

## Master of Time 175

### Chapter 175 Surpassing The Past POV

Did mister Max just ask me for a date?

I wonder if I should answer him since he would know the answer already, but I think I will have to give him an answer because he did ask me. He also doesn't want me to nod or gesture my hands because it is disrespectful to him since he is older than me.

"It is the 18th of March in the year 1990, mister."

I tell him the date and have a look at his watch to make sure. It is a nice watch, but it did not have the correct time since it isn't 8 at night at the moment. It is still very bright out with the sun shining far in the distant.

The pretty watch did have the correct date, which is the 18th of March 1990.

It also has the correct day, which is Sunday.

Monday is tomorrow, but I don't have school because daddy hasn't enrolled me into one yet. He didn't believe that we will be staying here in Los Angeles for long, so he didn't bother enrolling me into one even if I really want to go to school and make friends, not having to stay home with daddy, especially when he is a lot angry now.

I just didn't think that daddy has already made up his mind about leaving me with mummy, but I really hope mummy will enroll me into a school.

I am 9 years old right now, so I will be in Grade 4, but I could be put into Grade 3.

It is very normal for me to be put into a grade lower because I have been missing school a lot. I am not very smart either.

Mister Max laughs at my answer then nods with a cheerful smile.

His hand continues to hold onto my hand even when he opens the door into the car for me.

I actually want to open the door into the car myself since I am already big enough.

"It sure is, Christina, and you sure are. You're a big girl now even if you are a bit scrawny for your age, but that can easily be fixed."

Mister Max tells me and lets me into the car.

I wonder what he means by scrawny? Is it like prawn? I know that word. It means having something to do with prawn. Prawn sounds a lot like porn, which is an adult word that I am not allowed to learn, but I think it has something to do with those magazines that daddy usually buys.

"Scrawny means very skinny, Christina. It doesn't have anything to do with prawn. And porn means... I will tell you when you are older. Anyway, you should eat more a lot more, huh?"

Mister Max explains to me like being very skinny is a bad thing. I don't really understand why he would think so since daddy says being skinny is a good thing.

Those girls around my age posing in swimsuits in all of those Japanese modeling magazines that people in Japan likes to read is very skinny. Daddy reads them too, sometimes, but he always does to in secret for some reason.

Comparing to those girls, I am actually a big girl.

I actually like being a big girl.

It is because I get to sit in the front of the car instead of the back like I always do even if there is really no one else in the car except for me and daddy.

When daddy and mummy were still living with each other in the same house, she always gets to sit in the front with daddy since she is a big girl. I didn't really understand what mummy meant by that back then, but I think I do now because I am a big girl.

Big girls get to do a lot of things.

Mister Max chuckles again before getting into his seat. He then fiddles something under the seat. After that, he checks the steering wheel before inserting the car key that he has found underneath the seat to start the car.

Daddy also hides key in the car. He also hides a lot of other things in the car from mummy too, but not anymore since mummy and daddy are no longer together.

His car starts immediately unlike the old car that daddy and mummy had brought when they were still together, living in the same house with me.

I miss mummy and daddy being together. They would celebrate things with me. Now days, with daddy by himself, he rarely celebrates anything with me. He is always moody, causing me to be moody too.

Mister Max casts a look at me before switching on the radio, letting the pleasant music to fill the car.

I love to listen to music because it makes me feel really happy inside instead of being gloomy. I get to learn a lot of new words from listening to songs as well. It is so much easier to remember those words than reading books and doing homework.

Sadly, daddy didn't like music very much, so I couldn't listen to any song when he is at home. Instead, when daddy is at home, I would reside in my room, spending my time to write down all the lyrics that I have heard and manage to remember.

It isn't hard to remember the lyrics since I recite the song in my mind, mimicking how the singers and musicians sing them. I don't know the differences between singers and musicians, but they both have really good voice, but not always.

And sometimes, I would switch the words in the lyric around or replace them if I think the lyric is better in the new sequence or with the new words. I also try to sing the new lyric to make sure it is better. It usually is. I also try to sing the original lyrics in a different way to find if it sounds better as well.

"Do you like music, Christina?"

Mister Max asks me like he knows exactly what I am thinking about. I want to know what he is thinking about too because he looks like he is thinking about a lot of thing.

Since he asks a question, he expects me to answer him.

"Yes. I really like music, mister. I really want to be a singer one day, but I couldn't because I was sick."

I answer him.

"You are not sick anymore, and you should aim a little higher, Christina. Singers only sing, and while I think you have a lovely voice that you should use a lot more, you have a lot of other talents too."

Mister Max tells me. I like him more now because he compliments my voice. My friends tell me that I have a good voice, but daddy never did.

Daddy just didn't like me talking most of the time, so I didn't because I don't want to get punished for being bad.

"Thank you, mister. Um. What is better than singer?"

I ask out of curiosity. I don't think mister Max mind if I ask him questions.

Mister Max wants me to talk more, and somehow, I feel like I could ask and tell him anything.

"Not better, just higher, Christina. Musicians is higher than singers because all singers are musicians, but not all musicians are singers. You can write songs, so you are a composer. You can also dance while

singing, so you are a dancer. And if someone teaches you how to play a musical instrument, I think it is very likely that you will excel. You are not just a singer."

Mister Max tells me. I think I understand what the difference between singers and musicians now, and I want to be a musician, since being one also mean that I am a singer.

"Then I want to be a musician, mister, but..."

I mumble the last part since I know it is very unlikely anyone has time for me, let alone teach me how to play a musical instrument.

"I am certain someone will have time for you, Christina. And if no one will teach you how to play one an instrument, I will teach you. Just give me time to learn one first, huh."

Mister Max tells me, and I trust him. He is nice. He is really nice. And what did he mean he has to learn one first? Did he not know how to play one already? How will he teach me if he doesn't know how to play one himself?

"Ahem. Alright. We should get going. We will talk more on the way there."

Mister Max tells me. He pulls the lever to shift gears and about to reverse out of the parking slot.

I immediately become alarmed, but I wonder whether I should tell him. I think I should because I don't want him to get hurt.

"Mister! You should put on your seatbelt or you will get hurt."

I call out hastily, causing the car to jerk because he steps onto the brake due to my outburst. He turns his attention to me, and from the look sin his eyes, he is very concerned.

Why is he concern about me? He should be angry instead because I have shouted. Daddy always gets extremely furious when I speak loudly.

"Thank you for reminding me, Christina. You are a very good girl, and you should speak more freely as I do not get angry easily."

Mister Max tells me. That cheering smile appears on his face once more, assuring me that everything is fine. What I did is right.

And that feeling comes again even though he is not touching me.

I keep looking at him even when he puts on his seatbelt and reverses the car out of the parking lots of the hospital. I am unable to remove my eyes from him even when he drives down the road towards a Japanese restaurant.

"I know that I am pretty good looking, but your staring makes me a bit embarrassed."

Mister Max speaks up when I stare for too long. He is very handsome like he has said, but I don't think that is the reason why I want to stare at him. I really don't know how to explain it in words that I know, but I think it feels like when mummy and daddy used to look at each other, when they still love each other.

I wonder if mister Max has anyone he loves? Maybe he has a wife?

"Do you have a wife, mister?"

I speak my mind. He likes it when I speak my mind freely to him, so I will. Because I really want him to like me as much as I like him.

"I used to, Christina, but like your mummy and daddy, I do not love her. I never did, but just to answer your curiosity, I do have a lot of people that I love. I love a lot of musicians too."

Mister Max tells as he looks at me. He smiles and switches off the radio before producing a disc out of thin air, making me gasp.

He is also a magician?

Mister Max chuckles at my awe before sliding the disc into the disc player.

"I know that you have listened to many songs and memorized them because your memory is beyond normal, but I don't think you have heard this song before, Christina."

I blink and look at the disc player. A song that I haven't heard before? I have heard a lot of songs since I only really need to hear it once or twice to remember the lyric by heart, but only in languages that I understand.

"What a girl wants, what a girl needs, whatever makes me happy and sets you free."

I blink again, taking in the beautiful lyric. It is so beautiful, and the singer sounds so familiar. It is like I have heard her sing before, many, many times.

"What a girl wants, what a girl needs, whatever keeps me in your arms. And I'm thanking you for being there for me."

...

"A weaker man might have walked away, but you have faith..."

The music fills the car, and mister Max is also tapping his hand against the steering wheel, listening to the song. He seems to like her a lot.

...

"What a girl wants, what a girl needs, whatever keeps me in your arms. And I'm thanking you for being there for me."

The song eventually ends, and I wish I was actually the one who sings it. I wish I was the one who sings it for him and makes him happy. I also feel that the lyrics could be better.

"I think the lyrics could have been better, but I guess it is not up to me."

Mister Max speaks my mind as he looks at me. He smiles at me, as if he is seeing something that I am unable to.

"Do you want to hear it again, Christina?"

He asks, and I do. I want to hear it again and again and again. I want to commit the song to my memory, so that I can sing it myself one day.

Sing it for him.

Mister Max also switches the track to another song on the disc after I heard it for the fourth time, and it is as beautiful as the first song. Even though I didn't understand the lyric fully, but I understand that it is actually about a girl being trapped, wishing someone worthy to set her free.

"Will I be able to sing like her one day, mister?"

I question after the third song. Her voice is just really, really good.

Mister Max looks at me. That smile he has that warm me up inside never really goes away, and I don't think I will ever get bored of it.

"Like her? Of course not, Christina."

He tells me, making me lower my eyes. He didn't so, and I am probably shouldn't aim so high. I could barely sing due to being sick for so long.



And even if the pain has gone away, I am still unable to find my voice again.

Mister Max chuckles and places a hand on my shoulder, getting my attention. That great feeling when he touches me washes over my body.

"You misunderstand me, Christina. You will not sing like her because you are better than her in every way. She is the past, forgotten by this world. You, on the other hand, are the future."

Although I didn't understand what mister Max really meant exactly, it makes me really happy.

I don't think that I am ever this happy before.