



### **MEMORY STORIES: TO DEAR OLD MEN**

### **TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD**

Certain afternoon. Gojo Sukuna and Iwafune Tenkei were relaxing in the green clan. Sukuna was hungry and engrossed in mobile games, and Iwafune dipped his feet into a kotatsu and drank sake and tasted the salmon with a dull face.

By the way, Mishakuji Yukari hadn't come back in the last few days and Nagare Hisui was taking a nap. Thus, only the greatest age difference duo of the green clan started an incoherent conversation on the spot.

"Hey, Sukuna. Sukuna."

"What? Iwa-san? I'm busy right now."

"You are not busy, because you are playing."

"I'm busy playing! Sorry, but my game is serious!"

"It's a game?"

"I'm serious because it's a game!"

"I see... that's the best word. Then Iwa-san should shut up."

After saying that, he poured sake into the glass and drank it. Sukuna sighed.

As he watched the game screen as usual...

"It's okay. I can talk to Iwa-san while I play."

"I'm happy. No, it's no big deal, I wonder if you'll ever get tired of playing games all the time."

"Not a big question! It's a one-parent family that has trouble speaking! I'm not bored. I don't play the same game all the time."

Sukuna looked at Iwafune.

"Iwa-san, do you want to play? If so, I'll lend you a simple one that even an old man can make."

He was casually saying terrible things.

"It's a game?"

Iwafune looked nostalgic.

"The mahjong was quite addictive when I was a student."

Iwafune said that.

"Chinese dominoes?"

It was a bit outside of Sukuna's definition of the game, but it was rare for Iwafune to talk about it, so he turned around.

"I have done it several times with the application, but is it that interesting?"

"Oh, mahjong is the real thrill of playing while you'd gossiping with a partner. Online is half the fun."

Iwafune remembered that, scooping up salmon with the chopsticks.

"When I was young, it was like an essential education for the students. When the four people, including myself, who was particularly addicted to mahjong, went on a trip to the island of Izu, we brought the table and the pieces."

He tasted carefully when he moistened the salmon.

"So at first we were playing at the inn, but there was also sake there, and anyway, when we finished we continued playing on the beach at night, we brought lanterns and we started moving the mahjong pieces on the beach."

"Were you stupid?"

"Well yeah, maybe it was kind of stupid. But the scenery was really amazing. The bright moon was floating past the horizon and the waves were coming back. I had a good time talking and playing with my friends. It was fun."

"....."

"But after a while, there was a strange noise. I wonder what it was? When I thought it was strange, I was looking for the bulbs that we were eating and I was struck by a lot of exotic Ligia. They were on the game table, the tray and even in our bodies."

"Ah..."

"Then everyone screamed, took off their clothes and took off the exotic Ligia. When I realized it, I was flirting in the sea. I swam, floated and sprayed myself with water."

"Iwa-san, really? They were crazy."

"Hahaha, I was young. It's a time."

Before he knew it, Sukuna stopped playing and stood up to look at Iwafune.

"It looks like fun, Iwa-san."

"That's right. I attended one of their wedding a few years later, but I was crying a bit. I thought that even such a fool could get married. Well, I can't forget those stupid days so easily."

"....."

"Sukuna, remember. What you remember later will be more than a spectacular incident, it will be an unexpected event from casual days."

Iwafune winked at Sukuna and said that simply. Sukuna stuck out his tongue.

"Old man."

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Winter sea. Leaden sky. Doon, Doon, there was a heavy wave sound as if they were beating a large drum in the distance.

"What is it?"

Sukuna blew his nose.

"Isn't it an old story that Iwa-san remembered from when he came to the sea?"

He bit his lip to keep the tears from spilling. An exchange between two loved ones on a normal day that he will never forget. When he was walking on the beach, he suddenly revived that in his mind.

Iwafune's red face. His voice in good humor. His gray eyes with pain that seemed playful and looked at life somewhere. That standing figure.

How he was laughing.

It all came back close to his chest. It was a really unpleasant event.

"It means that I am also an old man."

Forgiving a tear drop, Sukuna rubbed his eyes and started walking forward with determination again.