

# MAJOR LEAGUE SYSTEM

## Chapter 9: End of Day 1 (1)

Ken was in a daze as he got changed back into his school uniform in the locker rooms. He was the only one who had packed up early so he didn't have to talk to anyone thankfully.

Seeing as it was only a little after 4pm, there was still a few students left inside the school grounds. He tried to avoid the hubbub around the main entrance where clubs were trying to recruit new students, moving around the outskirts and heading through the gates.

Ken made it to the train station and boarded the usual train, heading back home for the day. His mood was a complete contrast from the one he had when he'd first arrived at school this morning.

By the time he arrived home it was around 4:45pm.

"I'm home." He announced, taking off his shoes.

"Welcome home." His mother echoed from the kitchen.

The smell of a home cooked meal wafted through the house, filling up his deflated spirits. If there was one thing that could improve his mood, it was definitely his moms cooking.

In order not to make his mom worry, Ken composed himself and walked into the kitchen, wearing a smile.

"How was your first day as a senior?" His mother asked, diverting her attention away from the bubbling pot of curry on the stove.

"It was good. Thanks for dropping me off this morning, I was almost late to the opening ceremony."

"Don't worry about it, just make sure you don't fool around tomorrow morning." She said with a smile. "Dinner won't be ready for at least another 30 minutes, why don't you get started on your homework and I'll call you when it's done."

At the mention of homework, Ken's mood once again plummeted.

'Damn, what kind of school gives out homework on the first day.' He complained inwardly. He had thought about lying and saying that he didn't have any, but he wanted to live properly this life so he bit his tongue.

"Sounds good, let me know when it's ready." He chirped, heading up the stairs quickly.

"Ah, when is Dad getting home?" Ken stopped at the top of the stairs and asked, as if he only remembered about his other parent just now.

"Your Dad won't be home tonight, he's still in Osaka for another week."

"Mmm..." Ken mumbled before heading to his room and unloading his bag.

His room was simple, with a bed and fully equipped desk used for studying. There was a TV and a game console which he used to use quite frequently, but it served little interest to him right now.

Being an adult on the inside, he had long gone off games.

If anything, he felt like having a few drinks and a cigarette right now. However, he was currently only 15 years old in this life, meaning he would have to wait at least another 5 years before it was legal to do so.

Not only that, if his mother or father found out that he was smoking and drinking...

Ken suppressed the shiver that ran down his spine at that thought, deciding to focus on other, more pressing matters.

He unloaded the text books from his bag and began to sort out his homework. Considering his father's native language was English, he could actually speak and write the language quite easily.

Therefore he quickly started and finished the English homework with ease. If anything, he saw some minor mistakes on the homework, but he decided to let it be and completed it as it was.

Mathematics was next, which gave him a big headache. He suddenly felt as if his brain had turned to mush, reading the x's and y's placed seemingly at random all over the paper.

"What's the point in algebra anyway?" Ken complained, grabbing a handful of his hair and threatening to rip it out.

"Ken! Dinner is ready"

"Aha! Saved by the bell." Ken exclaimed, closing his textbook with enthusiasm and rushing out of the room.

Soon enough, his mood had improved greatly as he shoveled spoonfuls of delicious curry and rice into his mouth. His eyes were squinted and cheeks full as he munched on the amazing food like a hamster.

His mother covered her mouth and let out a giggle at his antics.

"Your mood seems to have improved since you got home." She said with a smile.

"Ah." Ken almost choked on his mouthful of food, needing to grab a drink of water hastily. He quickly chugged down the whole glass before he was able to reply.