

Re: Loving The Days Gone By Starting From Zero

Special thanks for providing this story: Devil, Ice, Phantaminum

Transcribed by: Paper

Translated by: Ringo

Prologue: "First Cry"



——The moment she opened her eyes, what first dawned upon her was the doubt of『What Thing』her self was.

Enigmatically, she possessed knowledge.

If she were to define it, then she was currently in a state wherein simply the receptacle for the soul had been prepared.

In order to initiate something, the receptacle plastered with foundation for knowledge and skills had been prepared, lacking only its pivotal content—— no, it had finally been inserted was what the condition was.

If she thought of being able to start walking, she could've walked. If she thought of being able to start talking, she could've talked.

However, the will that sought to perform those inevitabilities was also insufficient, and for that reason she was unable to move.

"———"

A room which had the impression of being queerly empty, with circles drawn on the ground glowing fleetingly. She understood it was a pattern for some kind of magic-esque technique, but she was ignorant as to what it specifically was.

The reason why her self was at the centre of this light, was because her self had taken birth here.

Her self, who was yet to be『Something』had been born, and without even voicing a first cry, was examining the state of her surroundings.

"———"

Straining her eyes in the dim indoors, what she could see were books tightly packed in shelves, and many kinds of materials scattered on the floor, affirming those, she finally took notice.

Of the shadow staring down towards her self, as she stood within the light.

"———"

Long, white hair, such transient beauty that would seemingly crumble upon a single touch, the lady garbed in black clothing running contrary to the impression of her hair, stood there wielding a definite aura of presence.

Why, was she not livened up by a person so beautiful and bewitching. The reason was obvious.

Just as light far too powerful could not be imagined, she had merely overlooked what was too great.

That was not anything so outwardly as her presence or her shimmering beauty, but that she was something meaning greatly to her self, who was yet to be『Something』.

——That she was someone irreplaceable to her self, who was not『Anything』.

"——Ah."

Her lips tried to vocalise something, trembling weakly, they spilled out a sigh.

The embankment was destroyed at once, the collapse thereafter perceptible immediately.

"Ah, a~a~h..... a~a~a~h."

Voice impossible of being vocalised overflowed, something warm trickled down from the corner of her eyes.

She possessed no means to halt her voice, halt her tears.

That which spilled out, that which trickled out, was the supernatant of the soul impossible of being contained within this receptacle. Shedding them in their entirety, finally, the soul matched oneself with the receptacle.

With this, at last, it shall all commence.

At last, her self, who was not『Anything』, her self, who had emitted her first cry, shall——,

"——Good morning."

Suddenly, a voice that was not her own resonated, and raising her trembling chin, she lifted her gaze.

A blurred field of vision, the form of that person that had been vividly visible till earlier was no longer visible, and frantically rubbing her eyes, she searched, searched, searched for the figure of that person——,

"——You are, Beatrice."

The voice told her, as a hand supported the cheek of the lost child.

Holding her breath, she gazed at the beauty before her eyes. That person, curved her lips in somewhat perturbation. With a delay, she realised it was a smile coming from this gauche person.

"——You are my, let's see. Something akin to a daughter."

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