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The God of Study is Shy of Strangers - WN

Chapter 00-02 Part 2

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Prologue – The Window God

The national language class after lunch was the most sleepy period. Most of the students fell asleep, and the teacher too has given up reading the textbooks.

Alone amid all that, he was sitting straight. However, it was a beautiful attitude, or rather a natural posture. As if standing over there.

With calm and delightful expression, looking at the textbook, or writing on his notebook.

His line of sight was very focused, somewhat gentle.

Sunlight from the windows wrapped around him. Seems like dazzling, like warmth.

Like shouldering a halo, under the eye of affection, like the figure of Maria. Somewhat divine, a tranquil love.

For some reason or another, he seemed like a god.

I wondered if he likes studying.
Or else, I wondered if there is anything good.

For some reason or another, until I who was looking too, I seemed to feel happy.

I want to ask.
What you are looking at, is it different from what I see?
Also, I want you to tell me....

It is the prologue of “Benkyou no Kamisama wa Hitomishiri”, written by Kyouya, published in ncode.syosetu.com/n6171s/. MTL-ed into English by makenai89; TLC by zakii. Next chapter will be posted by the weekend.

1.1. Finding the God

The chime at the end of the lesson raised the consciousness of the sleeping Madoka Kisaragi. When she raised her face, the teacher had already gone out of the door, left the place. The lesson seemed to have ended.

The scene seemed like a dream; but something like that was impossible. He that appeared like a God; even now he sits silently, preparing for the next lesson.

His name, if I'm not mistaken...it is Ichiyonagi.

Almost unnoticeable, also because he didn't enter conversations around, Madoka too couldn't be sure if the name was right.

A month had passed since High School enrollment, but I had never heard any talks except that he excels at studying.

He always disappears quietly every time lessons end. Apparently, he is also not taking part in club activities. But Madoka, convinced of the previous sighting, thought that if someone could teach her the lessons, he is the one.

Since junior high school, Madoka belonged to track and field club, and was a lively girl who was better at sport than studying. In junior high school, her hair also kept short, and she had good features; but in personality, it was like a boy. After becoming a high school student, her hair also began to grow longer, girly prettiness could be seen, although the person herself was not aware.

However, the person had to mind about bad grades.

Till now, she had never thought about it, but when she entered high school, she found a new dream. For the sake of it, there was a need to increase her performance somehow. But she didn't know what should be done; instinctively felt that in order to be taught by him, there's something that could make her pass this wall.[\[1\]](#)

The intuition closed in; up until now she always treats such intuition as serious matter.

This time too, to take care of the feeling, she thought that next is the time to take action.

In between those thoughts, the next lesson had started. The physics class went more “lesson”-y than before; his figure too, drowned among the students.[\[2\]](#)

“When this lesson is over, let’s greet him” was what Madoka decided, but it didn’t go well. When she was going to exchange talks with her close friend Yoko Kamiya, his figure disappeared. Although it was just a few minutes, his presence had truly gone; seems like he had gone back home quietly.

“Oops...”

“What’s up?”

“Ichiyanagi-kun...is it, the person with glasses that had been sitting there. There’s something I want to talk with him a little...”

“Ichiyanagi-kun? who is it...is it probably, that person who is inconspicuous but smart at studying?”

“It is probably him.”

Madoka nodded unconfidently. Yoko was also unsure.

“What matters you need him for?”

“Well, a little bit...”

The reason was still embarrassing to be spoken out. Because it involved studying and grades, also a possibility of having to disclose her dreams, somehow it had to be hidden. It was still new, vague, a dream that was unknown if it could be realized or not.

“Ah, the club started, see you!”

After Madoka waved her hands toward Yoko, she started to run to the track and field club.

Even among members of the track and field club, Madoka excelled at sprints. Running in a crowd was by no means easy, but she really liked the concentration at that moment and the feeling of running towards the future.

When in junior high school, she luckily became runner-up in the prefectural tournament. Then without hesitation entered the track and field club too in high school.

Upon completion of the usual practice, the day had darkened in the neighborhood. After preparing her clothes while still dressed in jersey, she saluted the seniors; then with a bike that was parked in the bicycle parking area, she started riding the bike to go home.

Madoka liked evening scenery like this. From somewhere, nice smell of cooked meals wafted, and by hearing the sounds of laughters from children who rushed back home, her heart somehow felt happy.

Madoka always intentionally returns home through the shopping district. It's safe because there's no car passes by. She also likes to see people's evening crowd.

Amid the scenery, Madoka who found an unexpected person suddenly braked. He didn't wear school uniform, but that Ichiyanagi-kun was there. He was walking down alone with a shopping bag.

All this time too, they could have passed each other like this. However, now he stands out in the crowd.

“Found the God!”

While Madoka's heart pounded, it was not possible to call out all of a sudden. Although it is normal to call him in the classroom, but it's unnatural in this shopping district.

Furthermore, the other person probably do not know me.

“How should I...aah, lost him...”

Uncertain of what to do, she followed him while pushing her bicycle.

“Like this, I seem like a suspicious person...”

Although feeling that way, somehow she felt that losing him like that was a disservice, so she followed him for a while. Fortunately, he didn't notice that; he left the shopping district, turned in an alley, and walked to an apartment

complex.

In an old 8-storey building with more or less four established buildings.[\[3\]](#)
The sun had set around the high building, somehow gave a nostalgic impression. There were children played between the buildings, in the same way housewives on the road back home, walked leisurely.

He also went into one of them. Apparently, he was living here. Madoka stood still. In her line of sight back then, he disappeared into the building.

In the end, I couldn't call out to him.

“Haa...”

Madoka sighed.

It didn't seem like the usual Madoka. Usually, even with people she didn't know, it was easy to blend in and became familiar. But Madoka that usually never restrained herself, this time hesitated.

“What should I do...”

While looking up at the building, she muttered alone.

When she saw the scene of the God-like figure in the classroom, she felt something like destiny. Surely it should be related to something. Her belief who trusted that there was a destiny was shaken.

“I should return, shouldn't I...”

Madoka once again sighed and started to walk.

Translator Notes:

What's frustrating about this was “tenses”. I've usually got no problem when translating Indonesian-English and vice versa, but somehow this is confusing (T_T). I need more practice. And there were some pretty awkward sentences wasn't there? like these starred points:

[1] Raw: ただどうしたら良いか解らずに悩んでいた彼女だったが、彼に教えてもらうことで、何かこの壁を超えられそうな予感がした。

[2]Raw: 物理の時間は、先程よりは授業らしく進み、生徒たちの間に彼の姿も埋も

れてしまった。

TLC Notes:

[3]In Japan, it's usually cheap apartment. In Indonesia, it's like "Rumah Susun"

<<<Prologue

>>>Chapter 1.2. Bicycle and Destiny

1.2. Bicycle and Destiny

Madoka who walked while pushing her bike, passed another bike that ran from the opposing direction.

Gacha!*

Looking back to the sound, the previous bike had fallen down. Madoka spontaneously asked her.

“Are you all right?”

After leaving the bike and approached her, that woman looked back as if surprised.

Her age was around 40s. Wavy hair reached her shoulder, with nice facial features.

She soon smiled and answered.

“I’m all right...or so what I wanted to say, but the chain seemed off. Old bike are not good, aren’t they...”

While saying so, she looked down.

Indeed, the chain was off.

Madoka too, who was worried if they crashed when passed by each other back then, felt really thankful after knowing that the woman fell because disconnected chain, and the woman too looked unhurt.

“Could you repair this?”

“I guess so. Because I’m not really skillful, I usually brought it to the bike shop...”

“I can repair this. I also go to school using bicycle, I have repaired it several times by myself.”

The woman looked like she wanted to refuse the offer, waved her hands to the side.

“It’s fine. Your hands will be dirty. It’s all right. My house too is just right there.”

Madoka, even though had been told so, bended on one knee near the bike unhesitatingly, hoisted her hands to the chain.

“Oh, such a lovely hand...I’m sorry. Thank you.”

The woman too, honestly expressed her gratitude here.

“No, it’s okay”

Madoka also smiled sweetly, continued doing the repair.

The process was not so difficult, the chain was inserted so the pedal could fit it, “kakka”[\[1\]](#) sound can be heard as the chain returned to its original position.

“Thank goodness”

“Amazing. It’s repaired.”

Madoka got up, turned to the woman while smiling.

“The chain is loose, so it seems easily undone. It might be good to get it adjusted in the bike shop.”

“Thank you. I will do that. Here, let’s wash your hand. From there, it’s very close.”

That woman with compelling looks, spoke to Madoka “Because there are also perspiration after coming back from club activities, I will take the shower immediately after arriving at my house, so it is all right.”

“Well, I’m so sorry. You were really helpful. Although cannot be a token of thanks, let’s wash your hand, okay?”

The woman took Madoka’s arm.

Like that, she pulled Madoka’s arm spiritedly.

“Aah, yes. If so, then just my hand...because I brought a bike too, please wait as I take it.”

“I understand.”

After saying that, the woman replied with big smile.

“What a lovely lady...”

Looking at that smile, Madoka thought, although their age were slightly

differed, Madoka was charmed by the smile with sweetness that remained in some place.

The two of them pulled their bicycle, then stopped in the yard, entered into the front of the apartment complex.

“You’re a high schooler?”

“Yes, I am a first year student in Asahi High School.”

“Oh, my son too.”

Madoka’s heart startled.

The destiny that had been given up crossed her mind.

“I am Kisaragi Madoka. First Year, Group One.”

“Not in the same class. His name is Ichiyanagi Makoto. Do you know him? I think he doesn’t stand out.”

“Waa!”

Madoka spontaneously shouted aloud.

The throbbing heart swelled.

“Eh, what?”

“Well, Kami[2]...no, I heard rumour that he’s good at studying. Yes, I know of him.”

The woman understood and nodded.

“Come to think of it, in the high school enrollment test, he seemed to have been the top student.”

“Shyuu...”[1]

Involuntary sound was lost.

Madoka felt the correctness of her own intuition; because trying to rely on an overly high mountain, anxiety appeared.

“I am Makoto’s mother, Maho Ichiyanagi. Nice to meet you, Madoka-san.”

“Nice to meet you.”

Compared to her son, the mother seemed to be more sociable.

After feeling a bit calm, and they arrived in front of the house's door, Madoka's heart throbbed again.

“I'm home. Is Makoto at home?”

While entering through the door, Maho-san spoke toward the inner part of the house.

[1] Onomatopoeia?

[2]“Kamisama.”

Starting from this chapter, all references to Makoto the God of Study within the story will be written as “Kamisama” instead of “God”. I'm sorry for inconsistencies that may arise.

[<<<Chapter 1.1. Finding the God](#)

[>>>Chapter 1.3. Kamisama's Treats](#)

1.3. Kamisama's Treats

"Yes, welcome back, Mother"

He came from the inner part of the house.

Certainly, it was the Kamisama from that time. But now, there's a little bit different impression.

After all, he wore an apron over a jersey.

"...Kamisama, please, if possible, appear a bit better..."

While Madoka was looking at him with wry smile, Makoto was surprised at the sudden visitor.

"This girl is Kisaragi Madoka-san. Just now, she helped me when the bike's chain was off. I heard she's Makoto's classmate, do you know her?"

Hearing Maho-san, after looking a bit worried, Makoto shook his head. *I knew it... Maho-san sighed.*

"Having such a cute classmate, and she said she know you, what were you looking at. As usual, were you only looking at the blackboard?"

Madoka too laughed a little, took off her shoes, then bring herself to enter the house[\[1\]](#)

"Please excuse me. Makoto's mother, the enrollment was just a month ago," said Madoka, but Maho sighed.

"Certainly, this child can study well, he also helps around the house, but although a diligent child, he never brought any friends home. As a parent, it worries me."

Makoto showed troubled face, turned back to the kitchen. It seems he's been preparing evening meal.

Madoka was guided by Maho-san, to wash her hands in the bathroom. Once the dirt cleaned off, after wiped her hands with a towel, then she was called to the table in the kitchen.

"Madoka-san, please sit down. First, drink the tea, then tell me how it is at

school. Because this child does not talk with me about his classes.”

“Ah, yes...but in a moment is time for evening meal, me too is not allowed to go home too late.”

Madoka answered tactfully. Today is a chance to get closer, she already feels satisfied.

“That’s right, what if you join us for dinner? Because this is the only thing I can do to say thanks”

Madoka surprised, then refused, “No, that is, thank you very much. Please don’t mind it...”

“Don’t say that. Just the two of us like usual, there’s not much to be talked. With the addition of one more girl, I am happy.”

“But...”

“Rather than being called as gratitude, please. I understand if it bothers you, but I like you. If it doesn’t bother you, I hope you are willing to accept.”

Maho-san with that smile, asked.

That person’s smile was awesome, and Madoka was honestly impressed.

“Well, if it doesn’t bother you...”

While Makoto was confused, he mumbled from the kitchen, “Ano...but the one who made the meal is me...”

“As always, makes home food with leftovers in the refrigerator. ...Ah, you will eat the leftovers. For Madoka and me, please make it fresh.”

“...All right”

Ah, Kamisama, the impression had changed too much... Madoka laughed without letting sounds out, watching the two persons funny interactions.

“Then, I shall call home.”

“Yes. can we exchange in the middle? I also want to talk.”

“Yes, I understand”

Madoka took out her mobile phone, made a call to her house.

Makoto was thinking hard in front of refrigerator; watching him in the corner of her eyes, Madoka laughed again.

“Oh, Mom? It’s me, Madoka”

In the other side of the phone was her mother, briefly, she described the events today honestly. After making sure two, three times, when it was understood that she wouldn’t be home for dinner, she handed the phone to Maho-san

Maho-san expressed her gratitude kindly, while complimented Madoka, and that because apparently their children were classmates, she inadvertently detained her, so Maho-san apologized .

After speaking back and forth, Madoka’s mother said to Madoka, “Don’t inconvenience anyone, don’t be late coming home,” in response to the explanation, and cut the phone call.

“All right, then. Sit down, sit down. First of all, let’s do self-introduction formally.”

Sitting face-to-face in front of the desk, Maho continued her words.

“I am Ichiyanagi Maho. I am nurse manager in the Hitoshi Seikai hospital nearby. My husband has gone [\[2\]](#). And, that is my only child, Makoto. The child only likes studying and housework. In a sense, he is like a hikikomori eh. He just goes to library, school, or home.”

Maho-san’s introduction was unrestrained.

“I am Kisaragi Madoka. First year in Asahi High School. I’m doing sprint in the track and field club. I’m not good in my studies. I love to play with my friends.”

“Great. I also want a daughter like Madoka-chan. Cheerful and healthy. Probably because my child is a boy, the conversation was boring.”

“Makoto’s Mother is also a nurse, it’s wonderful.”

“Calling me Makoto’s Mother is also not bad, but if it is possible, I want to be called ‘Maho’”

“Eh...Maho-san? I’m sorry, it’s a little...”

“It’s okay, it’s okay. May I call you Madoka-chan?”

“Yes.”

In front of the two people, Makoto placed food platters. [Simmered hijiki seaweed](#), [pork meat and potato stew](#), [pumpkin boiled in soy sauce](#), [miso soup and tofu](#), [pickled vegetables](#) on rice.

“Wow. These are made by Makoto-san?”

Makoto was just nodded, then went back to the kitchen. It seemed the cooking was still not done.

“Before I realized it, he had become better at cooking than me, now they’re mostly done by Makoto. Come on, let’s eat while it’s still warm.”

“Yes.”

“Itadakimasu”

Madoka ate the warm miso soup. Different from her house’s flavor, it was the taste of a delicate broth.

“It’s delicious!”

“This child can be called an otaku or obsessive. He even damaged several books for miso soup recipe, even though he’s not a housewife.”

Along with the taste, Madoka was honestly impressed. To think that a high school boy could make it...

Makoto warmed frozen dumpling with hot water to make Mizu Gyoza. Sat next to the her seat, clasped his hand together, muttered “Itadakimasu”, then eat.

TLC Notes:

[1]Raw: まどかも少し笑って、靴を脱いで、上がらせてもらった。

It’s rather complicated to translate, because [上がらせてもらった](#) literally means “letting herself enter”. It’s closely related to Japanese culture that entering to another house means entering their privacy area, so needed permission from the owner of the house. Entering other people’s house usually called 「上がる」

because, from 「玄関」(front door, the place where people usually changed their shoes to house slippers) the floor position is lower than inner part of the house. 「上がらせて」 means letting herself enter the house, with addition of 「もらった」 to show that she let herself enter the house without/before the owner's permission.

[2]Raw: 旦那はいないわ

It's a bit ambiguous. The gist of it is just that she doesn't have a husband, but it's not clear if he's dead or they were just divorced.

<<<Chapter 1.2 Bicycle and Destiny

>>>Chapter 1.4 The Contract's Establishment

1.4. The Contract's Establishment

“Hey, hey, tell me about school.”

“Ah, yes. What to say, because it's been only a month, me too haven't speak too much.”

“Ah, is that so.”

Maho also nodded.

“How about Makoto?”

Madoka thought “Umm”, but she strengthened her heart and started talking.

“Like a Kamisama[1].”

“Kamisama?”

“Yes. At the afternoon lesson today. After lunch, the weather was nice too, everyone in the class was really sleepy.”

“Oh, I understand how you feel.”

“Amid one, two people asleep, only one person straightened his back to receive the lesson.”

Maho lightly bursted into laughter.

“I can imagine that.”

“Illuminated by the light from the window, he somehow looked like Kamisama in my vision.”

“Kamisama eh....I do understand that”

While trying to contain her laughter, Maho-san glanced at Makoto. He had a perplexed expression.

“How do I say it...the reason is that someone studies too much, or likes studying, such earnest feeling was transmitted....but I was also asleep.”

“A ha ha, is that so. Well, I would also asleep too. Thank you for feeling that way towards my son.”

Maho waited for her own laughter to subside, then she continued her words.

“Makoto, after the meal, please show how you usually study. Perhaps, it can

be imitated.”

Makoto was surprised.

“As usual? Also, what is this Kamisama means....?”

“Because it is natural for you”

Although Madoka also didn't know about that, but she looked forward to be shown later.

“So, here's one more please”

“What?”

As she seemed decidedly resolved, Maho asked Madoka that has started to talk.

“To me...please teach me how to study!”

I said it!

Madoka felt her heart throbbed again. To take one step towards her dream, an uplifting sense was felt.

However, Makoto's words were cold.

“Me? It's impossible. I have no time.”

“Eeh...”

Madoka was evidently disappointed, as she showed bewildered expression.

Bachin! In the vicinity, a dull sound spread around.

Maho-san knocked Makoto's head.

“Ouch.”

“Do it. Makoto. This is a discussion that I don't even wish for. This, this kind of talk.”

Maho-san was extremely agitated.

“Yeah, because this boy has nothing to do except studying, it's better if he teaches lessons. Madoka-san, please work well together. I'm starting to see you like an angel.”

“Eh, eeh? Angel....what?”

“This boy has a dream too. Because he is good at studying, one day it shall be

granted; but any kind of dream, if it is just alone then it cannot possibly be realized, right? I want this child to experience more fun and difficulties when involved with other people."

Madoka thought, I see, and nodded.

But Makoto was perplexed.

"This chance comes from such a pretty girl, it's incredible. There won't be a second chance. Come on, Makoto request it too. Say, 'yoroshiku onegaishimasu'[2]"

"As if I'm going to ask..."

"Don't say conceited words. It is also a part of learning for you. Teaching other people is surprisingly difficult, you know."

Madoka was really sorry, or so she thought, and decided to give one more try.

"Please...is that no good?"

While muttering, okay, Makoto resignedly nodded.

Basically, he couldn't go against her mother's words.

"I understand. I'll do it."

"Really? I'm happy! Thank you very much"

"Good, well said, Makoto. Therefore, once decided, you have the responsibility."

Feeling happy, Maho-san stroked Makoto's head briskly.

"Come to think of it, what is Makoto-san's dream that we talked earlier?"

"This child? This child's dream is to create a new medicine."

"A new medicine?"

"Hey, explain it yourself."

With the unexpected direction of conversation, Makoto showed troubled expression again.

"...researching new medicines, I am thinking...to help a lot of people..."

At broken words that Makoto murmured, Madoka nodded.

"It's a wonderful dream."

Madoka was also seriously impressed, but Maho sighed.

“There are various circumstances. Really weak at speaking with people. I wonder if this is really a boy.”

“Haha, that is so, isn’t it!? I think there are many people that are not so smart. But he is a little taciturn eh.”

Maho stared at Makoto with arms folded.

“As I thought. For this one, need to get somebody to give him special training. ...Madoka-chan, how do you wish to be taught?”

“That is...errr...”

Madoka was a little at a loss to explain.

To speak in the current situation, she was embarrassed.

“What should I do...”

“It’s fine if it is difficult to be spoken out. If it is all right, I want to hear it.”

Madoka had Makoto at her line of sight. Receiving his quiet, calm look, somehow she arrived at a resolution.

“As for me, I want to be a doctor.”

“Doctor? That is also...”

“Yes, with grades that are embarrassing enough to be said, I have never told this to anyone...”

Madoka muttered with cheeks a bit red.

“Are your parents doctors?”

“No, they are office workers related to food industry.”

“Well then, why?”

After thinking a little, Madoka began to speak.

Translator Notes [1]Kamisama (jp): God (en)

[2]yoroshiku onegaishimasu (jp): It’s one of phrases with complex meaning in Japanese that has no exact translation in other languages. In this context, it can be interpreted as “please help me” or “looking forward to work with you”, but I’m reluctant to choose either one, so decided to stick with the original Japanese. There’s this article in Gaijinpot that gives more in-depth explanation

regarding the usage of yoroshiku onegaishimasu if you're interested:

<http://injapan.gaijinpot.com/uncategorized/2013/07/22/what-is-yoroshiku-onegai-shimasu/>

Credit to Anri who had given me some insight, thank you very much ^^

Updated to reflect TLC edit at 3/28/2016.

<<<Chapter 1.3.Kamisama's Treats

>>>Chapter 1.5. Madoka's Dream

1.5. Madoka's Dream

Madoka had a grandmother. A healthy person who lived till old age, the two of them often went out together. Although being called "Grandma's Child", it was because they got along well.

However, such an important grandmother suffered cancer.

After undergoing a surgery, she became healthy; but after several months, it was known that she relapsed. Her grandmother rejected the anti-cancer drugs and said that she wanted to spend her last moments at home with family members.

The family was greatly worried, but the person herself has strong will, and eventually it became a form of respecting her wishes.

In a short time, her health condition changed and lost, gradually the body became thin, her appetite also degenerated.

"Are you all right?"

When asked, grandmother always laughed.

"My body feels lighter, but more healthy, you know."

She said that so as not make people worry.

Shortly thereafter, the time spent on the bed became longer; the doctor came for a house call. When the doctor came, grandmother felt relieved and resignedly said, "Thank you very much".

Madoka at that time realized the thanks was for taking care of "her life".

Listened to that, the doctor too understood and nodded, checked her blood pressure, and spoke with her.

As gradually, her fire of life disappeared, Madoka also felt it. Somewhere in her heart, while not having faith in death, indescribable anxiety started to spread.

Her grandmother became rarely eating, a condition where only few of the porridge spoons fed by Madoka reached her throat. Nevertheless, the person herself did not even show pains. From time to time, if given "thank you",

Madoka too wanted to cry.

Once, when the doctor said, "Please, be prepared soon." Everyone in the family that heard it was shocked. Although they understood that, but Madoka felt her heart ached. While grandmother showed almost no response.

In a little while, her breaths became difficult.

In the following day, while everyone in the family watched, grandmother passed away.

Towards the doctor that gave confirmation, my father murmured with thin voice, "Thank you very much.", and cried, Madoka's tears too became unstoppable.

"Everyone too, have fought very hard. Really, I appreciate your efforts."

Madoka noticed that the doctor's eyes too had reddened while saying that.

After the funeral arranged, with gradually composed mind, she thought of an objective.

Until then, she felt that she had been living only for herself. One day, she wanted to be like that doctor, to be useful for someone else, to connect with people.

It was the point where Madoka started...

"...I see. Yes, Makoto too speak like this."

Makoto nodded meekly. Or, it should be said, he was writing something in his notebook. Don't know what he wrote.

"However, I, don't know that to be a doctor will be so difficult. Because private schools need much money, there's no choice except public school, but the performance standard is very high..."

"Oh, so that's why although you wanted to be taught about studying, but you were hesitant to explain."

Madoka nodded.

"Indeed, because it is difficult."

While chatting together, they almost finished their respective meals, and they drank the tea that Makoto poured.

“Even though I want to be a doctor, with the current grade, it is laughable.”
“But it is an awesome dream. I really want to see someone like you become a doctor.”

“Thank you very much.”

“When it comes to this...”

Madoka[1] looked at Makoto.

Makoto who was putting things in order, recoiled.

“Your responsibility is important. Be that as it may, because it seems like there’s problem if you think about the strategy by yourself, I will also cooperate. ...it became something a bit more interesting.”

“I’m sorry. I’m really sorry for the inconvenience.”

While Madoka lowered her head, Maho denied that.

“It’s not a trouble. Rather, I wish for it. This child becomes able to study well is also my pleasure. I never expected that from bicycle chain can turn into something like this.”

“Me too.”

Both of them laughed for a while.

“Ummm...”

Makoto who had finished cleaning up, called out.

“What is it?”

Maho looked at Makoto with expression that uttered ‘what do you want intruding in this good time’.

“I want to study, is it all right?”

“...you heard the discussion, didn’t you? ...well, it’s okay. That doesn’t have to start today. It seems to me that a strategy is needed. It’s okay, by all means.”

“Yes.”

Makoto said so, then go to another room in the inner part of the house.

Opening a panel[2], glass door extended in one side to the veranda, a small

desk can be seen in the corner. Something like a low table for one person, a really small space with only a desk and lamp.

If you look closely, next to it was a disproportionately huge bookshelf, stretched out in one wall. It can't be seen clearly, but textbooks and notebooks was lined up tidily. The number of notebooks was amazing, there was probably hundreds.

Makoto sat with legs folded^[3] in front of the desk ,took out the textbook and notebook from the bag to study today's lesson. On the table, pencil and eraser arranged neatly, with lights on, his seating was ready.

And then after taking a deep breath, he lowered his head deeply.

“Eehh...?”

Madoka was surprised.

Makoto joined his hands together and put it on the floor, his head was lowered too until almost reaching his hands. Rather than studying, it was like watching the etiquette of a tea ceremony. As if showing respect to his opponent, he showed earnest attitude. Quietly, like devoting a prayer, the strange time passed.

He slowly looked up and started to study. Amid the silence, the sound of flipping textbook and writing in the notebooks reverberated. Such a strong concentration, it can also be seen from behind.

“This is how it is, even the television that can be seen on the other side and the sound of telephone, he becomes unaware.”

“The reappearance of Kamisama, this is what it means...”

Maho chuckled and laughed.

“That child is too serious.”

The two of them looked at Makoto's back for a while.

Translator Notes

[1]I think it should be “Maho”, but the text wrote “Madoka”...(probably typo by the author?)

[2]It's fusuma

[3]It's seiza

Updated to reflect TLC edit at 3/29/2016

<<<Chapter 1.4. The Contract's Establishment

>>>Chapter 1.6. Fellow Mothers

1.6. Fellow Mothers

“Well, it has gotten late. I have to send you home.”

“Eh! No, it’s okay. I can go home alone.”

Maho shook her head.

“It is not safe around here. Unlike that kid, I don’t have anything to do. It would also worry your parents. Here I will accompany you and greet your parents.”

Madoka was a little embarrassed, but she understood what Maho meant.

“I understand. Thank you very much.”

“Yeah....however, you’re a really good girl. Pretty, obedient, cheerful, and full of spirit.”

Madoka’s face blushed, and she denied, “Something like that. As I am, I am often treated like a boy.”

“Probably because you’re friendly. But you have a pretty face. You will definitely be a great beauty.”

Madoka blushed more and more.

“It is Maho-san who is beautiful.”

“Yeah, thank you. People often said that.”

Replied Maho honestly; the two people laughed.

Leaving Makoto, the two people went out of the house.

Really, Makoto didn’t seem aware that the two people went out. Riding their respective bicycle, the two of them passed through the darkening streets.

The distance till Madoka’s house was not too far. After going for about five minutes, they arrived in front of Madoka’s house. Its appearance was a little bit old, but the house was clean.

After opening the door and brought her bike in, Madoka called her mother

from the hallway, "I'm home. Is mother home?"

"Yes, yes"

Madoka's mother came out.

Similar to Madoka, she had a lovely features.

Hanging her apron, she noticed Maho who bowed her head.

"Well, looks like today she dined in your place. I'm sorry for the trouble."

"I am Ichiyanagi Maho, Madoka-san classmate's mother. Today, I had forced her."

"No, no. We also bothered you."

"Polite, bright, and honest. A really awesome daughter."

"Things like that is unnecessary. She's still inexperienced. Was she inconveniencing you?"

"Not at all. Thanks to her, it was a fun time. Thank you very much."

After the two exchanged greetings, Maho continued her words.

"By the way, there was one discussion."

"What is it?"

Maho glanced to look at Madoka before continuing her words.

"A strange coincidence, it became known to me that Madoka-san has a dream that she wants to realize."

"Dream...is it?"

When it was said, Madoka responded, "Aaah," and blushed. Although she was still embarrassed to tell her parents, right then would be better if an understanding was reached, so Maho went on to say.

"The other day, at the time when her grandmother passed away, it prompted Madoka-san to aim to be a doctor."

"Eh, this child!?"

Madoka's mother was quite surprised.

"It's a fairly serious feelings. My son, his grade was adequate. Because of that, he will teach her about studies."

"Oh, well..."

Madoka's mother seemed a bit perplexed.

"I think teaching others too is also an important experience for my son. Although they are man and woman, I want to observe both of them working together for their respective dreams, I want to support them. What do you think?"

"Huh?"

Something unexpected, Madoka's mother didn't seem to fully comprehend it yet.

Here, you probably couldn't hope for an immediate understanding.

Maho-san turned around to see Madoka.

"Madoka-san, after this, firmly explain to your own parents. And then improve your grades properly, obtain their trust. All right."

"Aah, yes!"

Maho-san then bowed to Madoka's mother.

"Though unexpected, pardon me. For now, please excuse me."

"Aah, yes. It is I who should say so, we are sorry for bothering you."

"No, absolutely didn't bother me. Thank you very much. Well, then."

Mahou hurriedly straddled her bike, but then turned around as if remembering something, called out to Madoka.

"Ah, that's right. Because that child doesn't have mobile phone, would you want to exchange email address with me?"

"Oh yes, that's right. Thank you very much."

Together, they took out their phone, exchanged email address using infrared. For Madoka, the fact that she exchanged email address with Makoto's mother somehow felt strange. However, something seemed to start going forward; somehow her heartbeat also became faster.

"I will work over the strategy with Makoto around one week later. If the preparation is done, I will get in touch."

"Yes, please take care of me."

Maho-san turned to Madoka's mother again.

“Well, then. Excuse me for tonight. Good night.”

Madoka’s mother also lowered her head, and Madoka waved her hands to say goodbye.

When turning in a corner, Maho too turned around and waved her hands once, then disappeared there.

Madoka’s mother then enquired slowly.

“Madoka, is it true that you want to be a doctor?”

“Ah, yes...”

“Well, come inside and take a bath. If possible, please tell me slowly.”

“Yes.”

Madoka nodded. She thought, as said by Maho-san, next is for her to work hard.

TL Notes: It’s been more than two weeks past since the last chapter. We are really sorry. I’ve been working on new ventures both in my job and outside of it, and zakii is working on her mid-term tests (she’s studying Japanese Lit in uni). Plus, we prioritized TLC-ing and editing prior chapters which were rather poorly done by me (they’re all perfect now ^^v). So, yeah, Benkyou’s schedule is iffy. However, rest assured that we are still committed to work on Benkyou till the end (and beyond, if possible).

[<<<Chapter 1.5. Madoka’s Dream](#)

>>>Next Chapter, if possible will be posted by next Wednesday (April 20, 2016)

1.7. Confession to Parents

After taking a shower and changing her clothes, Madoka found her father that had come home and sat with her mother in the livingroom.

Sitting face to face, Madoka felt nervous. Usually they were just exchanging tales about what happened in the day; there has never been such nervousness. It seemed the parents wanted Madoka to tell the story.

“I, I...think I want to aim to be a doctor.”

“Are you serious? it’s probably a bit awkward if I say it, but because Madoka is not really smart at studying...”

“Yes...because of that, I’m embarrassed to say this, even now I do not know if it is a dream that is possible to be realized...”

Between the three of them, silence reigned for a while.

“That, the things with grandma caused you to think that way, is that true?”

“Yes. At that time, I realized that until then I was just living for myself. Like that doctor, I want to be a person who can be helpful for someone else...”

Madoka stood alone, continuing her words.

“When Grandma had to face death, at that situation, the doctor whom Grandma entrusted her peace of mind...the scene at the time, strongly reverberated in my heart. Although I don’t know whether I can do the same thing...”

“So...at that time, you thought about things like that...”

Listening Madoka’s mother’s words, her father too folded his arms and nodded.

“And then, the lady today, who is she? What is it about teaching you lessons?”

“Ichiyanagi Makoto, he’s my classmate, he reached the first place in the entrance exam. Seeing his seriousness in receiving lessons, I feel he can grant my dream that seems like impossible.”

“First place eh. That sounds amazing.”

“Today, truly unexpectedly met with his mother and became acquainted.

Spontaneously, I asked her.”

“I understand your intention too.”

Madoka’s face became a little bit troubled.

“To tell you the truth, at the beginning he rejected me because there was no time, but there’s his mother that persuaded him for me, because she considered it is also for his child’s interest.”

“Oh...”

“He is sort of studying many things everyday. Therefore, I think probably I can come to his house sometimes.”

“Doesn’t he have cram school?”

“No, He really has been studying alone.”

Madoka’s parents were impressed.

“Top student is really amazing, eh. Madoka, how would you imitate someone like that?”

“Uh, that’s probably impossible... I now wish to comprehend what’s the best thing to do, rather than giving up when I don’t understand anything.”

“Well, certainly so.”

Said her father, slapping his knee.

“Yes, but I also understand Madoka’s seriousness, the other person too seemingly serious. How to say it, Madoka has grown up...well, I’m glad, also sad.”

“That’s right. Truly.”

After muttered that, her mother’s eye had become red.

“Eh, what, what’s wrong?”

From the corner of her mother’s eyes, a little tears spilled.

“A daughter that is spirited, willful, and mischievous, when we become aware, she already talked about dreams for the future, wanted to be useful for other people. Somewhat happy, or somewhat lonely, not wanting to see her grow so fast....but, it will be a good thing, right!?”

“I agree. It means, we are not wrong in raising her up.”

“Mother, father...”

To be thought of like this, made them happy, is the first time for Madoka too. Somehow, she felt a sensation from being loved. To think that they've been concerned over her. She didn't know that she was trusted and loved. Madoka too, somehow felt something warm in her chest.

“However, although Madoka's grades is actually okay, I'm worried.”
“Certainly.”
“.....”

Madoka's excitement faded away. Although it might be the truth, but it's not the words she wanted to hear at the time. Therefore, she would work hard.

“Anyway, since you have decided, do your best. Speak up if you need help. Also, don't overdo it.”
“Yes, thank you.”

Madoka nodded obediently. Her father stroke her head gently. Her feeling after a while, is somewhat embarrassed, somewhat happy, it was a strange feeling. Yes, she felt glad to be born to this parents.

On that day, in the talk until late at night there was an excitement in talking about the old days while feeling wrapped up in warmth, Madoka fell asleep.

[Updated to reflect TLC edit at 7/13/2016](#)

[<<<Chapter 1.6 Fellow Mothers](#)
[>>>Chapter 2.2 Strategic Meeting](#)

2.1. Strategic Meeting

After that, for one week days passed as if nothing happened.

Makoto was uncommunicative as usual, without conversing or even greetings, concentrated in the class lessons so that he could come back home quickly to do houseworks.

Madoka became anxious, wondering if the event at that day was just a dream.

In the evening, an email arrived.

It was from Maho.

『The strategy is to be decided. If you have the time, tomorrow afternoon please come to the house at approximately the same hours as before. Looking forward to see you. Maho.』

“Yay! Finally it begins. What kind of strategy...”

Maho’s email continued.

『PS: Bring the report card and tests from Junior High School time. it is necessary to get an accurate grasp of the situation. (*^_^*)』

“Aaaa.....”

That’s right. It is necessary....how embarrassing.

Are they still remained?

Madoka began to search the room.

The next day, after club she went to Ichiyanagi’s house.

Her mind was unsettled, she rushed at slightly faster pace. When arrived at the front door, her breath was still gasping. She rang the doorbell with hands that slightly trembled.

Ding Dong!

“Yes...”

Listening to Maho’s cheerful voice, Madoka also calmed down.

Opening the door, Maho invited her to come in with a smile.

“I was waiting for you. Come, come in.”

“Excuse me.”

She was guided to the kitchen table, that day there’s dinner for three persons. The meal that day was [Seared Bonito](#).

“Club activities always go on till late, I’m sorry about the usual dinner time...”

“It’s fine, I also want to participate now, because I similarly have just come back from work as usual. Well, first of all, let’s eat.”

Madoka was told to wash her hand, that day too she obediently ate.

“Itadakimasu!”

For a while, silence reigned along with sounds of eating dinner.

Today was rightly delicious.

In the Seared Bonito, there was slight taste of [garlic and ponzu sauce](#).

As if there’s some secret seasoning.

Makoto-san is really skillful, Madoka was impressed.

Then Maho-san spoke.

“Actually, Makoto’s grades in the old days was also bad.”

“...! Really?!”

“Although I said that, it was only in elementary school.”

“...yes...”

Madoka tilted her head, didn’t know what to say.

“You know, you can learn things in kindergarten, a child can receive early education, there are many who did so (although without it is also fine). But we did not, so there was fine difference in hiragana used at the time when he entered elementary school.”

“Yes.”

“I think this child even thought that he couldn’t study. However, since he was little, I thought there was no need for cram school or tutor...also, there was no money...well, kids should just play, that was what I thought.”

Although there was mutterings about monetary problems in the middle, apparently Maho-san was indeed didn’t instruct Makoto to study.

“Because there was no workbook or exercises, this child of mine just repeatedly reading the textbook aloud and write them out on notebooks. After doing that, his grades gone up, he was also seemingly happy because praised by his teacher, since then he always read the textbooks again and again.”

“...It is so different with me.”

Madoka was the type of kid who liked to play outside. Although she couldn't study, she didn't remember having worried about that. While patting Madoka's shoulder, Maho-san continued talking.

“I understand your feeling, it's okay. What I wanted to tell you is another matter. I've done strategic meeting with Makoto, discussed, also told Makoto to research many kinds of study methods, there are many things we learned from there.”

“.....?”

“The first thing is, don't worry although you started late. Rather, for this child, starting off with bad grades was a good thing. Human, when they grew and being praised, feeling of happiness will be carved strongly in their mind. Things like that are really important, you know!? One of the things that motivates this child, is this kind of experience.”

“Yes”

Madoka nodded.

“Because of that, Madoka-san too don't worry of being late. Rather, it likely will be difficult for people who had good performance earlier but then got worse. They could lose motivation and give up. Although late, but people who were active due to their own motivation, their growth is truly amazing. This time, because Madoka-chan also has something similar, be more confident.”

“Yes. I understand. Thank you very much.”

In response, Madoka lowered her head. Maho raised her two fingers.

“The second thing is praises. For Makoto too, in the beginning, being praised is very important. His self-confidence increased, studying became enjoyable.

Because it was fun, he studied again, and got praised again. That there is a good teacher is important, but praises is more so. Therefore, when Madoka-chan shows a good grades even a little, we will praise you with all our might.”

Listening to those words, Madoka became happy.

The truth is, knowing that there will be strict special training, her feeling became a little bit anxious.

In the past, she almost never got praised, so she’s looking forward to it.

“The third is, repeating something over and over again. About this matter, I’ll probably have Makoto talk about it.”

Makoto extended a notebook to Madoka, showed it to her. He drew an unusual hexagon there.

“In our head, there are nerve cells.”

...Excuse me?

Makoto was still expressionless as usual, but started to talk about something out of this world.

“From nerve cells come out projections, when it is connected to other nerve cells, there will be understanding and memory.”

“...Yes...”

Without caring about anything, Makoto continued his words.

Anyhow, he’s only looking at the notebook.

“These projections will grow if combined with stimulus, but if the stimulus shrinks, then it will disappear. In order to extend the projections, tying it firmly with the nerve cells, the most effective way is by repetition.”

“Yes.”

“A long time ago, [Ebbinghaus the Psychologist](#) was known because of the discovery of this forgetting curve.”

While saying that, Makoto drew a curve that seemed like a quarter of a circle.

“Memory will soon be forgotten, only a small quantity will be remembered. To

make it into a strong memory, repeat it immediately after, repeat it before asleep, repeat it one week after, repeat it after one month, repeat it after one year, that kind of repetition is effective.”*

“Oh my God! repeating it so much?”

“...The exact data doesn’t exist. There are many theories, repeating 30 times, 100 times.”

Madoka became crestfallen and dropped her shoulder.

“Shisho...that’s impossible.”

“Shisho?”

For the first time, Makoto raised his head, meeting Madoka’s gaze. In haste, Madoka continued her words.

“Ah, although I called Kamisama, but I think, because for me, you would teach like a honorable Shisho....”

Makoto’s face became confused, but after a short time, he dropping his gaze to the notebook again.

Is that mean, it is OK?

“Although for the first time will be given time 30 minutes, for the second time will approximately be 15 minutes, the third time 10 minutes, so the time it takes will be shortened, you don’t have to worry so much. Because the time span will continually be shorter, I am even afraid you will give up.”

“Is that so...”

“Well, despite of Makoto’s difficult explanation, in conclusion repetition is important.”

While laughing, Maho concluded. Madoka too, nodded.

TL & TLC notes:

*Truthfully, we don’t completely understand what Makoto said here (and in the next chapter), so if you have any thought on it, feel free to comment ^^

<<<Chapter 1.7 Confession to Parents

>>>Chapter 2.2 How to Receive Lessons Correctly

2.2. How To Receive Lessons Correctly

(This chapter has been fully worked on by me and zakii, but it was an extremely difficult chapter and there are sentences that we decided to leave off as raw. If in the future we gain enlightenment about them, we will revise them accordingly. Feel free to sent suggestions.)

“Fourth, textbook is important. Talking about studying is also talking about exercise books and references, but although this child since elementary school till now only uses textbooks, his grades are good. Of course, I know that he often went to explore library and buy things in bookshop, but textbook is the basic. Because of that, don’t take it lightly, let’s do the textbooks heartily.”

“...It’s surprising. I thought I will be given a thick exercise book.”

For this matter, Makoto answered.

“Although naturally, nothing’s coming out on tests that are not taken from textbooks and lessons. Textbook is written by adults who take many hours, selecting carefully to make it up, so it turns into a good book.”

“Is that so....that’s right, isn’t it!?”

Although it could be called obvious, for Madoka who had imagined studying as grappling with references and exercise books, the one just now was new. Probably, she was too tightly holding onto the image that studying is difficult.

“And the last one, most important is the ability to concentrate.”

“Eh!? The ability to concentrate is that important?”

Makoto nodded.

“Madoka-chan is a member of track and field club, right!?”

“Yes”

“For example, when you run on 100m track 10 times until sweating everyday, the time needed will advance, don’t you think!?”

“...doesn’t advance. Instead, I will probably crash.”

“If you concentrate with your whole energy to run 10 times everyday, what do you think?”

“I think to advance.... So, that’s how it is, if doing that, concentrating, then the burden will be reduced. “[1]

Maho nodded

“Whether using the right method. Or multiplying amount. Or concentrating to reduce the burden. From now on, relate in multiplying it with each other . Anything’s like that.” [2]

“The right method....”

Toward Madoka who hasn’t yet understand well enough, Maho continued her explanation.

“In track and field, the aforementioned right method for instance is the right form. Otherwise, if the running method is incorrect, the habit is wrong, so the record will not advance, there are even cases where it harms one’s body, isn’t it!?”

“Ah, Yes.”

Maho’s explanation was easily understood.

“The multiplying amount is related to the practice time. 集中して負荷をかけるというのは、さっき話したように自分の力を出し切らないと、なかなか成長には繋がらない、ということ” [3]

“Yes.”

“For example, if wanted to improve grades, everyone thinks to increase study time. However, unexpectedly, people who realize the right method is through concentration are few. I think, this is the important point for Madoka-chan to surpass others in the next three years.”

Madoka nodded deeply.

Until now, only trying to increase study time, She remembered experiencing setback several times.

It’s surprisingly difficult to increase study time.

“Madoka-chan, have you ever received an award in track and field?”

“Ah, yes. I received second place in prefectural tournament.”

“Wonderful! As expected. Then, I think, if you are being taught, the result will appear immediately.”

“Uh, I’m worried...”

After looking at Makoto's ability to concentrate, Madoka's confidence disappeared.

Maho kindly stroked Madoka's head.

"It's okay. It's all right. So, till here is the basic principles. Could you understand?"

"Yes...but, what I should do is still..."

"Of course, we haven't talked about the specific method."

"Oh?"

"It's now time to get an accurate grasp of the situation."

"....."

Until the words, "Please let me go home" almost go out of her throat. Those words were swallowed along with saliva.

She understood that courage is an important thing to reach a dream.

Madoka gently passed her report card and test.

Maho pick it with her hand, then took a cursory look at it.

"...yes. Mostly as expected.rather Mathematics is desolate, isn't it!?"

Madoka's face turning red and she hang her head embarrassedly. Looking at the test, Makoto made eyes as if watching something strange. For him, those numbers are like unbelievable.

"...*Mou*, please forgive me..."

"No, don't be like that, I'm not blaming you. From now on will be improved. We are merely confirming the starting point."

"Then, it's okay if it's like that, but...."

Madoka's voice gradually became smaller. Maho once again caressed her head.

"It's all right. Although the one who will fight is Madoka, but there's potentials for sure. Be confident."

"...Yes."

"Now then, let's talk about the specific method. Makoto, please go on."

Makoto teared a page off the notebook, showed it in front of Madoka who

was still red till her ears.

There were some items written there.

How to Receive Lessons Correctly

- During lessons, please understand and remember all of it.
- Instead of copying notes, please understand, remember, then write it.
- Let's deepen our understanding and memories by adding our own thoughts and teacher's words, also lines and highlights, in the notebook.
- In the middle or in the end, let's ascertain our memories and understanding by making a summary of everything up till that point and concrete example.
- Let's memorize the whole textbook. The trick to memorize is reading, listening, writing, and all of it is being repeated again and again.
- If doing all of that at a time, it will be quite a burden. Let's do it with concentration.
- The goal is until you are able to teach the lesson to other people.

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".....Shisho, that's impossible."

Madoka became crestfallen and dropped her shoulder.

"Let's do it."

"I don't have the confidence."

"Let's do it."

".....yes."

"You can do it. It's all right."

Although in the beginning, it was enforced on Makoto, but there was a faint sense of "You probably can do it" in his heart.[\[4\]](#)

"I don't think that you will be able to do all of it all the time. First of all, do it on the subject that's your strong point....maybe, it's History." (Makoto)

"...Yes, if I have to." (Madoka)

"It's enough to do it one frame a day. First of all, decide what is the goal or time

of the day.” (Makoto)

“Madoka-chan. *Ganbatte ne~*”

Toward Madoka who was crestfallen and whose shoulder dropped, Maho was happily waving her hands to cheer her up.

[1] We are not sure. The raw is「伸びると思います。.....そうか、やるならば集中して負荷をかけないといけないのですね」

[2] The raw is「正しい方法でやっているか。量をかけているか。集中して負荷をかけているか。ここらが互いに掛け算で関係しあっているの。何事もそうだけど」

[3] The complete raw is「量かけるのは、練習時間のこと。集中して負荷をかけるというのは、さっき話したように自分の力を出し切らないと、なかなか成長には繋がらない、ということ」

[4] The raw said: 誠に迫力に押されたが、彼に言われると何となく胸の奥に「出来るかも」といったほのかな期待が生まれた。

The God of Study is Shy of Strangers (Benkyou no Kamisama wa Hitomishiri) is the work of 京夜 in syosetu. It's translated into English by makenai89 and zakii in bijinsans.wordpress.com. If you read this novel elsewhere, then you are likely reading [stolen material](#).

[<<<Chapter 2.1 Strategic Meeting](#)

>>>Next chapter will be posted by July 27th