The Monologue of Chabashira Sae

I have a problem that I have not been able to tell anyone since I became a teacher, or even before I became a teacher.

It is that I keep having a recurring nightmare.

The events of that day, which I will never forget, will be repeated in my dreams.

The nightmares come in different forms with each visit, sometimes from my point of view, sometimes from someone else’s point of view, and sometimes with different wording and different processes.

But there are some things in common that are the same.

What I mean by that is that no matter how many times the story is repeated, the “ending” is the same.

……At that time, there was nothing for us, Class B, to fear.

The momentum was overwhelming the rest of the classes, and we were within reach of A class.

Of course, it wasn’t all plain sailing.

By the time we were promoted to our third year, the number of classmates who had left had swelled to six.

Even so, in our third year, we accumulated class points without missing a single student.

We believed that we would be able to graduate in A class without missing anyone anymore.

Until that day, that moment—

It was at the end of the third semester with the graduation exam approaching. It was the last chance for us to turn things around,

Our homeroom teacher appeared with a stiff expression and told us about a new special exam we would be having.

Initially, we had no fear of this special exam.

The rules were simple and straightforward, and I had no doubt that we would be able to complete them without difficulty.

But such an optimistic mood only lasted until that challenge was presented.

The scene changes and I am now screaming in class.

My best friend, Chie, comes up to me with a furious look on his face, grabs me by the chest and raises me up.

A desperate wail.

The class, which had been united as one, collapsed in an instant.

I’ve had enough.

He muttered to himself, a look of resignation and realization on his face.

But I couldn’t make up my mind.

There was no way I would have been prepared to.

He had been with me for three years, someone whom I had shared both my up and downs with, his presence was no small thing.

An irreplaceable classmate, an irreplaceable best friend.

Someone irreplaceable… someone who was important to me as a member of the opposite sex.

He may be a bit uptight, but he was serious, kind, and more dependable than anyone else.

It was a face he had never shown before.

At that moment, he reached out his hand to me under the evening sky, looking somewhat embarrassed.

As I held back the tears that were about to spill, I said,

“Please take good care of me……”

The relationship between the two of us started and came to an end at the same time.