

“Is George doing this right?”

“You got it! Just continue like that...”

Kip rests on the bed with crossed legs, her hands folded on her lap. George sits on her knees, interlacing strands of the scientist’s pink-red hair over each other.

“...And once you’re at the end, tie it with the rubber band.”

George slides the band off of her wrist and fumbles with it, before eventually looping Kip’s hair through it twice.

“Like so?”

“Yep!”

George scooches backwards; Kip turns toward the bedside mirror.

“Hey, that looks great! Good job!”

The librarian beams.

“Now, wanna try the other side?”