



やはり俺の  
青春ラブコメは  
続  
まぢがっつりも。

第5巻



やはり俺の  
青春ラブコメは  
まちがっている。  
続



第5卷

# Chapter h1: More than anyone else, Miura Yumiko clings on to a young maiden's train of thought.

The atmosphere inside the clubroom was becoming really tense.

The midwinter wind struck against the windows, making a rattling sound.

If today was just like any other day, the soft sound would probably be lost amidst the idle chatter of the girls.

However, thanks to the complete silence today, the sound of the wind blowing about outside gave off the feeling that we were awfully close to it.

The reason for this heavy brooding atmosphere was none other than Miura Yumiko.

Miura sat opposite us, her arms crossed, and every now and then, tilt her head in displeasure. Each time she did that, her soft curly blonde hair would shake gently and fall down to her shoulders.

A while ago, whilst doing exactly just that, she had said those sharp words.

“Hey, y'all, what's up with Hayato.”

She spoke it in a straightforward manner, but did not ask for anything in particular. Even so, it was plain as day as to what Miura was really curious about.

The rumors surrounding Hayama Hayato.

The rumors about how Yukinoshita was going out with him, or how Yui was actually the one dating him.

Those rumors were clearly unfounded, as well as being totally pointless.

However, there was a certain attraction to such troublesome things.

As a sort of mini-celebrity in the school, the existence that stood out amongst the rest, Hayama Hayato was the type who attracted all forms of gossip about him. Thinking

back to my middle-school, a male student like me back then would have had absolutely no interest in his love life. In my memory, all the guys did back then was basically just making a crap ton of gossip about all sorts of things. Indeed, it would be about stuff like who's the cutest girl in the school year going out with, about who amongst the cuties had the biggest breasts, who would let me touch their tits if I knelt down and beg..... GOD! Boys were really idiots back then!

Still, thinking about stuff in the past did not allow you to run away from the present.

In this clubroom where not a single sound was yet made, the unchanging air was as ominous as ever.

As of now, Miura's gaze was as steely as ever, and continued staring hard at Yukinoshita. However, towards this, Yukinoshita did move even an inch of her body, merely accepting her gaze coolly.

"..... What is it?"

Under Miura's persistent glare, Yukinoshita spoke slowly. Her soft and low voice was far colder than the winds blowing outside, the eyes that seemed to have seen through everything was emitting a gaze that was as sharp as an ice pillar.

"That is..... that....."

The overwhelming pressure from Yukinoshita's gaze caused her to falter in her words and she turned her head timidly and slowly.

That pair of eyes first fell onto Yuigahama.

And then, Yuigahama who had a frown on her face quickly broke into a smile upon noticing that Miura was now looking at her.

"Ah, that, is it about those rumors? And, you came here to clarify about the details yourself, right?"

Hearing those words, Miura nodded her head in response slowly.

That's so Miura! Not so much as a bit of hostility directed towards Yuigahama! On the contrary, she was actually looking downwards, as though embarrassed by something.

.....Well, she came all the way here just to confirm the authenticity of the rumors. It's was equivalent to her proclaiming that she was really concerned about Hayama! That would probably explain why she looked so embarrassed and shy.

School had just started, but in no time at all, the rumors had already started flying. It doesn't help that they were greatly exaggerated as well. Subsequently, there was also the speculation about the carnage that was going to occur between Miura and Yuigahama were becoming more and more ridiculous day by day.

If that's the case then eventually, probably not even Umihara Kawase [\[1\]](#) will be able to keep up with it. Precisely because of that, Miura was unable to just sit there and do nothing about it, and hence probably why she was here in the first place.

Whether it was Miura or Yuigahama, it wouldn't be good for either of them to just overlook those rumors.

It was not merely just about Hayama, but the relationship between those two would suffer as well, and that would definitely not bode well.

Besides Miura and Yuigahama, it would be the same for Yukinoshita as well. However, Yukinoshita's expression right now was calm and collected.

"Regarding that, hmm....."

She said that with a voice that was not at all impressionable with a mixture of surprise and a bitter smile. Then, brushing away her hair at her shoulders, she faced Miura directly and continued to talk.

"There's really nothing much to it."

Her answer came carelessly, and the sharp glare of Miura did not soften.

"Really?"

Thereupon, Yukinoshita sighed as though she was fed up with this whole affair.

"What do I stand to gain by lying? ..... This sort of stuff have always been a bother since a long time ago."

"Huh? What's with your tone? You are really pissing me off. I, really hate your guts."

"Yumiko!"

The one who raised her voice in reproach was Yuigahama. Miura's shoulders jerked in surprise and right in front of her gaze, Yuigahama's lips were distorted as though angered by something. The conversation in the room had somehow turned into a vehement argument.

“I told you, that this is just a misunderstanding. I mean, look, me, seriously? There can’t be anything between me and Hayato-kun!”

“Hmm.....”

Miura nodded her head, albeit grudgingly.

“I think I kind of understand what you are trying to say.”

“Unn.....”

With her lips distorted, Miura spoke those words with some difficulty. Yui listened to her with a quietly, and would occasionally throw in a few appropriate words here and there.

“Hmm, I think, the truth is probably just that.....”

“Unnn.....”

There was absolutely no one who interrupted these two girls.

I hesitated to look at the feeble figure of Miura directly, and so I rested my chin in my hands and directed my ears towards them and listened. Occasionally, I would catch a glimpse of her, as well as Yukinoshita continuing to stare at her just like before. However, this time round, the hostility from before was not present, just her listening to Miura quietly with her ear inclined in her direction.

Then, Miura stopped talking and sighed softly.

Then, she bit her lips.

“..... However, I am still worried about Hayato.”

That voice was terrifying soft. The words that she used were few as well.

Despite that, her husky voice and hot breath revealed just how much emotions she had invested into those words. Watching her, it seemed that her eyes were faintly beginning to tear up.

Though, I wouldn’t say that I actually understand what she’s feeling right now.

With respect to this one Hayama Hayato, there wasn’t really anything special that I thought about him; I have only gotten to know about him only recently. Unlike Miura, I

have absolutely no luck with things like love.

However, from an observer's point of view, one could easily understand the abnormality surrounding Hayama Hayato. Subsequently, this time round, one could also figure out that Hayama's acting kind of strange ever since the rumors started spreading.

Normally, no matter how Miura or Isshiki tried to appeal to him, Hayama would shrug them off with his trademark smile. That Hayama now, however, gave a clear response towards Ooka's slight jest. Yet, there wasn't the usual cute traits of vexation or fretfulness in his tone, but an agitated voice that instilled fear in others.

Even for me, I understood that even that was a little strange for Hayama. That would be all the more so for Miura, who was the closest to him.

Miura mumbled something, rubbed her eyes, and looked up at the ceiling. Then, she let out a huge sigh, then in between pauses, continued to speak again.

"I hated how those rumors kept getting passed around. .... When I heard Yui's name included into those rumors, I really hated it."

"I see....."

The tone of Yuigahama's reply was gentler than usual. Drawn to that voice, I found myself looking intently at Miura. Miura's tender voice right now was a stark contrast to her usual queen-like overbearing temperament. The words that came out from her was similar to that a peevish young kid.

Seeing that, Yukinoshita seemed somewhat surprised. That much was clear from how her mouth opened a little and her eyes growing rounder.

However, Yuigahama probably knew about this aspect of Miura.

She touched Miura's shoulders softly, gently stroking it as though petting a small child.

Gradually, Miura grew more composed, and then worrying about the makeup on her eyes, pressed the tips of her fingers around her eyes and sighed deeply.

"Sorry, that was idiotic of me just now....."

"It's okay. ....I am sorry somewhat as well, for causing that weird rumor."

As Yuigahama said it, she gave an embarrassed grin as though she was somewhat troubled herself, and Miura shook her head in response. Each time she did that, her

blonde curls would shake as well.

‘It’s nothing. It’s not your fault, Yui.’

“Un..... Maybe.”

Miura was looking in the other direction, and her reply had a reserved air to it. To this, Yui laughed to brush it off and fiddled about with her bun of hair.

“.....But still, Yumiko.”

Soon, her hand stopped moving, and she call out to Miura, her eyes narrowing. That voice had a mature ring to it.

“..... I am quite happy if Yumiko would think of it that way.”

“What’s up with that.....”

Miura took a fleeting glance at Yuigahama through those teary eyes of her, then looked away with a faint blush on her cheeks. Seemingly embarrassed by the formal way in which Yuigahama said those words, Miura spun her fingers about and fidgeted with the ends of her hair.

Watching the exchange between the two, Yukinoshita let her feelings show through a sudden smile on her face.

Noticing her smile, Miura stared at Yukinoshita. However, her stare now was nowhere as sharp as it was before. Then, she seemed to be momentarily trouble by something and paused briefly before lowering her small head.

“Hey, Yukinoshita-san, I am sorry as well.....”

“Don’t worry about it.....”

Towards that unexpected apology from Miura, Yukinoshita gave an unexpected answer as well. Thereupon, Miura took a fleeting glance at me as well.

“.....”

Yes, that’s right, I have nothing to say. Absolutely. I am going to keep it that way. Yup.

I mean, it’s not there’s any special reason for me butt in and say something. Or rather, if someone were to go apologizing to me here, I would have taken it to be a sign of



affection.

In any case, Miura was not here to ascertain her friendship with Yuigahama.

Miura did not come in here with any sort of specific request or consultation, however, I could guess why she was here. The problem that she had right now was something that was all too obvious. If so, then shouldn't solving the problem be part of our job? Clearing my throat once in quite an unnatural way, I looked at Miura straight in the eye.

"Miura, are you finished with your business here?"

"I think I am..... But still... .."

Miura did not give any clear answers, and the words she spoke made it all the more ambiguous.

Naturally, she had probably set her feelings in order after lashing out at both Yuigahama and Yukinoshita earlier. However, nothing has been solved as of yet. I fear that the rumors were just going to continue on tomorrow and spread further. After all, such was the nature of rumors. Hayama will continue to worry himself over the rumors, and Miura too, would worry about Hayama, resulting in a never-ending vicious cycle.

Breaking out of such of a loop would require a significant amount of time, or rather, it would require some form of method to do so.

However, the spreading of rumors happened just so naturally. There was just no way to eliminate the curiosity of so many people. People's mouth just wouldn't be shut.

Miura probably knew this very well.

That's why, her words were ambiguous.

Despite the fact that I want to do something, I knew all too well that nothing could be done.

"If there's anything that could be done..... I want to help."

"I think that there's nothing to do but to wait for their curiosity to die down."

Both Yuigahama and Yukinoshita had a complicated expression their faces. Especially because what Yukinoshita said sounded all too true.

"..... Well, that is indeed so."

Though Yuigahama did not say something like “Rumors last for just 49 days” <sup>[2]</sup>, there won’t be peace and quiet until the freshness of the topics had died down. Such was the theory of combustion, where the way to avoid the spreading of fire was to avoid giving it more fuel.

If this was something like a scandal, then apologizing gracefully would probably have been one of the methods for risk hedging. However, if some mis-informed information were to get out, it would once again become a fresh source of fuel.

In this information society, the best tactic there is was to devote oneself to defense. Anyway, that just means to not say anything at all. But still, be it a loner or anyone, as long as you didn’t communicate with anybody, there’s no way details of your personal life could leak out! Once more, in this information society, isn’t that like, the ultimate way of protecting yourself? Main shield too strong; it’s a definite win! <sup>[3]</sup>

As I was thinking about the usefulness of being a loner in this IT society, Yuigahama was humming to herself. All things considered, perhaps it really is what Gospeller said, that the fact that there was no talk about the IT society recently meant that we have really become an IT society..... <sup>[4]</sup> Incidentally, by attempting to imitate Gospeller’s song, have I somehow become Yamashita Tatsurou? <sup>[5]</sup> Well, of course not!

Meanwhile, Yuigahama continued to hum to herself, and after a while, as though she had finally thought of something, began to speak haltingly.

“If we only knew who the person who first started this was, maybe things would’ve turned out differently.....”

“I wonder.....”

There was a tone of skepticism in Yukinoshita’s answer. I too, agreed with Yukinoshita’s view. As expected of Yukinoshita! As someone who has gotten used to gossip, she was bound to know that it was not as simple as Yuigahama had made it out to be. I looked at Yukinoshita with admiration.

Thereupon, Yukinoshita placed her hands to her cheeks, and had a faraway look in her eyes.

“In most cases, chasing after or cornering the person who started it all will probably turn out to be a huge problem if said person pretends to be innocent.....”

Un?

Unn.....

So that's your experience with them.....

Chasing and cornering them, huh.....

With the likes of that, I guess I won't be the only who's shying away from her.

“.....”

“.....”

Yuigahama gave a stiff smile, and Miura's shoulders shrunk back as though afraid of something.

Hmm, I wonder why she was acting like that?

Could it be a revival of the trauma she sustained during that time during summer break back in Chiba Village where she was completely out-argued and broke down in tears?

As one would expect, without the need for anyone to really open their mouth, Yukinoshita seemed to have sensed the change in mood and blushed, then coughed slightly.

“Anyway. ....There's really nothing much that we can do on our side.”

“Well, that's only natural. The truth is, verifying the initial source of that rumor is really not practical at all. Or rather, it's more correct to say that it's pointless.”

“Is that so?”

Yuigahama asked with a nod of her head, not particularly convinced.

The thing is, trying to identify the perpetrator of this rumor within the entire school was a difficult task. With all the different accounts by various people, if we are unable to find a common consensus amongst them, then the culprit would just get away without any punishment by lying even if we were to cross-examine him. Furthermore, for argument's sake, let's suppose we are somehow able to ascertain the culprit anyway, information that was leaked out cannot be taken back anymore.

Especially when said information contains a person's infamy or his scandalous dealings. Such information was bound to spread fast and quick. For example, even if the misinformation was corrected, there wouldn't be anyone who would be interested in this

new 'correct' information.

Because of the net, because of the want for interesting stories, or maybe it was righteous to uncover the wrongdoing of others. Hence, there were the purported followers of justice who were "permitted" to give scathing remarks towards those who have aroused notoriety. Therefore, be it gossips, false rumors or stuff like scandals, the freshness of the net provides them with such a plethora of material that ensures that "sense of justice" would never come to an end.

You are able to hurt them with bullet-like or arrow-like words from an absolute safety zone.

For example, even if the rumors are false, the people who propagate them because it's interesting will not take any responsibility for their actions.

That's why, gossips are evil.

Because by spreading gossip, you are also being deceived by the rumors yourself and wouldn't you end up angry to have become the victim too?

If one thinks of it another way, the one who spreads this rumors are as bad as the original culprit. I think that people who engage in this type of easily mistaken behavior are horrible.

The victory song of righteousness echoes throughout the streets even today. The world has always been in the search for a punching bag. There was always the wish for someone that they could easily and conveniently laugh at whilst lashing out at him.

What a pity, even if you tried to do some arbitrary manipulation, there was no practical way to take back the rumors that had already spread like wildfire.

There was absolutely no meaning in doing things like explaining, vindicating your stand, correcting them or retracting it.

"I said earlier on about how the usual way to let this past was to just keep quiet but....."

I stopped mid-sentence and stole a glance at Miura, and saw her looking down. Though I had no way of looking at her expression, I guess that she probably did not agree to what I had said.

That's to be expected of course. Why was there the need for Hayama, Yukinoshita, Yui and even Miura to have to end up with such unpleasant feelings over a rumor despite

them doing nothing wrong?

That is indeed outrageous.

“.....Is there anything that you people can think of?”

That’s why, I have to say something like that.

It’s a given, it’s definite that there’s absolutely no way that we can resolve this issue. Even now, as I search for all sorts of possibilities, I would immediately reject all of them.

I believe that what I do won’t change anything at all. This is all just a pointless struggle.

Even so, there was this weight in my chest that gave a nauseating feeling like reflux esophagitis when I heard about that pointless rumor. Like, I mean, seriously?!

Miura raised her head abruptly, upon hearing that I had NO PLAN. [\[6\]](#)

That was when I saw a glimmer of hope on her face. Ah, sorry, for taking away your expectations. Though that is quite bad of me, but still, this time, I really have no plans.....

On that note, Yukinoshita and Yuigahama have gotten along together for a really long time. As though there was something unsettling, they looked at me with dubious eyes.

“What? You have any ideas?”

“Not really, nothing.”

I answered Yukinoshita’s question plainly.

Then, Yukinoshita sighed as though surprised, and Yuigahama gave a bitter smile.

“Ahaha..... Then, what should we do from here?”

“Well, no matter what response we take, there will be the need to talk to Hayama about this.”

The rumors this time, there was no doubt that the person at the center of it all, was Hayama. No matter which direction we took now, for the purpose of controlling the spread of said rumors in the future, we first had to check on Hayama’s current status and will. If we could do that then we would get his cooperation to help us.



As far as this is concerned, this negotiation is a must..... I took a glance at the three girls.

Then, Miura looked away.

“Ah, that, I, if I just talk to him like that, that’s a little....., things like that, what can I make up to talk to him.....”

Her cheeks were dyed red, and whilst curling up her hair, clearly showed her disapproval of it.

That’s only to be expected of course. Also, the way she spoke, I couldn’t help but think that she was like the girl that was excited by pasta [\[7\]](#), or the Port of Yumiko Yokohama Yokosukadou-san. [\[8\]](#)

Well then, it would have to be either Yukinoshita or Yuigahama then. I looked at the two of them, to which Yuigahama had her face downwards and Yukinoshita, frowning. However, there didn’t seem to any voice of objection from either of them. Then, whether it was Yukinoshita or Yuigahama, all that I probably had to do was to ask them.

However, as the two of them were at the center of the rumors, I could not possibly allow them to come into contact with Hayama.

“.....Well, I guess I will do it.”

By the process of elimination, it had to be me.

As soon as I came to that conclusion, Yukinoshita let slip a chuckle.

“My my, isn’t it rare to see you taking some action yourself.”

“Not really, this is a different matter. Like, since a long time ago, I have always been susceptible to girls crying. I mean, consider Komachi crying for example. Whenever she does that, I feel obliged to do something for her.”

Towards Yukinoshita’s banter, somehow, I couldn’t think of any apt response to that. It felt as though those vague feelings of mine were seen through, and so I carelessly blurted out some vague response to her.

I hurriedly constructed a response try and gloss it over but I also thought that I did it because her words struck a nerve within me.

Well it can’t be helped, loving my sister is your Onii-chan’s passive skill after all.

After I had said my piece, Yuigahama began clapping.

“Oh! Such is Onii-chan!”

“Indeed. As what one would expect from Onii-chan.”

“Huh? Could you please stop saying Onii-chan?”

A shiver ran down my spine upon hearing Yukinoshita say, “As what one would expect from Onii-chan.”

Well, your love towards your younger sister is sadly not a subject that your school could evaluate you on. Such a passive skill is not something that everyone has, you know!

However, the discomfort and the chill down my spine was not solely because of Yukinoshita or Yuigahama. One of the reasons was probably due to the person sitting opposite me, with her shoulders trembling whilst twirling her blonde hair.

“.....I mean, I. I am not really crying, you know.”

Whilst she said that, she seemed to be quite annoyed.

No, that is definitely crying..... As she said it, she looked at me in objection. Then, she clicked her tongue and sighed deeply.

Then, she grabbed her bag in one swift motion and stood up.

“I am going home.....”

“Umm, wait, Yumiko.”

That soft voice clearly stated her displeasure. As she said her piece, she followed Miura to the door. Miura appeared bewildered by her actions.

Arara, I think you may just have offended someone..... I had that sort of unsettling thought in mind. Just before she closed the door, she stopped right in her tracks.

“.....Hikio, thank you.”

My response to her was slow, owing to the fact that she had said that in such a small voice and without facing me as well.

”O, Oh.....”

In that moment when she gave her reply, she banged the door shut. It was only in that brief instant that I saw Miura's head bowed, her face flushed red.

Yuigahama eyes switched between the door and Yukinoshita, then begin to lapse into idle chatter. Having guessed what was on her mind, Yukinoshita began to clean up the tea-set.

"Then, shall we call it a day?"

"Shall, shall we? Then, I should hurry up and go home then!"

Saying that, Yuigahama pushed her chair back and stood up. She was probably going to run after Miura. After all, Miura had bared her feelings out to us. Thus, she will probably want to have a talk with her. It was just like her to be concerned for others.

Understanding this as well, Yukinoshita had a gentle expression.

"Yes, no issue at all. See you tomorrow."

"Un! See you tomorrow then! Hikki as well, see you tomorrow!"

"Ah."

After saying her goodbyes, Yuigahama ran out of the clubroom in a hurry.

The people that were left behind then, were Yukinoshita and I.

Yukinoshita arranged the tea-set nicely and glanced at the door.

"I'm a little worried about Yuigahama-san."

"She's going to be alright. Miura said what she wanted to say too. That much is probably enough to conclude that they are close to each other."

Miura was probably one of those girls who were impulsive and straightforward in their actions. Her somewhat straightforward, natural inclination to care for others were in sharp contrast to her curly hair.

In regard to this, Yuigahama was once again being big-hearted, or maybe an idiot, or just having a crazy capacity for helping others. Well, anyway, idiotic as she may be, that's just very much how she is.

The relationship between the two will not grow sour just because of this incident. It

could be said that Yukinoshita's fear was unfounded.

However, even so, Yukinoshita's fear was still evident in her expression. Towards my response, she shook her head, and with a gloomy expression, began to say her piece bit by bit.

"I am not talking about Miura-san, I am talking about something else other than this....."

"Huh?"

Something else other than this. I couldn't think of anything in particular and so I gave her a non-committal reply, to which she shot me a glance.

"You look like you understand but you really don't."

"No, what....."

When I asked her that, Yukinoshita calmly closed her eyes.

"There are a lot of rumors that just don't simply end in gossip. The people around you will play those rumors up, and the result is that you get people poking their noses into your business. When that happens, that's when the personal attacks begin. Either out of jealousy or just getting carried away, because it's only human. I don't really interact much with people, so it affects me less but....."

There was a huge importance in the words that she just said. There was truth in what she just said.

In the case of Yuigahama, who was a very sociable person, it was clear that such a thing could bring her harm.

I dare say that Yukinoshita probably had the same experience as Yuigahama. Or rather, she probably chose to get involved with people as little as possible as her self-defense measure.

At a glance, it was a display of negativity.

However, to me, that was something clever, cool and beautiful.

If she had that kind of experience, then her concern for Yuigahama wasn't entirely unfounded.

“I understand, I will remember that.....”

There were surely better words to say that, but that was all I could say for now. I will remember it properly, her nobility, as well as her valuable advice.

Having given my reply, I saw her smile at last.

“Indeed, please do remember that. I want to do as much as possible like Yuigahama. I think that the situation might get better if I could be seen as still being on good things with the other party involved in the rumor. ....Though it’s not really getting at the root of the problem.”

The words that she added at the very end sounded very much like regret. The real problem is, even if we try and come up with some measures, the gossipy fellows will probably continue to feign ignorance. Seriously, they are an outrageous lot.

“Nonetheless, since we can’t always be together as our classes are different, I will be looking forward to your hard work.”

“Don’t expect too much..... Still, I will do what I can.”

Hearing my response, Yukinoshita smiled, relieved. No, I wish you wouldn’t expect anything from me.....

To do what I can do. As to that, I have no way of knowing the extent to which that will turn out.

Still, I think that I want to do what I can to the best of my limits.

Because I think that, I myself want those pointless rumors to disappear as well.



## Chapter h2: Unexpectedly, Tobe Kakeru brings up the past.

It was a clear wintry day following Miura's visit to the club.

I walked outside listlessly for PE lesson, and the sky was dazzling. Judging from this, it seemed that tonight was going to be a radiative cool night. I was definitely grateful for this cloudless weather since I was going to be training for the marathon from here on. However, I was probably going to laze around at home at night, so the temperatures dropping didn't really matter to me...

Three entire classes all came out onto the schoolyard. Similar to other activities during PE, the marathon training wouldn't be divided between the boys and girls. We would only be running, though the course that the boys and girls ran would be separate.

We formed an assembly at the fields and I caught sight of Miura in a group amongst the girls.

Since the morning, Miura seemed like she had been trying to keep me out of her sight. Be it during class or break, she'd always look away from me with her cheeks in hand. And during break, Yuigahama and Ebina-san would go up beside her and chat about various things.

Although I did feel a little bad for watching her so closely, she was much calmer than she was yesterday, though I wasn't exactly sure why.

Watching a young maiden like her cry surprised even me. Well not really, I did know for a fact that she was quite weak under pressure..... After all, didn't she cry when Yukinoshita completely won their spat over summer.....?

While she may be weak, I thought she was strong-hearted as well.

Tears are a girl's weapon. I mean, even the lion-hair Prime Minister did say that tears are indeed a girl's ultimate weapon. [\[9\]](#)

Most girls would admit defeat upon seeing that. Of course there are exceptions to that as well.

As I went to line up, I looked on ahead.

Hayama Hayato was there.

Hayama was engaged in pleasantries with Tobe and the others, not aware that I was looking at them.

Or maybe he did notice, but was acting as if he didn't, just like how he did with other things.

As I stood there idly in thought, the PE teacher, Atsugi, finished his roll-call.

“Alrighty. Pair up with whoever you like and do some warm ups,” said Atsugi, overbearingly.

Everyone then transitioned into forming pairs and beginning their warm ups.

This timing, was one of the means in which anyone can get in contact with Hayama. If I were to talk to him about the plans from here on, I might to be able to find some way of dealing with all this.

Well then, time for me to hurry up and do warm-ups with Hayama! However, it makes me very nervous to do warm-ups with Hayama-kun! If Ebina-san saw us doing warm-ups together, I was going to be so embarrassed by the rumors that she was going to spread!

However, if Ebina-san were to see our “making-out’ posture, it would create new rumors about Hayama, and maybe then, there was the possibility that all the old rumors would be swept away.....

However.

Having said that.

There's just no way that a samurai like me can just go out there and endure that sort of hardship, Kaoru-dono..... [\[10\]](#)

The gist is that, there just isn't going to be anyone who will seriously believe the crazed BL ramblings of Ebina-san. All they are going to believe is just two guys who were fooling around with each other.

Or maybe, me hurrying up to suck up to Hayama was seen as nothing but trash, shit, rubbish and like a kyorojuu. [\[11\]](#)

This plan totally wouldn't come to fruition.

As I was vexing over this matter, it seemed that Hayama had already paired up with Tobe. Even so, from the point of view of someone who doesn't know Tobe that well, I still couldn't see his actions as anything but that of a scum and trash.

Well, who cares about Tobe anyway. On this occasion, let's not think about Hayama for now as well.

Now then, let's go do warm-ups with Totsuka. I made eager looks around until I was called by someone.

"Hachimannn!"

Without thinking, I spun around. And then, our eyes met.

Lumbering his way in my direction over the surface of the field with a wave was Zaimokuza. Why does he look so happy...?

"Hachimaaan, let's get cracking on the warm ups!"

"Right... You make it sound like we're playing baseball here... Also, I'm pairing with someone else, so..."

I thought I'd voice my complaint to Zaimokuza, but he wasn't listening to me at all. As a matter of fact, he started off on a tangent.

"Hold it. The instructor most certainly did say to form a pair with someone you like, but that is not the reason why I came to the likes of you... S-So, don't misunderstand me, you hear?"

"Man, don't blush and look away, that's really creepy..."

I removed my gaze from Zaimokuza and made surveying looks around. Hayama, Tobe, Oooka, and Yamato had formed their respective pairs and were starting their warm ups. Damn it! Even Totsuka's in a pair, too! I was hoping to use this as an excuse to give Totsuka's joints a real smoothing, too...

"Guess I have no choice....."

I gave up and settled for forming a pair with Zaimokuza. I stretched my body, or rather, relaxed it. After finishing that up, I had Zaimokuza sit and I pressed down on his back.

I pressed with all my strength, however, in the case of Zaimokuza, his stomach got in the way and I just couldn't push him down. Owing to that, Zaimokuza's face and mine got closer and closer, and I could hear his heavy breathing close up.

"Hachiman, the winter season is starting, what would you recommend for this season?"

"I haven't even finished the anime of this autumn season yet..... I will just finish watching them first."

Recently, I have been busy with all sorts of things, as well as having to be considerate towards Komachi, who was busy studying for her upcoming tests. Thus, I can't even watch anime at a slow pace using what's left of the living room, and so my anime watching progress has more or less grinded to a halt. As a result, hard-disk recorder-chan is close to bursting with data.

However, Zaimokuza on the other hand, could continue to watch his anime at his own discretion, and now for some reason, he had a stupid victorious expression on him.

"UFUFU! Hachimaaaaan, you are lagging wayyyy behind! You are still stuck on the autumn season? That is so looongg ago that I've already forgotten about them! Which era are you from Hachiman-dono? The primates?"

Ah indeed, annoying as hell.....

And so, I pressed down on Zaimokuza's back. Hard.

"Ouch ouch ouch ouch!"

"You sure are noisy. Come on now. Be it anime or games, I just want to be able to enjoy it myself so I don't care what the people around me think. I mean, weren't you just going crazy (about the autumn season) the other day and making a whole lot of noise about it?"

"Fuuuuu, times change too..... One can't just lose himself in the past, you know....."

Though that phrase sounded really pleasing, one can't just go around following each new fad.

However, there is a certain truth to what he had just said. People's interest shifts really quickly.

Just like how my waifu changes each cour [\[12\]](#), the trend also changes erratically. Once it

has served its role as a medium for communication, people are also sure to forget it quickly.

“Well, you aren’t exactly wrong.”

Rumors last just 49 days..... Being forgotten is the same as dying... that is probably some famous saying. [\[13\]](#)

We quickly finished our remaining stretches, stood up, and went towards the starting point of the marathon. The other boys were already gathered there and we were considerably lined up far in the back.

Zaimokuza shot up his index finger and then pointed at me. “Hachiman... run with me!”

“Don’t wanna.”

You’re not even a girl. Why exactly do I need to run with you?

Atsugi blew the whistle with a stopwatch in his hand. The front started off sequentially and we sluggishly began running after them.

I looked to the front and around, but everyone was lightly treading on. This was just training, so there shouldn’t be anyone taking it seriously.

It was currently fourth period with lunch right after. If I used my energy here, I was definitely going to sleep throughout fifth period. Anyone would fall asleep in a heated classroom with a full stomach and exhaustion. I already sleep enough as it is in class even when I wasn’t tired.

We apathetically jogged at the tail of the line and after a few minutes, Zaimokuza was already starting to slow down. Contrary to his excellent condition just a few moments ago, he looked like a ghost now and looked as though he was about to die.

“Nu, nuuuuu..... My life, is burning away.....”

“Apart from that, your fats had better burn away as well.”

With a shout to him, I left him there, and ran on ahead. Whenever someone told you to run together with him, it was proper etiquette to betray him midway. And in this way, children came to learn that they shouldn’t trust people so easily.....



## h2-2

As I continued running by myself, I had cleared half of the assigned distance. Heke! [\[14\]](#) Er, that was Hamtaro, wasn't it...?

The assigned distance for training in class was four kilometers. We ran around the circumference of the school. Blehhh... if we keep running around and around like this, I'm going to turn into butter... [\[15\]](#)

These insanely worthless thoughts filled my head until I eventually caught up to the middle group. It looked like commuting to school by bike everyday helped because I still had about half of my stamina left.

Although, this "middle" group was actually the people who had no motivation, comprising of everyone outside of the top group who wanted to finish as soon as they could to rest.

It was in this group that I spotted Tobe and the others.

This training probably wasn't the time for the people from the sports clubs to run normally. I didn't need to bother checking that they were running along with the group as well.

They'd chat with each other while occasionally hitting each other in the shoulders, poking each other's heads, and pointlessly compete by sprinting, engaging in delightful fun. If I was a class president with pigtails, I would've reprimanded them with "Hey boys, be serious and run!" They'd then tell me, "Shut it, ugly!" and I'd be in tears afterwards, leading me to denouncing them during the end-of-day meeting. Heck, I wanted them to thank me for not being a beautiful, pigtailed class president girl.

But the ones messing around were just the usual idiot trio, Tobe, Oooka, and Yamato. I couldn't see Hayama anywhere.

Good timing.

Before I talk to Hayama, there were also some things that I want to ask them about. Before I try and obtain Hayama's cooperation, it would be more advantageous for me to try and obtain some form of information on his current situation and his thoughts.

As I stalked the three Samba Carnival [\[16\]](#) idiots that continued to play around, I ran along right behind them. But it was fairly difficult finding the timing to speak to them as

we were running. That's a lie! Hachiman, you lied to yourself just now! You wouldn't be able to grab onto that timing even if we had stopped running!

This is pretty hard since there isn't a signal of the sort to watch for... And as I was intently watching them like a rockbomb<sup>[17]</sup>, Tobe stopped running.

"Go on without me."

Tobe squatted after shouting to Oooka and Yamato. It looked like he was tying his shoes.

That's good, the easiest guy to talk to stayed behind.

"Hey."

"Whoa!"

I stood behind Tobe and greeted him. Tobe fell over as if he was trying to perform a falling technique and turned towards me.

"God danggit, Hikitani-kun. Ya gotta let me know before ya jump on me like that. Freaked me the hell out there."

Uh, you're being a bit too aggressive for how freaked out you are... Well, let's just ignore Tobe's mumbling complaints and quickly ask him what I needed.

"Hayama isn't with you?"

"Ahh. Hayato-kun's runnin' seriously. Everyone's totally rootin' for him to win this year since he won last year."

"You don't say..."

So that's how it is. Our school's marathon was only separated by boys and girls, so that meant Hayama had won last year against the upperclassmen as well. That would explain why he'd be the obvious favorite to win this year too. By the way, I didn't even get placed as I was just a part of the finishing masses.

Well, that didn't matter.

I indicated ahead with my chin and moved my legs urging Tobe to run along. It'd be kind of odd to continue standing around here and there's no telling when a teacher would make his rounds around here. Going along with that, Tobe stood next to me and

we began running.

After running for some time, Tobe tilted his head in puzzlement. He was probably finding it strange why I was running together with him. I wanted to get down to business as well.

But before I could, Tobe opened his mouth. He let out a sigh resembling a yawn of relief and showed me a miserable looking smile. “Yo, for real, when I heard that rumor, I totally freaked out. It’s not like we can go sayin’ it to people, ya know?”

“Huh?” I glanced at him with half-opened eyes wondering what he suddenly started off on.

Tobe wiped the sweat at his brow. “C’mon, Hayato-kun said the initial “Y”, ya know? There ain’t too many who know about it.”

“.....”

The abrupt mention of that caused me to react a moment late. But after gradually connecting the dots, a clear image came to mind.

It was on that night of summer.

In that dark room, the initial that he forced out, unable to endure the noisy and constant questioning of everybody’s voices.

I recalled the event with Hayama and the others when we were at Chiba Village. And surely enough, at the time, Hayama had stated that the initial letter of the person he liked was “Y”.

For just a brief moment of time, I thoughtlessly carried my legs forward and Tobe peered into my face in examination.

“We can’t talk about somethin’ like that right now, yeah?”

“R-Right...”

Aren’t you the one who brought it up? Are you one of those guys? Are you the personal barber of a king or something? I’m not some kind of scream whatever you want hole, you know...

“I mean, you get that there’s no way, but when you actually hear it, ya freak out normally, yeah?”

I found myself understanding what it was that Tobe wanted to say.

“...Well, there’s no way.”

Although it looked like I was agreeing with Tobe, I became worried I might’ve been actually saying something entirely different.

To have arrived so suddenly at the heart of the matter, I was a little surprised, but that was convenient for me too.

The rumors about Hayama, what Hayama is thinking, and what action he intends to take. Now’s the chance for me to learn about all these from Tobe.

“How’s..... Hayama? Ever since those rumors started circulating.”

“How should I say it..... I don’t really think he changed, ya know?”

In between huffs and puffs, he shook his head as he answered my question. Though we continued running on sluggishly, Tobe kept shaking his head strongly. Staggering this way, then the other, he looked like he was in some serious danger of collapsing.

However, before long, as though he had thought of something, he smacked the palm of his hand with his fist.

“Well, whatever it is, it’s just that, ain’t it? Rather than say he changed, I think the people around him changed even more, ya know?”

“Ah?”

Well, Tobe just said something that was admirable, which was very unlike him, which prompted me to ask him to repeat what he just said.

And Tobe, being ever so like Tobe, gave a remark that was straight to the point, though it still sounded impudent despite knowing that it came from Tobe. Well, I guess that I should just have the self-awareness that Tobe will always be Tobe.

And even more so in this way, it would be quite troubling if Tobe did not mix words like weyyy, suteeyyy, hausuuu, in his annoying way of speaking because one would no longer recognize it as the unique Tobe-language.

However, my prayers were in vain. Tobe gave an even more straightforward answer than before. Far from it, in response to me asking him to repeat again, he gave an even more eloquent explanation than before. Although it still sounded annoying to hear, but

it at least made him sound like a decent guy now.....

“Well, I mean, Hayama-kun has always been like this, Miura and the like are worried about him no? What’s everyone worrying about? Hayama can tell, ya know? He knows how to read the mood, yea? That’s why it’s become like this, yea. Seriously, it’s a deflationary spiral.”

“Ah ah, well, yea I guess.”

He was talking in such a wonderfully normal way at the start but the ending was regrettable.....

He didn’t achieve a full combo.....

That ‘deflating’ that he spoke about at the end was probably referring to some deflationary spiral, the vicious circle in the current situation. But then again, Tobe-kun, deflationary spiral in English is an economics term. It doesn’t have the same meaning as a vicious circle, ya know?

However, in this bottomless vortex with Hayama at the center, this negative spiral is definitely going to continue on.

Ah this is bad, for something to happen to that bunch of close friends.

Tobe, seeming to think about the others, sighed heavily. To me, it just seems like the problems of someone else, but for him, it was something serious. And so, you would want to talk about this with just about anyone. Although I wasn’t someone who was directly related to Hayama’s community, but since I was somewhat faintly involved in all this, he felt that I was just the right person to voice his concerns to.

It seemed like Tobe had let all the worry accumulate and get to him, like some bald parrot with stress, and tugged away at the hair at the back of his head gloomily, and sighed deeply again.

“Also, there’s Yui as well.”

“Well, Yuigahama is quite sensitive to the mood.”

“No no, I ain’t talking ‘bout that.”

Then what are you talking about? I looked at Tobe, who was beside me and saw him waving his hand.

“That girl, she’s quite popular with guys. There’s quite a bit of talk surrounding her as well.”

“.....I see.”

And just for that instant, my breath jammed in my throat.

However, that wasn’t because I was surprised. I had known since a long time ago that Yui was indeed popular with the guys. The truth is, during the preparations for the Sports Festival, I vaguely remember guys calling out to her in person.

That’s why, the reason why my breath was stuck in my throat was not at all related to the fact that Yuigahama was popular with the guys. It was never that from the start. It was all the more because of something else.

I fear that it was probably that same sort of feeling that I had when I first heard that pointless rumor. The sort of discomfort that I felt as the green-eyed monster writhed within my body. Whatever monster it was that is running rampant in my belly, it made me feel the worst. On top of that, these monsters were all extraordinarily stubborn.

At this sort of time, I will just run to my limits. With the endorphin gushing out, once I dash past the goal tape with my tongue hanging out sexily [\[18\]](#) and a double peace sign [\[19\]](#), I think I will feel much better.

And so until then, it’s time to increase my dawdling pace a little. Thereupon, as though taking it as a signal, Tobe increased his speed as well.

“Heyy, wait up, Hikitani-kun!”

He called out to me as he chased after me. What the, don’t tell me the endorphins are coming out from you as well?

Don’t talk to me like that, or I would start thinking you are my friend.

“Hmm, how should I put it? What’cha think Hikitani-kun?”

“What? I don’t understand your question?”

I gave a curt response to his sudden question, and Tobe gave me a strange, lukewarm and gentle smile.

Then he smacked my shoulders. ....Ah, seriously annoying.

“Eh, that’s fine. I understand. It’s all right yo. Well, you are in the same club aren’t ya? There’s all sorts of reasons.....Hmmm? Yukinoshita-san is in the same club as ya, ain’t she? .....Hmmm? Yui? Ah, well, Yukinoshita-san? Hmmm.....”

Tobe tilted his head; it seems like mystery hunter Tobe-san has run headlong into a mystery! [\[20\]](#) Alright! Hunter Chance! [\[21\]](#)

“Yup, that’s right, we are in the same club, nothing more.”

I decided to just re-use Tobe’s words as my answer in case I said anything unnecessary. Tobe just looked at me blankly.

“Huh? That’s all? Serious?”

“Hey, you are in the same club as Isshiki as well and there’s nothing between you two, isn’t it?”

Hearing me say that, Tobe smacked his hand and pointed both his index fingers at me.

..... Really, annoying.

“That’s right! That’s all it is! I am seriously convinced now. Hikitani-kun, really, you’re one hell of a negotiesuto, aren’t ya?”

I think the word you are looking for is negotiator.....

What’s up with this guy, his English is just as weird as his Japanese.....

“Still, but but, there are some situations in which Irohasu is like super appealing to others.”

“Ah.....”

Out of the blue, I was reminded of the Christmas event.

Or perhaps, Isshiki Iroha’s attempts at closing the distance between her and Hayama had had some sort of effect on the way Hayama currently is. As I thought of such a thing, Tobe, who had been a noisy ass even up till now suddenly became quiet.

“Ah, no, sorry. That was my bad just now. It was idiotic of me to try and stir up some form of gossip.”

“.....That’s surprising.”

Tobe's face looked bitter, as though he was disgusted with himself, and turned away from me. Those words that came out of his mouth were not directed at me, but rather to apologize to someone who wasn't here.

The sincerity coming from him right now was so unlike his usual boisterous self.

Tobe was reflecting on his ill-disposed comments from earlier on and he scratched his neck in embarrassment.

"Irohasu, she's really serious. ....I think Hayato-kun thought it through properly before giving his answer eh?"

"Seriously thought about it, is it?"

The truth is, Hayama probably did indeed give it some serious thought.

Surely, this was not just about Hayama, nor was it just about Isshiki, but it probably involved a lot of other things as well. That surely hasn't changed since that school trip, no, probably much much earlier. Thus, that guy has probably been holding on to a lot of things, and have been dragged along by these things as well.

And of one out of the many things he was holding on to, now, this guy who was speaking so proudly of his friend was probably included amongst them.

"Well, this's just how it is. I mean, it's Hayato-kun we're talkin 'bout here? He's bound to do the right thing so as not to leave unpleasant memories for others, yea?"

"...You trust him, huh?" I blurted out.

Tobe stared at me in amazement. "Nah, say what, that ain't it, I think? Well, ya know, Hayato-kun is a pretty reliable fellow or somethin'?"

Seemingly embarrassed from the word "trust", Tobe's face turned red from the cold or his shyness while trying to rephrase his words. Hey, stop acting like that! I'm the one who's getting embarrassed since I'm the one that brought it up!

Tobe hit his chest as if to get over his embarrassment and continued. "Nah, seriously, Hayato-kun's totally helped me a ton of times. I'm totally sure about that."

"That's not something to be proud of..." I said.

Regardless, Tobe didn't look ashamed. He groaned and repeatedly pulled at his nape hair. "Beeh, seriously, I'm indebted to the guy. Like totally."



“Better pay him back eventually.”

“That’s totally it! Yeah... Well, I’m not so sure about that.”

His tone at first was frivolous, but the energy in it withered away as he continued speaking. Curious about his overly somber expression, I urged Tobe to go on with a look. Tobe then lightly scratched his cheeks.

“I talk to him about a lotta stuff... but Hayato-kun never really talks to me about anythin’ and even if he did, I probably wouldn’t get it,” said Tobe, grinning.

That grin of his was similar to the cold, dry wind that blew by from earlier. It was dry and somehow, lonely.

Since the silence afterwards was so awkward, I searched for words that I could possibly say and then suggested an idea. “...Yeah, think about this. He doesn’t have any problems, so that’s why he’s not consulting with you.”

“Totally that! Hayato-kun’s a total hotty, after all!”

“That’s kind of irrelevant here... Besides, you looked out for him at Destinyland, right? I’m sure that was pretty helpful for him back then, not that I’d know.”

“Totally that! Hayato-kun’s a total hotty, after all!”

This time his face had some relevance there... It looked like talking had lightened Tobe up and his running pace increased. He’d mumble “cold, cold” to himself whenever the freezing wind blew by us.

Eventually, we could see Oooka and Yamato ahead of us. Apparently they lowered their pace, finding it strange that Tobe didn’t chase after them.

“A’ight, I gotta chase those guys, so I’ll be goin’ on ahead.”

“Yeah,” I said, briefly.

Tobe made a chopping motion with his hand and made a wild sprint forward. He yelled out to Oooka and Yamato as he ran after them while waving. When the two of them saw him coming, they ran further ahead while going “Crap, here he comes!”, “Let’s get outta here!”

As long as Tobe was having fun chasing those two running away, that’s fine, I suppose...

But originally, there should've been one more person in that group. If he didn't have to carry the luggage of expectations, I think he would've been laughing along with them.

After that thought went by in my head, I suddenly regretted the words I carelessly uttered earlier.

Because he didn't consult with anyone, he didn't have any problems; there's no way that'd be true.

## h2-3

After Tobe had waved goodbye to me, I carried on jogging silently.

The boy's route for the marathon was to encircle the huge area outside the school. The girls' route is round the school's interior. As a result, the two courses overlaps at just two areas, the main and side gate.

Since the girls ran half as far as the guys, by the time the guys reach these areas, most of the girls would have already ran past this point and disappeared. Of course, one's running speed differed from individual to individual. Also, people's willingness to do something varied as well.

That's why, there are also cases where guys will overtake girls who ran so slowly that they appeared to be walking.

For example, like, right about now, the group of 3 girls right in front of me who were displaying their sorry sight of running ability.....

"I mean, aren't we quite a sorry bunch? We are like, super slooooww."

"Yea, I know. I mean, aren't marathons just horrible?"

"I know what you mean."

"Definitely horrible. I have no strength to do this~."

This bunch of people seemed like they were so engrossed in their conversation that nothing else from the surroundings entered their field of vision.

Ever since just now, this group of people had been blabbering non-stop about I, me, us, etc. What's up with this cheerful spirit coming from this trio? Are they doing a trio manzai [\[22\]](#) act with the guitar and shamisen [\[23\]](#) going Jakajaka? [\[24\]](#)

My my, it's good that you three are getting along extremely well. Indeed, but still, even if you three are the best of friends, you don't have to stand by each other side by side! You see, when you do that, I can't get past the three of you... If I am going to close the distance between us, then there would be utmost feelings of gross and creepiness directed at me, which was something I have been worrying about since just now. Thus, I have been quite careful in maintaining my distance. Ufufufu.....

I mean, the path is so freaking wide! Argh, this is becoming annoying. Especially the one

in the middle of the trio. The one with the reddish short hair. It just has to be you.....

I glared at the back of her head, and some vague memory of her sprang into my mind.

Who could that be..... Well, it's definitely not Kawasomething-san. Indeed, it's someone original..... Shikuda? No, Segasami..... Nah, that's not it..... Sagami?

Ah, yes, that's it, Sagami.

The one in the same class as me, the one who was the former chairman of both the Cultural festival and Sports festival. The one and only one with such a prominent record, Sagamin, or rather, Sagami Minami.

I couldn't remember anything about the other two though. PE lesson was conducted with a whole lot of other classes as well. Ah, well, they are probably from some other group. It seemed that Sagami was quite close to these two minor characters (mob).

Their appearances didn't stand out like Miura or Kawasaki, but having said that, they weren't especially cute either, and mob Ko probably came in about 8th or 9th in terms of cuteness in my class. Alright, from now on, Mob Ko, you shall be no.8 in cuteness! There was one more person, mob Mi, who's just blehhh.

Mob Ko who had long since given up on running was now walking with her body slanted to one side, her hands swinging wildly, and went in the direction of Mob Mi and Sagami.

“Did you hear? That was one hell of a fight wasn't it?”

“Ah, the one between Miura-san and Yuigahama-san!”

As expected of someone from my class! Just the aforementioned keyword, fight, was enough to have her guessing correctly that it was regarding the rumor.

“Yea, I know I know. What do you think really happened?”

Just as I thought, mob Ko was quite happy about this and taking a huge interest in it, and was now trying to blow up the matter.

Thereupon, Mob Mi had a know-it-all look on her face and began to talk.

“Ya know, I thought that she was a nice girl, but those types are the hardest to understand. [\[25\]](#) Isn't she the type to go about sending Happy New Year texts?”

“Poi! That's so Yuigahama-san like~poi!”

Mob Ko stamped on the ground and burst into laughter. What's up with the bunch of them going Poi poi? [\[26\]](#)

Are you trying to let me watch something like the Nightmare of Solomon? [\[27\]](#)

Towards Mob Ko's big reaction, Mob Mi, was delighted and she sighed happily, letting out a white wisp of breath. Then, pretending to be an adult, she brushed her sidetail [\[28\]](#) once and gave a cynical smile.

"Saying that she's a nice girl is..... somewhat....."

"I know, that right? Don't you think so, Sagami?"

"A, I agree!"

Whilst nodding her head, Mob Ko shook Sagami, and Sagami clapped her hands together, like a monkey holding cymbals, and exploded with laughter.

You bastards. Sagami or Okamoto, [\[29\]](#) whatever, I can't remember which. What the hell are you saying now? You were singing a totally different tune when you asked Yuigahama for help during the Sports Festival.

What a shallow bunch, really shallow.....

I gripped my fist to calm myself down.

Ah, now I get it. I've finally felt it at last.

Up until just now, I have completely forgotten about what Yukinoshita had said. Yukinoshita's worry. It was something like this, isn't it.

There wasn't anyone who could handle human relations perfectly. It's probably the same for Yuigahama as well. It's just that, Yuigahama, being the kind-hearted girl she was, would do things in such a way so that people would see her as such. Definitely, this would tear apart somewhere. And thus, out of concern and kindness, there would be times where she would be brave and try and repair it.

However, be it the pointless rumors, the arbitrary gossips or the false rumors, all of them would just rip through these flaws ruthlessly. No matter how beautifully one tries to mend the hurt, all it does is leave behind ugly scars of destruction.

I am sure that Mob Ko and Mob Mi didn't do this out of malice or enmity. If Yuigahama

herself were here, they probably wouldn't say such things.

However, right now, it was just friends having an idle chat and enjoying themselves. It was the feeling that I had yesterday when I saw a TV program discussing about current trending sweets. That it was no more than a topic that was blown out of proportion.

The proof of that, was that Mob Ko's tone was extremely light-hearted.

"Miura-san's group sure is harsh huh? To be NTR'ed and to NTR [\[30\]](#). There's bound to be trouble, don't you think?"

Mob Ko said that lightheartedly, guessing that the events will unfold like some novels or drama series.

Mob Mi agreed, nodding her head with a smile.

However, what was surprising was the action of that last person.

The one who didn't nod her head.

"Ah, ah, ..... Hmmm."

Minami had a difficult expression on her and she vaguely tried to join in the conversation.

"But, Yui-chan isn't like that, I think."

"Huh?!!"

Mob Ko couldn't help exclaiming when she heard such an unexpected answer. Mob Mi too, also looked like someone had just poured cold water on her. With a sigh, she looked at Sagami for an explanation. Being sensitive to the duo's reactions, Sagami quickly followed up with a reply.

"Ah, you see, At times like this, I think she just had to yield or be more mindful. It's just girls' politics, ya know?"

As she said that, Mob Ko and Mob Mi interjected her somewhere with "ahhhhh". It seems like that they have somewhat reached a consensus. What peculiar voices from them.....

"Well, so it's like that. Ah but you know, Miura-san is totally scary!"

“I know just what you mean! If she does indeed end up with Hayama-kun, then it’s better to just exit this contest. The risk and returns are not worth it for this level of rumors!”

Mob Ko’s response sounded stupid but Mob MI was every bit the scary.....

Nonetheless, it would appear that this ‘girl politics’ that Sagami spoke about was a keyword that seemed to have tugged at the heartstrings of both of them. The end result is that at least Yuigahama’s time as the source of their idle chat had come to an end.

Oi oi, that’s amazing, Sagami. Although I can’t really feel that you have grown as a person, but I definitely felt the darkness of the girl power going up.

And then, scarily enough, that girl power darkness continued with its follow-up just right after the previous topic.

“I mean, don’t you all think it would be kind of unexpected if Hayama-kun started going out with a girl?”

Just as the topic was going to change, Sagami seized the perfect opportunity to toss in a new topic.

Thereupon, Mob Ko and Mob Mi really accepted it.

“Ah, ya.”

“You are right.”

Both of them nodded their heads. Then, Mob Ko muttered out something in bits and pieces in between clicks of her tongue.

“Nice face.....”

“Nah, her chest.....”

Mob Mi had a vacant smile for some reason.

“Crap, we have neither of those.....”

To those masochistic words from Sagami, both Mob Ko and Mob Mi played along with her, trying to draw some laughs from her. Well then, at the corner right ahead where the girl’s path split, I will be bidding farewell and disappearing from you overly cheerful and noisy bunch.

Thanks to the corner, I could finally rid myself of these obstacles that were once in front of me and once again pick up my pace to that of a normal running one.

As the cold wind teased my cheeks, I begin to think about the conversation that Sagami had just now.

That sort of talk just now, it was definitely not only limited to Sagami's group. To a greater or lesser extent, the people who were worried about Hayama were probably having a similar conversation as well. And that's just it, in the case of Hayama and his friends, if Oooka and Yamato could just talk about it without worrying so much, I am sure that the chat would just be a light-hearted one.

Be it someone popular, someone loved by all, or someone cute, they will always be talked about as long as the actual person isn't there.

Nevertheless, the gossips and rumors accelerated this process a lot.

Even if we discount Sagami from earlier, there would be those who, on the spur of the moment, bad-mouth Yuigahama despite not actually harboring any ill-feelings towards her.

Right now, this is just merely idle chatter.

However, too many people getting into the mood would also be a bad thing. Sooner or later, instead of peer pressure, people would be liable to succumb to the will of the masses. This is all really stupid. Whilst being ostracized or teased is an unexpected outcome, but there was indeed such a possibility that some things could develop into a point of no return.

As much as possible, as soon as possible, I want to bring all this to an end.

The wind that blew from the shadows of the buildings were cold and the goal I am aiming for was still far away. Owing to the fact that I have been running under the cold weather for so long, my hands were more or less completely numb. In an attempt to deliver warmth to them, I gripped my fists tightly.



# Chapter h3: Just one person, Hayama Hayato disappears into the darkness of the night.

The temperature dropped a sharp notch after school.

Even within the school, with the excepting of the classrooms that were currently being heated, there were no signs of life anywhere as the cold air crept up the corridors. Near the entranceway, was the student council room, and thanks to the wind that blew through the gaps of the door, the room grew even colder.

This school was built near the coast, and without the aid of big buildings, the sea breeze blew relentlessly to us. Add to that, Chiba Prefecture was one of Japan's flattest prefecture. It was a prefecture where the wind blew freely about. While we are at it, it's also a prefecture where people feel at home and are quite active. Wait a minute, why does it sound like some recruitment poster for some black business? It's really quite surprising that the commuter town of Tokyo, Chiba can convincingly become a nest of corporate slaves!

However, having lived through 17 years, the bodies of Chiba citizens have already grown accustomed to this cold wind. Thanks to that, I have also grown accustomed to the harshness of this world.

That said, the clubroom was still warm just a few moments ago, but the rapid change of temperature now was a little harsh. I really want to enter a warm clubroom..... I knocked on the door of the student council clubroom that was currently in use when my hand was grabbed all of a sudden.

It was a cat hand that grabbed my hand. The cat hand was just like something from a cartoon character costume, fluffy and with a pink sole.

“Here you go, if you don't mind it. There are some here for Isshiki-san's group as well.”

Saying that, the cat hand gave me a plastic bag that had several cans of coffee inside. What's up with this cat hand..... Are you like those moms that give out souvenirs each time your child's friends visit?

Looking up, right in front of me, waving the cat mitten roughly about was Yukinoshita. I see you have found a use for that mitten..... I am so happy for you.....

And then, right behind Yukinoshita, was Yuigahama. Whether she was giving or receiving presents, she always had that blissful look on her face. Is that like some lucky chain, Pay It Forward?

Or perhaps I should say, right now, it's about the can of MAX coffee I got from the cat hand.

“Are you sure it's okay to bring this in? We are going to be in the student council room for just a while, you know.....”

“It shouldn't be a problem. We are going to be using their room for quite a while. I think this would be quite an easy to understand way of expressing our sincerity, don't you think?”

“Hmm, if you say so, I guess.”

In reality, I had no idea how long we were going to be stuck inside the student council room.

For the sake of having a 1 to 1 chat with Hayama, I wanted to get him effortlessly and with certainty by waiting to nab him the instant he leaves for home.

However, the sad part was that he was the president of the soccer club. Even though it was quite inefficient to do so, I had no choice but to wait until the absolute end-of-school timing.

With that said, I also had no idea when their club activities ended.

Even though our school field was not particularly huge, but with the soccer club, baseball club, rugby club and the track-and-field club all jumbled together, they all had to make compromises for each other. Consequently, owing to the differences between their scope of activity as well as the duration of their club activities, the negotiations between each club also varied.

If so, then to ensure that I would definitely meet Hayama, it would be way more convenient for me to just camp at the student council room that was near the entranceway. No matter how late it was, there probably wouldn't be any complaints if it was the student council. Woo! Power is the greatest! Anyway, I guess I would be intruding upon their clubroom for quite a bit. Isshiki had always been coming

unannounced to our clubroom anyway, so this sort of reverse pattern was quite fresh as well. Breaking the stereotype is going to be good for the both of us.

“..... Well then, I am going to wait here to talk to Hayama. You girls should head home first.”

“But, leaving it all to you is .....”

Yuigahama seemed to have trouble getting her words out and glanced over at Yukinoshita to seek her views on this.

However, Yukinoshita shook her head slightly. I agreed with Yukinoshita as well. Rather than have them help out, I had originally wanted to get the girls away in order to have a 1 to 1 chat I so as to put forth my proposal.

“Furthermore, it would be a big problem if you two staying back results in the creation of yet another rumor. Don’t worry about it. Be it Marinpia [\[31\]](#), or Chiba, find anyone you know or on good terms with and enjoy yourselves, whatever.”

Yukinoshita placed her hands on her jaw and thought for a while before looking up.

“That’s true. My apologies but please allow us to take our leave then.”

“Un. I still feel kind of bad for letting Hikki do all the work.....”

“Don’t worry about it. It’s my job after all.”

I replied in a lighthearted tone to the two of them who were looking my way with concern. Then, Yukinoshita smiled.

“Can’t believe I would hear those words from you.”

I know right? Instinctively, I nodded my head with a self-depreciating smile on my face. Yuigahama seemed to have made up her mind as well, and readjusted the backpack that she was carrying.

“Then, see you tomorrow.”

“Ah, see you.”

I waved my hand to the two of them as they walked towards the entrance. Once more, I reached for the door of the student council room.

I knocked on the door a few times, then proceeded to wait awhile for a reply.

“Come in.”

The voice that replied sounded a little surprised and that was followed by a hurried pitter-patter of footsteps. Then, the doorknob turned slowly, and with a creak, the door opened a few centimeters. Then, I could see a somewhat cute girl with glasses and pigtails peeping through the door.

“Ah, ummm, may I know what business you have here?”

This girl was indeed Secretary-chan. In between bouts of hesitation, she asked me for my purpose of visit. Her eyes gave off a “Fuee, I don’t know this person at all..... so scary.....” sort of feeling but I wonder if that was just my imagination.

However, the one who was being mentally strong here was me. Here I was, putting on a brave front and pretending that I actually knew her. She opened the door and I extended the plastic bag towards her.

“Hello. Here, have this.”

“Ah, ermm, thank you for very much for your thoughtful gesture.”

Not really sure what else there was to be said, I pushed the plastic bag to her. Thereupon, the timid Secretary-chan still seemed unable to accept the gift, then bowed quickly and gave her thanks.

No no no, you can’t just go around accepting gifts from strangers!

“Umm, umm president, someone’s here with refreshments.”

Nonetheless, Secretary-chan seemed troubled to have been given refreshments and so called out to Isshiki who was inside the room. Upon hearing the word refreshment, Isshiki came out from inside the room. When she saw the contents of the plastic bag, her eyes sparkled.

“Waa, aren’t you just thoughtful, Senpai? Thank you very much~”

“Huh? Why the past tense? [\[32\]](#) Also, you are already heading back in after just taking this?!”

Hearing me say that, Isshiki cocked her head.

“Huh? Do you have some business here? I don’t think I can be of any help.”

What a refreshing criterion you have for yourself, Irohasu~. If I have no business here I wouldn’t be here, you know? Well, it’s true, I won’t come here if I have no business here. Anyway, I do have some business here.

“Isshiki, let me borrow this room.”

“Hah?”

This time, Isshiki tilted her head in the other direction.

## h3-2

The window in the student council room overlooked the courtyard, which was illuminated by the afterglow of the sunset and the inorganic streetlamps.

The people that were leaving from their club activities had to pass through this courtyard. Thus, from the student council room, I ought to be able to see when the people from the soccer club left for home.

Moreover, thanks to the great investment of the current student council president, Isshiki, this place was just perfect for staying for a long period of time to wait for Hayama.

Right now, the halogen heater was giving off a ‘Myon Myon’ sound [\[33\]](#) and the far infrared radiation it gave off struck my feet repeatedly, warming it considerably. This is a really excellent place to lie in wait indeed.

As I slurped my MAX coffee noisily, I walked over to the windows and took a look outside.

Isshiki stood beside me, doing the same. Only her fingertips could be seen from the excessively long-sleeved cardigan as she brought the cocoa-can to her mouth and started drinking it.

“Seems like Hayama-senpai still isn’t here yet...”

“Yup.”

I had already told Isshiki my purpose for staying here. When she first heard me make my request, she was saying, “Wouldn’t that mean I would be going home late?” and gave me a troubled look. It was only when I said Hayama’s name that she grudgingly allowed me to stay in the council room.

The other student council members had already gone home.

While it was quite impressive that the Vice-President and Secretary-Chan went home together, but Vice-Prez you bastard, go and do your work, damn it. Well, I am the one who’s getting in the way of their job though.....

Speaking of work, I suddenly recalled something.

“Speaking of which, aren’t you the manager? I want to ask, is the soccer club going to

finish its activities soon?”

“Who knows?”

Isshiki answered swiftly.

“Who knows.....?”

This isn't 'Guardian Angel Getten' you know..... [\[34\]](#) Please do your management job properly.....

“Isn't it cold this time of the year?”

Then, she gave an embarrassed laugh. Not only was that super sly, it was a super cute laugh as well! What's up with this girl, she's really super cute.....

However, is this really okay.....? Then again, I was the one who got her to take up the role of student council president, the one who told her that she would be able to make use of this position.

Being able to swim along with the tide was one of the charming things about Isshiki Iroha, or you could say that it was one of her abilities.

Conversely, I was horrible at knowing how to go along with the flow. I was doing all this in vain. Just like how, right now, I was here in the student council room. In the past, when I gave my hand phone number to Hayama, I should have gotten his as well and be done with this. Having said that, asking his number from others was also kind of awkward.

This is seriously such a round-about argument.....

If Hayama and I were good buddies..... He would be inviting me to go somewhere with like a 'YO MAN! WASSUP! COME ON MY HOUSE!' [\[35\]](#) that sort of feeling. No way in hell am I going. I hate that sort of Hayama.

Anyway, there's nothing I can do today but wait for Hayama to come.

I decided to gaze outside and for a swift moment, my eyes met with Isshiki's in the reflection of the glass. Isshiki noticed this as well and she giggled.

“But, this is really unexpected. That you would actually go this far, Senpai.”

“Is it?”

Glancing back at Isshiki, I saw her nodding her head.

“Yup, I thought you would be saying things like, leave me out of this or this is pointless or bunch of idiots and the like.”

Uwaaaa ~, that totally sounds like what I would say! I mean, Irohasu really understands me quite a lot. Seems like you have reached the third grade for understanding Hikigaya [\[36\]](#). Yosh, I am going to give you Pa Pa 80000 points!

But well, it's the truth though. I am sure that ordinarily, I would probably have called Isshiki out on her words and actions. Isshiki was quite sharp at recognizing these slight changes in my actions.

“I mean, you purposely came all this way to the student council room to wait.....”

As Isshiki looked at me, she hummed to herself, thinking of something. Although she had those seemingly cute eyes, they seemed as though they were able to see through my intentions and motives, and became quite scary. That's why, I averted my eyes from her.

Then, as though Isshiki seemed to be mindful of something, she jumped backwards, distancing herself from me.

“.....Ha, are you trying to create some sort of rumor since there's only the two of us in this room. When that becomes a reality, are you going to hope that I will become aware of that rumor and then make a pass on me? There are lots of learning points that I can see from this plan. I think I am going to use this next time but if the results aren't good, I'm going to reject you as well, I am sorry.”

She said all of that fluidly in one breath and without hesitation. Then, she looked down with amazing speed.

“Ah, un, indeed. By all mean I would love to hear your thoughts.”

I replied her, both exasperated and not really caring about it anymore. Isshiki seemed somewhat disgruntled as she said, “Your response is a little lacking.....” as she puffed out her cheeks.

However, in the fairly long amount of time that I spent waiting for Hayama, Isshiki certainly did help me to overcome the boredom of waiting. Taking a look outside through the windows, one could see the soccer club members walking through the courtyard. Amongst them, I could see the figure of Hayama.



“Isshiki, thank you.”

“Don’t worry about it. That’s about all I can do for you.”

Hearing my word of thanks, Isshiki grinned widely. To that smile, I replied with a simple “See ya”. As she walked out from the student council room, a gentle voice reached me.

“Senpai, do your best ~”

Turning back, I saw Isshiki had a fist placed in front of her chest as though to cheer me on. Her expression was gentle and her eyes calm.

What do you mean by do my best? I am just going to talk to someone, that’s all. Although any form of reply from me would have sufficed, I didn’t do so.

In place of words, I just waved my hands at her, and soon, I was the only one left in the student council room.

### h3-3

The sound of hurried footsteps heading to the courtyard could be heard from the entranceway. Perhaps it was due to the warmth of the student council room just now, but facing the cold wind now stung my cheeks.

Adjusting the front of my coat, and covering my mouth with my muffler, I hurried on.

Because Hayama Hayato was right in front of me.

Tobe, Hayama as well as a bunch of others were walking slowly as they joked about with one another. There were few times where students would walk past each other at this time of the day, hence someone coming from the opposite direction would easily catch one's attention. As such, Tobe was the first to notice me.

“Oh, Hikitani-kun!”

Waving his hands in a big gesture, Hayama noticed me as well and with a “Ya” and raised his hand.

“Going home now?”

I stopped in front of them, and so they had no choice but to stop as well.

For some reason I stood there just to say this one liner, but I guess it couldn't be helped. Tobe, reading the mood, wrapped his imitation BurBerry muffler and continued the conversation.

“Yea. Hikitani-kun too?”

“Something like that. ....Ah, I remember now. Hayama, do you have some time?”

Saying that, I glanced over at Hayama.

I wanted my actions to suggest that I had just coincidentally thought of something that I wanted Hayama's help for. Even for me, I thought that that act of mine was quite a failure. However, thanks to the fact that I don't talk to people normally, the other guys didn't notice the slip-up in my attitude.

Of course, Hayama was different.

As though sensing something was up, he shot me a dubious look, even if for just a

moment.

Well, that's to be expected.

Hayama was someone idolized by many, a popular dude who talks to a lot of people as well. From a third person point of view, there seemed to be nothing out of place at all.

However, Hayama knew what my intentions were.

It wasn't like me to go talking to Hayama on my own; I weren't on such good terms with him that I would be going home together with him nor was I close enough to him to suddenly just ask him to go and have fun somewhere. The only time when I had business with me was generally those times when I had nothing good to say. He definitely knew that.

As for Hayama, the initial look of doubt that appeared on his face quickly disappeared as he shook his head, and the smile that he always had appeared on his face once more.

"It's alright. Then, see you Tobe."

"O, Oh. Well then, see ya again!"

Hayama took a swift glance at Tobe and Tobe nodded his head immediately. Then, the rest of the soccer club members left the place noisily as well.

After watching Tobe and the rest leave, Hayama returned his gaze to me. Then, with a jerk of his jaws, indicated that we should head to the bicycle parking area. I followed his suggestion and began to walk there.

Most of the student population had already headed on home and so the parking area was deserted. The rest of people who were in clubs, or the odd few people could be seen here and there talking boisterously as they made their way home, leaving behind only silence. As the wind blew, the iron roof made a creaking sound and the neglected rust that was smeared on the bicycle made a rattling sound as the bike shook.

The tires made a rattling sound as I unlocked the lock on my bike. In the meantime, Hayama stood beside me. He didn't do anything special, merely just standing there and waiting for me.

"Where's your bike?"

"I am going back by train."

“Ah, I see.”

Then, you came all this way just for me? What’s up with that kindness..... Wait a minute... This meant that this guy knows that I come to school riding a bicycle. That’s scary.....

“Then, what are you going to do?”

Hayama posed this question to me.

Well, I was the one who said that I had some business with him. ‘What are we going to do from here’, that is probably something that I was going to decide.

“I think it would be good if we talk a little.”

Be that as it may, it was a talk that I did not want others to hear. I didn’t want us to stand out at all. Moreover, this place is always exposed to the freezing wind. Where would be a good place to have a chat, I wonder. My house? Or maybe Hayama’s house..... Nah, no way in hell.

“For now, where should we go?”

“Indeed, what to do for now.....”

Hayama answered as such, and turned to face the direction of the school entrance. I did the same and pushed my bike only.

The sound of footsteps and the rattling of the rust on the bike resonated within the quiet school compound. The school that was as noisy as a zoo during noon time, was now devoid of the sound of people.

This is awkward.....

The silence from just now continued on, however, besides that, above all, this composition. This weird scene of the two of us. Even though I was the one who asked him for a talk, it felt kind of awkward to force him to walk since I have a bike.....

Eh, what should I do? It’s not right for me to push my bike along and walk at this sort of time?

Or else, is it better in theory that we agree on a meeting place first and meet there through our own means later?

Can anyone teach me! My Melody [\[37\]](#) or Goo[\[38\]](#) is fine! Or maybe Yahoo answers! Help me Yahoo Answers! [\[39\]](#)

As a result of desperately wrangling Yahoo! Answers, I think I have found the solution. Okay! GOOGLE!

Hayama was several steps ahead of me and so I coughed to get his attention.

“Ah, you want to ride?”

“Eh?”

Hayama looked at me blankly. He had an unreadable expression and he looked as though he wanted to say something. Perhaps he didn't hear me over the wind.....

What are you, a thickheaded protagonist? Don't make me repeat myself, because that's kind of embarrassing. I saw him quietly standing there, acting dumb. That's a high-level technique for rejecting someone when asked to ride on a bike together. With that sort of rejection, one probably wouldn't have the courage to ask that kind of question again. Don't play around with a young girl's heart, they are easily broken.....

After grumbling about it in my heart, I sighed deeply. I rapped against the luggage carrier at the back and proceeded to ask the same question once more. ....Hachiman! Go for it! Bring out that courage!

“..... No, I mean, I said let's ride.”

“Ah, that. I thought I heard it wrong the first time.”

Hayama had a gentle smile as he said that.

“Then, I will take you up on your offer.”

“Okay.”

I straddled onto my bike and Hayama went to the back. In the instant he sat on it, the bike slowly sank into the ground. Well then, time to go. Thus, I began to pedal.

Then, out of a blue, I felt a slap on my shoulder and my back jumped reflexively.

“Eh, what?”

Looking back out of fear, I saw Hayama tilt his head slightly to the side. Then, he

looked from his own hand to my shoulder.

“Ah, my bad. I was just trying to regain my balance.”

Saying that, he removed his hand from my shoulder, and then grabbed the ends of the bicycle rack so as to put his weight on it.

Fumu. Well, that’s basically what happens when two people ride a bike. If you decide to put your weight forward, you would have to grab onto the riders shoulders or waist, or maybe the saddle. On the contrary, if you put your weight towards the back, you would be adopting a stance similar to what Hayama was doing now. By the way, Komachi does the former! She would put her hands on my waist! Cute!

In any case, the preparations were complete. Placing my feet on the other pedal, I asked Hayama.

“Are you ready?”

“Anytime.”

Hearing him reply in a gentle tone, I pushed down hard on the pedal. Then with a jerk, the bike moved forward.

However, perhaps due to our weight, the handle twisted and turned against my will, and the bike went wobbling about in a zig-zag fashion.

Oh, oh..... It is indeed hard for two guys to ride a bike together..... No one has ever rode the bike together with me except for Komachi. That’s because Komachi is light..... You are so cute Komachi.....

On the other hand, the guy that was behind me right now was not cute as all.

“Ummm, want to swap?”

I looked back once more to face the source of the sound and I saw Hayama with a troubled look on him along with a bitter smile.

“Nah, I am fine. It’s alright.”

With a short and curt reply, I went back to pedaling. I can’t just let him take over, it would be kind of embarrassing because it would mean that I can’t even pedal a bike when there are two people! A man has his pride too!

Thanks to my stubbornness, or/and my getting used to it, the bicycle began to progress smoothly. Gradually, the bicycle began to pick up speed as well.

Due to the fact that the streets surrounding the school were reclaimed land, the streets were straight, making it extremely convenient to travel around by bike.

The wind was cold as usual, but since I was moving my body about, I didn't really feel it. Going along at a smooth pace, I felt Hayama strike my back continuously.

Would you please stop that? Because, what you are doing right now is giving me the chills.....

“What business do you have with me?”

I continued pedaling on, without looking back, when I heard Hayama's voice reach my ears over my shoulders.

“Where should we go?”

Saying that, I realized that from the very beginning, we still had not decided on anyplace to go to at all. Well, whatever, even I knew that at this sort of time, the places that we could easily enter was limited to just a select few.

“.....How about Saize?”

“You really like Saize don't you?”

Hayama asked me in a surprised tone. What, what's wrong with Saize!?! And so, that thought escaped my mouth unintentionally.

“What, you have something against it? I'll treat you to coffee there.”

“There's a drink bar at Saize right?”

I heard something resembling a laugh coming from him. That's actually somewhat unexpected. He knows that there is a drink bar at Saize?

.....Don't tell me that this guy loves Saize as well?

## h3-4

I bought two cans of coffee from a vending machine along the highway.

Taking a glance at the highway, I could see the tail lamps of the automobiles. The orange light from it coupled together with the light from the street lamps lit up the area brightly even though its night.

The vending machine dispensed the two cans that I bought, and owing to the heat of the steel can, I juggled them as I headed to the park that was just a little off from the main road. Maybe it was due to the fact of having looked at the cluster of bright lights earlier on, but the park now appeared extremely dark.

The darkness of the park was illuminated slightly by worn-out street lamps. Occasionally, the lamp would give off a creaking sound. The unreliable flickering bluish-white light illuminated two benches that were placed side by side.

Hayama sat himself down at one of the benches and his sitting posture made it seem as though he was looking up at something.

His eyes seemed to be looking at something, but the only thing that stood out in this vicinity was probably only the Saize building, the highway and the overhead bridge. Be it the rows of houses or the eateries, or some multi-story building, when you compare the park against these rows of structures, it seemed as though it was like some earthquake prone area judging from the silence from it.

Thanks to the buildings, the cold wind blows through only occasionally.

I really did want to go into Saize, but there were students from my school who had already parked their bicycles in the parking lot at Saize. There were different colored stickers that were distributed to each student to place on the bicycles that we rode to school. It is an obligation for us to place the stickers on the bicycle where it was easy to spot. The problem was that, the stickers immediately revealed that we were second-years.

Right now, I didn't want people to overhear our conversations. Naturally, if we rule out Saize from our list of options, the only place left that was nearby was the park. If we went about our conversation in this open space, we would immediately know who was approaching us. If we were going to have a confidential talk, a place where we had a huge unobstructed view was good.



As I approached the bench, Hayama noticed me immediately.

He raised his hand and made a slight motion to indicate his presence. I tossed the can of coffee towards that hand and Hayama caught it easily.

After ensuring that he had indeed caught it, I sat down at the other bench. Clutching the can of coffee to warm my hands, I proceeded to take a sip from it.

Hayama too gripped the can for a short while, then proceeded to do the same as me and gulped down a mouthful.

Then, with a small sigh, he opened his mouth to speak.

“.....You said you wanted to talk. Is that about that rumor?”

“Well yea.”

In response to my short answer, Hayama gave a wry smile and replied “I see” in a small voice.

“That rumor is probably bothering both Yui and Yukinoshita-san as well. I am sorry but could you please apologize on my behalf?”

“So you say.....”

“Even though I do indeed want to apologize, but to do so now would be a little..... That aside, it’s once again another irresponsible exaggerated rumor. I guess we can’t just leave it alone, huh.”

His way of saying it was evident that this was not the first time he had experienced such a thing. There was this vibe that he was reciting some truth he had obtained from past experiences.

This was very similar to the self-defense measure that she took.

“Well, I guess so.....”

If I was in the same position as either him or her, I would probably adopt the same kind of stance as them.

There was absolutely no point in explanations or vindications, and if you tried to frantically deny them, you would probably be at the receiving end of something like “That excessive reaction is proof that we hit the bulls-eye on this!”

If that's the case, then the easiest way to reduce the damage to the minimum was to simply persist in doing nothing until the others got bored with it.

Even so, even if you did that, you will definitely suffer one way or another.

Regardless of the contents of the rumors or gossips, one would surely be stressed out considerably due to the sheer number of people talking about it amongst themselves.

“Just ignore them,” that is something really easy to say. However, it was human nature to go and see for yourself if one heard strange noises coming from unexpected places. In this world, there were all those busybodies who go about telling each other excessively what the others didn't need to know.

As far as that is concerned, the way to completely protect yourself against that sort of situation was to totally cut off involvement with the parties involved. However, the people who could actually do that were few. Are you a freaking Buddha? No seriously, you think you are Buddha?! [\[40\]](#)

Yukinoshita Yukino had continued to hold her own against such things since a long time ago whilst Yuigahama Yui was trapped within her enormous circle of friends.

I clenched the steel can in my hand tightly. I looked at the palm of my hand and realized that it was a little red.

“Sorry.”

An unexpected apology came from Hayama. There was no reason for him to apologize now, hence I snuck a glance over at him in curiosity.

“There aren't many things that I can do.”

Saying that, Hayama gave a faint smile. The lamps illuminated his face, revealing how his eyebrows had drooped ever so slightly to form an expression of remorse.

However, contrary to that expression, the steel can that Hayama was clutching shook ever so slightly. Once again the cold wind started blowing, but I was sure that that was definitely not the reason for it to shake.

I had half-expected Hayama to say those words. Apart from this, there were really no other reasons to blame Hayama.

However, even so.

“Ah, I understand. But still, it can’t just remain like this. There are... circumstances too.”

Turning around to tell him that, I could see that he was squinting at me.

“Circumstances?”

“Yup. ....Well, that, erm, it’s my work after all.”

The words came out of my mouth rapidly and I turned my face away instinctively.

As expected, I didn’t talk about the real reason. I couldn’t tell others exactly what it was when even I couldn’t explain it myself.

That’s why, it was the usual few words that came out of my mouth. The same, cliché phrases.

Thereupon, Hayama sighed shortly, and placed the can of coffee on the bench.

“.....So once again, you are talking to me because you are doing work, huh?”

The response that he gave was cold, and in some aspects, I could feel the scorn coming from him. I couldn’t see the expression of Hayama who was sitting right beside me, just the sight of him gripping his fists tightly.

“You haven’t changed one bit.”

The words that he spat out amidst the wind reached my ears distinctly.

The sound of the fallings leaves was like an invisible monster creeping up to me, giving me a most unpleasant feeling.

Thanks to that, my reply to him was sharp as well.

“I’ve said it before, this is just the club’s work. The Service Club’s work.”

“.....I see.”

His response was somewhat blunt as well, or perhaps it was just that I was prone to think that his replies were cold.

I think I kind of remember such an exchange with him before. Indeed, that was probably during that time near Christmas.

However, the wind that time was so much colder, and the sky even darker.

Hayama started coughing slightly.

“Avoiding the issue, huh? ..... But one cannot run away from it forever.”

The sound that reached my ears were ever so thin and quiet. The voice had neither power nor intonation, yet before I knew it, the hand that I had gripped into a fist had relaxed itself.

Even so, Hayama’s voice still reverberated throughout this silent park.

I had no replies and he didn’t continue on either. The park lapsed once more into silence.

What did Hayama mean, and who was it that he was referring to?

All I had to do was to ask him what he meant, and who he was referring to, but those words did not come out.

But I have to refute him now, or I would never get the chance to!

I opened my mouth to say something, but all that came out was a dry breath. A meaningless sigh.

”Are you done talking with me?”

Hayama’s voice reached my ears and instinctively, I turned to look at him.

“Ah..... No, that’s why, you should think about what to do regarding that rumor.”

Somehow or another, I managed to get those words out of my mouth bit by bit. As Hayama listened to me, he nodded his head and then interrupted what I had wanted to say half-way through with a smile.

“I think that’s good enough on your part.”

Hayama stood up, as though he was telling me that this conversation is already over. The face that looked down upon me was hidden by the shadows of the street-lamp, but it looked somewhat sad to me.

“.....I will do something about that rumor.”

“.....Something, you say.”

I intended to ask him what it was that he intended to do, but he interrupted me before I could even ask.

“At the end of it all, it’s something that affects me. ....That’s why, you don’t have to worry about it.”

What a soft, gentle and calm tone.

Even so, why do I still feel the frost in his voice?

“Thank you for the coffee.”

Hayama waved the can lightly as he gave his thanks. That appeared to be a substitute for his parting words. Just like that, he began to walk away from the bench.

In the darkness of the park, where the lights of the lamps could not reach.

Even though I knew that he had always been heading on towards the exit of the park, but I had no idea where he intended to go after that.

I watched Hayama disappear into the darkness of the night, just for a short while.

Avoiding the issue.....

Just who exactly were those words intended for?

There was no need to think that much to figure that out.

I know.

It’s for me, and you.

# Afterword

Good evening, I am Watari Wataru.

Somehow whilst talking about it, I have been continuing on with this [A] series. If you noticed, I have already written all the way to Volume H. I have always been thinking about writing the A series, but the deadlines given to me are just a huge bother, aren't they? Definitely. Because of all the deadlines piling up here and there, I am at the level where I want to buy charcoal to burn myself.

So, amidst that, I present to you these 5 volumes.

[A][N][O][T] and now, [H]

Seriously. I mean seriously. I really have no idea what those even mean! I have not the slightest idea about whether those letters even follow any sort of pattern! I don't know what letter I am going to put on the next volume. Right now, I can't think of anything else but D.

Still, even if I try to play dumb, I think most of the readers would have more or less guessed the next letter of the next volume. But, hey, look, you can't really know until it comes out.....

No matter how obvious it may seem, please don't say it, because there are times where you speak without thinking it through.

For example, "Arghh, I have so much work....." Times like those! Yup!

Ah no no, I can't just go around making that sort of stupid and asinine comments! When I want to do something stupid that like, I just have to grit my teeth and will myself not to do it!

Even as one goes around telling others "I'm fine, I'm fine," with a pale face and even if one could fool themselves that they are okay with all those lozenges and nourishment drinks, there would still be the undeniable fact that the hardships still exist for one to weather through, so I can't really say that it's an entirely bad idea to turn your back from reality.

On the contrary, while words such as 'Accepting reality' or 'Face reality' sounds all well and nice on the surface, it can actually be used as a means to imply that you are already

giving up. Even when they try to toss the problem aside with words such as “This is freakin’ impossible!”, this action can also be interpreted as an acceptance of reality.

Even if you ignore the truth and the reality out there, even when you try and pretend with all your might, there will still be times where you cannot totally achieve it. Though it’s not a mistake made solely by youths, it’s also a fact that people go forth recklessly precisely because they refuse to accept the truth in front of their eyes.

Of course, there will come a point where if you do that too often, you will lose everything. It’s kind of hard, just like seasoning a dish.

Though one does not look at it, because one averts their eyes from it, when they look another way, there are also things that they see. Once they admit to what it is, they can no longer return to the previous state.

So back to the story, the thing that they ‘saw’, I wonder what exactly it was, eh?

So with that in mind, I present to you, [My youth romantic comedy is wrong as I had expected. H].

Ah, wait, those words are really strange, even if you see reality for what it is, you won’t really be satisfied I guess. What strange words, truly. That’s why, I guess, that’s why I more or less turn to anime. Everyone, let’s turn our backs on reality and watch some anime! Especially, Oreairu.Zoku!

That being the case, let’s discuss the various episodes along with some beer and snacks!

From here on let me devote part of this page on my reflection of the 8th and 9th episode of the anime. As one of the reader and viewer, and uh, let me see, as the original author, it’s time to pen down some of my thoughts today on these two episodes.

Now you should remember that all this is purely my own personal thoughts.

First, let’s start with the 8th episode, “Even so, Hikigaya Hachiman is.” To be perfectly honest, I feel that an explanation for this episode, along with the subsequent episode is not really necessarily at all. This is because these two episodes are fairly straightforward. How people interpret it as well as their thoughts will inevitably vary from person to person and their ratings will also be divided as well. Still, though their interpretations may vary, the breadth of their interpretations won’t be that huge. Instead, what we should focus on are the details. Well, I haven’t had the chance until now to properly explain it, so let’s do it now!

Let's look at Hiratsuka appearing in style during the pre-title. My estimation of her annual salary says that she can't be riding such a nice car. She's probably blew all her savings into that car, because there's no one who she can take money from. That is like some kind of farming game, isn't it?

Then, Hiratsuka suggests to Hachiman that they take a detour. Where are they going? What are they doing to do? Let's go search for it over there. (TL: Allude to the OP.)

From here on, there's one particular scene that I would like to bring to your attention. That is probably the scene where there were only the two of them in part A of the Blu-ray. In this scene, there is close to zero movement of the two characters and the location doesn't change at all..... Oh author, why did you write such a simple scene for this?

Though this scene was made into such a boring scene in the anime, I must really thank the enthusiastic performance of the two of them for making the screenplay and continuity of the anime so excellent. Just the two of them, Eguchi-san and Yuki-san, were able to create such a wonderful atmosphere that brought out both the tension as well as calmness of that scene.

Then in the following scenes, Hiratsuka pointed out the wrongs of Hachiman, or in other words, to point out his weak point. This is something that has also been said by Yui. That Hachiman "does not consider the feelings of others." Up until now, Hachiman has always been using his own logic as a way to make a conjecture about the feelings of others. That's just how he calculates things. But, feelings are neither logical nor rational.

He knows those feelings, but at the same time is mortified by them. Because of Hachiman's experiences, he is very sensitive towards negative feelings, and so liable to hypersensitivity. This is why he is always skeptical with respect to any positive feelings. Because of this, as a kind of defense, he always has the habit of taking those positive feelings and ascribing them to his own scale. Such thinking is not easily altered just by a few words from anyone.

Hence, this is why Hiratsuka suggests that Hachiman eliminate everything one by one. It's a really clumsy way to get her words across. However, to stop Hachiman's constant calculation and his reading between the lines, the fastest way was to simply just flood him with a sheer volume of calculations. Hiratsuka is really something.....

Since she's that awesome, there will obviously be the part about her being a really great female, and it is also where I hope where you would focus your attention onto as well. She's a really cute woman in her 30's. Facing such a cute girl, Hachiman has that monologue about what would've happened if he had met her 10 years earlier. Hiratsuka



was born in the prefecture of Chiba, Hanamigawa ward. That said, Hachiman also lives somewhere near there. Hence the possibility of them meeting 10 years ago would be quite possible too. But, that, is for some other, story.....

Let's return back to the present. Or rather, this story has always been about now. The limited time that a high school student has, and this narrow society is what sets the stage for this work. Sometimes, a single year of those young people could be said to be the equivalence of a decade of the old people. Hiratsuka herself definitely understands this. Exactly what we would expect from a woman in her 30's.

Anyway, with the hint that Hiratsuka gave, Hachiman repeats his calculation again and again alone in his house. The result he obtains, is but one answer.

For the B part, we have Hachiman knocking on the door of the Service Club. From here, after knocking and entering, he didn't go to his usual spot, but rather chose to sit down on a chair at a place that was reserved for those making a request/coming in for a consultation. This is where he will give his answer after exhausting all his calculations.

However, this is just the beginning. For all he has now are the words that he has prepared. Because they are just words built upon by theory, he is rebutted by Yukinoshita, who thinks along similar lines as him. Though their line of thoughts are similar, they are really different people inherently. Because of how similar they are, they like to read between the lines and often arrive at a misunderstanding. For example, the intention of those words, "it's my fault", "it's your fault". Because they read between the lines, they interpret things as they themselves see fit and often come to a misunderstanding.

On the contrary, it was Yui that understood the meaning of those words. I would like to bring to your attention to the contrast between these two people. As these two quietly exchanged words, it is remarkable how Yuigahama is always looking at Yukino but Yukino is unable to do the same. Yet despite these contrast, the action that they take is the same. Someone who can read the mood will engage in superficial conversations with others despite them being not interested at all, or they might also be forced to talk about their weakest points. Now then, I wonder whom those words were directed to. Those ambiguous words of hers were probably a little unfair indeed. However, such vague words, are indeed the characteristics of Oregairu!

However, such words are really difficult to interpret and so of course, Hachiman is racking his brains to figure out how to treat these words. The words that were prepared that in turn became the answer that he gave was sadly destroyed, but even so, he manages to squeeze out some vague words out of himself. It's something abstract and

intuitive. It's probably something that not even Hachiman himself understands. That is precisely why Yukino, with her current thought system was unable to process it.

Hachiman himself probably felt relieved after saying those words. A sense of accomplishment that is similar to a form of acceptance and understanding. However, on the other hand we have Yui who accepts Hachiman's ambiguous words as they are. Of course, accepting and understanding are two different terms altogether.

It wasn't just words only, but a couple of other reasons as well that ultimately resulted in the reestablishment of communication between the trio. This is confirmed in the last scene by the poses of the girls.

However, despite establishing communication once more, this is different from a complete mutual understanding. The thing that Hachiman wants is still far away.

In any case, his request is now entrusted to the two of them, and the three of them begins their club activities anew.

This 'restart' brings us to the 9th episode, "And so, Yukinoshita Yukino is".

At the beginning we can see Hachiman in agony. Man, I know that feeling dude..... As he agonizes over why he had to say something like, and wishes that he could just die right there. I mean, this is exactly how I feel at this moment as I am writing this.

And it is at this time that the world's greatest imouto, Hikigaya Komachi appears! This sort of pre-title.... Anyway, Komachi is cute! As the door opens, we see a really cute Komachi staring blankly at her Onii-chan! Komachi sighing there is cute! Komachi putting her hand on her hips and going "Yare Yare" is super cute! If Komachi showing off a bit of her tummy through her uniform was cute, then her imitating Hachiman was definitely cute as well! Hang on. After having been told that she was putting on a strange face, I suppose that her indignant expression was considerably cute as well. Then, Komachi goes ahead and starts stepping on her brother. From the back shot of it, we can see that Hachiman has a nice ass.

Now then, with the A part. With the previous day events still in his mind, Hachiman has a hard time entering the club room despite having readied himself for it. On the other hand, the fact that Yukino greets him so normally is quite impressive too. Or so I thought. Because this was followed by a high-pitched coughing sound from her..... What, are you the heroine?

Heroine? Yup Heroine. Such an innocent reaction that is so love comedy-like is something I haven't seen in quite a while. Then, in contrast to these two, we have Yui

coming in as energetically as ever and she pulls the chair closer to Yukino. The sense of distance for these characters have always been carefully thought out of, even on the screen. Do look back at (the previous episodes) and pay attention to it if you could.

I think that this scene is particularly striking. Though the Service Club has begun anew in a sense, there is still a sense of distance between them. However, compared to how they were at first, the distance between them has shrunk since some time ago.

Then we have Isshiki Iroha. She's passing the bag (to Hachiman) in a overly-natural manner. What the..... are you guys dating?

As a result of their meeting with the NEWFACES, the cruel reality before their eyes hit them and so they turn to Hiratsuka for help. There, we have the cute scene of Hiratsuka giving out Disneyland tickets to them. Setting that aside however, please pay attention to the exchange between Yui and Yukino. Just how many times have we been seeing the scene of Yui begging Yukino to do something already? However, there is some slight difference here. Talking about the entire work itself, though the situations are quite similar, the meanings are different. Un un, that's Oregairu for you!

With Yukino's year-pass, let's head over to kingdom of dreams and magic, Destinyland, the stage for our story! The people waiting for Hachiman at Maihama station is not just Yukino and Yui, but also Hayama and the others. So this is the reason for Yui's concern as well as the meaning behind Iroha's "It's a secret!"

Now then, the first thing to note about this Destiny Land is the art.

I won't go into too much details, but it's just amazing. Everything is amazing, just simply amazing. Especially [Pan-san's bamboo fight]. It is completed down to the last detail despite the lack of description in the original LN. Here, I think that it's no wonder that they had to commercialize Merry-chan, the precocious cat and Pan-san.

The most impressionable part was probably how it was the three of them taking pictures and then it became just the two of them walking side by side.

When I write those light-hearted scenes and such, I often insert some very important details into it. I would be most delighted if you guys could be on the lookout for such things. Anyway, it doesn't hurt to have a light-hearted scene once in a while.

I mean look, the story is taking place in a kingdom of dreams and magic! A world you don't see every day! There has to be some festive feel to it!

The prime example being the scene in the Pan-san shop with Hachiman and Yui. There's

really no particular need to explain this scene in depth.

There's also another big scene. That is, the scene of Hachiman and Yukino riding the Sprite Mountain coaster.

Due to the parade, they were separated from the rest, and just before they rode it, Hachiman determines that Yukino is not really good at coasters. At this moment, Yukino says that she will probably be fine, because she was fine when she rode it together with Yuigahama-san. Without reading too much into that, let us move on.

Then, they board the coaster, and the reason behind why Yukino is so bad at this is determined. Once again, it's because of the trauma caused by Harunon. He looked surprised at this revelation, just as the coaster reached its highest point as well. Right before it falls, I hope that you all will remember the words that Yukino said.

The two get off the Sprite Mountain, and rest for just a short while. Then, Hachiman buys something to drink and Yukino seems to be putting away something in her bag. Just what exactly was that? If you know what service exists in this sort of ride, then you would know what she was holding in her hand. When you have knowledge of such stuff, it kind of gives you a warm fuzzy feeling inside, doesn't it?

Yukino, over that couple of scenes, finally tells Hachiman that at the end of it. This sort of talk probably doesn't exist in normal everyday conversations. It is because they are at an abnormal place, that this could be done.

In one aspect of it, you can think of it as her revealing information about herself. On the other hand, this probably would never have happened if not for the special atmosphere that the ride presented them with. Anyway, this is definitely progress.

The problem is the contents of what she said. If we think of it from the perspective of her living environment and her relationships with others, there's not much insight to be found from her words. Though it's still as vague and ambiguous as ever, but as the story progress, surely her fears and worries would be made clear as well.

And, we have finally come to the end of episode 9. The huge fireworks that launches up into the air at the very end. This fireworks are also one of the motifs that light up this series. As this huge flowered lights blossom into its full glory, this flowers also fade away into the darkness of the night. Because these lights are bright and beautiful, once they fall, the shadows that they leave behind are dark as well. After all, these shadows are the remnants of his bright youth being sent away.

Anyway, let us continue next time. This was seriously such random talk. The next time,

we have our ever-so-cute Rumirumi caling Hachiman a creep! Un, un, that's so Oregairu!

Then, we shall end it here. I will write some of my remarks about the episodes next time as well!

Here, I give my thanks. (TL: In essence thanking everyone with the same set phrase.)

Some day in September, whilst maintaining the correct intake of MAX coffee.

## Translation Notes

1. » A very ancient game. [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Umihara\\_Kawase](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Umihara_Kawase)
2. » Actual phrase is Rumors last just 75 days.
3. » Reference to FF11, an NPC called Bronte. Here are some of his catchphrases. We are going to win! Main shield(tank) is here!
4. » A parody of the lyrics of Gospeller's song, Alone, 「愛してる」って最近言わなくなったのは 本当になんかあなたを愛し始めたから -> IT社会って最近言わなくなったのは本当にIT社会になった。
5. » Both of them are extremely famous in Japan. Gospellers and Yamashita Taturou.
6. » J-pop band. NO PLAN.
7. » [http://helloproject.wikia.com/wiki/Otome\\_Pasta\\_ni\\_Kandou](http://helloproject.wikia.com/wiki/Otome_Pasta_ni_Kandou) (TL: Stay classy JPN)
8. » It's a song. Port of Yoko Yokohama Yokosuka (港のヨーコ・ヨコハマ・ヨコスカ)
9. » Words from one of Japan's PM, Junichiro Koizumi. He also has a very unique hairstyle.
10. » Rurouni Kenshin
11. » キヨ口充 (Usually) a loner who's constantly looking for a group to join and belong to, even though no one wants him.
12. » Japan has waifu wars each cour too ya know?
13. » The actual idiom, is 人の噂も七十五日. Rumors last just 75 days.
14. » Hamtaro – Cute sound Hamtaro makes.
15. » The Story of Little Black Sambo
16. » Brazillian Carnival – Three idiots (sanbaka) and Samba Carnival (Sanbakaanibaru)
17. » Rockbomb – Dragon Quest monsters also known as bombcrags.
18. » Image search this -> アへ顔 for plot. (I.E. eyes rolled up, tongue sticking out. NOT necessarily sexual) (Warning: Pictures can be NSFW)
19. » Image search this ->ダブルピース
20. » Mystery hunter, Neneko-chan from Yumeria. She considers everything a mystery.
21. » Not sure where this originated from, but am just going to leave it as one of FF9 BGM.
22. » Manzai is a comedy act between two people.
23. » Three-stringed Japanese lute.
24. » K-On! <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DCgrZqQw2Tw>
25. » 2ch slang; 闇深い from なお闇は深い模様. Meaning is something along the lines of something being so over-complicated that it's ridiculously hard to understand.
26. » Kancolle- Yuudachi
27. » Yuudachi/Nightmare of Solomon Islands, google to see the whole long story.

28. » Hairstyle:image search that.
29. » I don't really get the reference for this. But Sagami and Okamoto are both brands of condoms in Japan. Incidentally, Sagami's CV did voice a character called Okamoto, but I can't find any relevance.
30. » For those pure and innocent ones: <http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=NTR>
31. » Famous shopping mall in Chiba. <http://www.marinpia.co.jp/index.html>
32. » Isshiki uses the past tense of "Thank you." (ありがとうございました) This is generally considered somewhat cold and rude, along the lines of you believe you are never going to see that person ever again.
33. » A nickname given to Youmu Konpaku from Perfect Cherry Blossom of the Touhou Project. Myon is thought to be a portmanteau of the word Myou (Strange) + Hyonna (Unexpected).
34. » [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mamotte\\_Shugogetten](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mamotte_Shugogetten)
35. » Japanese song: Come on a my house. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=igb5UWgAoOg>
36. » You could think of it as like JLPT X, where X is any number (usually) 1 to 5 with 1 being most proficient.
37. » My Melody – Character by Sanrio.  
See: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List\\_of\\_Onegai\\_My\\_Melody\\_characters](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_Onegai_My_Melody_characters)
38. » Something like JP's version of Yahoo! Answers.
39. » I just wanted to point out that in Japan, the literal translation of it will be Yahoo! Bag of wisdom. KEK.
40. » Because Buddhism teaches one to let go of all earthly attachments.

# Credits

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