

That Time Dinner was Good in Mess

Chapter 2

11:05 PM

Finally, Keisuke starts working on his assignment, having lolled around YouTube for two hours.

Assignment deadline: 11:59 PM

11:20 PM

Stress.

11:31 PM

Panic. Dread.

11:40 PM

Almost, almost there.

11:48 PM

Done! Now to submit

11:50 PM

C'mon WiFi just work already. (stress x100)

11:53 PM

What did they tell us to name our file? Ah, there it is.

11:54 PM

Ducking finally.

12:00 AM

Off to ANC.

Ryosuke is already in line when Keisuke approaches with dark circles under his eyes. It is cold, yet he comes in a T-shirt without a head cover. Can't dishevel that hair. It takes him quite a bit of effort to maintain it.

"Hey Keisuke! Let's sit together."

Ryosuke is in his fourth and final year. He's jealous his younger brother will get to experience college for one year more than he would. More fun, more girls. Ryosuke has had his fair share of experiences too – once he was caught with a girl in his hostel room. Well, things become simpler if you have a neurosurgeon father who's willing to donate a yacht to a college in a desert.

“Uh, Keisuke?”

“Yes?”

“Are you okay? You are spacing out quite a lot these days. Another one of your breakups?”

“Aneki, seriously? No.”

“Is Electrical too heavy?”

Yes. “No, I can manage it. Transistors are fun.”

“That’s nice.” I hate transistors with every fibre of my being (did I mention Ryosuke was majoring in CS?)

“Uh, aneki...”

“Yes?”

“Do you ever feel like you have no direction in your life? Like one moment you are dead sure you’ve found your life’s passion, then the next you think the world is a lie.”

“Yes. All the time. It’s called growing up.”

Tonight Keisuke sleeps a little better.