



MINI EPISODES: "K" AGAIN

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"He's K!"

"K is here!"

"The genius of fried rice has appeared, "K"!"

When the man appeared at the "Tatsuya Honpo" store, more than 100 floor employees were yelling at once.

"K! Thanks for visiting us!"

"Please come here!"

The manager and the two assistants rushed on a small run, inviting the man, K, and his partner to the VIP room. The room, which is used for small group meetings, is a complete space with no spaces in terms of interior decoration, furniture, air conditioning and sound effects.

The manager told K, he was sitting in a relaxed environment.

"The owner will come soon. We will examine the ingredients from now on, so if you have a rough idea of what you would like to eat today..."

K's answer to the question was just silence and an optimistic smile.

"That was rude... It was a stupid question."

The manager bowed deeply and left with his subordinates.

The partner who had been looking around the room until then, hit K with his elbow.

"Hey, alright Kamamoto... I don't have much money."

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What is this? Yata thought. he just wanted to eat fried rice.

He went out with Kamamoto and on the way home made him hungry, so he said "Let's go eat something."

"Ok, Yata-san, are we going to eat fried rice then?"

Somehow they suddenly came right here.

"Why fried rice? That kind of thing is usually, "Oh, that's how you feel when you're hungry, you feel Chinese," or something like that."

"It's Ikisu or fried rice."

"Not really. Well, if they tell you fried rice, fried rice, you start to feel like this."

"Hehe, I had to come. Actually, I know a good store around here."

"Oh, what? Suddenly the difficulty increased. Not alone..."

When he arrived after Kamamoto while chatting with his usual story, it was a bit annoying.

Separately, they said, "Five hundred yen for three shobo sharks at a chain of fried rice stores," or "A store where a stubborn grandfather and grandmother are together, and the Meshi is delicious but the chair vibrates and you are not calm." So it was nice. That is to say...

What is this store. It looks like a skyscraper about 10 stories high that belongs to an entire Chinese restaurant. There is a large sign on the side of the building that is about the size of a large monitor in front of the station, and it looks strange. The ground floor is another great room, like a party place or a hotel restaurant.

This room he passes through was another. It is much quieter than the hallway...

The tabletop is so thick that it cannot be grasped by hand. It is a century old tree that has been cut and polished.

The slippery jar placed close to the wall makes a big difference. It is almost like a child.

There is an ultra-realistic carving of a dragon on the ceiling, and the ball in his hand is really real crystal. If a series of melons falls and hits his head, he may die.

In general, their sense of distance is dangerous. Even if he eats it like that, it doesn't taste good. Most of the time, the menus in these stores come out in Chinese, so he will have to eat something that he really cannot taste or taste. And the price is "market price".

No, this is not right.

"Kamamoto, let's go out."

When Yata tried to leave his seat ...

"Hahaha!"

A chef-like man came in opening the double doors, pointed to Kamamoto.

"You finally showed up... I've been waiting for you, K!"

When he finally appeared, he walked over to Yata next to Kamamoto and held out his right hand.

"Are you K's friend? Welcome from my teacher. I am Otori, the owner of this Tatsuya Honpo."

The powerful hand of a craftsman firmly grasps Yata's hand. Not only the grip, but also the pressure as a human being.

"Hey, Kamamoto, how long have you known him?"

"Well, we've been talking for some time..."

Kamamoto scratched his head.

"Long ago, the kitchen game where I was a judge, triggered your store to lose."

Note: Chapter 3 of the manga "Stray Dog Story".

"What are you saying you did?"

"Huh... K, don't worry. My defeat is my own defeat due to my pride. I prefer to thank you for being judged on your sense of taste and being aware of my immaturity. But..."

Otori, who felt bad, looked back at him and pointed at Kamamoto again.

"I'm not what I was at the time! Let's try it now! My ultimate dish, the "Galaxy Cradle", has evolved even further!"

Then suddenly, Kamamoto sighed deeply.

"Still... you seem to be sticking to your own wins and losses."

"What?"

"I just want to eat delicious fried rice... the best fried rice. The "supreme dish" in this store is not your big "Galaxy Cradle"."

"Ah...!"

Kamamoto smiled invincibly when he turned his head.

"I must get it out... the "fried rice that "uncle" doesn't spread"."

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"Wow, what is this? The moment you eat it, you feel like you are in a universe!"

Yata yelled, as grains of fried rice flew from his mouth.

The place is inside the roof garden of the Tatsuya Building, and a small Chinese restaurant, which was relocated there.

"I saw it, it's just normal fried rice, I wonder why, I wonder if my arms are different. Hey, Kamamoto..."

"Hehehe... Otori, the owner of the Tatsuya Honpo, which was once called the "Chinese Supernova", but the rumor that there is another genius of fried rice, hangs in your head and is driving you crazy."

Again, Kamamoto asked for fried rice, and Otori clenched his fist.

"It's a shame, but I have to admit it. I am still an apprentice. It's that guy who really needs to be honored."

"They will come upon you. Even if you praise me, nothing will come out."

That's when the man with a stubble and an apron seems to laugh. He has a towel around his head. Although he appears to be in his forties, he has juvenile infantilism somewhere, or vice versa, he seems to be using a very old air.

"No, it's serious. Really..."

Yata leaned towards the man named "Ojiki".

"Ojiki, are you always here? I will come to eat again. I like this type of store. Haha, the chair is ringing."

"Oh, I'm sorry..."

An old man, who was happy looking at the meals of two guests next to the "Ojiki", said to him.

"This store is just a monument. I'm not in business anymore."

"Eh... it's true. So, this fried rice...?"

"That's why I don't like it, Yata-san." Kamamoto said.

"Just come to dinner." The old man laughed.

Otori bowed deeply.

"Sorry, teacher. I couldn't refuse because I came to see "Ojiki"..."

"Well, is this your lunch? Damn, I ate it!"

"Well, if you eat that much, this Ossan will be happy. Do you want me to do it again?"

"Oh, "Ojiki", wait!"

Yata stopped the "Ojiki" trying to stand up.

"I will because I have eaten it. Well, I'm not a professional like you, but I still help in the kitchen of a store I know."

"Okay. Then, you will come with me."

The "Ojiki" sat down,

"Huh?"

"Ah..."

Otori and Kamamoto said quietly.

And...

Otori was watching Yata's kitchen knife, standing in the kitchen behind the counter. In an immovable posture with his arms crossed, but his eyes capture all of Yata's actions, and his thoughts never stop for a moment.

(Hmm, if you think about how skillful he is... "I'm used to newbies.")

(Is the oil, a salad oil? Does it seem like the pan is sweet...?)

(Hmmm, do he put the rice first?)

(Why do you open the refrigerator after starting to make a difference?)

(What?! Is that... pineapple?)

"Heaven is complete!"

The dish was a big departure from Otori's definition of "fried rice."

"Is this fried rice...? It's a little sweet and salty... too innovative..."

"Is it okay to give something so unfamiliar to a respected teacher or "Ojiki"?" Otori was interrupted.

"Ah, this is simple. When I was playing at home on my day off, that's what my mother gives me."

"Hehe, my mom's taste."

"I feel like I'm not ready, it's not good."

The "Ojiki" and "Teacher" started eating the mysterious fried rice, which cannot be said to be fried rice, in a simple and unexpectedly funny way.

"Hmm, really..."

The sight evoked a certain emotion in Otori's chest.

"Cooking is not only done with ingredients and heat. Memories, feelings ... the hearts of the people who eat it. I could have lost something important again..."

"It is the path I have been through."

Otori looked up at Kamamoto's voice.

"K... You know, today somehow, you taught me that..."

"Hehe... come on, I wonder..."

And...

To thank the Tatsuya Honpo people for the food, the two guests returned. Looking back as they step outside, Otori turned gloomy.

(K, the great genius of fried rice... is a sympathetic man.)

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"No, it was delicious, fried rice. Also, I was allowed to eat it for free, thank you very much."

Yata said, hitting his bulging flank.

However, Kamamoto, I gave a tip to a professional chef, and he understood. I thought it was a small dining room to eat one by one, I was a little surprised."

Then Kamamoto replied with a serious look.

"Well, it's relatively textured, that kind of thing."

"Hey, what is that?"

"That owner, Otori, is agitated when I say something like that, and I am surprised that he let me eat for free."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Yata was afraid.

"Don't cheat on a serious person. I can't forgive that!"

"But was it good? Fried rice."

"Well, it was fine, but does that "Ojiki" come only occasionally?"

"Yes, this is the first time I have met him. He is a "ghost cook"."

"I see. Please thank him again... I hope to see him again."

When Yata looked up at the sky while taking a nap of the taste of fried rice,

"Oh, I'm sorry."

A man walking behind ran into Yata, who had slowed his pace. A long-haired man wearing a Catholic priest's foot collar.

"Ah, priest."

"No, it was nothing."

The "priest" waved his hand slightly, then left quickly. The leek sticking out of the shopping bag in the other hand looked like a mess.

"That..."

Yata looked at Kamamoto again.

"Hey, Kamamoto. The person just before... isn't it similar to "Ojiki"?"

"Hahaha, no way. He's just a little bit similar in profile."

Kamamoto laughed.

"The fried rice feel of this fried rice genius can never be overlooked by a good fried rice cook."

"No, I was wondering, who was that "fried rice genius"?"

"Fufufu, it would take longer to talk about that..."

As the conversation between the two drifted toward the "Great Genius," that guy's back dispersed into the crowd.