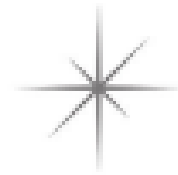




your name.

Makoto Shinkai



# your name.

Makoto Shinkai





Chapter One

Dream

A nostalgic voice and scent. Cherished light and warmth.

I'm pressed against someone very special to me, so close that there's no space between us. We're bound to one another, almost inseparable. Like an infant cradled at its mother's breast, I'm wholly untouched by anxiety or loneliness. I've never encountered the sting of loss. A tingling, exquisitely sweet feeling fills me.

Abruptly, my eyes open.

There's the ceiling.

I'm in my room. It's morning.

I'm alone.

Tokyo.

...I see.

I've been dreaming. I sit up in bed.

In that two-second span, the sense of unity that enveloped me a moment earlier vanishes without a trace, without an echo. It's so sudden that, before I have time to so much as form a thought, the tears come.

Every so often when I wake up in the morning, for some reason, I'm crying.

**...And I can never remember what I was dreaming about.**

**I wipe the tears away with my right hand, then stare at it. Little drops of water dot my index finger. Both the dream and the tears that briefly filled my eyes have already evaporated.**

**This hand once held something really precious...**

**I don't know.**

**I give up, get out of bed, leave my room, and head for the bathroom. Washing my face, I get the feeling that the taste and lukewarm temperature of this water once startled me, and I look into the mirror.**

**My reflection stares back. He seems vaguely unhappy.**

Gazing into the mirror, I do my hair, pulling my arms through the sleeves of my spring suit.

**I tie the necktie I've finally gotten used to, then put on my jacket.**

I open the door of my apartment...

**I shut the door to my condo. In front of me...**

Tokyo's cityscape, which I've finally gotten accustomed to, spreads out before me. Just as I once learned the names of the mountain peaks, I can name a few of the skyscrapers now without even trying.

**I get through the turnstile at the crowded station, take the escalator down...**

I board a commuter train. Leaning against the door, I watch the scenery flow by. The city teems with people—in the windows of buildings, in cars, on pedestrian bridges.

**A hazy, pale spring sky. A hundred people to a car, a thousand people to a train, a thousand trains crisscrossing the city.**

Before I know it, just like always, as I gaze out over those streets...

**I'm...**

...looking for someone. Just one person.

**I'm...**



Chapter Two  
The Beginning

*I don't recognize that ringtone, I think drowsily.*

An alarm? But I'm still sleepy. I was in the zone drawing last night and didn't get to bed until it was almost dawn.

"...ki... Taki."

Now somebody's calling my name. It's a girl's voice..... A girl?

"Taki, Taki."

Her voice is earnest, pleading, as if she's about to cry. A voice trembling with loneliness, like the glimmer of distant stars.

"Don't you remember me?" the voice asks me anxiously.

No, I don't know you.

Suddenly, the train stops, and the doors open. Oh, right—I was on a train. The moment I realize this, I'm standing in a packed train car. A pair of wide eyes hovers right in front of me. A girl in a uniform is staring straight at me, but the press of disembarking passengers is pushing her farther away.

"My name is Mitsuha!"

The girl shouts, undoing the cord she'd used to tie back her hair and holding it out to me. Without thinking, I reach for it. It's a vivid orange, like a thin ray of evening sun in the dim train. I shove my way into the crowd and grab that color tight.

At that point, my eyes open.

The girl's voice—its echoes—still whispers in my ears.

...Her name is Mitsuha?

I don't know the name, and I don't know the girl. She looked really desperate somehow. Her eyes were brimming with tears. I'd never seen the style of uniform she was wearing. Her expression was serious, even grave, as if the fate of the universe rested in her hands.

Still, it was just a dream. It doesn't mean anything. By the time I think about it, I can't even remember her face. The echoes in my ears are already gone, too.

Even so.

Even so, my pulse is still racing abnormally fast. My chest is weirdly heavy. I'm sweaty all over. For the moment, I draw a deep breath.

*Haaaah...*

"...?"

Do I have a cold? My nose and throat feel funny. My airways are a little tighter than usual. My chest...really is weirdly heavy. How do I put this? Physically heavy. I look down at my body and see cleavage.

Cleavage.

"...?"

The soft mounds reflect the morning sun, and the pale, smooth skin gleams. A deep-blue shadow lies between the two breasts, like a lake.

*Might as well squeeze 'em, I think, without missing a beat.*

My hands gravitate toward them as naturally as an apple falling to the ground.

.....

.....

.....?

...!

The sensation blows my mind. *Whoa*, I think. *What is this?* I keep kneading earnestly. This is just... Wow... Girls' bodies are amazing...

"Sis? What're you doin'?"

I glance in the direction of the voice. There's a little girl standing there. She's just opened a sliding door. With my hands still pressed against my chest, I give her my honest impression.

"I was just thinking these feel way real... Huh?"

I look at the kid again. She's about ten, with twin ponytails and sharp eyes, and she looks like the sassy type.

"...'Sis'?" I ask the girl, pointing at myself.

So that means this is my kid sister? The girl looks thoroughly appalled.