

My Teacher and his hair

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„Yes, Teacher?“

„You are the only one I can ask to do this for me.“

„Teacher, are you sure? Maybe we can...” I stopped talking. Teacher tried to keep up his usual calm attitude, but as his hands were clearly shaking and his eyes did not allow any talkback, I could tell that he was serious about his request.

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You need to know: My teacher is a very honorable, strong and dedicated man. He is in fact the strongest of all heroes, he may be ranked B-Class, but his skill and experience succeed any measurable scale in existence.

Teacher has never let me down and I am blessed to be allowed to call myself his student. We are both heroes. Even though our ranks are very different, I believe the association made a great mistake in ranking my teacher a class C-Hero. As I have already said he is incredibly strong and he follows his principles strictly. Never have I seen a hero this admirable and yet so unfortunate in the way people receive his appearance. He fights all evil appearing in this world, yet the population refuses to give him proper respect for his great achievements. Even though he has moved up classes, the class superior enough to represent him, has yet to be invented.

People seem to view him as fraud, a fake, they are not able to comprehend his strength and paint him a villain in disguise of a hero. They blame him for destroying their city, they think he steals other hero's credit. But I know better. As I follow him through every trouble he faces, I also discover many faces and sides of my teacher I did not see before.

You see, teacher isn't a hero for honor or because he believes to make the world a better place. He does it for fun, and not for fame or rewards. He is noble in his very own remarkable way and often calm and collected. He hardly shows emotions openly,

but from what I could analyze so far, I am convinced by 98,954 percent, that his baldness is an indeed touchy subject. Even after studying the science of hair growth ever since I've become teacher's student, I have yet to find a way to give it back to him. It won't make him any stronger, but I believe it will help him to find happiness and seeing teacher happy and satisfied is my priority as his student after all.

Last tuesday, as we were on our way back to our apartment in City Z, we encountered a horde of monsters.

As we walked through the still busy streets of the nearest City, I sensed unusual activity all around us, the more we kept walking. My current focus however was on analyzing teacher's walkcycle. I believe there must be something to the very way he moves, I hope to gain new information on where his strength comes from.

„Genos.“

„Yes Teacher?“

„Look. Sometimes there are indeed weird fashion trends.“

„What do you mean, teacher?“

By now all the people in the street had their heads covered in thick, strong, fluffy, black hair. It almost looked like the very odd hairstyles had a life on their own, clinging onto people and well... the only thing they seemed to cause was confusion and shock.

„Teacher. I believe these are monsters.“, after analyzing my surroundings, the screams of pure terror and agony gave away the actual situation. We witnessed a man walking against a street lantern this very moment. He passed out.

„Monsters?“ A passerby was grabbed by teacher. Meanwhile a woman stumbled over various pots next to the shop she was walking. Without any trouble, teacher ripped off the black fuzzy wig from the man's head. The wig flinched and tried to get away, but teacher's grip got stronger the more it struggled.

With a single punch every single piece of hair was blown off the people's head and the monsters all faded to dust. While the slightly panicking people calmed down, regaining their sense of direction, I was surrounded by more and more of them. „Demon Cyborg!“ „Demon Cyborg! Thank you for saving us.“ They cheered, some asked for an autograph. The usual messy situation for an S-Class-Hero to be in. For a brief moment I lost sight of teacher. When I finally managed to shake of the masses I managed to locate his current position. He was standing in front of a shopping window and... „Ah! Genos. What do you think?“

„...“

Spiky black hair was suddenly bestowed onto my teacher's head. If it weren't for the clothes and the individual unique movements which I have analysed and remembered every part of by now, I probably wouldn't have recognized him. „Now come on. You can at least say something.“

Teacher was still fumbling through his newly aquired hairpiece. I'd never say it looked bad. In fact in every way teacher is a very good-looking attractive man, but I have not seen him with hair before. Except that one time he posed as Bang's student in a

tournement, but that wig back then was no comparison to the thick well matching black hair that now sat on his usually bald head.

„It... certainly looks different, teacher. But isn't this one of the monsters you just defeated?“, how even did it manage to land on teacher's head? He was a skilled fighter, impossible to just land a hit on him with ease. Whatever made that weird creature able to perform such a stunt.

„Ah yes. It is.“ Without any worries in his voice teacher continued to walk towards our flat.

„But teacher! Are you planning on keeping this monster alive? It has caused trouble among the population and we don't exactly know what type of damage it even did or what its' intentions are! If you keep this thing alive there is no idea what could happen. What if it feeds of your strength just like a parasite and strikes you down by just one-“ „Well they didn't really do any harm aside from clinging onto people's heads, did they? This one saw what happened to his friends.“, teacher answered. The hair on his head made a weird up-and-down-movement, as if it was trying to nod in agreement.

„,...“ I did not dare to talk back any further. My teacher is an independent grown-up man after all. I am nowhere near in the position to question his authority or complex-made decisions.

„Teacher. Even though I do not require to take baths, I still have parts to clean. I'd rather not do this in the rest of the flat, as I want to prevent oil from dripping onto the floor. So would you maybe please consider to shorten your current stay in the bathroom?“, it was the 3rd time I knocked.

No answer.

„Teacher are you alright? Would you please at least answer me?“

Not a single sound.

„Teacher. Forgive me“ I started to activate my weapon, to force the way open. „for breaking your furniture. I will make sure to repair the damage afterwards.“

Just as I was about to launch the attack, there was finally an answer from the other side.

„It's not locked.“

I stopped my attack at the last moment and opened the door manually.

„Isn't this great? This monster is actually really useful! It's not even trying anything except that I look good! They probably will have to change my hero name at the association though... Genos, do you know if a change of names is possible?“

I could not help but notice a certain tone of excitement in teacher's voice. This weird monster surely seemed to make him happy. I already offered him a transplantation

plenty of times, but he always refused to take the help. So it had been pretending after all. It really did bother him. „Teacher, may I speak freely?“

„Sure.“

„I don't think you should keep this thing around, even though it manages to act as a good replacement for your lost hair. Please consider erasing its' existence from the surface for good.“

His face hardened. „Genos. You are probably not able to understand this. You don't know what it is like to lose an important part of your body and appearance and after long search you're able to replace it in a proper way on your own.“

Silence.

„With all due respect, teacher. But I'm a cyborg. I change parts all the time and have lost huge parts of my once human body a long time ago. In my hunt for the mad robot i had to constantly switch parts and update my gear and risk losing what is left of my humanity. Even though my life was saved more than once by Doctor Kuseno and you, telling me I don't know what it is like to lose parts of myself is an insult not only for me but also the great Dr. Kuseno, who has saved my life multiple times by now and changes my parts constantly. I am ashamed to ask you this but-“ „OKAY. Okay. It's okay Genos. Sorry. Anyways. You can use the bathroom now.“

As I stepped to the side to make room for him to leave, I still felt anger and disappointment in my system. This was probably the first time we had something like a... verbal fight? A disagreement? What should I call this? How could I even dare to question teacher's decisions? I as his student should have known better. He does not show it but he is a very proud and honorable man after all. This hero-thing may be for fun, but he could not hide his disappointment regarding his assigned hero name. And after all maybe it was out of line to say this to his face. I should have taken his feelings more into consideration.

„SAITAMAAAAAA!“ A familiar figure entered the scene. Teacher was still wearing his newly aquired hair, it did blend in pretty well, but I missed the sight of his bald head. What was I thinking? Teacher was a wonderful man, either way. It did not change anything about him being the great hero he was, did it?

„Today is the day. I have prepared techniques beyond your comprehension. You won't be able to follow, to block, to damage, to hit, to score! I, the strongest Ninja, Speed-of-Sound Sonic, will bring you down on this day once and for all...“

What's this? Did you get yourself a pet for your head or what?“ That pesty ninja again. He constantly tried to get the better of teacher, but of course he stood no chance. We were just on our way to get some late-night-snacks for a movie night.

„Dude, can you come back later? The store is only open til 10pm.“

„Don't bother with him teacher. I will get rid of this annoyance.“, I still wanted to make up for our argument earlier. It felt weird, I wondered if he was still angry at me. He must have been! After all I, his student, talked back and questioned his personal

choices, which were of no concern to me.

„Nah man, I got this.“ He stepped in front of me. „So. What do you have in store for me this ti-“ SLASH. „Hey, that was one of my favourite shirts!“ Teacher's shirt got shredded by just one move of Sonic. How? My data did not show any increase of speed or power in Sonic's attack to the precious times. How did he manage to lay a finger on teacher's appearance.

„Admit it! You cannot read a single movement of my great combat style. SAITAMA. I will tear you down and wipe the floor with you.“ Usually the ninja would have been sent flying this very instant already. But instead teacher failed to land any hit on the guy. „Teacher, the store closes in the next 10 minutes, if we don't hurry...“ „We can't fail this mission, Genos. You know that this movie only works with a fair amount of onion&sourcream chips!“

Why did he miss then? Somethig was off in teacher's movements. No matter how you looked at it. Or... better said how I looked at it. His whole posture was off. As if... „Teacher! Take off the monster!“ „What! No way“

We didn't get the chips in time. The movie night was a desaster and teacher had to throw away what-used-to-be his favorite shirt. „I am sorry, teacher. I should have protected your posessions from getting cut. The next time this person shows up, I shall incinerate them in an instant!“

It had proven to be impossible to convince teacher within a fight to take off the hairpiece. I lost an arm in the fight, but I was nowhere in the mood to leave my teacher alone in the streets after this fight. Repairs had to wait. There was no way I could let him alone if he was not able to fight properly! „Teacher, I apologize for bringing this up again, but your movements and posture is completely off-standard for you and I believe your newly aquired.... looks to be the cause so even though you are definitely an outstanding good-looking attractive man with this, you are the same man without so would you please consider-“

„For the last time Genos, the monster isn't going anywhere! No go to sleep, or shut down or whatever you call that what you are doing at night.“, I was cut off.

One week later.

Despite teacher's terrible performance in this week, he refused to take up on any hints from my side. I did not dare to leave his side, out of worry something may happen to him in the meantime. Within 2 days rumors had spread about my missing arm and why I was not answering any of the association's calls.

We had trouble enough with fighting off some lower class monsters. The more Saitama fought, the more it looked like he was struggling, slower, throwing useless punches. It was hard to watch. Even harder to not just grab this thing off of his head. This was his decision. I knew it. Yet... If only...

We returned home in the evening. Teacher's hero outfit was all dirty and needed a

good wash. He did not land a single hit today. At first I could have sworn to see a thrill within his eyes. But constantly being beaten up by monsters was only funny for as long as you knew you could save yourself if things got worse.

I offered to clean the suit for him, but he refused with a single hand gesture. „This... is my responsibility to clean up.“ He looked tired. No. To be more precise... there was something about him, that was different from tired. Not exhausted but, if I didn't know it better, I'd say he was sad. „Is everything all right, teacher? Do you want a cup of tea?“

„Huh? Yeah...“

He turned around and locked himself up in the bathroom.

After an hour the tea was almost cold and teacher was still in there. „Teacher. Are you alright? Can you open the door?“ Not a single noise coming from inside. „Teacher? I apologize for bringing up my apology for planning on destroying your furniture, but I am seriously worried and the door is locked.“

There. A sound. It sounded like.. sniffing? Sobbing... sobbing?!

„Teacher, I know this was a hard day, but please don't be sad, as there are many days ahead to face and you don't need to cry so please cheer up as I don't know how to comfort you in your grief. If this is about the lack of sourcream&onion chips in our household, I have bought a few of them recently as a just-in-case supp-“

WRAASH. The door opens in an instant and teacher dragged me in with a serious look on his face. Were those... tears in his eyes? No way, I have never seen teacher cry before. „Wh-what happened.“

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„Teacher, are you sure? Maybe we can...“ I stopped talking. Teacher tried to keep up his usual calm attitude, but as his hands were clearly shaking and his eyes did not allow any talkback, I could tell that he was serious about his request.

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With a single flame, size small, I set fire to the malicious monster, which had been affecting my teacher's combat performance all week. It squeaked. Then nothing was left of the former decorative villain. We stood together in the bathroom in silence.

„Sooo... you still have that emergency supply of chips?“

„Y-yes!“

„Let's have a movie night, Genos.“

