well, I guess it’d be a good opportunity to pick Petra’s brain for an acceptable gift.

Pro: Oh, okay. Let’s go then.

Petra: …

Petra: But no weird thoughts, alright?

Pro: Huh? Didn’t you just tell me not to make things weird?

Petra: …

Petra: Alright, alright, fine let’s go. If that’s what you want so badly.

Greatly bewildered, I watch as she storms off before remembering that I’m supposed to be going with her.

But really, what’s her deal…?