**School Roof**

We walk around for quite a while, trying to find a quiet place to eat lunch but not having much success. Today there seems to be people everywhere, in each stairwell, around each corner, under each tree…

But eventually we find ourselves on the roof, which is, surprisingly, vacant.

Pro: Huh…

Pro: You’d think this would be a popular place to eat, right?

Prim: Yeah…

Pro: Well, there’s nothing to complain about.

Pro: Let’s eat. I’m pretty hungry.

Prim: Alright.

We sit down on one of the benches, enjoying a gentle breeze as it blows by. It’s a little chilly outside, but thankfully it’s not uncomfortable.

Prim: I’m not sure if you’ll like it, but…

Pro: Oh don’t worry. I’m sure it’ll be great.

I mean, anything made by a cute and tidy girl like Prim would definitely taste good, right?

Prim: Really? That’s encouraging to hear…

Prim: I wasn’t sure how some of it turned out, and I think I might’ve messed up a few steps…

Pro: It’s alright, it’s alright. It’s just me, after all.

Pro: I’m pretty easy to please when it comes to food.

Prim: Oh, I see.

Prim: Well, here you go. I hope you like it.

She hands me a neatly packaged lunchbox, cutely wrapped in a floral cloth. It’s exactly like a typical “cute-girl” bento that appears so commonly in manga and anime, and as I carefully unwrap it I find an almost uncontrollable excitement starting to well in my chest…

…until I take a look inside.

To put it nicely, it’s an absolute mess. The rice is half-cooked at best, and everything’s chopped roughly and largely. For some reason the entire meal has a strange, sickly yellowish tint, and the most appetizing item on the menu is the tail end of a cucumber with the stem still attached.

Going into specifics makes everything seem even more depressing. On paper it’s a pretty classic lunch, but the karaage is uncooked and limp, the things I *think* are supposed to be rolled omelettes are gooey and greyish, and even the sausages, which I’d assume would be the easiest to prepare, are morosely soggy.

My heart shattered into pieces, I glance over at Prim and find that she’s eating store-bought sandwiches.

How convenient.

Pro: You didn’t make enough for yourself?

Prim: Oh, um…

Prim: I ran out of time.

Prim: I woke up really early in the morning to make it, after all. I usually practice piano for an hour before I go to school, so I barely had enough time to make yours…

I immediately regret my question, since Prim’s answer makes it impossible to avoid eating her bento without being an absolute jerk.

Surely it can’t be that bad, right? Maybe it only looks bad, but tastes great…

…

Yeah, there’s no way. This lunch is more likely to be classified as a safety hazard, and I feel like some of my bodily functions might stop working properly if I partake…

But if you’re a man, Pro, you’ll eat. You’ll eat, grin, and tell a little white lie, not because you want to but because you can’t deny those eyes or the girl they belong to…

If you’re a man…

A man…

…

What *is* a man, anyways? And who decided that men should never whine, never complain, and eat everything that’s put in front of them with a smile…?

Prim: Um, are you not going to eat…?

Pro: Um…

Pro: Yeah. I’ll eat.

Pro: Thank you for the meal.

And with a bravery of a magnitude that mankind has never seen before, I steel my heart and start to dig in, hoping that they’ll make me sound like a better person than I actually am in my obituary.