

A day in the life of...

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It's about the An CAfe band members in school (Don't get mad if they don't act correctly; it's just a story ^,;).

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Chapter 1 - Chapter 1

2

1 - Chapter 1

“Waaaiiiii!!!!” Miku screeched, tripping over his loose pant leg. He fell down the stairs in the front of the house, falling at Kanon’s feet as he passed by. Kanon raised an eyebrow and smiled, sipping from the mug he held in his hands.

“What was that all about?” he asked, helping Miku up to his feet.

“Just fell,” Miku smiled, adjusting his wrinkled shirt.

“You seem to fall every morning. Maybe you should actually wear your clothes right for once?”

Kanon sighed.

“What?” Miku blinked, looking at his clothing. “This is how I normally dress.”

“Yeah...the button of your blazer is in the wrong hole, your shirt’s too big, you’re wearing the wrong pants, and you never seem to wash your clothes!” he nagged, trying to adjust Miku’s collar. “AH! And you’re not wearing a tie! What’s with you these days?!”

“I lost it...” Miku said sheepishly.

“Aie...what will Teruki-san say?” Kanon growled.

“Ah! I know! I know! ‘Miku-san! Why can’t you ever get to school on time...and why don’t you dress right?! Why even bother coming to school!!’.” Miku said, imitating their class president. He puffed out his chest and stood proud.

Kanon laughed. “That’s right...but he almost says that everyday. Don’t act so proud.”

“But...it’s practically the only thing I do remember...Teruki-san’s always so mean to me!” Miku pouted.

“That’s because you’re an idiot,” Kanon smiled. “Tuck in your shirt.”

“But you’re not tucking in your shirt...”

“I’m smarter than you...plus, the teacher loves me.”

“Whaaat?! I may be dumb, but don’t keep saying that I am! One day I’m gonna...I’m gonna...” Miku said, trying to think of a good word to use.

“Eat a cookie?”

“COOKIE?!?!?” Miku squealed. “Where?!” Kanon tossed a cookie to Miku.

“Thank you Kanon-kun!!” Miku cried, as happy as a little puppy.

“You have everything?” Kanon asked.

“Huh? What do you mean?”

“Your school supplies. You have them right?”

“Oh! You mean my bag! Yeah, I got it,” Miku chirped munching on his cookie.

“Let’s go,” he said, opening the door.

The two began the trek to school.

“Heh...Teruki-san’s gonna be sooo surprised that I’m gonna be on time!” Miku said, walking backwards.

“It’s only because I actually woke you up today,” Kanon said. “You still know he’s going to nag on you, right? Teruki-san’s never going to stop that. Especially if you keep doing that Gasuku-chan thing you always do to make fun of him.”

“Aw, you know I’m never gonna stop being Gasuku-chan! I love him!” Miku cried defensively. He turned around and began walking like a normal person.

“It would make our lives a lot easier if you would quit it. Gasuku-chan is a lot more annoying than you are...and that can be pretty bad,” Kanon said, looking at Miku.

He puffed his cheeks out. "Hey! I'm not that annoying, am I?"

"Yes."

"Geez...you're so mean Kanon-kun!" Miku whined, putting his hands behind his head.

"Don't call me that," Kanon said, his eye twitching.

"C'mon...seriously, how am I annoying?"

"You talk too much, you're too hyper, you do that Gasuku-chan thing too much, you never dress right, you leave everything all over the house, you-"

"Okay! Okay! I get it!" Miku sighed. "Oh well...as long as I'm happy I'm not gonna change!" He stuck his tongue out at Kanon. He grabbed his tongue and pulled.

"Ow! Thobbit!" Miku whined, pulling out of Kanon's grip. "What'd you do that for!"

"You're being annoying AGAIN."

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"They're late again," Teruki said gruffly, rubbing his temples. Bou tied his long blonde hair up into a ponytail and sat in the desk next to him.

"Why do you worry about them so much, Teruki-san? They're probably never going to be on time," Bou laughed.

"It's not just that!" Teruki snapped. "The teacher's even late!"

"Give her a break...or him. You do know that our old teacher got fired, right?" Bou pointed out.

"He didn't get fired, he quit, you dope," Teruki sighed. "So what, shouldn't a teacher be on time even if it's their first day? It's their responsibility!"

"Teruki-san!!!"

"Oh god..."

Miku came bounding into the classroom followed by Kanon.

"Look! I'm early!" He boasted, running to Teruki's desk.

Teruki glared up at him. "Yeah, but you're still ten minutes late to **class**," he growled. "Can't you ever be on time?"

"Aiiii...I thought you'd be proud that I finally made it to class earlier than normal!" Miku sighed.

"Oh, well...guess you just can't please them all, right Prez?"

"Don't call me that!" Teruki yelled, tossing a stapler at him.

"OW!!" Miku screeched as he fell to the ground, the stapler stuck to his head. He tugged on the stapler and soon it was freed. "Why'd you throw that at me?" He asked with teary eyes. He rubbed his head.

"You were being annoying."

"Not that again!! Geez...I get that from Kanon!" Miku said, frowning. He set the stapler back on Teruki's desk.

"Then maybe you should listen to him. He does have a point you know," Bou said softly. Miku glared at the girly man.

"Not you too Bou!" Miku sighed, scratching his head. "Are you guys trying to change me or something?"

Teruki nodded. "You need to change if you want to go places."

"What do you mean? Like traveling? I don't want to travel! I wanna stay right here!" Miku pouted, crossing his arms over his chest.

Teruki glared at Miku. "That's not what I meant. What I meant is that if you want to go to college, or even get a half-decent job, then you should really start to act different. No one's gonna hire someone as stupid as you!" Teruki said, smirking.

"I'm not that stupid..." Miku said, looking away from Teruki.

"Want to bet on that?" Teruki asked, cocking his head. Miku was silent. "So now you know?"

Your test scores aren't the greatest, Miku-kun."

"I know, I know, I need to study more! But it's hard! I can never concentrate long enough to actually learn anything!" Miku protested.

"Have Kanon-san help you. He's smart enough," Teruki offered, pointing his thumb at Kanon.

"What?! Why do I have to help him?!" Kanon cried.

"Your parents took him in, therefore you get to spend the most time with him. Just do it, okay? Do you really want me riding his @\$@ for the rest of your life?" Teruki growled.

"Uh...sure? I don't care what you do with Miku," Kanon said, messing with his black hair. He turned to face Teruki and Miku.

Miku looked as if he were about to cry. "You don't care about me, Kanon-kun?"

Kanon stared at Miku blankly, as if that was supposed to answer his question. He turned away from the three and walked to his desk on the opposite side of the room and sat down. Teruki glanced at the clock and then at the door. His eyes widened.

"Miku-san...Get to your seats; the teacher's here!" He said softly. Miku turned to look at the door. A young woman with long blonde hair and a large book was standing in the doorway.

"Are you sure that that's our teacher? She seems awfully young," Bou whispered to Teruki as Miku sat down two desks away from Teruki. The rest of the class soon noticed that there was a woman in the doorway and they all sat down. Teruki stood up and walked to the teacher.

"Ohaiyou gozaimasu. I'm Teruki, the class president. Are you our new teacher?" he said politely.

The woman seemed shocked by Teruki as he bowed. "Ah, I am. Thank you," she said, bowing deeply. The class stared at the woman and Teruki cocked his head.

"Are you not from Japan?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I'm from America," the woman replied.

"That explains it...you don't need to bow that deeply to me. I'm your student," Teruki said, smiling. He turned away and walked to his desk, scowling.

The teacher cleared her throat and walked to the blackboard. "Hello. I will be your homeroom teacher for the rest of the year. I will try my best to pick up where Mr. Noaga left off. My name is Kira Campell. I hope we'll have a great year together!" she said, smiling.