

## Prologue

A young man with an estimated age of 21 rested upon a lawn while facing the sky.

It was a cloudless sky.

The soft sun rays of early October felt very soothing.

As the foliage swung in the wind, the sweet fragrance of osmanthus made its way to the young man and tickled his nose.

Expecting a sweet taste from the wind, he took a lick.

There was no flavor, unfortunately.

Regardless, the young man was grateful that he had the chance to experience something new.

Waking up in the morning, falling asleep at night, eating meals, all those daily activities felt unbelievably fresh.

The young man was glad that he had amnesia.

He felt that it would be nice to just get amnesia everyday.

*I wonder what I could do to lose my memory everyday?*

Grumbling to himself while thinking of a way that could happen, just as he was about to give up, a voice called out his name.

He sat up and turned his head towards the voice.

A middle-aged man with a beige jacket over his shoulders was walking towards him while wiping the sweat off his cheeks.

The young man cheerfully responded with a smile.

“Good morning, Professor Misugi!”

“I heard that you were feeling great.”

Misugi spoke with a kind look in his eyes.

“Yes, thanks to you.”

The young man was in a garden within a hospital.

Yesterday he spent the day watching the white sheets from laundry dry on the roof.

The day before that he was wrapped up in a long chat with an elderly woman he did not know in the waiting room.

Tomorrow he planned to visit the big cabbage field that laid outside his hospital room window.

“You really got yourself together quickly. Most people who lose their memory end up worrying about their future, like what to do with their now empty self.”

The young man returned his gaze to the sky.

“It was because the weather was so good. When I saw that there was such a pretty sky out there waiting for me when I woke up, I couldn’t help but get happy.”

Misugi followed suit and gazed at the sky as well.

The clear Autumn sky was beautiful.

Misugi had high hopes for the young man, seeing that he thought so highly of the beautiful sky.

“By the way,” Misugi said, as he sat down next to the young man.

“Have you made any decisions about what we talked about the other day?”

“You’re talking about me living at your place, right?”

The young man’s doctor suggested that he moved into a friend’s house, saying that if he spent some time outside, he might remember something.

Taking care not to pressure him too much, Misugi gently responded.

“Yes, I think it would be great if you moved in. I actually have one other person who moved in as well, there’s no need to show any reserve. Plus, I’m going to be overseas for a while on a business trip, and it’d help me out a lot if you’d take care of the house while I’m gone.”

The young man felt a kind of warmth coming from Misugi.

*I bet his house would have that same kind of warmth too.*

He was reminded of the time he was thinking about that proposal earlier in his hospital bed, when the nurse asked him “Did something good happen to you?”

He responded immediately with a cheerful face.

Which is why he already had a reply in mind.

“I’ll be looking forward to living with you.” the young man said, bowing his head dramatically.

Misugi nodded with glee as he took the young man’s hand and shook it.

“Oh, that’s right, about your name...”

“You mean, Shouichi Tsugami?”

Shouichi Tsugami.

One day, the young man was assigned that name by the hospital.

It was used for the sake of convenience.

Misugi was asking if he wanted to continue using that name even after leaving the hospital.

“I’m already completely used to being called ‘Shouichi’.”

Right when the young man received his temporary name, he immediately wrote it on his mug with his marker and gazed at it with interest.

He was particularly attached to the character 翔(The ‘Shou’ of ‘Shouichi’), which he enjoyed the associations it had with the sky.

Misugi was relieved to hear that he took a liking to his name.

“Alright, it might be a bit early, but let’s celebrate your hospital discharge. I’ll treat you to something, anything really. Sushi? Fried chicken? What would you like?”

“Hmmm...”

After thinking for a while, the young man responded bashfully.

“Sorry, I kind of forgot what my favorite foods were, so I’ll take anything.”