



MEMORY STORIES: ONE MORE LIGHT

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

Using an app called "Candle", the man who boarded the airship did not say a word to the airship's owner, Weissman, and simply wandered silently around the airship.

And Weissman also sat diagonally in the chair, watching the man with a certain melancholy and interest, not doing anything special to the strange guest.

Of course, people who used the app because they believed in the vague urban legend that "getting on a blimp will save you" often took strange actions, but in this man's case, the coat color was a little different.

"So are you satisfied?"

After a while, Weissman asked:

"Oh, more than I bargained for. Great."

The man clapped playfully. He seemed to be an honest man. He had a strong look like an old movie star and good style. However, the clothes he was wearing were slightly soiled, and the bangs on his back that normally would have politely tipped were altered.

There was also a stubble growing on the pale type.

Weissman placed the order with an amused and embarrassed look.

"Yes? I'm not sure, but can I just ask for one thing?"

"I wonder what?"

"I don't want you to open the door without permission. It's cold from the wind."

The man was playing with the operations panel without warning and opening the hatch that led from the airship to the outside.

The night sky was peeking out from there and the atmosphere was ringing. The man was standing near him, so if he made a mistake, he would fall headfirst to the ground.

"It's dangerous, especially. Hey."

Weissman said that.

"Is it dangerous? Hahahaha! Hahahaha!"

The man laughed and stumbled a little. He apparently had drunk a lot of sake too. Finally, Weissman stood up. He somehow he understood the purpose of the man. He approached slowly and carefully so as not to irritate him.

"Did you also get on this airship because you wanted me to help you? I don't know what I could do, but why don't you talk about the situation?"

The man stopped moving. He frowned in thought and then smiled.

"No! No! If you let me jump from here, that's fine! I don't need your help."

"With such a brilliant voice..."

Weissman sighed.

"Why do you bother doing it in my airship? In short, you want to commit suicide, right?"

"Yes."

"If I ask you to stop, will you tell me?"

"No, it is not good."

The man replied playfully.

"Because I've lived in good shape. I have to end up in good shape at the end of my life. When I jumped, I'll lie on my back, extend my limbs, and look at the night sky slowly. What? It's a good idea, right?"

"I think it's a metamorphic aesthetic... why should you die in the first place?"

"That's right. I think it's because I can't look good anymore."

The man crossed his arms, looked at the ceiling and said that. Weissman sighed. He had a strong feeling that it would take time to persuade him.

The strange conversation between Weissman and the man continued for some time. It was the result of Weissman's patience and hard work, that he continued to extract and organize meaningful information from the pretentious and esoteric rhetoric of man.

The man was the president who ran a large company. He showed off his talents at a young age and was included on the list.

He seemed like that person had a good life.

"Well, it was great. Really wonderful."

He had a good job, the private was also satisfying, he married four years ago and had a son.

"It was fun. My life was always wonderful. I will never forget those wonderful days."

Nevertheless...

"There are several things."

The man's eyes suddenly grew cold, as if floating in a dark light.

"I lost."

Weissman then realized. At first glance, he had a playful demeanor, but this man was serious. There was something like that about him.

"Can you tell me more about the different things? I want to think about what I can do."

When Weissman gently urged him to do so...

"Mmm..."

After being thoughtful for a while,

"I won't say it, because I'm sure I won't be cool anymore."

Weissman smiled, thinking carefully.

"Isn't your wife and son a reason to hold you back?"

"They are not."

The man was just smiling.

"Did you say that? I really lost everything. Maybe I could find them if I flew there."

Weissman looked at him.

"I see."

He knew the difficulty of giving something to a person who had lost an important person.

At that time, the airship shook a lot. Weissman, used to airship life, grew impatient for a moment, but immediately hit his knee to keep from falling. He knew that such a phenomenon would occur very rarely due to gusts and drafts.

After the large vibrations subsided, Weissman took a breath and then was shocked.

(That person! I was by the open hatch!)

When he looks at the man hurriedly...

"....."

The man leaned over and grabbed a bar near the hatch. Apparently it was really a crisis. He had a pale expression. He snuggled in on a harsh breath and struggled not to fall outside.

"....."

"....."

When Weissman got to his feet, he slowly walked over to the hatch control panel and pressed the button to open and close the door. The door closed with a loud noise. He couldn't hear the swell in the air, and suddenly the interior of the airship went silent.

"....."

"....."

Both Weissman and the man were silent.

Weissman didn't know what to say and the man's entire body was shaking.

Finally, when the waterfall-cold sweat subsided and the roots of his teeth lined up, the man coughed.

"It's not great, I'm like this now."

The silence continued for a while. Nevertheless...

"Fu..."

"Kukuku."

He started laughing.

Laughter came out somehow. He changed from a small laugh like a ripple to a tearful laugh. Finally, he breathed onto his shoulders and wiped the tears from the corners of his eyes with his fingers.

"Hey..."

The man called to Weissman. He had a strangely refreshing face, as if his depression had subsided.

"It's better to live, even if it's not great, right?"

"Yes."

Weissman replied after thinking for a moment.

"I thought so too and came to think so."

Weissman reached out to help the man. The man obediently took his hand and stood up.

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Shiro and Kuro were shopping at Shizume. At the school festival, school volunteers and staff decided to donate, so they needed costumes to wear.

"The other things I need are a butterfly tie and a basin. What are you going to wear?"

When Kuro frowned and Shiro laughed, he sounded the horn. When they turned their faces to the noise, a pickup truck pulled up there and a man dressed in work clothes leaned out from the driver's seat and looked at him with a smile. Kuro had a mysterious look, but Shiro soon noticed.

".....!"

He was the man who wanted to kill himself, whom he met in his airship.

Instead of greetings and words of thanks, the man hit the car body as he said:

"I will make this company the best in Japan in three years!"

He declares it very strong. The van was painted with the company name and contact information for the cleaning company. And when the man raised his thumb, he started the car and drove off. He never looks back.

The gaping Kuro finally said in a scared voice.

"What was that?"

Shiro gently wiped away the tears in the corners of his eyes so Kuro wouldn't notice them before answering.

"He is a great person."

MEMORY STORIES: EXTRA (2021.09)

Explanation: 11 newly written stories.

In line with the theme of this book, which appears to be a collection of memories of "K" so far, the keywords "Remember those days" are used to spell the memories of 11 characters that will continue to live after the main story.

Miyazawa's comment:

I was originally planning a standalone book with this alone, but decided to put it on "K - All Memories". As an image, it is a jewelry box and album that stores precious memories that sparkled.

We would like to express our greatest thanks to those who have taken good care of "K".