hey y'all so this is a really rough draft just to make sure im heading in the right direction.

Character wakes up, pausing for a moment before letting out a small, pained sigh. They sit in bed for a few moments, debating whether it’s even worth it to get out of bed. They get out of bed, squinting at the sun before padding down the stairs and to the mailbox. They open the mailbox to find it empty and disappointed and slightly irked, they go back into the house. They shut the door a little too forcefully, their mother sparing a glance over her shoulder.

“What’s wrong, honey?”

“Ah, it’s nothing.” They say. “The armature for the Benelli was supposed to be here today.”

“Do you mean this?” She gestured towards a box.

“Yes! When did it arrive?”

“Earlier this morning, it’s almost noon. Where did you even get the money for this?”

“I—I’ve been doing online surveys.”

“So, you haven’t been studying for your retake at all? Honey…I worry about you. Ever since you got that thing, you’ve been obsessed. Don’t you want to graduate high school?”

“It’s not just a thing, Mom, it’s a Benelli! It’s vintage.”

She looks at the character, disapproving.

“I know, I know, I’m sorry…I’ll start right now.” Character shuffles to their room and plops down at their desk, looking at the books with apathy. There are a few sets of scattered notes with their laptop sitting in the middle, calling to them. They squirm in their seat. Studying never interested them much. Even before they got sick, their mind was always drawn to something else and now that their body was…functional again, rebuilding a Benelli seemed like an excellent pastime. When they came home from the hospital, they were confined to this room. Waking in pain, falling asleep to pain, anything was better than being in here.