

That Time Dinner was Good in Mess

Chapter 3

1 year ago

"Hey, didn't we meet yesterday?"

Keisuke turns around. A girl. He doesn't recognize her. College is truly overwhelming. He isn't able to remember names he heard an hour ago. He's worse with faces. But this face is different. This one's determined. The eyes have fire in them, waiting to pounce rather than seduce.

"Um, no? Were you at the Melody Club try-outs?"

"Yes. I was the first to sing."

Keisuke finally starts putting two and two together. Yes, he remembers. *That* girl. Who finally called out the sexism in clubs.

"You just want me in to improve the ratio huh?"

"What? Don't speak nonsense." A guy with dyed hair and a leather jacket. "You don't know--"

"Don't know what? That there are only two girls out of ten in your batch? That your club is informally known for intense casual sexism. Look, I appreciate your time, but don't ever call me again." She left, leaving everyone in a disquietening silence.

Keisuke comes back to his senses. "Yes, now I remember. Crazy night huh."

"I'd call it just one standard deviation away from the normal day."

"Oh, I see. So for a day to be totally crazy you must have to lick Tame Impala's shoes."

"Observant."

"Care to stop by for some coffee?"

"Nah. Have a class. See ya. Oh, and my name's Kyoko."

He isn't going to forget that name.