

やはり俺の
青春ラブコメは
まちがっている。

My youth romantic comedy is
wrong as I expected.

渡 航【wataru watari】

illustration ぽんかん⑧

12
twelve

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総武高校プロム
ダンスイメージ映像撮影★

比企谷八幡
hikigaya hachiman

由比ヶ浜結衣
yui yuigahama





雪ノ下陽乃
haruno yukinoshita

My youth romantic comedy is wrong as I expected.

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My youth romantic comedy is
wrong as I expected.

登場人物【character】

twelve



比企谷八幡.....主人公。高二。性格がひねくれている。
【ひきがやーはちまん】

雪ノ下 雪乃.....奉仕部部長。完璧主義者。
【ゆきのしたーゆきの】

由比ヶ浜 結衣.....八幡のクラスメイト。周りの顔を伺いがち。
【ゆいがはまーゆい】

戸塚 彩加.....テニス部。とても可愛い男子。
【とつかーさいか】

川崎 沙希.....八幡のクラスメイト。ちょっと不良っぽい。
【かわさきーさき】

葉山 隼人.....八幡のクラスメイト。人気者。サッカー部。
【はやまーはやと】

戸部 翔.....八幡のクラスメイト。葉山グループのお調子者。
【とべーかける】

三浦 優美子.....八幡のクラスメイト。クラスの女子の頂点に君臨する。
【みうらーゆみこ】

海老名 姫菜.....八幡のクラスメイト。三浦グループだが腐女子。
【えびなーひな】

一色 いろは.....サッカー部マネージャー。一年生で生徒会長に当選。
【いっしきーいろは】

平塚 静.....国語教師。生活指導担当。
【ひらつかーしずか】

雪ノ下 陽乃.....雪乃の姉。大学生。
【ゆきのしたーはるの】

比企谷 小町.....八幡の妹。中学三年生。
【ひきがやーこまち】

川崎 大志.....沙希の弟。中学三年生。
【かわさきーたいし】

Interlude

Silence hung for a long time. Emotions did not sing for words, but and logical words could not be found. Words that do not make sense, nothing is better than silence. Therefore, this interval can be called silence.

Despite the fact that literally a second ago, through the clouds
The sunset was emerging, coloring the sea in scarlet, now
the sky shone bright blue again. Snowflakes fall smoothly and
dissolve on the cast shadow. When the lights caught fire,
There are more shadows, and each of them, even weaker, is noticeable, but
has its own direction. I can not understand now where that past
shadow?

Someone said that the conversation could have turned out long. Maybe I did too.
The words ended, but what should have sounded further,
became clear and without words. No one said a word against, and the scene
ended with a smile and a nod.

I hold myself in my hands so as not to run away, despite the fact that everything
went so far. Escape from your unshakable
tranquility.

For a short period of time, a weak hope did not grow
not a whit. I understand that an unambiguous answer will end everything.
Therefore, this answer should sound. I must say, but ... his
they will not understand. That's why this answer should sound. Even
It is clear that this choice will have to regret.

Because in fact I do not want this cold and terrible
in which we find only sadness.

Chapter 1

Soon the season changed, and the snow melted

I'm used to the cold. Since my birth and until now this

This city is the only place where I lived. So I

I think that winter in Tiba looks like this. Nothing Pleasant

There is no dry air, whipping the wind, freezing feet

cold, but I never hated it. It was something for me

It would be strange to complain. Generally,

The only question is whether the person experienced heat and cold,

superior to those to which he was accustomed. Consequently, to the heat

other places I'm also not used to.

For example, to blow a warm steam on the frozen fingers. Sound of friction

a scarf on a raincoat. Or here is the touch of the knee of the seated

next to a person on the bench. Feeling of this person is warm.

It became a little alarming from the thought that I could come in contact with

by this heat, and I moved slightly, and now between me and

sitting next to Yukinoshita and Yuigahama placed palm.

In this coastal evening park, apart from the three of us, there is no one. I

just now noticed that from here you can see a two-hull

The building where Yukinoshita lives. It is worth to go a little from the shopping

quarter to the station where Kaihin Park is located, cross

wide road, and you can go to a quiet sleeping area.

Let us also in the coastal zone, but the protective forests are noticeable

weaken the flow of cold air. Probably, we feel

cold because of the fact that there is not a soul around, just barely noticeable snow cover.

Today it's the same as the fourteenth of February. This day is called still St. Valentine's Day, the Day of Dried Japanese anchovies, and even today my sister Komachi takes the entrance exam in high school. And, of course, today we went to the oceanarium.

Since the lunch and until the evening, a lot of snow has accumulated, but grass and bushes can still be seen.

Snow absorbs sounds. I do not think that he absorbs absolutely everything sounds, just none of us dropped a word. We just sat there next, looking at a quiet, silent night.

The snow cover reflects moonlight and street lighting.

Therefore, there is a feeling that it is now lighter than should have been at this time of day. If the light source there were fluorescent lamps, it would have been colder. But now the snow had a warm orange tinge. And yet, it's worth

touch it - and it will disappear like dew. Yet this false-warm light gives us to understand that the sparks of light falling into the sea are real.

Yes, the snow does fall. Yes, we spent together the day does exist, and confirmation of this is unsteady warmth and time.

Slightly touch it - and it will melt, jokingly drop it - and he will dissolve. On the other hand, even if you are affectionate watching him - it will eventually disappear sooner or later. I

I thought, but could the snow not melt, if the cold continued?

But in a moment, when this useless thought surfaced in my head,

A shiver ran through his body. A small pile of snow in the corner already answered this question.

I waved my head and got up from the bench on which I sat.

From here you can see the vending machines of red and blue on edge of the park. Deciding to go there, I turned to the girls.

"Will you be something?"

They exchanged glances and waved their heads slightly, making it clear that they do not need anything. I nodded as a sign that I understood them.

I took out a trifle from the wallet, I put it in the receiver. My choice - can of coffee, as usual. At the same time I took two plastic a bottle of black tea. I sat down and put them in my coat pocket.

The jar of coffee I took last seemed so hot,

I could probably get a burn, but for a moment she

it seemed to me icy. Taking the jar in one hand, then in another, I began to think about why it happened. If you take the jar

with a warm hand, this question disappears. Surface temperature

- no more than numbers, and the meaning of these figures is predetermined. Heat and heat have a completely different meaning, and now I realized this.

Although, the fact that I realized this only now is by no means an excuse for pride.

Even more burning was the heat from the wallet, which I bought a long time ago for a hundred yen. Now he absorbed the heat someone else's knee, about 36 degrees. The heat is not physical,

which remains in the chest. I hid my wallet and went back to bench. I guessed that I would never again

I had the opportunity to feel this heat, so I walked slowly, but not stopped.

In my place, no one sat down. I also felt that very heat ... I still do not know how close I can go. Therefore I go

slowly, step by step. And can I make another step?

Approximately with these thoughts, I was approaching, just like the whole last year.

I approached closer and evaluated the distance again. When I did not know anything, then behaved inconsiderately, and when he noticed - restrained. But when I realized that I did not know anything, my feet stopped moving.

One more step. Well, at least half a step ...

And I stopped.



The bench under the lamp is as if in a spotlight. Two
The sitting shadows have extended and become vague. Looking at it,
I silently took a bottle from my pocket and held it out. Girls
awkwardly thanked me and took one at a time, thus,
so that our fingers do not touch, and I hid my hands in
pockets. A randomly taped cellophane bag rang out. I
he opened his pocket and looked inside. Yes, given cookies
still in place. They were no more or less. And then
the amount does not increase, even if shaken.

Yes, happiness just does not increase. It seems that it said something
whether Peter, or Chita, or Carousel 1 ... The trouble is that it
can deteriorate or decrease. It's easy to break and
crumbles, so I took out a check, but the pink cardboard
perfectly protects him from everything. When I was just going to
put it in place, from the side there was a sound of surprise.

Yukinoshita looked at him.

"A beautiful package." - She said, looking with a loving glance.

Yuigahama was surprised for a moment with a sudden cry, but immediately
leaned forward.

"Aha. I chose Masha for a long time. "

"What? Mast? Is this an Indian greeting? "

"No, that's namaste. Masta is the name of a packing tape. "-
said Yukinoshita, holding on to the whiskey.

"Despite the fact that you have a lot of useless knowledge,

greeting you do not know. "

"Fool. Greeting is all you need to create visibility of conversation. Prepared greetings are critical knowledge. "- I said and Yukinoshita tiredly smiled.

"For you, it means that even a greeting is a conversation ..."

"Aha. Therefore, I try to shake hands as little as possible. "

"Hickey! Do not you love talking so much? "

Well, I'm "hickey", what can I do about it. There is, after all, wisdom that The name defines the content. Hmm, and I already got used to

invented by Yuigahama nickname, it's "hickey" ... But in fact once I

shamefully looked away and blushed, quietly saying that I do not know a man with such a shameful name. And although no, I do not remember such. I reconciled with him from the very beginning.

Means, "masters" is an abbreviation from a packing tape. I will remember just in case. Although, I do not even know why it is needed. But,

Yukinoshita-san, you are well versed in the modern culture, I thought and looked in her direction. It seems, I understood what I was thinking, and smiled.

"This packing tape was originally used for painting, but now many of them are produced with decorative design. "

"Exactly! There are so many nice ribbons! And for packaging, and for notebooks ... "- began to tell Yuigahama enthusiastically. I I looked at the packaging again and drew attention to the

really attractive edging. Non-thick golden
tape with a pattern in the form of a dog's foot. Really beautiful.

It seems that Yuigahama got nervous when I turned to it
attention, and does not know where to look.

"Of course, I'm not sure about the taste ... But I tried." -
resolutely looking at me, as if gathering my will into a fist,
said Yuigahama. How can I ignore this serious
sight? I patted the package with the biscuits.

"Yes, this is understandable."

I really think so. But I have not tried them, either,
so about the taste I can not say anything, but worthy
efforts for the sake of another person, invested in this gift,
are felt and so. Therefore, I need to try to pick up
the most balanced words for the answer. Nothing
ostentatious, without jokes, and everything is clear even without words.

"In-in! Hickey, you were talking about how the striving looks
man ... "- proudly said Yuigahama, wagging a finger in the air.

"Remember, it means ..." - I was surprised. Good memory. Although, I did
I also remember. Yes, it was not a lie or something like that, I
I really believed in it, but I'm a little ashamed to hear
this is from someone else's lips. Yes, I quite often want to die on the spot
because of words that I inadvertently said at one time in the past.
Although, it seems, it is not shame to me alone.

"Of course. It's so easy not to forget ... I was even surprised at once. "

- Eyigahama smiled embarrassed and with some kind of dislike embraced herself. Hey, you! I, too, will become embarrassed! Now, an ambiguous smile. Our views met, and Yuigahama turned away.

"Well, Hickey, you've always been like that, so I'm used to it." - joked about Yuigahama, because of which Yukinoshita smiled.

"Indeed, what he does is at an oblique angle from what is expected. "

"In-in!" - Yuigahama agreed. Hey, hang on to this.

I thought to argue with Yukinoshita and looked in her side.

"I'm not the only one like that. Right, Nanameshita-san? "

"What kind of treatment is this?" - Nanameshsita-san drills me eyes, frowning. A Yuigahama set, looks from misunderstanding.

"A! How on therapy with animals? "

"Exactly. Although I do not know if it is slanting down or up. "- I agreed with Yuigahama and lightly scratched his cheek. Then we were not friendly, so I could not say for sure, but now it looks like

"What does he bring?". Yuigahama, probably, also understood this, nodded and thought it over.

"I do not even know. I thought she was pretty smart. "

Oh, and here's the refutation. But you can continue this conversation only refutations, and ... Most likely, she just wanted to play with the seals. But a good man will not say this, and

long conversation will turn out, therefore I will hide this question deeply in the chest. But it seemed that it was not possible to hide the Yuigahama. In such a Breasts something!

"Well, Yukinon, you're still a little spontaneous person, right? "- Yuigahama tried to somehow defuse the atmosphere, and said it a little louder, Yukinoshita responded to her cold eyes.

"Are you talking about yourself now?"

"Well, for example, as in maps, in the game" daihinmin "! I'm good, "Yuigahama tried to defend herself.

I also tried to pull out of that club of games, and the results a dark game.

"In my opinion, it was all about luck ..."

"So what? Luck is also an ability! Then was my day birth, so it's natural that I was lucky, and ... I was just I'm glad that something good happened ... "

Yuigahama began to speak loudly, but somewhere in the middle she and she bowed her head. Hey, you can not hear, say louder, eh? Bear in mind that I, too, felt ashamed when you began to talk about gifts! Perhaps I should also be persuaded head.

"What is the connection between a birthday and good luck? .." - murmured Yukinoshita.

"Oh, come on, stop it! Of course I have! We still won! "-

Outraged Yuigahama for misunderstanding Yukinoshita, after which they both grinned. Yuigahama rights, in the end we did win, so you can not think about it.

Surely her optimism saved me more than once. And me, and Yukinoshita.

Looking at the smile that appeared on Yukinoshita's lips, I'm sure she too, thought about it. She put her hair off her shoulder and rather she nodded.

"True, the main thing is that we won."

"Your hatred of loss has come out again." - flew away from me, for a couple with a grin. Yukinoshita responded calmly to me.

"But you like to lose."

"I would not say. I wanted to win every time." - I said, but me no longer heard. According to Yuigahama, she sighed.

"It was the same with tennis, and with the judo club."

"This is called in vain labor."

Yukinoshita gave a frustrated sigh. I, too, posing the question, in fact. It is necessary to clarify.

"I did not really work. In the case of judo, I'm only a little hurt my thighs. "

Yukinoshita also flared up in response.

"It's just an example. By the way, did you go to the hospital afterwards?

They often get used to such pains, and they become chronic. "

"Wow! Were you worried ?! Although, and I experienced a little! "-

Yuigahama was surprised at the pressure of Yukinoshita, and at the same time at the end used the opportunity. I would like to hear your advice

and support when they were in need. Perhaps, I still

I will answer their concern with the report.

"And I was in the hospital, in osteopathy, really. Knocked out himself direction for a general inspection. "- I declared proudly.

"What a prudent! In vain only worried! "- Yuigahama was unpleasantly surprised. Hey, I did not notice then that you worried about me! I frowned at her, she understood what I think, and tried to make amends by clapping her hands.

"But all the same on such, albeit stupid, tasks are also fun it was, something to do together. "

"... Is it?"

In part about the "stupid" I agree, but that together it was fun? .. I looked doubtfully at Yuigahama. She is proud straightened her breasts.

"Of course! Yumiko, Hina, Hayato-kun, Say-chan, Komachi-chan, we, after all having fun together. Yes, and on the summer holidays, for example. "- said Yuigahama, looking somewhere in the distance. Yukinoshita nodded.

"Summer camp ... I can not say about" fun ", but the event was lively. And you have not forgotten anyone? "

Yukinoshita cocked her head sideways. I also began to remember, how many of us were in the village of Chiba, and understood.

"Hiratsuka-sensei was the leader, so she hardly ever fun."

"I thought that sensei looked pleased."

Yukinoshita frowned. I understand her. Such a person
sensei, it's always fun. Ah, there was Tobe. Well, to hell with him, I'm his
I remember, and that's enough. Rip. Due to the fact that Tobe
Hayama asked a strange question, I was uncomfortable. Let it
also rests only in my memory. That summer there was a lot
things that I left only in my memory. That's so long
lies in my heart, which turned into a fossil.

I could not let Tsurumi Rumi go, because she told me someone
recalled. Perhaps it was too painful for me to look,
as an inarticulate image of "those around", despite their
blur, exerted irresistible pressure, or rather,
just once crushed her with her weight.

I can not call the result good.

But the image of the girl who offered her helping hand,
I realized that it was not real, I was weak
hope, like a plea. This, too, can be remembered. but
memories - this is such a thing that all people have that
were there. Therefore, maybe she could also say that she wanted
it would be remembered.

"The fireworks were fun too," said Yuigahama, looking
in the night sky. I also looked up. There are no bright circles,
no rain from sparks, a dense black sky.

"Fireworks..."

"Oh, remember!"

"Still would. I did not do anything else, so I easily remember days with some kind of events. "

It seemed to me that Yuigahama said a little jokingly, so I responded with self-deprecation, lowering my shoulders, and hid important memories deep inside. Then we smiled, sighed, and fell silent. To fill this silence, Yukinoshita she sighed loudly.

"That is, you only remember a couple of days from more than forty days of vacation ... "

"Well yes. I did not have time to look back, how they ended. However, immediately after the holidays began serious turmoil. "

"There are always a lot of cases in the second half of the year."

"Aha. Although, it's all the fault of that head of the executive committee. "

I remembered someone and the timbre of my speech became sarcastic. Yuigahama also grimaced in displeasure.

"I will not say anything."

Wah, Yuigahama-san, you are so kind! As a rule, it should there is a trial in absentia and a verdict to the highest measure! Yukinoshita she also lowered her shoulders. She seems to want to comment too my humble opinion. Wah, is it really Yukinoshita-san, too?

"It's not only Sagami-san that is to blame."

"Oh, you named her name."

"You were not going to hide it either." -

Yukinoshita glanced at me and put a finger to her temple,
as if her head aches. I scratched my head, as if apologizing,
and Yukinoshita coughed.

"Then many different problems simultaneously collapsed."

What she was saying was abstract words in
simplified form. Although, how else can this be said? We do not care
understood what she wanted to say. Inappropriate planting their own
interests, carefree shedding of responsibility on others and in
the result is stubbornness, as well as avoiding actions, and so on. But I
I think that by repeating this over and over again, recognizing each other, we
could find the right answer. For each his own, but as a result -
one.

"And, most importantly - too tight schedule." - summed up

Yukinoshita. Yuigahama nodded in agreement.

"Aha. After that, there was a school trip. "

"There was a lot of trouble there, too," I said, and noticing where I was going conversation,
could not say anything more. I was followed by

Yukinoshita and Yuigahama.

"We could not just enjoy the city. We saw only

Kiyomizu-dera, and a variety of torii. And almost nothing from
local food is not tried ... But the theme park was like!

And a haunted house ... "

"This is called turmoil."

Yuigahama looked cheerful, and Yukinoshita - on the contrary,

tired. We are in different classes, so the schedule was everyone's own, but even if we were together - unlikely Yukinoshita would go to the house with ghosts. She does not like it. Yes, and I, too, in fact.

"Yes, and we, in fact, saw the city. Ryoan-ji, Fusimi Inari, Tofuku-ji, Kitano-Temmangu ... And I visited even more places. A in the hotel served cooked tofu and udon-ski. In addition, we visited the cafe, which they wanted. " - she told me a lot Yukinoshita.

Yes ... Exactly, I remembered the taste of what we ate there in the morning. And in that The beautiful cafe was very tasty, there's nothing to say.

"And ramen ..." - carefully added Yukinoshita.

"Ramen?" - Yuigahama tipped her head in surprise, but Yukinoshita nothing more said. I decided to continue.

"Yes, there are a lot of famous cafes in Kyoto. Especially in the area Kitasirakawa and Itigiuzzi sea of different cafes. I wish I could go, if there was time ... Eh, Takayasu, Tentanya, Yume about the Qatar ... "

"Ah, what?"

"No, nothing. Just the name of the cafe, where I wanted to go. Not pay attention. "

"Uh-huh." - said in a questioning tone, after I tried to calm her down. I will continue the conversation at the same pace.

"Only I was freed from the Sagami, as Isshiki said.

"Haha ... Yes, the presidential elections were difficult." – sad grinned Yuigahama. From the corner of my eye I noticed that Yukinoshita

I lowered my shoulders slightly, and I sighed slightly.

"And as soon as the election ended, the Christmas event began, with all the "lodzihikal - majikal", "oh, for sure!", it was also

hard time."

"I also did not understand what he was saying. Although, I still do not I understand. "- Yukinoshita angrily giggled and straightened her back. Yuigahama knocked her on the shoulder.

"But then we went to destiny-land! We are not just a gift they got there, and even there was Pan-san and other things! "

"Well yes. Not everything was so bad. "- Yukinoshita smiled, looking to smile Yuigahama. I also wanted to smile, looking at them.

Indeed, not everything was so bad. I think, in everything, that we did, there was some meaning. I do not know if I could take responsibility for Ishiki Irohu, and whether the final was the right one Tsurumi Rumi. Besides, I do not know what she meant by those words in the end. But, at least, I think it was all not in vain. This is why we were able to calmly approach the decline of that year.

I am sure that I feel this warm not only me, but also these two girls also. Therefore, Yuigahama very warmly responds about that time.

"Somehow the year passed quickly. Probably, because many events happened."

"Yes, and at the beginning of the year, too, there was a lot to do. Especially at my house - Komachi began to actively prepare for admission. "

It seems that the beginning of the new semester was also not calm.

Stupid rumors now and then created confusion. Calm was

only the New Year itself. Therefore, I think only about the beginning of the year, and I think about exams Komachi.

"I hope the first visit to the church did not go to waste."

"M? Ah, for sure. I agree."

Probably on my face there was excitement about the results examination. He even made Yukinoshita calm me!

"Because of this, I can not help but worry," I said, change the subject, and Yuigahama nodded.

"Aha. Then let's, when it's over, we'll get together the end of the meeting! "

"Of course. It's great to celebrate the arrival. "

"Agree."

"Aha!"

Although I'm talking about the arrival of Komachi as if it were already one of them did not deny it - they only answered with a smile. Thank you for that. I am widely smiled. But Yuigahama became sad.

"We are not strangers anymore ..."

"Well yes. We also exactly one year will have entrance exams to university. And then ... "Yukinoshita said and lowered her eyes. And so it is clear how this proposal ends. After exams we will issue.

"A year is so little ..."

These words were filled with realism much stronger than I expected. In fact, our conversation - no more, than a way to kill time. Surely they also understand this.

"It was the fastest year of my life." - said

Yukinoshita, taking a deep breath. Yuigahama slapped her hands.

"I think so too! I wonder why so? You know how grown-ups often say that with age, time starts to go faster? I this is understood! "

"So there really was a lot to do. Orders, consultations and the like did not stop. It's all wine Hiratsuki-sensei.

"The instigator." - Smiling sadly, said Yukinoshita. Face Yuigahama expressed the same emotions.

And it is true. It all started with her words, albeit pretty unpretentious. I think it was her spontaneous idea. And already very

Soon everything will end. But the outcome of the fight is still as unclear, everything as if in a fog. But we will surely come to a concrete answer,

if this fog is removed, even if this answer is wrong, even if we lose something.

The past can be stirred forever. Especially this year - it can be discuss without stopping, smiling cheerfully and laughing. we talked about what they wanted, and kept silent about what is not

wanted to talk. Although they did not actually say anything,

that really wanted to say. Deliberately, with understanding.

If you carefully avoid any topic, it immediately becomes

It is clear that this topic is important.

I think everyone here understands this.

That's why this conversation ended.

We spent together no more than a year. For this year there was a lot of what we remember that we had forgotten, and that we pretended that forgot. Talk about the past, about memories, sooner or later come to an end. When the past approaches the present - the end is inevitable. So, we need to start talking about the future.

Perhaps that's why we all sighed and fell silent.

Invisible, unknown, incomprehensible, but at the same time inevitable. We can not see or know him, but, moving forward, we can no longer go back.

In the resulting silence, someone corrected the scarf .

"The snow has stopped." - said Yuigahama to nowhere, having looked up into the misty night sky. Yukinoshita did not say anything, but just smiled slightly and looked up too. Her smile

It was like the moonlight breaking through the clouds.

Perhaps they are looking at the same moon.

As it is still.

They were always there, looking at almost the same thing, conducting a lot of time with each other. But, most likely, the answer at each your own. I can say with certainty that this answer

Will not change. Therefore, not to say it out loud, we

they talked about something else. About the weather, about coffee, and trivial memories.

"They say that when I was born, it was snowing. That's why they called me Yukino. How simple, is not it?" - Suddenly said Yukinoshita, as if laughing at himself. Yuigahama affectionately smiled and answered in a low voice.

"But this is a wonderful and very beautiful name."

Realizing that no one asked my delight, I also nodded.

"Good name."

Yuigahama looked at me with a slightly surprised look, blinking, and Yukinoshita froze in astonishment and looks at me, widely opening his eyes. Because of this reaction, I also felt uneasy, and I He turned his gaze to the other side, brought his coffee to his mouth and did it. sip to distract.

I actually believed that the name is beautiful, so I deny I'm not going to do anything. Yukino's name suits her very well. Beautiful, with a shade of frailty and loneliness. Strange, but there is no image of cold and frost.

"Thank you." - Yukinoshita said in a weak voice, and I again looked at her. She clenched her fists on her skirt and lowered her head. Her black hair hid her face like a veil, but her Blushing cheeks were still visible. Probably Yuigahama she also noticed it and smiled affectionately. I heard a weak laughter, Yukinoshita cautiously cleared her throat, lifted her face and

straightened up.

"They say that this mother chose my name. Although, about this to me said the sister. "She began to speak softly, and she did disappearing in the air with her voice, and lowered her gaze. On her face there was a grim, strained smile, which made him for a moment Yuigahama and I hesitated.

Maybe it's worth drowning in silence at least something? For example, what is mine name, Hachiman, much easier, or that the mother and father have long chosen a name for Komachi, unlike me. Come up with something to distract ... Or maybe it's better to entrust this to Yuigahama, and then join. But I, and Yuigahama decided to keep silent, breathing in. Mother Yukinoshita, and Haruno-san. We know almost nothing about relations between them. Although, similarly, we do not know almost nothing about the Yuigahama family, yes they are about my family almost do not know anything.

Therefore, ignorance is the main thing. I do not know them, I do not know almost nothing about them. Therefore, I do not know how to correctly answer. When I did not know anything at all - I still had an indulgence. If you are you do not know the person, nobody will blame you for inappropriate words, for misunderstanding, and even more so, it is absolutely normal not to communicate with strangers. And if you come across a troublesome

deed - you can simply ignore it, because you are on really an outsider.

However, we already know each other enough that

ignore and do not pretend to be uncomprehending. Do this now - shamelessness. But I do not know what to do now. I could start a conversation with some other topic, tune in to the general wave, open, and, neatly, not pressing, say something, reminiscent of advice. This is already like an exemplary decision, on which is naturally capable of any. But after all, we came to what is happening now, just the same because of this fake. My hand involuntarily squeezed the jar of coffee, but the steel bank does not lend itself. In return, the fingertips trembled, and the sound of liquid was heard, so quietly we sit.

Lightly shaking the jar, I checked how much coffee remained.

I decided that as soon as I finish the drink, I'll start a conversation. And if I decided, then I have no choice but to do. So it was always.

I was always sucked, dragged, entangled, and in the end

I had to make a decision. This is my character. My

determination is not something I can be proud of or for

I can be praised, just a habit. I'm almost always alone,

loner, so I have to do everything myself. Solo player

- this does not mean that I am very capable, even on the contrary -

I almost do not like everything. The only thing that I get

it's good to lull yourself, to persuade you to surrender.

But, it seems, now I will not be able to deceive myself. Especially if

the conversation will turn out to be frank. Apparently, I really avoided

think about the future. It seems that the word "ran away" here is not quite right. "Avoided" is much closer. Another approach "evaded". Not

I think that this can be called escapism. Because I'm his
despise.

In the end, I did not look for any solutions and answers,
so that it all ended. The question itself, its essence and complexity,
are unclear, and I waited for him to dissipate like a morning mist. I
arbitrarily decided that we would all just dissolve one day. For
I can not judge the feelings of the girls, but it's unlikely that I
strongly mistaken. After all, after all, I went a long way with them, then
whether happy, whether not, similar either to daytime sleep, or to
strangulation with cotton.
But this does not happen.

Yuigahama Yui already raised the question.

Yukinoshita Yukino has already shown a desire for an answer.

And what about Hikigaya Hachiman?

The last I just laughed at this love story.

The future I would not forgive this answer, which is not the answer either
to call. Now I am embraced by the understanding that I do not know,
that is right, and I make a mistake. It turns out that I must
make an effort to correct this error. I have to start
conversation. I finished the cooled coffee to the end.

"Yukinoshita, can I listen to you?" - I said, carefully
selecting words.

I wonder what she will understand from these words? I do not even know what she is wants to hear. But it seems that they had enough. In this phrase there is no no unimportant details, nothing can be extracted from it. Although, to create something she could, because the will to talk and desire to promote the frozen relations there is.

Yuigahama looks at me with bated breath, as if inquiring my determination. Yukinoshita also tensed and bowed down head.

"I ... can I tell you?" - quietly, with indecision in his voice she said. Yuigahama and I looked at her uncertainly, but the sequel was only a sigh. Interestingly, it was a question? Not it seems that she asked me something. I tried to answer a nod to her barely audible question. In response to Yukinoshita frowned and took a pause. She must be, like me, looking for suitable words. Yuigahama moved closer to her, as if pushing from behind, and touched her arm.

"You know, I thought for a long time if it was worth waiting. Because I heard many different stories. " - said Yuigahama and put her head down on Yukinoshita. I do not know what's behind her closed eyelids, but warm, as if from the petting of a puppy, did their job. Voltage Yukinoshita leaves, and fists clenched on her skirt slowly They parted to squeeze the hand of Yuigahama.

They held hands, as if checking the temperature of their hands friend, and Yukinoshita began to talk slowly.

"Yuigahama-san, you asked me what I want ... But I do not

I know. "- she said in a languid voice, like a lost child.

Probably, we, silently listening to her, looked exactly the same - like children who are at a dead end. Yuigahama sadly lowered her gaze. Yukinoshita noticed this and, as if comforting Yuigahama, or encouraging her, she smiled pleasantly.

"But I have what I want to do. There was something I wanted to be engaged. "

"Did you want? .." - like an echo, repeated to Yuigahama. Yukinoshita with some pride nodded in return.

"To take up work as a father."

"Ah ... But this is ..."

I remembered that Yukinoshita's father was a member of the prefectural council and manager of a construction company. Haruno-san, too About it spoke. But Yukinoshita continued, without giving me time to swarm in memory.

"Yes. But I still have a sister ... And it's not up to me to decide. Decides mother. "- Yukinoshita said with a cold voice, and looked somewhere into the distance. We did not dare to interrupt her. It seems, when the person speaks of the past, his gaze rushes into the distance.

Yukinoshita looks up at the sky. I also looked up. It looks like there above, the wind blows, because of what the thin clouds run, not stopping. Because of the moonlight, their wadding structure is good is visible. Maybe it's enough to worry about the clouds already? Snow Clouds already disappeared, and several stars are seen. Starlight is already very

many years, this is a distant past. It's possible that these stars
now may not even exist, makes this light more
more beautiful. It seems to people that what they do not have is beautiful,
and what they have lost. Knowing this, they can not reach out for
desired, because in a moment, when you touch it, it will lose its color and
decays. In the soul, you understand that what you can grab
- not so gorgeous. Perhaps Yukinoshita, speaking
about their desires in the past tense, and Eyigahama,
carefully listening to her, this is also understood.

"Mother always decided everything. She controlled and limited her sister,
but left me free. So I sought after my sister,
not knowing what to do. "

In her whisper she could hear the longing for the old days and regret for
past, and in the eyes was loneliness and bitterness.

"... And now I do not know what to do. After all, my sister was right. "

- slowly, word for word she said, and looked
Down, on the toes of their beautiful legs, as if checking, did not
whether she is a step forward. We had nothing to say. Yukinoshita, it seems,
noticed a painful silence, and smiled, as if trying
to deceive us.

"This is the first time I've told anyone about this."

Surrendering to her smile, a lightened
exhalation.

"Did not you tell anyone about this?" I asked, just to

keep the conversation going.

"Father and mother hinted about this, I suppose ..." - she said and thought it over. It was so long ago, what do you have to remember? She is I thought a little, but then shook my head.

"But I do not remember them listening to me. They just told me, so I do not worry, apparently, because it will inherit sister."

"Did you tell this to Haruno-san?" - asked Yuigahama.

"I think not." - leaning his finger against his chin and tilting his head Yukinoshita answered sarcastically and smiled sadly.

"With her character ..."

Judging by the fact that her younger sister speaks of Haruno-san Yukinoshita, a friend of Hayam's childhood, with Yukinoshita Haruno difficult talk about the future, what about personal life, what about dreams and hopes. I think someone will give it formally to someone else. a faithful, based on popular dogma advice, but without any doubt, without any pressure. Or maybe she'll just agree to inspire a person with a temporary sense of satisfaction and relief. For her, it's easy. But I can guarantee, that as soon as it comes to someone close, she will abruptly change his attitude. Mocking, joking, pinching is self but then she will play a joke for the rest of her life, even if the problem is solved. Once Hayama Hayato talked about this. They have more experience in this regard, for sure they know what they say. Perhaps that's why Yukinoshita did not start talking with

Haruno-san on this subject.

Although, I also did not talk to my family about my species for further life and training. I do not know if it's good or bad, but so far in my life there was no need to take a decision that I could not take alone. Looks like, because of this I do not understand anything in family conversations. If my family had some kind of family business, maybe I could understand these views, but I grew up in a family of ordinary office workers. Eyigahama, I think, too. She has a dull look, and looks it's somewhere down. Yukinoshita saw our reaction, and the beginning speak quietly.

"But I think I should have talked to her. Even if it does not to happen ... I guess I did not ask, because I was just afraid give a clear answer. "- Yukinoshita said, remembering the past.

Maybe this is what is called regret about the past. In any this is a past that can not be returned. But she looks straight ahead, towards Yuigahama and me.

"Therefore, for a start, I will check this ... This time I will accept the decision itself, at will, and not on someone's advice to convince myself ... And surrender. "- Yukinoshita sighed slightly and smiled. Yukinoshita said "give up" in a soft voice ...

It seems that Yukinoshita all this time carried this calm submission to fate. Wore, because there was nothing definite.

You do not know what's inside the box until you open it. Until then
You can only speculate, but the result is unknown.

However, it will all end when the observer surrenders. Result
there will be only one.

"I only have one request. Watch me to the end.

That will be enough. " - she said slowly, stammering, but
verifying every word, as if making an oath before the deity.

Yukinoshita touched the scarf and closed her eyes. She did

This is not to cope with the cold, but to correct
collar.

"This is your answer, Yukinon?" Asked Yuigahama slowly. But
she still looks down, not Yukinoshita. But Yukinoshita
looked directly at Yuigahama.

"Maybe not." - with a tense smile, she said and squeezed
Yuigahama's hand, and she looked up at her.

"But then ..." - as soon as Yuigahama's eyes met with
Yukinoshita, she froze in mid-sentence, and stopped. I also
I could not say anything, I probably even forgot to breathe, so
beautiful was the smile of Yukinoshita. She removed the long black ones
hair, revealing her light thin face, and her crystal eyes
captivated me. This look did not tremble, did not get lost, but intently
looked at us. In her deep blue look, there is not a fraction of the lie,
I thought.

"But I want to clarify what I'm capable of. I think that I can then

start everything right. "

There was no stagnation in the words, nor was it in the strongly compressed hands, firm eyes, straightened posture.

"Start as it should ..." - muttered Yuigahama, like her heat. Yukinoshita nodded to her.

"Yes. I'll go home and talk about everything from the beginning. "

"So, this can be considered your answer ..." - I said. Is not there was a question, which means that it was told to myself. But Yukinoshita heard my muttering. She put her fists lightly clenched on knees.

"A lot of time has passed, and I have not been able to surrender, therefore, I think this is what I really want. I do not believe that this is - mistake. " - Yukinoshita said quietly, and looked inquiringly on me. I can understand it to some extent, or agree.

Here you can name what does not change, no matter how many time has passed, it does not lose its color no matter how much dust gathered. Unlike the fake, which will break if you wait or try to abandon it. I think the real desire is not disappears, even if you turn away from him, look away, pretend that you do not see, forget. If this is her the desired result, then I have nothing to say.

For me, the only thing important is that Yukinoshita Yukino made the choice itself, made the decision without relying on someone else's opinion or views, pressure, or succumbing atmosphere. Destruction of something is not enough cause for it

lose pride and honor. She should desire this from the heart, and not because someone else wants it.

"Try it, why not." I said, looking at her a little

An uncertain look and nodded. Yukinoshita straightened up.

"Clear. I think this is also the answer. "

Yuigahama, who had previously been looking at Yukinoshita with hand, looked down and nodded several times.

"Thank you." Yukinoshita said softly and looked down. therefore I do not know what kind of face she had. I think I'll never know. But Even if I noticed, then for sure I forgot at once, - so clear was the face of Yukinoshita when she again looked at us. Yukinoshita did not say a word more me, nor Yuigahama, and got up from the bench.

"Come on, it's already cold." - she said and went to the side exit from the park, and then, I believe, to his house. Moving away A little, Yukinoshita turned in our direction.

Her fluttering in the wind are black hair, a swaying skirt and scarf ... her look was so beautiful that I did not dare come up.

But I promised to look at it to the end.

So I followed her.

Even if I have to regret this, I pray into emptiness to there was no lie in her words.

Chapter 2

Actually, Yukinoshita Haruno is not Drunk at all

I've already been here.

Two similar buildings on each other, multi-story buildings are twins.

Yukinoshita lives on one of the upper floors in one of the buildings.

Last time I was here, when Yukinoshita undermined health

during a cultural festival. Then she lived alone, and I

came to her with Yuigahama. I was not here any more. And here

Eyigahama must have been here before, and after. Apparently,

thanks to this, she calmly out of habit

automatic doors next to Yukinoshita. I, f or example, do not

could not calm down. To go to the girl's house is so exciting!

Although, we just just went into the lobby of her house. At home

girls are terrible - I began to worry, still did not even enter

Inside! In such a dangerous dungeon, dating would be

a mistake for sure.

It was quiet in the lobby, as there was no one else but us. If

If I were Basho, I would say that this silence pervades the rocks.

Basho, are you angelo? All that my ears hear is

agitated breath. The elevator room door is noiseless

closed. Matte opaque glass in orange plywood

The frame has the same color as the exterior of the building, therefore

Look out can not.

Glancing toward the door, I saw Yukinoshita take out the key from portfolio, but does not insert it into the intercom, but instead it rings them. If Yukinoshita lived alone, she would not be shy took advantage of them, but now in its territory is somebody else. I have no idea why Yukinoshita lives alone. I had Possibilities to ask, but I did not ask, and hardly ever, I dare to find out for sure. Not that it was for me uninteresting, I lack something else. In general, I do not know, how to ask, and at what point it is better to do it. I always I was afraid to go into other people's private affairs, because you never know, where the mine is buried.

Empirically, I understand that an incautious phrase can deeply injure a person. For example, if at an interview ask about your relationship, then said in an inappropriate the moment this phrase can cause a significant damage to the interlocutor, Even if the questioner did not mean anything wrong. A, Again, I'm talking about myself ... The bottom line is that to touch on the unspoken information is always a risk. But I can still do something Yukinoshty to ask. The information that we both own, can be the foundation for further conversation.

"Is she still here?"

"Probably, yeah."

It is not necessary to speak her name so that it is clear who he is talking about. She, Yukinoshita Haruno, probably said that she would wait in apartments. Yukinoshita answered with a faint smile on her face, and

again rang the keys. It seems, this time already decided. She is put the keys in the hole, but the silent automatic door opened much faster.

"Wow, Yukino-chan!" - a wild voice sounded and was heard easy steps. On the other side of the open door stood Yukinoshita

Haruno. The light from the vestibule illuminated her.

"Sister..."

One looks with a stupid look, the other with a confused. I still once convinced that they are very similar to each other sisters. No, I understand that they have similar faces, but even without my subjective opinion they are beautiful sisters. But only they leave a different impression, so for me each of them beautiful in its own way. But at that moment I did not think so deeply, just noticed that they are similar. Slightly slightly open mouth, wide eyes, and a look at each other. But this image collapsed pretty quickly.

"Welcome back!"

Perhaps because she patted Yukinoshita

The shoulder, and the expression of Haruno's face was much softer than usual.

And the clothes on it are not strict, as usual, but broad and fluffy.

Domestic clothes, I guess. And on top she threw a coat, not putting his hands in his sleeves, and sandals on his feet. View as if saying: "Hey, you there!". In addition, her hair was wet, and cheeks - pink. Usually the pupils were sharp, and now

she seemed to be sleepy. Yukinoshita also noticed that her sister does not look as usual, and looked at her with reproach.

"... Drunk?"

"Well yes. But I'm a little bit. "- Haruno-san gestured, like to grab the air with your thumb and forefinger. But, judging by the melting smile and gestures, one can guess that she drank decently. In the view of Yukinoshita and Yuigahama there was contempt. It seems that Haruno-san has become a little awkwardly, and she coughed.

"You're back, so ..."

"Yes. I want to talk to you. "- Yukinoshita abruptly changed the subject without firmness and without a shadow of excitement on his face. Seeing this, Haruno-san answered shortly

"It's clear." - she said indifferently and looked away
elevator.

"Well, will you come in?" You can not talk here. "

"No, we just came here," I said.

"Y-yes. Were not you going to go somewhere? "

answered Yuigahama and I, because they were a little surprised by her words. You can not even interfere in such a personal
a business. But, in spite of this, Haruno-san began to push Yuigahama in
back.

"Come on you! I was just going to go to the supermarket! "

"N-but ..." - rested on Yuigahama, but still have to

Move when you are pushed in the back. Yukinoshita confused
sighed and followed Haruno-san and Yuigahama aside
elevator. Haruno-san hummed something to herself, and when they reached
before the elevator, began to poke into the call button. Hey, he's not coming.
faster from the fact that you constantly poke it ... On the contrary, in
some models are a cancellation function. Because of this, Haruno-san
seemed to me even younger. I somehow thought she was bad
gets drunk, but her staggering look ...

Even when the elevator arrived, and we sat in it, it was crowded
a bit uncomfortable. Only Haruno-san looked cheerful, and we
looked attentively at the floor counter.

It seemed to me that the hanging silence was pressing on my shoulders. Yuigahama,
it seems, also noticed it, and spoke to Haruno-san.

"Did you drink in the house?"

"M? Of course not. I drank in another place, and only the shower came
Take it to be sober. You know, after drinking
I always want something sweet. "- she said and
looked inquiringly in my direction.

"No, actually I do not know."

And how should I know? We are minors, after all ...

Haruno-san, it seems, guessed, and sadly bowed her head.

"Precisely. Well, when you can all drink, then you will understand. "

"What is this annoying student's saying?"

"How impudently." Said Haruno-san and grabbed my ear. I have

ears and so ached with frost, so also a new attack ... Oh,
no! My weak ears! Besides, it smells nice of her
alcohol, and even the scent of shampoo ... Seriously, stop ...
By the way, where does the smell come from?
"I want to drink - I want to eat." She said as quietly as if she
it did not matter if they heard it or not. But the time for an answer is mine
was not - we have already arrived on the floor where Yukinoshita lives.
Yukinoshita turned the door handle and we went into the hallway.
The scheme of her apartment, most likely - popular now 3LDK, then
there is a living room, a kitchen, and a dining room. I did not climb on
Living room last time, but she was pretty
spacious, and from the corridor I saw the door of the room, which
presumably a bedroom.
But now something has changed in the apartment. So it seemed to me.
Corridor from the hallway, right up to the living room - everything
beautifully cleaned, and the living room has not changed. Probably, only
Yukinoshita noticed that it had changed. She looked at
sideboard to the side of the sofa. I also became interested in what it is
looks.
Something like this I saw in the room at Yuigahama. It seems, this
called aromatic chopsticks. Looking closely, this
there were wooden sticks that looked like wands Pritz 2 ,
inserted into the pot. At the bottom of the pot, I noticed some
liquid. This is the basis of the smell that spreads
through these macaroni, I suppose. Delicate floral fragrance,

sweetish incense fills the room.

In theory, they should relax, but I can not on the contrary because of

He calm down, because I smell, which in the past

time was no. The existence of a stranger changes the atmosphere.

Accommodation here Yukinoshita Haruno had a small

influence.

Ah, so that's it. I was caught by the smell that was not included in the

image of Yukinoshita Yukino. It must have been brought by Haruno-san.

If we talk about my personal perception, then if Yukinoshita

and brought some flavor, it would be cool and

pure, such as mint or soap. And this smell, it seems,

Yukinoshita did not particularly like, and she, like a frightened cat,

she looked threateningly at this fragrance, frowned, and went

to heat the water into the kitchen. Apparently, he's going to pour tea

visitors.

But Haruno-san, on the contrary, looked pleased. Mooring for yourself

something under her nose, she opened the refrigerator, took out a bottle from there,

jumped on the sofa and lay down comfortably. Putting a glass and a bottle on

She pulled out her long, peeking out

shorts legs and rather stretched. I did not know how to take

her slovenly look. Haruno-san then waved her hand,

as if beckoning to himself.

"Sit where you want."

"Sister, why are you here to command?" - Sighing tiredly,

said Yukinoshita, when she returned to the living room with black tea, and put it on the coffee table. She delivered four cups so that we could take the right places.

Haruno-san reached out her hand for tea and drank it in one gulp.

After which she exhaled quite enough, pouring champagne into her wineglass. Yuigahama closely watched her.

"Is that ... wine?" Do you often drink it? "

"I drink everything. And beer, and wine, and sake, and Shaoxing wine. "

"Cool! It's so cool, so much to know about alcohol. "

Haruno-san smiled back.

"I do not know anything about him. I just go to the appropriate one shop, where everything is more or less pleasant to the taste, I say something about the mood and preferences, and they pick me up. "

Ha. On the contrary, it's so cunning to do it so cunningly. I understand, yes.

You start the conversation, and gradually gain momentum.

You mention the names of wines, for example, Morii-zo, Mao, Dassai, as

He was a steep student who hardly knew the joy of drinking. But in some the sense of Haruno-san chooses sake in the mind. I do not like people, who pour out their wisdom behind a glass. Especially those who praises Belgian beer and denies Japanese dry beer. it

a kind of illness "of the second year in the age of majority society ". And why do we boys like to talk about

What they did not ask us? What to do, so we are arranged. But very sad if there is no knowledge, for example ...

"Sommelier, sommelier!"

I do not even know what to think of a girl with sparkling eyes,
Gahame-chan, who has a zero vocabulary. Vocabulary
the stock of modern writers is terribly terrible. And this horror is deep.
But still the impact of alcohol can not be underestimated. There is even
companies who communicate only in a drunken state, so
At least in this you can recognize the usefulness of alcohol.
For example, if a drunk utters a phrase for which you can
would be mortally offended, then you can write off all the blame for
alcohol. And here not! The one who was not drunk, this never
will forget.

If we talk about the current moment, then Haruno-san has become more
open under the influence of alcohol. Apparently, therefore, Yuigahama
feels freer to her. Haruno-san brought the glass to
mouth, and, enjoying the aroma of champagne, published a pleasant
moan. This gesture is very good for her. Yuigahama also looks at her with
enthusiasm.

"Wow, how cool."

"Cool?"

Well, Haruno-san, of course, is cool, but here's how to praise her ... If you drink alcohol - it's
cool, then those alcoholics without anterior teeth,
walking in the vicinity of the Nakayama racecourse, also steep. And those
Men who drink in broad daylight in Koiva or Kasai, it turns out,
handsome? But Yuigahama, it seems, has no idea about the negligent
adult drunkards, so she liked the drinking Haruno-

san.

"Drinking women look somehow cool ..."

"Hey, throw this stupid thought out of your head this instant."

Hey, you! Your train of thought worries me! Find a good circle,
when you go to university! Promise brotherhood! However, the share
There is truth in Yuigahama's words. We constantly admire
adult things.

Perhaps the reason is only the inaccessibility of alcohol and tobacco for
us. Becoming adults, we can quickly and easily get these
proof that we are already adults. However, if nearby

there is a dull drunkard, alcohol does not attract ... For example,
my father sometimes came back, staggering, and asked for help
to undress after drinking with partners ... And what should I think? I
easily sighed, and at the same time sighed someone else. Having looked in
that side, I saw that Yukinoshita was going to the kitchen for
mineral water. She gave a bottle of Haruno-san, and stretched out
hand behind a bottle of champagne.

"Simple drinking is not cool. Cool is
enjoy the quality of alcohol, using common sense and
moderation."

"That's it, I'm doing it."

However, Haruno-san giggled and hugged the bottle, not wanting her
give away. Yukinoshita rested her hands on her hips and looked at her with
discontent.

"Are you still going to drink?"

"There are days when you want to drink. In addition, alcohol is grease life. "

"... I think it brings more problems."

Yes, this statement does not lead to anything good. For example, if you blur out something about greasing at an interview for work, you almost certainly will not accept, because they need gears!

Although, sometimes you still need people who play the role of lubricant, soft, or, maybe, light.

In fact, Haruno-san ignored Yukinoshita's remark and took another sip.

"Do not worry, I'll listen to you." - she said calmly, but not drunk at all. I think that Yukinoshita also understood this.

She removed the plastic bottle she refused to take

Haruno-san, and smiled slightly.

"Well, yes, you are not the kind of person who could talk normally on a sober head"

"Exactly!" - jokingly said Haruno-san, turning the glass, and looked through Yukinoshita. But even through

The golden light filter Yukinoshita's look was still the same

sharp.

"So, what did you want to talk about?" She asked carelessly, clicking the tip of his finger on the glass. What a beautiful quiet ringing, But in him there was a tension similar to the first step in

thin ice. Then there was only the hiss of bubbles. All this took very little time. I and Yuigahama are outsiders, we here you can not say anything, so we were only heard from sound of breathing.

She said that she wants us to look at her. therefore I, without saying a word, look where I've got to wait, when she will begin to talk. When our views met by chance - I turned away, but I soon decided to look hard at the face Yukinoshita.

All this time, Yukinoshita did not say anything, and Haruno-san on She gazed intently. She opened her mouth a little, then again closed, as if carefully choosing the right words, and it was so quiet that I was not even sure that she breathed. But I saw only one confusion.

Yukinoshita smiled faintly and suddenly started speak.

"About us ... About what will happen to us," she said, not loudly, but cold and bold. I even thought that her voice was heard echo. Or, perhaps, I was inspired by her timbre. Perhaps the direct Unbending eyes and wide-open eyes are capable of to shake the heart of the listener. And Haruno-san is no exception.

"You want to tell me this, too, then?" - delightedly she asked.

"Yes. Because this conversation concerns me, you, and mother "

After hearing this sentence, Haruno-san narrowed her eyes and slightly

tilted her head sideways. She thought about something for a second, everything understood and sadly lowered her shoulders.

"Ah, here you are about ... It's not what I wanted to hear" - said

Haruno-san sighed, and looked.

"Is it true?" - she asked, looking at Yuigahama, as if searching confirmation. The look of Haruno-san made Yuigahama tense.

But Yukinoshita stopped this, leaning forward.

"I want you to listen to me," she said confidently.

voice. The timbre is the same, and the volume is the same, just said it was

a little bit faster. That's where I saw determination. In this phrase, not

There was a place of confusion or uncertainty, and even more so there

there was no mistake, and the words of Yukinoshita Yukino certainly reached

Yukinoshita Haruno. Haruno-san, continuing to lean his elbow

on the sofa, slowly put a glass of champagne on the nightstand and

The village was flat. This position implies that she is waiting for the continuation from Yukinoshita.

"In general, I will return home. I want to talk seriously with my mother

about the future and my plans ... To, even if it does not work out,

I did not have any regrets. "Yukinoshita said and broke off,

She closed her eyes and sighed unevenly. Thin shoulders trembled, and

shiny long black hair hid her face. I can not

to see her face, but she continued.

"I want to express in words at least this that they understand me"

she said and put her hair away. Behind them was a soft smile

on a thin face. Seeing her face, my spirit took hold of me. Probably, and at Yuigahama too, so beautiful was the sight of Yukinoshita. Through her His eyes shone with bright determination, and his cheeks turned purple. Perhaps that's why no one could answer her. Only Haruno-san sighed with some regret, and I looked at Haruno-san, again I forgot to breathe: the smile of Haruno-san was very much like a smile Yukinoshita. Kind and soft, light smile, though a few cool.

"It's clear ... So this is your answer, Yukino-chan." - gently, kindly said Haruno-san. Yukinoshita to her in the affirmative she nodded. But Haruno-san continued for some time look at her with an appraising look. Seeing that Yukinoshita did not she sighed briefly.

"Okay. It's already a little better," said Haruno-san to herself, and calmly took the glass and drained it in one gulp. She is looking to an empty glass, and I do not know what Haruno-san sees behind his curve glass. I see only dripping drops.

Haruno-san looked at the glass and nodded.

"I understood what you mean. If you are serious, I too I will help you. "

"Help?" - Yukinoshita looked at Haruno-san with distrust, and she responded with a wide smile.

"Yes," she answered shortly, but Yukinoshita's face does not change. Yes, and mine too. I know it enough to not take it

her as is. Therefore, I could not resist not to ask again,
fully aware of the untimeliness.

"Can you be more specific?"

"Mother certainly will not change course so easily, so it will be necessary
it's quite a long time to persuade. So, I'm at the right time
I will speak for her word "- said Haruno-san and fun
she winked. She's right, it's unlikely that Yukinoshita's mother suddenly
will change his mind. I do not know her enough time, our
acquaintance is not deep, I just concluded from her conversations with
Yukinoshita, which I happened to occasionally hear. I personally
I believe that she is not the person who needs someone else's
opinion.

Although she turned to her daughter, in fact her words were
are addressed to it itself. Therefore, if they even have a simple conversation
so it looked, then the conversation with Yukinoshita one by one the more
will not work. This image is close to the stubborn Yukinoshite, when I'm her
only met, and to Haruno-san, who seems to be listening, but
misses the words. It is immediately clear that they -
the real daughters of their mother.

Therefore, if Haruno-san communicates with his mother, even
for one day longer, her support can make some sense.

But then Haruno-san laughed.

"Although, I do not know if it will give any result at all"

laughed at her own words, Haruno-san tilted
a bottle and poured champagne into an empty glass. It's not clear, you can

whether to rely on it ... Having finished laughing and emptying the glass, Haruno-san looked at Yukinoshita another, serious look.

"But it's better not to return right away"

"Of course..."

"Eh?" - suddenly burst out at Yuigahama, and Haruno-san slightly smiled at her.

"They sent me here because they were worried about Yukino-chan. If she will now return, so it will not be released. "

To put it bluntly, she was sent as an observer. Or rather, for supervision. Well, she's still a minor, and to patronize her. - the debt of the guardian.

"Collect things. Ah, call your mother again. She will need to prepare everything for your return "

Ah ... The same grandmother told my father before he went to his parents. After that I was fed almost not to death. Granny, let me be young, my stomach is not unlimited ... So, now is not the time to think about the Hikigaya family. Here - the Yukinoshita family. Yukinoshita not for long about something thought and nodded.

"Ok, so I'll do it"

"Then, if Yukino-chan comes home, I will some time use this apartment. You do not mind?"

"This is not my private apartment. Do as you know " - answered

Yukinoshita without reflection.

"Thank you. I would be too lazy to assemble again. Yukino-chan,
Gather and Come "

Apparently, Yukinoshita will stay in the mother's house for a long time.

So, she will have to go to school from there as well, and
to transport your things. For me, as a guy, such a large
fees are not needed. But these are girls, they need to be transported
clothes, dryers, cosmetics. When Komachi was going to
travel, she had huge suitcases. I do not
understand, but Yuigahama, like a girl, was imbued, and raised her hand
up.

"A! I'll help too! "

"Do not, I can not force you ..."

"It's okay, I want to help myself. I like to get out! "

"But..."

But Yuigahama persuaded her, and Yukinoshita gave up, bending
back. And I thought it would last a long time. Yuigahama
she smiled slightly and lowered her head.

"This is all that I can help ..." - said Yuigahama depressed
voice. Apparently, she also noticed this, and quickly picked up
head, with a weak grin. Yukinoshite was sorry for her
look, but she did not say anything. Seeing this picture, me too
it became painful. To insert the gag in the personal
the solution is not what she asked. But certainly noble

Yuigahama's desire to help something worthy of respect. But what then is it worth making me? This did not have to think long.

"Why not? Free work now is a pleasure

expensive, even in the shadow business, everyone now enjoys the laws about work "- I said what I could say at any other time, not really thinking about the details. Although, it turned out well.

The exploitation of labor, work outside of school hours, two days off in a week (but no one said that you will rest for two days in week) ... How wonderful it is!

However, I am alone in contentment. How else? Yukinoshita and Yuigahama look at me with pain on my face. Smirked only Haruno-san.

"Anyway. You can at the same time stay for the night, because when Yukino-chan will return home you can not so easily come to visit her "- she said, as befits a senior sister, much softer than usual. But it was in her words and something heartbreakingly sad. Yes, when Yukinoshita returns home, Yuigahama will not be able to stay with her as often night. Already this fact alone indicates that there will be something change. Yet this was enough to mitigate Yukinoshita's obstinacy. She slightly bent her back and looked in the face of Yuigahama.

"Then, please ..." - said Yukinoshita with a bit of embarrassment at This time, judging by her slightly glowing cheeks, and Yuigahama She smiled widely, and patted Yukinoshita on her thigh.

"Of course!"

"Thank you ..." Yukinoshita said too quickly, smiling. Apparently, she did not like that her hips touched, after which she turned away in the direction of Haruno-san.

"But we do not have one more futon for guests, if Yuigahama-san will remain at night," she said to Haruno-san. In response, Haruno-san knocked on the sofa on which she lay.

"One night I can sleep here. In addition, I most likely will only to drink alone "- said Haruno-san, shaking an empty bottle, and Yukinoshita briefly sighed.

"Clear. Then we will do it"

"Aha"

The conversation seems to be over, and Haruno-san got up.

"I'm going to the supermarket. Do you need anything?" - asked Haruno-san, and the girls shook their heads. Haruno-san nodded in return, took a coat hanging from the back of the chair, and leave the room. Looking at her, I also drew attention to hanging wall clock. Wow, how much time. A great the moment to leave this place.

"I'll go too"

Otherwise, they will force me to collect Yukinoshita's things. And this means that I will touch all her female things, and let blood nose, like a typical protagonist, and eventually me too, maybe I'll have to stay here for the night.

I must avoid this! Otherwise, I will have a face like Tatsui and Hiro! Moreover, I feel very uncomfortable in the room at girls.

I got up to follow Haruno-san's footsteps, and the girls, not they also got up and went after me. It seems that spend.

Only I bent to put on shoes, as Haruno-san quickly shod Its sandals and left the apartment. She did not even waited ... Fine, fine.

Although, I myself would not like to stand awkwardly together with her in the elevator. I decided to take my shoes slowly so that she could to leave. Behind me they put a spoon for shoes.

"Oh thanks"

Turning to take a spoon, I saw Yukinoshita. She has was a humble look, and, having given the spoon, she did not know where to put it free hand, so I squeezed my other hand.

"I'm sorry that they got you into this wandering conversation ..."

she said, bowing her head, and I nodded casually in response. This was really wandering conversation. No serious there was no change. Yukinoshita just stated out loud, on the fact that it will do what decided, on my own. And nothing more.

"Nothing. It was necessary "

And for her, and, perhaps, for me. Standing up, I checked how they were sitting

shoes, and returned Yukinoshite spoon.

"Thank you"

"I did not do anything. Give thanks to Yuigahama, and good luck.

you with the collection of things »

I got such shivers from the goose bump,

and I turned towards Yuigahama, so that she would say something.

Yuigahama squeezed her hands in front of her breasts.

"Of course! I manage well with cleaning! "

Apparently, with all the rest you cope badly ...

Although, for some reason, it does not seem to me that you are strong in cleaning. Notes because I learned to cope with cooking, which you have quite

nothing worked, so maybe with other things as well.

Slowly, with an almost imperceptible speed, we all change.

"For now," I said, holding the door handle and turning my head

back. Yuigahama waved at the chest level, and Yukinoshita -

slightly awkwardly waved at the level of the hip.

"Aha. Bye, Hickey. "

"Be careful"

I'm a little ashamed because they used to hold me like this.

I nodded my thanks and quickly left the door.

Descending alone in the elevator, I went into the quiet lobby.

Naturally, at such a time there are almost no people here. And around -

A sleeping area for rich people, so few people here

walks at night. Knowing this, I moved on. However, near

I saw a girl whose appearance was not very suitable
elite quarter.

Yukinoshita Haruno, who was supposed to leave before me.

Light pink pastel tones in a brick pattern, fleecy
fluffy and soft-looking sweatshirt with a hood and zipper
on top, and short shorts that fully open her slender
nice legs. Although the jacket is lightning, in the chest area it
not zipped. Too her look does not fit the elegant
the lobby of the building, it is too beautiful compared to it.

Her clothes are one problem, but this kind of carelessness and
at all it is possible to name dishonesty ...

This is not the kind of person I would long for communication, but since she
stands directly on the road - it would be unnatural to ignore it.

In addition, she smiles broadly and beckons me with a gesture.

Have to go.

"I thought you were already gone," I said, and Haruno-san smiled.

"I like this. We seem to have appointed a meeting "- whispered
she seems to be secretive.

"I thought it was called an ambush"

Let and the action is similar in essence, but the difference is between songs
Amin and Yumin, who were also called "waiting for you" and "ambush."

By the way, it's true, the action is the same.

But the most terrible thing here is Yukinoshita Haruno herself . She is
went forward, not a bit unsure that I would follow her.

The nearest supermarket, most likely, somewhere near the station,

so I can go back home from there ...

Following one step behind Haruno-san, I went out into the street. On

A cold winter wind blew on the night highway. Cold, whipping

On the cheeks the wind forced Haruno-san to burrow deeper into his coat.

She noticed something and, sniffing the upper part of her shoulder,

she frowned. Then she put her hands into the sleeves of the sweatshirt,

which had been thrown over his shoulders before.

"Hmmm" - she grunted discontentedly and came up to me. Eh? what

is this? Why are you stretching out your hand to me? Should I take her by the hand?

Calm down ... Or does she want my fingerprints? I knew that, I

genius. She will use my iPhone and withdraw money! Oh no!

Do not twist, and then

5 will be released!

Not understanding what is happening, I moved away from her when I felt

smell of tobacco.

"Ah, the smell ..."

"Aha," she answered, obviously thinking about something else. Returning

hand back, she again sniffs it. Probably, a coat

was soaked in the smell of tobacco when she drank at the bar. When I

moonlighting in the bar, this smell is well remembered. Perhaps, and

She took the shower to wash this smell from her hair. Smokers

get used to this smell and do not pay attention to it, but

He smokes nonsmoking on the nose. Especially this resinous heavy

smell, similar to the popular in the era of Sowa 3 strong tobacco. If

it would be a smell with menthol, vanilla or floral female
aroma, this is not far off.

So she was drinking with some peasant?

Man, then ... Eh? The guy, or what? She has a boyfriend? No, in her
to have a boyfriend is quite normal, but ... why me
sad every time I find out about this? Something like a wedding
favorite actress voice. And do not write a "report" on this in the
blog! I'm worried! I have to lie on my side a little. A
then on the back. And then spread out. It's hard to name
it's a shock, and it's not a shock at all! Just a surprise when
you come across unexpected information! I do not like this
I can!

It was dangerous. But if someone close told me something
similar, then I would be shocked for sure. For example, Komachi.
Or Komachi. And, perhaps, Komachi, Komachi, and Komachi. Okay,
enough to engage in escapism, you need to think soberly. Komachi ...
surely it will save you from a sudden temperature or problems with
heart. Good for you, Komachi!

However, even if Haruno-san's cloak has become saturated with tobacco,
she must have spent a lot of time there. I'm sure,

she used an air freshener to score the smell, but
still did not work.

"You drank quite a while"

"Yes. I did not let go. A little more, and I would have until the morning

"Haruno-san said sadly and sighed.

"Hmm, it's clear ..."

Until morning! How indecent. For example, "night channels"

implies erotica some, at least for me. because of

this morning's broadcast of animals "Asa! Nama desu tabi sarada »

for me, too, sounds obscene. Eh, I did not want to know this about

Haruno-san ... Again Hachimanov's gun of the weekly

Hachimana exploded 4 . Although, it was rather a cannonball

firework. We also occasionally celebrate sensations ... Although, not the time

now for nasty excuses.

Rather, if thanks to the fact that today Haruno-san is so

led because she drank, I'm even grateful to such a

the turn of events, and the shock here is superfluous. The usual Haruno-san is not

would deny herself an interrogation, besides, today she

looked happy. Because of these thoughts, I lagged behind her.

Haruno-san stretched quite a bit.

"It's good that I returned early! I was able to listen to Yukino-

chan "- sighed with a sigh of relief, said Haruno-san.

«...»

But I did not say anything, and Haruno-san turned to me questioningly,

as if trying to understand why I'm silent. I shook my head slightly,

meaning that nothing serious.

"I was just surprised."

Haruno-san turned around and smiled childishly.

"To what?"

"M ... It's hard to say. The fact that you seriously listened to her? "

"It's natural, after all. I'm still an older sister "- a little
she smiled disapprovingly and, stepping back, she again
turned and went.

"Hikigaya-kun, you would have listened to Komachi-chan, too, if she
Something came to ask you? "

"Ah, Now I understand a little"

Yes, this is true if it concerns Komachi. I would not have
he listened to her, if she decides honestly with me
talk about something, and answer as much as possible. I chuckled at
a comparison with my sister, and Haruno-san smiled.

"Here you see. In any case, I will help Yukino-chan, whether her choice
right or wrong "

"And should not it be stopped if this choice -
wrong?"

"She would not have asked me that. Besides, it does not matter to me.
Whether she will get it, or she will surrender, this will not change anything "
murmured Haruno-san, but I did not see her face, so I passed
slightly forward to look at it. Do not approach her
close, I looked at her face from the side. Finally, we switched
Through the viaduct over the highway, and began to walk along a small avenue in
night park.

Orange lamps illuminate the field of the color of dry grass. Shine,
falling on her pale cheeks at each new step, creates

contrast of warm glare and an ice shadow, because of what I can not recognize her emotions. Like her seeming contradictory the words.

Passing through the tree-lined field, we suddenly left to the open space - the esplanade in the center of the park. Coming out on alley with fountains, Haruno-san started to go quieter, and looked up at the sky. There, as I had expected, was the moon, and two similar each other, like twins, high-rise buildings, shrouded in faint light. Zaprygnuv on the stairs, Haruno-san turned to me.

"Surrendering many times people become adults"

"Hmm, I see ..."

I think the narrowing of the horizon brings us closer to adulthood. Narrowing choice and reducing opportunities, people come to a sharper vision of the future. I can understand this, and Yukinoshita, probably, made a decision guided by this kind of thoughts. But my

Attention was drawn to the horribly sad eyes of Haruno-san, when she it spoke. Perhaps the reason is that she spoke as if about someone else, far away.

"Ah ... Did you have a similar experience?"

"I do not even know," she answered and smiled.

"And here I am? We're talking about Yukino-chan ... It's the first time so determined. Hikigaya-kun, look after her. "

In other words, "do not interfere"? The same nuance as when she

told me that I was "affectionate" on the phone. Appreciate the will
Yukinoshty is good, I do not argue with this. I can not insert
there is an opinion. Therefore, I can agree with Haruno-san.
Surely this is what Yukinoshita desired, this is her desired
structure. And if Yukinoshita Haruno approves of it, then the needs
There is simply no problem to look for.

"Clear..."

Haruno-san seems to be satisfied with my answer. She's funny
folded her arms behind her back, straightened her chest, and smiled cheerfully.

"Hehe, I again behaved like an older sister."

"How about always acting like this?"

"Another thing!" - Instantly she answered my joking
the question shook its head, looked at me and smiled.

"But you, on the contrary, always behave like an older brother."

"Well, I'm an older brother."

Of course, I'm the oldest brother ever since Komachi
was born, I'm already a brother of the level "veteran". It's already
it's so natural that it's become a part of me, and I can say
it's with pride. Haruno-san looked intently into my eyes and
she suddenly laughed.

"Clear! It's good to be a brother. I also wanted this brother! "

- Haruno-san jokingly said with a drunken stare and laid her hand
I'm on my back, leaning on me, because of what I can not not
to notice its pleasant smell and ... softness.

"I do not like drunk people."

"And I'm not drunk at all."

I tried to gently unhook her hand, but even though she was walking uncertain gait, from me and did not unhook. So we left the alley, coming out on the road to the station. After two pedestrian crossing, we went to the outlet center. He already Closed, but the warm light was still on the square in front of station. Now it has become embarrassing for me that people they are watching us. We reached the fork: on the left - the station, and on the right - supermarket. Haruno-san carefully released me and went to one step.

"Um ... Will you come back on your own?"

"Oh, how affectionate! Super! Gentleman, this gentleman! "- She said, slapping me on the shoulder, they say, what I am kind to the girls, a gentleman friend ... Oh, I do not. I tried to strain his hardened cheeks to make disgruntled person.

"I'm not a gentleman. In general, I was going to go home. "- I said.

Haruno-san smiled at me again.

"Yes, everything's fine" - smiling, she said quietly and with an extremely serious voice, and the pupils seemed to emit cold light.

"I do not get drunk so much!"

Yes, but I do not know how much you drank. Although, her voice is no longer trembles, does not jump, Yukinoshita Haruno looks like usual

Yukinoshita Haruno. Beautiful and seductive, like
ready to bring the listener to death with his speech. Therefore, I
began to behave as usual, so she did not swallow me.
However, all the same, I sighed disappointed and quietly joked, though
I did not care if someone heard me or not.

"... All the alcoholics say so."

"I'm not really drunk, I tell you. Rather, I just do not
I can get drunk, "she said slowly, and I,
curiosity, looked at her again. She was looking somewhere
into the distance. The cheeks are still slightly reddish, but the look is cold, and

The untidy smile is gone.

"No matter how much I drink, always somewhere in the background there is
sober I am. And I understand what my face is. Even when I
smile and have fun, it is perceived as if I - it's not me. "

And even at this very moment the words of Haruno-san are perceived
as if she were talking about someone else. It seems to be talking about yourself,
but somehow too objective, so that the concept of "I" is blurred.

As a result, her words, which no one asked, seem to me a little
intertwined from truth and lies. Haruno-san noticed that I was
She gazed intently, and showed me the language to translate
my attention, saying, they say, it's all a joke.

"That's why I drink before hiking in the bushes and after I fall asleep
sleep."

"The worst way to get drunk." - I just as easily answered.

"Really the worst." - said Haruno-san and grinned, slightly covering his mouth with his hand. After which she went again, retiring from me in two steps. I decided to see if she would go to supermarket, and, slightly moving away, Haruno-san turned and waved me with my hand. The smile that I saw on her face this time, I do not I've never seen it till now, so tender and kind she was, and even sympathy was felt through space.

"But, probably, you are the same. I'll give you a prophecy. You can not to get drunk. "

"Oh, come on. I plan to become in the future or super office plankton, which will be driven to booze, or a housewife who, in broad daylight with a lunch, drinks beer bought with the money of his wife. "- I said quite A disturbing, impudent and unpleasant thing, as for parting, and smiled. I took one step, and turned back. Haruno-san all still stood with an unusually simple-hearted face, seeing me off look. And from a distance of three steps he said what to say, in principle, it was not necessary.

"But still I think that you are drunk." - I said.

Why say such things? Why so sincere and fun smile? Like demonstrating the real Yukinoshita Haruno. She must be drunk.

"Do you think? .. I see. Well, let it be so. "- said the Haruno-san, embarrassingly hiding a carefree smile with her hand, and nodded. I'm slightly

bowed to Haruno-san, who told me "for now" and waved hand, and turned around.

She made another mask due to alcohol. After all, what alcohol helps to open the soul - this is a huge lie. She and She did not show her true self, but instead exhibited her its lack. I still do not know where the truth is. If you ask me about this controversial creature, or her worldly crafty skills, then yes, probably she is an adult. By at least, more adult than I, because in the end she

I could pretend that I forgot something that I can not accept.

The night is already quite late, and the city is covered by thick darkness, visible only a rare light in the houses and checkers in a taxi, and the further I go I leave the station, the further noise becomes. In this silence, only One phrase I could still hear.

You can not get drunk.

It seemed to me that this prophecy would surely come true.

Interlude

It's true that I like to get out.

But I'm absolutely not strong in this.

Although I like it.

I like to put in order the inverted, scattered, left things.

It gives me satisfaction.

We were left alone, we began to discuss how to start the training, she said that you need to get empty boxes and bags for

garbage and left, leaving me alone.

Looking closer to the room, I understand that the room is beautiful, everything in their places. Even begins to seem that there is no cleaning here needs. There is nothing superfluous here, unlike my room.

Only a part of the bed at the pillow looked animated. Must be, there are stored different plush toys, things with seals, everything that she loves and cherishes. Everything was neat

exhibited in a row. The room is more or less monotonous: blue, blue, silver colors, and only this corner is felt girlish and soft. Nice and kind ... I wanted to pat this panda. Suddenly, on the reverse side, I found a hidden plastic bag.

Slightly inappropriate to this corner, black rectangular package. It seemed to me that I had seen something similar somewhere, so I took it in my hands. Opening it and looking inside, I saw a memorable photo there. Once I was in the park with my family entertainment, and at the last attraction got the same.

Realizing that it was wrong to watch, I opened the package.

There were two people dear to me. Slightly surprised, slightly stupid but happy faces.

The body is compressed, eyes squeezed, and hid behind her, still clenching it's hands.

... I knew it. That's all I thought.

Then I was only worried about whether they managed to talk. But

If so, that's fine too, I thought.

I thought it was very nice. And the picture itself, and how carefully it is made, and how hidden. Therefore, I hid it to where she was lying.

Forget!

You did not see anything!

I will be able to forget this, although I pretend that there was nothing, to me not under force.

I'm sure she's going to do the same. She will not decorate this room photo, but will store it carefully, like treasure, somewhere deep, deep. Without saying a word, without thinking, not thinking at least something to do.

Perhaps I could ask, jokingly, laughing. Say that I

I will support her so that she tries. But if I do this - everything is finished. If I crawl with questions here - she will start everything sharply deny, saying that this is impossible, refuses, and more to this will not return.

Do not recognize, skip, turn away, overlook.

Strike out of life, forget, throw away.

Therefore, I will not ask for anything.

Asking her about her feelings is dishonest.

It's not fair to talk about my feelings.

Because I'm scared to know about his feelings.

And to blame her is even more unfair.

I noticed it a long time ago.

There was a place I could not get into, even though I was standing in front of the door several times, but felt that it was impossible to interfere, and only

looked through the cracks and eavesdropped.

I understood this for a long time.

What I want to get there.

But nothing more.

Therefore, to be honest ...

I did not want this present.

Chapter 3

Suddenly, Hikigaya Komachi gets all Serious

I woke up because of the cold. Weak morning sun falls in

my sleepy eyes. Soft light is reflected from the roofs of other houses.

Today is cloudy and a morning mist, similar to my thoughts, everything

has not yet disappeared. Turning to the other side, I looked at

clock. In theory, at this time I would have to rush at all

pairs to school, but since today at the school entrance

exams, we have a day off. Therefore, I decided to drop my

Heavy head and close the leaden eyelids again, when suddenly in

one word flew to my head.

Exams! Yes, today is the second day of exams at Komachi.

Parents should already go to work, so, perhaps, I

I spend Komachi alone.

Sharply jumping up, I ran out of the room, went down the stairs, struggling with a yawn, and went into the living room. Komachi is just was going to leave the house. Her hair was shiny barrette, and is dressed in the form of a high school, according to the rules. Noticing me, she raised her hand.

"Oh, hi!"

"Hello." I answered and sat down at the table. There was apparently my a portion of breakfast, wrapped in a plastic film, and coffee.

After greeting me, Komachi returned to the inspection contents of your portfolio. Last check before output, it seems. But all she has is a ticket for the exam and stationery. She examined them and folded them back to the portfolio. Her half-empty light portfolio inspired loneliness, so we can assume that the examinations are almost over. According to plan, yesterday had to go through written tests, and for today there is only an interview. Therefore there is no need to take textbooks and dictionaries. Also,

Interview in state prefectural seniors schools of Chiba - the event is not particularly important. I think they are in mainly rely on the verification of knowledge. So we can say almost certainly, that everything is decided on the first day.

In theory, like all those who take exams, Komachi also took home a test sheet to test your answers again. Response - this is good, but it will be bad if she begins to worry about wrong answers and get confused during the interview.

"Well, how are you?" - I asked as kindly as possible, about it. I took a cup of coffee in my hand and took a sip, trying look natural and do not ask for anything specific.

Komachi looked at me with a slightly surprised look, leaned her finger To the chin and thought, bowing his head.

"Hmm ... Well, so-so, I think. It's too late to kick. "- she said calmly, smiling slightly. Cool! She met with will, prepared for the advent of a new era and completely calm. So calm that with it you can at least wax figure do. In general, I am glad that Komachi is now in full order. But it's not a fact that her calm foretells something good.

"In addition, almost everything has been decided on yesterday's exams." - with Komachi said with a strained smile, and I was a little worried.

Sometimes humility gives birth to quiet humility. Now Komachi is calm, like a clean lake, but I feel that even a weak breeze will lift the waves.

Therefore, you need to talk on a neutral topic. Let it be called escapism - escape from the near future. But I I know that the bare truth and intelligent reflections are incorrect answer.

"How it will end, let's have lunch together."

I added sugar and milk to barely warm coffee, which became Black and not white, but brown, as I love. Komachi

smiled, showing an uneven tooth.

"Oh, that would be great!"

"And then."

"Coming!"

I smiled back at her, and she clapped her hands and put her hands on to the cheeks.

"If a brother treats me for it, then I'll try harder than ever!"

Oh, shy! Many, many points for Komachi! "

"I'm not talking about food, and there are very few glasses ..."

By the way, I seem to have spent almost all of yesterday's money ... But since she says, even in a joke, that she will try, then I, too I'll try.

"For the sake of meeting with my sister, I scrape up the money for lunch." - for fun arrogantly I said, boasting of royal riches, and Komachi

she looked at me coldly.

"Hmm, well ... Honestly, on a date with you, I would not for anything went, but if you pay for transport and food - then I, so be it, I shall suffer. "

"Stop! Do not say such things with a serious face! Why

"Will I tolerate"? It hurts to hear this! Have a good brother shock! I

But I can only offer you this, Komachi! "

"Ouch ... This part of you, too, makes me sick ..."

I almost cried, but Komachi finishes me with such

words. Yazvit brother ... By the way, how did it happen that with some

I am responsible not only for paying for food, but also for traveling? ..

What is it with her, an imitation of adults? Oh, my Komachi-chan grown up ...

I caught a glimpse of her, and Komachi grinned, adjusted briefcase, hid the phone and left the room.

"I'll call, how it's going to end"

"Aha. As there will be a free time in anticipation of the interview, what do you want to try?" I said, implying that not we must experience, and led Komachi to the exit.

Komachi jumped into the losers 5, knocked her foot on the floor, as they sit, and turned to me.

"I will do so." - she said in an adult, calm and with smile. Even if I did not say anything concrete, for sure she is the only person in the world who has understood me, even if this nothing more than my complacency. Komachi stopped smiling, She took a deep breath and cheerfully gave me a salute.

"So, I'm pushing myself!"

"Aha, good luck." - I said and watched Komachi run away.

Perhaps, I will also start to gather, reading the book

Soon, lunch. I drove to the nearest station from the school and walk around. I have no idea when Komachi will run out examinations. However, on the second day of the exams, only interview. Those who have passed the interview, in principle, can go home, but I do not know which Komachi is on the list, so

I can not determine the time. In addition, the examiners themselves now, in theory, think only about the exam, and they do not care which hour this will all end. So, I can do only one thing.

Arrange an ambush near the school. I'll wait for her at the school, according to the covenants of Amina

and Yumin . It's going to be pretty nice. Although, hide in the shade tree at the school and whisper "Komachi ..." as the older sister

Joshi Hume , it would be disgusting. Ugly would look

from the side. Again, all the neighbors discuss the circular about his son

Hikigaya-san. His feature is black clothes. We love

black clothes, what to do!

And I would not want to be talked about like that, so I'll wait

Komachi is somewhere nearby. In general, I came to "Malimpia"

near the Inage-Kaigan station, in the former JUSCO, which is now

called AEON, and wandered through the book department. Choosing there

several books, I decided to go to the nearest station to Size,.

to thoroughly kill time. Yes, Size is beautiful: there

you can go yourself! Plus, Sayze at the Inage-Kaigan station

is located on the second floor of the building, so you can from there

observe the flow of people. As soon as many students appear in the

form of high school, it means that the exams have already ended. I

genius of killing time! Enjoying myself, I left the building,

and almost immediately trembled because of the cold wind blowing on

wide highway of the coastal region. Not only is the difference

temperatures in winter and summer are large, so also this wind ... I

straightened his scarf and buried his face in it.

And then my eyes noticed a familiar figure near the exit from Saint Marc Café, with windows facing the street. Through these windows I noticed a bluish the tail of a girl who was busy with something in front of the counter. It seems that Hvostik-san wipes the mouth of a little girl with pigtails the same bluish color, blows her nose, in general, runs around around her. I remember only one such girl - Kawasaki Keika. And he looks after her, then Kava-as-her-there.

These sisters, unlike some other sisters, are very friendly and constantly smile. It was worth me to stare at them through window, as my mind met with large blinking eyes. She opened her mouth wide and pointed at me with her finger, and it looks like something is saying, but outside is not audible. How lovely... Oh, now is not the time to enjoy Kakey's sweetness. Kawasaki, too almost immediately noticed me. We politely nodded to each other and they froze. The equilibrium of the Buddha Jizo. Such an equilibrium that we are about to begin offering offerings or even a hat to be presented.

Searching for data, syncing ...

So, it's the hour for the quiz! Question! What to do, if suddenly on the street by chance met with a classmate? Who is faster He pressed the button and he answers. Seven correct answers - victory; those who have three times chosen the wrong card - drop out, Nana Maru San Batsu !

However, the question is only one, and the answer is simple.

If you do not communicate with this person very much - you can ignore. If just a classmate, but you are not particularly with him you are friends - you can say hello and go further. And if you communicate constantly, it makes much sense to start a conversation straight there is not, you can go further. Clear! Hence, the correct decision when meeting someone on the street - just go on!



In theory, I would now turn around and leave, but this is
Kawasaki. I hesitated, thinking about what I have
Kawasaki relationship. Perhaps this is the reason for the perceived
even through the glass of Kawasaki's confusion. The feeling, like
met his cat somewhere on the street, and now, it seems, you will do
still a step - and he will immediately run away.

I am in a position where I can not retreat a single step, all
the paths are blocked, I want to call someone to save me,
as an actor Tsutsumi Shinichi . Someone! I called for help AXA
Direct , but came to the rescue Kake. Smiling brightly at me, she
beckoning me with his hand.

As a rule, I would refuse, as usual, saying "I will come if
it turns out, "but I can not refuse a little girl. But
she is a minor! That's the trouble! How would she not have me
seduced, without the consent of the guardian, I can do nothing, and
otherwise they will be imprisoned! So I looked towards Kawasaki. She's something,
then she explained with a displeased look, trying to calm her down,
But Kake pouted and turned away from her. Kava-how-it-there
she sighed a little and, removing the things from the next seat,
looked at me interrogatively. First I
it seemed that she was doing some kind of lip exercise, but everything
Probably, she said one word, "Will you come?", if I
correctly read on the lips. Although, she almost immediately took
I could not see the phrase completely. Well, permission is obtained,

I'm happy. I'll talk with them quite a bit.

I gasped when I went inside. Home

The reason, of course, is the difference in temperature and humidity, but still,

I think, the merit of the broad smile that met me -

so bright and sweet smile was at Kawasaki Keiki.

"Oh, Ha-chan!"

"Hi, I have not seen you for a while. Ah, although we've only recently met ...

How are you?"

It feels like I've seen it for the last time at least

two years ago ... I stroked Keika on the head several times,

and she smiled in response and knocked on the seat to her left.

Apparently he wants me to sit next to him. What a clever and charming

A way to invite a person ... Beauty, and I am known for my

weakness for such. So I sat next to her. However, I'm more

there is nowhere to sit down. Strashnovato somehow sit next to Kawasaki-san!

I'm worried when our shoulders are touching slightly, do not do it.

So! Do you want to find an excuse for me then to bully this ?! However, I

I understand that Kawasaki is not that kind of person, although sometimes

sometimes makes a terrible face, but it does not matter.

So, I took the seat with an unarmed middleman Kake between

me and Kawasaki, and decided to talk about something.

"By the way, what have you forgotten?"

Theoretically, we have no topics for talking, so we need to talk about

something neutral, but close. For example, why are they in

a precious day off came so far for a visit

AEON? I thought that the senior students of Chiba, as a rule, spend the weekend lying on the sofa or in the amusement park Destiny Land. Are they freaks? Yes, and I'm also an eccentric, it turns out ...

Kawasaki, not knowing what I was thinking about, pointed to the store bags at the feet.

"They were bought. Well, here we have a rest. "

From the package looks something like a bow. But still, why here? As far as I remember, something similar to a supermarket exists and near the house of Kawasaki ... "I changed my mind a little.

"Hmm ... so far from home."

"We are always here to buy," Kawasaki said shyly and she looked away from me. Seiko next to me raised her hand.

"Discount card!" - shouted cheerfully Kake, holding up high up card with doggie image. Ah, it's ... which says "gav" every time a payment is made ... Looking at a cheerful Keiku, Kawasaki blushed slightly and, disapprovingly saying "Ke-chan ...", sighed and lowered her hand back. Well, yes, small children are often called to press stop button on the bus or use the card.

It turns out, Keika - responsible for the card in the Kawasaki family. I think they always buy something on the way to kindergarten and back.

However, AEON stores have a lot of where, why go to the day off here? I inclined my head in confusion. Kawasaki seems to have understood this.

"... At the same time, and Taishi. Today he, um ... the last day examinations ... "- Kawasaki muttered, looking in the direction of the window. A-And, now it is clear. Here's the thing ... I've already heard that her younger brother, Kawaski Taysi, also wants to enter the senior school Soba. Hence, she was so worried about him that even here came. And how is this to be understood? ...

"You have some kind of painful love for a brother ..."

"Oh, who would say."

"Eh ?!"

She looked at me terribly. I know she's good.

man, but sometimes she has such a look ... I trembled, I noticed that

It became cold. It seems that the heating here does not work very well, so it's still cold outside. Because of this

it became inconvenient to talk, and I just can not relax. AND

Kawasaki, it seems, too - she looks then at me, then at Keiku, then on the window. Of course, I also look at Keik.

Kake holds a glass for children with both hands, sipping the juice through tube. After finishing it, she exhaled in satisfaction. I noticed that

The cup of Kawasaki is also empty, so she waited until Keika had finished.

Kawasaki looked at me, hinting that we would soon leave.

"And you?" She asked me, meaning that it was time to go.

"Ah, I was just about to get something to eat."

"I see ..." Kawasaki said, slightly upset, and patted

Keiku on the back.

"Ha-chan ... Oh, the brother is already leaving." - Kawasaki for a second

hesitated and recovered. No, I do not mind Kake

she called me "Ha-chan". But because of Kawasaki's "brother" to me uncomfortable. While I was suffering, someone pulled me by the sleeve.

"A? Are you already leaving?" - Keka looked at me from the side, plaintively with an eyebrow, still holding my sleeve. I feel uncomfortable

get up from the chair ... Just like in the company, when you're already going

home, and you are asked "Are you already leaving?". I'm a little

Kawasaki also hesitated, who was watching our conversation,

already in a low, but menacing voice, called Kake by name and

looked at her with disapproving eyes. I've already seen this

A look at that event, when we were making sweets, but still

scary ... I do not burn with the desire to work as a lightning rod, and

quarrel with Keikoy sorry. Although, we are not so close.

«... Maybe we'll go together? I was going to Saiz. " - I said, and

Kawasaki opened her eyes wide for a second and blinked several times.

time.

"Wh-what? .. No, do not go ..."

"I knew that."

I knew it. I read on the Internet that girls do not like to go to

Size with the guys. The Internet is big, there you can find everything that

you do not know. I stroked Keika's head to calm her, and got up. But a thin voice stopped me.

"Ah ... This ..."

Turning around, I saw Kawasaki's slightly pink face. it she muttered, looking at the floor.

"Well ... You can here, a cup of tea ..."

"A? Well, well, I'll have tea ... "- I hesitated because of the unexpected invitation and returned to the chair. Kake smiled and leaned against me. Oh, I already missed the right one for digression time ... So, I need to order something.

"Are you going to be something?" I asked, getting up from the chair, and Kawasaki, as if returning from heaven is not the earth, looked at Kakey's hands.

"Ah, um ... Well, then hot cocoa ... And coffee with ice at the same time."

"Understood."

She first thinks about what will be Keika, and only then about herself.

This is the older sister. And I, in order not to demonstrate a surfaced smile, hurried to the counter to make an order.

Having quickly made an order and received drinks, I returned with a tray to a place. On the tray were ordered hot cocoa, coffee with ice and hot coffee latte. At the same time I took another freshly prepared chocolate croissant. Kake looks at him shiny look, and makes a delighted voice, just like Sonny Chiba.

Of course, children adore sweets. I, too, was small,

so I understand what she feels. I'm generally a star of children.

That's why he said what Kake wants to hear.

"Will you?"

Kake looked at me with the same sparkling gaze. Hehe, my plan was a success. I'm just like those politicians who, once begins the election campaign raise the topic of protection elderly people and increase of pension, I can do myself popular in a very short time. Then I would aim at 18-year-olds, working with those who are attracted to politics. You now you look, the Minister of Foreign Affairs? But Keika is not familiar with my grandiose projects, she jumps for joy.

"I will, I will!" She said cheerfully and patted me on the arm.

"Yes, I knew that. But only boys can get you wrong understand if you touch them, so do not do this with outsiders. "

"All right, Ha-chan, I'll be with you."

What's wrong with her? Already learned the words for capturing the male hearts. Horror. The day when the boys will hear these words, Keika and similar to it will appear in history as organizers of mass murders ... And my name will be the first in the list of the killed. Need sooner something to do with this young terrorist! But my thoughts about missions are interrupted by the sigh of a hidden terrorist on the side of her. She is she stuck her tongue out and, reaching out behind Kakey, pulled me by the sleeve, as if summoning a secret conversation.

"What are you talking about?" She's still a child ... "- she whispered to me, and continued with a displeased look:

"Besides, um ... I should not have done this ..."

"Eh?"

What should not I do? Are you really talking about my plan?

Keiko on my side and grow from her beautiful lady on

the covenants of Hikaru Genji 12 ? I now feel myself, like Columbus in

time for grueling travel ... But Kawasaki looked at

window, towards the sun.

"It's still early for dinner ..."

"Ah, ah ..."

Clear. Children have small stomachs. If she eats now, then

dinner will not fit. I do not know what they plan to eat, but

I would not want to create problems for their family. In English it is

will sound like "no ninja" .

In general ... In general, what? I bought this chocolate croissant

specially to please this little girl, and that

should I do now? Ah, I understand!

I quietly pushed the plate with the croissant to Kake.

"Give in half, only that the sister did not see." - I whispered

Kake in the ear.

"Aha! I will not tell her! "

I put a finger to my lips, saying "ts-s", and Kake did the same.

Unity unites people, and especially - participation in something

not good.

"I actually see ..." - Kawasaki said in displeasure, looking at the

then, as Kake selflessly eats half a croissant, and tiredly sighed, glaring me with an evil eye.

"Do not pamper her very much."

"I'm just once."

"Once? You always do that. "

"Oh, I'm not always ... Keika is special. Well, another Komachi. "

"That is, you do not notice ..." - said Kawasaki, slightly covering blue eyes. The atmosphere is heating up. Oh no! How cold it is sight! What do you want? That I mention you third in this list? ... I do not understand the girls. She as if wants me to guessed why she was angry. Whatever I answer is my answer will be incorrect. I made a whining look and now Kawasaki guiltily inclined her eyes.

"I'm glad that you play with Keiko, but you need to teach her and restraint ... " - Kawasaki said awkwardly.

"Ah, I'm sorry." - I apologized faster than I understood. It's dishonest so suddenly change your mood from anger to embarrassment! I also do not

I can not answer anything in this case! Kawasaki decided not to

press on me and we are silent. Keika was worried because of suddenly stopped talking over her head and, lifting smeared face in chocolate, gingerly looked at us.

"Do not quarrel."

"We do not quarrel. Ke-chan, turn here. " - said affectionately

Kawasaki and, taking out from the package with purchases a wet napkin,

wiped her face. Keiku seemed to be reassured and she returned to croissant.

However, I'm sure that Kawasaki really was not angry. She is it's much worse when I get really angry ... I remember when she swore with Yukinoshita and Miura, she looked like she had a real hooligan, and now - much softer. Generally, before her image came up with a wooden sword, chains and yo-yo, and now it is very suitable store packages with sticking out of them onions. By the way, somehow she was too accustomed to hanging out with packages ... He walks with a child very similar to her and spends time with her in Saint Marc ... Looks like a real Yankee mother. Oh, somehow it sounded criminally ...

But together we look like a real young family. Yes, quite often in AEON you can see the villagers, who came here with children in a spacious car like Elgrand or Alfard. A typical favorite movie is Naruto or Van-Peas, on the dashboard they have a white fluffy rug, and on the rearview mirror hangs a flavor in the form of a sheet hemp. Somehow I was not myself, thinking about it.

Kake still eats, smeared with chocolate, and Kawasaki

He watches her, putting his face on his fist and leaning against the table. Of- because I also watch them both, I have become more uncomfortable and I turned in the direction of the window.

There I saw someone in a uniform that looked like a high school uniform.

Apparently, this is already the end of the interview. Kawasaki too,

it seems, noticed this form and made a surprised sound. And I'm hers
I see. When I look at other examiners, then
I start to think about Komachi. They are all competitors of Komachi, her
opponents, so I'm starting to think that it would not hurt them
to destroy. Hence, it would be ideal to start with the weakest, and
namely - a boy near Komachi! Exactly,
Kawasaki Taishi! Let's start with data collection.

"How's Taishi?"

"... I do not know." Kawasaki shook her head. Suddenly! This

The bratofilka, in theory, should know everything right up to accurate estimates
brotherhood. But she grunted in displeasure.

"He does not like it when I ask him about it."

"Ah, he's at this age ..."

I understand the feelings of Taishi. It's not just a difficult age, but
and that when your loved ones put their nose in your business - it's sometimes
Enrages. For example, you can easily share the fun,
what are your big debts, a small salary, how bad things are,
and laugh at themselves before friends, but before the family already
it just will not work. They can make a serious face
and ask if I'm really all right, and this is oh how
painfully. On the one hand, I do not want to disturb them, but on the other hand
It will create an atmosphere where you will not be perceived
seriously. Surely all the boys will have nothing but
under the mother's eyes. Kawasaki also looks like a mother,

nodding right now. After that, she said something that is simple

Do not overlook the ears.

"But then he checked his answers and got 80%."

"It's strange that you know about this"

Horror! Mothers - it's just horror, what resourceful! They may

in a few moments find the secret journal of his son. By the way, her

The brother, after all, did not tell himself about this sister? It's strange where you are from
Then do you know? I looked at Kawasaki incredulous

and she looked away.

"Ah, well ... This is Ke-chan ..."

"Yeah, he said 396 points!" - said Keika proudly. She is,
obviously, I understood what we are talking about.

"Hmm ... Ah, Ke-chan asked, it means."

Thaisy, it turns out, could not tell this to his older sister, but before

little younger sister could not resist. Yet small children

- it's something, it's so easy to remember ... I looked

admiring glance at Kawasaki, so that she supports my

thought, but Kawasaki for some reason looked away again.

"Besides, we have a small house, everything is in sight ..."

"Ah. Clear."

So she herself saw. Certainly. And it was not necessary to pull

once again Ukyou-san, asking for something "at the end" ... In general,

I got the data on the Taisi exam. But when self-checking is usually

You overestimate yourself by about 10%, so in reality he

approximately 70%, that is, the average ball.

"So-so ..." - burst out at me, when I remembered my own bitter experience. Judging by the look of Komachi this morning, she, I think, too, somewhere like that. I have past results, so I know about the required scores. And Kawasaki, like me, acted in Sobu school, so she nodded to me with a frown.

"Yes. Now it all depends on the number of places and time points. " said Kawasaki and sighed heavily. In our school, on average from two to five arriving at the place. According to my estimate, 80% means that you are more or less pass. It turns out, Taysi just on the border of passage.

"In principle, we can send it to a private school, simply he wanted to see us ... "Kawasaki said in an upset voice, apparently, imagining this dividing line. Of course, I do not know their circumstances, but it is in any case sad for her. And the problem is not just about money. The failed exam is a brand that never fails to wash; it means that they drove you away.

When you grow up, you may stop worrying about it a trifle, but for children of fifteen years old the school and the family are in fact their whole life. Fail exams and be lamented family - it's terrible.

And in the case of Kawasaki Taishi there is one more pressure factor, about which I said out loud.

"Well, yes, if you think about the next year, it would be better if he entered public school. "

"The next year? Are you talking about? "- she asked with a face, as if I did not heard what she said earlier. Heard of course, rude. I

looked at her suspiciously and nodded.

"Yes. You're going to the national university

it's certainly not easy. Although I do not know, of course. "

"What do I have to do with it?" Kawasaki looked at me, slightly bowing head sideways, and in exactly the same way did Kake. They were so look like I could not help but answer with a smile.

"No, not about you, though about you, too."

"In the sense?" Kawasaki looks at me irritably. Uh, what horror.

"Well, your brother, after all, could have believed that if he came to us, then you choice will be much broader. Maybe that's why he gave up

exams here. "- I said, emphasizing" could "and" can "that I, they say, I do not say for certain. Kawasaki looked at me

carefully and several times blinked. After which she slightly grinned and looked away.

"The costs for school and university are completely different."

Eh? Is it? And you are well informed. I am for my training

I never thought of paying myself, that's why I did not

learned nothing about the prices ... If it turned out that one pair worth ten thousand yen, then it would be even a pity to skip such expensive lessons.

"But yes, he could quite say something like that." - kindly

said Kawasaki, rolling the straw in her coffee with ice.

Hearing such a light tone, I myself could respond without tension.

"Still would. I understand, like no one else, the feelings of a brother who loves his younger sister. "

"What is this muck?" - she said directly, yielding

atmosphere. Because of this, Kake innocently repeats behind her "muck,

muck ". No, they are right of course. I think so too. I watched

to the boy's bloated face reflected in the window and sincerely

agreed.

Outside the window, more and more students in the form of high school.

Enough time had passed while I was playing with Keiko,

periodically remembering Kawasaki. Suddenly my

mobile - it came a message from Komachi, and I told her,

that I'm in Saint Mark. The answer came quickly. But it was not "b-rr"

mobile, and "tuk-tuk", the sound of a knock on something dense. I

turned to the source of the sound, to the window, and saw behind him Komachi: she

she knocked on the glass and waved her hand. I invited her inward.

Komachi quickly entered the cafe and raised her hands high.

"It's over! Hooray!"

"Hooray!" - I also raised both hands and slapped her hands.

Komachi, without waiting for a moment, until the echo of cotton disappears,

ran to Kawasaki and Kake.

"Greetings, Saki-san, Keika-chan! Hooray!"

"Hooray!" - Kake answered Komachi and they clapped their hands.

Kawasaki was in turmoil ... But still she understood what's what,
and raised her hand up.

"Ur-ra ..." - Kawasaki said in a subtle voice, and her face was
red to the very ears. Shy. Komachi, seeing this, deeply
She sighed and bent her back, stepping back three steps.

"Oh, Saki-san, what a quiet voice! Let's do it again! Hooray!"

"Ur-ra ... What do you have with your sister?" - she said desperately

Kawasaki's voice and looked at me menacingly. What do I have to do with this?

Well, yes, the brother is to blame for the debauchery of his younger sister.

"Ah, I'm sorry, she's just in a good mood. Komachi, keep it

water. Drink and calm down. " - I said Komachi and gave her a glass

with water, waiting for the question, whether the water is tasty, and Komachi grinned.

"Thank you. But drinking for a brother is somehow disgusting, so I

I'll go buy myself something. " - a natural honed

Komachi ignored me, turned around and went to

rack. Seeing this, Kawasaki barely restrains laughter.

"Komachi-u ..." - I groaned, but Komachi is already so far away that she

me not to hear. Brother got the damage ... Especially the word "like-

then "added her phrase realism and even more

shocked brother. I rethought how I normally behave

because of this pliability.

While I was lying on the counter, Komachi quickly made an order and sat down

next to me with coffee with ice.

"Probably tired?"

"Aha, I'm tired ..." Komachi answered me with a slight nod. She is

has pulled in itself a lot of coffee through a tube and it is enough sighed. I think she's been interviewed all this time ... no, not even

From the beginning of the exams, she was tense. And now she can relaxed, leaning on the counter. Seeing how Komachi and I lie in the same pose, Kake looked at us in surprise.

"They are alike," she muttered.

"Eh?" - for a second Komachi made a complete disgust Face than Keika was admired.

"Ha-chan and Komachi are similar. Copyright infringement? »

"I learned another complicated word ..." - she said wearily Kawasaki, looking at us from Komachi. Well, yes, small children quickly remember the new words ... By the way, why did Komachi have such a disgruntled look? No, I understand, and therefore I do not ask. I

I was also glad that Komachi is not like me ... I'm more like on the father, and Komachi - on the mother. Of the like, we have hair.

But when Komachi is tired or simply unpleasant for her - her

For some reason my face looks very much like mine ...

I looked attentively at Komachi's face and she coughed, straightened up.

"Well, we're brother and sister, after all," she said with a smile.

Keike, already without reconciliation with fate and embarrassment in his voice. Then Komachi moved the chair closer to Kake.

"Keika-chan, you are also very similar to Saki-san! And also you'll be beautiful when you grow up! "

"Moo-fu-fu, Komachi is also pretty!"

Kake seems to have got used to listen to this and softly answered Komachi's themes

same. Komachi, so that Kake did not say this, humorously crumpled

her cheeks. What nevertheless the girl's conversation turned out.

How wonderful it is when girls praise one another. Hit you in

left cheek - turn right 14 . Super. Sometimes, in the east someone

praises you "darling", and you say "you're too sweet," but it happens, that in the west someone mumbles "I'm ugly," and in response I hear

"That's not true, I'm worse, look how fat (is dying) .

Happens, in the south the girl meets the schoolmate with an average

school and, clapping his eyes, says "Eh? Uh, uh, uh? Oh, how long have we not

Have seen! Eh? Eh? Let's go for a walk together! "- touching

her hands, they give unrealistic promises, and in the north she simply

sings, em ... probably, also a girl. However, it's just

my opinion.

Ke-chan, are you the same? Or how? I looked at her copy, which

Komachi called the beauty, but she is too embarrassed to do anything,

something to say. Yes, for a female society it is quite normal.

Although, it is always so cute to react - this is for beauties not

well, I believe. Kawasaki's sisters are very nice.

Kawasaki noticed this, and to take my eyes off of myself,

she chuckled softly. Now it's my turn.

"We are always very friendly," I said Komachi, a bit embarrassed.

But Komachi immediately rejected my cry.

"No, actually, no, honestly."

"Komachi! Do not deny it with a serious face! "

I thought she would start waving her hands quickly, then she would cut
for cheeks and smile.

"Honestly, you sometimes infuriate me

"

"Ik ..."

My spirit stopped, I can not say anything! Is it really
she ... told the truth ?! I fell silent, unable to say a word
words, only breathing intermittently. Kawasaki looked at us and
grinned.

"We'll be going, it's time to cook dinner." - She said, looking out for
window. The sun was just high, which meant a lean season.

Examinations at the Taisi are over, so it's time to return. Kake
she sadly looked down and sighed.

"Eh?"

"Ta-kun awaits us." Kawasaki whispered and touched her back.

Kake folded her arms over her chest and muttered something, nodding.

"Well, so be it."

With a smile, Kawasaki began to gather quickly,

I wore a coat and a scarf on Keiko, and nodded to me and Komachi on
parting.

"Till."

A typical farewell. I answered her the same.

"Yeah, bye."

"Pokedava! Keika-chan, see you soon! "

"Pokedava!"

Kawasaki led off Keiko, who was cheerfully waving to us, and headed for side of the station. Komachi also waved back.

"We too would have something to eat. Have you thought about this? "

"Yeah, I thought that we would eat, when there was free time, when suddenly ... "- Komachi suddenly stopped in mid-sentence and giggling, she made a stupid face.

"The free time is over!"

Mmm, oh these jokes ... It would not be bad to talk about this, but she looks pretty cute, so okay.

"Eel ... Eel is a good choice. We need to eat them, until Extinct, and even a curiosity is - pleasure in itself. Cool, because it seems that you are destroying them. "

"Oh, this man is terrible ... Ugry would not like to be eaten on this occasion. Although, they say, now they are already fully bred in Japan. I saw the news. "

A-a, for sure, Komachi was looking for different news in different news usefulness for the interview. However, Komachi, you are too is naive!

"Yes, no, in Japan now the problem of population aging, so there is no one to plant an eel. "- I said with a stupid face.

"Oh, thoughts about the society ..."- rather said Komachi and she whistled, pointing with her finger up. Class.

"Therefore, I think, acne will not die out for a long time. Native slave office workers somehow survive. To that

In Japan, eels are more valuable than such slaves. "

"So they will both die out ..."

I agree. Eels and slaves of corporations are both living beings.

In general, Japan's working conditions mentioned admiration

The government expressed, and my political campaign with 18 years will be somewhere else. Listening to my enthusiastic speeches, Komachi was depressed.

"Yes and not necessarily acne. I recently ate them with my dad and mom. "

"A, clear."

And all this happened without me. And I also wanted to make a contribution in the extinction of blackheads! However, I recently come home late, so there's nothing to be done. So, the three of them walked ...

In addition, my financial strength is not in any comparison with parental, therefore, perhaps, it is still worthwhile to refuse from refined, and delicious food. So, I need to use

some of their advantages to thank Komachi for her works. Surprise from the brother! Although, what can I do ... The only thing, than I can be proud of - this is the cutest sister in the world.

But you just need to congratulate a sister ... And what about me do?"

"Well ... You can go somewhere to play together. Mash

musculature. For example, tennis with Totsuka. Well, or just play with Totsuka. "

I thought, I thought, and thought of it! Despised divine revelation! Am I really a genius? To reduce the prettiest in the world Sister with the friend of the world's cutest friend - it's a victory! Mva-haha.

But Komachi looks puzzled.

"I do not really like it ..." - she said in a withdrawn tone, showing his fingers a cross.

"Y-yes? And I thought you'd be pampered with this. "

I can not give up the dream of playing with Totsuka, but at the same time I do not have the courage to invite him, so I

hoped for the option to meet all together ... However, Komachi shakes his head.

"It is not necessary, the results are not yet known."

"Oh, well ..."

What is the point in congratulations, which you do not need yourself congratulations? The main thing is what Komachi said. And then what do? I did not have time to think about how Komachi pulled me over sleeve.

"I can go somewhere together with my brother ... I think. how many points for Komachi ... probably ... " - muttered Komachi, and moved her gaze to another place, to hide the slightly changed color of cheeks. Because of her shyness, I asked what was not to be asked

necessary.

"If you want, I do not mind."

Komachi turned and nodded sympathetically.

"Aha. Fast food or something inexpensive, or a supermarket. "

"Not the best choice ..."

However, if Komachi wants this, then I just have to do it,

- suggest a plan for us, brother and sister, to spend this time
fun.

"Well, where are we going? Lalaporte? I'm guessing, Lalaporte? Lalaporte,
means ... I do not know anything else. There are now trading
machine, scored only Max coffee. It's there for certain
delicious. "

"He has the same taste and content."

What happened to your shyness, Komachi? What is this tired look?

Komachi lifted her finger, as if collecting something for me
learn.

"It's not necessarily something chic or special."

"In the sense?" He turned to her, asking for continuation. Komachi
breathed in and took a deep breath.

"I want to go home and do my homework!"

"Eh? What do you mean?"

I have no idea. I do not understand a thing. As if fairies in my head
they dance.

"So let's buy everything we need and go home!" - standing up, said

Komachi. In any case, if Komachi wants something, then I will
Happy to do it. I also got up and went to the store next to
Komachi.

As soon as we got home, Komachi started cleaning. we
were engaged in washing and cleaning until the evening. In the evening
Other works - a kitchen knife, under the rhythmic sounds of washing in
sink. It seems that she is preparing something in parallel with the sink
dishes. It is not worth mentioning that she is doing very well.

I'm sitting at the kotatsu, stroking the man sitting on his knees
beloved cat Kamakura. I, probably, look like the leader
some group, proudly sitting and stroking the cat.

After seeing how Komachi fussed, I thought that maybe I, too
something worth doing.

"Help me?" - I shouted Komachi, who was in the kitchen.

The answer was a dry refusal.

"No, do not. Do not move, brother. Do not bother. "

"Cruelly ..."

I cried and buried my face in the back of Kamakura. In response, he did

A disagreeable look, and in addition to Komachi a complaint arrived.

"Brother, you do everything carelessly and after cooking for yourself
not clean. "

"M, yes, I'm not cleaning. I'm lazy. I'm sorry, sister-in-law. "

"What kind of sister are I to you?" My name is Komachi. Komachi! "-

Komachi said discontentedly and twisted the tap sharply. It looks like she
there she finished and came to the living room, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Besides, I want to do it myself. Because of examinations in the apartment is not cleaned. "-
She said, taking off the kettle of coffee and pouring it. Let

it is instant, but its aroma is pleasant to my nose.

Komachi sniffed him too, brought two cups and, sitting behind a distant
from me to the corner kotatsu, moved one cup to me.

"Besides, because of me my mother had a hard time." - embarrassing

she said. I took the cup, thanking Komachi.

"Do not worry about it for you. She is constantly something for you, something
is doing. Do not think about it."

"Maybe so, but ... They are always busy." - said Komachi

and smiled sadly. It seems that Komachi is not satisfied with this.

Parents are really busy all the time, so I, and Komachi

as a rule we do everything in our power. When Komachi was

little, it's all I did, though it was awkward, but when Komachi was

In high school, I relaxed a bit, and since

Komachi gradually became the main driving force for all

works on the house. As a result, my ability to care for the house

remained at the level of the sixth grade of junior school.

It turns out, on Komachi quite a weaker load ... Yes, I

I reproach myself for this a little. Komachi exams, plus employment
parents before balancing, and I do nothing.

"I'm sorry, I also wanted to do something, but ... you understand ..."

I said, having swallowed the bitter coffee, and my words also seemed
bitter. No, I really wanted to do something. But if I'm something

I will not do it the way I should, my mother will get angry again, and she will say almost the same as Komachi just now. I can do something, but not as good as the mother wants. For example, I can sweep the rectangular room around like a rumba ... In the end, my work brings more trouble, and I would be even more uncomfortable in front of her. But Komachi, apparently, does not worry - she looked at me and smiled.

"Nothing, I like it most."

"Do you like to work around the house? .." I asked and Komachi touched his finger to his cheek and thought about something.

"Um, well ... Rather, spoil the brother?" - Komachi slyly smiled.

"Oh, I just feel like a kid ... Class. You win, Komachi-mother. "

I wanted to scream Komachi-Mom in the shower, but it broke out. Because of this, Komachi's face expresses disgust.

"What a shit ... Brother, this is already a disease."

"Shut up, back off. Besides, you are not any better. Cool your hobbies."

"Still would! Many, many points Komachi! "- said Komachi, laughing, and jokingly knocked me on the shoulder with his shoulder. I do not praise you, on the contrary. But Komachi ignored my glaring glance, sighed, and portrayed delight.

"I'm very pleased to think what I turn people into."

"This is a disease ..." - I said. In response, Komachi banged herself with his fist on the head, at the same time sticking out his tongue and winking. Thanks to this, I realized that she was joking. We laughed and Komachi suddenly stopped smiling, looking at the little ones coffee waves in the cup.

"But I really like it."

"Hmm ..."

"How do you say ... Once you had to look after me, and now I'm more independent and I can do a lot myself. " Komachi's eyes were directed not at me, not even at the cup, but somewhere far beyond the window.

"Therefore, if there is something I can do, then I want to be useful. "

In her words, I did not feel the usual naivety and simplicity.

It seems that Komachi has become a little grown up.

"Not bad, I think ..." - added Komachi with a playful touch and a familiar, slightly embarrassed expression.

Perhaps when Komachi was a little she was very uncomfortable because she could not understand me. At an age when she would enjoy parental care parents constantly there were no homes, and in return there was an unreliable person - me. Despite this, Komachi constantly complained and expressed Discontent, but still was there and at a certain moment began to take care of me.

"Not bad, of course. On the contrary, you are too good. "- honestly
I said.

This little sister is really too good. And this brother by
compared with it is just pathetic, and he really thinks so.

Komachi smiled and straightened up.

"I tried. A worthless brother is a great incentive for
growth! "

"Exactly. I am the best bad example. Can you please
thank you. "- I said haughtily, straightened up
bangs and looked up. Komachi nodded in return.

"Aha. I am grateful to you."

"Eh?"

You put me in an awkward position, answering so much
Really. Hey, that does not sound like a joke! I looked at Komachi
with a serious look and she looked away, coughed.

"I was thinking of saying this after I did, but I'm sure
it will be a shame to say it again, and if I do not, it will be
too many other things, in the end I can say this only
now ... "- said Komachi and crawled out from under the kotatsu.
Komachi sat in the official pose of "Seiza", putting her hands on
knees.

"What? What's happening?"

Komachi straightened up and looked directly at me, which is why I'm in
confusion. Kamakura felt something was amiss and,

woke up, left me. Komachi calmly smiles
confused man and cat.

"Thank you for everything, brother." - said Komachi and respectfully
she bowed. My breath took hold and I stopped
thought processes. It was the least that I'm in
principle could expect from Komachi, but not only. She made it
so beautiful that I think I've been staring at her. I noticed,
that I opened my mouth, and quickly look for the right words.

"What is that?" Fool ... Stop it, I'm ashamed. "

"Hehehe. I just wanted to say it. It's like a lot of points
for Komachi ... "- she jokingly said, stroking her head.

However, the flushed cheeks did not let her hold me. Fool,
Why do you say something that even bothers you? And if you want

hold me - try to do it better! Need more
fog, to fit under the circumstances. And to this
the brother has long been accustomed.



Okay, now your brother will show you how.

"No, not much, and why you behave as if you were get married? I do not allow. Besides, that ... Stop it, seriously. " - I could not say without hesitation. It's as if clicked on the nose, and it became difficult to breathe. After that I just trusted his voice, saying everything that came to mind.

However, in the end, I completely lost the thought and just deep sighed. At the corners of my eyes, I felt something hot, something has pricked, and a drop of water has rolled down on a cheek.

"Eh? Oh ... Oh, I somehow dropped something from my eyes ... What is this is this? What's happening? What?"

I raised my head in a reflexive way. I bit my tongue, leaving the passage for the intermittent breathing. Looking At first Komachi was a little surprised, judging by her round eyes, but soon laughed.

"It's called tears, brother. You now look like a robot, who first felt emotions. "

"It's ... tears ... It's ... emotions ..."

"Why do you pause between words? .." - asked dejectedly Komachi and grinned. But this is correct, if now do not translate it as a joke, I generally cry.

I was not sad or hurt, and even more so I do not have my eyes hurt. I think I was happy. But still there was somewhere a drop of loneliness, like calm. But express it

words were difficult, and I could not publish a single sound, except how to whine like a disgruntled dog. I put my head down not saying a word, and Komachi reluctantly wiped my eyes, lightly smiling.

"Komachi will now go pour himself a bath and take it first." -

Komachi whispered to me, as it seemed to me, in a hoarse voice, and lightly patted my head. Komachi sniffed and quickly got up, a quick step out of the living room.

Listening to her retiring steps, I was able to finally make deep breath. I could not say anything, but instead I several times took a deep breath. Kamakura, who before that ran to the corner of the room, came back and rubbed his head against my back. It reminds me of someone's ability to read the atmosphere. Good

cat. I lifted Kamakura and laid him on my knees.

"This is called breaking away from the brother. How are you, Kamakura? Not Was it early? "I asked Kamakura, but he did not say anything, even did not meow - he silently allows himself to iron. Instead, I sniffed.

Chapter 4

Until this day, we have never touched this key

February, for the emergence of shoots is still early.

Periodically you can enjoy the arrival of spring, but winter
the cold quite often visits us. Such is the time of the year. Must
go for some time before the frozen winter
plantations are allowed buds. Row of trees in the park along the river all
still look like a winter. My bicycle path to school
pierces the cold coastal wind, so winter here
is felt especially well.

I feel tired either because of a series of days off,
For the gratitude of Komachi, however the cold wind helps
come to the senses, whipping with ice streams on the cheeks. Three
Examination days come to an end and come to me.
awareness that everyday life has resumed.

My body is also adjusted. For about two years, I
I traveled along this road, I thoroughly studied where to turn, at
what signs to stop, and now I do not even think about
this. There is one more year of such trips and I can get to
schools with closed eyes. Although, it would be more correct to say,
that for trips on this way to me there was only one year.

Perhaps someday in the future I will plunge into nostalgia and
suddenly I want to take a ride on this road, but call this
way to school I can only a year - it exists only
in this limited period of time. You can not name
unchanged morning sunrise or evening sunset,
which is attributed a certain special meaning, for example, the first sunrise
In the new year or watching the sunrise from the top of the mountain.

The same can be said about the relationship between people. Never the fact that I and Komachi are brother and sister will change. though Our relationships are changing and will never be the same as in our childhood. I think we have grown up a little. However, nothing dramatically changed. And I, and Komachi is beautiful learned for fifteen years of living together.

Komachi is my cousin, this is normal. I only have surrender, accept the fact that I have exhausted all the resources assigned to me life reserves of luck and sit on her neck until the end of days, forcing her survive hell with her brother. ... But how much hold on to each other people? Such thoughts haunted me to the very gates of the school. I slightly pressed the brakes to avoid hitting pedestrians and bicyclists, after which he turned the steering wheel and slipped into free place. The lock on the bike snapped,

that he will wait for the return of his master.

Raising his head, I noticed that there are more empty seats, than it seemed at the beginning, but it took no time to stare at it.

Because of last weekend, passing students in high spirits, cheerfully talking about something.

It seems that their voices sound louder than usual.

So I finally figured out why there are so few students. Now

exam classes are in full swing exams, so they

allowed to attend classes at will and most of them

no. That's why the bike park is empty and why on the first and

the second floor is a calm. And the voices seemed louder because of a lot of empty classes, by which I passed.

The cold, quiet air must have caused restlessness, forcing them to talk. Realizing this, I became very lonely and uncomfortable.

However, on the third floor, where there are classes of the second year learning, it's still noisy. Even loud, I would say. What am I difference, what did you do these three days? Could you shut up already? Enough. It is not necessary to show each other photos on phones, you've already flooded them all in social networks and all your friends these photos have seen. We saw and, putting a kid, right there forgot. Ah, so why show them now, like this prudently! Once missed - so it is necessary again try, yeah. I made my way along the corridor, carefully avoiding instagramovtsev, when suddenly heard approaching from behind quiet steps.

I left half a step to the right to let a person go through suddenly I was knocked on the left shoulder.

"Hello, Hachiman!"

I turned around and saw the figure of a man who looks better than any photograph in Instagram. Form accepted in school clothes: jacket and windbreaker on top. Totsuka Saika.

"Oh, m ... Hello ..." - I could hardly answer Totsuka, rejoicing that the joke was a success, he smiled gaily.

"Frightened?" He asked softly. I had to nod, not

taking breath. Oh, you little tootsuka-san! Yes, I was frightened,
why does he look so cute? Why so cute as a woman

hides a smile with a sleeve of a jacket? Now is not the case,
When you need to fill in photos of a hood that can
sold in Dakanam or in Nakameguro. Here, that's what
maiden power! Learn, girls. In general, I put the likes in
an imaginary Instagram. Sixteen times I was
enough, after which I calmed down, took a breath and
looked at Totsuku.

He carefully adjusted the tennis bag on his shoulder. His bright
eyes glittered, and soft hair was laid slightly unevenly.

There was a brisk, cheerful smile on his face, and a blush on his cheeks.

Apparently, he just ran from morning practice. And

from it comes the citrus aroma; must be a deodorant,

I thought and took a deep breath to make the red blood cells spread it
on the body. Simultaneously with exhalation I began the conversation.

"Have you been in such cold weather?" Cool."

"No, I'm already used to it." Tozuk smiled at me, adjusting himself
under my step. He said it in a confident tone, probably not from
modesty.

"Soon after all, first-year students will start attending classes,
show them their best skills. " - he said, raising

two fists at the chest level and a sweet smile. In addition to "cute" more

You can use many adjectives - and everyone will be

describe it. My eyes were damp because of my poor vocabulary. Words are no longer needed ... Seeing that I stare at him, Totsuka inclined his head in surprise and looked at me from the bottom up.

"Hachiman, what do you have for the first year?"

"Eh?" I was surprised at the unexpected question that caught me for admiring Totsuka and made an incomprehensible sound. Totsuka, it seems, I thought that I explained too little and went on waving my hands.

"Well ... Your help club is a normal club. You, perhaps, it will be bad without new participants. "

Normal this club or not - this is still a big question, but ... I he thought, bowing his head.

"I do not even know. I'm just running errands. Especially, I do not even I know how it was formed ... I, for example, was shut down there by force. "

"Ahhhh ... That's right ..." Totsuka smiled tightly.

"Therefore, I think, they do not need new members." - I said, and Tozuka looked down.

"I see ... a little sorry."

If we do not have new members, then this help club in soon will cease to exist. It goes without saying of course, but as if I had just realized it. I

He was one step behind Totsuki so that he would not see my face, and he sighed wearily.

"I'm sorry too ... I would like to say at least once to a junior student

"It's hard for everyone, not for you alone" or "You give up here - and all doors will be closed to you. "

"I'm a bad sempai ..." - I said Tootsuke, who is ahead of me
me, and smiled slightly.

"I am not talking about that. A help club is a good club, so
it would be nice if he continued to exist. "

I hastened to step back and again came up with Totsuka. Tozuka looked at
me with a shadow of anxiety.

"... It's up to the head of the club and the responsible teacher, I'm there -
nobody. " - That's why I said the truth. Totuk in return
smiled.

"You speak like some kind of handyman," he said.

disappointed. Although, I think he was in the top ten. My position
was always the same. Work comes to us in the form of requests
or consultations, and when there are any problems, I

I deal with them as far as possible. And it does not matter that I myself
about this I think - work is work. About this I constantly
said. Therefore, my answer sounds like self-flagellation.

"I told you. And if I start working, it will be harder, and

It's more dangerous. I do not want to work. "I said with a smile. We approached
class and I, waving to him, went to his place.

The heater worked in the class, therefore, although it is warmer there than in
corridor, but on the other hand the atmosphere is relaxing.

The places near the door of the class are a bit cooler due to the flow
cool air from the gap, but as you approach the window everything

more sleepy pupils. Kawasaki Saki, sitting in front of

window, rested her hand on the cheek and sits with her eyes closed, as if dozing.

I glanced at the guys sitting in the row by the window at the end and the nearest row. They, as usual, behave vivaciously. Thanks

The fact that the event with the preparation of sweets ended successfully, all as if nothing had happened to chat with Tobe in the center. Interesting, their relationship somehow changed because of the event? Miura Yumiko slightly closer than it should be, Ebina Hina is on

correct distance, though a little leaned forward, and

Tobe Kakera ... What's the difference? It's Tobe, and he's having fun, too.

in general, it does not matter. And the guy who said that "Good

Event turned out "... When I looked at that group, one girl

I noticed - Yuigahama Yui. She slightly opened her mouth and

lightly waved her hand. Stop, I'm ashamed ... But

ignore it is still not good, so I slightly nodded to her.

Miura and the rest of the company paid attention to where they are looking

Eyigahama. Miura continued to play with her curls and

almost immediately returned her gaze to her phone. Ebina made a sound

"Oh," as if letting her know that she had noticed me. Guys

umnkuli, it's probably also a substitute for greetings of some kind.

Hayama Hayato just smiled and blinked. I, too, gave a voice and

he nodded.

After that, I sat on a chair, rubbed my cheek on my arm and closed my eyes.

By the way, and it's strange. Of course, it's hard to call it full-fledged morning greeting, but we looked each other well friend and did something like a greeting. By asking yourself , with Whenever it started, I received a simple answer - from the very same as I began to look in their direction. When I just got into this class, Hayama and his company were for me an empty place or part of the surrounding landscape. But I did not remember how their they call, although he saw in what clubs they are and all that. But I would not say that I know them. ... However, I and now them not so I know it well.

Whether because of these thoughts, or because of unusual greetings, but I was uncomfortable sitting on the spot. So I immediately got up. AT such moments you need to run to the toilet. Escape - it's embarrassing, but useful. There is one pair of popular comedians who once got into an accident and disappeared f rom the scene, and they were imprisoned under house arrest, but after that they returned to the scene, as if nothing had happened, and turned this episode into a crown a joke.

Visiting the toilet did not take much time. At the same time I decided buy something to drink. So, my goal is a vending machine.

However, the time is already later and some students run to avoid to be late. The corridor is much quieter than before. Because of this, I noticed someone's steps behind him, someone quietly walks behind me, maintaining the distance.

When I reached the vending machine, the steps followed me with a delay of one step. Quickly buying your usual "MAX Coffee ", I gave way to the machine, and the owner of those steps went out forward, and bought a black coffee.

"I already heard."

He sat down by the window to pick up the coffee and, without turning, spoke to me. As if he was sure that I would stop.

Earlier he would have spoken in an unpleasantly rude tone, but now, something is wrong. I understand that Hayama Hayato's manner of speech is annoying, so it almost does not hurt me. In addition, I understand that he came specially to tell me something. And anyway - me it almost does not hurt. Oh, what's wrong with me? He annoys me! But yet, what with his manner of speech? It's like checking, who ... Well, yes, the manner of speech and the words used are often transmitted from one person to another. It only says that people long enough to communicate. Therefore, I can say that Hayama looks natural when talking about it.

"It seems that it was difficult. The burden from his shoulders was asleep? "- f inally turning to me, said Hayama with an understanding face, throwing a hot jar of coffee from hand to hand. Do you know, Raiden 16 ... I whispered this to myself, I turned questioningly head.

"M? What are you talking about? About my sister? About the exams? "

"No," said Hayama, sighing, and lowered his shoulders.

"You, too, must have been difficult ... Ah, exactly. Pass it on

sister, that she did a good job at the exams. "

"Why else, why should I transfer this from you? But I still glad, so thank you. "- I replied with a sour look at his smile and Hayama was surprised.

"I did not expect to receive gratitude for this!" Said Hayama, looking at me with a surprised look. He opened a jar of coffee, took a sip and grimaced, never ceasing to smile. Actually, I too, sometimes I thank people. Rather, I'm surprised that he He expressed his appreciation for the rules of decency. But thanks to this conversation returned to the original channel, from which he departed Hayama.

"With your sister finished ... I'm talking about another younger sister."

What kind of another? Keika? Yes, it was not easy there either.

A horrible girl ... I could have fooled myself again, but

The expression on Hayama's face was too serious. If I am again

I repeat the same joke, he can say that he was disappointed in me, and I somehow agree with him.

Now we are more or less understanding each other. Actually,

we Hayamoy arbitrarily wanted to understand each other,

disappointed, surrendered and, eventually, took it,

so we can only throw each other selfish

sentiments. Abandoned words are constantly directed somewhere

past and have no specific shape. It does not matter if they hear

these words, but they can not be said. We both understand that our

positions are incompatible, but ignoring too annoying, so you need to answer the unsolved question and a cynical hint.

"Well ... Everything is complicated just ahead. Although I do not know, of course."

"Really." - replied Hayama with a big big smile

and, having drunk coffee, he threw the jar right into the urn. Echoes of an empty can rang out along the corridor of the first floor. Hayama looked at this and

sighed slightly, as if to calmly remove the smile. In that

Sigh, I saw neither satisfaction nor loneliness. While I

I thought about it, Hayama turned and went.

"But still better than before. I thought that nothing

"He muttered, not looking at me and not expecting

answer. He did not seem to think that I was going to answer anything.

Yes, we always talk like that. Although, it is difficult to

call a conversation. When one person squeezes something out of himself,

something that does not even want to talk and throws at another, and the other

interprets these words in his own way. That's why it looks like

more like helping to commit seppuku. Words from which

should have been the conversation ended, and I understand.

Hayama has already gone forward a few steps. Following him,

supporting the distance, I once again think about the conversation. Hayama

learned from someone that Yukinoshita had returned home. From parents

whether, or from Haruno-san. Or maybe Yukinoshita herself told him.

Perhaps, Yuigahama mentioned in the conversation. Anyway, there is almost no difference - the meaning does not change. In other words, there is Something that, from Hayama Hayato's perspective, has not changed, and it changed because of the act of Yukinoshita Yukino. So to me it seemed. It's good that Hayama perceives this as something positive. If it is a person who has been talking for a long time is close to the sisters of Yukinoshita, then he can be trusted. Thanks to this, it became easier for me to feel when I found out that Yukinoshita does something beyond my sight. I joined Komachi, when he called it a burden, but he may not completely wrong. Somewhere in my chest I feel stabbing pain, like when Komachi thanked me. So this pain is correct. For the time that we returned to class, the distance between us not decreased. Classes are about to begin, and the disciples, running over Hayama, greet him, and Hayama answers them, raising a hand. Since when did my restless look watches Hayama's hand? I suddenly thought, what if Hayama felt the same? How Komachi is close to me, so to him she is close, or even both, so perhaps he felt same. This is what I was thinking about during that small time until we returned to the classroom. The distance between me and him diminished only for a moment, when he opened the door. As we approach the end of the class, the class gradually comes to life, and the whole building seems to be filled with warmth, acquires a color. because of

exams the work of the clubs was suspended, it's good
noticeable in sports clubs - they are especially energetic. Before
I already heard screams from the sports ground. Hayama and others
members of sports clubs in the classroom, too, no longer exists.

I wonder if I have classes at the club? Or not? Go

to see whether that ... I thought and decided to get up from the chair, when suddenly heard
someone's fast approaching steps. These steps ...

perhaps, I will look back. At the same moment that person wanted to
to look into my face, so our heads turned out to be very
close.

"Eh ?! Oh ... I'm scared! "

"And-sorry ..."

Round bun, light brown with a pink tinge
hair, cute, wide-open eyes, ajar,
soft-looking lips, and resilient large breasts along with odor
citrus spirits that struck my nose when I tried
look away. Because of so close contact, I have a heart
has jumped. Yuigahama glanced at me once more.

"You are surprised too much!" - frowned disapprovingly

Yuigahama and, patting me on the shoulder, smiled. Stop it, me.

I'm ashamed, I want to die several times already ... Because of my cry
the surrounding people probably paid attention. Yes, and that's enough
hold on to my hand. It works, so I can become
haughty.

"Are you going to the club?"

"Well, yes, I was going to." - I said, although the surprise is still not yet passed, the heartbeat did not return to normal. Yuigahama about something

she thought, but almost at once nodded.

"Clear. Well yes. Wait a bit."

Yuigahama returned to Miura, told everyone in a couple of words, took his backpack and a bunch of his things, and ran back.

"Come on." She said and pushed me in the back. I, between

Otherwise, I myself go, do not push me ... In such an unusual

It is very important not to push, pull, or talk.

People with the same level of vigilance as I have, in principle with other people do not talk.

In fact, for me it's an unusual situation. We and

We used to go to the club together, but, in my opinion, we are leaving for the first time together from the class. So I looked back to look at

class. However, those who were left behind were focused on

those with whom they talked, no one even looked at us. Even

company Eyigahama: Ebina-san waved her arms, something

while Miura played with her curls. So I

to myself calmed down. For everyone else, we are a part of the Yuigahama - a part

Everyday life. And the fact that Yuigahama goes to the club after school

and that I am a member of the same club - well-known

data. So it's absolutely normal that we go together in the

club.

Although earlier, I think, others would have looked strangely at me, and on Eyigahama. I did not even think about it when perceived them all as a higher caste, but when we started slightly to know the circumstances of each other I was able to do some guesses. It can not be called understanding, but some logic in actions became clear.

Of course, this also applies to the girl who goes now next to me. Some time has passed since lessons have ended, therefore on the second floor where is located corridor for the transition to a separate building, there are almost no people. Only dry cool air, as always. Although, I would not call it cold. The reason, I believe, in the next to me Yuigahama ... her woolen cloak. I quickly looked at her. Yuigahama hugs a wool blanket, wrapped in it to the chin.

Where did you get the wool blanket? Are you Linus van Pelt's his blanket? What does Peanuts have to do with Chiba?

"Listen, what kind of blanket is that?" - I decided to start a conversation with a simple question, so as not to go silently. Yuigahama was surprised at looked at me, bowing my head.

"A blanket? Oh, you mean a plaid? "

"It's actually the same thing ... Is there a principal difference? As between pasta and pasta. These are just different foreign borrowings of the same. "

"Eh? But there it was written "plaid" ... Ah? So after all, both words - borrowing? "- said angrily Yuigahama. I noticed ... But I

He turned his attention to her plaid. It is voluminous, because it is complex several times, but in general it is small, not more than one and a half tatami. I remembered something of this size.

"Just like a cloak on the lap 18. " - I said, and Yuigahama she nodded, ducking into the blanket.

"Ah, yeah. Something like that."

"Did not you have a cloak?" I remembered the club room.

Once Yuigahama and Yukinoshita sat together under one a rug around the kotatsu. I remember thinking that I was cold and wanted to Quickly leave. Remembering that feeling of loneliness, I looked on Eyigahama with her blanket. She blinked in response.

"And you look carefully."

"Not really. This all naturally falls into the field view. "

"In a natural way ..."

"M, well, yes. I have a wide field of vision. "- I said the first, which occurred to me, but in fact I do not know how much mine the field of view is wide. But even turning away awkwardly, I can to see from the corner of his eye red flushed cheeks Yuigahama, peeping out from under the blanket.

The sound of footsteps echoes through the quiet corridor. Besides Only the sounds of the wind knocking on the glass are audible, and the quiet breathing sideways from me. Oh-oh-oh ... I'm very uncomf ortable because of this silence, even though the earth has failed! Another five seconds of silence -

and the wrong answer will be counted because of the expired time, and I get a "bad communication"! I will be cut back on my salary at work! Not you need "great", at least "good"! Or even "normal communication. " However, even if I get "great", my points attractiveness will not increase. In general, it must be said that please.

"By the way, why do you need this blanket, if you already have a cloak on your feet? How many do you have them? Are you a centipede? "

"No! I was given a bonus to the magazine! "- said Yuigahama, sharply raising her head, but her speediness fell off sharply, and she continued to speak softly to herself, making her eyebrows a house.

"In general, I did not have time to notice how many of them have become, but get rid of them to me difficult. "

"Ah, it's clear."

You want to get rid of them? .. Well, yes, in winter quite often Different blankets and blankets are distributed as bonuses, applications and gifts. By the way, I, too, they are lying around house ... I see them as often as the plates on the spring Yamadzaki buns festival. Their plates are very strong, so they are becoming more and more ...

I nodded rather and Yuigahama in return nodded to me, grinning.

"So I brought it from home. Now it's cold, and ... "

suddenly Yuigahama stumbled. Having followed her gaze, I

saw the help room room. Yuigahama slightly sighed,
as if picking up words.

"... If the club will work a little longer, then I wanted him there
leave. "- she muttered softly and squeezed her lips, awkwardly
tilting his head. I could only say "yeah." Perhaps I would
it was worth continuing chatter, but I did not think of what it would be like
to distract.

If the club will work ... She said it in such a voice,
As if she already sees death. I could not find the right one
answer, and we reached the club. I jerked the door handle.
However, the door made a rumbling sound, but did not open.

"It's closed ..." - I said and Yuigahama looked at the door through
my shoulder.

"Yukinon has not come yet ..." - said Yuigahama and holding the bag
under my arm, began to rummage in my pocket. I looked at her with
hand and went.

"I'll take the key."

"Eh? Ah ..." Yuigahama wanted to say something, but I waved my hand,
they say, quit, and quickly went in the direction of the teacher's room. The key to
Only Yukinoshita used the help club.

I only now realized this. She always wore it, and I never
did not even touch this key.

I opened the door to the teacher's room and looked inside. There still
there was turmoil after the entrance examinations. Almost on each
There were stacks of papers on the table, many were talking to someone about

phones. It will be difficult to ask where the keys are ...

So you need to turn to Hiratsuka sensei. She's like

rule, watch anime or lunch in the teacher's room. I

greeted him quietly, like a sleepless night, and went inside, looking for a table

Hiratsuki-sensei. In fact, I have already been several times

We call here and he came, but today here too

unusual. Usually on this table randomly scattered

different papers and envelopes, cans of coffee and some figures, but

today it is perfectly cleaned. All that was on the table - one black

hemmed folder and ballpoint pen. At first I thought that

confused the table: although I feel that this place belongs to

Hiratsuke-sensei, she herself is not, there is only an office chair with

overturned back.

"Oh, Hikigaya? What happened? " - someone called me from afar, while

I looked at the chair. Looking around, I saw the head of Hiratsuki-sensei

with a cigarette in his mouth, peeping out of the reception room,

conditionally separated by a small stenochkoy from the teacher's room. Ah,

exactly, she used that room as a smoking room ...

She called me with her hand, and I obediently went there.

It looks like she was working on some papers and now she decided to take

break. In addition to the cigarette, she has a closed can of coffee in her hand,

by itself MAX Coffee. Because he is special .

"I came for the key." - I sat in the room, as she told me, and

said that I want to. Hiratsuka-sensei made a displeased face.

"Yukinoshita just took the key." - she said, releasing smoke with a tart resinous smell and looked at me, grinning that I wasted my time.

"Why not call her and clarify? Communication is very important."

"Ah, I do not know her number."

"A Yuigahama?"

"Well, she ..." - I foolishly smiled at her suspicious look and he lowered his shoulders. I can not say that I just wanted to come for key. But Hiratsuka sensei understood something without words, and smiled. Her warm look was unpleasant and forced me to shrink. I looked at other extremely busy teachers.

"I see that you have a turmoil here." - I was able to find another topic and Hiratsuka sensei looked at them, screwing up her eyes.

"M? .. Ah. Well yes. The school year is coming to an end. We have such everytime."

Hmm, I see. I thought that the turmoil was due to examinations, but, apparently, not only because of this. Someone is released, someone goes into next class. Although, Hiratsuka-sensei leads our class repetition, therefore, those who arrived should not be bothered.

"The end of the accounting period, the summing up ... It's everywhere so.

My parents are also very busy with something. "

"Well ... Reporting depends on the company, but yes, many this is the end of March. And you need a lot of strength to adjust

under this time ... I want to go home ... So that these all accounts, terms and Deadlines are dead ... "- Hiratsuka-sensei said rudely with tears on eyes. But Hiratsuka-sensei, you do not do anything, I thought, looking at her intently, and sensei understood mine question.

"In fact, I'm busy. Honestly. "- She said straightened and having inflated the cheeks. M ... Past. Whether she is a little younger - it would be very cute. But sensei has already lived a whole circle, and in the end ... Anyway cute? Oh...

"And now, I ... Well ... I have a break. Okay? "- Hiratsuka-sensei insists on his, dropping a cigarette into an ashtray and carcass it. But because they say that there is no smoke without fire ...

"But you have almost nothing on the table."

"N-well ... When there is a lot of work, I am constantly engaged escapism ... "- silly grinning, Hiratsuka-sensei scratched the back of the head.

I understand it perfectly. When the work is too much, in some the moment the head just stops thinking, and you switch to games. So be it. Innocent. You can not judge sensei. In all the work is to blame. Work is evil. It should not be forgotten that if the work and can grow, the number of people is invariable. I folded my arms on chest and nodded. Hiratsuka-sensei let out a sigh of relief.

"But it's time for me to work ..." - she muttered somewhere in side, as if not addressing me. Hiratsuka-sensei looked at the ashtray. There was no smoke, only the remains

smell. I thought I was used to this smell, but my eyebrows still frowned. Maybe because I remembered the conversation with Harunosan that night. The smell she gave me to smell that at night, was also as tart and troubling. I rose to help himself forget him.

"I will go."

"Yeah, come on."

Hiratsuka-sensei followed me behind me. When I was already at the threshold of the reception room, she called me.

"Hikigaya."

"What?" I stopped and looked back. Hiratsuka-sensei still stood with a slightly open mouth, just silently looked at me not the usual sharp look, but the one that is so tender for her look. I saw for the first time such a look at her. That's why I'm still more interested in what she wants to say, and I'm slightly tilted his head to the side. But Hiratsuka sensei closed her eyes and She nodded her head negatively, then smiled like a young guy.

"Nothing. Catch! "- she cried and threw a jar of coffee from below. I'm her barely caught and looked at Hirutsuku-sensei, wondering what it was

It was. Hiratsuka-sensei responded with a hand to her cheek, cute she winked and showed her tongue.

"Do not tell anyone that I'm shirking work."

Oh, infuriates ... What is this super-girlish Yumekawa style 20 ? Eh? The

is this coffee - a payment for my silence? It was not necessary, to me all there is no one to complain. Perhaps, I'll try to resist and show her the sign "quiz" near the left eye, and leave teacher's room.

The help club is already open, so there is no need to rush. Yukinoshita should already be at the club with the Yuigahama. I walk slowly to side of the club, popping up MAX Coffee. Unexpectedly, but There is already no Yuigahama before the door, but two voices come from within. Because of this, I felt that in the icy landscape something was born warm. The door that did not yield earlier opened, and I felt the warmth of the heater with the aroma of black tea. As usual, two girls are sitting by the window. After greeting, I sat down at a chair with side of the door.

"Hi."

"Hello." - Yukinoshita just finished cooking black tea and poured it into cups, looked at me and slightly smiled. But after a moment, she frowned, frowning.

"Sorry, we seem to have missed each other. It was necessary to contact me."

"Well yes. But everything is fine." - I said and showed her a jar of coffee, which he bought. Yukinoshita sighed with satisfaction. But

Yuigahama on the contrary, held her breath and puffed her cheeks.

"I said that you need to call ..." - complained

Yuigahama and I smiled stiffly.

"For some reason I do not remember this."

"Hickey, you left before I said."

"But after all ... MAX Coffee ... Oh, no, nothing, sorry." - I shocked a jar in front of Yuigahama, which is fixed on me looked, felt that her eyes became more rigid, and apologized.

"Oh, no, nothing ..." Yuigahama said sullenly and exhaled.

Yuigahama brought her cup to her mouth, which she held in both hands, and Yukinoshita grinned, looking at her. Yukinoshita took the kettle in her hand and looked at me.

"I poured some tea ... Will you?"

"Let's do it. As they say, for a sweet - a separate stomach. "

"And you call this coffee? He really sweet to the horror! "- looked Yuigahama with fear of the bank MAX Coffee. Hey, I'm the same. told you that he is much sweeter than the newfangled low-carb low-fat sweets.

Okay, I'll open coffee when I'm hungry, and now I have after-hours tea-drinking.

"I beg."

"M, thanks."

I took a sip of Yukinoshita's hot tea and exhaled.

There is a feeling, as if a wave passes through the body relaxation. Thanks to this, I realized that all this time was strained, and that right now I was able to relax. Before

I could not understand what was happening without a moment, and now I was silent and

only

sometimes I exhale hot steam. Before, I did not draw any attention to silence, and now the awkward atmosphere scares me. I caught a glimpse of Eyigahama. She looked at the small waves on the surface of the tea in his cup. Probably, she feels the same, and me too. But Yukinoshita - no. While we are silent with Yuigahama, Yukinoshita quietly smiled broadly and spoke.

"Thank you for the recent." - she said, putting her hands on

knees and bowing slightly. What are perfectly beautiful manners ... When I saw this, I calmed down a bit. I do not have to bases, but looking at the straightened back, beautiful posture, nice hair and a familiar little smile.

Because of this deja vu, I was able to speak normally.

"Has it moved normally?" Although I already learned this from Hayama, but still thought that it was better to hear it from her. Yukinoshita she nodded.

"Yes. I would not call this a move, of course ... In addition, Yuigahama-san helped me a lot. "- Yukinoshita said and, kindly looked at Yuigahama. Yuigahama in response to the start plow your arms at the chest level.

"Oh, no, nothing! I did not do anything like that. "- modestly said Yuigahama and smiled awkwardly, touched the bun on head and looked away. But Yukinoshita is still looking at her.

"You really helped me, thank you." Yukinoshita said. Her

the smile seemed fabulously warm and bright. Yuigahama also looked at Yukinoshita and, when their eyes met, she smiled, almost nagged and sighed deeply.

Yukinoshita, it seems, was embarrassed because of this.

"Shall we get something for tea?"

A soft warmth and sweetish aroma spreads around the room black tea. The sun tends to sunset, and its rays are like fill the room with color. Suddenly this space shook a ringing knock at the door.

"Come in." Yukinoshita said calmly and the door slowly opened.

A ray of light falling on the door slid through the ajar door to the corridor. The external cold mixes with the stagnant The air in the room is like a gust of wind. It looks like a corridor is ventilated through one of the windows. Heated air in the club mixed with fresh air.

"Hello!" Said the girl with a smile, drawing this air, Ishiki Iroha, standing near the door. Why does not she come in? What? I'm cold because of the open door, hey! I'm dissatisfied looked at Ishiki, and she responded by leaning the index finger to cheek and slightly bowed his head.

"Do you have a computer here?"

"There is." - Yukinoshita responded slightly uncertainly to the unexpected question. Ishiki continues to ask questions.

"Can I watch a DVD on it?"

Yukinoshita bent her head and was about to take out a laptop from drawer of the table. But I already know the answer.

"He's old, so you can."

"Ah." - for some reason she was impressed by Ishiki.

"And what is it?"

"Nothing, I just specify." - she denied, waving her hands with her face, as if nothing had happened.

"What are you asking for?"

After that, Ishiki finally decided to enter the room, closing for the door.

"You can watch online, but then the receipt will not be given, and the card must be used ... "

"And so what?" - Asked Yukinoshita in perplexity. But we are all were at a loss. What is she driving at? We looked at it and Ishiki opened the laptop.

"I rented a DVD, but the laptop in the school board new, it can not be viewed. "

Hmm, new means. It's good to have money for a new laptop. Well yes, new laptops usually do not have a floppy drive. Ishiki immediately quickly took out of the portfolio something. White square a box the size of a hand.

"What is this?" - frightenedly asked Yuigahama and poked her finger.

Indeed, what is it? Tofu? Although, he has something, like a lens, and a button ... No, it's not tofu. Ishiki firmly

I took it in my hands and started to connect to the laptop somehow cable. Yukinoshita made a delighted sound.

"It's very small, but it's still a projector."

"Yes Yes. Ah, I'll use the screen." Ishiki nodded in response and, standing up, lowered the screen, folded in the corner of the room. I carefully watched what she wanted to do. Ishiki pressed the button projector and the sound of the trigger mechanism was heard. After some The computer desktop appears on the screen.

"Wow, cool!" - said, opening her mouth, Yuigahama,

"Pretty clean image." - said, putting her hand to chin, Yukinoshita.

Ishiki straightened and waved a finger in front of them.

"It seems that he can show the image and from the smartphone."

"Wow ... So it turns out, dear?" - Yuigahama even more surprised, grinned "mu-fu-fu" and jokingly asked.

"Imagine, now all expenses are covered by the student advice and for me it's absolutely free! "

"The worst option for selling with a demonstration ..."

There is nothing more suspicious than the words "absolutely is free". For example, in "absolutely free" games due to multilevel marketing in the medium and long term perspective it will be necessary to buy something after all. I do not You will deceive me, and I will not give you money, except that an incentive prize for technical work, I promised myself and look intently at

Ishiki.

"So what about this projector?"

He seems to be just out of the store, even warranty transparent stickers are not removed. Ishiki looked carefully on the projector and tilted his head sideways.

"This is our new inventory, right?"

What else is "after all this"? It sounds like "is it the power of a jump, or what?"

What are you, brother Irohasu? Introduce us to a new friend pupil council, projector-chan, without this uncertainty in the voice.

"I meant, why did you bring him here?" - she asked

Yukinoshita, touching her temples, as if her head aches.

Oh, yes, I also wanted to ask this.

"Well, the fact is that ..." - said Ishiki, while delivering DVD drive by turning it on your finger and inserting it into the drive. Yuigahama guessed and jumped up.

"Film? The film, yes? We will watch the film?" - joyfully asked Yuigahama, cheerfully pulled the curtains and quickly turned off shine. Oh no, you can not watch the movie right here ... Suddenly a familiar image appeared on the screen. Lion, a statue of Liberty, illuminated by searchlights figures, and more waves striking ...

Uh ... We'll still watch the movie? While I was sitting in

Isshiki moved the chair so that it was better

it is seen. Yuigahama also put a party desk with sweets:

preparation is complete. Are we really going to watch the film? ...

Yukinoshita, it seems, looked at it and thought that it was necessary
pour more tea. Yes, we will still watch the movie.

The only light source in the room with curtained windows -
this is a weak light projector. If it was a real cinema
or a movie theater, it would be easier to focus on the story. But
now we are in the help club room. Here we spend a lot
time every day, so it's difficult to calm down,
when the room is so much transformed. In addition, the source
sound are weak notebook speakers, so, of course,
We had to get close to him to hear something.

Because of this, it's hard for me to sit still. But, moving, I
touched someone's body sitting next to me. Hearing heard
the rustling of clothes or someone's surprised sigh at the touch, and
tickling rumor of someone whispering. That's all I remember, and
the content of the film is almost not captured in my memory.

The only thing I realized was that this was not a film, but a foreign one
series, in general - about American teenagers, students
high school. And something instructive ... I only remember
that the hierarchy in their school is strong, somewhere in the middle of the film
my heart broke and I watched the movie through my fingers, and under
the end I turned into a monk fighting with the carnal
desires. I'm about to reach enlightenment, when suddenly the movie
ended.

Ishiki skipped the credits and turned off the projector.

"How interesting it was!" - said the risen open the curtains

Yuigahama, and we saw that it was dark outside too. When

switched on the light, I saw a nodding Yukinoshita. It seems that everyone

I liked ... I was distracted by other things, so bad

I remember ...

"Daisin kui-in, mfu-fu, pum-pum-poo-y!" - Ishiki is cheerfully quiet

sang a melody from the last part of the movie. But she does not seem to

understands what it means in English, so the second part

sang in the nose. What a good mood she has ... I am very

sorry, but I have to ask one question.

"Listen, why did you decide to watch the film here?" -

I asked when Ishiki finished cutting off the projector.

"This is not a movie, it's a TV series."

"What's the difference?"

There, everywhere Americans do something, and it's all Hollywood, so

what's the difference? If the film is danced for no reason -

this is an Indian film. The film is the same? Although, it's a Western

series ... I took a deep breath and Isshiki was surprised.

"Senpai, do not you like this?"

"Well, it was interesting when I looked, but from quick viewing

sensations are not the most pleasant ... "

This also applies to certain scenes in the film, and to be surrounded by

these girls ...

"And you seem to like such films."

"Well, yes, they do. It's more or less interesting, after all. "-

said the normal tone of Ishiki.

"Yeah, yeah!" - Yuigahama agreed with her.

"Clear..."

I watched, for example, "24 hours" and "Escape", and they seemed to me interesting, but this series is somehow prolonged, tedious

look.

"Well, probably, it's more suitable for girls." - I said, on that Yuigahama and Ishiki had eaten up.

"Not only for girls! Guys also usually look this! "- said Yuigahama.

"Exactly! In addition, movies for girls are more calm. And here If the girl likes "Mad Max" or "Avengers" - then this probably the influence of a guy. "

"M? "I said, hearing something new for myself. In reply Ishiki nodded and smiled.

"Yes, mostly."

"Hey, stop it! Do not bring guys down to hell, Because they have the same tastes with girls! Sometimes girls such films like. "

The source of information is Hiratsuka-sensei. Her favorite films -

"Tremors of the Earth", "Sea Battle" and "Pacific Frontier". I thought I would fall in love with you when I heard it.

However, my source is too unreliable. I looked at

Ishiki, with eyes asking what films like girls, and she smiled slyly.

"I am sure that audacious films such as " Amelie "or" Ashanti "are more popular with girls. "

Why does Isshiki have such confidence? In addition, the films are very old! Although, they are quite famous, so the possibilities of their See a lot.

"Hmm ... What's your favorite movie?" - I asked and Ishiki coquettishly put her hands to her cheeks and smiled.

"Amelie!"

"A cheeky movie."

"Yes, and hard to believe."

In addition, it is the choice of rotten women from subcultures. how only I was going to say it, Yukinoshita, who was drinking tea with closed eyes, said her opinion.

"... Although the film is good."

It was dangerous! Well, I did not have time to say. It is necessary all the same respect other people's opinions, it is not known where the mine is buried! But there are people who run around these mines without problems.

"Ah, Yukinoshita-sempai, it looks like you like these things."

"I feel dislike in these words." - Yukinoshita frowned and looked coldly at Isshiki, and she shrank in response and hid behind me like a small animal. Having looked at this, Yukinoshita touched her temple and sighed in disappointment.

"Tell me: why did you decide to make a show here?"

"Ah, for sure!"

I remembered that I had asked this very recently and turned around back. Ishiki clapped her hands, supposedly remembering something.

"I looked at it as working materials! If I did it in the student council room, people would have thought, that I am having fun. "

"It's not the most worthy reason to choose this place ..."

"Look at the houses. At home. "

"I really wanted to try a new projector in business! In addition, in advice does not have a screen. In addition, I am an opponent of work in after-hours time. "- Ishiki said the bitter truth, smiling without a hint of timidity. She would be so enthusiastic about buying more dynamics.

"And where are the working materials? We just watched? "-

Asked, raising her hand, Yuigahama.

"Soon afterward the graduation ceremony. And after it - the ceremony Thanksgiving teachers. The student council is obliged to arrange it, for this we watched the series. "

"Hmm, the Thanksgiving Ceremony ..." - having decided not to help, I sat down and gazed at Isshiki, but it does not look like she is going to ask us something. She folded her arms and Something thought.

"Well ... In principle, it would be possible to make an ordinary ceremony, get tables, make speeches ... But I began to think how it would be go through my ceremony and wanted to do it on a grand scale ... Yes and the graduates will be pleased. "

Wow! She even remembered about the feelings of graduates in the end!

Irokhasu, yes you have matured! I would like to think so, but I can not,

Since her narcissism goes off scale so that she

just right to admire. A similar voice was heard from the side. it

Yukinoshita nodded with an intelligent look.

"Ah, so you're talking about prom ."

"Wow, great, Yukinoshita-senpai!" - Ishshiki clapped in

Hands, praising Yukinoshita.

"What's wrong with that? You obviously did this, "she said unperturbedly.

she, though proudly straightened her back, and a blush appeared on her cheek.

What are you simple ... In any case, Yukinoshita gave the right

answer, that's why I understood what I'm talking about. Graduation ball ... And what is this

In general such?

"Prom?" What is it? Proactive? "- I asked, hearing an unfamiliar

word. This remedy for acne, or what? But the wrong answer

the man who was supposed to. Yuigahama also does not know what it is.

"Prom ... Um ... Peach?"

"Did you mean" plum "? You love peaches, I look. "

"A? Aha, I love peaches! "- Yuigahama smiled quite. Yes,

very attractive reaction, but that's not what I wanted

hear. Tell me about prom. I looked away

Yukipedia. She solemnly took the hair off her shoulders and

she smiled victoriously.

"Actually, plum is a plum. They belong to the same thing

same Pink family, the order of Rosaceae, but the plum as a matter of fact - another kind. Biologically draining is closer to the cherry. "

"This is not quite what interested me ..."

"Eh? What? Um ... S-s-plum? With ... Cherry? Plum? "

Yuigihama-san in confusion ... Again, repeat, - I wanted to say, but, perhaps, I'll leave it for another time.

"So what for prom?" - I asked and Yukinoshita began thoughtfully explain.

"Prom is an abbreviation for the English promenade dance, that is, prom. A dance evening, which is held foreign students. Well, it's basically called beautiful prom. In the series that we watched, it was just scene with prom. "

Hmm ... I see. So, that American dance party queen - this was prom? Clearly, clearly. However, ka!

"Eh? But this is a series, so they usually do not do it. "

"They do, it seems. Even, I think, it is generally accepted. Em ... "- said Ishiki and began to look for something in the smartphone and, when found what she needed, slipped it to me.

"Ta-dams!"

"Aha ..."

There was a picture with a fun party, guys in tuxedos, girls in dresses, ornaments ... It's a sports hall, and this is -

disco with a DJ, but - a dance floor, were still party in nature. Depending on the type of event, the place, but in any case everything looks luxurious. However, neither one picture, I do not see high school students ...

"Look look! So many photos in the instagram! How I want something such! "

"Forget about these fucking standards!"

- said Ishiki and pointed a finger at the monstrously luxurious limousine and girls in dresses. Guys, probably more like Temujin 24 . Ah, now is not the time to think about Virtual On. Prom is obtained - a graduation ceremony of a completely different scale, than we imagined. I thought it was also different from parties party-goers and lovers of noisy gatherings such as a night pool. And "Juicy! Party! Yeah! 25 "- a little not that ... In general, this is all - a foreign culture, so I personally it is difficult to understand how I treat this, if I do not understand, what is prom.

"You can do the usual Thanksgiving ceremony, why do you want this prom? "I asked.

Ishiki hid her hands in a pink cardigan at her breast and instructive pronounced:

"Hehe, it's because I'm the queen of prom."

"Ha..."

Is she talking about? I wentogle the "prom queen". As it appears,

queen proma - this is the coolest girl in school or in parallels. Ah, at the same time the king of prom is elected - the coolest guy.

"Clear. In our parallel, the King will most certainly be Hayama. "

"Probably, yeah. Hayama-senpai will be king, and I ... Oops ... " - the beginning she said, but hesitated when she noticed the temporary paradox.

She coughed and smiled at me.

"By the way, sempai, I wanted to ask something absolutely not you have to do with the topic ... You did not want to stay on the second year?"

"No."

"C'mon! You're still not going to university at once, what's the difference? It will even be profitable - you will get a discount on training."

"Do not invent, I'll do it or not! In addition, not I will do it - in the end I will be in the red. I will act in several places at once, so somewhere I will do it. "- strictly I refused. Ishiki answered her cheeks.

"Aha, I see. Then in return, help me make the prom. "

"Instead of what? ..."

Ishiki suddenly stopped sulking and made a satisfied face, as if she found a compromise. But I can not ignore it either.

"Wait a minute. Have you seriously decided to make prom? "

"Yes."

I asked in a clearly disapproving tone in my voice and look, but

Ishiki responded as if nothing had happened. I sighed.

"Right now I can not for anything. Moreover, I do not like these things

I do not like to study. "

"Ah ... And I think that it would be fun ... But it's complicated."

"Aha."

Yuigahama smiled awkwardly, and Yukinoshita closed her eyes, holding on to the temple. Apparently, the three of us have a similar opinion. Ishiki in confusion.

"I understand this, but still want to do it. It is impossible? "- said she is already without that energy in her voice, holding her sleeve and looking with an ingratiating, hopeful look. Slightly crafty Reception, but he has power. I even wanted to listen to her. However, if you directly refuse - then you can wait for something not good. With pain in my soul, I still refused.

"The question is not whether or not it is possible. There are several reasons, why we can not do it. You in fact also understand.

I thought that there was no need to explain the obvious. We have little time, means, hands, experience in this, information and so on.

Further. Ishiki also must understand this. She must have had her there is some reason to come here and despite everything to ask for this ... However, we have space to find a compromise.

Ishiki also reflected, apparently, having found the slack.

"Clear well. Then the student council will do it alone. "

"Yeah, right. Er, what? ... "

At first I thought that I heard and asked again. But still,
still I did not hear. Ishiki resolute look
looks directly at me.

"Ishiki, did you hear what we were talking about?"

"Yes. Therefore, we will do it ourselves. "- said Ishiki and
she smiled victoriously. After such a statement, I can not
nothing to say. I could not say "good luck" to you, instead, with
something like a sigh flew out of my mouth.

"Ah ... I see ..."

I'm not shocked alone, Yuigahama, too. She looked, as if
asking "what is it about?", "I do not know," I shook my head.

Yukinoshita all this time sat with her eyes closed.

It turns out that the correct answer can only be given by Ishiki. We are on
she stared.

"Do not look at me with such surprised eyes! I'm already

I realized long ago that it was difficult, and I assumed that they would refuse me. I you are
not a fool. "Isshiki said with a displeasure, but to me

and Yuigahama this answer was enough.

"So you went to ask, knowing that you will be ref used?"

"Clear. That's why you came to the talks without preparation. "

Isshiki looked away, as if she were embarrassed to talk.

"Well, uh ... I thought we'd watch that show and you light up
desire to make prom ... "

This is called coming without preparation. But for frankness -

a plus. I looked at her with a warm gaze and Ishiki cleared his throat.

"Well ... If you change your mind - I'm looking forward to you in student council! We are always glad to see you! We will not let you go home! "

"That is, you are ready to exploit people ... Yes, and prom ready to do for real. "

"Aha."

Isshiki's answer has not changed. This is a ready-made solution. However, We still do not have one important part related to the justification of this decision. Dangerously ... While I was thinking what to do, Yukinoshita began to speak.

"Can I ask you one question? Why do you want to spend so much prom? "

Ishiki was surprised by Yukinoshita's question and squeezed her shoulders. Though Yukinoshita and turned to Ishiki, it seemed to me that she was all this time was thinking about something else. Apparently, therefore, and Ishiki was not ready.

"Eh? N-but, it's ... The Queen of prom ... "

"You are two years younger than the queen." - added Yukinoshita, While Ishiki did not have time to deal with the first question. Ishiki She scratched her cheek and, fiddling with the lapel of her jacket, answered.

"Ah, I just want to prepare in advance ..."

"You can be chosen by the queen, even if prom is only in a year. "

"Ah ... What? .." - Ishiki completely did not understand what she was told and looks at Yukinoshita. I looked at each other with Yuigahama

and also did not understand anything. Yukinoshita sighed slightly.

"I mean, there's no need to do it now."

"No, I did not talk about it ...", Isshiki said uncertainly. They with Yukinoshita each other do not understand. Yukinoshita just looks intelligent look, answering her question. Ishiki surrendered under pressure, but it seems that something came up and clapped her hands.

"A! There is no guarantee that I will be president next year, so I need to start a plan this year ... "

"If you wish, you can always become it. Wishing and so little, and you have enough abilities and achievements to win the election. I think next year nothing Yukinoshita said slowly, kindly, but the contents felt pressure. Isshiki stumbled over this tone.

"Um ... Well, maybe it's like that ..."

"And in a year too."

"It will not work out." - stopped Yukinoshita Ishiki. Although she looked depressed, but still she squeezed it out.

Yukinoshita looks at Ishiki, waiting for an explanation.

"I do not think I can make prom next year.

Junior students, like you now, just do not agree, and yes

time will be short, so I, too, most likely, ref use ...

Therefore, you need to do something now, even if it is difficult and

nothing will come of it, at least a little t rampling a path ... "

Ishiki said monotonously, looking down, and suddenly stopped. It seemed to me that she was trying to hide a trembling voice. I wanted to ask if everything is all right with her, but in the very moment of her straw-colored hair was shaken.

"We need to start now. Then there will be a chance to be in time. "- said

Ishiki lifted her head, looking directly at Yukinoshita. But the face Yukinoshty invariably.

"Why do this?" For whom? "- she asked calmly and

Ishiki blinked quickly, as if she had been taken by surprise. Her a thoughtful face with a slightly opened mouth seemed to me cute. She immediately smiled confidently.

"For your own sake, of course!" - Isshiki asserted self-assuredly, straightened and folded his arms over his chest. Well done, Ishiki. Be it's true or false for the sake of hiding something - I can only take you to praise. It would be rude to ask about the reasons and circumstances now. Yukinoshita also clapped her surprise eyes and smiled.

"Clear. Thank you for the answer. "She said in a kind voice. smiled happily. Or, perhaps, she heard in her reply pure interest. After that, Yukinoshita confirmed readiness work.

"Well, let's do it."

"A? What? Seriously? Wow! Yukinoshita-senpai, I'm yours

I love! And what was that just now? I was so freaked out! Do not do it.
more such a person! "- said Ishiki, ran to Yukinoshita and
hugged her. Yukinoshita, quietly saying "get off" and making
dissatisfied face, pushed away Ishiki. Seeing such a warm
picture, I and Yuigahama sighed with relief.

"Well, if the authorities decided so, then we'll get down to work." - I said as if to himself,
with a kind of pity in his voice.

"Aha." - Yuigahama smiled and nodded. Now the direction
the work of the aid club was decided. There was a work - and now her
have to do. I stretched and stretched my shoulders, but Yukinoshita
modestly told us.

"Um ... Something else."

"M?"

We looked at Yukinoshita and she sat up steadily, as if she had become
uncomfortable.

"It was my personal decision, so I will not force
you."

"A? M ... What do you mean? "- I looked carefully
Yukinashita in the eyes and she sighed and straightened her back.

"This decision I took not as the head of the club, so these
I do not have the authority. Do not take this as a club job,
although I will be grateful for the help. But I want to be the only one
responsible for staging a miss ... "

Yukinoshita's voice grew quieter, and everything became to me

more interesting, what she wants. But she, apparently, herself was difficult to convey the meaning, so she squeezed her skirt on her knees and embarrassed looked down. I did not immediately understand what these words were, but I remembered, that one day she was already carrying such nonsense. Maybe Ishiki, too this is understood. But this time the scale is wider.

"That is, can we attend at our discretion?" - I said and Yukinoshita looked at me uncertainly, gathering something to tell. But she was beaten by another tender voice.

"No, Hickey."

It would seem, since it points to my mistake, then the tone should be accusing, without reproach or warning. But her voice It was so quiet that it reminded me of the fall of a pen. I became interested in this and looked at Yuigahama. She is she waved her head, looked at the desk and lightly sighed. After waiting a moment, she smiled affectionately Yukinoshite.

"Yukinon wants to try to cope on his own."

Yukinoshita nodded without hesitation. I felt relieved.

Yes, it's really wrong, it's a mistake. How much time has passed, no matter how many words are said, it is not says the most important. Yuigahama hit the ground with just one proposal. Yukinoshita's lips trembled and she sighed.

"If you do it, it's only now ... If you start now, then something else you can do it ... The same goes for me. "

Ishiki opened her eyes in surprise, looking at the profile

Yukinoshty. I think there is one Yuigahama here. Likely

Only she hears what Yukinoshita actually said.

"So I want to start. And I will be happy if you look at me. "

"Aha. Then I will not say anything. Just promise me. "-

said Yuigahama, raising her little finger. Yukinoshita hesitantly

raised her hand, not approaching where it should be. But Yuigahama

still waited until Yukinoshita took it.

"Do not try to work through force. If you need help -

call. Not as a member of the club, but as a friend. I want to help you when necessary."

"Ok, I promise. Thank you."

When they have finished the promise on their fingers, Yuigahama is widely-smiled childishly, as she usually does.

"M, that's good. I agree. And Hickey? "

Yuigahama asked in a ringing voice like a bell, but I did not could immediately answer.

"Y-yes ..." I answered in my unchanging voice. I do not even I understand what I said. Yukinoshita then looked at me excitedly.

"... Am I wrong?"

"... No. Why not do so? Although, I do not know. "

"Again, nothing concrete ..." - said Yukinoshita and smiled.

I also answered her with a smile. Finally I realized what I saw in the her gratitude. That's what she wanted to say by those evasive

phrases. It would not be déjà vu. This explains why I so easily agreed. I already experienced this calmness and loneliness.

"Well, I more or less understood." - murmured Ishiki with a certain tired face. She also sighed quite tired.

Yukinoshita also noticed this and politely appealed to her.

"Uh, I'm sorry. Do you not mind that I alone helped you? "

"Oh, no, I'm not worried about that, it's all right." - Ishiki smiled in response to the bowed head of Yukinoshita, brightly stood up and walked over to her, leaned over to meet her sight.

"Then from tomorrow I will wait for you in the student council."

"Yes OK."

"Yeah, I'm hoping for help, Yukino-senpai!"

Ishiki jokingly saluted, grabbed all her things and turned her back. Yukinoshita seems to have felt something unusual at the end of the phrase Isshiki and looks at her, slightly tilting his head sideways.

"For now!" - Ishiki waved her hand, went out and closed behind her the doors of the club.

We watched her and the three of us stayed. Time to return from school has long since passed. Moreover, in this time can no longer be here.

"Perhaps we'll go too." Yukinoshita muttered,

having looked at the clock. Me and Yuigahama nodded. Yuigahama folded
The veil that lay on her lap took him under her arm and
came out. I followed her, followed by Yukinoshita. Confused
The school corridor is shrouded in cold and darkness. It seems that this one
A thin door leads to a completely different place. However, just
this cold, which I feel with my skin - a symbol of what is in the room
I was well.

Since I am not bound by working obligations, from tomorrow
I will not come here again for a day. Because of this, I became
it hurts the soul. But, probably, this is independence,
something like pulling Komachi from his older brother - a lonely,
but proud. Therefore, I must bless her with this.

She clicked and closed the door of the club, as if hiding something there
important.

The key has always been her one, and I never touched him.

Chapter 5

As Expected, Isshiki Iroha is the Strongest Kouhai

The night passed and a new, unexpectedly warm day arrived. Since morning a strong wind began, and even when the lessons were over, the glasses continued to rattle. The solar heat that penetrated through the windows, it was enough to heat the class, and the heater was sent for a well-deserved rest. Classmates, who frowned because of the cold and did not want to leave the heated class, today almost immediately went home. In the class there are only a few groups, and I decided to leave the classroom in the crowd. But Only I took in my hand an almost empty briefcase, as on my shoulder they knocked. Behind was Yuigahama, already in a raincoat. I immediately realized what she wanted, and got up. Yuigahama wrapped scarf and looked at me questioningly.

"Hickey, what are you going to do today?"

"Em..."

I could not immediately answer the question, apparently because he was directed not to where my thoughts were. Yuigahama said that she will help as a friend, but I did not say anything. I'm even did not ask anything. It turns out that at the moment I do not have work. I always said that I would do something only if in this is a necessity. I did not deceive, and it is unlikely that will change. I have no business with regard to assignments and consultations, I have no debts and promises, no sins I should not

to bathe.

So, I do not need to go to the club.

I had to think a little to come to this conclusion, and

During this time, a tense smile appeared on my face.

"No, I'm going home." I said. Why did I add no? well yes

Okay, we need to translate the topic.

"And you?" I asked Yuigahama. She thought a little,

his scarf in front of his face.

"M ... I'll go home too."

"Clear."

"Yeah." - nodded to Yuigahama, hiding her face in a scarf, and our conversation ended.
Hang, though brief, but still. Probably not me

one began to worry because of this. I do not know if it's possible

call it proof of this conjecture, but mine and Yuigahama look

crossed several times.

What?! What a pause ?!

I hesitated a bit, thinking what to say, but there's nothing to talk about.

To hide this, I threw over my shoulder by no means heavy
portfolio.

"... Till."

"Ah, yeah. So far." - said Yuigahama and gently waved. I
nodded in response, and she turned and ran somewhere.

Turning, I saw that she ran to Miura.

"Today, it seems, in the club is a day off , so let's go

together."

"Mmm ... What? Eh ?! Yu, can you join us? Wow! Cool! But I'm nothing.

not invented. Where shall we go? "

Miura before that played with her curls, poking on the screen

smartphone, and, surprised at the answer of Yuigahama, she looked at the

She once again looked at Ebina-san. Ebina-san in return

cleverly sneered.

"You can decide, Yumiko. It will be Chiba anyway. Although,

not that I knew. "

"What?" I only know Kusia Monogatari . " 26

"Ah. Age-aga? "

Disorderly behavior has disappeared, as if it did not exist

second ago. Now Miura is behaving arrogantly, and Ebina-san

clapping his hands, and he speaks some distant phrases.

Yuigahama is very pleased with this conversation.

"Kusi-age?" Kusi-aye, is it true? "Yiigahama is naively rejoicing.

So do you all like Kusia Monogatari? What kind of Kusia?

Stories of Cusia? Will you talk about aga-age? You can crumple

from below, you can crush the top ...

In any case, Yuihama had plans for what to do

after school. But I have the opposite, absolutely nothing. I

left the class in thought, what to do. Because of

Recently there were several days off, all recorded

videos have been viewed and the books have been read. Remains only

games to pass, or ... I left them because of the fact that Komachi was preparing for the exams. Finally, I can hypodynamically play in games! And if I start a new release of a game, I can play at least three nights in a row. Again, whether that, the hero of 8man 28 will save the planet? I giggled to myself, and I prepared to skip in the game.

By the way, I did spend my free time before was in the help club. I went down the stairs, and by the aisle noticed Yukinoshita, who was walking from her coat under her arm, it seems, in side of the student council. She was in a hurry, so I did not began to stop her, and as a result, only tracked how she is hidden from view. From today, Ishiki and Yukinoshita begin to prepare the prom. I do not know anything else.

In addition to the help club, I do not associate anything with Yukinoshita, so I have nothing to talk about with her when the club is out of work. I

I study in the standard wing of the school, it is international, Therefore, we do not cross either in physical education or in practical training. Therefore, if we meet, it is only accidentally, and I will not ask about prom.

I did not address her not only because I did not have time, but it's only a secondary reason. Who am I to ask her, how is it going, does it manage? I must have looked her eyes are disgusting, so I did not dare to approach her.

I guess I'm disgusting even to myself when I thought about it.

While I was upset by myself, Yukinoshita disappeared around the corner.

In her gait, I did not see shyness. Beautiful straight back,

forward looking, correct gait, like
adjusted every step, and with every step its long shiny
black hair swaying to the beat. Only when it is complete
disappeared from view, I remembered that I was on my business.
I have not had a chance to play for a very long time, so I
sat up all night behind the console. Getting up with a sleepy look, I went
to school, and again played when he returned home. Everything goes on
script and quite interesting, but RPG games have a moment,
when you need to pause. Basically this is an increase
level and passage. Raising the level is not very difficult,
but here's the passage ... As grown up on Pokemon, I'm fixated on

full card opening. And I opened it, just like
a newly-made student who has no plans for the weekend.
Game trophies, titles, maps, then the sibari will be released at 29
second passage, and so on.

However, new students have such that they
too stubbornly learn at first, forgetting about the existence
summer vacations, and when they leave the school for the second semester,
classmates can talk behind their back, for example, but not too much
whether he is driving himself, is he not too tense, or that
look hurt, or that he does not do what is needed. As a result, in
The second semester, he disappears somewhere from the foreground. Straight
as my desire to play. Horror, poor students! Eventually,
Entertainment and work change places.

I noticed it after three sleepless nights, and I went to school with one desire - to sleep. Almost all lessons I overslept, because of that after the lessons I was very sick with a loin. After class hour at the end, I got up, overcoming the sharp pain and creaking, turned around. Just like "Green Green", about which I am with the Pope I once knew the happiness and bitterness of being, and

He left the class with a heavy gait.

It seems that Totsuka noticed this from a distance and ran up to me.

"Hachiman, you slept all day today. And not today, you are already

Some time like this ... Are you all right?" - he said, and with

anxiety looked at my face. I could not hold back

smile, looking at his behavior. Just like people used to people

bunny. At the same time, I felt guilty for

caused vain anxiety.

"It's ok, I just played three nights in a row."

"Oh, I see..."

I said it as cheerfully, but Tootsuk somehow upset. Ha,

for some reason. Naturally, because anyone would be hurt

look like someone brags about a missed sleep. Did not sleep!

Played three nights in a row! What? Who said that? Where is this man?

Surely I looked pretty ugly. Tozuka tried

start the conversation again, with your hands on your hips and your cheeks.

"But it's very unhealthy. Play can not be more than an hour

in a day!" - said Tootsuka, raising her index finger,

drilling me with a reproachful look. He's a good guy ...

When we left the classroom, Totsuka flared back and turned to me again.

"Besides, if you act like that, Yukinoshita-san and Eyigahama-san will be angry with you," he added quietly. I also I can only smile a little. Indeed, they, too, would have me reproached. They are good girls ...

"Well, I have no work in the club, I still have nothing to do ..."

I said, and Tootsuk nodded understanding a couple of times.

"Ah, you have a weekend ..."

"Yes, for a while. Therefore, I have nothing to do. "

I yawned. Oh, I want to sleep ... It seems I have an angel in front of me. Oh, stop, stop! Totsuka just made me feel good ... Oh, no, the ... No! Warned me! And do I dare after this

Still ask for supplements? Then I'll definitely be a scumbag for him.

It happens, yes ...

But seriously, it's embarrassing for Totsuka. In addition, I really very bad! Sleeping is vital! Necessary at least not to play today, but to spend the day sensibly.

"Well, yes, playing for days on end is not very ... Totsuka, and you have free time the other day? "

I guess I've never invited anyone so much in my life smart and so cool. I'm even embarrassed myself. Ay, Hachiman, let me hug you! I'm going to die of shame! If I said this to some girl, then in my memory it

would not just be part of my dismal story, but
would be archived at the level of the world heritage of this century! But
Totsuka is, in fact, the only guy with whom I can more-
less closely communicate. In my opinion, in order to record someone,
then in his friends, you need the consent of that person, but for me he is -
even more than a friend, although something similar. Nevertheless,
invite him to spend time alone for me
not easy. I think for Tootsuki this is also difficult.
It's quite easy to invite several people somewhere
fun, because then everyone's responsibility is distributed
between everyone in the group. However, in the case of only two, the whole
responsibility is shared only between you and another person.
In other words, it will be more unpleasant for a person to refuse.

If the group can say "I'll go, if it works". As a bonus,
if you do so several times, you will think that you are still not
come and stop inviting at all. I recommend.

While I was at great speed listing personal excuses,
Tozuka opened his mouth wide and blinked several times. Eh? What the
reaction such? I looked at him, waiting for an answer. Toutsuka
made a sound, something between "o" and "a," and, folding his arms on chest level,
lowered his head.

"I'm sorry. I have a weekday club ... I just can not get it
skipping ... Ah, but perhaps at night ... But I still have lessons,
and late ... So, on the next weekend I have a preparation for

competition ... Mmm ... "

Tozuka lists his schedule for some time ahead, and

To me it is very awkward. But at the same time I am very glad that he is so

zealously looking for a free minute for my sake ... Because of this

double meaning my eyes almost were not moistened. Oh, why

I have recently been so easy to shed tears? The trouble. Even

the weekly PreCure makes me cry ...

Although, the trouble is not so much with me, as with Tootsuki. I do not usually have anyone

I do not invite you anywhere, so a sudden invitation, and yes even

at such a time is a disaster. Next time I'll be more careful.

For example, I will register for him for three months ... I promised myself, and took the next step.

"I do not mind at all and some other time." - I especially

singled out the phrase "another time" to somehow smooth the situation, and

Tozuka leaned back in my direction.

"Precisely! Well look! I'll call you!"

"Aha ..."

Tozuka clenched his hand into a fist, looked at me brilliantly

and taking a step back, sighed with relief.

"Hachiman, your invitations are unimaginably rare ... In general,

have agreed! Next time we will go! "- he said, sending

finger in my face, and I nodded, smiling. Totuk in return

also smiled and adjusted the tennis backpack.

"Okay, I've got to go to the club."

"Aha, come on, good luck."

Tozuka walked away a little, turned around and waved to me. I'm in the answer raised his hand slightly and, after seeing him through the eyes, corridor, began to go himself.

I think I finally managed to do what for others - by itself of course. Although, I still have to think about this, think through, draw up a plan, justify it logically and convince itself.

I was not trying to change, I was not going to change, it's it happened by itself, and for sure it is nothing more than enjoying Tootsukina's kindness. However, I realized that I could going to meeting. But ... probably, it has turned out thanks to that, that I invited a man named Totsuka Saika. Because it
- The only thing that I got.

I have no desire to play and I have plans for today, it turns out, too. no. There is no work, there is absolutely nothing to do. It's good that I now sleepy, and my lower back aches, perhaps, I'll go home and I'll lie down. But when I just started down the corridor, echoing loud laughter.

"Mva-ha-ha-ha-ha-hachiman! I saw it all! I heard everything! I know, that you have no deeds! "

I know whose voice it is. There is no need to turn around. So I decided to go home without turning around.

It would be great if I could return home just

ignoring it, but Zaimokuza Yoshitru - not the person who just let it go. He then calmed me, then provoked, then brought to tears, but eventually dragged me to Size near the station. Zaimokuza zealously assists "Doria in Milanese", wiping through a straw your drink. When he finally came to my senses I was tired sighed.

"Look, I'd like to go home."

"Yes, you wait. We have to talk."

"What?"

"Writers in the early days should only talk in Saiz!"

"Hmm ..."

Is it? I thought that they usually talk in the publisher's office or in some cafe ... Again he read something on the Internet. However, yes, this guy can not do nothing, he must necessarily do something completely useless, moving in the direction of the day after tomorrow 31 , but nothing really producing. Oh no no no! I have absolutely nothing to praise him! I looked at him with a look that consisted equally of mockery and neglect, eventually giving one hundred percent contempt, and yawned. Because of this, my podding seemed to him not real. Zaimokuza rather chuckled, apparently noticing that I'm just his suffered all this time. He lifted his glasses and stared at my damp eyes.

"What's wrong with you, you're very sleepy."

"Yes, there was a lot of free time, so I always played.

I did not notice myself spending the whole night playing. "

Zaimokuza in response trembled.

"Games? Just because you got the time? It's no good.

It's no good. "

He raised his shoulders and behind them sharply threw up his hands, like

Western man. Oh, now probably will start a long

conversation ... I wonder why guys like us talking to

well-known topics consists of just a few words, and in

such situations - on the contrary, it pours without stopping ...? Then, when

already returned home, you understand how disgusting you looked,

speaking with great speed. Although you understand that you will

then regret ...

Although, most likely, this does not apply to more familiar people.

Realizing this, he raised his hands and began to speak.

"When there is not enough time for nothing at all, there is no time to breathe,

only in such moments there is nothing more interesting than games! Horror-horror ... And because this is not the time for games ... No, no, I have not played all this time!

Honestly, I'm not lying! The feeling of promiscuity still

more enhances the enjoyment of the game, if not justified

before someone! I already know. Oh, what a thrill to go to school on

exams immediately after a sleepless night of playing! "

"I do not deny, although I can not support ..."

In fact, I myself was foolishly smiling, when today I came to

school with the realization that he spent the whole night playing. Oh, what I'm nasty. Horror. The zaimokuza decided that I had answered so vaguely, because I support him, and made a satisfied appearance. Horror.

"So what did you play?"

"Ah, there you go."

After playing on the smartphone and looking at the official website game, Zaimokuza raised his glasses.

"Ah, it ... It was a shame when the heroine disappeared in the middle of the game ..." he said in his usual voice, as if recalling something good.

Zaimokuza did not parody anyone ... Upon hearing this, I was threateningly his brow furrowed.

"What?" Why are you spoiling me? I already used the items.

Oh, all the desire was gone ... And enough to play, do the manuscript already. "

"What? Have not you gone yet? I'm sorry ... But wait! You yourself

is to blame for this, if it did not go through the game when it came out! You are behind from time! "- Zaimokuza laughed loudly and loudly. Although,

I apologized because everything is fine. And in fact those who go through the game, when almost all have already passed, must be protected yourself. The same applies to movies and TV shows. You can not take the textbook of the history of Japan and resent that such and such a the commander will perish. Horror, they proppoylerili series about the era Edo! Moreover, none of those generals have lived to see our days. Although, it should be borne in mind that different people can play on different computers, in different conditions, so let's give each other enjoy the game as much as possible!

"I bought it on the day of release, but I have not played it until now Komachi preparing for the exams, so I was uncomfortable playing

at home."

Zaimokuza chewed his focaccia and nodded.

"Hmm, I see. Your sister was already in the final year of the secondary school. Where did she go? "

"Hmm? To us, where else? I did not say? "

"Mmm. I have not heard, mwa-ha-ha-ha! "

"Oh, yes. We do not talk on personal topics. About future, university, home affairs. "

"We say-u! I say-u! I'm talking about the future and my dreams! AND Today I invited you for this purpose! "

Zaimokuza was angry, and I looked at him inquiringly, they say, why did you bring me here? Zaimokuza coughed, concealed his face with one hand, watching me through my fingers with excruciating look. Soon he took out another piece of his hand folded twice paper from the breast pocket, and took it the index and middle finger so that the indoor light did written there text visible from the back.

"We with you in the old days made a plan. And this very same plot..."

"Hmm."

Ah, I remember. He suddenly appeared at the beginning of February club and said that he wants to become an editor. Again, it means the plot

invented ... Although, I never read his completed manuscript. I

He grabbed the paper from his hands and began to read it, when suddenly

The glove without fingers grabbed the paper.

"Stop it! I'm ashamed, why do not you read it at home? "

"And what, there was a love note? Do not blush with me,

it's disgusting to look at. "- I said and again took from Zaimokuzy

a piece of paper. If he said not to read it here, then he will have to drag her

home. I silently and folded it in solemn silence

deep into the briefcase. Most likely I'll forget about her and never

I read, so you need to at least make the appearance of careful

treatment. Zaimokuza, which has no idea what I'm thinking about,

pretty watching over me. He glanced somewhere into the distance and

sighed.

"Next year already exams ... This is my last challenge."

The last one? .. Has he ever tried to make a "challenge"? To me

this, of course, is interesting, but looking at his serious look, I

I chose not to ask. It must be for Zaimokuza this is all

it also has some meaning. For us, the exams are also

the meaning of "surrender." I think the same meaning is for the students words

"job search". Forget about dreams, interests, clubs, all this

to be recycled and poured into the form of an adult as

requires society. That's why before the world takes us and

aligns according to the pattern, we must make a challenge, resist,

try to wrestle at least part of what we want to become.

Probably, she thinks so too.

I thought deeply and Zaimokuza did not understand how to treat this silence. He patted my shoulder and showed his thumb up.

"Do not worry, no more than the last in high school."

Oh, what nasty smugness on his face?

"I do not worry about you."

"Oh, again! Zundere! "

Zaimokuza giggled, covering his mouth with his hand. Oh, how angry he is. what I would not answer now - he will make a joke out of it. So I disappointedly looked at him and slightly nodded several times, waiting for the continuation of his story. Judging by his smug person, he has more to say. As I expected, Zaimokuza menacingly laughed and began to speak in a pleasant voice.

"I'm not giving up yet. Once there is something I can write, being high school, then there will be something that I can write student. The shortest path is not always true. The roundabout way - the basis of my power! "

If he, as a schoolboy, at least wrote something, then this phrase would sound cool, I thought, but he decided not to speak. What he says is not bad enough by itself.

So I smiled and said something else.

"Well, yes, I agree. If you can not do it - you will have that write."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha! ... Too realistic, so let's not talk about

this. I have a good chance of not going anywhere, so I
I do not want to think about it. That's enough. "

Zaimokuza looked high up and I thought he was again
He snorts, but no - he smiled broadly. Looking at it, I'm bitter
grinned. Observation of useless people somehow
soothes ...

By the way, Zaimokuza is one of the few who knew me before
joining the aid club. Our relations were limited
pairing as the two remaining without a partner for
training in physical culture. I guess if I did not join the club,
until now he would spend time with him after the lessons.
Perhaps this would also be good. But nevertheless,
once in the rarity of such meetings! Because with Zaimokuza it is banal
difficult to deal with!

According to the news broadcast that began to bloom in the Kanto plum. There
I learned that the recent strong wind was the first wind
Spring, announcing the departure of winter. At this time, the cold is still
at times come back. It often happens that warm and cold
days alternate every three to four days, and a warm
the wind seems to chase away the cold.

Spring wind, carrying the scent of flowering plums ... I think the gods
exams also read this passage. One such day came
results of Komachi exams.

Plums are already in blossom, but it's still early for cherry blossom. I'm worried right from the very beginning

morning, and Komachi calmly sips tea.

"Um ... I have to go to school ..."

"Yeah, I'm already going to ... Oh, I'll write to you as I see the results of the exams, so do not worry. "

I still did not find a place, not knowing how to ask about results, and Komachi calmly told me this, winking.

Surely she wanted to reassure me, seeing that I was worried more than worried for their exams a couple of years ago. Seeing such calmness, I also calmed down.

Recently, Komachi seems to me grown up. Let her Still a minor high school student, but she does not look like a child at all. In it, and before something from an adult person, but this something was soothing and warm ... That's how separation from the brother feels. Having hidden this lonely smile deeper, I left the house.

"I went." I shouted from the doorway.

"Aha, come on." - A voice came from the living room.

As well as many times before, I twist the pedals of a bicycle, getting to school. I wonder if Komachi will act, will we

Do we go to school together? It seems to me that we will not, only if by pure chance we leave the house at the same time. But plan to go together to school will not. That's what it is

a suitable distance between me and Komachi. I kept thinking about Komachi, even when the class hour began, and even during the lessons.

When the second lesson was coming to an end, I glanced at my watch. Me and so in the morning I watched only for hours, but now their arrows finally overstepped the numbers that worried me. Exactly will start posting the results of the exams. I sighed and the bell rang. completed the second lesson. The teacher left the audience and I mashed their stiff shoulders. Suddenly my phone vibrated and I abruptly got it. On the screen was the inscription "You have 1 new message" the sender is Komachi. There must be Komachi's results, but for some moment I was seized by fear and I did not dare to do it right away open. Overcame himself and with a trembling finger pressed message. However, before this series, quickly, like a gust wind, a strong animal ran and, masha with its tail, Like a thoroughbred horse, disappeared from view. I guess her younger brother, Taisie, called her. I also got up and quickly left the classroom. Due to the fact that two people suddenly ran out from the ordinary class, people around are interested, what about happened.

"What is there?" What happened? Is something happening? Should we also go?

"I heard Tobe's voice as I left the classroom. But to me there is no time to turn around. The change lasts only ten minutes.

Kawasaki already disappeared ahead of the corridor. Most likely she goes to the front gate, where the results are posted

examinations. I, of course, go there. Less than a minute there formed a whole crowd. In a matter of seconds I found Komachi among the applicants, and she seems to have noticed me too. I wiped my sweating forehead, panting, and Komachi rather calmly walked in my direction.

"Brother, I was received" - with a usual expression said she is. So I got out of hand. Waiting until the breath calm down, I sighed with relief.

"Clear." - The first thing that escaped from me. I'm so glad that

ready to spin Komachi in the dance, but she's so ordinary the kind that I just have to match. I would like to pat her head, but she is not at this age. I already have to lead himself not as a "brother", but as a "brother". I thought, what should tell her an adult guy?

"I'm very happy ... I'm really happy." - I could only say such inept phrases. You're not lucky with your brother ... She's me hate, if I can not grow in comparison with her. Like, He constantly gives out some abstruse phrases, but now he can not connect two words. Probably she was already disappointed. I'll try to at least smile a little wider. Although, my smile is not very beautiful sight, so please do not look.

But Komachi watched. She gazed straight in the face in my pupils.

"Aha. I, too, am happy, honestly." - Komachi nodded with shiny eyes. She sniffed, unable to say anything more

and took a deep breath with a trembling breath. Komachi, judging by her breathing, just about to cry.

"I'm happy, for sure ... I'm glad ... I'm so glad!"

Komachi crashed into me with her body, like a ramming, and burrowed head in my blouse at the breast. Her chaotic voice and hot breathing, which I feel with my skin, penetrates directly into the soul.

When was the last time I saw Komachi crying like this?

She cries just like she did when she was a child. But in the morning she looked so adult ... Yes, exactly. She was not calm. She tried to look calm, so that to worry parents, or that it is not annoying about anything.

asked. In the face of a ruthless reality, she stood on

Her trembling legs and, having accepted this reality, she continued stubbornly stand.

I am wholeheartedly glad that her efforts are rewarded. I

He reached out his hand to Komachi's head and, patting slightly, began to stroke hair. Komachi began to cry again.

"Ah-ah, scorpion-adik! I'm glad! "

Komachi, that's too much, you're not Fujiwara Tatsuya. I

Komachi patted his back. It looks like we need a little more time to come off as a brother and a sister. Soon Komachi

will become a beautiful adult woman. Maybe, at least until then she will let me be her brother ...

While we stood there, I heard behind the sharp voice of Kawasaki Saki.

"Taishi!"

"Sis, I did it!" Taisie shouted. I turned my head in

his side. He seems to have already received a set of things,

issued to the arrived and returned, holding them high. Him

A powerful voice could be confused with the voice of Adrian from

"Rocky". Because of this, Komachi seems to have come to herself and sharply walked away from me, wiping her eyes with a sleeve of school uniform. Well yes,

who wants friends to see you crying. I'm slightly

smiled and covered Komachi.

Taishi noticed me and went this way. And Kawasaki herself stands in

lonely somewhere in the corner and looking up at the sky, sometimes doing something

hand by the eyes. Yeah, I'm happy for you, little sister.

Taishi came up to me, stood in the pose of the winner, knocking out all thoughts

about Kawasaki.

"Brother, I did it!"

"Do not call me brother, or I'll kill you. Call me sempai.

Congratulations! By the way, who are you? "

"Thank you so much! My name is Kawasaki Taishi, um ... Hikigaya-

Sempai! "he said even more courageously and smiled. To me

he also wanted to congratulate him like a man.

"Excellent. Let me give you a lift. "

"Do you want to do this yourself, brother? Then it will not

toss, and throw! And at the bottom of the asphalt! I'm going to die! "-

Taishi put forward his hands and walked away from me. Which

categorical rejection. But I was joking ... I wanted to say, but I have outstripped.

"Uh, throw it? Really?" Tobe's voice rang out. is he always appears when you need something to celebrate. And behind him - Oak and Yamato. Hence, somewhere near here should be Hayama, I thought and noticed him chatting in the company of teachers. I think they were interested in the fact that we flew out of the class, let even now and change. But it's pointless to take

Tobe's company into consideration. Calling "ui-i" Tobe, Oake and Yamato surrounded the resisting Taysi and began to throw it.

I decided to use the moment and turned to Komachi, which before now hid behind my back.

"Komachi, call the school. And parents too. "

"Aha."

Her eyes are still reddish and she sniffs, but still she took out the phone and began to recruit school. Listening to this with hand, I looked at the clock. It's time to return to class, I thought and looked at Hayam with the teachers, when suddenly because of them jumped out Yuigahama.

"Komachi-chan!"

Komachi looked toward Yuigahama and, quickly finishing conversation, ran up to her.

"Yui-zan!"

I was thinking that Komachi had already calmed down, how she again

burst into tears at the sight of Yuigahama and embraced her.

"Mgva-ah!" - cried Komachi. She's crying even harder than with me? Or it seemed to me? Komachi, crying, said that entered, and Yuigahama carefully listened to her and nodded every word, then hugged me tight. Then she touched foreheads with Komachi, who was at her breast, and smiled broadly.

"Congratulations, I'm very happy ... You did a great job ... I, too happy! "

Sounding separately words and at the end - a bright smile, made Komachi smile in return.

"We need to tell Yukinon about this!" - said Yuigahama and Komachi quickly took out the smartphone. But her movements froze ...

"Yeah ... But I do not see the screen because of tears ..."

"Ah ... Then I'll call." Yuigahama said and started ringing.

She sent the front camera to herself with Komachi, the word making a joint photo. It looks like a video call. Maybe,

Yuigahama wanted to show Komachi's face. Interestingly, Yukinoshita also knows how to use this function? While I was worried about

This, they already started the conversation the three of us. Komachi again cried, huddled against the screen of the smartphone and shouting "Yugin-za-en!". Looks like, she completely forgot about her parents.

Parents, in theory, worry about her, in particular the father, they say, if she does not call, then ... These thoughts will intensify pessimism, and ... But if I call my father, he will begin to whine that he wanted to hear it from

most Komachi. Damn, just like me! I'll write to the mother then. Tyts-tyts-tyts. Send.

I watched Komachi and returned to class, but all thoughts still hovering somewhere in the distance, I was scattered. The fact that Komachi entered, for some reason I was too relaxed and all information as if flying between the ears. One lesson I enjoyed it, second lesson ... Because I was taught to be good chew food, I chew good news and chew on two-three times, even making a cud of it, like a cow. In the end, even When the bell announced the beginning of the change for lunch, I did not feel hunger. Usually I would run all the way to buy something, but now I go quietly.

Thinking about what to eat, I was going to get up from my chair, as a knock at the door and slowly opened. This is normal for club rooms and teachers, but in the classroom as a rule not knocking ... In the doorway appeared the head of Yukinoshita Yukino.

"Kawasaki-san is here?"

"A? I? "Kawasaki asked in surprise, pointing at myself and clapping my eyes. Yukinoshita nodded. Attention surrounding is directed at them. Kawasaki blushed because of interested views and, unable to withstand it, quickly went to the door. There they began to talk about something. Yes, Kawasaki-san is too quiet to talk, and Yukinoshita also carefully reduced the volume. Like about some secretly whisper. I do not hear what they say. Others too

interested listen, but it seems no one hears.

I think something about proma. Why should I be interested in those, in what I do not plan to participate? It's simple bad manners. Okay, now I really need to get up. On that once I went to the back door of the class, but noticed that the seats at the window somehow too quiet, and involuntarily looked there. There Yuigahama looks towards Yukinoshita and Kawasaki. I think she

also understands what is happening, and silently looks at them. But Miura, it seems, something seemed strange.

"Yui, what are you doing?"

The words and the tone are pretty harsh, but it was clear to me that she was restrained. I think she cut a lot of words, because of which her phrase can be interpreted in a variety of ways, however Yuigahama understood everything.

"M, yeah. I think she will then tell me everything that is needed, so I do not need to interfere with the conversation. In addition, I then go to club." - Answered thinking Yuigahama, and smiled.

"Hmm." - Miura answered and twisted her curl. It is unclear, she agreed or not. Miura exchanged glances with Ebina-san and they bowed their heads slightly puzzled. I understand them a little. They lingered because they are in different positions, but yet their positions have changed. I think this is progress. Looking at the company of Yuigahama, I left the classroom.

I got myself something to eat and, holding MAX Coffee in

one of the hands, sat down in the usual place. Listening to the cries of tennis players, who now have lunch training, and the singing of the white-eyed, I

began his belated dinner. On the street there is still cool,

but because of the feelings of Komachi's arrival, I would not say that I

troubled by the cold. Most likely, in the evening there will be a festive dinner,

so I took a little less food. I ate two homemade buns

and I drink the remaining MAX Coffee.

Behind, they heard someone's easy steps, combined with

chanting something under his nose. This song ... And for sure - Ishiki.

Seeing me, she opened her mouth and was a little surprised.

"So you really were here ..."

"M, well, yes. What?"

It seemed to me that she said something rude, but I'm too lazy with this

to understand, so I moved on to business. Ishiki said that she

there is a conversation and sat next to me. However, suddenly,

as if remembering something, translated the topic.

"By the way, sempai, why were not you in the classroom? I specifically

for you came! You know how ashamed I was to ask

you?"

Judging by her reddened face, she's all this again

remembered, and my sleeve pulls frantically. But this it turned out to be

few.

"And yet, and yet, imagine, Tobe-senpai asked it loudly

surrounding! He says that I'm looking for a sempai, e-gay, no one

saw? How can this be ?! "

Oh, I imagine ... Although, "e-gee-gay" can not imagine. But this very similar to Tobe. And the main thing is that on his part it's a kind an action for which you will not condemn, if not for one thing but - he probably wanted to show Ebene-san, they say, look, what a nice guy I am, I'm really cool, and for that you can condemn.

"Um, well ... Excuse me? Although it's not my fault, it's all Tobe's fault. A then, I believe, Hayama saved everyone? "- I tried to predict, and Ishiki finally let go of my sleeve and began negatively to wave hands.

"No, Miura-senpai managed to shout at Tobe that he shut up, and he obeyed. "

Oh, I see. This, too, I can imagine. Ishshiki added.

"Hayama-senpai asked Yu-sempai if she does not know, and here I am here."

"Hmm, I see ... So what do you want?" I asked again. Ishiki sat flat, brought her knees down and looked at me from below upwards.

"Yes, I have a request." - Ishiki weakly pulled my sleeve. Her thatched hair was fluttering in the wind, and the pupils were slightly damp.

"Senpai, could you help?"

"Of course not. I myself do not like prom. "

Sly tricks Irohasu will not work, I thought, but still turned away. Otherwise, if you continue to look at it, then I

I can agree! I just recently refused and wrong
so quickly change the solution. In addition, if I agree now,
it will mean that I lost to the beauty of Irohasa, and this was
would be too vulgar and ugly. And it would be
betrayal of the one who made his decision,

putting his very existence on him, betrayal of her
conscious choice. I think I should also respect my answer.
Moreover, I did not agree to prom. If it's about my
decision, and not about the decision of the club, the answer is unchanged.
However, sometimes the meaning of words varies,
to whom they are directed. Ishiki for some reason is happy,
having heard my answer. She closed her eyes, as if seeing a dream,
and folded her arms to her chest. Ishiki lifted her chin and began
say, like a bird, singing to her chicks a fairy tale.

"In fact, you're really glad when you can help me."

"Do I have such a face?"

I tried to make the most outraged appearance possible. If
words it does not reason, then it remains only to speak with your eyes.
When suddenly Ishiki made a serious face. She narrowed her eyes slightly
usually sparkling, wide-open eyes and looked at
me with a sharp, understanding eye.

"Do I honestly answer this question?"

"Eh? What? You're scaring me? Why do you have a serious look?

Stop."

I was a little confused when I saw Ishiki serious. We need to quickly move the conversation!

"In addition, Yukinoshita, after all, and she copes. There are some Problems? Only if you do not get along with her - I do not Speak, it hurts to hear. "

"Perhaps I should say that I really like the Yukino-sempai ... Although, do I like her - this is a question, and it is difficult to say whether we are getting along with her ... "- said Ishiki. Starting to speak quite cheerfully, she finished rather sullenly. No, I I think that Yukinon adores Irohas ... Still, how! Although, the lawyer is ... No, it's better not to talk about it. I think they themselves soon will understand. While I was thinking about this, Ishiki sharply raised her head and, waving her finger, told me about the situation.

"In addition, everything is moving very well. I knew that she - a person capable, but after we worked together, I I do not understand why she is not the president. I would even like dismiss the deputy and take Yukino-sempai instead. "

"It's not to quit, but to dismiss a deputy, then? .. He's probably,

Also works. Although, I do not know. "

If only I did not bother with the secretary - it would be good serious guy ... think. Therefore, less talk, work hands. Judging by whether envy, or jealousy, or admiration in the words of Ishiki, Yukinoshita, must, by full use their skills and ingenuity. Recalling her experience and

I can easily imagine what will happen
farther.

"It's good that you do not quarrel and the work progresses without
problems. But trouble can be different. "

"What?" - asked Ishiki, bowing his head, saying that you are carrying
is this? Ah, it's annoying me to ask again ... Well, so
be. She was not yet president during the cultural
festival. Therefore, she does not know about trouble-free when someone
is sacrificed for a certain purpose. Moreover, no one among
Do not know this. And Yuigahama was not together with
me and Yukinoshita there. Let her make Yukinoshita
promise not to overexert, but in case of need, she can
even deceive yourself to do a little more. Therefore, we need
someone who could stop it, otherwise everything will collapse. I think you need to
tell Isshiki about it.

"Not really advice, of course, but try not too much
fold on Yukinoshita. She can do a lot, so you
It will be tempting to throw everything at it, but then if something happens
with Yukinoshita - then everything is finished. She has an awfully weak body, and at that
But she is a stubborn man to death, hating
lose, and sometimes can with a calm face
do something ridiculous ... In general, watch her. "

I do not help, so maybe I do not have the right to insert
their five kopecks, but I tried to sound unobtrusively.
Managing Ishiki on the idea must understand this.

"Clear..."

Ishiki listened to me without interrupting, and finally agreed, but soon looked at me with suspicion.

"Sempai, I've been thinking about this for a long time ..." - gazing at me with doubt, Ishiki smiled broadly.

"Too cautious." She said with a smile, but to me it seemed that she was laughing at me, so cold tone of speech. But then she narrowed her eyes and blinked a couple of times, looking at me with wide open eyes, letting me know that jokes. Then I was able to finally turn away and begin to breathe.

"No, it's unlikely." - I said intermittently and Isshiki inclined sideways head, with an index finger to the chin.

"Well, what then? Brittishness? "

"Ah, it can be."

"So, you still like girls younger?" - Asked Ishiki, leaning towards me.

"No!" - moving away from her back, I answered. Then Isshiki slightly leaned back and jokingly said.

"I can not believe ..."

"What's the difference? I have a younger sister. Just a habit, or something similar in your actions." - I said, sitting exactly and steeply hiding his hands in his pockets. The habit of a brother? ... Ishiki in the answer sighed slightly and gave a frustrated smile. Which rapid change of mood. Someone might have missed, but not me.

"You'd better leave this ..." - coolly said

Ishiki.

"Ah ..."

Ishiki picked up her knees, facing them, and
looked toward the schoolyard.

"No girl will like it when it is perceived as
sister." - with sadness in her voice said Ishiki cold, like
piercing wind, a voice, and her words pierced me. I would not
was surprised to learn that she had a similar experience, because Ishiki
looks attractive for guys older than her. With another
hand, it's hard for me to understand how this cleverly super-
annoying junior student can be compared with her sister.
After all, everyone knows that my sister is a world sister, Hikigaya
Komachi, and there is no one who would compare with it. I do not know of such
sisters, I have no other sisters. You can say that in the posture-poza-

Pose-past life thought that only my sister and needed .

Although, stop! I wonder if other guys are saying my
world sister Komachi, that she looks like a sister to them? .. This
it would not be very good ... Worried about this, I started talking
what he thought.

"Well, yes, you're right. From the guys who proclaim themselves
brothers puke pulls, even look disgusting. I would say
it's a crime. "

"Eh? N-well, yes, really disgusting ..." - said Ishiki with

surprised look, as if she too unpleasant.

"I'm not really talking about that. It just seems that they do not see me the girl. But after all, sempai, if a girl tells you that you like her brother, you, too, will be unpleasant? "

"But I'm actually a brother, so not really."

"Ah, maybe it's for the guys ... A-ah!" - said Ishiki and as if she remembered something.

She cleared her throat, closed her eyes and sighed slightly, like seiya before the performance, which is preparing to portray some feelings. I waited, and soon Irohasa slowly opened her eyes and looked at me with an empty expression on her face. Attention, motor! I thought that she would make a smile now, but she smiled she only lips, and her gaze was slightly unusual.

"Ah ... A-ha-ha. Sempai, you're just like a father. Em. Well. We are always yours are grateful for something. True?"

Hachiman was shocked by this message.

Although I understand in my mind that I must turn myself into a cartoon, like Kunming from Yokoyama Mitsuteru Sangokushi, to endure such a blow, but still I was dealt significant damage. It was especially sad because I saw clearly how she tried not to offend me with words or action.

However, this is an insult, so to speak to a schoolboy? Although, if I were over thirty, I would still be hurt hear this from someone younger than me!

Ishiki completed an almost perfect show and looked at

me, they say, well, how? I nodded to her.

"It shocked me a lot. First, I was clearly not recorded in that category of people, secondly, I was added years! I almost died when I thought I looked like an old man! "

"How do you look - this is, most importantly, what sensation it was transferred when they write down the wrong category. "

Ishiki nodded, her arms folded over her chest. After which she raised thumb up, as if going to give another good tip.

"In addition, when someone says that I'm for him as a sister, with a large share of the likelihood may soon begin to me to roll up, saying that I no longer seem to be his sister. "

"Oh, why are you so sisters ... Sisters are protected by the sacred inviolability, think again about your words and about concept of a sister. "

"Not the reaction that I expected, of course, but oh well ...

In short! "- Ishiki tiredly uttered and, rested her hands in Hip, took the pose of the mentor and began to speak an accusatory tone.

"I will not joke with girls about sisters ..."

Ishiki suddenly froze and, with a surprised surprise, covering her mouth with her palm, deviated backward.

"What?" Are you going to say that I'm more to you? not like a sister and thus seduce me? ... No, now

there were no prerequisites for this, so try it in another

Once, but now - I'm sorry. "

"Yes, yes, I understand, okay, I will not say."

Because of the overly long phrase spoken in the pattern,

Ishiki lost her breath and she took a deep breath. At the same

and I sighed wearily.

"What does it mean? Did not you listen to what I told you? "-

Isshiki said in displeasure and puffed her cheeks. Well, you do say

very quickly, and the end is always the same - "I'm sorry." How can I do this to take it seriously? Because of my tired appearance Isshiki

disapprovingly snorted and turned away.

"Anyway. In general, help us. "

"Eh? So in fact ... "

Because of her too strict for the request tone of voice and

I could not think of an exasperated expression as

refuse, and stopped in mid-sentence. For a moment, hung

silence.

"I'm not your sister, sempai," she whispered sweetly.

I'm right in the face of Ishiki, but her words are strong

kernel. After which she jumped up, ran her hand over her

Skirt to align the folds and cheerfully smiled. Then

rhythmically, like waltzing, took a few steps.

The trajectory of the movements of her clothes and small, but strong

fingers, straw-colored glittering sand retired from me.

"I'm waiting for you after school in the council!" - she said from afar, Masha hand, and went, humming something under her breath. She's too far away

and to answer, and to run after her. Is it possible in this

a clever girl to see her sister?

I have to think about everything again. Here you have the world kohai,

Ishiki Iroha.

The lessons are over, and I'm walking down the corridor toward the council. what

do it, since I could not refuse Ishiki. However, it is difficult to go,

understanding how I was persuaded. But the student council

is not so far away, and I pretty quickly got to

doors. A knock at the door - and almost immediately I was discovered.

"Oh, sempai! Where did you get? "- looked out from behind the door of Ishiki.

"Ah, um ... I'm sorry."

I really delayed, that's why I apologized, and they let me in.

Inside, I immediately noticed Yukinoshita and Yuigahama. And council members

no, they probably work somewhere else. Yukinoshita

asked Yuigahama help, so it is understandable why she is here.

Yuigahama seems to have learned from Ishiki that I will come and lightly

she waved her hand in greeting. And Yukinoshita slightly

I was surprised to see me, judging by her wide open eyes.

"Hikigaya-kun ..." she muttered with a question and perplexity.

"Hi. Ishiki called me. In general, I came to help. "

Judging by the behavior of Yukinoshita, Ishiki did not report to her that I

I will come. Irohasu, well, damn it! Keep in touch - it's very important!

You know how unpleasant it is to come with the feeling that you are not called!

However, even though Yukinoshita looked irresolute, she did not look at me like a hindrance. Rather, she is embarrassed smiled.

"Clear. Sorry ... We do not have enough hands today, that's why you are very by the way. Thank you."

"Come on, I still have nothing to do."

Although, there is a possibility that "there is nothing to do" can soon turn into a "breathe once". Yukinoshita put her hand To the chin and measured tone began to speak.

"Perhaps today at your house there will be a gala dinner on for Komachi, so I'm going to finish early, but if anything remains, say it, I'll redistribute it. "

I thought a little. What are we unoccupied ... I thought that here much less free time. So I did not immediately came up with the answer.

"Ah, okay. Although, in any case, the father returns fairly late, so you do not have to worry about it. Although, in any The sooner we finish, the better. "

"Agree. Then let's begin. "

Yukinoshita smiled slightly and pointed to my chair about Yuiigahama. I sat down and slipped a pile of papers.

"Before help, I think I should talk about this event. "

She opened the printouts and began to read the most important.

At the same time, I hear a buzz. I catch a glimpse of it

looked. Ishiki sings something to himself, poured himself

tea and eats sweets from the pack with a contented look. Well, yes, she

because there is no need to listen to an explanation. She is one of those who are in need all will do.

"We have a timetable for working with plans, look at them."

I quickly looked at these plans. It seems that this prom is significantly

is trimmed compared to what we saw in that series.

The front part of our gym is decorated with balls and

stands for flowers, creating a dance floor, and in the back

parts are chairs and tables - a place for talks and lunch.

The event itself will begin with a chic feast, greetings from

student council and club leaders and, when everything is a little

Are warmed up, it is planned to let out club music and to begin dances

with impregnations of live rock music, periodic public

recognition in love and, of course, the choice of the king and queen

prom. In the end, everyone will be on the brink! But time for conversations is not

allocated specifically, that is, participants will move

between the dance floor and the relaxation area at will ...

I see ... I do not understand a thing. I'm not familiar with prom as such, but

I'm still not familiar with clubs and dances, so it's also partly

I do not understand. What kind of public confessions of love? The new kind

penalty?

Okay, I'll leave it for later - I'll ask something, something myself
I find out. Now I will deal with what is clear.

"It looks like it will cost a considerable amount." - it was mine
first impression. In response, Yukinoshita slipped me a leaf
paper.

"I prepared a trial balance. Calculations in separate files,
you can look there if it's interesting. "

"Not worth it. It is better for you to deal with all the figures. I'm more
I wonder where this money is going to come from. Is it all
money did not go to that free newspaper? "

"Prom will be held in March, so the filing will be
do next month, and this will be the next
reporting year. If you need to pay for something now, we
we can take the debt and pay it after. "- said Yukinoshita
almost not lowering the shoulders, but I still have doubts. Budget
student council is adopted in late February, so
The costs that we need theoretically can be post oned to March. But
Is the budget not yet approved?

While I was looking with suspicion on the papers, Ishiki Iroha-chan
,

our queen of dances, began to distribute tea. She sings to herself
something under his nose, being obviously in high spirits. She has
that, there is no other business? ..

"In general, next year we will have to cope here and there,

but there's nothing you can do about it. "

"Is this normal, in your opinion?"

Yuigahama took a paper cup, smiled slightly and

Ishiki, pressing the tray to her chest, tilted her head slightly to one side.

"Mmm, well ... Nobody will notice. I think no one even knows,
what the council does. "

"Ah, yeah ... I would not have noticed it. I'm not at all

I understand. " - Yuigahama, it seems, tried to think about it,

but eventually put the cup on the table and hung her head. Ah,

Suddenly Isshiki got up and picked up
fists.

"That's why we can now roll everything over
class! You can feel like a real hard worker, who
much is allowed! "

It seems that everything is correct, but somehow it does not look like after that
good girl. Someone must tell her the bitter truth,

I thought and looked at Yukinoshita but, unfortunately, she was
in the work. She read the final reports, holding in one hand
a thick folder with files, and compared the contents to the table
on the computer.

"So far, the budget is more or less balanced, but many things
will soon be removed from the budget, so I think the next
The accounting year will not affect this much. Moreover, the budget each
year exceeded costs, so we seem to just use
this residue. " - she slammed the folder and smiled rather.

This is not good. This is the wrong direction. A combination of tricky
a devil and capable of simpletons can do something truly
inconceivable. It seems to be all right, but I can not calm down.

To calm myself, I began to read the trial balance. After,
as it came to the end, I had a question.

"Are the costumes not included in the calculation? All in fact should be
elegant. "

"Yes. The costumes are assigned to the participants. We can only
to mediate with the rolling stock. "

Yukinoshita got a catalog of rolling suits. Of course, for
Yuigahama, not for me. Well done, you understand everything perfectly.

I do not care ... But Gahama-san looks burning
through the eyes of this directory and quickly scrolls through the pages. For girls
Such dresses are an object of dreams, and for sure they would like
come in such beautiful costumes for a party. What about
guys? According to rumors from the Internet, at parties for writers
manga, arranged by publishers, more than half of women
come beautifully dressed, but almost all men - in
his usual clothes. And some and even more - in sweaters.

"And that's all this will be dressed like that?" - I said, implying that I
Would prefer to refuse, and Ishiki nodded, they say, in every way
it happens.

"Well, yes, there are people who do not like such outfits. We would
wanted, of course, that all came in such suits, but the dress-

there is no code. "

"But in the end everyone will come beautifully dressed. Either succumb atmosphere, or pressure from others ... There is no need specifically set a dress code. "- added Yukinoshita and somehow

She smiled lifelessly, and Ishiki made a big smile.

What a beautiful smile, but for some reason it feels afraid. I

I turned away from those smiles and looked at the trial balance. Fair

speaking, I do not have information about the correctness of the figures and the final amount, therefore it is difficult to judge, but it seems that all needs as a whole

are covered. In addition, in case there are additional

expenses, specially allocated points "reserve funds" and

"Small expenses".

"Well, I think there are no problems, except for the missed point about salary of employees. "

"I see, thanks for checking. Can you put a big

circle instead of a signature near that point. "- said Yukinoshita and

smiled, so I had to smile. Yukinoshita

smiled, took a trial balance from my hands and pointed out

finger on some numbers.

"However, this is not yet accurate data. We compare the sentences and

choose cheaper suppliers of restaurant

service than they were at the last Thanksgiving.

Flowers for hall decoration will be purchased wholesale along with those

bouquets, which will be awarded to club graduates, now

there are negotiations on wholesale prices. "



"I see..."

Oh, would not go to dismissal yet and the accountant after deputy ... It seems, the ability of Yukinoshita to conduct business again grew up. You can call it Yukinoshita Yukino RX . I well understand the desire to put all the work on it. Ishiki also nods, they say, let's let RX do everything. President, you such a pace, too, you will get fired.

In general, after viewing the documents, I finally appeared the feeling that prom is a real event. Logical problems that prevent it, there seems to be no ... Left only things that are not subject to logic, and this, I think, is the most complicated. For example, delivery or payment terms will not be get in the work schedule. They do not have a soul. "Honestly, it will be difficult ... ", " Let's push it! ", " It seems that we are not have time ... ", " For work! ", " Sorry, this is impossible ... "

"Work!", "Okay" - this sometimes happens often. AND

The only way to cope with this is to slow down the flow time by acceleration to the speed of light. I already got to science fiction ...

So, the timing is questionable. I took a paper with a work plan.

It seems that this list is combined with a list of completed works - some items are already printed in gray. It is immediately evident that this - handmade Yukinoshita. Took in hand - and everything is clear, immediately

you understand the situation. Above there are a lot of lines printed bright color, and as you move downwards it becomes more and more gray. So, the work is still hoo ... But, on the other hand, they could make this plan and trial balance in just a few days, and this is more than commendable. I was even embarrassed. To that How diligent it was to work to make it to do so many tasks? In gray cells are quite complex tasks.

For example, "Presentation and approval of the plan by the school and the council guardians ". If this item is completed, this means a solution

significant part of the problems. However, there is an asterisk, and

footnote - "Unofficially. Later make an intermediate

report and get it officially. " But in fact, if unofficially already

everything is captured, then we have already won? Hooray! Mva-ha-ha!

After that, there were: budget calculations, scheduling,

the lifting of the ban on the announcement, a selection of music, the opening

the official website, the convening of heads of clubs, and so on. And all this -

either completed or expected to be completed. The best start and

can not be at this stage.

Remained unfinished items relating to jewelry,

per-minute scenario of a miss, as well as items that require a lot

time and effort to complete, such as preparing the hall, and then,

which will need to be done shortly before the prom. Some

items need to start to do to understand what's what. Unclear

left ... here it is. Probably, for this I was dragged. Thinking about what will be my job, I read these points once again by heart, as here I was hooked for one point.

"Hmm, lifting the ban on the announcement ... You already said that you will do prom, then. I did not know. "- I said, surprised by the new information and relaxed sigh. At this moment the atmosphere in the room froze. Everyone looks at me, as if watching a strange animal. Especially Ishiki. She looked and did not I understood what was happening.

"Eh? Why?"

"M? Because they did not tell me? Or how?"

I looked at Yuigahama, because I thought that she was on the idea should also hear about it for the first time, but she started to toss and toss on the chair.

"I knew." - mumbled Yuigahama carefully, as if she it was difficult to say.

"Where from?" Ah, is this kind of humiliation? "

"No! By the way, where do I ... A-ah! "- Yuigahama, it seems, something noticed, and quickly took out her smartphone. Seeing this, Ishiki also said "Ah!" and also took out a smartphone, and they simultaneously showed me the screens of their phones. Yes, there was LINE, a messaging service that makes a mysterious sound. is he has almost become part of everyday life.

"We made an official account of the executive committee prom and spread the information in it. Probably, this is the most

a popular way in our generation. "- explained Yukinoshita
and I finally realized. Indeed, all high school students are connected
by LINE, so this is the easiest way to do it.

announcement. I could not know that! I'm not connected!

"Hmm, I see. Do you use it too? "

"Started. It is very convenient. It is easy to get information and
coupons about your favorite stores, and if you answer - they can

send photos. "- Yukinoshita extolled the convenience of LINE, and I
Meanwhile, I looked at Yuigahama. Yuigahama understood the dumb
The question nodded in response. Surely Yukinoshita about a cafe with
cats!

There are things that are more important now ... I looked at the
a man who, in theory, could tell.

"Senpai, why do not you have LINE? You do not know how to
to use? Or were you born in the Age of Showa? "

"No, at the very beginning of the Heisei era ... And it's not worth it
Underestimate born in the era of Showa. Adult muzhiks, too
with might and main use LINE. I just do not need it. "- I replied
to the rude words of Ishiki and Yukinoshita put her hand to her face and
she nodded.

"Yes, it seems, they are even used by them at enterprises today.

It turns out that this is not only a tool for young people. "

"But it depends on the person. If need be, they can
learn how to use. "

I think today there should be grandparents who

I would like to be in touch with my grandchildren through LINE. But

Yuigahama for some reason awfully awkward appearance.

"But all the same grandfathers in LINE are those who try with all their might

look younger ... It's awkward somehow. And if they are also

start using ready-made emoticons or compose them from

characters, or even stickers to use ... It's like

grandfather trying to use some sort of slang. "

"Precisely! Cool it turns out. I thought that even the symbols

can add years ... " - agreed Ishiki, clapping her hands.

I wonder why I feel so hurt?

"By the way, how do you know about where the adults correspond

guys? "

"My dad has LINE." - said Yuigahama.

"And mine." - Isshiki immediately added.

It would be interesting to find out what your dads are ... You point at

my father? But this guess was terrible for me,

therefore, perhaps, we will change the subject.

"But there are people like me. Maybe we should not limit ourselves to

one LINE? "

"We have an application that allows you to follow other

SNS, even on bulletin boards there, and the site we are leading, so

everything is in order. "- Yukinoshita explained slowly, clearly, how

suddenly she stopped and grinned.

"In addition, people who abandon these means of communication and ties with people are certainly not going to participate in the prom. Just like you here. "

"Oh, that sounds very convincing!"

I did not expect that the answer to my question would be my own behavior. Again I won the argument. I want to know defeat.

I nodded a few times and Yukinoshita smiled, as if elder sister.

"Do you have any other questions?"

I thought for a while, but as for the papers, I have no questions did not arise. But something made me think.

"It's not really a question, I just do not understand something. Now, probably, it's too late to think about it, but still, what is prom? Not I can imagine - that's what worries me most. "

I thought about it and when we first started talking about the prom, and now, when I looked at the papers. Yuigahama in response slapped eyes.

"Prom is the party we saw on the show?"

"Well, yes, but if we try to repeat that prom, then we almost for sure it will not work at all in the series. "

It was very difficult for me to express in words the feeling that something wrong, and I thoughtfully wit-knul. Yuigahama repeated the same most. Here Isshiki entered with knowledge.

"I understand, I understand. "But we would", or "only we can," or

"Make prom for me alone!" Correct? "

"It's not about that."

What does "prom for me alone" mean? I also said the same thing
in a calm tone ...

"Is it? No? But then what's the matter?" - Ishiki stares intently.

on me. To avoid her glance, I turned away, and my

The look met Yukinoshita's gaze.

"Come and do this answer." She smiled and said

a strange phrase, and then got up.

We left the council and went to the gym.

Usually here at this time there are all kinds of training and
competition, but now the hall looked quite different. Front, with
side of the stage, there was a real dance
area. Stand for flowers and balls,
the ceiling hung a mirror ball that illuminated it all.

"Wow, cool!" - Honestly expressed her opinion Yuigahama. I'm same

I felt myself brought into another dimension and froze, not in the
state even so simple words.

"I'll explain the details later. Ask to make clothes.

Kawasaki-san is already preparing the costumes in the pocket of the stage. Yuigahama-
san, go and you. "

"Oh-kei!" - cheerfully answered Yuigahama on what was said ordinary

tone of Yukinoshty's request and ran towards the stage. But I

I can not run either. Kawasaki - this is Kava-as-her-there? She is

also here? What's going on here? Yukinoshita is suspicious
looked at me.

"Did not you tell Isshiki-san?"

"No, she did not say anything to me."

Well, what is it? Irohasu! I turned back and did Ishiki
puzzled look. Okay, leave it for later, now you need to
understand what is happening.

"Well, what's going on here?"

"We make a presentation for the prom and photos for

special page of the official site. At the same time and check
functioning of systems. "

Yukinoshita pointed her finger at several cameras prepared
someone from the student council. Yukinoshita was obvious
embarrassing to continue.

"Well, I asked Ishiki-san to pick out people who
would be suitable for presentation ... "

Yukinoshita and I looked attentively at Isshiki. Pressure
two people even for her was the limit, and she lowered

A look at the floor and began to sweat. Yukinoshita, seeing this, was tired
sighed.

"The presentation will be edited so that no one
learn, do not worry. I'll check it out at the beta-
editorial board ... However, I can not ask for anything
who knows man. "

It is necessary to understand that the beta edition and all that is to cover Ishiki. Yukinoshita smiled slightly. It is strange that she She did not get angry ... Before she could calm down Ishiki ... But here Ishiki made the face of the underworld and lowered her head slightly down.

"Sorry, forgive me, I'm really sorry about this, understand I correctly spoke up and forgot about it. A Then I asked Tobe-senpai and the others, and everything was confused ... "

"Tobe?"

I heard in her high-speed confession an unexpected word and asked again. Ishiki lifted her head and, adjusting her hair behind her ear, she nodded.

"Yes. This vigorous appendage, or mob, and I also invited first-graders from the football club. "

"I also asked to collect Issyk's girlfriends and girls from my class. "- added Yukinoshita and I thought about it. Presentation should convey the atmosphere, then you need the appropriate amount of extras. As they say, even a dry tree decorates mountain.

"Then there are others ... Well, well, I can get lost among them. I'm in."

"I'm sorry ..."

"No, I am to blame for not having clarified my tasks."

It was too strange to see Isshiki sincerely apologizing,

and I smiled involuntarily. Yukinoshita also smiled.

"Thank you, you will help us very much. I would be embarrassed to give instructions and ask completely unfamiliar people to repeat one and the other for the sake of doubles ... "

"Be good, do not talk about duplicates in advance. Okay, then I'll go.
I'll change. "

"Ah, I'm going to get ready too." - Ishiki went ahead of me.

Before leaving, I blinked Yukinoshita and she nodded to me in return.

I headed to the other sleeve of the stage after Ishiki,
the opposite of where Yuigahama went.

"I realized a little about what you said, sempai." - muttered
Ishiki, upset, his shoulders drooping.

"In the sense?" - I came up to her, but Ishiki is still looking at
floor.

"About trouble free. They do so much until I
I see that I have relaxed. Probably, they and not only this
are engaged. If this continues, it can eventually
it turns out that I left everything completely at Yukino-sempai. "-
said Ishiki in a very upset voice, full of
remorse. It seems that he remembers what we talked about at lunch.
I think if a person is able to look at himself from the outside
after only one mistake, then it can be called capable. I,
for example, has not even acknowledged his mistakes so far ...
Implying the same self-discipline, I turned to Ishiki.

"If you already noticed this - then everything is fine, I think. Be

be more careful and you will have a good future. "

"Yeah, I'll be more careful."

I said it without pressure, but Ishiki is still sad. I bit lip. Well, yes, it's hard to underestimate the depression after succumbed to the mood and broke the firewood ... For example, when I Adapted to work and began to think that I, it turns out,

capable, made an unexpected mistake, and the boss of me, I covered myself with a good one, I felt insignificant, awkward, and it was so ashamed that I wanted to die. Based on their experience I'll try to somehow encourage her.

"Next time, if anything happens - just say ... Although, if say in advance, then it will rest, although in the end everything will do. Therefore, um ... Do not worry so much. "

"That's for sure!" - I did not have time to finish, as Ishiki sharply raised face and smiled broadly with one lips. I hesitated and Ishiki again she lowered her shoulders sadly.

"I'm kidding. I'll try to really get my strength together. " She probably joked to raise her spirits, but in her voice there was a determination.

We climbed the stage, and Ishiki opened the door to the side. I entered After her into the room with chairs, microphone stands and other things. There are also chairs, and large mirrors - everything is equipped to use this room as a waiting room during the event. The chairs are spread out

costumes.

"Here are the costumes. If the size does not fit - refer to ...

how is it there? Kawasaki-senpai? In general, it will adjust the size at need. "

"Understood."

Ishiki slightly bowed to me and left. I followed her

glance and began to change. It's probably called

tuxedo. I do not know how it differs from a jacket, but something similar to the clothes of the wedding ceremony ...

Standing collar and folds in front of the shirt. This I am more-

I do not understand how to dress. And what kind of barrette or brooch?

Okay, then I'll ask. When I finished dressing, I approached to the mirror.

In the mirror reflected some dying pianist. Um ... So

Should it be? This is the first time I've ever been in a suit, so I do not know.

Do not they wear a tuxedo with a hat-cylinder, a mantle and white mask? .. Fortunately, the size was not the most inappropriate.

Almost everything is ready, the butterfly remains. I, as Conan-kun, picked up and pinned it with a pin.

I'm not used to such clothes, so changing clothes took suddenly a lot of time, so quickly left from here.

At first I decided to return to Yukinoshite, but in its place already there was some unfamiliar beauty in the ornaments. Outside part of the beauty costume has a distinctive sign in the form of

long hem, so even I know how this costume is called. Frak, or the swallowtail.

"Great, the size is right." - she suddenly turned to me and I finally realized who it is.

"Oh, it's you, Yukinoshita. What is it on you?" I asked and Yukinoshita excitedly began to straighten her sleeves and back.

"Does it look strange?"

"No, nothing like that, but ..."

Quite the contrary, it is too much. Monotonous Fossil like emphasizes the beautiful light skin of Yukinoshita, and the long one the hem is her long, curly legs. Fluctuating related in a bunch of hair as if emphasize the fragility of her figure, giving it a kind of painful look. A beautiful face reflects perverted beauty. I even began to fear.

"It's very cool, just like I came off the screen." - I tried to convey in words the unreality of the image.

"Yeah thanks. Quite noble flattery, especially for you." - she grinned, hiding her mouth with her hand. On his hand were white gloves, which further removed it from reality.

"No, I really think so. About how to praise screen version of the manga. "

"Quite strange words ..."

Even putting Yukino's hand to my temples and sighing to me seemed to be a play in the play, but her next words brought me back to reality.

"You, too, are like an actor ... As the protagonist ... No, like the one who he humiliated ... No, the crowd around him. "

"Like the last bitch ... Do not make yourself praise me."

"What are you, this is an ideal role for you. In addition, you still can be improved if you make a little effort. Give me a handkerchief and cufflink. "

Yukinoshita took off her gloves and held out her hand. It seemed to me that Her hands are lighter than gloves, and I gave her a handkerchief. And the cufflink is what? Ah, there was some kind of unnecessary thing in there ... I got it from pocket this thing and gave Yukinoshita.

"Cufflink - this is it?"

When suddenly I was seized by the hand. Frightened, I tried to clean hand, but she had already rolled up the sleeve of the suit, pulled out her sleeve shirt, and pin it with a cufflink. After that, Yukinoshita deftly folded her handkerchief and put it in her breast pocket.

"The standard folding" three corners "... Somehow so." - said she slapped once on her breast pocket and smiled rather.

"A-yeah. It seems I've already seen it somewhere. At a wedding some. "

"In general, prom is a chance to study etiquette of this kind activities. Although, we have nothing to do at these events. "

"For us, it can be said, cosplay."

"I do not like this expression, but yes, it turns out that way." - said Yukinoshita with a complex face and again put on gloves.

"So why are you wearing a frock coat?"

"I wanted to shoot a dancing couple in the role of king and queen proma, but did not know anyone who can dance, so I had to. "

"So can you dance?"

"Very little. But in a tuxedo I would look ugly. In The dress coat looks good, right? "- said Yukinoshita and made a beautiful u-turn. Just one move, but I have caught his breath from his beauty. Indeed, soaring in the air of the tail coat looks impressive. But the main the component of this impression is Yukinoshita herself . I'm sure that this is far from being "quite a bit".

"I'm even sorry for who will be your partner ..."

"Do not worry, I tried to train, and Ishiki, it seems, copes well. "- easily answered Yukinoshita, but the problem- it's not in this, not in the ability to dance ... But I was also surprised at this partnership.

Isshiki? "

"Yes, she is the future Queen proma. She is useful. "

Again she makes her face, as if everything is in order. Ordinary people because, as a rule, they do not know how to dance. Irohasa, can you do it? .. I started looking for Ishiki with a look and Yukinoshita, it seems, this understood.

"Well, let's go for the princesses." - she said, and a hard walked gently towards the stage. From the back she looks

a real prince. And this prince seems to like this
to be engaged.

The first impression of the gym - I got into another
measurement. But now, with the passage of time, when
speakers, there was also the atmosphere of the party. Hanged
screen, turned off the lights, turned on spotlights - and the furnishings
began to resemble the one we saw on the show. Gathered and
additional people, merged into the atmosphere, then from
The person-holiday Tobe came late, starting to make noise, talking
about different things.

The guys were mostly dressed in tuxedos, and the girls in
all sorts of dresses. Apparently, because of the costumes, everyone
even talking with strangers. More like
wedding party in fact, but all fun. Special
Noisy is the part where I am, mainly thanks to
transformed beauty in a man's dress coat Yukinoshite Yukino
and the bright devil Isshiki Iroha.

Isshiki's dress is bright orange, it attracts a lot
the views of others. This burning color and its short
A free skirt radiate youth and strength, whereas starting from
breast level translucent on the light lace opening
risky places, exude a feminine
attractiveness. The smile of this devil is more like
so she enjoys the situation.

"Now I will say something terrible, but the feeling that you
a nice young guy is serving, great. I am now
very cool! " - Ishiki said happily, than introduced
Yukinoshita in a stupor.

"Really awful ... Could you please go
away? "

"It's a duty of a gentleman. You're still me
accompanied. Although ... I myself had the imprudence of succumbing
atmosphere. "- said Ishiki and smiled vulgarly. I immediately
I understood what I mean. The prince was so much in the role of prince when we
came to meet the princesses, that without hesitation he gave Ishiki's hand and
accompanied her to the stage. As a result, the hall revived, and Ishiki
plunged into a narcissistic oblivion.

"... I'm already rethinking this," said Yukinoshita
rather with remorse, and its fading fades away. She began to look like-
then tired. Hey, it's not even started yet! It seems,
She also understood this, and, with a weary sigh, gathered her strength.

"It's time to start shooting. It's time to start the meeting, so
Hikigaya-kun, call Yuigahama-san, she already has to finish
change clothes. "

"I understand." - I answered and went to the side of the stage. It seems that Yuigahama
went to help Kawasaki with women's clothing, and right after
this they must dress.

I knocked on the door to the women's locker room several times, and immediately
"Yes?" flashed in an irritated tone. Horror ... this

probably Kawasaki. Opening the door, I saw Yuigahama, who already finished dressing the dress and again checks everything. Light-pink, closer to white the color of the fabric gives it an adult shade. Or, perhaps, this shade seemed to me because of her figure. Her neck was considerably open. The dress hid her hips, but after again opened, showing the lines of the body. Hem Dresses rather long, but thanks to a long cut it is not seems to be heavy in appearance, and easily flutters at any movement of the body. Instead of the usual bun, her hair was braided into something resembling a wreath, and in my head for some reason, the name given by a certain prince was heard. While I was thinking about all this, she was smiling in front of the mirror, touching the hem of the dress and in the chest area.

"Wow, what kind of dress is this?" Cool! Great! "

"Do not move." - Kawasaki is doing something behind the Yuigahama, probably fits the length of the dress. Her rough voice made Yuigahama straighten up. But then she put her hands to her hips.

"Ah, yeah. Um ... I'd like to remove some of my stomach ... " - cautiously asked Yuigahama.

"What?" Then you will dance afterwards. Will not it reap? "-

Kawasaki replied in a formidable tone. But, if you listen, then Kawasaki is behaving carefully. Therefore, Yuigahama is not particularly worries, and even vice versa - behaves like a spoiled child.

"Um, well ... I'll tolerate ..."

"Hmm. Now I'll try. "- With a weary sigh, Kawasaki decided answer the request and pressed on Eyigahama in the area of the waist.

"It'll do. Make up yourself. "

"Aha! Thank you, Saki! Hickey, I'm sorry to have to wait! I quickly! "- said Yuigahama and ran to the mirror. She wrapped it up scarf, apparently so as not to stain the make-up dress, and start to equip with make-up devices.

"Do not hurry, they are still discussing something there." - I said, and Yuigahama dumbled in response. Kawasaki passed her in my side, to the door. She looked rather exhausted.

"I'll go, next you yourself."

"Yeah, thanks for the work. Sorry, you seem to have enough unexpectedly harnessed. "

"That's for sure." - Kawasaki said in response to gratitude and looks at me. Oh, I'm sorry! I squeezed and looked down, and I heard a sigh - whether it was a tired sigh, or with a smile, I do not understand.

"The hem is long, high heels, you may not be familiar with it." - Kawasaki said, though haughtily, but with a caring voice, and walked past me. I could only shout "aha" to her in a tired back. Ay-da Kawasaki-san, ah-da tsundere! I spent Kawasaki look, then there was only one Yuigahama. I was

there is nothing to do, therefore the view was naturally caught

for Yuigahama, who used to work as usual

tassel in front of the mirror. Suddenly her hands froze.

"Um ... It's difficult for me to paint when people look at me like this ..."

shyly said Yuigahama, looking through the mirror in my eyes.

Her cheeks are slightly painted in blush, and I, too, felt uneasy at watch it.

"Ah, I'm sorry. Do not pay attention, go on ... By the way, you

Is not she finished? Is not it enough? "

"Eh ?! No, I'm not finished! "- after thinking for a second, Yuigahama looked again at the mirror, answered and continued paint.

"I'm clear."

And in my opinion it is quite enough, you are so beautiful, I thought, but still decided not to say so. Yuigahama now picked up brush and began to apply lipstick.

"After all, we will be removed. You need to look good on the camera. "

"I was told that faces will not be shown."

"This will not be published. But the source will remain, their nobody removes. I would not delete ... So let it be

beautiful. "- Quietly said Yuigahama and twirled lipstick. After

she lifted her chin and, opening her mouth, changed the angle of inclination, gently holding the brush along. Glowed scarlet shine

lips transformed it beyond recognition. I do not see that anymore.

naivety in the reflection of the face, it seems to me somehow

an infinitely distant creation. So I could not remain silent.

"So this is how it is..."

"Yes, that's what it means! Everything is ready! "- said Yuigahama no longer to mirror, and turning in my direction and smiling. I

sighed, calmed down, and thanks to this sigh he noticed that
held his breath all this time. Unconsciously I scratched
head to distract yourself.

"Hickey, do you do your hair?"

"Nope."

"But do not get it on your head! You need to look good on
presentation! And this is too much ... "- said Yuigahama,
gazing intently at my scalp. Her look gradually
turned into a pity. Is it really that bad? Well yes,
badly. In addition, really, ordinary people on
presentation is not good.

"Well, then I'll correct a little ... At the same time I'll lend the wax. Although, and gel will
come down. "

I went to the mirror, and Yuigahama gave me a place. Thanks

Komachi I know how to handle hair a little.

I think, under the tuxedo something quite simple will come down, for example,
comb your hair back. But only if I do it, then in

Even such a simple hairstyle can ruin my hands.

Only I reached for the cosmetic bag for wax, as it is faster than me
snatched from behind.

"I'll do it for you. If you do this yourself, it will turn out

something strange. "- as if nothing had happened said Yuigahama.

"Eh? .. My sense of style completely refuted ... Although, not that so I did not agree ... Yes, and myself with such nonsense can manage. "

"Yes, stop, I'll help you. This is good for me! "-

quickly said Yuigahama and grabbed my hair. It hurts!

Yes, and ashamed! I sweat! And she does not care, she sings to herself something under the nose.

"Visitor, you are not scratching anywhere?"

"But do not do this, you better finish quickly ..."

I'm ashamed, and my head is a little sweaty, and I can not to move a little. But then suddenly the hands of Yuigahama stopped. what is this? Has noticed sweat and it became disgusting? I'm sorry. I looked at Yuigahama through the mirror, and saw her serious expression face.

"Hickey, you have such dense skin ... And a bald patch."

"Hey! You can say anything, but not this! These words start a war ... "

"Wow, what soft! Shuh-shuh, shuh-shuh! "- said Yuigahama and began to play with my hair.

"Tickling, tickling! Stop it, stop, stop! I beg ... "I said

and covered his face with his hands. I'm probably awkward, I do not want to see myself in the mirror, and I do not want anyone to see me. I shrank, and thin fingers began to roll my hair, creating solid bundles. Unbeknownst to the rhythm of the song she sang,

changed, turning into a gentle mooing. Fingers then brush my hair, it's as if my head is shaved, sometimes like plucking, and gradually I relax, turning into a kind of carp on a plate, with closed eyes.

"Everything is ready," she said, and I opened my eyes, mirror to Yuigahama, looking at me with an interrogative look. I nodded several times, they say, well done. Even too good for me. It seems that satisfaction was is visible on my face, and Yuigahama, smiling, put her hands on my shoulders.

"Look to me, Hickey, to look cool in front of the cameras."

"Necessarily! You know how much the computer graphics and video processing? They are all-powerful! "

"Ah-hah ... What are you talking about?"

She grinned for the last time and slapped me on the shoulder.

So, we are ready. I got up and we headed for the hall. Sound steps was not habitual for me spanking, but hard, because of which I remembered one thing.

"Kawasaki said to be more careful with a long hem and heels. "

"Ah, that's right. This is really very difficult. It will be difficult until I'll get used to it. "

"Aha. In addition, it's dark, so ... "- I said and slightly raised his left elbow. Straightened his back, puffed out his chest, chin. What else ... Do not look around? It seems,

Somehow they taught me that way.

Yuigahama looked at me with interest, but soon too remembered, smiled and, without saying a word, took me for elbow, like before.

So, with a lot of hastily crammed reservations, we started go the same step at a very close distance.

The filming was very smooth. A problem could only be the dance of the king and queen prom, but it ended pretty

fast. Yukinoshita flawlessly danced with Ishiki. Though Yukinoshita said restrainedly that she is not very strong in dancing, but in the result was a masterpiece. Touching hands with gloves to partner, the elegant uplift of the dress coat at every turn ...

Girls in dancers were fascinated. Ishiki was much less prepared, and as a result, simply allowed Yukinoshite do with yourself anything, anything, sometimes stepping on leg, and the movements were awkward. However, with every error she very cute lowered her head, and the "prince", covering her mistakes, unusually beautiful, kindly smiled. Watching guys were fascinated by the sight of absolutely beautiful girls. After Everyone applauded loudly.

However, Isshiki looked dejected when she checked the record at half-time.

"It seems cool and beautiful, and others liked it, but looks like something completely different ... Looks like a dance

A contest is some kind of ... "Isshiki said faintly.

"I agree, it seems to me that something else was planned ..."

said from behind Ishiki Yukinoshita, peering into the screen computer and, leaning his fingers to his temples, sighed. I remembered the dance also thought that yes, maybe it is. Their dance was more like a show than a fun party. Ishiki came to the same conclusion. She nodded and turned to Yukinoshita.

"I think, as a slow dance will come down. I would also like to more animated video. "

"That is more affable and lively? Then let everyone dance, and the camera will monitor Tobe-kun and Ishiki-san. "

"Yes, I knew it ... Hmm ..." - said Ishiki with a displeased look.

Well, yes, Yukinoshita does not like such things very much. I grinned, they say, not lucky with them, and Yukinoshita turned in my direction.

"And just in case, Yuigahama-san, be good. And Hikigay-kun also."

"Eh?" Yuigahama was surprised and stares at her absentmindedly. What is she is it? ...

"But after all ... I did not dance once in my life ..." - I said, slightly raising her hand, and Yuigahama nodded heavily several times. Here

not a ballroom, I thought, and Isshiki intervened.

"For this video, and so come down. You need to create an image, like in the club some. Well, that's it. "Isshiki said, leaning her hands against

hips and wagging them. It seems to be understandable, but it seems to be not ...

Yukinoshita, seeing her tired face, decided to help, coming to us.

"Just look around and do like everyone else. For this video than more people, the better it will be during the editorial office. I'm not against, if you just cover the gaps for Ishiki-san and Tobe-kun. "

"Ah, I can do it."

I was not simply called "the background". In addition, I understand why wants Yukinoshita. Superfluous data will not prevent, besides, it is unlikely Do we have the chance to conduct such a large-scale shooting.

To, if then for some reason one does not fit, in another place will be missed, then spare shooting is the right one process.

It seems that everything is logical, but I still feel that something is wrong. As if there is not enough of one single detail.

"Um ... but are we really going to do this?" - cautiously, as if probing the soil, asked Yuigahama, and the same detail as it seemed to me, took its place. However, after the words Yukinoshita she evaporated without a trace.

"Well yes. I'm uncomfortable asking other people for more or less important roles, so you will help me a lot. If it will be it's difficult - I'll try to think of something, of course ... "

Yukinoshita immediately responded.

"A? Ah ... Yeah ... I'm not talking about that, but ... if that's the case, then it's okay. "- folding her hands at her breast and smiling uncomfortably agreed to Yuigahama.

Of course, if you put the question in this way, then it will not work.

All those who gathered here are volunteers, it would be difficult for them command.

"Well, shall we try it once?" Slammed into the palm of his hands, Isshiki said.

I and Yuigahama joined the moving crowd and, having occupied the specified position, I turned directly to Yuigahama.

"Do you know how to dance?" I asked quietly.

"I do not know ... Well, is not something like" ye-ee! ". Or like everyone else. "

with some difficulty answered Yuigahama.

"Something like" ye-ee, "then ..."

"Aha! Something like that, ye-she! "- said already louder than Yuigahama, doing hands and body, like pop-idols, but I still did not understand. Looks like,

loud sounds attracted him, and the nearby Tobe

He grabbed me by the shoulders.

"Come on, Hikitani-kun, raise it!" Wei, say wei! Come on,

Wei! "

I do not understand anything, but it seems that this meaningless "wei" can rely.

"Ah-ah ... And you are familiar." - I said quietly, almost to myself, and began to jump with the crowd.

"And then! Yes, relax, just adjust to the rhythm. How is it there they say, dive into the wave? Dance while the music is playing! "

"Tobe-senpai, enough, do not feel bad," said Ishiki and Tobe, frightened, took a position. His advice did not help me, but in

The position is becoming necessary right now. So, you have to copy Tobe. If you come to a live performance and hear a new song, then under commands like "All together! AND..." you can sing along.

I'm ready and waiting for the beginning of the music. Light dimmed. Finally played "Standard Room" for parties, floodlights began to randomly illuminate the hall, and the mirror ball reflects shine. At first all danced ineptly, hardly getting into rhythm. Then Tobe raised his hands and several people repeated after him.

One cotton on top - and the echo of the cotton is carried everywhere, gradually bringing everyone closer together. One step closer - dancing twist, step forward - clapping each other's hands, and in the intervals we dance, like robots for the sake of a joke. Some brave in the center took up arms.

No sooner had this melody and atmosphere intoxicated me, as it began Another song. Ballad yet to name, but still more calm melody. I was shaking my shoulders, looking around, and clicked fingers, but more I did not work. I just shook his legs and head, like a metronome, but suddenly they seized me f or

free hand. It was Yuigahama - she was smiling bashfully.

My pulse, and so high due to physical activity, jumped even more, and I looked around. Everyone dances a certain distant like a waltz, or at a neutral distance watching with their feet.

Therefore, I think, no one here looks. Looks at me only
one is Yuigahama. I put my free hand on her shoulder, and she's in
the answer put her hand on me. I do not know how to walk here,
so I just moved back and forth. She comes to me - I step
back, she aside - I'm behind her. I noticed that the place where I was her
He was too warm, and perhaps he was sweating, and he did not try
breathe because our faces are close.

It's harder than I expected ... Basically, it's true, psychologically
more difficult ... I decided not to make excuses.

"Sorry, I'm sweating ..."

"Yeah, it's pretty hard."

"No, I mean, you must be disgusted to dance with
sticky guy. I mean, I'm probably better off
to die. "

"Eh ?! Do not exaggerate! And what kind of self-abasement? "- said
Yuigahama, grinning, and a new song began. I remember this
song, she was at the very end of that series.

Yuigahama looked away, and I looked behind her there.

There Tobe and Ishiki danced. Movement and rhythm - it's not about them,
Of course, but it's fun. Tobe held out his hand to take Isshiki for
waist, but she hit his hand and slipped backward, as if
going to make a kick with a turn. This is our queen
dance.

The song was over and everyone started applauding loudly.
rejoice. On this wave began to take photos with

partners in dance and friends. I think, on this former
the scene with the dance was over.

At that moment, I felt tired. I walked out with a slow walk
from the crowd, and took from the table with prepared drinks and
snacks something to drink. From here you can see all the decorations
dance floor and stage.

It's clear, that's what prom ... However, these are only my feelings.
All the same it does not suit me.

Chapter 6

Suddenly, Yuigahama Yui Starts to Think more about the Future

The day after the shooting, I and Yuigahama were summoned in
school board. Ishiki, sitting in front of us, smoothed out
a pile of papers, knocking them on the table, and handed over to Yuigahama.

"Here, here is a list of photos that will be used on
official website. If there are unsuccessful shots - delete
their."

"Uh ... Hickey, will you watch?" - Yuigahama spread out the papers
fan and asked. I waved my head.

"No, do not. If I look - then I'll mark all the photos as
Unsuccessful ... I'll trust you in this. "

"I see ... Well, then I'll look." - agreed Yuigahama

and, taking a pen, began to view each photo. Periodically she uttered astonished and delighted exclamations. Yes, girls love to be photographed ...

However, I now have nothing to do. I leaned my elbows on I began to observe how Yuigahama checks Photo.

"Well, did you lose a strange feeling a bit?"

me Yukinoshita, sitting in front of the computer.

"Ah, yes, a little lost after the participation. Now I realized that you had in mind the creation of an answer. "

I remembered the strange expression Yukinoshita said at that time, and continued.

"I could only compare with that series, because more I have never met with prom, and now I am more or less I understand what I mean. A little wrong to say so, probably, but to me prom does not seem to be something so complicated. I think people who see the presentation will agree with this. "

"Clear. So it makes sense to publish it. I also thought that Although it was possible to find suitable photos on the Internet, but Still, the presence of familiar faces will give a clearer presentation. " - smothered out her chest complacently, said

Yukinoshita, which I thought was somewhat amusing, and I grinned. In fact, I also think that the video is useful.

Even if I am a person who has a negative attitude towards prom,

began to think so, the more so it is useful for the future participants proma.

Most likely, Yukinoshita wanted to make a presentation for her kind of localization of prom, because almost everything that we have from information, images and video about the prom, came to us with West, and a certain cultural wall was still there. If we tried simply to hold the prom, not having eliminated misunderstandings its scale, structure, brilliance, the participants could think that the event is too fresh and weak. Here why there was a need to simulate the promo-Japanese in Soba High School.

"Sempai, you're not the only one. It seems that everyone who came to the shooting too it was pleasant. On the Internet raised a lot of noise, look. "-

said Ishiki, showing from his smartphone photos with places yesterday's shootings, which, apparently, laid out in the social network the participants themselves. Some girls with a lush hairstyle leave comments like "Ah, how cool it was!". Here only why hide so persistently your face behind cat's ears and mustaches? The eyes are black and on the light screen it is no longer possible discover.

"Ah, I saw it too! Many are in a good mood after prom. "

- said Yuigahama, looking up from the photos, and Ishiki according to nodding, showing a few more accounts on her phone. Most of them had Snow effects or Beauty Plus, why they do not even know, but all fun, all

rejoice.

I also saw one pretty bold photo, where in the crowd some couple either embrace each other by the shoulders, or simply too close. Looking at her dress with a deep open neck, probably frowned, just like I am now, as if to say "Why are you flirting here?", although I have no right to blame them! I'm ashamed to even remember that there was! There was a desire to die! Therefore I will leave them in alone.

In general, in the news feeds, the reviews are positive, many likes, many write that they want to participate. Not without negative comments, but there are so few that you can ignore.

"If we consider shooting additional advertising, then their cost has fully justified itself. "- Yukinoshita answered with the covered eyes on my nod and continued to do something for computer. Yuigahama seems to have finished with a choice photos and, making the last feature, handed over a stack of Ishiki.

"Somehow I think so."

"Thank you so much! Right now and I will make a special page. "- quite grinning, Ishiki began in detail view the stack by pushing the laptop closer, starting operate with the trackball.

"Thank you for coming to our request. You can already go. "- said Yukinoshita, temporarily interrupting the work and slightly

she bowed. We looked at it and blinked several times.

It took some time to understand what she said.

"Eh? What, everything already? "- I asked and Yukinoshita, a few seconds looked at me, then began to think, putting my hand to chin.

"So I planned ... Now the student council is engaged all, and there is no other work where people are needed. Right?"

"Eh ?! ... M, well, if Yukino-senpai says so, then so it is. "-

Ishiki, whose Yukinoshita asked for confirmation,

I had to make an effort to give, though reluctantly, the right answer. Yukinoshita, it seems, has already figured it out and nodded her.

"Maybe when we need help, we'll call you later."

- she said, smiling brightly, and we had nothing left, except how to agree. Leave immediately as soon as the work is over - this great of course, but when suddenly dissolve ... I'm confused sat, and Eyigahama next quickly rose without delay.

"Good. Thank you for your work. Good luck, and call, if that will be

"she said, quickly gathered up her things and poked me elbow on the shoulder.

"Hickey, get up."

"A? Ah ... "

I also got up, obeying her.

"Bye then."

"And thank you for your work."

"Thank you, sempai."

Ishiki and Yukinoshita said goodbye to us, second from the monitor, and again returned there. It's not good for them. to interfere, that's why I left the school board with Yuigahama and went down the corridor toward the exit. Light outside the windows is much brighter than when we usually return home.

In other words, the sun is still quite high.

"Now there's nothing to do ..." said Yuigahama to herself.

"Well, I always have nothing to do. Do not you go somewhere with Miura? "

"She told me that today we need to help with something. Besides Moreover, they both had some plans ... "

"Hmmm ..." - I chuckled weakly to Yuigahama, who smiled awkwardly next to me. After that, the conversation wilted and the corridor sounded only steps. I remembered how, once upon a time, was also the same strange silence. Then, like, it was also not necessary to go to club. Remembering this, I looked at Yuigahama, and she looked at me. I'll feel stupid if I take a look now.

Need to speak ..

"Let's go somewhere?"

"Eh?" Yuigahama screamed in surprise, but even more in her expression was prostration. It seems that she could not even to understand the meaning of what was said, not that to be surprised. Damn that I did ... I pulled up the scarf, hiding my warmed cheeks.

"Uh, well ... We need to cook something for the celebration
Komachi's arrival, to her birthday, all that ... "- steep
head, I came up with some excuse, saying through the scarf.
Yuigahama seems to have remained pleased with this and, slightly
leaning forward, slapped me on the shoulder.

"Great idea, I'm coming! I'll buy something too! And where are you going?
will you go? Where? "Yuigahama said in an excited voice. I
glad, of course, that you are so animated, but give me a little

time for reflection ...

"Um, yes, I do not know ... Ah! I remembered that I wanted to go to
Lalaporte! »

I immediately grabbed for a sudden revelation. Yes-
yes, for sure, I want to go there, I was delighted about myself, and Yuigahama
strangely looked at me, head to one side.

"Lalaporte? You can, of course, but why? "

"There, they say, there is an automatic machine for the sale of MAX Coffee, which only it
sells. I wanted to buy MAX Coffee there. "

After I said it, I remembered that I had many times

Komachi repeated, and I thought that I was trying to break some firewood, but
Yuigahama agreed.

"Okay, let's go to Lalaporte then. And ... how strong are you?
do you love this MAX Coffee? ... "said Yuigahama. In the end she
still looked a little unhappy, but agreed
in fact, immediately, to which I was surprised and asked every

happening.

"Eh? Right? "

"What? It's impossible? "She asked suspiciously, and she asked me. In her eyes clearly read, they say, what he is carrying, he himself proposed? I

He looked directly at her and sighed to calm him down a little.

yourself.

"No, you can, of course. Well then, then to Lalaporte. Come on.

station. "

"Sure sure! We ran already! "- she shot me a smile and

The corridor was pounded with quick steps, overtaking me. I also speeded up step to catch up with her.

Our school Sobu is not very far from TOKYO-BAY

Lalaporte, only four stations - a little more than ten minutes on

train. Together with the waiting time and all the rest

it turns out not more than half an hour. Therefore, during the

there was nothing like silence, although the conversation sometimes

froze. Because of passing passengers and furnishings

around she could talk to me, for example about how

empty in the car, or that there recently passed the event. More precisely,

she always said something to me. And even when we got there

to Lalaporte, a sparse conversation continued.

"By the way, Hickey, what did you want to buy?"

"Is it better to say what you can buy here?"

"So you just dumped everything on me?"

"I have no idea what shops are here."

Unpleasantly shocking Yuigahama, I turned back. There is a whole number of fashion stores, but I do not understand this at all. therefore all I can do is stupid to stare at shops.

But just at the entrance to Lalaport there is a Peach shop

John. My embarrassment and shame speed me up and smash mine a heart. However, I'm still hovering behind Yuigahama, like pursuer. If I planned to buy something for myself, then I would have already finished by this time, but I came for a gift for Komachi. Let her and her sister, but still a girl, so I can not rely on your own taste. Yuigahama, in theory, also understands this and looks at me with bewilderment.

"Um ... What do you think? Komachi-chan, then, some hairpin? "

"Yes, something like that. Only her preferences are very obvious, so it is unlikely she will be happy if I give something wrong. "

"Do you think? ..." Yuigahama looked at me as if she wanted me say that Komachi will actually be happy.

"I think so. Most likely, he will say something like "Oh, thank you, brother! Komachi is very happy and shy », and then somewhere will throw and will never be used. "

"How ... interesting you are parodying Komachi-chan ... Although it can so. I, too, would not use faddish daddies gifts. It would have been better if he had given me the money. "

"I'm sorry your dad was ..."

While conducting such conversations we went around different shops, but nothing that

could have liked Komachi, did not find. My legs are tired, yet we went around the nearest floor to the station. I suddenly stopped, noticing once seen on TV corner.

"Um ... Somewhere here there is a machine MAX Coffee, so I'll go down I'll buy it. "

"Is it?"

"Yes exactly. I checked everything in advance. "

"Checked out ?! And what about the gift to look for? "

Yes, you are absolutely right. I missed it and, making his way through the crowd, went to the desired machine. Along one of the corridors is a number of different machines, and among them one - yellow.

"Yeah ... It's a machine for MAX Coffee ... I heard that he temporary, so I thought that he might no longer be ... "

With trembling hands, I took some photographs. Which beautiful, orange ...

"Oh, cool, and true design like MAX Coffee." - tired voice monotonously said standing behind me Yuigahama, and so she had no need to photograph the vending machine. And not is going to upload it in Instagram for the sake of the likes.

Okay, I'll try to explain.

"It's not just about design. If you beat him - you'll see from behind composition MAX Coffee. Look, what a clear picture. Feel love."

"Ah ..."

She still does not seem interested. As a rule, "commercial machine MAX Coffee" does not say anything. Though it pleases me. AT in general, so far enough. It is now necessary to draw a self from behind machine. But as soon as I decided on this, Yuigahama laughed.

"But, if you look closely, it's pretty nice design."

"What am I saying ?! Design has changed several times, but this one - the best, the most attractive! "

"Why are you so excited? Yes, and I do not know what there was before there was a design ... " - said Yuigahama and sighed, looking like I persistently trying to convince her of something.

"Oh well, I will also take a photo." - she said, got it

smartphone and came up to me. I was just about to take a photo, but made him a Yuigahama, as soon as she became close, without any warning. Therefore, there was not even time to refuse, in The result, I guess, is a terribly stupid expression.

However, even if there was a warning, I do not care would eventually be with reddened cheeks, look somewhere in the side, and the face would be just as stupid. Hence, this photography is not the worst option.

"Send me this photo."

"Aha." - Quietly answered Yuigahama, looking into her phone. She is not for long something was typing and my phone shook. There was a message from Yuigahama.

The attached photo was generally bright, asterisks flew, and in the center two people with dog ears, spouts and antennae ... Hmm, with this treatment, I no longer have legal rights to this photo. Slightly smiling I put a lock on it a photo.

"Excellent, the goal is fulfilled, you can go home."

"Nothing is fulfilled, what kind of home?"

I wanted to retreat on the wave of emotions, but Yuigahama grabbed my sleeve, not letting go, and sighed wearily.

"Then let's take a look at IKEA? There, it seems, many different They sell things. "Yuigahama said, pointing at the other building. IKEA is a Swedish company that sells items interior throughout the world. Their main Japanese office is on the bridge in Chiba. Chiba is the main one in Japan!

Well, yes, wandering around the boundless Lalaporta pretty inefficient. Change the place is a good idea. I agreed with Eugihama and we went there.

The shopping area is on the coast, so at this time

The coastal wind is still cold, especially

Feels when you leave the heated supermarket. Repeating the word "cold" as a tongue twister, I crossed with Eyigahama pedestrian bridge and soon already sighed inside IKEA.

Inside the store the heat and warm in appearance seem to be located at the entrance of the sofa and rugs.

"Okay, let's take a look around." - said Yuigahama and the familiar walked into the elevator with a gait. I followed her and got into showroom. House utensils, interior items, all kinds of groceries can be picked up and watched.

The main categories of goods are "for families of three in big house "," the smart thing for two-bedroom apartments, "and similar. Indeed, as an exhibition of some kind. I'm new to furniture store, but I already like it here. Kaguya wants to she confessed her love 42 also I liked! Experiencing such simple emotions, I go shopping.

Yuigahama decided to look into the department with a sign "Independent life in Urayasu." Probably, there are some interesting things, like a chair that does not break, even if you sit on it 6300000 times. I followed the Eigihama.

The main color of the interior is white, wardrobes and chests are neat and without any ornaments create the feeling that the room more than it really is. Space on walls and on cabinets too economically used, all small things have their own a place.

But the department continues even further. Inside was a small, but all the same kitchen, a room with washing machines ... Yes, this The furnishings are ideal for singles. Hachiman, live here! My mother whispered to me, but I dismissed that thought.

In the meantime, Yuigahama was looking at other things, and in some the moment seems to be tired, and a sigh sounded across the hall - she sat down

on the bed near the wall.

"Hickey, and you will live alone, when you do?" - languidly she asked, turning to me.

"It depends on where and on whom I will act. At Tama University or in Tokorozawa walk every day from home I can not, of course.

However, almost all the places I'm thinking of doing are near the house. "- I said, looking at some beautiful an empty bottle in his hands. Yuigahama was very surprised.

"You've already decided to do it!"

"With my assessments, the choice is among private humanitarian universities is small. I'm just going to try on some liked faculties. However, I choose I will be an exception method. "

I put the bottle back in place and she gave a pretty loud sound, although there is nothing inside. To hide this sound, I added:

"I do not have any specific goals."

I wanted to say that I will go to university, but I did not say so.

I myself guess that even at university I will not have some fateful meetings, and that I will not find anything there similar to the purpose of his life. From birth until today

I did not really want anything, probably, I'm just not the one a man who could go after a dream. But even if I

found something like this, then surely somewhere would fail, somewhere he would have refused, justifying himself that he did not really want to.

The result I already see. But this, in fact, is not an excuse for pessimism, because such people, I think, are the majority.

Yukinoshita Haruno said that adults become refusing something. But there are people who have nothing to refuse, because they do not even seek anything.

For example me. Then what to do to those who can not even refuse? I noticed that the conversation stopped because I thought about all useless things. Yuigahama was watching on an empty bottle.

"And Yukinon has already chosen her career. So fast..." - muttered Yuigahama, and I have no idea what to say to her.

Realizing that I was not going to say anything, Yuigahama sighed, cheerfully smiled and looked into my eyes.

It seems that she realized that I was standing alone and moved sideways, making room for one person. I got a little scared a sudden squeak of springs, but still in such situations ugly refuse. In addition, if you refuse now, she will think that I'm too excited to sit next to her! This is disgusting! AT

In general, I also sat on the bed.

"Hickey, what did you dream about as a child?"

Probably, being on the bed prompted Yuigahama to begin conversation in a voice, which fairy tales usually tell. In my repertoire there are no fairy tales for the night, so I thought and answered.

"It depends on what to call a dream ... There was a lot of stuff about what I'm into childhood thought. Become a director, a rich man ... Ah, I also wanted to become

a professional baseball player, a hero, a manga writer,
an idol, a policeman ... A doctor, a lawyer, a president,
prime minister. And still an oil magnate. "

"Everything about money. Is this really a dream? .. "

"It's strange to say this about myself, but I also thought, but what about this
boy is wrong? "

And even a little upset. What kind of an uncomfortable child?

And now too ... Because of this self-irony of Yuigahama quickly
recovered.

"Ah! Although it's a wonderful dream to become an idol! "

"Not the best consolation. Just in case, I will say that in

I was very cute when I was a child. By the way, what about you? "-

I asked, and Yuigahama thoughtfully bowed her head, hands clasped
on the chest.

"I ... Mmm, I also dreamed about all sorts of things. To work in a flower
store or bakery, or the idol become ... "

"It's almost the same as mine." I smiled tightly, watching how

Yuigahama with a child's face tells about old dreams.

However, her naivety lasted not so long and the expression

the face quickly changed into an adult. Yuigahama got out of bed and
went forward, as if step by step moving away from the childhood dream.

"And ... the bride, probably ..." - she said, looking at me

over shoulder. Yuigahama stood in front of the kitchen in the distance department,
illuminated by the rays of the sun, which penetrated through the round

The glass window was reflected from the white tiles and the wall. That, what she said had a tart ring of reality, so I did not he could neither grin, nor smile back. In return, I too headed toward the kitchen, thinking what to say.

"This, too, is not too different from my dream of becoming householder. "

"If you say so, it sounds like there is no dream ..."

upsetfully lowered Yuygama's shoulders and smiled wearily.

Probably, she smiled. The affectionate smile was warmer than that bright light that enveloped her. I was embarrassed to look at her and I looked down.

Despite the fact that the kitchen is not in use in the store, there is Kitchen appliances and some products, as if you already can begin to live. Of course, they are all real, because they are sale put, but still for some reason they seem to me artificial. Furniture, food, kitchen, bed, - all of it present, but for me it's like a mirage. How to separate the mirage from reality? ... I tried to touch the buffet.

When suddenly Yuigahama slapped her hands.

"Maybe then we can do it ourselves?"

"What? Furniture?"

"No! Gift. Make a cake, for example. "

For a second I completely forgot what I mean, but the word

"Gift" reminded me of everything. Komachi's gift! No I do not

remembered, because I did not forget! - swept inside me waves of self-justification, but I do not know what to answer to the sudden proposal Yuigahama. She caught fire, a plate, a knife, a fork and a mug.

"To give a mug with something and a cake ... And to say that the mug is gift! How beautiful I came up with! "- leaning her hands against her cheeks rejoices Yuigahama.

"Eh? Beautiful? "I asked calmly.

"Do not pay attention! The bottom line is that it will be real surprise. "- Yuigahama seems to have squandered the confidence in my feeling is beautiful because of my tone. She flushed slightly. began to return things to their places.

"Although, to do something - the idea is not bad."

Her slightly angry look with a smile looked funny, so I smiled too.

"You would not want to conduct a study of sweets, having tasted them? "I asked sweetly.

"Oh, that would be great! Come on! "- Yuigahama this idea is very liked and she started to push me in the back, chasing it out department store.

It's not a bad idea to do something by yourself.

Has a strong effect on the heart of the recipient

A gift, especially the time and labor expended, especially if the relationship with the donor is not the worst.

It really touches. Therefore, I think ... If I'm for the sake of
Komachi will try and make a cake, then, perhaps through
this cake I will have a new dream ...

Yeah, the legendary dream of becoming a magician Patissya Prikur ...

.

Countries are collapsing, and mountains and rivers are standing, Du Fu said. Dreams
are destroyed, and the parents' house is standing, someone is talking. Who! I,
by itself.

My dream collapsed. I ate a delicious cake under the pretext of
studies and only then noticed an obvious fact. I'm so into
life does not cook! Therefore, I gave up the dream of becoming
a sorceress, returned to the parental home and lay down in a bad
mood.

But night still changes one day. The next morning,

After a walk with Yuigahama school activity passed without
problems, and the lessons have come to an end. Yesterday Yukinoshita said,
that they do not have anything like work to prepare a prom, and

Now neither Yukinoshita nor Ishiki call me. If so far
nothing is there, then, perhaps, I'll go home ... But I was somehow
restless, so I looked toward Yuigahama. If they

they are going to call us, then they will call out to Yuigamah first.

Yuigahama noticed my look and nodded slightly to me. Then she

Waited until some conversation with Miura finished, deftly
broke away and came up to me.

"Hickey, what are we doing today?" - tilting his head inquiringly

asked Yuigahama. Judging by her question, help to prom is not it takes.

"If there is no work, then I will go home."

"I also do not have anything, and I'm going home." - said Yuigahama, quickly returned to her desk, said goodbye to her friends, she waved her hand and took all her things. Quickly throwing cloak and having thrown a backpack over his shoulder, she wrapped a scarf around the neck.

"Okay, come on."

"Aha ..."

Staying in a small confusion due to the fact that

Returning home with the Yuigahama turns into a routine, I went to the door. The door began to vibrate suddenly and with the rumble opened. I froze because of a sudden loud sound, and soon saw Ishiki Irohu. She seems to be in a hurry, already breathing has gone astray.

"Excellent, you two are still here ..." - said Ishiki. Having seen us she relaxed and took a deep breath.

"What happened?"

"... Just come with me." - said Ishiki and immediately turned around. We exchanged glances with Yuigahama. Ishiki looked very seriously, so we have to go, even without being in course of action.

Ishiki quickly steps along the corridor, and we hurry to

keep up with her. I caught up with her just down the stairs and looked at her face. Ishiki noticed my look and looked with a stern gaze forward, as if she were sorry to spend time to explain, and even more accelerated the step.

"We have bad things." Isshiki said and fell silent. Her face was too harsh, letting know that the situation is serious. Not I had time to ask what was going on, how we had come to where she was, apparently, was heading. Here are located the teacher's, the office, the director's office, and judging by the nameplate, the receptionist, although I have never been there yet.

Isshiki knocked at the reception and, without waiting for an answer, opened door and went in. I hesitated for a moment if I should enter.

At the moment when the door opened, I saw the backs of Hiratsuki-Sensei and Yukinoshita, sitting on the sofa near the door. On Yukinoshita Haruno and Yukinoshita's mother sat in honorable places.

It's not a bad feeling that I felt. Is not foreboding, this is confidence. Under the familiar, or rather even the detached view of mother and sister Yukinoshita herself sits, bending his back.

Mother Yukinoshita turned to the open door and looks at us smiling eyes. She has eyes in which you can drown if you look too long. It seems, exactly the same

She looked at Yukinoshita with a look, and I ran creeps on the back. Ishiki also looked at her and

greeted her with a greeting.

"Forgive me for waiting. The holding of the prom was discussed and decided by all of us, so we will take part in the discussion solution of the issue. "Isshiki resolutely said. Her voice was more like a barking. The tone of the voice, the words, the look-all expressed hostility. Ishiki did not hide it, even on the contrary, she looked with a sharp look at Yukinoshita's mother. In response, the mother Yukinoshita smiled awkwardly.

"What are you, we will not bother you with discussions. We are total only came to give you our opinion. " - she said in a kind voice, as if she was nursing a young girl, and widely smiled, inviting us to sit down. Hiratsuka-sensei turned to and nodded to us, they say, obey.

In total, the room has two black leathers sofa. One sofa is honorable for guests, for three people, on the contrary - L-shaped sofa with Hiratsuka-sensei and Yukinoshita, and a low coffee table in between. Of course, we sat down here, naturally facing the mother Yukinoshita and Haruno-san.

"Then, I ask again." - Yukinoshita said in a firm voice, although she never once looked at us all the time that we are here. Her mother slightly smiled, or grinned, and Haruno-san it stirs the coffee with a stick. Because of the cold, emitted by three members of the Yukinoshita family, the entire room was quiet. Mother Yukinoshita, it seems, is also understood, so

made a soft smile.

"There is an opinion that it is better to cancel the prom. We were contacted Trustees who have seen images of a prom in the network, stating that holding such an event - the idea is not quite healthy ... Um, they think this event is not suitable for high school students. " - said the mother of Yukinoshita, carefully choosing words. I looked at Haruno-san, who was sitting on the side and she sighed wearily.

"Even among the graduates there are conflicting reviews." - Haruno-san seemed to have supplemented her mother's words, understanding the purpose visit. It seems that she was brought here for the sake of the accompanying fire.

However, Haruno-san added a provocative tone.

"Although, there are not very many negative evaluations."

"A small number of opponents is not a reason to ignore them.

If there are those who are against, then even to them is to show respect. "

- Yukinoshita's mother answered immediately. Not by that much affectionately, to call it a reproach, rather a judgmental tone. It was there is something strict about her words. But Haruno-san pretended to be like she had nothing to do with and, with her eyes closed, continued to drink coffee. Yukinoshita also drilled them, watching the conversation cold look. Therefore, her voice was icy.

"Mother, why did you come?"

"I'm a member of the board of trustees. Besides, I can not ignore the request of a person who has long been acquainted with his father.

Do you understand? "

Her face is soft, the voice is warm, the phrases are benevolent.

She seems to admonish the children about something, in contrast to the tone that she was just addressing Haruno-san. Yukinoshita squeezed the hem skirt and lowered her head.

"Of course, we are not against a moderate event." - affectionately said her mother and smiled benevolently, slowly, like a little inferior. Her proposal is so polite, as far as possible, but the meaning is absolutely the opposite.

The next phrase she confirmed.

"However, according to our data, the use of alcohol and unacceptable sexual relations, besides This is not an appropriate way for a Thanksgiving ceremony teachers. In addition, you will not bear any in case of problems? "

"I already said that the board of trustees and the school with these problems are able to cope! We're talking about this, when they made a preliminary agreement . " - said Yukinoshita, tearing off for a moment the voice. But with every word her voice It subsided, eventually changing to a weak and resentful look, fell down at the corner of the floor, and Yukinoshita clenched her teeth. Yukinoshita's mother listened and nodded.

"I think the board of trustees hurried with the decision. Decision because it was accepted only on the basis of securities, right? therefore

The final decision was postponed to the actual verification. "

"This is wrong! We agreed that the cancellation was not will be! In addition, these trustees should monitor their children! "- Ishiki exploded, not allowing her to finish. So decisive actions surprised Yuigahamu so much that she looks at her with wide eyes.

"Ishiki."

"Sorry." - disapprovingly said Hiratsuka-sensei and Ishiki apologized apologetically, but still she pointed to inconsistencies. Observing the events, Haruno-san turned and tried to restrain laughter. Of course, in this situation, you can laugh she alone. Hiratsuka sensei bent her head vigorously, apologizing for the impoliteness of the disciple, and Yukinoshita's mother waved her head, they say, everything is fine.

"I think the guardians also thought about it. Not necessary to abolish absolutely everything or severely restrict. But anyway they experience. For example, noise in social networks, the definition personality and harm to individuals ... This is quite can happen, so we are so circumspect attitude to such kinds of events. "- said the mother Yukinoshta, looking at Ishiki, as on some rare species, burning eyes. Her look seemed joyful to me.

Isshiki-san, it seems? Yes, you correctly say that the school and guardians should teach children interaction in the network and such

sort of things. In fact, such projects for schools already exist. And in companies often conducted additional courses. "- With a fuse she said. She is just like Yukinoshita: she there is zeal when you need to explain something or to comment on. I could smile here if she was in that the second did not destroy this image.

"But this is still very little. Because even adults, which, it would seem, should distinguish such things, sometimes get into trouble, therefore ... "

Therefore, children especially can get into trouble. therefore it is better not to make prom, it follows from the thread of conversation, and there is no need say it again aloud.

In reality, the students who participated in the filming, without any back thought, not even suspecting what might cause anxiety, posted photos in sotsseti. There are parents, who keep in touch with children through LINE, and nothing There is no unusual in the parents who look at the pages their children in the same Instagram. And we, the disciples, do not even we reflect. Hence, there may well be adults who they will decide that we are going to arrange something immoral. "There are always a lot of probabilities." Said Yukinoshita and she smiled stiffly. It seems that she, too, thinks like I do. I agree, it is very foolish to override the prom to exclude all possible

dangers and fears. By the same logic, you can prohibit order food from serving companies, because in Food can be poison. No one can guarantee absolute safety. I'm sure Yukinoshita's mother is also understands.

"But all the same it is not necessary to hold the event, ignoring negative feedback. It is hardly worth joining in adult world under disapproving glances. "- and therefore she changed rhetoric, appealing to emotions, lowering his eyebrows and making caring person.

"The Thanksgiving Ceremony is an important event for trustees, teachers and local residents ... It's still on her Have not there been any dissatisfied? "Mother Yukinoshita said, looking at the sitting Haruno-san, as if asking her confirmation.

Haruno-san nodded once in return.

Yukinoshita fell silent. They hit the split point, and in my mouth it became bitter. Now we can not say that we decided to hold Prom to replace those actions that were supposed to correct the shortcomings of the Thanksgiving ceremony. But we started something conversation from the very prom, and it will be very difficult to fit it under these requirements. Isshiki has already entered, slightly bending over forward.

"We, too, are future graduates. We also have the right to improve Thanksgiving ceremony. "- Ishiki said quite an illogical phrase, and I silently sighed. Good fellow Ishiki. I

looked at her with admiration, and she smug me
smiled. After a moment , Ishiki continued.

"Yes, and the students speak positively about the prom. Almost all
responses in social networks - positive ... "- Ishiki did not give
to finish. Yukinoshita's mother smiled and continued.

"In social networks - it is possible. However, it is very important to listen to unpopular
opinions. It is the duty and duty of those who
placed above the others. Remember this properly. "

The last part she told her daughters. Tone and speed
the speeches did not change, but this part clearly looked different. because of
This, probably, Haruno-san smirked her nose and sighed, they say,
some sort of nonsense, and Yukinoshita stiffened.

Now I thought again and realized that Haruno-san had in mind
under "worse than me." Things are bad, and I do not see a way out. With this a woman can
not be fought using logic. At first sight
she smiles benevolently, nods, and seems to be listening
interlocutor, and you can even think that she hears you.

But it only seems so. Her strategy is to smile, to miss
ears everything said and, as soon as a suitable moment appears,
to strike back. Everything would have been nothing if she had tried
argue or persuade, but it's all the same to her. She is
methodically drives the prey into a pre-prepared trap.
She initially was not going to concede anything. For this, she
ready and make a sad face, and appeal to emotions.

Mother Yukinoshita at the very beginning stated that it would not trouble us with discussions. And indeed it is. She does not there was no desire to argue with someone, and there is nothing to argue about - that's what she said at the beginning. In its position there are certainly gaps and tears, but she covers them with a benevolent smile and voice. But nothing will change, even if this gap detect and strike there. She will agree, smile and again will start singing his song on the other side. So, talk with her - the idea is not the best, because the more we talk, the less the gap will be open to us.

It seems, Isshiki felt, too, looking at me. I noticed her look, but all I can do is smile a little. To me It is a great pity that she was hoping for me, but the enemy is too strong. All I can do is shift the blow to the side.

"The school, it seems, has also given its preliminary consent. Why So it happened?" - I said and looked at Hiratsuku-sensei, like other. Yuigahama and Ishiki seem to have something from her expect, and Haruno-san looks askance, with interest. Yukinoshita Waits, not opening her eyes, but her mother with nothing expressing looks at Sensei with a glance. Sensei smiled slightly at the corners lips and started to talk.

"Personally, I would not want to make a decision on cancellation. Our the school traditionally nurtures independence in the students. Therefore, I believe that it is necessary to correct the unsatisfactory

components of the plan of the event, conferring with all members
Board of Trustees. "

Immediately seen - a reliable, grown man. I told her very much

Thank you for putting an end to this indistinct

conversation. Mother Yukinoshita nodded, it seems, she does not mind it
offers.

"I agree with you completely. We'll visit you again,
so could we talk to the school's leadership? "

"I'll ask management to schedule a meeting and call back
you."

After finishing the business conversation, Yukinoshita's mother bowed.

"Thank you very much, we will wait. Haruno, let's welcome.
them and return. "

"Yeah, I'll finish my coffee and go." Haruno said, pointing at the coffee, and waved to her.
Mother sighed disapprovingly.

"Clear. Then I will return myself. " - she said and immediately got up.

Despite the fact that she sat quite a while, the kimono is still the same
neat looks, and its appearance is still as impressive. Standing up, she
said the name of the other daughter in the same impressive voice.

"Yukino."

In response, Yukinoshita turned her gaze to her. Having received a response,
mother Yukinoshita began to speak tenderly.

"I see that you are trying. But come home quickly.

There is no need to overexert yourself. "

"I see." Yukinoshita said and closed her eyes again. Mother

looked at her with an awkward smile and left this place. we
She bowed and Hiratsuka-sensei also followed,
understand to spend it. The door to the reception room
closed and a deep sigh came. From behind the door you can hear
Hiratsuka-sensei said goodbye to Yukinoshita's mother.

"Oh, how tired I am ... I can not stand these hikes." - in a low voice
said Haruno-san, that she was not heard outside the door, and
continued to drink its probably cold, nasty coffee,
making a bitter face. Yukinoshita, which, I thought,
She does not drink coffee, her lips tighten, and her throat moves as usual
if swallowed. Sisters Yukinoshita are very similar.
Although, if we talk about the similarity, then they are similar to their mother.
Another similarity in the sisters and their mother was a kind of alienity,
or distortion. So I wanted to know more about her.

"Um ... She said that she is a member of the board of trustees, she is there
chairman or something? "

"No, nothing like that. She has some kind of incomprehensible post,
called honorary director. She has only
membership in the council and the right to make power of attorney, and so on.
That's only the position of the father is connected with this place
geographically, and both daughters at this school were studying, so
she was sent to something like a business trip here. "

It is clear, a local influential person. By level - as a member
executive department in the father's company. Constantly

It is called to report when problems arise, even if he was not asked, and runs to his partners at any opportunity. Although not, in the case of Yukinoshita's mother, it's a bit different - her local people asked. While I was thinking about this, Haruno-san suddenly became sad.

"Therefore, her opinion has almost no effect whatsoever. Asked - then you need to go and say a few words for the pro forma. "- Haruno-san said in a dull tone and snorted. But I could to really laugh. It turns out, I know one person, which in the same way let out smoke, and to me in a breast has become puffed up. I exhaled this feeling, sighed, and the reception door opened. it Hiratsuka-sensei returned.

"That's bad luck ..." - the first thing she said was strained smiling. She went to the closet in the corner of the room, took from him a faceted ashtray and at the same place, by the window, lit a cigarette. It seems that in the reception room you are allowed to smoke, it is an exception of the general ban on smoking in school premises. Well, yes, this one The room is designed to receive VIP guests, and many of them probably love to smoke. Pushing people into this special space they show respect and respect to the guests. So the mother

Yukinoshita was accepted as an honored guest, and this alone is me showed the attitude of the school towards it. Yukinoshita, which participated in this conversation from the very beginning, in theory, feels this attitude is best: she still sits in

the same position, straightening his back. But her voice, by which she turned to Hiratsuka-sensei, was terribly gloomy.

"And what will be the reaction of the school?"

"Hard to say. At the moment, based on the photos in the sotssetah, I do not see any problems in the industry, and the authorities are not sees. " - Hiratsuka said, smiling, to reassure

Yukinoshita, smoking while exhaling cigarette smoke. But, when the smoke dissolved, she continued sadly.

"But in the world there are various kind informants.

In the school, for example, they periodically call and write to inform

about the length of the skirts, about some noise at the road, that someone to someone smiled and so on. As a rule, we just thank

for their opinion, we say that, they say, we take note and, if there is for the need - we will have a conversation, and that's it. "

At this point, she paused, exhaled smoke and did a sad sight.

"But if they came here, then we can not help reacting."

Under the reaction can be understood a lot of things, but in this

The case is to cancel the prom. Similar cases are huge

set, in fact. For example, one of the stations had

posted an advertisement about the search for employees. Advertising was unusual and even strange, so it flew over

sotssetam quite quickly, having received thousands of likes. Basically

the reviews were laudatory, people liked the uniqueness,

However, a few days later she herself placed this advertisement

the company removed it. They say that the reason for this was negative feedback in letters and calls, which became a problem within the company itself. Perhaps this is a newfangled trend - you need to give up something despite a large number positive feedback if there is a small amount negative. Complaints and political correctness already come into use, society began to notice things that are worth refuse. Maybe attentive society is good, but society is still in a transition period. Perhaps that is why people react too strongly to the words "unsuitable", "Imprudent", "unhealthy", and more often they are used. Same

we can say about the environment of prom. I think this can be understood.

The problem arose from actual actions.

"But can the school somehow influence the board of trustees?"

In theory, if the school has once agreed, then suddenly this consent to withdraw without problems for the image can not, probably.

I tried to press on what the school once gave actual agreement. Hiratsuka-sensei looked down at a cigarette in her hand and thought for a while.

"There are ways, of course, but ... I think I can not come here intervene if you want to conduct prom in the next year and Further."

Hiratsuka sensei pressed the cigarette butt to the ashtray, extinguishing the cigarette, and again turned to us. The cigarette still emitted a tart

the smell of tar, causing me anxiety. I'm suspicious

He looked at Hiratsuku-sensei, not understanding what she wanted to say this.

Haruno-san looked at her in surprise.

"Shizuka-chan, did not you tell them what?"

"How can I tell if there is not yet an official decision?"

"You just did not find the strength ..."

"N-well, no ..."

At first, Hiratsuka-sensei looked confident, but Haruno-san managed to get her out of balance, and now Hiratsuka-sensei awkwardly looked away. Haruno-san took a deep breath and decided to finish it off.

"Besides, you should understand it yourself, knowing how many years you have already in one place you work. Even last year you were on

a hair, and this year - already for sure. "

In general, I already understood everything from the fragment of conversation and did not try

say it out loud. But, although I understood, I do not feel it turned out.

"What do you mean? ..." - but Yuigahama said this aloud.

"Um ... Then we'll talk about this, another time ..." - cautiously answered Hiratsuka-sensei and smiled. Interrupting this conversation, she turned to Yukinoshite and Ishiki.

"So what will you do?" - she asked and both girls looked up at her. I scratched my head to force myself change the direction of thoughts.

"How that ... To correct the questionable parts of the plan Events..."

Not finishing the sentence, Yukinoshita began to negatively wind head. Probably realized that this does not make sense, or that it's simply impossible. Dress in a dress, dance, arrange luxury party ... If this is removed, then nothing from the prom will remain. And what remains will not satisfy those who wish participate. Moreover, if we agree and partially we will change some part, then we will be pressured by another more. And this will continue until we have left nothing.

"While consultations will be held - I will try them Yukinoshita began to talk, but, judging by her pale face and a quiet voice, she is sure that nothing it will turn out. We do not have any other options, and I nodded.

"Well, yes, first you need to prepare materials that will help convince them, and then ... " - I broke off in mid-sentence. Yukinoshita, which sat next to me, squeezed my sleeve, pulling in side. She did it weakly, but, probably, the crease will remain.

"Wait. It's my job, after all. I must do it."

"Now it's not the time to dwell on this."

Ishiki agreed with me, and Hiratsuka-sensei looked at us

unchanging view of the observer. Sitting on the side of Yuigahama
silent, not agreeing, but not refusing. Yukinoshita is silent,
tightly closed his lips, and I'm waiting for her answer. But the conversation entered another
man.

"Do you include the" brother "again?"

A cheerful voice, a jocular speech, a broad smile, but some kind of
chilling tone. Seated on the sofa opposite Yukinoshita Haruno
looks at me with compassion.

"What are you talking about?" I did not understand why, but my voice sounded as if I'm
angry. But Haruno-san seemed to rejoice, watching
me.

"Do not need to help Yukino-chan, since you do not ask. It's the same
said she would manage herself. And you're not her brother or anyone else. "

I understand that nonsense, but this nonsense touches me. Voice
stuck in the throat. It seems that somewhere behind me I could hardly hear a sigh
Ishiki, and I looked down.

"It's not entirely true ..." - I said in a weak, trembling voice. I
as if he felt on his back a gently stroking look and
reflexively raised his head. Yuigahama bore her eyes
Haruno-san.

"It's normal to help an expensive person."

"If she is dear to you, then you must respect her
opinion. "- Haruno-san answered and nervously sighed.

"If she can translate from to life, then perhaps the mother

slightly reconsider his opinion of Yukino-chan. Of course, if she will do it on their own. Do you understand what it will mean your participation? "

Her voice was clearly marked by hostility, in sharp looks and The words were piercing force, ready to shoot us. Us, me and Eyigahama. It's a hard question, of course. As if it was a question of, whether she can continue to be responsible for life.

Of course, I can not easily answer this question. we are not so young as to do anything without looking back, but also not so grown-ups to cope on their own.

Therefore, I, and Yuigahama from Ishiki could only remain silent. On that The question now can answer except that Hiratsuka-sensei, however she is silent, emitting green smoke and a manly look with He looks at Haruno-san with a smile.

It seems that Haruno-san noticed this look and changed the expression face.

"How much you would not want to help, do not always help - right ... Do you understand what your relationship is? "

"Sister, stop it. I understand. "- Yukinoshita answered calmly,

Not interrupting Haruno-san and smiled at her crystal-clear smile. Therefore, Haruno-san did not continue.

Yukinoshita looked at her hands on her knees and, after some time began to speak without changing the pose.

"I want to prove that I can do this on my own.

So ... Hikigaya-kun, I will not ask you for help anymore.

Sorry for that request, but, please, let me

"she said and lifted her face. Like her voice, her

his expression was clear and bright. But when our views

met her eyes were moistened. She still holds a smile,

but his lips tremble, as if hiding a cry. She held her briefly

breathing and began to speak in a trembling voice.

"Otherwise ... I will not be worth anything. I understand that this is -

addiction. Even saying that I do not rely on anyone, I

dumped everything on you and Yuigahama. "- stammering, but not raising

voice, said Yukinoshita, but the tone was still very

depressed. Yuigahama looks at the floor, listening to us. Hiratsuka-

Sensei stands silently, closing his eyes, and Ishiki uncomfortably led

look and sits in suspense. Haruno-san looked silently

cold eyes, but sighed slightly and smiled.

However, I could not remain silent. Whatever the point, let

even it was not in these words, I could not help but deny it.

"It's not like that ... It's not like that at all." - that was all I could

squeeze out yourself. But Yukinoshita waved a negative

head.

"Exactly. Everything in the end is exactly the way it is. I thought,

that I can do better, but in the end nothing changes ... Therefore, I ask

you..."

She looks at me with damp eyes, speaks in a weak voice,

barely smiles. I can not say anything else, only

sighed.

"Hickey ..." - Yuigahama pulled me by the sleeve. I did a deep Breath to stop the trembling and finally nodded. I wanted to mutter "okay", but I'm not sure that I said it out loud.

It seems that my voice was heard. Yukinoshita smiled at me and quickly got up.

"I will return to the school board and will look for options for further actions. "

She bowed to Hiratsuka-sensei and left the room not doubting and not looking back. Ishiki hurriedly rose, too bowed and ran after Yukinoshita. After this, Hiratsuka-Sensei sighed weakly and lit another cigarette.

"Hikigaya, you and I will need to talk again. Today, perhaps, come home. Eyigahama and Haruno, you too. "- she said with a slightly tired, courageous smile on her face, and exhaled smoke.

"Good." - I replied, it seems to me, with a similar expression person - terribly tired and suffering. I was too It's hard now to put on a coat, so I took it in my arms together briefcase, said good-bye to Haruno-san and got up from the sofa. If I do not I will force myself to go, then oppression and fatigue will not give me do and step. Next to me, Eyigahama is also preparing go out. I made a kind voice and what a smile and said goodbye to her.

"Bye then."

"Er? .. Ah, yeah. While ... "- Yuigahama for a moment was surprised, but still answered with a slight smile.

I nodded to her languidly and left the reception room. I'm not sure that I can now normally speak to the Yuigahama. Better without need not to chat, or else I might accidentally ask or say something that was not worth it. With a hard walk I got to bike parking. A click accompanied the opening of the castle and I went to the gate. Heavy not only my legs, but also the bicycle, and the body, and mood. And suddenly, the shoulders also became heavier. I turned, to see what was holding me, and saw Yukinoshita Haruno, who seems to have come running after me, and relieved sighed.

"Finally caught up. Spend me a little. "- She said, wiping sweat from his dry forehead and beginning to walk beside me. I feel very tired, so I did not resist.

"To the station?"

"Aha. I wanted to come back with Gaham-chan, but as soon as I got ready she was already running away. Her intuition is good. "

"I think most would do the same."

"Most I will not miss." She giggled ironically, and I he grinned back. She's right - if I had not been such a fool with bad intuition, I would not catch myself, and from here you can To conclude that Yuigahama has escaped this fate

good intuition. Haruno-san, too, seems to be impressed.

"She really has a good intuition. She's everything, understands. And the course of thought Yukino-chan, and her feelings, everything, everything. "

It seemed to me that this phrase is not something that can be ignored, and I stopped, looking at Haruno-san. Haruno-san grinned.

"Although, her intuition is good only. And the person, and the character, and figure is also good. Good girl. "

"I feel in your words some bad intent."

She somehow stressed the last phrase, and together with a smile, I felt something else. Despite the fact that I said, Haruno-san quietly jumped on the curb and turned to me.

"Is it? This is the problem of the listener. Wrong perception."

"Yes, it is logical."

Although I clearly saw hostility in her words, but I there is indeed a bad habit of looking for the wrong side of words other people, that's why I agreed with Haruno-san. Stepping on a curb, like a sports log, she pointed at me with your finger.

"Exactly! So Hickigaya-kun, you're a bad boy! Or, more precisely saying, a boy who considers himself to be bad. Who believes, that he is always wrong, just like now. " - she said and

smiled, then jumped off the curb.

"And Yukino-chan then ..." - she said and looked up at the sunset sky, screwing up his eyes, not to burn them too bright light.

"Ordinary girl. Loves seals and nice things, afraid horrors and high places, reflects on who she is ... Like any other girl. "

She tilted her head to one side and looked at me, as if

asking if I knew this, but not asking out loud. Me too no one makes me use words, so I'm slightly Tilted his head sideways, they say, who knows. I really do not know, can you call Yukinoshita Yukino an ordinary girl.

Excellent looking, skillful in sports and studies and all that, with she has a lot of qualities that she surpasses other people.

I think only the super-demon-perfection of Yukinoshita Haruno can call it ordinary, for most others

people, in theory, she is an unusual creature. At least I never considered Yukinoshita Yukino an ordinary girl.

It seems that my silent answer did not appeal to the super-demon-perfection, she is openly irritated. Approaching she looked me straight into my eyes.

"Yukino-chan is an ordinary girl. ... However, Gaham-chan, too. "

Me and Haruno-san shared only a bicycle handlebar. Excuse me, but did you forget that I'm just an ordinary guy who worries,

when a beautiful girl approaches him so closely. I
I felt as if my cheeks were hot and looked away into
side. At that moment, Haruno-san muttered a barely audible
the words.

"But each of you plays a role."

Due to the fact that I looked away, I missed her expression, and
when, interested in the sad and compassionate
look, I again looked at her, then I saw not a sad-
affectionate face, and my familiar mask, external strengthening
super-demon-perfection, her beautiful face and mocking
smile.

"So, the question. What is the relationship between the three of you? "- asked Haruno-san
and, walking up to my bicycle in front, put

Hand on the steering wheel and basket, thereby blocking the forward movement and
back, as if saying that he would not let me go until I answered. She is
gazing intently into my eyes from the bottom up.

"Good, bad and normal ... It's just like a telecast-

Variety show "Imokin Trio"? "

"Bee-ip. Wrong. I'm talking about your relationship. "

Despite the fact that I answered, though incorrectly, Haruno-san me
Do not let go, although it does not give the right answer. So, until I give
the correct answer - she will not let me go? Or, until I give

the answer that will suit her ... Or she continues the question from
the reception room? Would I at least have a hint of what answer

will arrange Haruno-san ... But here's to say it out loud - it's not easy.

Therefore, probably, it took me some time to

to decide on this under the direct gaze of Haruno-san.

I turned away from her before I said it.

"Um ... Love Triangle? Probably..."

The face of Haruno-san froze in a silent question. She does not seem to

I realized that I said, judging by her slanted head and

slightly opened mouth, but when realized - burst into laughter.

"Ha-ha-ha! So that's how you thought! Mkhah. He also decided

say it! Oh, you're so funny! Ah ha-ha! Oh, I already have

His stomach ached with laughter, and his sides ached! It hurts, ha-ha! "

"You can not laugh so much."

Haruno-san let go of the bicycle and laughs, suffering pain in the sides.

My self-esteem and self-esteem are serious.

wounded, so I would like to return home as soon as possible.

But before that, I just have to ask.

"Um, so what's the right answer?"

"A? Answer? Ah, the right answer ... The right answer ... "

Haruno-san wiped tears from her eyes and beckoned me with her hand, but

when I approached - she pressed her finger to her lips, they say, let someone

on the ear I will say. Maybe he wants to tell something in secret? I

leaned slightly toward her, and she too brought her face closer. I

felt a soft floral scent and her smiling breath

hit my cheek. I wanted to push my face away, so that

it was tickling, but Haruno-san stopped me, taking her fingers

one hand on my chin. Holding me so that I can not
turn away or leave, her shiny lips close to mine
ear.

"This is called codependence." She whispered. These words
They were cold, they seemed more true than any
"the present". The meaning of these words I understand a little.
Dependence on a certain type of relationship with another
man, and also attachment to this kind of relationship. I
read about it in books.

"I've already told you that this is not trust." - Fun
chuckled, said Haruno-san. Her smile is indecent
and she continued.

"Do you like it when she relies on you?" She said,
and these words hit my ears, echoing in my head.

Yes, now I have completely remembered the continuation of the description in
books. The condition for the formation of codependence is not only
the dependence of one person. Someone should see his
the value is that it depends on it, getting a feeling from it
satisfaction and comfort. Every moment until
the dictionary description is a real picture of life, my
legs rusty. I was pointed to this several times, poked in
the fact that they pamper me. They said that I am very happy when on
I rely on. And every time I waved away, saying that it was
me a big brother's nature, work, or that I have no other

choice.

I feel sick because of shame and self-contempt. How cruel and sorry. I was proud of my loneliness, and at the same time throwing it's worth someone to rely on me, more - I felt joy from it, making the meaning of his existence. I subconsciously enjoyed the fact that on me rely, vulgarly strived for this, and when not received the answer was that he felt that he was hiding under the guise of loneliness, something ugly and ugly.

I'm also nauseated to the depth of my soul from the way I thought up myself excuses. Something similar to a spasm under the ears and too a lot of saliva in the mouth. I made an effort to swallow it, and he sighed sharply.

Indeed, my relationship with Yukinoshita is codependence. Let us leave aside the question of whether or not me Yukinoshita. For me in the past, today I must be, would look sick. If we check this relationship on codependence by points, then surely several of the points will coincide.

Haruno-san smiled, as if mocking, and quickly left forward. Slowly catching up with her, I went out on a small path, leading from the school to the station along the park. Looking at the series gray trees, which have not yet allowed neither kidneys, nor leaves, Haruno-san muttered.

"But this codependence will come to an end. Yukino-chan will be independent, will approach a little closer to adulthood. "- Proudly she said. But I was visited by deja vu when I looked at her a lonely face when she spoke of her sister. Something similar she already spoke that slightly cooler night, in the same way standing in front of me a few steps. I perfectly remember that she then said. I was too self-assured and took those words for a joke, with an imaginary kindness missed them, however forget not to forget.

The sun is moving toward the horizon, and the twilight color the city. I do not noticed how we came to the end of this small path, to the main street in front of the station. Attached to the station Twilight streets are full of people hurrying home, they crowded with turmoil.

"This is enough. So far. "- said Haruno-san and, slightly waving hand, quickly began to leave.

"Wait ..." - I called her in a hoarse voice, looking at her feet.

Haruno-san, who has already stepped back one step, turned to me and smiled, waiting for my question. Her look was so affectionate, that my spirit took away from me.

"What will she refuse to become an adult?"

So, like Haruno-san, her smile suddenly filled with sadness.

"A lot from what, like I do."

She did not say anything to me, but her answer was clear. Without saying anything words more Yukinoshita Haruno mixed with the crowd.

Chapter 7

Even though I know I will Regret that Decision

As it happens every winter, a few days of thaw ended and a few more quiet days passed. Lessons over, and I'm sleepy. I yawned and started to collect things to go home, when behind came rapid steps, going to my side. Following the new custom, Yuigahama knocked on my shoulder.

"Come on, Hickey."

Memories of returning from the reception room suddenly they took my head, and I breathed out the air instead of answering. Yuigahama inquiringly looked at me with my mother's gaze, they say, you What, you do not go? I realized that this is her concern.

"Ah, yes, I'm coming."

So I decided to answer her and, yawning, like a cat, slowly rose. We left the school and walked along the road to the station.

This morning it was raining, that's why it's more difficult for me and Yuigahama go. Yuigahama looks fun under the chattering umbrella, and tried to talk me all the way.

"By the way, about the cake. I told my mother about it and she allowed us to use our kitchen. Even unexpectedly was glad of it. And for some reason I felt ashamed ... "

"It's difficult now to come to you ... Because of the last part in

features. " - I said and Yuigahama smiled awkwardly. She is
She put her hand into her pocket and pulled out a smartphone.

"But in your home Komachi-chan immediately understands everything." - said
Yuigahama and looked down at the phone. She made a surprised
voice and stopped.

"It seems that everything is bad with prom." - she said and showed me the screen phone.
There was opened LINE, group chat. Title - "Club"

help ", and the names of" Yukinoshita Yukino "and" Iro-iro-irokhasu ".

There are a lot of reasons for jokes, but they all disappeared, as soon as I
saw the last message.

"How to understand, the school decided to cancel the prom? And what about the
conversation about
meetings? "

"Ask through LINE?"

"Not worth it. Quickly ask the superiors. Wait, I'm
I'll call. " - I said and walked away from Yuigahama for a couple of steps and
turned his back. Until the beeps started, I glimpsed
on Yuigahama. She then looked seriously at the phone screen, then
looked at me worriedly. The long-awaited beeps are pretty
quickly replaced by a sigh of Hiratsuki-sensei through the phone.

"What's going on with the prom?" - I asked before she
answered.

"I'll explain everything later. Now we need to understand this.
Only we calmed down ... "

"And how many days will we lose? If you do nothing - then
It can not come back. "

"What are you going to bring back? Yes, and you that, are going to
help with prom? "

"Um, well ... If I say it later - it will be very difficult."

"I do not even know. I would not say. " - Hiratsuka-
sensei, and in the same voice immediately dismissed my opinion. To
that stubborn Isshiki Iroha, yes, I gave up? Especially since
Yukinoshita Yukino just took it and let go of that dream, which
she barely dared to say it out loud? I will not allow this.
Hiratsuka sensei, it seems, noticed my irritation and died,
surrendered.

"That is, you have to tell ... Yukinoshita asked not
tell you about canceling prom. The rest think up for yourself. To that
Well, I have to ask you. Do you have reasons to help? "-
asked Hiratsuka-sensei, and all my thoughts evaporated. To me
it seemed that time itself had stopped. Hiratsuka-sensei several
once called me, and I noticed that there was some
time.

"What can I understand if you do not answer the phone? Bad habit.
Say the words ... I'll wait. " - she recovered slowly,
calm voice, and I finally rethought the situation.

The reason, the reason, the reason ...

"Reason ... Well, you can mention the club. We kind of like in one

"I said quickly, looking for the right words, but they did not answer the phone.

I heard only one sigh - and that's it. Somehow enrages. You and so you understand!

"How to formulate words? Important things are not aloud are pronounced. You need to think, choose an approach, order actions, so that you can not make mistakes anywhere ... Sensei, same?"

You yourself did not say that you're leaving work! Is not this important thing? I wanted to continue, but no, this can not be said in the whatever happens, so I clenched my teeth. And still I noticed that he said it out loud.

"I'm sorry, Hikigaya. But I'll still wait. therefore formulate somehow. "- Sensei apologized sadly voice. I first hear her apologize. All Reasons disappeared, all I thought was related to work, the club, and even Komachi. As much as I did not change the words in places, rests on these things. Therefore, although I tried to say something on phone, but nothing happened.

In the rest we are alone. Co-dependency is too much, up to ideality is simple. To say that I want to make sure of the meaning their lives, if they rely on me, is very simple. This

I can convince myself. But this is not the answer. Co-dependence is just a structure, feelings do not have anything to do with it; you can do this an excuse, but not a reason. I burned all my ideas, squeezed out to the end - and there was only a sediment on the heart. But this -

the only thing I do not want to say. However, if not to say
- then this sensei will not let go any further. I understand that it requires
I have some excuses. So I took my forehead, deep
sighed, letting me know that I was uncomfortable, and began quietly
speak.

"I promised to save her one day."

Because they rely on me? I feel unbearably sick of
this. So everyday and ordinary words, excluding
any logic and lyricism, a banal and worn-out speech,
that I will save her.

"It will ... I'll find the time." Come as soon as possible. "-
rather said Hiratsuka-sensei and just hung up. I
hid the phone and went back to Yuigahama. Yuigahama
inquiringly looked at me, they say, well, how?

"I'm sorry it took so long. I'll go to Hiratsuka-sensei. "- I apologized
and made his decision.

Yuigahama blinked.

"Ah ... What will you do?"

"First you need to understand the situation. Honestly, you can not
nothing to do with no information. "- I gave an empty reply, and
Yuigahama suddenly smiled.

"... I see. But if you go, then something, yes be. "- nodded
she several times affirmatively, as if approving my actions.

From her eyes a hot drop has rolled down, because of what I was intercepted

breath. Yuigahama noticed my surprise and made a cheerful kind, quickly wiping his cheek with a finger.

"Eh? Ah, I somehow calmed down and tears for some reason flowed ... It's amazing ... "

Sharply sighed, Yuigahama squeezed her fingers. She said this. habitual tone, so I somehow pacified my anxiety and turned to her.

"This I should be surprised ... Are you okay? Will you go home? "

"Eh? N-no, it's okay! I think this happens to girls. "

She pulled the cardigan's sleeve, holding her eyes and, as if embarrassed, touched a bun on her head.

"Well ... I did not know anything at all ... And now at least something has become clearly, I calmed down. Now I'm probably more calm. "

Well, yes, she looked serious when she looked at LINE.

Perhaps when a person worries, his feelings soften. I carefully and seriously look at her face.

"Do not worry about it, Hickey, you can go. I will watch LINE, in which case I'll let you know. "- Smiling, said Yuigahama. She straightened her backpack and hid the smartphone, demonstrating the intention to go.

"Yeah thanks. Okay, I'll go. Till tomorrow. Be careful along the way home."

"I'm living next door," said Yuigahama, and slowly waved with my hand, and I started to leave at the same rate. After a couple of steps,

one thought ran through my head, and I turned back, but

Yuigahama was nowhere to be found.

I took a deep breath and ran at full speed.



Interlude

It's good that the tears stopped.

I was very surprised when they suddenly poured. I did not expect this. How good that I managed to deceive. How nice that they quickly hid. How good that he immediately left. how it's good that he did not return right away. If I burst into tears, he would could not leave.

So I'm glad that the tears stopped.

I will not be an unhappy girl. Then he will save again, because he - my hero.

When my friend is in difficulty or suffers, he is compulsory

He will save, because he is my hero.

He was my hero from the very beginning.

Because he already saved me.

Because my "someday" has already ended.

Therefore, even if not a hero, but I wanted him to be around with me.

I understand that he is not a hero, so I wanted to be wounded.

I could not say "do not go."

I could not ask "why are you saving her?".

I did not want to say that he was no longer so kind.

I understand what she thinks and feels, but I could not give up,
how is she; she could not yield like she did; she could not reject, like her.
It seemed that it was so simple, but I could not do anything.
I could blame her for everything, but I did not do it.
How she depended on him, so I depended on her.
I'm the one who threw everything on another person.
Therefore, that's the way it should be, but ... tears are still flowing.
It would be better if the tears did not stop then ...