

## Gacha 138

### Chapter 138 - Side Story

Back on earth. You can see a fourteen years young girl reading in the library alone. Many books were piled up on her table. But, the book that she is reading right now wasn't a book about knowledge. Instead, it is her personal diary. Unbeknownst to her, her tears falling in her white cheek while she continues reading her diary.

In the diary, written like this...

\*7 February 2007,

I have finished my test and I got perfect marks in all my subjects. My parents praised me, but the one thing that made me happiest today is my brother who also praised me so much. That is the best present I got.

\*10 February 2008,

I skipped a grade, I am getting closer to my brother. If I keep this pace, I will get into the same class with my brother, then I can accompany him all the time

\*5 February 2009,

I skipped a grade once again in another two years I will be Junior High School Student, But I didn't get happy about this. I didn't know why, but my parents seem only caring about me and ignored my brother in the home. Why they ignored him? Why? My brother is my idol. But, they didn't care about him. Brother...

\*27 February 2009,

I finally knew that Brother didn't have good grades in his school, I sneaked to his room and found his grade report. But why is my Brother didn't have good grades? Even if he didn't get good grades, he is always have passing marks for the least. He is always like that in my memory.

\*1 March 2009,

Father and Mother didn't care about brother anymore, they only gave him a cold gaze when they saw him. Why?

\*2 March 2009,

I sneak into his room once again. I finally learned that brother didn't have good grades for two years, the reason for that is because he didn't study the subjects for school. Instead, he studies about Husbandry, Business, and many others that didn't have any significance in School. He didn't have any allowances either. Because of that, he works part-time jobs. Why? Why has my idol brother become like this? What should I do?

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I am Milinda Sirius, I am 14 years old. I have graduated from Highschool last year and now, I'm in the library at my college. I am very lonely, the brother I love so much suddenly disappeared one day. But my

parents didn't care about it. So, I asked them about brother, but the most surprising thing that I found is that they didn't know anything about Brother, no, they didn't even know about his existence, they only know that I'm a single child. I tried to show them the foto of my brother, but mystically, There is no figure of his in all of the photos. Then, I decided to show my brother's room. But they were confused why exactly there is an unused room beside her, after all, they only have a daughter.

At first, they wanted to remove the room from the house. But because this is the only thing that my brother left behind, I insisted on sleeping in this room, then I move my bed to this room so they can't remove this room. And thus, my room was the one that got removed from the house. But I didn't mind that. I searched for his possession, it seems that his possession is still intact, but his existence was erased, not only his photos but also memory about him, and especially his existence. No one knows a single thing about him anymore except me.

There is no one knows about this except me, I really like my brother. Back then, when I was six, we were playing in the park, when I met several classmates from school. They didn't like me because I always interrupted or corrected the teacher if he/she made a mistake. Even though many people call me a genius, many still hate me because of envy. Because of that, when they met me at the park, They wanted to bully me. Suddenly, my brother came and beat those guys, he said to me, 'If they tried to bully you, Just call me. I will beat those guys even if I need to change school or branded as a delinquent. There is nothing more important than my family, especially my sister. Whatever you do or what you will become, brother will always support you'. Just like the story that I love so much, he looks like a prince that saves the princess. I think I fall in love with my brother.

Unfortunately, because they failed to bully me in the park, they now trying to bully me in the school, I don't want to drag my brother in it. They often mocked me and wrecked my desk. I endured all of it, Because I have an important purpose in my mind, that is to get in the same grade with Brother. I study a lot to skip many grades.

But when my parents know about all of my deeds, they started focusing on me and ignored Brother. After two years, I found that my brother didn't get good grades in his school, I searched for the reason and found him to study the things that didn't involve with School Subjects. Brother, why do you study those things? In this society, you need a good grade in school to get a good job. That's why I'm confused about why Brother study those things.

That day, I wanted to tell him about this. I need to correct him by myself. But when I just about to tell him about it, my mind became blank, and no words were coming to my mind. I can only punch him and kick him to show my feeling. I came to him a few times, but each time I always become like that. There was one time that I had prepared a speech before going in, but it was the same, my mind became blank again and I ended up beating him. Every time, I hate my brain, why they are useless in here? And Back then, I still didn't know that this became my everlasting regret.

Next year, I will be able to attend classes with my brother. In the classes, I will teach him everything so his grade will go up. But, I heard that my brother had a girlfriend, I was furious back then. Why should he have a girlfriend? I should be enough for him, he even added his part-time jobs to get his girlfriend a present. I am so envi- I mean, Did she know that he did it for her? Did she know how much he worked? If she dares to hurt Brother, I will kill her!

But, that day never comes. The day when everything vanished. When my Highschool was around the corner, my brother disappeared from the earth. That is the worst day of my life. I felt broken like a vase that'd fallen from the roof. I can't control my tears from falling down. Brother is my sole motivation for me, even if anyone said a shallow love or a stupid love that birth when childhood. But I'm sure, this feeling will still last for ten years, twenty years, and I will always keep this feeling until death.

I delayed my studies for a year in Highschool. Even if my parents scolded me, I didn't care. I delayed a year for me to have time to investigate my brother's Disappearance. In school, I searched every nook and corner, I'm sure that I didn't skip anything. But I still didn't find even a single clue. From that day, I switched my course into Archeology, I will become an Archeologist. My brother's disappearance might be connected to mystical things from the past. Like how we didn't know how the pyramids were built, I also didn't know how Brother suddenly disappeared without a trace and even his existence was erased. Brother might be somewhere else and now fighting with his life. I need to search for a way faster, so we can reunite, so I can tell him that I regret all the things I had done in the past, like beating him, Now that I have grown, I realized that those things in the past, when I had hit him, was only a child rumberling. I never talk to him face to face. Instead, I make it worse. I wanted to tell him that I regret all of those. I wanted to tell him my feeling that always buried deep inside my heart. I wanted to tell him that 'I love you'. Even if we are blood-related, then I will use my genius brain to make a genetic that so even we are blood-related, there will be nothing wrong!

Now, I'm still a college student, I can graduate in two years. I followed my Teacher to go to a historic site sometimes. But I still haven't found any clue to my brother's disappearance. Now I'm sitting here, looking at my diary (regrets). My determination to find my brother still hasn't dimmed even a little bit. I will surely find him. Whatever he had done or what he will become the next time I met him, I will still love him. Even in the end, I might be killed in his hand, I will leave with happiness. After all, I still met him, rather than enduring this loneliness, it is better to die in his hand. I will become a ghost that always followed him wherever he goes until the end of the time, and ascend to heaven or descend to hell together with him.