

モラトリアム

関谷あさみ





BOTH
MAKI-SAN
AND I

DON'T
LIKE
TALKING
ABOUT
THE
FUTURE.



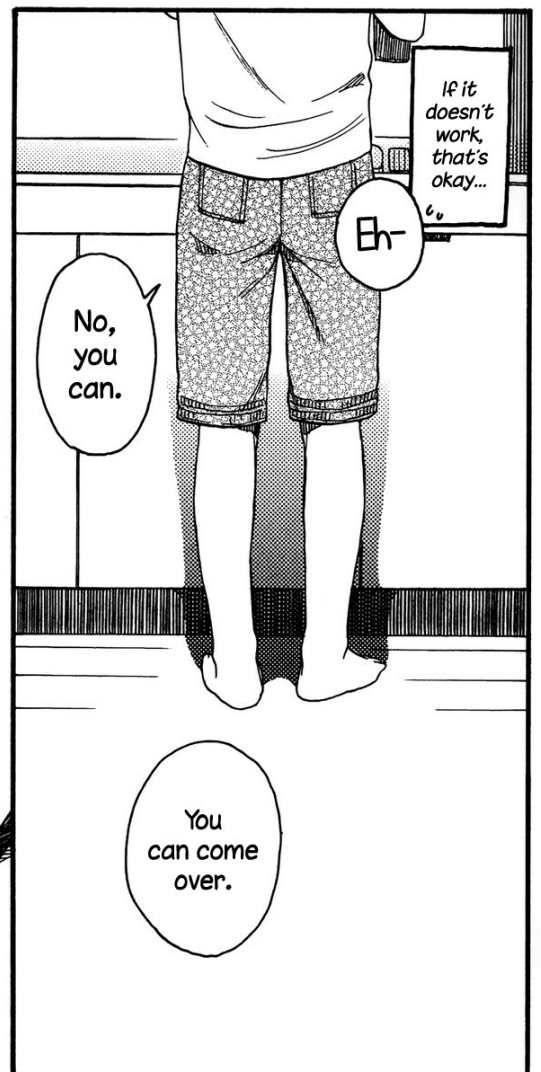
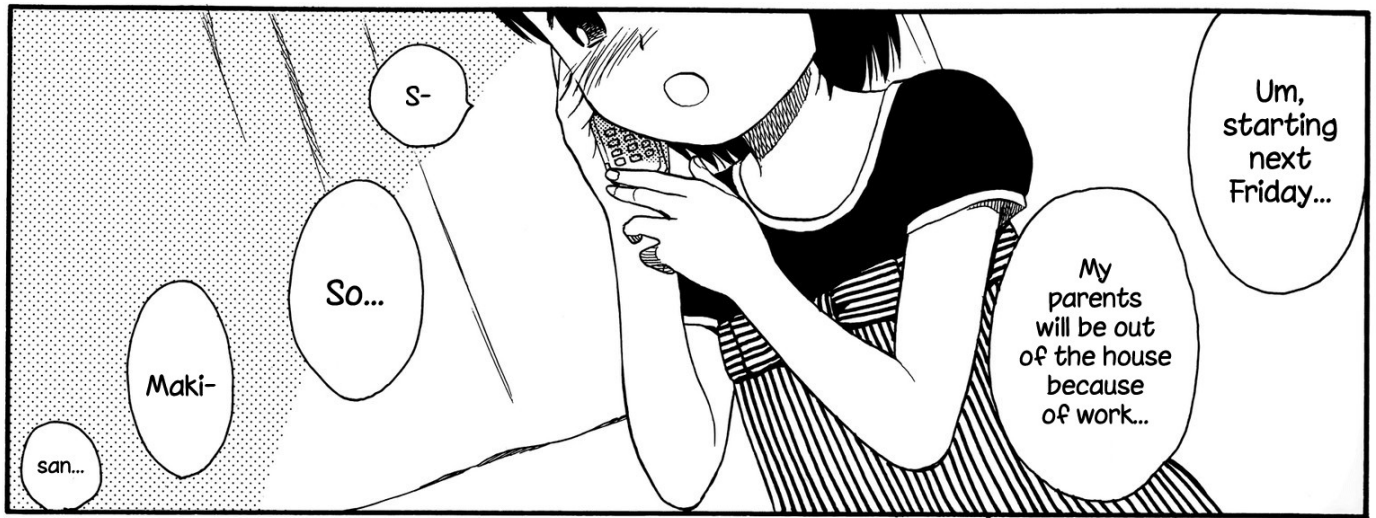
WE'RE
CONNECTED
BY SOME-
THING ONLY
AS THIN AS
A PIECE OF
LEAD FOR A
MECHANICAL
PENCIL.

IT'S
SCARY
TO SAY
IT OUT
LOUD,
AFTER
ALL.

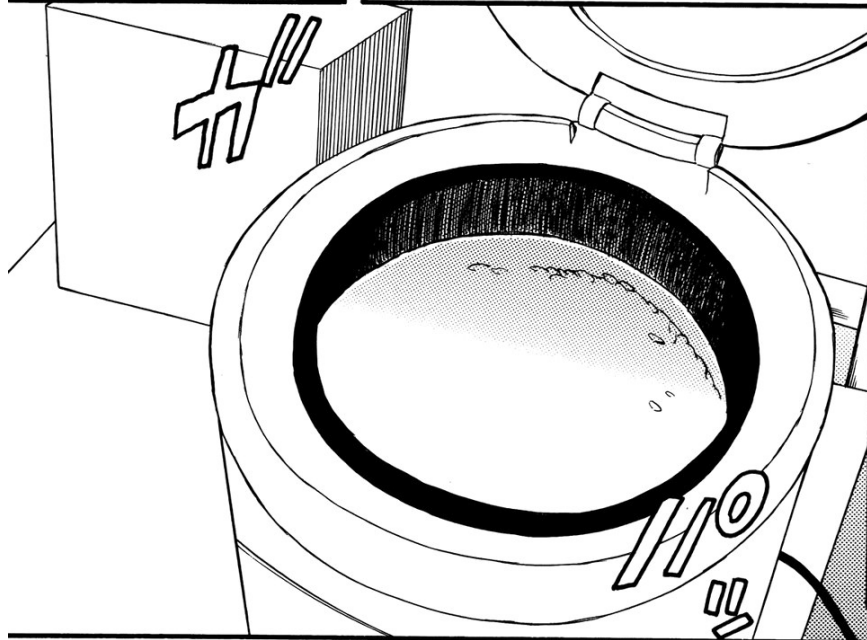
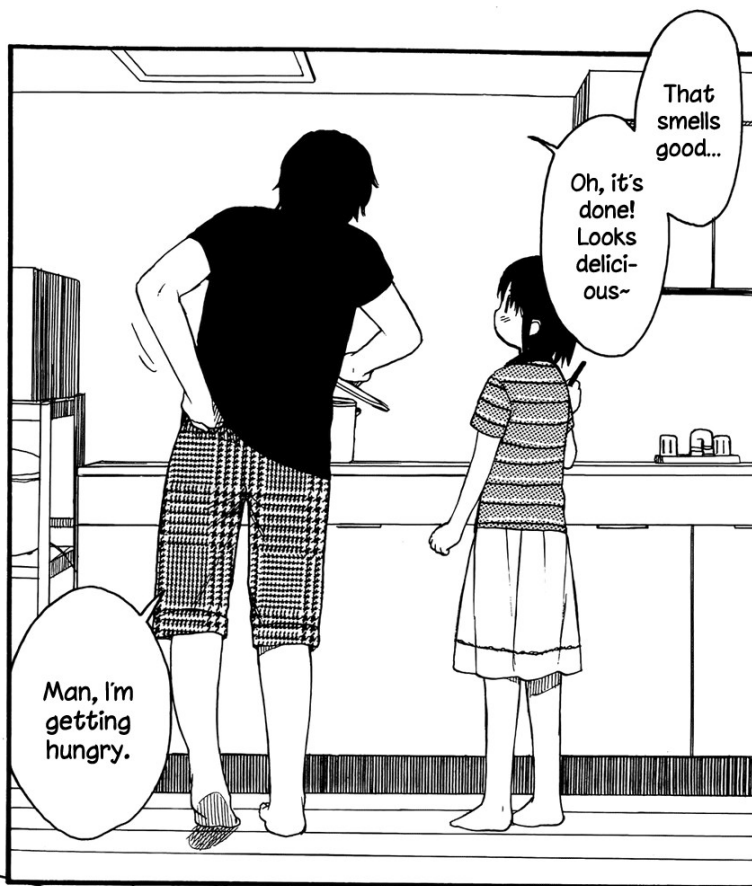


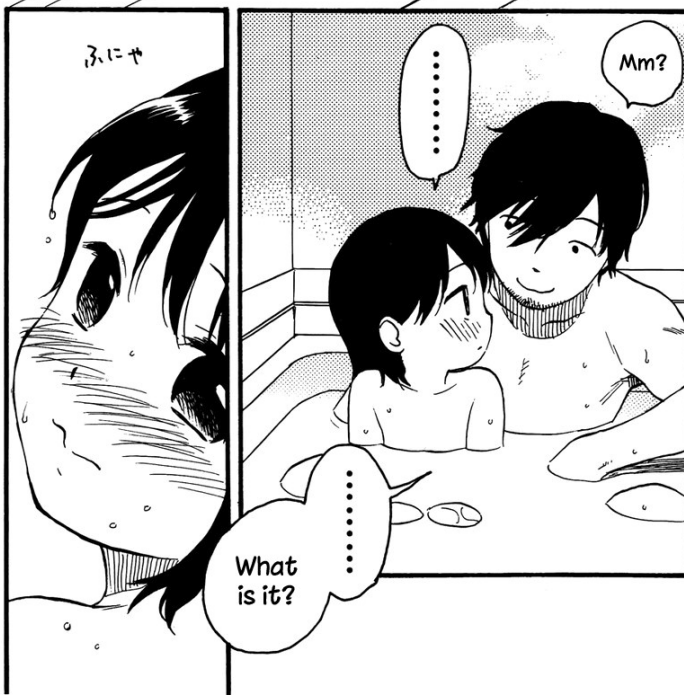
Um...

Ah-







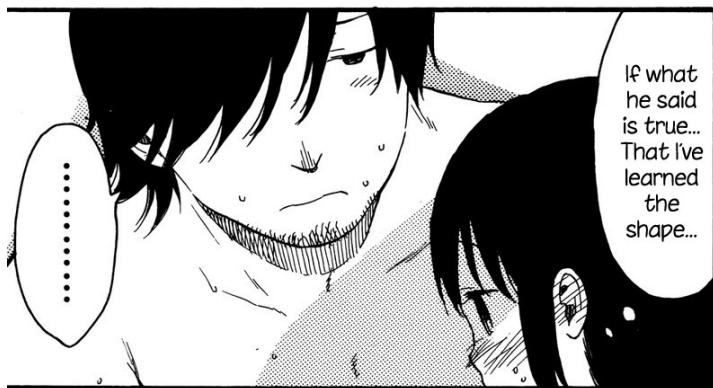




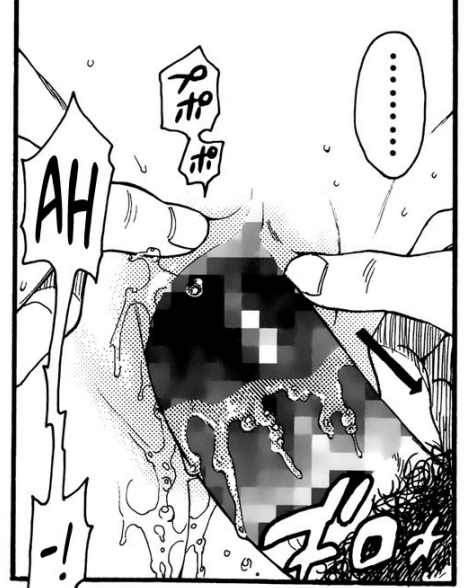




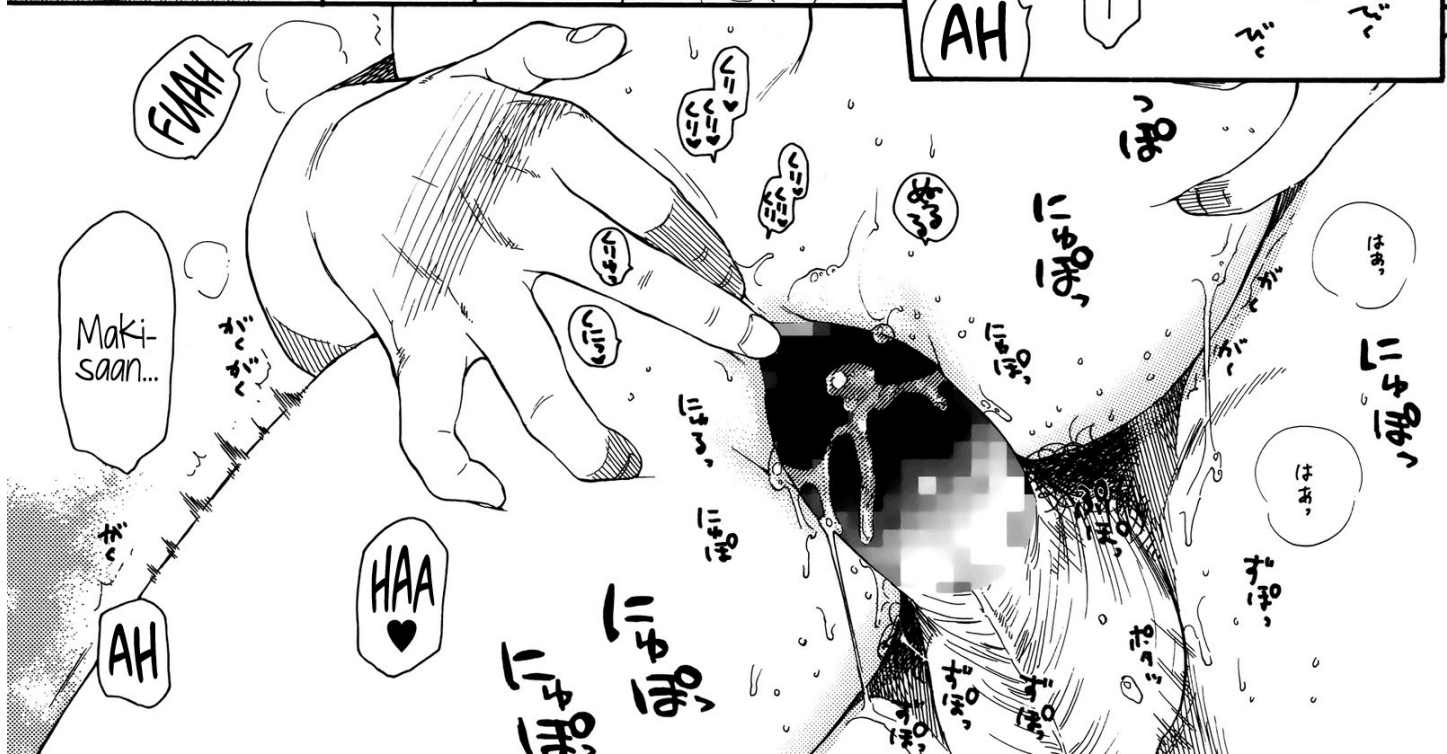






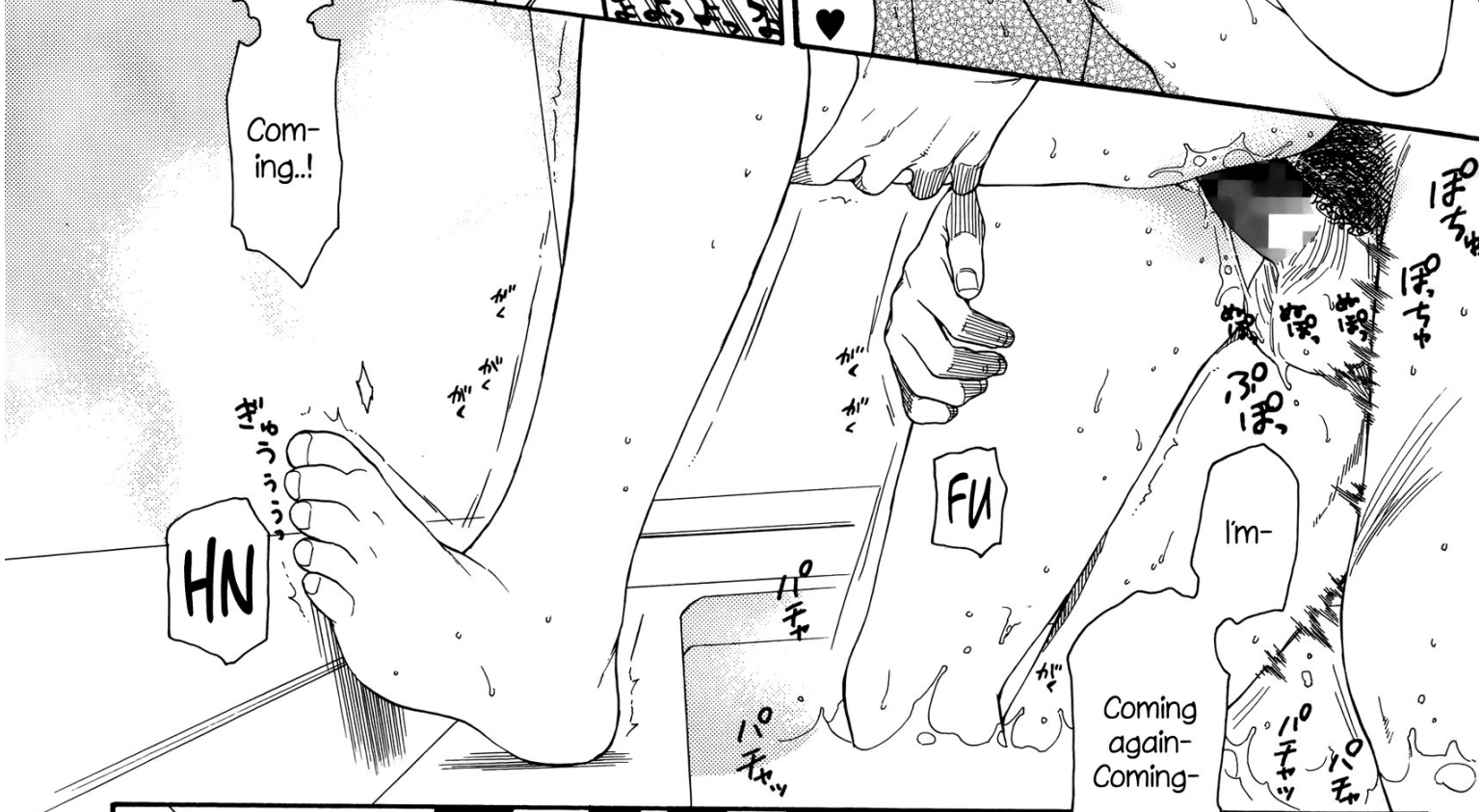






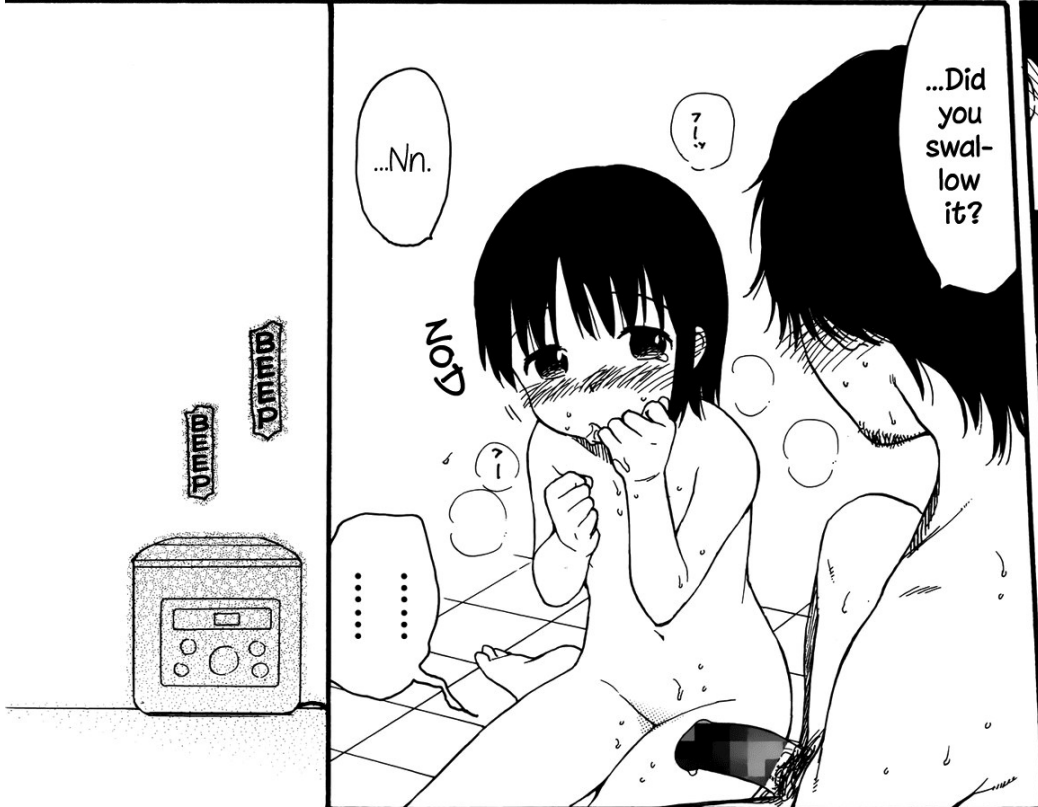


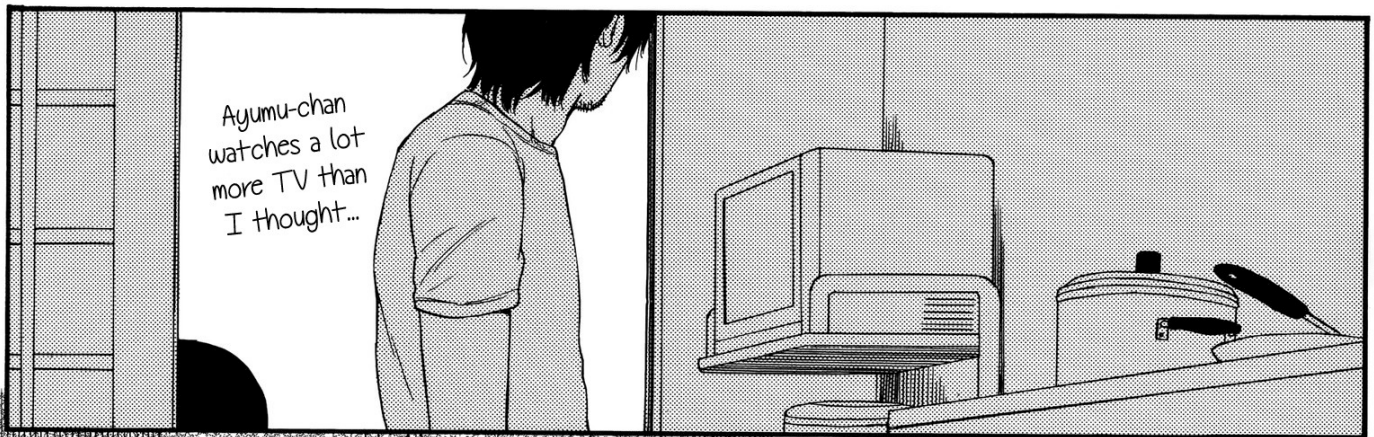


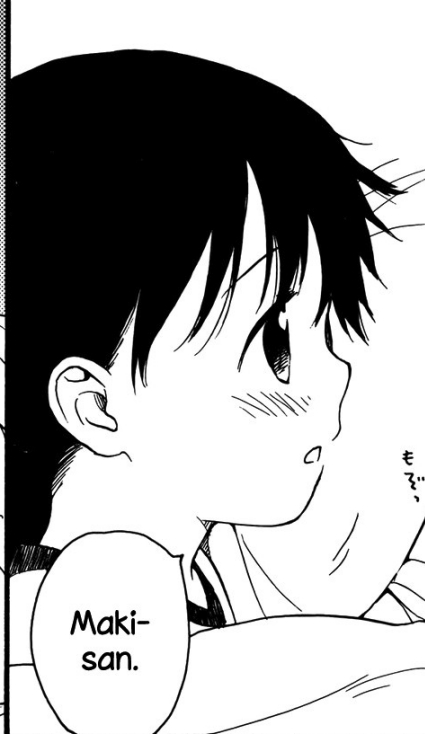














EVEN
THOUGH
IT MIGHT
BREAK...



Together...

So...



I'm so
unfair.

I KNOW I'M
TORMENTING
HIM.

"IT'S
ALRIGHT"

OR "I'LL
STAY WITH
YOU"

AM I
REALLY...



PLANNING
ON MAKING
MAKI-SAN
SAY
THAT?



SO FAST
THAT
NOTHING
COULD
OVERTAKE
US.

Sorry?
Why?

...I said
"thank
you"...