



K SIDE: PURPLE 03

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

Days go by.

The summer afternoon to hear Higurashi's voice, the long autumn night to sweep away the golden fallen leaves, and the winter morning when the breath was white and cloudy, Yukari spent nothing.

No noticeable change occurred. Yukari only went up one age and one grade, and other than that, he continued the same daily routine.

In the same days, he sometimes remembered Taka-san's words. He is sure that one day he will find something that appears to be "it." Unfortunately, that "someday" has not yet arrived. Yukari wasn't even sure if it would come. In his eyes, there are more people in the world who don't have pretty things.

Will I ever be such a person? Vaguely thinking about it, as he passes his days.

Beautiful things were found because of the garbage.

The man was crouched in a pile of garbage bags and was screaming loudly.

Yukari looks at him with cold eyes.

It was summer, in the morning. Sayuri's claim that cleaning the front of the store is Yukari's job, and that the morning sun will be very strong the next day after drinking a lot of sake, has caused Yukari to get up early.

The morning in the bar is not pleasant. This is because the morning light cruelly reveals the various ugliness that the darkness of night has gently hidden. Scattered cans and bottles, pools of spit thrown by someone, a flock of crows poking them, and a drink with no front and back.

He liked to see people getting drunk, but he didn't like to drink. Drinking alcohol and exposing yourself is completely different from being drunk and exposing yourself to ugliness. He doesn't even want to see it, like blacking out and sleeping on the street.

However, it cannot be cleaned without moving. Yukari sighed and crouched down

"Uncle? Are you alive?"

There's no answer. The man simply repeats humming. Mishakuji called again, confirmed there was no answer, then stood up and yelled back.

A minute later, Mishakuji returned with a bucket full of water in his hands. As it was, he threw it in the man's face without any consent.

"Wow, what is that?"

A bucket of water was very effective. When the man jumped to his feet, he turned his black-and-white eyes and looked around. Yukari looks at him and says clerically.

"It's annoying that they sleep in front of the store. Please sleep somewhere else."

"Um, sorry, boy."

The man suddenly looked back at Yukari as he rubbed his wet beard.

"No, are you a girl?"

"I'm a guy."

"Well, boy. I'm sorry. I was so hungry I thought sleeping would calm me down."

The man's belly rumbled.

"That doesn't seem to work. Hahaha."

Yukari shook his head slightly at the face of a laughing man.

Looks like he hasn't had a drink. Certainly there is no liquor left on his face or on his breath. As the word goes, he probably slept here just to avoid starvation.

"Please wait a bit."

After leaving the man, Yukari entered "Hanawarabe". Sayuri, who was washing herself, asks mysteriously.

"Ah? Have you finished cleaning yet?"

"Sister, you had a surplus of baguettes. Could you please take it with me?"

"Okay, but what? Are you going to feed the pigeons?"

"Something similar."

When he returned with the baguette to where the man was, he was standing up and growing. Yukari involuntarily stopped and looked at the man.

It was big. Was he close to two meters? The body wrapped in dirty work clothes is full of muscles and looks like a giant old tree. He doesn't feel intimidated by that habit, perhaps due to the fuzzy atmosphere that reminds you of an awake cat.

Seeing Yukari return, the man softened his eyes.

"Sorry to bother you, boy. I'm leaving now."

"Here you have."

Saying that, Yukari offered a baguette. The man rolls his eyes.

"I will give it to you."

"Eh?"

"I thought it was annoying and you were drunk, so I covered you with water, but it was my mistake. I apologize for that. If you are hungry, please eat it."

The man repeatedly compared the baguette to Yukari, and then smiled a lot on his big face.

"I can't take it! I'll take it, boy!"

He raised his hand and thanked him, and the man snatched a baguette from Yukari. It's as big as Yukari's arm, but it flattens out in no time. After swallowing every last piece, the man hit his belly with a "Bread!"

"Um! It's a bit short, but it was good! I'm thankful!"

"You are really hungry."

"I have not eaten anything in the last three days. I hold a grudge against my uselessly large figure. I'm hungry, even though I'm not doing anything."

Yukari looked at the man. The man notices the line of sight and laughs like he's shy.

"No, I'm sorry. You were in the middle of cleaning. Thanks again. Then I'm going."

When he bowed with his large bent body, the man turned his back on Yukari and started walking.

Yukari calls out to his back.

"Hey."

"Yes?"

Interestingly, the man turned around. After getting lost for a moment, Yukari asks.

"What's your name?"

The man blinked only once, then turned to Yukari correctly,

"My name is Isshin Hase. You took care of me, boy."

When he smiles, he calmly walks away.

While cleaning the front of the store again, Mishakuji rebels against his actions.

Why do I ask your name?

There are many homeless people in "Niibangai". Some also know their names. However, that man named Hase is a "foreigner". It comes from a place he doesn't know and goes to a place he doesn't know. He had never cared about the name of a human, but why did he care?

It was disconcerting, but no response was given. Anyway, he will never find it again. If so, it is useless to think about it. He forced himself to say it, and Mishakuji dismissed that idea.

However, that did not happen.

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"Eh? Mishakuji-chan, did you run out of Jinjaeru?"

Sayuri, who was looking inside the refrigerator, said that about 10 minutes before the store opened.

Yukari, who was in the backyard, quickly checks the inventory before answering.

"I guess so."

"Oh, sorry. I was so busy that I forgot to manage my inventory..."

Sayuri grunts as she scratches her head. As he returns to the store, Yukari...

"So why don't you get it from "Massive Boys"?"

"Massive Boys" is a gay bar run by Taka-san. It was a lot like "Hanawarabe", and when something like this was missing, it was a relationship of mutual compatibility.

Sayuri clasps her hands and says with a gesture of adoration.

"Well, can you please? You don't have to hurry."

"Okay, I'm going."

Meanwhile, Yukari left the store.

As the night wore on, "Niibangai" was booming. Yukari is walking in the everyday landscape, out-of-tune voices are heard in the shops here and there, swarms of drunks crossing their shoulders, foreign tourists taking pictures of the atmosphere in the alleys, etc. Walk steadily.

At that moment, an angry voice was heard and Mishakuji paused for a moment.

Being a city of bars means that there are many drunkards and drinkers.

Regardless of the former, the latter is often off the label of reason. Cursing is a frequent occurrence and often turns into a fight. Sayuri also told him not to come near if there was a lot of commotion.

To make matters worse, it seemed to stem from Yukari's fate.

"It's crazy, right? Get out!"

He hears such a scream from the open door of "Massive Boys". The drunks who pass by on the street look at him for a moment and leave as he is. Nobody wants to get in trouble. Neither did Yukari.

However, the next voice he heard turned towards Yukari against the flow of people.

"Hey, calm down. You see, drink some water."

It's Taka-san's voice.

Anger intensifies even more at the voice that tries to calm.

"Oh, don't touch it, this is crazy! Yeah?! Hey, are you listening?"

"Look, it's a nuisance to other customers. Let's talk about that in the back?"

"Hey? I'm on the table! Not only did the face get worse but the ears too?"

Tangled, two men came out of "Massive Boys". One is Taka-san, a muscular man in a dress. The other was a man wearing an open-necked shirt and a dark blue jacket.

"Hey! Hey You are listening? Hey!"

The man was clearly irrational. His face is red and black, his eyes are sunken, and he may be drunk. Taka-san keeps smiling while getting hit by the man many times. It is probably because he knows that in this place you can only solve things calmly and calming the other party.

However, the man was furious even with that smile.

"What the hell are you laughing at?! How many times do you think I'll kick your ass?"

Taka-san's expression turned cloudy for the first time at that strong voice.

"Hey. That's..."

"You're stupid? Is it the same for others? Not well!"

He seemed to be anointing himself with the fire of his anger. The man hit his fist on Taka-san's nose, swelling his blood vessels.

"Ugh..."

"If you don't like it, it's the end! We are!"

The man pressed harder on Taka-san's upper body, who was suddenly hit and recoiled. Taka-san's huge body shuddered, and he stabbed his bottom against the wall.

The drunks stop in the midst of the manifested confusion and form a circle at a great distance.

In it, the man slowly drew a knife.

"I will. Hey. I will!"

Taka-san doesn't move like he's frozen. He is looking at the gleaming knife with an incredible gaze. The other spectators, like this, don't even scream, let alone stop him. The moment he seems to have stopped, the man stumbles a step.

Yukari stood in front of him.

"What? What is it, kid?"

Yukari is not scared by the murderous look. Taka-san, who crouched behind him, made a hasty voice.

"Mishakuji-chan? What are you doing?! Go away!"

"I do not like."

Yukari doesn't look back. However, he was looking at the man in front of his. Gently look at the red-black puffy face, liquor-stained neck, and irrational eyes.

"You are not beautiful."

He just said that.

The meaning of the word was not transmitted to man. Still, the intention was conveyed. Hate and contempt. He put enough anger into the hand holding the knife to cross the last line.

Yukari just looks at the knife that swung up.

Even if the blade stopped just before touching the eyebrows, he was still looking at him without closing his eyes.

"Great courage, boy."

When he turned his eyes towards the voice, before he knew it, a large work clothes was standing right next to him. Yukari muttered inadvertently.

"Hase-san?"

When their eyes and Yukari's met, Isshin Hase smiled a big smile.

"Oh, do you remember?"

"What the hell is that?!"

The man screamed with black and white eyes. It is not surprising. A giant about six feet tall, who shouldn't have been there until just a second ago, put his belt aside and stopped his hand holding the knife on the edge.

Hase looked at the man. The smile that floats in the mouth takes on a fierce tone.

"Me? I am..."

What happened in the next moment was an unforgettable and lifelong event for Mishakuji.

The ubiquitous belt magically moved in Hase's hands. Hase did all that movement in just half a moment, moving the knife, lifting his jaw, and thrusting at his throat.

"Guh..."

Unable to even raise his voice, the man stabbed into his knee. The knife slides out of his hand and makes a click.

Staring at the fallen man with wide white eyes, Hase leaned on his shoulder and said.

"Miwa Meishin style, master. My name is Isshin Hase. If you have any complaints, always come to me."

Yukari's eyes burned at everything that had happened.

Yukari saw a sinking step, a fluid hand and amazing strength lurking between breaths.

Things I've never seen before. He has never touched it in his life, it is his hometown.

"It's beautiful."

That was it.