



MINI EPISODES: ON A SUMMER NIGHT

TRANSLATION: NARU-KUN / K-PROJECT WORLD

"Oh, how unusual."

After finishing his work, Yukari returned to the underground hideout and went to the table, and said that to Iwafune, who was having a drink in the evening.

By the way, it's normal for Iwafune to drink alcohol, so it's nothing unusual. Yukari said that because he saw that the television was on and there was a video.

Not just Iwafune, but also Nagare, Yukari, Sukuna, everyone, they're not the type to watch TV shows while eating.

"Hmm. Tsukimi's sake. Because the moon is beautiful today."

When Yukari looked at the screen with a suspicious face, he certainly projected the full moon.

"I asked Nagare to show the image of the moon with the observatory camera on this television."

By the way, Nagare Hisui was sitting in his usual wheelchair, and he didn't know if he was awake or asleep because he had a visor. He was also in the usual condition.

"I'm impressed."

Yukari sighed.

"If you want to see the moon, do it outside. It's sunny and it feels good, right?"

"No, it's a big problem this year. The moonlight through the screen is enough for our good."

With that said, Iwafune raised a transparent glass of shochu to his mouth. There was a loose smile on his cheeks. On the desk, grunt sashimi, broad beans, rock oyster wax, grilled aubergine with dried bonito flakes, etc. The snacks lined up longer than usual were lovely.

"So I wonder if I'll be with you."

Yukari sat face to face with Iwafune in an orderly manner.

"Oh, it's weird."

Iwafune narrowed his eyes. He then he grabbed a decanter with shochu, but Yukari,

"I'll do it by hand, so that's fine."

He blocked it with his hand.

"Itadakimasu."

He clasped his hands and bowed, first scooping the appetizer into a transparent blue bowl with chopsticks. Then, as he said before, he drank shochu at his own pace. Iwafune, who was red-faced, had a happy face as he looked at him.

After a while...

"I wonder if the weather was nice. There were a lot of people today."

Suddenly Yukari said that. Iwafune, who has been a milkman, raised his eyebrows politely.

"Hmm?"

"The history of the memorial service. It seems it took place here and there in Tokyo."

"Mmm."

Iwafune made a voice that seemed to have no particular interest, and when he painstakingly peeled the beans, he would throw them into his mouth. Yukari...

"Iwa-san, you don't really talk about yourself."

He continues with a light tone. On the other hand, Iwafune shook his shoulders and...

"That's right, Mishakuji-chan. Isn't it the same for you?"

He laughed out loud.

"That's how it is."

Yukari said. It seems that he was looking somewhere very far away.

"The past is just the past, isn't it? But that doesn't mean you can be so free from it."

Suddenly when he saw the moon, he closed his eyes completely and was wandering on the moon. Yukari also poured shochu into a cup by hand.

He raised the cup to toast the moon.

July 11.

It was the night of the day the sword of Damocles fell.