

A Stay-at-home Dad's Restaurant In An Alternate World –

Chapter 18: Okay, Dwarf Grandpa Mobai

Mag was really taken aback. While the Yangzhou fried rice was good, one plate's volume was not small. Two plates were more than enough even for those who could eat a lot. Maybe dwarves were built with a larger stomach?

Mag had his doubts, but didn't show anything on his face. He nodded. "Okay, please wait a moment." He picked up the empty plate from the table and went into the kitchen.

Mobai was eating the fried rice, one spoonful after another, with his head lowered. The more he ate, the happier he felt. He hadn't expected that such delicious food would have a better recovery effect than the middle-grade potion. At this rate, he felt that maybe it could even restore his condition to his prime and that he could work another dozens of years.

"Wow, dwarf grandpa, you're amazing. You could eat three plates!" Amy opened her mouth slightly and looked at Mobai with some envy and adoration.

Mobai lifted his head and took a look at Amy. For the first time, the little girl wasn't looking down on him with a disdainful look. He even felt a little flattered, and sat up straighter unconsciously. He ate another mouthful, and said, "This kind of fried rice, three plates are nothing to me. I could eat four!"

"Really? You could eat four plates?" Amy's adoring look was more obvious, and her eyes were starting to shine.

Mobai hesitated for a moment, but looking at Amy's adoring eyes, he couldn't refrain from nodding. "Of... of course."

Immediately, Amy turned around and shouted towards the kitchen, "Father, dwarf grandpa said he could eat four. Make him another one, or he won't eat his fill!"

"Wait..."

Mobai looked at Amy, her face full of an innocent smile. Somehow, he felt that something was wrong.

After hearing Amy's words, Mag turned to look at Mobai. "Is that so, sir?" He was very calm on the outside, but on the inside, he was already laughing. If he hadn't known

Amy's character, perhaps even he would have suspected a little that Amy was a scheming girl.

"Well..." Mobai was a little embarrassed. While he could eat more compared to normal people, he felt more or less full after two plates of fried rice; three plates were definitely enough for him, and the fourth one would probably make him feel a little too stuffed.

"Dwarf grandpa, you told me you could eat four plates, so Amy will not like you if you go back on your words," said Amy earnestly, her chin in her hands.

Mobai wanted to slap himself. *Why did I brag about that without thinking?* It wouldn't pose a problem if she were someone else, but watching the expectant and earnest face of the little girl, he just didn't want to lose face. After hesitating for a while, he clenched his teeth and looked at Mag. "Yes, give me one more."

"Wow, you said it. Dwarf grandpa is so amazing!" Amy clapped her little hands happily, her face full of an earnest smile.

Mobai consoled himself in his mind, *To hell with it! I rarely eat something as good as this, so it's a kind of happiness even if I'm too stuffed.* Besides, looking at the bright smile and adoring eyes on Amy's face, he suddenly felt his vanity had been greatly satisfied; one more plate of fried rice was really nothing to him now.

Mag nodded. "Right, please wait a moment." He started to rinse the rice and make the third plate of fried rice; then, he turned around to look at Amy's back, eyes full of love. It was all thanks to her that his first customer stayed and ordered four plates of Yangzhou fried rice.

Mag served the two plates one by one, and Amy watched Mobai finish them with fixed eyes.

Mobai gave a contented burp as he put down the spoon. With four plates of Yangzhou fried rice down, he felt warm all over and not as stuffed as he had thought. A feeling of contentment arose from the bottom of his heart. He felt as if his life had been fulfilled at this moment.

Mag stood there and saw the food he had made eaten by someone happily until nothing was left on the plate. A sense of achievement arose in his heart, and he felt very happy too. *Turns out being a cook is not that bad.*

Before Mobai knew it, Amy was already at his table. She held out her hand as she looked up at Mobai, and then she said solemnly, "Dwarf grandpa, if you have had enough, please pay. It's... 2,400 copper coins."

"Okay, but I don't have that many copper coins. I'll give you 24 gold coins," said Mobai smilingly. He fumbled out a purse from his clothes.

“Gold coins?” Amy froze for an instant, and then she turned to look at Mag. “Father, 24 gold coins and 2,400 copper coins, which is more?”

Mag looked at Amy and smiled. “They are the same. One gold coin is worth 100 copper coins.” He was surprised that she knew how to do the four-digit addition, but it seemed she didn’t know how to convert the coins.

“I see...” Amy nodded thoughtfully.

“There you go! 24 gold coins.” Mobai carefully put a handful of gold coins onto Amy’s little hands, and they formed a pile.

“Wow, they’re so beautiful!” Amy’s eyes brightened completely. Cradling the coins carefully, she walked slowly to a table, put them down, and counted one by one.

Mobai tore his eyes away from Amy, picked up his hammer, and stood up to look at Mag. “Your Yangzhou fried rice is very good. I didn’t get your name.”

“Mag,” answered Mag smilingly. *This customer has a tsundere attribute and a fiery temper, but in fact, he’s fairly easy to get along with and very straightforward.*

Mobai glanced at Mag with a little surprise. Very few people didn’t say their surname when introducing themselves, but a lot of people in this Chaos City were concealing who they were because of various reasons—he being one of them—so he didn’t really take it to heart. He nodded, smiling. “Then I’ll call you Mag. I’m Mobai; you can call me Old Mo. I’ll eat here again.”

Mag smilingly nodded. “Right. See you around then.”

When Mobai was about to turn around and leave, he stopped and looked at Amy. “Little girl, call me Grandpa Mobai, not dwarf grandpa.”

“Okay, dwarf grandpa Mobai,” answered Amy without even lifting her head. She was too absorbed in counting the gold coins.

“Naughty girl...” Mobai shook his head, turned around, and walked out. The little thing could always make him speechless, but when he stopped to consider it, she was always right; besides, she was so adorable—there was simply nothing he could do about her.

Mag cleared the table and looked at Amy, who was counting the coins over and over again, her eyes shining. It looked like she not only liked good food, but she liked money too. A little chowhound and miser—it was hard to think of her as anything but a cute little thing. Mag went into the kitchen with the dishes and started to prepare lunch for himself.

A moment later, Mag went out with a plate of Yangzhou fried rice and saw Amy, who had been counting the coins in high spirits just now, bent over the table with dull eyes. She heard Mag come, looked up at him with a sad little face, and said, "Father, Amy is useless. I couldn't even collect money for you. I couldn't be of any help, right?"

Thank you for reading on

Chapter 19: Teaching—the 9×9 Times Table

Mag froze for an instant, and then realized that it had to be because she had failed to collect money completely by herself, and felt she hadn't been much of help to him.

Mag put the plate on the table. He couldn't help feeling his heart ache a little as he looked at Amy's sad little face. It seemed the little girl was still not very confident in herself. In fact, he felt Amy, who was just a little more than four years old, was already very amazing to do this kind of thing.

Looking into Amy's eyes, Mag shook his head solemnly. "Who said so? Why would you think that, Amy? It's mostly because of Amy that we have sold four plates of fried rice today. Besides, you've counted right to charge 2,400 copper coins, but Grandpa Mobai didn't have that many copper coins, so he had to use this more beautiful and valuable gold coins to pay instead."

"Really?" Amy's eyes became brighter and brighter as she listened to Mag's words, but she was still not very confident.

Mag nodded. "Of course. It's my fault that Amy didn't see any gold coins before, because I didn't make any. If someone is to blame, it's me. I didn't tell you sooner that silver coins, gold coins, and dragon coins are the same as copper coins; all of them can be used to buy things. It is me who should reflect on this lapse. I hope Amy can forgive me." An expression of self-reproach appeared on Mag's face.

Amy shook her bowed head. "No, it's not Father's fault. Father's very good to me." She was a little upset. "Teacher Luna has taught me before, but... but so many copper coins becoming so few gold coins—I just couldn't make myself do it. They are so many, so..."

Mag lifted an eyebrow and almost burst into laughter. Amy's explanation was so lovely, but he felt a little depressed as he looked at her timid look.

The external environment had a great influence on one's character, especially on those who were at an age of slowly molding their values and habits—like Amy.

Between the poor life before and the contempt that humans and elves showed half-elves, she felt a little inferior, and was not very confident.

The good thing was that Amy was still little and that this kind of mindset was just a bud, so Mag believed he could slowly help make her a confident little girl.

I won't let Amy be laughed at and looked down upon from now on. I'll make her the apple of my eye and my happy little princess, said Mag to himself.

Speaking of mathematics, this world's level made him a little worried, for it was even worse than the random foreigners' from his previous life. Even doing the addition and subtraction of numbers which had more than two digits would take them a long while.

Considering that even basic education was not universal in this world, this was not very surprising. Suddenly, Mag came up with an idea for building up Amy's confidence.

Apparently, China was one of the countries with the highest average level in math on Earth. As a rudimentary knowledge, the multiplication table the ancient Chinese people had invented had made a great contribution to the world.

Mag reached out to stroke Amy's hair and put the small bowl in front of her; smiling, he said, "Eat this, and then Father will teach you a multiplication table. After you master that, you'll be even better than the students in the Chaos School, and collecting money will be much easier."

"Really? Better than those big brothers and sisters?" Amy's face lit up immediately, and she looked at Mag in disbelief. In her eyes, those big brothers and sisters were studying under Luna every day, and they were all very good.

Mag nodded. "Sure. When did Father lie to you?"

Amy nodded her head and answered earnestly, "I know Father will never lie to Amy. I'll learn carefully." Then she started eating.

Looking at Amy eating in a manner that was so adorable, Mag picked up his spoon and started eating too. The 9×9 times table was very magical, and if Amy mastered it, she could easily beat those kids who were still counting on their fingers. It was the first step to boost her confidence.

After lunch, Mag took the dishes to the kitchen. He really didn't want to touch them as he looked at the oily plates in the sink; after hesitating for a while, he asked the system, "System, do you sell dishwasher?"

"System is not an appliance store," answered the system.

"Just cut to the chase. Do you sell it or not? I'll pay for it." Mag curled his upper lip.

The system was silent for a while, and then a quotation appeared in Mag's head. "Basic dishwasher, it can clean five plates and 10 spoons at one time. Price: three gold coins."

This system is really a money-grubber; it has no principles whatsoever... Mag rolled his eyes. He had seen through this system. Yet, the price was fairly acceptable, so he asked without thinking, "So cheap? Then I want one. Charge it to my account."

Then another line of words appeared in his head. "Done. The dishwasher is in place."

Looking at the silver dishwasher which was already plugged in on the cooking bench, Mag's eyes brightened. It seemed very high-tech. He opened the top, removed the several plates and spoons from the sink, and put them in the dishwasher. Then he pressed the start button. Less than a minute later, the top opened again, and the plates inside were already clean and shiny.

Modern technology was indeed very convenient. Mag put away the plates and spoons contentedly. Amy was standing by the kitchen door. She looked at Mag in great anticipation, and said, "Father, what're you going to teach me?"

"The 9×9 table. Wait for me here, Amy. I'll go get some paper and a pen. We'll try to learn some today," answered Mag. It seemed there wouldn't be another customer in a while, so he went upstairs and fetched a pen and a sheet of paper; then, he sat at the table and wrote the stair-shaped multiplication table from memory.

This world's characters were clearly different from those on Earth, but the universal characters were a bit like the oracle bone script, and the numerals were the same as Arabic numerals. The development of civilization was always having some amazing similarities.

Mag had inherited his predecessor's memory, so he had already mastered this world's characters and language.

"Father's handwriting is very beautiful!" Amy exclaimed as she watched Mag write down the multiplication table; she clapped her little hands with adoration. She had thought Luna's handwriting was the most beautiful, but now she found that her father's was even better, each figure like the one on books.

Amy's praise and adoring eyes made Mag feel that his one hour every day spent on practicing handwriting in his childhood was suddenly worth it; finally, someone appreciated his good handwriting. He smiled, and said, "Then I'll teach you how to write some day if you like."

Amy nodded happily. "Yes, teach me some day!" She looked at the rows and columns of figures, a little confused. "Father, is this the 9×9 table?"

Thank you for reading on