**Front of School**

We return our tools and thank the gardening club again once we finish, deciding to meet at the front again after we get ready to leave. Asher and I are the first ones out, followed by Prim, Lilith, and finally Petra.

Petra: Ah, it feels nice to be clean again…

Petra: So, what are we doing now? Wanna get something to eat?

Lilith: Sorry, I should probably go home. I promised my aunt I’d help her move some stuff around.

Asher (neutral neutral): I have some errands to run, so I’ll also pass…

Petra: Oh…

Petra: What about you two?

Prim: Um…

Prim thinks about it for a few seconds before answering.

Prim: Sure.

Pro: Same.

Petra: I guess it’ll be the three of us, then.

Pro: Yup.

She turns to Lilith, suddenly uncharacteristically reserved.

Petra: Um…

Petra: Will you be there at practice tomorrow?

Lilith: Of course.

Petra: Okay.

Petra: See you, then.

Lilith: See you.

Petra: C’mon Prim, let’s go. Bye Asher!

Prim: Huh?!?!? Petra…!

Petra pulls Prim down the sidewalk, but I stay behind to briefly chat with my fellow second-years.

Asher (neutral neutral): They’ve become pretty inseparable, huh?

Pro: Yeah.

Asher (neutral smiling): It’s kinda heartwarming, don’t you think?

He lets out a yawn, stretching his arms into the air.

Asher (waving smiling): Well, I should probably get going. See you guys.

Pro: Oh, see you.

He heads after Prim and Petra, turning left at the first intersection.

Lilith: Um…

Lilith: I should probably also go.

Lilith: I had fun today. Thanks.

Pro: Oh, no problem.

Lilith: I guess I’ll see you later, then.

Pro: Yeah, see you.

After one last wave, Lilith turns and heads the other way, and once she’s out of sight I trot after the first-year duo, wanting to catch up before I lose them.

**Front of Convenience Store**

We end up paying a visit to the convenience store, deciding to save both time and money instead of going to an actual restaurant. None of us really mind though – red bean buns after physical labour are really good.

Petra: Wow, you finished yours fast.

Prim: I was hungry.

Petra: You wolfed down both of yours before Pro and I finished one…

I finish my first bun, the second one looking a lot less appetizing.

Pro: Um, Prim, do you want this one? I don’t really feel like eating it.

She reaches out happily, but after a brief moment of reconsideration she retracts her hand reluctantly.

Prim: It’s alright. I should probably leave room for dinner…

Pro: Oh, okay. No problem.

Guess I’ll save it for later.

Petra: Oh yeah, Prim. Last night I saw a video of your sister again.

…

What?

Prim: My sister…?

Petra: Yeah, I was scrolling through videos and one of her competitions popped up. She’s really good, huh? Seeing her play really inspires me.

Prim: Yeah…

Pro: Um, what are you talking about? Isn’t Prim’s sister a student?

Petra looks at me oddly, unknowingly about to drop a bomb.

Petra: You didn’t know? Prim’s sister’s a professional pianist.

For real…?

I look to Prim for confirmation, and she nods slowly.

Prim: She is.

But isn’t her arm broken…?

Prim: Um, I should probably go now.

Prim: Today was fun. Thanks.

Pro: Wait, Prim…

But she doesn’t wait, instead turning around and running away.

Petra: …

Petra: Did I say something…?

Pro: Well, you did, but I don’t think it was your fault…

Pro: Never mind that, though, shouldn’t we go after her?

Petra: Um…

Petra: If we both go then she might feel surrounded. I think only one of us should go.

Pro: Then…

My first instinct is to chase after her myself, since I’ve met her sister and can more or less guess what’s going on. However, Petra’s closer to her and likely knows her better, and by extension is probably the better choice…

Go after her. **OR** Let Petra go after her.

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Pro: I’ll go.

Petra: Why you?

Pro: I don’t know if this is the right thing to do, but…

Pro: But I really think I should go.

She stares at me blankly, leading me to think that she doesn’t approve.

Pro: Um…

Petra: …

Petra: You’ve really grown up, huh?

Pro: Huh? What’s that supposed to mean?

Petra: Nothing, nothing.

Petra: Why are you standing around? You just made that declaration, so stand by it and go after her.

Pro: Oh, right. I’ll see you later then.

Petra: Get going. And text me what happens.

She pushes me in the direction that Prim ran off in, giving me a physical boost forward.

Petra: Don’t you dare back down at the last moment, okay?!?

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Pro: I think you should go.

Petra: …

Petra: Are you sure?

Pro: Of course I’m sure.

Petra: Alright.

Pro: What are you waiting for? Get going.

Petra: Oh, right.

Petra: I’ll see you later, then. I’ll text you what happens.

I watch her as she sprints off, a little regretful but knowing that this is probably for the best.

Hopefully she’ll be able to reach Prim.

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