"And just like that? *It's* gone for good?"

"Can't say,". Nothing has changed since I last checked my phone except there's a new notification from Restaurant Story telling me my ravioli is ready. I put it face-down. "It's been a hot minute since I last saw *it*."

"Has *it* always been like this?" He turns the page on his Socials 8 textbook. It's three hundred something pages long and looks like it's been cursed five times since the Victorian era.

"No, I think *it's* getting worse with age. Thought it was supposed to be the other way around."

There's a pregnant pause. "Do you ever wonder," He starts.

"About?"

I waited for him to continue but he didn't. The silence stretched between us as the fan hummed in the background. My phone goes off, and I dive for it as a knee jerk reaction.

"What?"

I put my face against the table. "No. It's Restaurant Story. My Peking Duck is done."