**Broken Compass**

by GhostieWrites

**Summary**

Rantaro Amami is charming, popular and - in his sister's eyes, the ultimate big brother. But how true is that declaration, really? An innocent eye can only see so much.

**Notes**

Hi guys! This is a pre-game story I put together of how I envision Rantaro became motivated to join the Danganronpa killing game. It's told through the eyes of his younger sister. I do hope you enjoy - please feel free to leave a comment with your thoughts! Thanks for reading!

~Ghostie

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**Eleven.**
"Onii-chan, look!"

A young girl’s voice cut through the air of a neighborhood playground as she reached for another plastic-coated ring on the monkey bar she was currently swinging across. One hand gripped onto the previous one, swinging her legs back and forth a couple of times before her other hand grasped the next at last. It was a cool night – the young girl bundled up in a white coat and striped blue scarf, her matching mittens stuffed in her pockets, so she could more easily grasp the rings.

Her eyes, green as freshly sprouted clovers, were focused on the relaxed form of a teenage boy across the way. Her big brother, Rantaro, was seated comfortably on the metal bar of the playground’s jungle gym, his arms resting on the bar above the one he was seated on.

Instead of moving his similarly green eyes towards the young one seeking his attention, the boy was concentrating on a teenage girl who was leaning against the jungle gym to the right of him – his friend, Yurika. The two were having what seemed to be an interesting conversation, since the girl would let out a giggle or two after each of his comments.

The young one couldn't quite hear what they were talking about, but she guessed her brother must be telling some pretty funny jokes.

‘Onii-chan is so cool…!’ the girl thought to herself as she once again propelled herself forward to reach for the next ring. ‘He always makes friends with people, and everyone loves him!’

It was true - Rantaro was very popular in school. He had a very enchanting personality – a certain charm that drew people in without him making too much of an effort to do so.

He was a natural sweet talker.

Another laugh traveled across the way, her brother's own charming chuckle joining in. It made the girl even more inclined to show him how well she was doing.

"Onii-chan!!" She called out once more, her already high-pitched voice increasing an octave while seeking to catch his attention.

It worked - he broke eye contact with his giggling companion to look over towards the child swinging across the rings. He still had the same charismatic smile on his face that he wore while chatting with his classmate, holding up his hand to give his sister a thumbs up before quickly returning his attention back to Yurika.
It hadn’t been for very long, but that brief moment of acknowledgment made the girl’s smile brighten as she once again swung her small body to get to the next ring.

The young girl had always been close to her big brother. Ever since she could remember, he had always been there to look out for her, teach her valuable lessons and cheer her up when she got upset. In her eyes, he was the definition of the ultimate big brother.

He was the one who first suggested going to the park after school every day. It quickly became a habit that she had grown to love - the time of day she most looked forward to, because it was quality time spent with her big brother.

Well, that’s how it used to be.

Ever since he had started high school, he began befriending more and more people. Girls and boys, no matter the school – he was popular with everyone.

Another giggle was heard over by the jungle-gym, from his newest friend. The young girl reached for the fourth-to-last ring, her arms starting to get tired from having carried herself across more than half of the way.

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“Oh no- is someone slipping??” An amiable voice questioned as arms wrapped around her waist, pulling her down from the rings she hadn't even gotten halfway across on.

“Hehehe, Onii-chaaan!” She giggled as he held her up over his shoulder.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got you!” He replied with a grin.

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Try as she might, she just wasn’t able to reach for the next ring. Wood chips crunched as her grip slipped and she dropped down to the ground. Luckily, she kept her balance, so she didn’t fall too harshly.

She wondered for a brief moment if the fall had worried her brother, turning to look over towards the jungle-gym. However, the two teenagers were still deep in their own conversation.

A small smile appeared on the girl’s face. Even if Rantaro’s attention was directed elsewhere, she still valued his company. She knew he cared about her and brought her to the park so she could have fun, even if he was getting too big to play with her too.

Rubbing her chilled hands together to try and warm them up after the effort of carrying herself across the monkey bars, she looked back up at the rings - the one she had grabbed last still swinging back and forth. This was the closest she had ever gotten to the platform – if only she had made it, then he would have been so proud!
“Do you think I’ll ever be able to make it to the end, Onii-chan?” She asked with some uncertainty in her tone, eyeing the rings as she held onto the chains of the swing she was currently sitting on.

“What? You?” Her big brother replied, hands on her sides as he pulled her back in order to give her some momentum with a push. “I know you will, someday.”

She could hear the smile in his tone as her pigtails trailed behind her while she swung forward. “But it’s so hard. I get too tired…” she said back, letting out a small huff as the swing swung back towards him once again.

“Well, you’re still growing,” He reasoned, gently pushing her again. “When I was your age, I couldn’t make it across either.”

“Really?” She asked, sticking her legs up to travel even higher.

“Yep. Everyone starts somewhere. I practiced again and again until I was able to make it across,” He said, backing up to let her continue the momentum of the swing herself.

Her eyes lit up, strengthening her grip on the chains. “Then I’m gonna practice super hard too!” Her rejuvenated voice rang out throughout the park.

The sound of wood chips crunching underneath the rubber soles of the young girl’s shoes sounded as she once again dropped to the ground from her spot on the monkey bars.

A few days had passed – each moment at school had made her glance at the clock until it was once again her favorite time of day. Her brother would meet her outside of the school grounds and walk her to the park, as usual - introducing her to another new friend whom he had invited to the park as well. This pattern repeated, day by day.

Sometimes she would be greeted to a familiar face, and other times she was introduced to a new one entirely. There were even times where Rantaro had forgotten if they had even been introduced before, where he would charmingly say, “Mayako, this is my little sister-“ to which, his companion would reply something along the lines of “Yes, we’ve met! It’s hard to forget such a cute face – you two look so alike!”

Her brother’s latest companion was a girl named Kaori. Rantaro had hung out with her more than a few times already, which wasn’t unusual. Her brother was a fun person to hang out with!

The two high schoolers were currently seated over by the swings, and as she looked over at them, her brother had just offered the teen his jacket.

Since November had turned into December, the air had only grown chillier – making it a necessity to bundle up carefully when going to school. She wondered for a brief moment if Rantaro would be warm enough sharing his coat with Kaori.
“Someone’s shivering-“ A familiar voice observed, before she felt something warm placed over her head. The knitted material of her brother’s hat fell just over her eyes, due to it being a little too big for her head.

She let out a giggle, “I can’t see now, Onii-chan!”

Her vision was once more regained when he rolled up the edges of the hat, her soft green eyes meeting his own amused ones.

“There you go! How’s that?” He asked, making sure her scarf was covering her well by wrapping it more around her neck.

“Warm! But what about you?” She asked, tilting her head slightly to the side and suppressing a giggle from the slight hat hair he now had from removing his own hat to give her.

“I’ll be fine! Making sure my little sister is warm is my job as your big bro, after all,” He replied with a smile, before patting her head.

‘Onii-chan always thinks of others first,’ she thought to herself as she watched Rantaro pull his coat a little closer around Kaori. He really was an amazing person. She wanted to be just like him when she got older.

Looking back up at the bars, she knew that being able to finish this was her first step at becoming as great a person as Rantaro was.

Attempting to warm up her chilly fingers by blowing some warm air into them, she moved back onto the starting platform to try again.

Reaching her left hand up, she took hold of the first ring. She was already a bit tired from her previous attempt - and the fact that it was so chilly out didn’t help her grip.

‘But Onii-chan said to keep practicing,’ the motivational words rang through her head, her small fingers wrapping around the cold plastic of the ring before taking a breath and swinging herself over to grab hold of the second one.
She liked to count the rings in her head as she swung across them. Knowing there were twelve rings on the bar made her more inclined to keep track of her progress as she swung along.

The farthest she had ever gotten was nine...which was so close to her goal! She knew she could make it someday - just like Rantaro said.

She let out a huff of breath before smiling as she made it to the ninth ring. Her green eyes gazed at the remaining ones, her arms protesting against holding herself up for so long.

"I can't stop..." She murmured under her breath, a visible puff of air escaping her lips from the cold air around her.

Swinging her legs once more, she reached out her hand to the next hanging ring. Her fingers grazed it, the chain jingling slightly before she was able to complete her grip on it as she swung her legs again.

A grin broke out on her face as she tried to keep the momentum going - all she had left were two more rings!

"Onii-chan, I'm gonna do it...!"
Just as she was reaching for the twelfth ring, the young girl noticed something out of the corner of her eye. Her brother and his friend were no longer at the swings.

Her grip slipped.

She fell to the ground, so close to having been safely on the platform. However, she wasn't worried about that.

"Onii-chan...?" The young girl murmured, her hands aching from both the cold and almost completing her goal as she straightened her posture.

Her eyes drifted around the perimeter of the park - her brother, nor Kaori, were anywhere to be found.

She could feel her heart rate increase as she ran over to the swings, the chains on them creaking slightly while they moved from a cold breeze blowing by. They had been here, moments before. Where had they gone?

"Maybe Onii-chan got too cold without his coat..." She said to herself - the sun had already started to set over the horizon, after all.

That didn't stop the fear she felt inside of her chest at not knowing where he was. He never left her on her own before. She turned, her eyes traveling over the slide, jungle gym, seesaw...but the two were nowhere to be found.

"Ready or not, here I come!" Her brother's voice rang out, bringing his hands down from covering his eyes to look around the park. However, when he turned around, he was greeted with a hug.

The young girl giggled as she hugged her brother tightly, "Onii-chan, I got you!"

Rantaro let out a chuckle, a hand brushing his bangs aside. "You do. But I was the one who was supposed to be finding you~" he declared, a smile on his face as he poked her nose.

She grinned, looking up at him, "I know...but I don't want to hide from you! I like playing together instead! Can we play another game?"

Her brother crouched down to be more at her level, his eyes bright, "Sure we can." He then pointed behind him, "How about a piggy back ride?"

She squealed happily before going around to climb onto his back, "Up, Onii-chan! We've gotta go on an adventure!"

"An adventure, huh?" He said, supporting her as he stood up. "Where to?"

"Anywhere, as long as we're together!"
Her heart beat quickly against her chest as the young girl searched the park for her brother. It was as if he had vanished.

Her green eyes soon landed on the jungle gym - perhaps she would be able to see him if she climbed to the top?

Clenching her tiny fists, the young girl ran over to it. The metal bars of the jungle gym had always made her feel nervous. Considering she couldn't make it across the monkey bars yet, she always feared she would slip and fall off.

'But Onii-chan is missing...and I almost finished the monkey bars, so I can do it...' she thought to herself, gazing up at the slightly chipped rungs. It seemed even taller than it appeared, a mountain she would need to climb in order to get to her brother again.

After taking a deep breath of cold air, she grabbed hold of the metal bar and put her foot up on the first rung.

She hoisted herself up, carefully climbing the bars. She was focused on reaching the top, her mind concentrating on finding her brother.

"The jungle gym is scary...why do you like it, Onii-chan?" The young girl asked from her spot on the ground.

Rantaro was currently seated at the top, looking out over the park. His eyes drifted down to meet hers, a small smile on his lips.

"The same reason you like piggy back rides. Being higher lets you see more of the world," Rantaro said.

Her eyes widened slightly in realization. She always thought her brother could see everything, but even he needed to go up higher to see more too. “Oh...so you get to see even more from up there?” she asked inquisitively.

Rantaro nodded, turning his gaze over towards the buildings. “That’s right,” he then looked back down at her, “One day you’ll get to see what I do from up here too.”

She had nearly made it to the top, the end of her striped blue scarf blowing behind her in the wind. Her heart was pounding in her chest, and she glanced down to see how high she was. It felt even higher than she thought, the space between her and the ground below seeming to lengthen as she gazed down. She subconsciously gripped onto the metal bars even tighter.

She suddenly wished Rantaro was helping her. The thought of him keeping an eye on her would
have filled her with much more confidence. She had fallen off of the monkey bars, but that seemed far less scary than falling off of here.

"Is everything alright?"

A sudden, silvery voice startled the girl, and she turned her head to look down behind her as the sun started to dip below the horizon.

Laughter was heard as footsteps crunched onto the wooden chips of the park. Small snowflakes had started to drift down from the sky, however they were not yet sticking to the ground.

Rantaro kept an arm around Kaori's waist, while his other hand held onto a cup of steaming hot chocolate, complete with whipped cream on top. Kaori was carrying a cup with two hands as well, no doubt keeping them warm.

"Thanks for showing me your family's café, Kaori. I might be stopping by more often if my sister likes the cocoa," he said with a smile, his green eyes drifting over to the monkey bars she always played at. It was time to go home.

Since the sun had set, the playground was lit by the surrounding light posts. It was easy to see that his sister wasn't over there. He wasn't immediately concerned, though. This was a park, and it's no surprise she got bored of the one thing she tried to do every time they went there.

"You can come over whenever you'd like," Kaori replied with a smile, before looking around as well. "Where's your sister?"

"I'm sure she's around here somewhere," the high schooler replied without concern. He began to walk around, "Reia! It's time to go home!" He called out, eyes drifting over the different areas of the park. However, all was quiet except for the sound of cars passing by on the nearby street.

Not hearing a response was what changed Rantaro's tune. Reia wasn't the kind of kid to wander off far enough that she wouldn't hear him, and she always answered him when he called. He pulled his arm away from Kaori as he started to walk around the park, checking behind every obstacle.

Kaori could sense a change in Rantaro's attitude as she watched him search behind the slide. She started to look around as well. "Reia-chan?" She called out.

Rantaro's heart started to beat quicker in his chest, anxiety bubbling in his stomach each spot he checked, only to find no sign of his sister. He had knelt down to look under the area below the slide, hoping for her to pop out to try and give him a real fright...

But no one was there.

Kaori soon found her way over to the jungle-gym - and what she saw there made her call out to Rantaro.

The green-haired male heard Kaori say his name and stood up before hurrying over, a feeling of relief washing over him when he saw her familiar form by the jungle gym.
"Onii-chan, I did it!" Reia's bright face grinned from her place, her nose red from the cold.

Rantaro let out a sigh of relief that she was safe. "You finished the monkey bars?" He asked as he walked over to her.

"No...not those!" She pointed up to the top of the jungle-gym. "I climbed to the top to find you!"

The anxiety that had bubbled up in Rantaro's chest dissipated. "Oh, really? That's good!" He kneeled down, "Just make sure you reply when I'm calling for you, okay?" He asked, not wanting to feel such worry again.

Reia nodded, "Okay!"

Rantaro smiled, glad that it had only been a false scare. He held out the cup of hot chocolate, "It's getting pretty chilly, so I brought you some hot cocoa for the walk home," he said.

Reia's face lit up as she accepted the cup in her mittened hands. "Thanks, Onii-chan!" She took a careful sip and seemed to enjoy it by the expression she made. "Mmm!"

Kaori was happy to see the young girl enjoy the drink as well. "Do you like it, Reia-chan? It's from my family's café," she stated a little proudly.

"I love it!" The green-haired girl exclaimed with a small hop, as if the sugar in the drink was already making her hyper.

Rantaro patted the young girl's head as he stood up, "Looks like we'll be stopping by more often, then," he said with a smile and a wink towards Kaori.

Due to his action, the teen's cheeks turned a shade of red darker than they already were from the cold. She flipped some of her raven-colored hair over her shoulder, before replying with a pleased smile, "Sakura Café will be waiting~"

While Reia was preoccupied with her drink, Rantaro wrapped his arms around Kaori's waist, gazing deeply into her eyes. "I saw how worried you got when we couldn't find my sister...it means a lot that you care about her so much," he said, laying the charm on thick.

Kaori smiled sweetly, placing her arms around Rantaro's neck. "I have a younger brother, so I know what it's like," she replied with a giggle. "If anything happened to him, I'd feel like a piece of me is missing." Her amber eyes glistened as she gazed into Rantaro's green hues.

Rantaro nodded in understanding, before looking over at Reia. She was still sipping her hot cocoa, hopping about on the sidewalk. He smiled slightly and said, "She means a lot to me." He then looked back at Kaori, adding softly, "You do too."

The raven-haired girl widened her eyes slightly at such a bold statement from Rantaro. She must not have expected such romantic words from him. The blush on her cheeks grew as she averted her eyes with a shy smile. It was easy to get flustered when such a charming guy was gazing so intensely as he said words like that. "Amami-san,..."

Rantaro chuckled when Kaori went back to using his family name. "I already told you, you can call me Rantaro," he replied, bringing a hand up to caress her cheek gently. "I don't care too much about formalities. Plus, I consider you special, Kaori."

Kaori brought her eyes back up to meet Rantaro's green ones, the fact he called her special making her appear even more flustered and happy. "Right...sorry," she replied with a small giggle. "You're
special to me too, Rantaro." She said as she took a hold of his hand.

The green-haired male smiled, before leaning down for a sweet kiss. Kaori closed her eyes and kissed him back for those few magical moments as Rantaro's thumb brushed gently against her warm cheek. With snowflakes softly falling around them, it seemed like a truly romantic moment.

The teens were so caught up in this moment that neither noticed the car barreling far too fast down the road next to the park - nor that Reia had started to hop across the lines of the crosswalk to reach the other side.

The sound of tires screeching broke the couple apart, just as a high-pitched scream cut through the wintry air.

Reia!

Rantaro awoke with a sharp gasp that made his lungs ache, as if he had only then caught his breath after minutes without it. His heart was pounding hard in his chest, adrenaline pumping through his veins from the nightmare he had experienced for the fourth time that week.

Months had passed, yet that chilly December night remained etched into his brain.

The night his carelessness got Reia hurt.

Rantaro sat up in bed, putting his head in his hands as he panted to catch his breath. The dark room indicated that it was still the middle of the night, so he had no need to check exactly what time it was.

His fingers gripped the sides of his head as he tried to calm his breathing, his bangs sticking to his forehead as sweat dotted his skin. No matter how many times he had the nightmare, or how often images of his sister came into his mind, he couldn't shed a tear. He wouldn't.

Memories of that night were fuzzy. Flashing lights. An ambulance. Anxious hours spent in a suffocating waiting room.

His mother, weeping. His father, yelling at cops to find the person who did this to his little girl.

And a numbing ache that overcame his body since the moment he saw her small body hit the pavement.
"Oh my God!"

"That girl just got hit!"

"The car sped off!"

"Rantaro- Rantaro!"

None of the passerby voices mattered. He ran into the road to get to his sister. His heart felt constricted in his chest as he knelt over her broken and bloody body.

"Reia..."

Everyone else had given up.

The first few days, his parents anxiously kept their phones within reach to answer on the first ring, in case there was any news from the hospital during the hours they weren't allowed to remain by her side...or if the police found the person who had done it.

But since that day, no suspect was found, nor had Reia woken up.

Everyone was relieved to hear that she was still alive, yet that news turned somber when they found out the young girl was in a coma.

There was hope at first that she would recover and be back to her usual bright self. But now that months had passed...any hope others had at seeing Reia's smiling face again had faded away.

Rantaro wouldn't give up, though.

He always told Reia that perseverance was one of the most important things you could have. That anything was possible if you kept working towards it.

She took his words to heart, which was why, day after day, she spent hours at the park trying to accomplish her goal.

Now, she was fighting to stay alive.

One of the things that made Rantaro feel most guilty was how little he had actually paid attention to Reia those last few weeks he spent with her.

He was an idiot, letting his hormones get the better of him. And as much as he hated to admit it, he had cared more about the girls he brought to the park than he had about his sister.
He was distracted, when he should have been paying more attention to her, as her big brother.

Since that day, he hadn't seen any of those girls again. Not even Kaori, even though she has tried to reach out to him.

Knowing that he wouldn't be able to get anymore sleep that night - the guilt still fresh in his mind - he pulled the covers off of himself and dragged himself out of bed. His feet touched the paper-strewn floor, where books and clothes alike were scattered. He was normally a well put-together guy, but none of that mattered anymore.

Rantaro reached over, his fingers gripping around a bottle of water that was left on his bedside table. He took a gulp of the lukewarm liquid after opening it and let it slip down his throat, before standing up and walking over to his computer chair.

He plopped down onto it from behind, a hand moving the mouse to awaken the machine from it's sleep mode as he rested his chin on the back of the chair.

A faint blue glow filled the room as the computer screen lit up, still showing search results from his latest effort to find a job.

With narrowed eyes, he closed out of the browser window, not wanting to get reminded of his endless struggle to fix the mistake he made.

It didn't matter, though, because the desktop background on his computer was that of the bright-eyed young girl, up on his shoulders when the two had been on a family trip to a hot spring a couple of winters ago.

His angered eyes softened when he saw the excited smile on her face, the young girl holding onto him with one hand as she pointed back at the monkeys that were in the spring behind them.

"Look, Onii-chan! They're bathing in the hot springs!" Reia pointed out as the two were standing nearby.

"Yep, they've got the right idea," Rantaro chuckled as the family of Japanese Macaque relaxed and played in the steaming water before them.

Their family was visiting a special ryokan, where snow monkeys had their own hot spring to enjoy. They were the only type of monkey in the world that was able to handle the cold climate they lived in.

Rantaro looked down at a wooden plaque that had some history written on it. He started to read it for his sister, "'Snow monkeys first started to use the hot springs when they noticed humans doing so.' Looks like they learned it from us, then," he said with a smile.

"Now they like to use them too!" She giggled at the thought of monkeys following them into a hot spring.
"Yep, it definitely helps them stay warm when the weather's this chilly," he pointed out.

"Rantaro, Reia! Your father's checked us in. Let's get settled so we can enjoy some time in the hot spring," their mother called out to them from the doorway.

Rantaro turned away from the monkeys to look over at their mother, who happened to notice the monkeys as well and walked over to them. "Oh, what a nice photo that would be!" She took out her camera and held it up, "Smile!"

Reia grinned big while Rantaro smiled warmly, their noses a little red from the cold, but nonetheless happy.

The memory was a bittersweet one. That vacation had been fun for both of them. One of the last few times that he had given her his full attention.

And one of the last few times their family had been whole.

Since the accident, his parents had coped in different ways. His father had taken to drinking, while his mother had started spending more time working than at home. It was clear that they blamed Rantaro for not watching her; he already knew it was his fault, therefore he kept away from them, so they wouldn't be reminded of that even more. They were nowhere near the happy family they had been on that vacation together.

Things had been manageable - until he had heard the argument his parent's were having the day before.

"She's gone, Miru! She's not waking up!"

"How can you say that about your own daughter!?"

"You've seen her! It's doing more harm than good keeping her there when she's like that!"

Sobs.

That was what Rantaro heard as he stood outside of the room they were in, listening in on his parents argument.
They always fought, but this fight was different. It was the first time they had mentioned giving up.

Though Rantaro typically stayed away, he entered the living room this time, his face like stone.

"Don't you dare say that about her."

His father was seated on the couch, while his mother was in tears as she leaned against the wall. They both appeared exhausted in their own ways as they looked over at him when he spoke his words.

"She's going to wake up," he said, without a hint of doubt. "So don't you dare give up on her when she's fighting to come back to us!"

His parents looked worn out. They all did. All the waiting had taken its toll. Rantaro couldn't let them make a decision that would take away his sister's chance of coming home.

His father looked ready to yell at Rantaro for saying such things when it was his fault she was like this in the first place, however his mother spoke first.

"We don't want to give up on her. But...your father is right..." Tears streamed down her face as she brought a hand up to her mouth, shaking her head. "There's no guarantee...and the bills...we won't have enough to continue..." A sob escaped her, "No matter how much I work...!"

Hearing that made Rantaro realize the severity of the situation. His father could only do so much manual labor with the back problems he had, and his mother was already pushing herself to the point of passing out on the job. "Mom... I'll quit school, and get a job," he said, not caring if he needed to work over 80 hours a week. "You work too much as it is..."

She shook her head, "No...you need to stay in school."

"But, Mom..."

"We already lost your sister's future, we aren't losing yours too," she said strictly, wiping her tears as she walked away to the kitchen as if that was the end of the argument.

Rantaro let out an aggravated sigh. This was all his fault, which was exactly why he needed to find a way to get money fast. He didn't deserve a future if Reia lost her chance at one.

He would do anything he could to fix things. Until he saw his sister's smile again, he would never give up. And so, despite how irritated his tired eyes felt as he scrolled through job offerings online,
the green-haired male continued looking for a way to help both Reia and his family.

What he hadn't expected, was the email notification that popped up on the top right of his screen. The sudden movement made his bloodshot eyes drift over to it.

To receive something this late at night made him think it was some kind of spam message he could dismiss completely, however that thought soon disappeared when he actually processed what the subject line said.

The green-haired male sat up more in his seat as he moved the mouse over to the notification to keep it there on the screen so he could read it one more time.

"What would you do to save Reia?"

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