



MEMORY STORIES: HEART OF THE HAIKU

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

No student was more enthusiastic than Kuroh Yatogami in learning by watching. From waking up in the morning to going to bed at night, he continued to learn everything that his teacher, Miwa, did. Sometimes looking to the side of housework and work, and sometimes grasping the hem of the hakama between the dojo boards and intently watching every move.

At first glance it seemed too much.

"Ichigen-san, isn't it a bit difficult for Kuro?"

The old man who lived in the neighborhood was a little scared and worried. On the other hand, Miwa...

"No, I didn't specifically teach him to do that. Rather, I've always told him that it's better to take things a little more calmly, but... well, maybe it's his innate nature."

At first, he thought that he might have been suffering from such harsh upbringing, so he argued with Miwa and tried to induce him to relax in various ways, but he soon realized.

That would be like a form of detention.

It can be a burden on the heart to command a child whose shoulders are natural to relax more. After realizing that, he preferred to let him do whatever he wanted.

As a result, Kuro had become able to observe Miwa and learn everything he wanted. And he absorbed various things from Miwa with his concentration.

Japanese cooking technology that transforms simple ingredients into a feast with skilled cooking.

A swordsman who judges the opponent's attack like running water and hits it like a cloth.

How to grow some vegetables and how to read classical literature. In the end, how to operate a helicopter, etc.

As Kuro grew older, the variety of things he could do increased, and the quality had steadily improved.

There was only one thing that he did not imitate about his beloved master. Miwa who had noticed it for a long time, and one day asked casually.

"Kuro. Would you like to try making a haiku yourself?"

At the time, Kuro was fascinated by rereading the notebook in which he wrote Miwa's haikus. He had a habit of hastily pulling out his notebook and pencil and writing shorthand when he began to write a sentence in an informal setting of everyday life.

Kuro closed his ramshackle notebook and choked. Miwa said hurriedly...

"Oh, don't get me wrong, okay? I don't blame you for anything. Haiku isn't something you're forced to do because it doesn't affect everyday life. But all you do is imitate me. It's a bit strange."

Said that...

"Yes, Ichigen-sama."

Kuro shook his head slightly sadly.

"I have tried several times, but I have not been able to think of a worthy haiku like Ichigen-sama."

Miwa scratched his cheek with his finger as if he was in trouble.

"No, my haikus just pop up without following any rules, right? If a decent teacher listened to me, they would scold me. You shouldn't get too attached to that."

"Ah..."

Kuro looked a bit angry.

"If I want to do a haiku, I would like it to be like Ichigen-sama's, but it's difficult."

Miwa adopted a thoughtful look.

"I am sure the legs will find incompetent freedom in the troubles that govern them. It certainly seems difficult."

"Eh?"

"Oh, it's nothing. It's just a story."

Miwa had a bland expression.

"Kuro. Then maybe it's better not to try haiku by force. It's more inconvenient. I'm sure that when that time comes, you will naturally be able to recite your own haiku."

"Will I be able to do such a thing?"

Miwa smiled at Kuro, who looked uneasy.

"That's right. This is not a prophecy, but a premonition like your master."

Kuro laughed too.

"I'm happy then!"

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"On New Year's Day of the following year, Ichigen-sama gave me this voice recorder, saying that it was a substitute for New Year's gifts."

In a corner of Gakuenjima, Kuro was showing Shiro his favorite voice recorder. The students exercised on the floor.

The two met during a break and had lunch together.

From the report that Shiro dealt with haiku in class, came the story of a memory of Ichigen Miwa.

"I guess he couldn't see the notebook about to break. Since then, I've been able to store Ichigen-sama's haikus without losing them. Of course, it's also stored in the cloud, right? However, Ichigen-sama's haikus you hear on this tape recorder is the best."

Shiro, who was a bit drawn to power and enthusiasm, had a warm expression,

"Well, Ichigen Miwa was a good person."

He commented on that without any problem. Kuro was serious. Shiro suddenly had a gentle look,

"What about you? Haven't you done your haiku yet?"

Kuro had an expression like remembering something.

"That's how it is."

At the time of the final battle with Mishakuji Yukari, he involuntarily uttered words like Miwa.

Perhaps the moment Miwa was saying had already arrived at that point.

"It may be a good idea to study everything I can from now on. To remember those days."

He suddenly said that with a simple feeling.

"Yes."

Shiro kindly said...

"I will support you, Kuro."

"Thanks, Shiro."

Kuro replied like this. From now on, he wanted to live with Shiro and Neko and infuse his own haiku into the voice recorder in the same amount as the haiku left by Ichigen Miwa.