


# translation blog

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 re-missedcall.tumblr.com/post/50927668708/claim-of-responsibility-pages-11-17

Just the prologue from the online preview, since that's all I can do for now!

Masterpost [here](#).

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“—Is it another common story?”

—

## Claim of Responsibility

The beginning of the story. The opening act.

Outside of the window was a cloudy sky. The season in which summer has not yet started. There existed a single rumor whispered about.

No one knows the details. No, no one was supposed to know them.

Just that, even if the empty book and bookmark are found, it is said that they must never be touched.

## Rules of the Demise Game

A game with a single traitor, a “fox”, has begun.

If you wish to escape, pay attention to the following conditions, and seek the end.

—Now, the beginning of a fun Demise Game begins.

- To reach the end of the game, the “fox” must be killed.
- If the “fox” cannot be found, everyone else will die.
- While searching for the “fox”, Kokkuri-san’s demands must be met.
- Kokkuri-san’s demands will be sent via letter.
- You will be given one week to fulfill Kokkuri-san’s demands.
- If the demands are ignored, you will die.
- If the demands are shown to someone outside of the game, that person will die.
- Until the end of the game is reached, you absolutely cannot escape.

\*

“This is a news flash.

Today, in a high school located in ○○ Prefecture, the body of a male student was discovered.

Police are now beginning an investigation into the possibilities of the case being either a murder or an accident——”

The announcer’s robotic voice echoed around and filled the small room.

As if the world was spinning around, I was attacked by a wave of something like vertigo.

\*

The overview of the incident is as follows.

It happened towards the end of the lunch break.

The first witness was a female student from the same school.

The student had gone to recover a ball that had rolled behind the bushes, and accidentally crashed into someone that had been standing there.

The person had fallen over from the impact.

When the panicking student raised her head to apologize, that's when she noticed an abnormality.—the person she had crashed into had no upper body, and only the lower half of the body was there. According to the student's testimony, "it" had certainly been standing by itself before she crashed into it.

At around the same time, on the grounds of a narrow alley at the school's back gate.

The first witness here was a male student in the same school.

Walking by the front of the back gate to put away cleaning equipment in a tool shed, when he walked by the back gate again, he noticed an anomaly.

—In front of the back gate, where there was definitely nothing before, was an upper body.

On the ground several meters away, the traces of something having been dragged across the ground were left behind.

That was...moving in the direction of the lower body's location.

Naturally, although there were many students on the school grounds during lunch break, there was not a single person who witnessed the culprit.

In other words, it occurred in the closed room known as the school: a closed room murder.

".....So it was true."

On that day, an emergency meeting was held, and the school was soon closed for the time being.

The students seemed to have lost touch with reality, and as a result were soon dismissed and forced to go home. But the students who had stayed behind to listen to the situation, and those that were waiting for their parents, it was soon clear there was no way all of the students would leave the school.

On the second floor of an old school building, in a classroom that was originally used as a music room, several people had gathered together.

It was different from the vague fear of other students; their expressions were tense.

"—Hey, who told him? —Who's the traitor?!"

"I wonder if we'll also die, too.....?"

".....Calm down."

"There's no way I can calm down in a situation like this!"

".....You still...don't understand, do you.....? It could have been a coincidence....."

"There's no way that was a coincidence, right?!"

"Calm down!!"

"....."

".....If anyone else gets involved.....You don't want to die, right?"

".....tch!!"

"Anyway, someone received a letter....."

"In other words, all of that was true, right? Um....."

"It seems like it."

"....."

For a while, we remained silent. A silence to the point where one's ears would hurt.

"—Hey.....what should we do?"

“For now, we don’t really have any choice but to watch how it proceeds, right? Since someone will soon receive a letter.....”


“Yeah, so after one week passes, one of us will die.”

“Since, since it’s this kind of incident, the culprit will soon be found, right?!”

“.....that is, if there is a culprit.”

# Lonely Hide and Seek I – Killing Time (Pages 19-20)

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 [amesubs.tumblr.com/post/44102453452/lonely-hide-and-peek-i-killing-time-pages](https://amesubs.tumblr.com/post/44102453452/lonely-hide-and-peek-i-killing-time-pages)

Just a few pages off the online preview of the novel ;w; this is...the second chapter, I believe. The storyline pretty much follows the manga, but with more detail. (A-yaaaa!)

“...Boring”

At 7:21, I spit out these words to an empty room, with no one else in sight.

Obviously, there's no way there'd be a reply.

Both my parents had left early in the morning to go to work, so by the time I headed to school, there was no one left in the house.

It was something I've known for three years.

“...Again?”

There wasn't anyone else in the room, but I spoke as though someone could hear me.

However, my voice disintegrated and disappeared without leaving a trace.

For the last few days, I've constantly felt someone's gaze on me.

But when I turn around, there's no one there.

All I see is the door to the toilet I usually use, far down the hall.

The awfully worn out, creaking door, let out a strange noise.

Could this be fear?

That was what went through my mind.

It didn't seem like something to fear over my encounters with humans and unknown creatures or my strange personal experiences.

If I was to think about it calmly, I must be quite exhausted due to my fear over the last few days.

However, at the same time, it had become a terribly pleasant stimulus that's enriched my daily life.

“I don't think I've ever experienced something like this before...”

Just by thinking so, I felt the awakening of excitement that was similar to fear.

Human curiosity isn't something to make light of, huh.

These conflicting emotions can actually teach someone like me the pleasure of fear.

— There's an answer that can score full marks in a self-analysis, but it seems to differ for each person.

For me, the answer to such a self-analysis is “Pessimistic”.


“I'm off.”

I whisper these words at the entrance, to no one in particular.

For these are just words for getting through another day of my boring life; these words are my little good luck charm.

# Lonely Hide and Seek I – Killing Time (Pages 21-24)

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 [amesubs.tumblr.com/post/44343331609/lonely-hide-and-peek-i-killing-time-pages](https://amesubs.tumblr.com/post/44343331609/lonely-hide-and-peek-i-killing-time-pages)

Some more from the first chapter of the Shuen no Shiori Novel!  
Continued from [here](#), master post [here](#).

More A-ya! Just...the way he describes B-ko, though...ww

As rain fell from the cloudy sky, it soaked the asphalt, creating puddles of water everywhere.

—It was as though the sounds of the city were absorbed by the sound of the rain.

Fiddling with my mobile phone, I made sure not to look anyone in the eye, by looking down as I walked. As I did, I noticed my reflection in a puddle, and locked eyes with it.

Dark circles under my eyes, and unkempt hair. When combined with my neatly ironed school uniform, my face looked much worse than it normally would.

It's so boring; this world, this life, it's all so horribly boring.  
Wouldn't someone please, just destroy this boring world...?  
Thinking of this, like a chant, I walked to school again, today.

"Hey, A-ya!"

I heard someone call my name from behind.

It was quite a loud voice, and travelled far.

When I turned around, I saw my classmate starting to jog towards me.

"As always, you seem to be in a bad mood"

This guy that's always in good spirits is pretty popular in my class.

If you were wondering why such a popular person would talk to someone like me:

It's not just me he talks with; he's the type that tries to develop a connection with every single person.

To be honest, I really hate guys like him; that live their lives always trying to have fun.

"It's none of your business."

I replied bluntly, but he just smiled, and with a "You're as cold as always!", he continued to talk.

"By the way, you're familiar with rumors, right?"

This was it. I could feel a spark ignite in my brain.

Be careful, stay calm. When I hear something like this, I begin to remember what I actually, truly find fun.

Recently, my body's been burned out by my experiences with fear, but I do have a certain hobby I find really enjoyable.

That is, rumors.

However, that said, I'm different to those who just like to listen to rumors.

"Hm? Did something happen?"

Happy that I showed interest, he began talking excitedly.

"No, it's just that, you know B-ko from the class next door? You guys are pretty friendly, right?"

B-ko: a girl who was said to be the top beauty in our school.

There are probably less people at school that don't know of her.

Short, brown hair that fits her lively personality perfectly, with pale pink lips like cherry blossom petals, and eyes that

draw you in just by making contact with them for a second.

Her style is like that of a gravure idol, with a cute anime-girl voice.

She's so much of a beauty, that it wouldn't be surprising if she were scouted on a regular basis.

There's a certain reason for me, who's not really very social, to be on good terms with such a person...

"Hmm...we're not really that close, but what do you want to know about B-ko?"

When I asked him that, he gave me an embarrassed smile.

"No, I was just wondering if there were any rumors about whether she has a crush on anyone, or already has a boyfriend, or something~"

That's what I thought.

Most boys in our school only want to know about these kinds of rumors.

Just what's so great about her, anyways...

—Anyhow, this situation is actually extremely convenient for me.

"I haven't really heard anything about that, so I'd say she doesn't have a boyfriend."

"...I-is that so!?"

"Plus, if she did, I bet that rumor would've already spread throughout the school."


"T-that's true! Alright...!"

"...Ah, but,"

"—Hm?"



# Lonely Hide and Seek I – Killing Time (Pages 25-31)

 sailorena.tumblr.com/post/44611340352/lonely-hide-and-peek-i-killing-time-pages

3 years ago

♥ 73 notes

The rest of Lonely Hide and Seek I for the Shuen no Shiori novel. Next is Lonely Hide and Seek II - Innocent Longing!

Continued from Ame's translation [here](#), master post [here](#).

Right after making a confident face, thinking that he had a chance as well, his eyebrows furrowed.

I felt that I was already nearing my objective.

—Now was the time to show my hand.

“Wha .... What is it? What's up?”

“.... Well, it's not about her love life or anything, but I did hear a strange rumor about B-ko.”

“.... Eh? Ehh? Seriously!? What'd you hear?”

“—Yeah, it's quite an interesting story. It seems B-ko's imposter appeared.”

.... Truthfully, the story was complete nonsense. But that was what made it interesting.

“Wh-what do you mean by imposter?”

“No, it's pretty stupid. Don't pay any attention to—“

“Wait! A-ya! You've already started, so tell me!”

—See, he took the bait.

Calming myself, I put on my poker face.

The finishing touch was important.

“Hmm ..... then, *don't tell anyone?*”

Don't tell anyone. This was the last step needed to spread a rumor.

Every single person has someone who they think, “It's fine to tell them.”

If it's the social type like this guy, they'll soon tell everyone.

.... Those first words, “Don't tell anyone,” work in the same way.

With this, the rumor would spread as something that “could actually be true,” while the source of the rumor remained unknown.

“It seems that several people have witnessed it. And the most famous account is from B-ko's classmate ....”

“Uh-huh ..”

“As she was going home late at night after her club activities, she saw B-ko from inside the bus. She thought it strange, since B-ko's house was in the opposite direction, so it seems she sent a mail.”

“.... Uh-huh.”

“She sent, ‘Huh? B-ko, what are you doing?’ And the reply came soon afterwards, saying, ‘What ..? I'm studying at home right now?’”

“Could it ..... be that B-ko had lied ....?”

“But her neighborhood friend who was with her at the time, confirmed that she was at home.”

“.....”

“Well, this story has gone around a lot, so there's a rumor about B-ko's imposter wandering about.”

“..... What, so it was some kind of monster or something?”

His eyes shined, anticipating my next words.

It was precisely because of this, that this was one of my pleasures .....

“.... Who knows? I don't really understand these occult things, but since there are so many witnesses, so it can't be

a lie.”

“... Yeah, I guess so!”

“Well, it’s not something that’s so easy to believe.”

Giving off an uninterested pretense, in the depths of my heart, I couldn’t stop laughing.

I even looked at the usually dark gates with a smile.

I had a feeling that today was going to be good day—for me, at least.

—But for others, it’ll probably be an ill omen.

\*

After the morning lessons ended, the class was buzzing much more than I would have thought.

The rumor has spread much faster than I had expected.

All I could do was hold my breath, and not stand out.

Without being noticed by anyone, everyone would be interested in my story.

“Without knowing it’s all made-up.”

During class, the traffic of letters had been intense.

Usually, it was good enough with one note a day, but today, already six notes had come around.

Since I already knew the contents of the note without even opening it up, for a moment, it made me feel as if I were a psychic.

It’s a bit sudden to say it now, but my hobby is to make up these “false stories” about other students.

Sometimes, I do this by sneaking it into the school’s online forum by cell phone, sometimes by chainmail, or sometimes by forging girls’ letters .....

In this way, I create false stories, and literally observe as the masses expand it spreading it with their curiosity.

The stories I create impact the public in a completely different form. It’s so enjoyable when it proceeds just as I expect it to.

A great man once said that the world is a stage, but as for me, I am almost like a playwright.

Using a person’s tragedy, I direct it as a comedy to the audience.

This is what I love to do.

In the end, it is only an illusion that rumors can really change lies.

In this world, who can know the difference between the truth and a lie?

There are only “things that seem like the truth,” and “things that seem like lies.”

Rumors sway on the borderline between those two.

This is why people love rumors. As do I.

I listened to the usual chatter of the classroom while fiddling with my cell phone.

A group of popular girls was talking nearby.

“I saw her too.”

“Even though she’s like a model student, it seems she goes out night after night.”

“I wonder which one is the imposter?”

..... Kuku. As expected, everyone was buying the story about B-ko.

After checking my cell phone screen, and while hiding my satisfied smile, I collapsed on the desk and pretended to sleep. The soothing sound of the rain that fell from the cloudy sky blended in with the sound of gossip, and sounded to me almost like television noise.

Sitting in that position, I allowed my drowsiness to quickly take over my body——

—“That B-ko ... she must be angry.”

# Lonely Hide and Seek II - Innocent Longing (Pages 32-52)

 sailorena.tumblr.com/post/44611650880/lonely-hide-and-seek-ii-innocent-longing-pages

3 years ago

♥ 86 notes

Part 2 of the first chapter of the Shuen novel. Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

Note: We'll be trying to base it directly off our translation of the manga (for chapters that are already scanned), since many of the sentences in the novel version are exactly the same. Although, if there were some mistranslation or awkward grammar, I tried rewording it when translating the novel version to make it clearer.

After school, while my classmates were in the midst of going to club activities, I did not head for home, but instead walked towards a place that was completely clear of people.

From the first floor corridor, after passing through the rear garden, there was an old school building.

It was a two-story, deteriorating wooden building that was mostly unused now.

When I opened the door of what had originally been the music room, I saw that the usual, unchanging faces were already gathered inside.

".... Hey."

With an innocent air, I set down my bag on one of the desks.

The cheering from the sports club activities could be heard from far away.

"No, it's not just 'hey' .... I don't really care about your bad tastes, but would you stop using people as your topics?"

".... What're you talking about?"

".... Don't act like you don't know!"

Desperately trying to suppress the anger in her expression, and coming towards me with a glare was the top class beauty of the school, B-ko.

Normally, she was a cheerful honor student that was friendly with everyone, but inside this classroom, this was not so.

"Look, don't call smoke where there's no fire. I only meant it as a little prank."

"... Why you ..."

"If someone happened to see you right now, won't they think you're an imposter?"

"I'm serious, if you don't stop now ...."

"—But, I think it's wonderful that B-ko-chan has that dual nature."

These cheerful words were directed at B-ko, who was about to grab me by the collar.

Long hair and slender body. If you were to ask, she gave off the same "pessimistic" impression as I did.

—This girl's name was D-ne.

One of the members of our usual group.

"Dual nature ... You're saying it like I have a split personality."

"Well, to be honest, it's at a level where it really seems you might?"

Despite the bluntness of her words, D-ne affirmed this with a carefree smile.

B-ko sighed in resignation and returned to the seat she had been sitting in before.

"Pfft, as usual, B-ko has a soft spot for D-ne, huh?"

"Oh, shut *up*."

C-ta, who had been grinning while listening to us talk, interrupted suddenly.

Light-colored hair that was thin and soft-looking, and droopy, friendly-looking eyes.

He could probably be included in the "ikemen" category, and was very skilled at making fun of people.

"It's not like A-ya meant to tell a pointless lie, right?"

“That’s right, and it matches our activities so perfectly, too.”

“Club activities ... Can we really even call it that?”

At first glance, it may seem like we’re all over the place, and although these people and I aren’t compatible, we have just one thing in common.

All of us love extreme rumors.

Rumors ... To be more exact, most of the rumors were categorized as occult or urban legends.

“Split-face Woman,” or “Human-faced Dog” ....

As we talked about rumors like those, we eventually came to gather in this old school building.

It wasn’t a club or association or anything. We merely got together to talk.

We didn’t set specific dates to meet together, and it wasn’t even a regular thing.

From an outsider’s point of view, it might seem odd that we get together even if we’re not good friends or anything, but as for me, I was perfectly fine with it being nothing than that.

“... By the way, there’s something that I’ve been thinking about recently.”

I spoke up suddenly.

“It might just be my imagination, though, or it might actually be an unnatural phenomenon.”

“... Unnatural phenomenon?”

With a scraping sound, B-ko shifted her chair so that she was sitting facing me.

“That’s right ... Lately, when I wake up in the morning, I’m certain that I can feel someone’s gaze on me.”

“Are you sure ... it’s not just your family?”

“My parents leave early in the morning, so it can’t be them.”

“Then, is it like someone’s watching from outside?”

“That’s not it ... How should I put it—I feel like someone’s watching me from behind. But when I turn around, there’s no one there. This kind of thing has been happening frequently.”

“..... Huh ..”

—This was, in fact, a true story.

However, they won’t easily assume that I’m just joking. That’s one other thing that’s good about them.

Even B-ko, who had been the subject of a rumor I’d created with my lie earlier, was seriously thinking about it.

After all, these guys know how to enjoy rumors.

Or maybe it was merely because we all had too much free time on our hands ....

“Maybe it’s something like a ‘zashiki-warashi’ ....”

“If it’s ‘Meary-san,’ you’d be getting phone calls, right?”

“The Meary-san lately seems to even use text messaging.”

“Hmmm ...”

I took a breath, and then continued.

“There’s something else that’s also been on my mind.”

“What is it?”

“The other day, we did Kokkuri-san, didn’t we? The three of us: B-ko, C-ta, and I ...”

“Yeah ....”

—The following day, I started to feel someone’s gaze on me .... That’s why ... Perhaps this has something to do with the “Bookmark of Demise, is what I’ve been thinking.

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

A long silence passed.

Perhaps because each of us was thinking of many things at once, none of us said a word.

The reason for this was because the word “Bookmark of Demise” was the biggest topic for us, and also because of the meaning of the word itself.

“The Bookmark of Demise.”

This story could possibly be classified as a “school ghost story.”

Not found on any site or through any search engine, a true rumor told only in this school ....

According to the rumor, the “Book of Demise” and the “Bookmark of Demise” seem to be hidden somewhere within this school. In the book, each and every urban legend in this world is written down, and when the book is opened to the page the bookmark is placed on, that urban legend is said to become a reality.

We didn’t only hear rumors about it. There was an important reason why this rumor was different to us compared to others.

—It would seem that this book and bookmark do exist.

\*

About ten years ago, the year that this old building had become unused, an inexplicable murder case occurred at this school.

This is a fact that can even be found in newspapers from the time.

No matter which teacher you ask about it, they’ll only give a vague answer.

However, among the students of this school, it’s a famous story everyone has heard at least once.

The reason why most students knew about this incident, despite it being from so long ago, is because it’s been handed down like a ghost story.

—That incident ... It is because they had obtained the “Bookmark of Demise.”

In this way, the rumor about the Bookmark of Demise is often talked about along with the incident from ten years ago.

Come to think of it, it may be due to this happening that we became interested in rumors.

Anyway, solving the mystery of the “Bookmark of Demise” was our one objective.

While doing so, we discovered a single notebook in this old school building about a week ago. It seemed like an exchange diary belonging to the students that once used this old building.

As we were all reading the notebook, we realized something.

—This was the exchange diary of those who had died ten years ago.

Evidently, it seemed like they had been a group of students that liked gathering urban legends.

Recorded inside the notebook were rumors completely different from the ones in school now. I can’t ever remember being this excited in my life.

And within those, the method to obtaining the “Book of Demise” and “Bookmark of Demise” was written.

“In accordance to certain rules,” perform Kokkuri-san, and they would be obtainable. They had written that they had, in fact, been able to obtain them.

The entries after that day had been destroyed, and we were unable to read them, but it was written that the book and bookmark did indeed exist.

“... Anyway, the last attempt at ‘Kokkuri-san’ failed.”

“Failed ....?”

“We weren’t able to obtain the “Book of Demise” nor the “Bookmark of Demise,” right?”

“... It’s true that we didn’t do it as it said in the rules ... but ...”

Once more, the classroom was filled with silence.

Surely, everyone knew what I was about to say next.

“... Let’s do it one more time.”

Yes, I said it.

Everyone was looking at me.

Perhaps I was misunderstanding, but everyone was looking at me with expectant eyes.

\*

And so, we began Kokkuri-san.

The way to perform it didn’t differ much from the Kokkuri-san that is commonly performed.

On a piece of paper that’s about A3 size, draw a shine gate in the center, and on either side of the gate, “yes” and “no.” Below that, write the fifty hiragana characters, and the numbers one through ten.

For the coin, we used the ten-yen coin that I had on me.

Everyone placed their index finger on the coin. Because there were a lot of people, it was slightly difficult to keep all our fingers on it.

We closed the curtains, and with the only light in the pitch dark classroom coming from the television that we had turned on, we began.

“Kokkuri-san, Kokkuri-san, if you have come, please proceed to ‘yes.’”

The ten-yen coin slowly moved to where the word “yes” was written.

Up until here, it was the same time as last time.

Last time, we had been too scared to go any further than this, and ended it here.

“Now then, Kokkuri-san, please return to the gate.”

The ten-yen coin returned to where the gate was drawn.

“Next, everyone will ask each other questions in turn. To start off, someone try asking me something.”

“... Okay, was A-ya’s dinner last night made of meat?”

“... What’s up with that?”

“... It’s the only thing I could think of on the spot.”

“Ah, it’s started moving.”

“..... It says “yes” ....What did you eat?”

“It was hamburger steak ...”

“So, it was right then ... Kokkuri-san, Kokkuri-san, please return to the gate.”

“Then, next is B-ko .... Does B-ko have a crush on anyone?”

“Wait! What kind of question is that!?”

“Look, B-ko-chan, it’s not good if you don’t calm down.”

“... Ah, ahhh ..... geez ...”

“So it’s ‘yes?’ ..... Huh ...”



“A-ya! If you’re going to ask, why’re you reacting like that!?”

“When I thought it over, I wasn’t actually that curious, that’s all .... Ah, Kokkuri-san, Kokkuri-san, please return to the gate.”

“..... !! N-next is D-ne’s turn. Here I go!”

—Just like this, we proceeded with Kokkuri-san.

However, in the end, we had failed.

And what’s more .... in the worst possible way.

Because of this, we became involved in a game.

In the worst, Demise Game ....

\*

The following day, I was in an even worse mood than usual because of my lack of sleep. Was it because we did *that* yesterday? When I came home, I felt watched even more than usual. I went to my room straight away, and clutching my phone that said “no signal” due to the state of the radio waves, I crawled under my covers and hugged my knees in a fetal position. When I did this, I actually felt the gaze get even closer than before, so I got out of bed to check the surroundings, turn on the TV, turn it off again, get back in bed, and wound up repeating this cycle several times.

—By the time I’d noticed, it had become morning.

“He~y, A-ya!”

When I arrived at the shoe lockers, as usual, I heard that overly-optimistic voice.

He probably wanted to ask me about a bunch of things like usual, but I couldn’t put up with that sort of thing right now.

“... What is it? I’m not feeling that well today, so—“

“—Hm? What’s that?”

All of a sudden, a letter fell out of my shoe locker.

I immediately knew that it couldn’t be anything good.

He picked up the letter, and I was not able to get it back from him quick enough.

“Ooh! Could this be, a love letter!?”

“..... O-oi ...”

“Hey, who’s it from?”

“Cut it out ...”

“Aw, come on, just let me take a little peek, okay? Please?”

After thinking for a little while, I muttered these words.

“... I guess it can’t be helped ..... *Don’t tell anyone else, okay?*”

The moment he happily opened the letter, he contorted his face and said:

“ .....  
..... What is this?”

“—Ah!”

I couldn’t understand what he was feeling right now, or the reason for those words or that expression; he simply seemed to be in a daze.

Mumbling incoherently, he returned the letter to me, and staggered past me and down the hall, as if all his will to live had been lost.

“..... H-hey ....”

—And then, that incident occurred during the lunch break.

\*

As soon I came home from school, I locked myself up in my room.

The school was closed for an entire week, but any rate, I was in no condition to go to school even if it had stayed open.

Since I wouldn’t come out of my room, my parents were also quite worried, but because they understood that a classmate had died, it seemed they avoided bothering me too much.

Over a period of several days, I stayed in my room and constantly questioned myself, again and again.

Was I the one that had killed him?  
..... Who in the world could have done this ....!?

..... **Clatter.**

A dull sound echoed throughout the room.  
Still in a daze, I looked around the room for the source.  
In the middle of the room, was a book I has never seen before.

“The Book ....”  
The moment I realized, all color drained from my face.  
Fearing that someone would hear me if my voice came out, I quickly covered my mouth.  
It almost felt like an out-of-body experience.  
A bookmark with a black cat, in a pitch black book ....  
Yes. The Book of Demise and Bookmark of Demise was there.

“—It really exists.”

If I were to see my own face at the time, I wonder what kind of strange expression I was making. Before the joy could envelop my whole body, the memory of my dead classmate’s face and the atmosphere of the old school building took over. As if jolted into motion, I got into my bed and flipped open my cell phone.

“Stay calm .... Stay calm .... Stay calm ..... Stay .... calm .....”

To forget about my worry of someone noticing, and all while my emotions triggered the Gestaltzerfall phenomenon in my brain, I earnestly started typing in the body of the text to reassure myself.  
I kept doing this, kept on doing this .... I concentrated fully on typing.  
I saved it in the sent folder without sending my feelings to anyone. I often wrote them down like this on a regular basis, so the capacity of the folder has already become quite full.

—How much time had passed, I wonder?

Had I fallen asleep?  
I fell into a strange sense of not being quite sure myself.  
Keeping the silence, I could hear rain from outside.  
And although there was no sound, even from under my covers, I knew that lightning was flashing.  
It was nearing the end of the rainy season.  
Once the regrettable, continuing sound of the rain stopped, early summer would begin.  
Was it all just a dream?  
That was what I thought as I listened to the sound of the rain.  
Picking myself up from the heavy covers I had been lying under this whole time, I gently pushed them off of me.

“Fuu .....”

I sighed loud enough so that I would be able to hear myself.  
It might have been a sigh of relief.

“xxxxxx”

Once again, my body stiffened.  
Come to think of it, I’d seen something about this on the internet before.  
Even though there had been witness reports, when asking television stations about it, they didn’t know anything about this special broadcast.

This broadcast would give a list of all the victims that had already passed away, and those who are the next to go.

What I had thought to have been the sound of rain had actually been the noise from the TV.  
And what I had thought had been lightning had actually been the light coming from the TV display.

I had thought that it was only a rumor.  
Just another urban legend——

Up until now, I hadn't believed in any of them ....

“xxxxxx”

“Good evening. This is a special broadcast. We will be announcing the victims thus far.”

“The person who looked at his phone as he walked today.”

“The person who kept a rabbit in his Japanese-style room because his life was too lonely.”

“The person who felt accomplished after walking 10,000 steps.”

“The person who peeked into another person's letter.”

“Moving on, we will be listing tomorrow's victims.”

“The person who spoke to someone directly about something they've always been curious about.”

“The person who ignored the demands made.”

“The person who skipped school and played all alone.”

“—The person who is turning pale at this very moment.”

“Tomorrow's victims are these people. We pray for your happiness in the next world. .... Good night.”

The announcer's monotone voice echoed around the small room.

It felt like déjà vu.

The way the voice talked so indifferently sounded terribly inhumane.

A light breeze drifted through just then.

The pages of the Book of Demise rustled as they turned, and stopped on the page where the bookmark was.

——One-Man Hide and Seek Author: A-ya——


By the time I had noticed, it had almost been a week since I had received the letter.

—How interesting. I'll do it. If I plan it right, I won't die.

I pulled out the letter that had been buried deep in my bag, and prepared to bring what was written into action.

# translation blog

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 re-missedcall.tumblr.com/post/50928193195/lonely-hide-and-peek-iii-reone-man-hide-and

Part 3 of the Lonely Hide and Seek Chapter.

Even if you've already read the manga, it's recommended you read this part as well, since there's an extra scene here that wasn't shown in the manga.

Master Post [here](#).

—

The rules of "One-man Hide and Seek" were written in the letter.

Firstly, I have to prepare a stuffed toy with limbs. I decided to use a rabbit doll that someone gave me long ago but for some reason never threw away. A doll that, rather than...being attached to it, I only held on to it for this long because I was scared of throwing it away.

Next is the rice.

I descended down to the kitchen, where both a note and dinner were prepared.

The time was 3 AM. My parents seemed to be staying elsewhere for the night, so they weren't at home.

Once again, I felt a gaze from behind my back.

A soulful gaze that was even more intense than usual.

".....Again?"

In that manner, I prepared a cup of salt water, and headed to my parents' bedroom.

And, I took a sewing needle and red thread, scissors, and a cutter knife.

From here on, was the phase before the game's start.

Stab the stuffed toy's stomach, and take out the stuffing.

With a blank face, I set to work on a chain of tasks.

"Somehow, in movies and such, there are stories of housewives cutting up people into tons of scattered pieces, but even in those times, they do it with a straight face, huh..." I thought of those kinds of unrelated things.

Then, replacing the stuffing with rice and some of my own nail clippings, I clumsily stitched it up.

Having stitched up the doll's arms, legs, and even its mouth with the red thread, just from looking at it, it appeared to be an extremely grotesque thing.

"It's as if they were blood vessels..."

I softly muttered, and then, taking the salt water, went to place it deep inside my closet.

It seemed like I was supposed to put this in my hiding place.

"After that, the doll's name, huh....."

After I thought about it for a bit, I decided to use *that guy's* name.

I turned off all the lights in my home, and closed the curtains, leaving only the television on.

I didn't put down my phone, putting it into my pocket instead.

"A-ya is first to be it. A-ya is first to be it. A-ya is first to be it."

I told the doll with a blank expression, and heading to the bathtub, I submerged it in the water.

In the pitch black darkness, the water reflected only a little light, as if distorting the doll's expression like it was living. I felt a slight chill.

I could feel the gaze like usual, but I had already stopped paying attention to that.

Returning to the kitchen, I took out my cutter knife, closed my eyes, and counted to ten.

“Are you ready?”

Having said that, I set off for the bathroom, opened the tub, and took out the doll.  
——I stabbed its stomach.

“Next is x x x 's turn to be it. Next is x x x 's turn to be it. Next is x x x 's turn to be it.....”

After I said that, I returned once more to the kitchen, and after dropping off the wet cutter knife, returned to the closet where I had hidden the salt water.

Once I was inside, I sat down and thought of various things.

——Just what point is there to this?

——In the first place, who's the so-called traitor? That game shouldn't have started yet...So then, why? Where did I go wrong? This...this game, just...just why...!!!

After a while had passed, I eventually decided to go search for the doll, and poured some salt water into my mouth. But then, I heard something that I shouldn't have.

**Creak. Creak.**

In the corridor, the sound of footsteps echoed about.  
In the corridor that no one should be in.....why?!

I held my breath and hid myself.

The footsteps then seemed to come closer to where I was.

**Creak. Creak. Step. Step.**

I could hear the sound of something dripping.

After a while, I covered my ears, and waited for all signs of anything being there to disappear while earnestly shaking.

Since then, I wonder just how much time had passed.

I tentatively peeked out into my room from the crack in the sliding doors, and there I saw something that shouldn't have been there.

“——Why are...you...?!”

“——I found you.”

My memories from here were fragmented as if they were a flashback, and as if the noise channel had been cut off, played silently.

I poised myself to pick up the discarded scissors in the middle of my room, but I was kicked, and my chest stepped on.

“It's pointless.” “ x x x x x ”

Those cold words were said.

Why? Why is it...?

Could, could it be that you were the culprit.....?

Just like I had done to the doll earlier, he raised the cutter knife up high.

—**slash.**

Surprisingly, I wasn't even able to scream, and while even being able to think calmly, took out my cell phone as my consciousness began to fade. And, like always, opened up the text composition screen.

"Eh? What was that?"

"I can't hear you, you know?"

Aah, up until the very end, my voice wasn't able to reach, and while strangely feeling like I had come to understand, my consciousness.....came to an end.

『—...This is a news flash.

Today, in ○○ Prefecture, the body of a male student was discovered.

The male student was inside of his room, with a cutting tool stabbed into his body.

The victim was discovered with a cellphone gripped tightly within his hands.

In addition, the victim of the mysterious murder incident several days ago, in the same city, appears to be a classmate of today's victim.

Police suspect that there is a possibility that both murders were committed by the same culprit.

An investigation has begun—』

"Next is your turn."

# Imposter Advisory I - A Rumor Heard One Day (Pages 62-72)

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 sailorena.tumblr.com/post/44757657361/imposter-advisory-i-a-rumor-heard-one-day-pages

3 years ago

♥ 75 notes

Part 1 of the Imposter Advisory Chapter, A Rumor Heard One Day. Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

—I am perfect.

“B-ko-chan, you’re so cute!”

“Right? And great style, too, like an idol.”

“Smart, and a great personality .... I really envy you~”

“Eh— .... Oh come on, that’s not true.”

“It totally is!”

“Good reflexes, too! It’s a shame you’re not into any club~”

“Hmm .... Compared to people that *are* in clubs though, it’s nothing.”

“Oh, stop being so modest. Plus, you’re *really* popular with the guys.”

“Isn’t she—? But it’s B-ko, so of course she is~”

“If I was a guy, I’d confess to you too!”

“Ahaha”

“So, so, do you have a crush on anyone, or someone you want to go out with?”

“Hmm~ .... I don’t really know about that~”

“Eh—That’s so *boring*~”

“But, you know, honestly, there probably isn’t any guy that’s worthy of dating a girl like B-ko.”

“You said it.”

“Anyway, if you find a crush or anything, make sure you tell us! You have to!”

“Sure, I don’t mind.”

“It’s a promise~!”

“A promise!”

“Ah, oh no, class is about to start.”

—Yes, I am perfect.

A perfect 'imposter.'

All people live their lives wearing different "masks."

For example, when talking with classmates, when talking with teachers, when talking with family .....

Each and every one requires a different expression.

More than other people are, I am extremely skilled at creating perfect masks.

Come to think of when, when I was younger, being constantly transferred to different schools at my parents' convenience may have also been one of the reason for this.

How to not make enemies .... It wouldn't be too dark to call it that.

How many people could I get to like me? How could I lessen my number of enemies? ... I was a child that spent a lot of time thinking about that kind of thing.

Summing it all up, there is the perfect me of now.

.... But, this is not "me."



The one that everyone praises, envies, relies on, likes, and confesses to, is completely different person from the real me.

Cunning, and with emotions always out in the open.

That kind of person dwelled inside of me.

“No one sees the real me.”

Somewhere down the line, I became enveloped by a sense of isolation, as if trapped by the people that surrounded me.

I began to worry about the gap between the actual me, and the person everyone wanted me to be. After more than

ten years of this, I'd become so accustomed to this way of getting by in life that it became a part of me, and problem-free as it has always been, I began my high school life favorably.

—However, one day, something irregular happened.

A very small, very minor “rumor” spread throughout the whole class.

“It seems that B-ko used to be a gyaru when she was in middle school.”

Such silly gossip.

In reality, the students that had graduated from the same middle school as I had denied this immediately, but the speed in which this rumor had spread was abnormal.

I had never felt so much anger.

Don't think that you can so easily destroy the invincible mask that I created.

Don't you dare think you can destroy this “imposter,” that I've gone as far as sacrificing myself to create!

—I would find the culprit.

Acting like I had no interest in the rumor at all, I began to make my move to locate the source.

“That's a weird story. But who did you hear it from?”

Everyone I asked gave me a vague answer.

Somehow or other. From a rumor. Those were the only answers I received.

Finding the culprit was more difficult than I had imagined, and without getting any results, several days passed.

However, one day, I passed by a student in the back of the school where the dumpsters were.

At first, I thought about going back to classroom right away because the stench of the trash was getting to me, but I immediately noticed that that student was giving off a certain atmosphere, as if he were trying not to stand out.

—I instinctively thought that he was the culprit.

“... Hey, you, hold up for a minute.”

“Hm? What is it, B-ko-san?”

“..... Um .... This is .... our first time meeting, right?”

“Ahh, that's right, now that I think about it. Since you're so famous, it doesn't really feel like this is our first time talking at all. Fufu .... I'm A-ya, nice to meet you.”

There's no mistake. It was him.

I made no attempt to hide my suspicion.

“Why did you do it?”

“... Hm? What do you mean?”

“... I'm asking you, why did you spread that rumor? ....”

“.... Huh ....”

“—I won't let you play innocent!”

A short silence.

Most likely due to my tone turning harsh, or rather, because my true nature was shown on my face.

He looked slightly surprised for a moment, but soon grinned again.

“.... Sorry. I apologize. But, you're even more interesting than I thought you'd be.”

“Shut up. More importantly, tell me the reason why you did it.”

“.... Don't have one.”

The added stench of the trash only further increased by growing irritation at his attitude that seemed to be ridiculing the world, and everyone in it, and my mood turned even harsher.

“It was just a bit of a survey.”

“.... Survey?”

“Right. Of how a rumor would spread. The way your rumor spread was extraordinary.”

“.... What?”

“When it comes to rumors, the content matters too, but what's important is how you spread them.”

“?”

“Who you tell it to, the order you tell it, what kind of rumor you're trying to spread—if you don't consider all of this, the rumor won't be convincing.”

“.... Convincing? No matter how far a rumor goes, isn't it just a rumor?”

“In this world, there are only things that seem like the truth, and things that seem like lies.”

“.... What do you mean?”

“Well, long story short, this is something like the only hobby I have in my boring life.”

“Could you not use people for that tasteless hobby of yours?”

“Hmm .... I don't know about that. Anyway, I'm more interested in how you knew that it was me.”

After thinking for a moment, I continued speaking.

“..... Because you weren't just studying people's reactions for no reason.”

“.... Haha! How interesting!”

Covering his face with one hand, as if he wasn't able to bear it, he said this while laughing.

I felt like I had played the wrong hand by thinking it would be fine to show him my true personality.

“I wonder if it's because we're two of the same bunch .... Although we're on completely opposite vectors.”

“..... What does that even *mean*?”

“We both live with awareness of peoples’ rumors. I try not to stand out, while you get along well with people .... Well, although that’s similar to how my childhood friend is, the level you’re at is something to be feared.”

“..... Could you not talk about people like they’re some kind of disease?”

“You’ve been checking the surroundings since earlier. If someone else comes by, surely you’ll go right back to being the usual B-ko-san?”

“.....”

“Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone. Well then, see ya.”

“.... Wait!”

—And this was how I met A-ya.

After this, he showed no sign of remorse for his actions, and instead continued to make up false stories about me.

Other than those, I also heard many rumors that seemed to be created by his hand.

All of them in the form of letters, so beautifully written that it was despicable, with the source of the rumor being unknown. And although all of them had occult-like elements in them, they were spread among the students as something credible.

As I continued to chase him down to question him, for some reason, I eventually came to participate in meetings in the old school building.

And from this, I realized something.

It would seem that I liked things that had to do with the “occult.”

Although I had never shown passion towards anything in my life, when I heard things about the occult, I would feel a tingling feeling of excitement in the depths of my heart.

When I had heard about how in the past, there was an incident at this school when students died an unnatural death, I got goosebumps from being both afraid and indiscreetly interested.

Well, in any case, this was how I was currently living my everyday life as a perfect “imposter,” and after school, as a member of a group that met to share “rumors.”

# Imposter Advisory II - Somewhere With A Feeling of Unease (Pages 73-89)

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 sailorena.tumblr.com/post/44760670309/imposter-advisory-ii-somewhere-with-a-feeling-of

3 years ago

♥ 71 notes

Part 2 of the Imposter Advisory chapter. [Part 1](#) here, and masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

—It happened one day at lunch.

Whenever I felt that I needed a breather sometimes, I would go up to the roof and simply gaze at the sky.

Unfortunately, today the weather was overcast. There was an unpleasant odor in the air on cloudy days, so I didn't like them.

However, due to this, few people came up to the roof, so that was the one good thing about it.

Taking a brief rest on the peaceful, empty roof ..... had been my intention. However, recently, even that had been taken from me.

“B-ko-chan~”

“..... As I thought, you're here again .....”

“Eh~ It's just a coincidence~”

This smiling girl's name was D-ne.

Unlike me, she was a short and delicate girl, with characteristic long, pretty black hair.

For some reason, whenever I decided to go up to the room, she would be there.

I felt scared because it was like she was reading my mind, but since it seemed that she cared about me, I couldn't bring myself to say anything to her.

By the way, she's also one of the members of our after school group at the old school building, so she knew about my other side.

“But, y'know, I never get to talk to B-ko-chan like this, so I'm happy that we can when we're here.”

“Why don't you just talk to me?”

“.... That's because, there's always so many people around B-ko-chan .....”

“Hm~ ..... Well, you've got a point~ .....”

Although I wouldn't call them my followers or anything, it was true that there was always someone with me.

Including the fact that D-ne was from a different class, she probably didn't have many chances to talk to me.

However, I did notice that she seemed to admire me a lot.

“You shouldn’t worry about it so much, you know?”

“I know. But I like B-ko-chan, so I’m just happy that we’re able to talk.”

Saying this, she grinned again.

Her long hair swayed, and gave off the scent of shampoo.

I laughed awkwardly, and once more turned to stare up at the sky that seemed to signal rain.

“I heard that B-ko’s imposter appeared.”

From somewhere on the roof, we heard someone say this.

The spot that we were in was slightly secluded, and in the shadow of a smaller building, making it a blind spot for the people that were talking.

“What do you mean by imposter?”

“Like, while B-ko’s in her house, it’s going around places at night?”

“Eh? What? Like some kind of monster?”

“I dunno. But you know, B-ko’s a nice girl, so it feels like it’ll build up?”

“Build up? What will!?”

“Ahaha, that’s not it! I mean like, that “I want to go out~” feeling builds up.”

“I don’t get what you’re saying at all~”

“But like, I heard there’s people that really saw it~ ....”

—I had an intuitive feeling that this was A-ya’s rumor.

Know that it was about me was proof enough, but if it was combined with some kind of occult-like thing, then there was no mistaking it.

“How dare he .....

“Ufufu ..... B-ko’s cute when she’s angry, too.”

“.... I’m going straight to the old building after school.”

“Understood.”

As the time signaled the end of the lunch break, the sky darkened once more, and the falling rain enveloped the school in noise.

\*

—After school, I went with D-ne to the old school building right away.

Once we got to the second floor and opened the door of what had originally been the music room, we found that someone was already there.

“Oh? You seem awfully angry today.”

The one that was smiling like an idiot as usual.

This was A-ya’s childhood friend, C-ta.

“.... Can’t you do something about that childhood friend of yours?”

Putting down our bags, D-ne and I sat down in our usual seats.

“Ahh, that rumor, you mean? Isn’t it a masterpiece? As usual, it’s the best.”

“.... Why you ....”

Just as I started to draw closer to C-ta, we heard the sound of the door sliding open again.

“.... Hey.”

—It was A-ya.

“No, it’s not just ‘hey’ .... I don’t really care about your bad tastes, but would you stop using people as your topics?”

“.... What’re you talking about?”

“.... Don’t act like you don’t know!”

Desperately trying to suppress my anger, I glared at A-ya.

“Look, don’t call smoke where there’s no fire. I only meant it as a little prank.”

“.... Why you ...”

“If someone happened to see you right now, won’t they think you’re an impostor?”

“I’m serious, if you don’t stop now ....”

—But, I think it’s wonderful that B-ko-chan has that dual nature.”

As I was about to grab A-ya by the collar, D-ne’s cheerful words came directed at me.

“Dual nature ... You’re saying it like I have a split personality.”

“Well, to be honest, it’s at a level where it really seems you might?”

Despite the bluntness of her words, D-ne affirmed this with a carefree smile.

Completely out of steam by now, I merely returned to the seat I had been sitting in before.

“Pfft, as usual, B-ko has a soft spot for D-ne, huh?”

“Oh, shut *up*.”

..... In any case, we had gathered in the old building again today without any objective or motivation. However, recently we had discovered something, and our activities had suddenly become livelier.

—That discovery was “a diary from ten years ago.”

An exchange diary belonging to the students from ten years ago that had gathered “occult stories” in this old school building, just like us. Many of those stories were ones we had never heard before, and made us really excited.

And within those were mentions of the “Book of Demise” and “Bookmark of Demise,” urban legends that have been told in this school.

They had obtained these two items, and ..... —died.

“... That’s why ... Perhaps this has something to do with the “Bookmark of Demise”, is what I’ve been thinking.”

A-ya, who was telling us about an unnatural phenomenon that had been occurring around him recently, suddenly said this.

“... Anyway, the last attempt at ‘Kokkuri-san’ failed.”

“Failed ....?”

“We weren’t able to obtain either the “Book of Demise” nor the “Bookmark of Demise,” right?”

“... It’s true that we didn’t do it as it said in the rules ... but ...”

I .... No, everyone in this room could predict, and expect what his next words would be.

“.... Let’s do it one more time.”

\*

In this way, we began “Kokkuri-san” for the sake of obtaining the “Bookmark of Demise,” just as it was written in the diary. I don’t think that the method differs too much from the usual Kokkuri-san. However, this time we made sure to take careful steps and perform it exactly as written in the diary.

“Next, everyone will ask each other questions in turn. To start off, someone try asking me something.”

“... Okay, was A-ya’s dinner last night made of meat?”

“.... What’s up with that?”

A-ya made an almost amazed face at my question.

“... It’s the only thing I could think of on the spot.”

“Ah, it’s started moving.”

“..... It says “yes” ....What did you eat?”

“It was hamburger steak ...”

“So, it was right then ... Kokkuri-san, Kokkuri-san, please return to the gate.”

Right now, I was being hit by a strange sensation in the back of my mouth.

And yet, the beat of my heart was conveying an excitement I had never felt before.

With my eyes open, I unblinkingly followed the movement of the ten-yen coin.

“Then, next is B-ko .... Does B-ko have a crush on anyone?”

All of a sudden, A-ya asked a completely nonsensical question.

“Wait! What kind of question is that!?”

“Look, B-ko-chan, it’s not good if you don’t calm down.”

“.... Ah, ahhh ..... geez ...”

With no regard to my will, the ten-yen coin moved smoothly.

“So it’s ‘yes?’ ..... Huh ...”

“A-ya! If you’re going to ask, why’re you reacting like that!?”

“When I thought it over, I wasn’t actually that curious, that’s all .... Ah, Kokkuri-san, Kokkuri-san, please return to the gate.”

This guy was probably thinking about using this information for another rumor of his.

How totally rude ....

“..... !! N-next is D-ne’s turn. Here I go!”

“Go ahead.”

“Does D-ne have a crush on anyone!?”

When D-ne and I made eye contact at the same time, she asked this.

“Are you fine with it being such a boring question?”

Once again, the ten-yen coin moved straight to “yes.”

“Huh, so D-ne has someone that she likes, too?”

“Eh? That’s because I love B-ko.”

She said this, smiled brightly, and looked at me.

.... It’s no use. I couldn’t keep calm if D-ne was going to say something like that.

\*

—Looking back on it now, we might have made a grave mistake.

I was so shocked at the time, and can only recall in bits and pieces now.

There had been a sudden intense noise.

The announcement that could be heard from the TV.

I felt a great chill pass through my spine, as if it had been replaced with a stick of ice.

My mouth tasted like I'd swallowed something that was too sweet, too spicy, and too salty, all at once.

Perhaps because my ears had been disoriented from the sudden deafening noise, it sounded too quiet because it was too loud, or was it too loud because it was too quiet—I wasn't able to tell the difference. Despite that, for some reason, I could clearly distinguish the robotic sound of the announcer's voice.

“—Due to a single traitor, a “fox”, the game has begun.”

Yes, we would become involved in the worst game .....

However, at that time, we had to yet to understand even 1% of what true fear was like.

“..... Wh-what was that ..... j-just now ....?”

“..... I don't know.”

“..... “Fox”? Traitor .....”

“..... I-it's just some kind of bad joke, right .....”

“.....”

Everyone was silent, and looking at each other.

In the dim classroom, all of us had pale faces.

A long period of time passed ....., In truth, it was probably not even longer than a minute, but .... The silence dragged on. Someone spoke up, saying, “.... Anyway, let's just go home for today ...” and on their suggestion, we left the school.

The next thing I knew, I was at home.

Frankly, I couldn't even remember how I'd gotten home.

That had all been a dream. A prank. A lie. A fake. A superstition.

I muttered these things like a chant.

When I wake up tomorrow, my usual, problem-free, everyday life would begin again.

Praying for this, I lay shivering in my bed, waiting for morning to come .....

However, speaking from the results, my prayer would not be fulfilled.

—The next day, my classmate had been cut into an upper body and lower body, and died.

—When the bodies had been found during the lunch break, a strange atmosphere soon fell over the school.

While the police were investigating on scene, the students were all made to wait in the classrooms. However, my classmates didn't seem to grasp the reality of the situation, treating it like something shown on TV from somewhere else, and gave off a festive mood, just like the others and I would have if not for what happened yesterday.

In the middle of this festivity, I sat alone at my desk, staring at the wood grain and thinking it over.

There's no mistake. There's absolutely no mistaking it. It had to be.

This was the work of the “Bookmark of Demise.”

If someone other than us had died, it meant that someone had surely gotten their hands on a letter, and looked inside.

But that would mean that we were sure to be killed, as well.

In the same way? Or in an even more brutal way?

No, no, no, I'm scared I'm scared I'm so scared .....

Eventually, other than the select group of students that were taken in for questioning, everyone else was ordered to

go home. However, just like I had yesterday, I headed straight for the old building.

In the usual classroom, all the members from yesterday were already there.

“——Hey, who told him? ——Who’s the traitor!?”

I surprised even myself with how loud my voice was.

But I soon understood that shouting wouldn’t amount to anything.

.... In the end, we confirmed that we could do nothing about the situation, and decided to all go home early that day. Unable to relax at all, D-ne and I went to a small city library a short distance away from the school .....

\*

“..... B-ko-chan .....”

D-ne was looking at me in concern. Because it was a smaller library, with the added fact that it was past noon on a weekday, there was no one else here besides us.

There was one staff person at the counter, but because we were sitting at a table in the very back of the bookshelves, the two of us were completely alone.

“..... Are you okay?”

Putting her hand on the back of mine, D-ne asked me again.

I pulled my hand away slowly, and muttered a quiet, “Thanks, but I’m fine.”

“.....”

Even so, D-ne still looked worried, and continued to look at me.

“..... I’m sorry that I lost it.”

“..... It’s okay.”

“Somehow ... seems like it’s not a dream, huh ....? It’d be nice if it were, but somehow, I still can’t believe it .....”

“..... Yeah.”

“I-I’ve been a little curious about .... Well, it’s more like ... Look, we didn’t obtain the “Book” or the “Bookmark,” so ....”

“Yeah.”

“.... So ... that’s why I think .... It won’t be like ten years ago, so ....”

“.....”

“.....”

“.... B-ko-cha——“

“Ahaha, sorry! I know that I’m a liar .... And it’s useless no matter what a fat liar like me says, but .... I didn’t betray anyone, I’m not a traitor, I——“

“B-ko-chan!”

“..... kh!”

I had been looking down the entire time, but when I lifted my face, I saw D-ne right in front of me.

Her face was very kind, and her expression looked so warm and gentle.

And then, she took hold of my hand again. This time, her grip was firmer than before.

“—I’ll protect you, B-ko. So .... Please don’t worry.”

—Protect. It was a word I didn’t understand very well, so to me, it sounded nothing more than a baseless, meaningless promise.

If I thought about it, D-ne probably felt the same way, but because I seemed so upset, she said this just to cheer me up.

I found myself calming down a little bit. Just a little bit.

“.... Thank you.”

“Mm-hm. Because .. I love B-ko-chan.”

She said this, and faced me with her usual smile.

“... I see. Thank you. I really like you too.”

All of a sudden, D-ne rose up from her chair with a clatter, and brought her face close to mine. And then—


“.... What I said before .... It’s not a lie.”

—Her lips pressed against mine.

I caught the scent of the shampoo that D-ne always used. Ahh, this had to be fragrant olive ... was what ... I thought  
....



# Imposter Advisory III - Today, Imposters Will Appear (^q^) (Pages 90-109)

 sailorena.tumblr.com/post/44978084797/imposter-advisory-iii-today-imposters-will

3 years ago

♥ 70 notes

Part 3 of the Imposter Advisory chapter. M asterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

(Just imagine *that one part* is in very large, bold font, and filling up two pages in a book, since there's only so much I can do with Tumblr html.)

I had come back to my own room.

I collapsed on my bed as always, and stared up at the ceiling in a daze, remembering everything that happened today. There had just been so much, I felt like I'd had been surprises for a lifetime.

But right now, I felt strangely calm.

No, it was probably just because there were too many things I couldn't find of a reason for, and my mind had given up on thinking altogether.

“.....”

I lightly touched my lips.

I, who was such a shallow person, obsessed with building good relations and not having any enemies, had obviously never had a romantic relationship with anyone in particular.

And yet, although I wouldn't brag about it .... I had just had my first kiss.

It had been stolen by a female friend.

I wasn't upset by it, but then, was I happy about it? Even if you were to ask me that, I wouldn't really know how to answer.

In any case, after kissing me, D-ne had said, “I'll be going home now,” and left the library without me.

After sitting there in a daze for several minutes, I realized it would be scary to go home once it got dark, and soon walked home.

“Aaah, geez! I just don't get it~!”

As my face reddened, and my feelings of fear came back along with other restless emotions, thinking gradually became a pain.

Anyway, I'd change out of my school clothes and take a bath to freshen up!

With that in mind, I began to undress. When I took off my blazer, I noticed D-ne's remaining scent, and sprayed it with freshener several times to get rid of it. No matter who it was, I was the kind of person that didn't like scents.

I walked over to my closet, and when I saw my reflection in the mirror, I realized for the first time that my favorite ribbon was missing.

..... Huh? Had I dropped it somewhere .....?

I had several ribbons just like that one, so it wasn't that it bothered me that much, but I tried looking for it in my bag, anyway. Right at that moment, my cell phone vibrated.

“B-ko~ It was crazy today, huh~”

It was a mobile chat from a girl I got along with in class.

I sat down on my bed and began typing back on my phone.

“Yeah, it was~”

“You looked like you were really shocked, B-ko, so I was just wondering if you were okay~”

“Well, I was really startled at the time, but I’m fine now.”

“I see~ That’s good, then.”

“Sorry for worrying you”

“No, it’s okay~ You went off somewhere instead of going home, so I was a little worried”

“There was just something I was curious about~”

“Ah, okay. Well, I don’t think it’s a good idea to be alone so much right now. It’s scary, anyway”

“Yeah”

“Plus, B-ko stands out”

“Eh~ Come on, That’s not true”

“It so is~”

Before I could finish writing my reply to this silly banter, my classmate replied with something else, and I couldn’t believe my eyes when I saw her words.

“—Like a while ago, what were you doing in front of the train station?”

“?”

“You were in front of the station ten minutes ago, weren’t you?”

The station was in the opposite direction of my house, and ten minutes ago, I had definitely been in my room already.

“Didn’t you mistake me for someone else?”

“Eh~ I thought it was B-ko, but was I wrong? She was wearing a ribbon, too”

“Yeah, I’ve been at home”

“I guess I did mistake you for someone else. But after something like that, I was worried”

“It’s okay. I think it was just another girl from our school”

“Okay~ Well, talk to you later, then”

“Okay—“

..... What did this mean?

Could it, for instance, be a rumor that A-ya had spread?

But was it really something that she’d go out of her way to confirm, especially today, under these circumstances? Judging from her personality, I didn’t think she was the type to mess with people.

Had she heard A-ya’s rumor before, and just come to make sure after seeing a student that looked like me ....?

However, the words: “she was wearing a ribbon,” held my interest .....

Where in the world had the ribbon I’d been wearing today gone?

I picked up my bag again and searched its contents thoroughly.

If I could at least find the ribbon, I thought that I would be reassured a little.

If I didn’t, it would only leave me confused.

“.....?”

Inside of a pocket on the interior of my bag. Personally, I didn’t use that pocket much, so I was barely aware of it on a regular basis, but at the very least, there shouldn’t have been anything inside of it .....

—There, was a single letter.

I knew from my instincts.

This was “that letter.”

The “letter” that must not be delivered, which signaled of the Demise Game,

As the signal of the true start of the game, it was also a declaration of the end.

..... Written inside here was something that I had to do.  
If I wasn't able to carry out the demand, I would die.

"Split into an upper half and bottom half, it looks like he died in excruciating pain ...."

The rumor I heard after the lunch break echoed in my head.

The lost lower body, and the wandering upper body that was searching for it—it was a gruesome murder, like from an urban legend ..... No. I'm scared. I'm scared. *I'm so scared*. Just *stop*. If this is a nightmare, just let me wake up already .....!!

—**Thud.**

I was surprised by a sudden dull sound, and turned my head in that direction.

"—Eek .....!"

—On top of my studying desk was a "book" I had never seen before, and inside of it, a "bookmark".

"Nooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!"

A scream that was like a whining child.

..... And then, despair.

I backed into a corner of my room, grasping my hair and face, and simply remained crouched in that position.

Several hours passed, and my parents came home.

My parents, who had seen the news and heard about what happened from their friends, were worried about me, and tried talking to me kindly.

However, I simply told them, "Just leave me alone for now," and locked myself in my room.

\*

School was closed for a week.

I avoided contact with my parents, and just sat hugging my knees in my room, and doing nothing else for the first and second day.

On the third day, I decided to get rid of the letter, book, and bookmark. I snuck out of my house at night and went to a nearby park, throwing all of them away in a secluded place. The scent of the flowers in the park was strong, and made me feel sick. I thought something might happen as soon as I got home, but nothing did, and morning came.

By the fourth day, my classmates seemed to already be going out and enjoying the week off from school, as if the incident had nothing to do with them. They invited me to go out as well, but I simply refused with, "Sorry."

And then, the fifth day came.

Several invitation mails came from my classmates again today.

Among those, there were probably some friends that were genuinely worried, but I could only think of each and every one of them as heartless people.

It might be strange for me to say it, when I was someone so shallow and only interested in getting along with people, but someone had died. So how could they treat this situation so lightly? If I became like them, would I be able to take it easy, too?

"Something really crazy happened, huh? Are you okay?"

Would I send a mail like that, too?

I didn't even have to ask myself. Of course I would send mails like that, and since I had all this free time, I would go out and have fun. Should I move on? What was I even saying? In other words, I was that kind of a person.

Heartless.

Just as I was thinking about this, I received another mail from a classmate.

Wondering how many mails I'd received by now, I reached out to pick up my phone again, but stopped short.

“So you really did come~”

..... Once again, I could not believe my eyes.  
An unpleasant sweat ran down the nape of my neck.

“What are you talking about?”

“Eh? You were at the mall earlier, weren’t you?”

“I wasn’t. Why’re you lying like that?”

“It’s not a lie! I’m sure that it was you, B-ko! Cut it out .....

.....

“B-ko? Hey, what’s wrong? You’re acting kind of weird”

.....

“—B-ko?”

I stopped replying to that girl’s messages.

The sixth day came.

Today, it had been raining since morning. After several days of this irregular routine in my dark room, I had lost sense of time.

What time was it right now?

Perhaps one day had already passed, and as if counting down, another morning had come.

In the end, I’d received many mails today as well, about how I’d been seen outside.

My imposter was walking around town .....

Was this also because of the “Bookmark of Demise”?

Just what was this .....

——*Pipipipipipipi!*

“..... ah!”

A sudden electronic sound rang out. It was the sound of an incoming call on my cell phone.

The call was, surprisingly ..... from C-ta.

Although we had exchanged phone numbers, I had never received a call from C-ta before now, so I couldn’t help but be a little cautious.

“..... H-hello?”

“..... A-ya’s been killed.”

——*Click. Beep ..... Beep .....*

That was it.

In such a small voice that I couldn’t even be sure really belonged to C-ta or not, that was all he said.

“..... Eh?”

I answered with this, despite the fact that the other side of the line was already cut off.

..... What did he mean?

A-ya was ..... killed .....

He wasn’t dead, but killed .....

I stared off vacantly into space without blinking.

The room became enveloped in silence.

And then, as if it to interrupt the silence once more, there was the sudden sound of noise.

Even though I hadn’t touched the TV or the remote, white noise started coming from it.





—The TV that had fallen to the floor illuminated the wall of the room with strange patterns. Mixed with loud white noise, the announcer's voice could be heard from the TV.

"This is the Weather Report. Today, there will be a nationwide Imposter Advisory. Please be careful. Furthermore, we will be announcing the victims thus far. The victims are the person who performed One-Man Hide and Seek, and the person who ignored the demands made. Tomorrow's victims are ....."

# Imposter Advisory IV - Well Then, See You Later (Pages 110-112)

 sailorena.tumblr.com/post/44979593682/imposter-advisory-iv-well-then-see-you-later

3 years ago

♥ 65 notes

Part 4, final part of the Imposter Advisory chapter. Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

—I am perfect.

“B-ko-chan, you’re so cute!”

“Right? And great style, too, like an idol.”

“Smart, and a great personality .... I really envy you~”

“Eh— .... Oh come on, that’s not true.”

“It totally is!”

“Good reflexes, too! It’s a shame you’re not into any club~”

“Hmm .... Compared to people that *are* in clubs though, it’s nothing.”

“Oh, stop being so modest. Plus, you’re *really* popular with the guys.”

“Isn’t she—? But it’s B-ko, so of course she is~”

“If I was a guy, I’d confess to you too!”

“Ahaha”

“So, so, do you have a crush on anyone, or someone you want to go out with?”

“Hmm~ .... I don’t really know about that~”

“Eh—That’s so *boring*~”

“But, you know, honestly, there probably isn’t any guy that’s worthy of dating a girl like B-ko.”

“You said it.”

“Anyway, if you find a crush or anything, make sure you tell us! You have to!”

“Sure, I don’t mind.”

“It’s a promise~!”

“A promise!”

“Ah, oh no, class is about to start.”

—Yes, I am perfect.

A perfect ..... ‘imposter.’

One of my classmates jogged up close to me.

“..... Ah, hey, B-ko.”

“What is it? Was there still something you needed?”

“..... Weeell, it’s not really that important, but .....”

“..... Hm?”

“Ah, yeah ..... Um ....”

“?”

“..... B-ko, did you change your shampoo?”



Part 1 of the Re:Missed Call chapter.

Part one

[Part two](#)

[Part three](#)

[Part four](#)

Masterpost [here](#).

—

“You’re really helpless, A-ya.”

—A memory from my childhood.

I was always with A-ya, who lived nearby.

Even if I said we were always together, our families were friends, so we had no choice but to play together. Somehow, I was always bad with A-ya, who I could never understand what he was thinking about.

I think that, ever since he was little, he’d never been good at communicating with people.

No, maybe he just seemed that way from my point of view.

“I should say it more like this.”

“I should smile when I say this.”

Since I was a child, I was good at gaining favor with adults and not making enemies, so there was nothing else but to gradually become curious about A-ya’s behaviour.

And at first, I really only began to follow up on A-ya’s behaviour on a bit of a whim.

“A-ya’s bad at showing it, but he’s really happy!”

“A-ya’s just embarrassed, that’s all.”

At the time, I felt that A-ya had no enemies around him, and I as a child had taken the liberty to feel like a hero.

“You’re really helpless, A-ya.”

Without me, A-ya was no good.

The one who saved A-ya, my childhood friend, from the shadows was me.

I felt a strange sense of fulfillment.

Feeling as if I was needed by someone, up until this point, I had never thought that it was a good feeling.

A-ya never directly showed any signs of appreciation, but I at that time had accepted it as one of his bad points, hence always believed that I was needed by him, never doubting it.

The helpless A-ya, and I, the hero.

Unawares, while holding A-ya in contempt like it was my favorite phrase, I would stand by him with a satisfied grin.

To think that, as a result of my own will, going through life was something this simple.

I had it all so easy. Without thinking, my smiles showed through.

—But, I, who was not a perfect, flawless hero, made a mistake somewhere.

In the sixth year of elementary school, several classmates had come over to my house.

Of course, A-ya was also attending the sleepover.

While helping A-ya participate in the conversations like usual, and enjoying games, among other things, I had thought that the sleepover had gone smoothly without any problems.

But, a single student with a bully-like position in the class discovered a single stuffed toy in my room.

A rabbit doll that was like something a girl would own.

That time-worn thing was something my parents had bought for me when I was very young.

The truth was, it was placed beside my bed even now.

Also, to be honest, I still sometimes spoke with it even after all these years, but I no longer went to sleep with it.

Instantly, I thought, "Crap!"

From my point of view, that classmate was still pretty bratty, and I felt a bad premonition coming on.

And my bad premonition was impressively spot on, as he began to pretentiously make a fuss about it.

"Uwah! C-ta! Why do you have such a girly thing? You don't have any sisters, so this is definitely yours, right?!"

I broke into a cold sweat, and tried to somehow search for something to lie to him with.

Even from just this, the next day at school there would definitely be unwanted rumors about me. That alone, that alone must be avoided.

A blunder! A blunder!! A blunder of a lifetime!!

".....That doll, is mine, so....."

My ears doubted those sudden words that someone said.

Turning in the direction that the voice had come from, A-ya, with his usual expressionless face, was standing there.

"The doll.....is mine...so.....give it back."

"Why's your doll at C-ta's house?"

"My house is nearby, so.....the last time I came over, I forgot it....."

".....Hmmmph."

Having lost interest, the classmate handed the doll to A-ya.

I heaved a sigh of relief, and at the same time was assaulted by a complex feeling.

——Just what was A-ya thinking?!

It could be that, even normally, A-ya had been looking for an opportunity to take revenge on me.

This was bad. Really bad!

Until now, I had been saving A-ya, and had found my own worth in doing that.

The fact that our roles had reversed was extremely bad!

On that day, because I was so worried about what A-ya would say the next day, I couldn't sleep.

And on the next day, after our classmates had left, A-ya and I were left by ourselves in my room.

"....."

I was completely unable to say anything.

When I thought about it, I had never thought of what A-ya was always thinking about.

Just what are you thinking?

What were you thinking, covering for me?!

".....Um....."

".....!"

The one who spoke up first was A-ya.

And what came next was something I'd never expected.

".....Thanks for everything."

“.....!!”

At those sudden words, I think that I probably made a strange face.

The upper half of my face was surprised, while the lower half was twisted with joy, and my expression soon changed to one entirely of delight.

A-ya really appreciated me after all!

The things I did! Every day!

Because he never really showed his emotions, there were times where I'd thought he hadn't noticed.

Rather! There were also times when I had become scared that he had thought I was annoying!

——But I was wrong!

A-ya appreciated me! He needed me! As proof of his appreciation, he covered for me!

.....No, that's not it.

Yesterday's actions, weren't for my sake!

Rather, it was for his own sake.

If my position in the class was in danger, who would help him then?

That's right!

A-ya needed me to be there for him!

From now on, too, I had to keep helping A-ya!

“.....You're helpless, A-ya.”

I couldn't take this smile off of my face. I couldn't keep calm, either.

“.....Yeah. I'm sorry about always.”

“It's fine! Don't worry about it!”

“Yeah. Ah, that's right.....here.”

As he said that, A-ya held stuffed doll from yesterday out towards me.

“.....I'll give it to you.”

“.....Eh?”

“That doll...I'll give it to you.....A-ya.”

“.....”

“Just take it! Okay?”

“.....Okay.”

Having said that, A-ya hugged the doll expressionlessly.

I thought that somehow, that appearance strangely suited him.

And from that day on, as to make sure A-ya would not make any enemies, and so that he'd never have any trouble with human relations, I helped him from behind the scenes.

Part 2 of the Re:Missed Call chapter.

[Part one](#)

[Part two](#)

[Part three](#)

[Part four](#)

Masterpost [here](#).

—

Time passed, and the two of us entered high school.

During middle school, A-ya had become obsessed with urban legends, ghost stories, and other things that could be classified as the occult, and on top of that, he turned pessimistic.

As for me, I continued to take advantage of my sociability, and all the while without becoming too conspicuous, avoided making any enemies, and continued to maintain an intermediate position in the class.

If you ask me, to do everything too perfectly is, conversely, what will make people become your enemy.

I could have become the number one most popular person if I'd wanted to, but I hadn't done that.

Though, if I were to be in an inferior position by a certain amount, I'd immediately be looked down upon by those in the higher ranks in the class,

"Going through life" was really nothing other than having a sense of balance.

I, who paid more attention to that than anything else, and while paying careful attention to A-ya's behaviour, was subtly led on to a certain degree of balance.

Although A-ya had no friends that he was close with besides me, because I was there for him, he was never isolated.

Once or twice a week, we'd go together to an old school building, and while listening to A-ya talk about urban legends and the like, I'd subtly be looking into his behaviour.

While those days continued on, I came to gently watch over A-ya.

—But, one day, that changed.

A-ya had brought the most popular girl who was said to be the number one cutest girl in the school, B-ko, to our classroom in the old school building.

".....Nice to meet you."

".....Hey, B-ko-chan, nice to meet you."

"Haa.....as I thought, you also know my name too, huh..."

"Hahah, who doesn't? Ah, my name's C-ta. A-ya's childhood friend."

".....Hmm? Is that so....."

Just what had happened?!

Standing next to such a conspicuous girl, there's no doubt that strange rumors would begin popping up.

Even though I'd learned how to prevent A-ya from becoming too conspicuous, just how had he come into contact with this kind of person?! If I don't get this girl away from A-ya quickly, then.....!

But, contrary to my expectations, another member joined our old school building group, and though we had no clear purpose, we soon began to have activities like those of a club.

—And then, about a month passed.

\*

One day, after school in the old school building.

“.....Oh.”

“.....Oh my.”

The one who had just come in was D-ne.

Basically, I was bad at talking to girls, but she was better than B-ko.

“Hey, D-ne-chan, you’re early today, aren’t you?”

I spoke with my usual smile.

“Ehh, it’s because I wanted to speak with you.”

She grinned and faced my way.

“.....Sorry, don’t you mean.....with B-ko?”

“Oh? Of course I would love to talk with B-ko-chan, but I would also like to speak together with you.”

“.....I see. What is it?”

I’d thought so since before, but she’s really a person whose thoughts I can’t guess.

D-ne had become a member of our old school building group because of B-ko’s coming as well. Her main characteristic was her long, black hair, and no matter how you looked at it, she seemed to have a pessimistic personality. She didn’t stand out too much in the class, either, and she gave the impression that she didn’t have any especially good friends, either.

However, in this classroom in the old school building, she took an attitude of seeming to mock people.

It could be that she naturally had more of a prank-loving personality.

She spoke with a tricky smile on her face.

“.....I, I think that you and I are quite alike.”

“Hm? What do you mean? No matter how I look it, I think that you and A-ya are really like each other?”

“That’s just on the surface, isn’t it?”

“.....?”

D-ne raised her chin, and continued while shuffling her feet.

“.....There’s someone we can’t live without.”

“.....What are you saying.....?”

“In truth, you know what I mean. That you yourself are an empty existence. If you don’t find your own reason for existing inside of someone, you wouldn’t even be able to live. In truth, you’re meaninglessly, powerlessly...”

“D-ne-chan? What are you saying——!”

“It’s only been a short period of time, but when I look at you, I am annoyed. It’s as if...you are a mirror to me.

Although the orientation appears to be completely different. After all, you have noticed it, right? If, one day, the other party has no more need for you. No, it’s possible that they may no longer have any need for you, it’s just that you don’t have the courage to confirm it. And your own——”

“——Shut up.”

I said in a low voice that surprised even myself.

“... Ufufu, it’s a joke. I think that, despite this, I would like to become friends with you, C-ta-san. You may not have the same intention, but considering the mutual benefits for each other, it’s not something you can’t understand, right?”

.....This person.

For a while, I glared at D-ne with a stare of unmasked hostility, when I heard a sound from behind my back.

“.....Huh? C-ta.”

“Ah, D-ne. You’re early, aren’t you? What are you doing?”

There, A-ya and B-ko stood together.

“B-ko-chan! Ufufu, I was just having idle conversation with C-ta.”

“Is that so?”

“Right? C-ta-san.”

D-ne said as she smiled, facing this way.

“.....C-ta?”

“.....Ahh, yeah, just small talk.”

I replied, and returned to my usual smile.

\*

After that, several days passed.

It was when I had been heading to the old school building together with A-ya.

D-ne had thought that I was dependent on A-ya. That’s wrong! Totally wrong! A-ya’s the one who depends on me.

That’s how it is, right? I was the one who saved A-ya. If I didn’t help him, right now, A-ya would surely be..... Surely be.....what? If I weren’t here, what would become of A-ya? Would he be alone in the class? Would nothing change from now? In the first place, was A-ya interested in that sort of thing? No, that’s wrong. At that time, he said “Thank you” to me, didn’t he! A-ya should appreciate me!! That’s right, there’s no mistake in that.

“——.....ta? C-ta?”

“.....h! Ahh sorry.”

“.....Are you alright? Are you sick?”

“No, I was just spacing out a little, I’m totally fine?”

“.....Is that so?”

“Yeah.”

A-ya examined me for a bit.



Although he retained his usual, expressionless face, I soon understood.

A-ya had once again gotten his hands on a new rumor. In the depths of his eyes, his swirling excitement was overflowing.

“.....By the way, what happened today?”

The corners of A-ya’s mouth turned up a little, and he began to talk.

“That’s right.....! Hey, C-ta, you know about the inexplicable chain of murders that happened in this old school building, right? The truth is, yesterday, I coincidentally found a diary in the old school building that seems to be an important clue! Though, I still haven’t looked at the contents——.....”

See. A-ya’s been like this since long ago. Whenever he found anything, he’d come report it to me first.

He didn’t really have any expression, but I knew the face he’d make whenever he wanted to say something.

I’d listen to his stories and express my own opinions.

And then, I'd say, "That's really cool! A-ya!"

Though he was always quiet, when he talked about these kinds of things he began to talk quickly, and the volume of his voice would increase slightly.

That sort of A-ya was the same as usual.

Nothing will change.

Nothing has changed.

"Heh, that's pretty cool!"

"Right? I also talked about it to B-ko, but she didn't really seem to show any interest. Well then, today, we'll all investigate this together——"

——What was that?

.....He also talked about it to B-ko?

Up until now, even though you'd always come talk to me first, even about the most trivial things?

Wait a second. This way, doesn't it mean I'm unable to check A-ya to make sure he doesn't say things he shouldn't? Why had you done such a selfish thing without my permission? Even moreso, why to B-ko? No, have you still not gotten close to her? In the first place, why do I care? Isn't this just like what D-ne had said? I.....depend on A-ya? It couldn't be, it's not like that. It's not like that.....!

I didn't really remember anything after that. No, I actually did remember, but it was like I was looking objectively at a world that had nothing to do with me. While keeping calm on the surface, I kept thinking of other things. Only my feelings felt completely out of place.

——It was as if, I was reading a novel.

Thinking back to my memories that had lost all feeling, after that, A-ya and I had joined with everyone in the classroom, and began to read the diary. In it, written there were rumors that we'd never heard about until then, and information about the "Bookmark of Demise", and everyone, not just A-ya, became excited.

And, after some more time had passed.

Probably, although I was supposed to go home together with A-ya after we had split up for the day, I don't really remember anything.

Before I realized it, I was inside of my house.

And, while, thinking of that doll for some reason, fell asleep without realizing it——.

About a week after that.

I had, once again today, come to this classroom.

While toying around with my cell phone, I spent a while just silently thinking about things, until I heard the sound of the door opening.

There, B-ko and D-ne were standing.

B-ko confirmed that it was me, and glared this way.

"Oh? You seem awfully angry today."

I replied with my usual, idiotic grin.

The state of my mind was even calmer than usual.

"...Can't you do something about that childhood friend of yours?"

B-ko and D-ne put down their bags, and sat down in their usual seats.

"Ahh, that rumor? Isn't it a masterpiece? As usual, it's the best."

".....Why, you....."

Just as B-ko moved closer towards me, the sound of the classroom's door opening was heard.

“.....Hey.”

——It was A-ya.

“It’s not just “Hey”.....I don’t really care about your bad tastes, but would you stop using people as topics for your stories?”

“.....What’re you talking about?”

“.....Don’t act like you don’t know!”

B-ko approached A-ya while glaring at him.

“Look, don’t call smoke where there’s no fire. I only meant it as a little prank.”

“.....Why, you.....”

“If someone happened to see you right now, won’t they think you’re an impostor?”

“I’m serious, if you don’t stop now.....”

“——But, I think it’s wonderful that B-ko-chan has that dual nature.”

Just as B-ko was about to grab A-ya by the collar, D-ne’s disarrayed words came directed at B-ko.

“Dual nature.....You’re saying it like I have a split personality.”

“Well, to be honest, it’s at a level where it really seems you might?”

With a smile that seemed like it was only decorative, D-ne said those absurd words.

Since the incident the other day, I’d begun to think that there was an ulterior motive behind this person’s behavior. Having thought that, I had been, without thinking about it, laughing inside at how much this person called D-ne pretended to be a kind person on the exterior.

“Pfft, as usual, B-ko has a soft spot for D-ne, huh?”

“Oh, shut up.”

I continued to talk to B-ko as if mocking her.

“It’s not like A-ya meant to tell a pointless lie, right?”

“That’s right, and it matches our activities so perfectly, too.”

“Club activities ... Can we really even call it that?”

——Certainly, it wasn’t anything big.

But, in the wake of A-ya’s discovery of the diary, our activities suddenly became lively.

Before this, we’d only get together about once a week, sometimes not even meeting at all, but lately, we’d been getting together almost every single day as if someone were gathering us together in the old school building.

Even a few days ago, the truth is, we tried Kokkuri-san according to the rules written in the diary.

At that time, only A-ya, B-ko and I were there, and though it felt like we were just “trying it out”, as soon as we started we were hit by a sensation as if a cold bar had been stuck up our spines, and amidst our fear, we ended it halfway.

Today, all the members in the old school building were gathered.

“.....By the way, there’s something that I’ve been thinking about recently.”

A-ya suddenly spoke up.

“It might just be my imagination, though, but it might actually be a supernatural phenomenon.”

“.....Supernatural phenomenon?”

B-ko stood up, and adjusted her chair so that she was sitting facing towards A-ya.

“That’s right.....Lately, when I wake up in the morning, I’m certain that I can feel someone’s gaze on me.”

“Are you sure.....it’s not just your family?”

“Yeah, my parents leave early in the morning, so it can’t be them.”

“Then, is it like someone’s watching from outside or something?”

“That’s not it.....How should I put it, I feel like someone’s watching me from behind. But when I turn around, there’s no one there. This kind of thing’s been happening often.”

.....Hmm...”

“Maybe it’s something like a ‘zashiki-warashi’……”

“If it was ‘Meary-san’, you’d be getting phone calls, right?”

“The Meary-san of late seems to use even text messaging.”

“Yeah……”

After A-ya took a single breath, he continued.

“There’s something else that’s also been on my mind.”

“What is it?”

“The other day, we did Kokkuri-san, didn’t we? The three of us, B-ko, C-ta, and I …”

“Yeah……”

“——The following day, I started to feel someone’s gaze on me……That’s why, perhaps this has something to do with the “Bookmark of Demise, is what I’ve been thinking……”

“……”

“……”

“……”

“……”

——He can feel a gaze……huh.

Certainly, in A-ya’s family, his parents left early for work, so he was alone whenever he woke up.

But, that was——……

“……Anyway, the last attempt at ‘Kokkuri-san’ failed.”

A-ya suddenly let those words out.

“Failed……?”

“We weren’t able to obtain the “Book of Demise” or the “Bookmark of Demise,” right?”

“……It’s true that we didn’t do as it said in the rules……but……”

The classroom was wrapped in silence.

Although I anticipated his next words, all I thought was, “It’s quite like A-ya.”

“……Let’s do it one more time.”

\*

Thus, we began the ritual of “Kokkuri-san” in order to obtain the “Bookmark of Demise”, as was written in the diary.

“Next, everyone will ask each other questions in turn. To start off, someone try asking me something.”

“……Okay then, was A-ya’s dinner last night made of meat?”

“……What’s up with that?”

“… It’s the only thing I could think of on the spot.”

“Ah, it’s started moving.”

“……It says “yes”……What did you eat?”

“It was hamburger steak……”

“Hamburger, huh~ the hamburger steaks at A-ya’s place are really great, I want to eat them again…”

I whispered while thinking of my childhood.

We continued to proceed with Kokkuri-san in that manner, until we finally approached the final stage.

Next was my turn to answer a question.

“Next is……C-ta, huh. Hmm, I wonder what kind of question would be good?”

“Um, how about this?”

I said while looking at A-ya.

“……The doll that was in my home long ago, was a penguin.”

“Eh?”

“What do you mean?”

“……Ah, it moved.”



When the voice finally faded out, the intense noise came again.

The man's face that was displayed on the screen was twisted as if it were something not of this world, and switched between a laughing, troubled, crying and angry expression.

—And then, incoming silence.

“.....What was that.....j-just now.....?”

“.....I don't know.”

“.....”Fox?” A “traitor”.....?”

” It's just a really bad joke, right.....?”

“.....”

We all fell silent at the same time, and looked at each other.

In the dim room, I think that everyone's faces had gone pale.

After that, for quite a long time.....though in reality, it might not even have been one minute.....the silence continued on. And prompted by someone's suggestion of “.....Anyway, let's go home for today.....”, we left the school.

# translation blog

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 re-missedcall.tumblr.com/post/50929234129/remissed-call-iii-pages-144-152

Part three of the Re:Missed Call chapter.

[Part one](#)

[Part two](#)

Part three

[Part four](#)

Masterpost [here](#).

—

Eventually, I went home together with A-ya, but neither of us said a word.

Reaching my own home, I entered my room, and switched on the PC.

Soon, the same old familiar screen came up.

—On it, the figure of A-ya, who I had just split up with, was displayed.

At first, it had half been intended as a joke.

It started when I had, in the depths of a pocket inside of A-ya's bag, placed a tiny microphone that was so small no one would notice.

This so-called interest of examining people's lifestyles had persisted for A-ya's sake, and had escalated from there.

Originally, because our families were close, I also knew where the spare key was hidden.

Among the things I had discovered in his house, there was nothing suspicious.

That's exactly right! It's because I'm A-ya's one and only best friend!

With that kind of feeling in mind, I prepared my hidden camera and recording device, and began to monitor A-ya.

"Can feel a gaze.....huh."

When A-ya returned to his room, he sat beside his bed in a fetal position, hugging his knees, and crept into the futon while shivering. But no matter how many times he came out of the futon to check his surroundings, he repeatedly turned the TV on and off.

To be honest, I had been shaking since just earlier, and wasn't able to stop.

While watching A-ya do those things, I whispered to myself, and somehow managed to remain calm.

"You're really just.....so helpless, A-ya."

"If you wanted to do it, you'd say so, right?"

"It couldn't be, there's no way it really....."

That's right, if I thought calmly about it, there should be no way this would really happen.

Dying and killing..... Could those things be done? Besides, even if, by some chance, it was true, as long as the Book and Bookmark of Demise didn't appear, there shouldn't be any problem! That's how it is, right? Besides that, if we found even the traitor, there should be no reason for us to die.....

I have to do this right, because I'm the only one who can save A-ya.

.....Although, my mental fatigue seemed to be reaching its peak.

I turned off my PC's power, and deciding to get in my bed, stood up from my chair.

—When I turned around—...

"Uwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!"

On top of my bed was an object I'd never seen.  
An old-looking book with a bookmark inserted into it.  
The goosebumps on my skin told me:  
——This was, the real thing.  
What do you mean by this?! What do you mean by this?!!  
More importantly, it came to me first?!  
That that kind of thing existed, that kind of thing.....!  
It's scary! Scary! What should I do! What should I do?! What am I supposed to do?!

My heart's beating increased in tempo.  
Leaning on my heavily trembling feet, I grabbed the book so its pages would not flip open.  
Firstly, I have to get rid of this.....  
In the meantime, I stowed it away in my bag, and just like A-ya had done earlier, tucked myself under the futon and closed my eyes while hugging my knees. I noticed an incoming call on my cell phone, but I ignored it and fell asleep.

\*

And on the next day, after I had confirmed that A-ya had left his house, I headed off for school again today.  
I want to get rid of this book and bookmark somewhere as quickly as I can.....  
Besides, I didn't know whether or not I'd really die after receiving the book.  
As expected, I wasn't brave enough to ask the other members about the Book of Demise, but I wonder if I would be able to ask about how I should act in response to it, is what I thought.

I(1) passed through the school gates, and when I drew near where the shoe lockers were located, A-ya was there, being talked to by a classmate.

"He~y, A-ya!"  
".....What is it? I'm not feeling that well today, so....."  
"——Hm? What's that?"  
A letter fell out of A-ya's shoe locker.  
I immediately knew that it was "that letter".  
A letter was sent to A-ya's location.....?! What should I.....!  
The classmate picked up that letter and spoke.  
"Ooh! Could this be a love letter!?"  
".....Ah, oi."  
"Hey, who's it from?"  
"Cut it out....."  
"Aw, come on, just let me take a little peek, okay? Please?"

.....Wait, A-ya, it can't.....it can't be.  
A-ya certainly had a subservient personality, but in reality, he was timid to the point where he couldn't kill even a bug, not to mention he was kind; if he so much as hurt someone, he would hurt himself...that was the sort of personality he had.....

So it couldn't be, you wouldn't say those kinds of things, right?  
".....I guess it can't be helped..... *Don't tell anyone else, okay?*"

——A-yaa!!

I suppressed my voice which nearly came out without thinking, and I hid myself in the shadows of the shoe lockers.  
What would become of him, who had seen the letter? If, if that was somehow real——!!

"....."

.....What is this?"

"—Ah!"

That classmate handed the letter to A-ya, and while mumbling incoherently, staggered down the hall, as if all his will to live had been lost.

".....H-hey....."

—And then, that incident occurred during lunch break.

\*

—As I thought, as I thought, that "letter" and this "book" and even this bookmarkk!  
It was true.....it was really true!!

Except for a group of students who had been selected for questioning, all students in the school were ordered to return home, but, just like yesterday, my legs carried me to the old school building.

In the usual classroom, the same faces from yesterday had gathered.

And B-ko, who was slightly late, started it.

"—Hey, who told him? —Who's the traitor?!"

.....Traitor, huh. Is A-ya the traitor?

No, if it were so, a letter shouldn't have been sent to A-ya.....

But, what if the fact that he still received one was what made him the traitor?

What if it was an act to convince all of us to believe that the Bookmark of Demise was real?!

I don't get it, A-ya! I don't get it!!

Inside of my head, A-ya's words kept repeating.

"I heard that recently, B-ko's impostor seemed to have appeared."

What if, that wasn't about B-ko?

What if, A-ya had already become an impostor?

I have to make sure I have to make sure I have to make sure!

.....Eventually, we realized again that we were unable to do anything about our present situation, and we were led to the conclusion that, for today, we should return home at once.

After drawing close to the classroom for a bit, I separated from A-ya.

There were two reasons.

I wanted to get rid of this book somewhere as soon as I could.

And, as well, I was scared of being together with A-ya.

I returned to the actual school building.

As expected, it appeared as if there was not a single student left.

From outside, the voices of people having to do with the police, and those of reporters, could be heard.

Walking up the stairs at a brisk pace, I headed to my own class.

But there, I sensed a feeling of unease.

—I realized that my bag felt light.

The massive feeling from just now had suddenly disappeared somewhere.

In the corner of the hallway, I gingerly opened my bag, and what should have been there was gone, and something that shouldn't have been there was now present.

—The book had disappeared, and in its place, a single "letter" was there.

“.....Ah!!”

Without thinking, I dropped my bag.

.....It couldn't be?! Even though it should've been with A-ya?!

A second copy?! No, could it be that.....

.....So, after all, A-ya was——!!

[T/N:(1) In the novel, this sentence is written in third person perspective, but it might only have been a typo, so I changed it to first person...]

# translation blog

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 re-missedcall.tumblr.com/post/50929720113/remissed-call-iv-pages-153-155

Part 4 of the Re:Missed Call chapter.

[Part one](#)

[Part two](#)

[Part three](#)

Part four

Masterpost [here](#).

—

From that day on, I began to monitor A-ya.

As well as my usual eavesdropping and recording, I also went near A-ya's house to directly inspect his tendencies. For 24 hours, without even sleeping, just earnestly monitoring A-ya.

I didn't even look at my texts or any social networking sites which I normally would check diligently, only plainly.....

But, even after a day had passed, even after two days had passed, A-ya made no moves.

It reached a point where I went to A-ya's house, because he remained so spaced out and unmoving in his room that I'd thought that the video had malfunctioned.

.....Is A-ya the traitor?

.....Had A-ya already turned into an imposter?

Because I still couldn't find the answer, I felt myself growing more and more edgy with each passing day.

And, several days passed since I received the letter.

Innocently continuing to stare at the display, just as I thought it distorted slightly, suddenly, noise could be heard.

"Good evening. This is a special broadcast. We will be announcing the victims thus far."

"The person who looked at his phone as he walked today."

"The person who kept a rabbit in his Japanese-style room because his life was too lonely."

"The person who felt accomplished after walking 10,000 steps."

"The person who peeked into another person's letter."

"Moving on, we will be listing tomorrow's victims."

"The person who spoke to someone directly about something they've always been curious about."

"The person who ignored the demands made."

"The person who skipped school and played all alone."

"——The person who is turning pale at this very moment."

"Tomorrow's victims are these people. We pray for your happiness in the next world. ....Good night."

The announcer's monotone voice echoed around the small room.

That day, the one we heard in that classroom, it's that voice.....!!

I felt myself grow cold, as if my spine had been frozen.

As if my heart was being ground at, my chest began to hurt.

——We'll be killed in the end.....!!

No no no no no no no no no no nooooo!!

"To reach the end of the game, the "fox" must be killed."

I remembered the announcer's voice that I'd heard in the old school building.

.....I have to make sure.

Whether A-ya is the traitor, or whether I was wrong, I just have to confirm that.

If A-ya had already been replaced by an impostor, then it could be that he'd been locked up somewhere.


I'm the only one who can save A-ya.

I have to kill the "fox".....

I have to kill the "fox", and save A-ya.....!!

# translation blog

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 re-missedcall.tumblr.com/post/50930914687/perfect-crime-love-letter-pages-157-174

Chapter 4 of the Shuen no Shiori Novel.

Masterpost [here](#).

—

『—...This is a news flash.

Today, in ○○ Prefecture, the body of a male student was discovered.』

As I ate dinner alone, that sort of news was broadcasted.

Since that day, I had become sensitive to the sound of the television, but at those times I would for some reason listen calmly to the news.

.....Since that day? Huh? Just what had I been doing since that day, again?

My memories of the past few days were completely foggy, and I was unable to remember anything.

The announcer continued in a robotic voice.

『A cutting tool stabbed into the victim's body.

He was discovered with a cellphone gripped tightly within his hands.』

Cell phone in his hands, huh. Just like A-ya.

—A-ya.

A-ya always had his cell phone in his hands, typing something.

An image of A-ya gripping his cell phone, covered in blood and lying on the ground, drifted into my head.

“.....h!”

I shook my head left and right, muttering “no way” alone.

“.....There's no way.....right?”

Even though that idea of A-ya wasn't very realistic, I felt unease build up.

—Pirori~n♪

“.....Ah!”

My cell phone suddenly rang out. Looking at the LCD, it seemed to be from someone in my class who lived in the neighborhood.

“Hey, did you hear? The victim of today's incident was A-ya. C-ta, you were good friends with him, right? You okay?”

—What was that?

A-ya was killed? It couldn't be.....that was impossible.

After all, every day, I.....

It's no good, I can't remember anything from the last few days for some reason..... That body was.....

—Pirori~n♪

Again, my cell phone rang out.

When I looked at the display to confirm it, it was a push notification for Twitter replies.

Just when had I turned on notifications? Even while thinking it was strange, I opened the app.

『Right now, I'm in that place.』

.....?

A reply from a mysterious locked account, “mearry1713”, was displayed.

On that account that I didn’t remember following, they were following one person and had one follower.....in other words, they were linked only to me.

.....What’s with this.

I felt a cold chill run up my spine. Zoning out, I broke into a cold sweat.

Feeling uneasy, I abandoned my dinner and returned to my room.

Sitting on a corner of my bed, I hugged my knees, and repeatedly asked myself.

Just who had killed A-ya.....? And on top of that, so cruelly!

So cruel so cruel so cruel so cruel so cruel so cruel.....!!

After that, a few hours probably passed.

I suddenly remembered the other members from the old school building.

“.....That’s right.....I have to let them know.....”

Taking out my phone, I thought that I should contact B-ko first, and made a call.

Brrrrrrt.....zztzztzzzztt.....brrrrrrt.....zztzztzzzzzzzt

What’s with this? There’s an awful lot of noise.

“.....He-hello?”

It was B-ko. Her voice seemed extremely scared.

“.....A-ya was killed.....”

Click. Beep, beeeep.

——With that.....when I was about to continue, the line was cut off.

Huh? That’s strange.

——Pirori~n♪

When I reached for the button to call back, I was notified of another reply.

『Right now, I am looking at the moon from that window.』

.....Moon?

The sender was the mystery account from earlier after all.

——Pirori~n♪

『It’s the same color as the moon from that night.』

——That night? That, red, moon’s, night? That red, red, moon’s.....

A flashback. Fragments, as if the channel had been broken, a colorless scenery.

I kicked A-ya’s body who had been poised to pick up the discarded scissors in the middle of the room, stepped on his chest, and said, “It’s pointless.” “I win.”

Just like A-ya had done to the doll earlier, I stabbed his stomach with the cutter knife. And again, and again, and again.....



Little by little, as if the puzzle pieces were assembling together, the world from that day began to regain its color.....That's right, on that day, I.....

\*

It had become 3 AM. In the distance that really didn't even take a few minutes to walk, was A-ya's house. Despite having come here so many times, it looked a bit different today. It felt like a ruin that no one had lived in for a long time. I took the hidden key, and carefully, carefully broke into the house. Be careful, be careful..... I turned off my phone.

But, suddenly, I heard footsteps from upstairs. Thinking, "Crap!", I relocated myself to the living room next to the kitchen.

—It was A-ya. And, A-ya was for some reason hugging that doll.

.....Just, what?

That doll was, the doll from mine and A-ya's memories, wasn't it?

“.....Again?”

When I turned my troubled gaze, A-ya whispered that.

“.....Ah!”

—It couldn't be, had I been discovered?!

I floundered my gaze to the kitchen where A-ya was.

If I'm found, I'll be killed.

Just like that classmate had been.....I'll be killed!!

My heart began to beat to the point where it might be heard.

I held my breath and listened in on the situation. From the rice bin, he took out some rice, then made a cup of salt water, and left the kitchen with those things.

Relieved, I let out my breath.

But, just what was A-ya doing?

I held my breath again and closed the distance between me and A-ya, and observed his actions.

A-ya first went into a room.

Indistinguishably, he obtained a sewing needle and red thread, scissors and cutter knife.

He moved into a room with a closet, and stayed silent for a while as if he were thinking.

And, raising his head with grim determination, stabbed the doll's stomach, and took out the stuffing.

“.....ah!!”

At that sudden action, I doubted my eyes.

A-ya silently went on with his work expressionlessly.

Then, replacing the stuffing with rice and some of his own nail clippings, he clumsily stitched it up. Having stitched up the doll's arms, legs, and even its mouth with the red thread, just from looking at it, it appeared to be an extremely grotesque thing.

.....The doll, the doll that I had given was.....

“It's as if they were blood vessels.”

A-ya softly muttered, and then, taking the salt water, took it deep inside the closet.

When he emerged, the cup had vanished from his hands.

“After that, the doll's name, huh.....”

A-ya appeared to think for a bit, and whispered softly.

“.....C-ta.”

“——.....!!”

“——Your name is C-ta. ....Now, let's start.”

.....What was that.....?

A-ya went around the room filled with light, turned off all the lights in the house, and closed the curtains, leaving only the television on.

“A-ya is first to be it. A-ya is first to be it. A-ya is first to be it.”

He told the doll with his usual blank expression, and heading to the bathtub, submerged it in the water.

In the pitch black darkness, the water reflected only a little light, as if distorting A-ya's expression like he was laughing.

I felt a cold chill that I had never felt before up until this point.



I had gotten so close that I could possibly be caught at any moment even now, but I had already stopped paying attention to that.

But A-ya didn't notice, and desperately continued with his work.

Returning to the kitchen, A-ya took the cutter knife in his hand, closed his eyes and counted to ten.

“Are you ready?”

Having said that, he set off for the bathroom, opened the tub, and took out the doll.

—He stabbed its stomach.

.....!!

“Next is C-ta's turn to be it. Next is C-ta's turn to be it. Next is C-ta's turn to be it.....”

After A-ya said that, he returned to the kitchen, and after dropping off the wet cutter knife, returned to the closet

where he had hidden the salt water.

Once A-ya had gone, my legs carried me to the bathroom.

The doll that, I had given him, had become soaked from the water in the bathtub.

Rice scattered from its stomach, and the clumsily sewn red thread was cruelly wrapped around it like blood vessels.

“.....I see...”

—With this, I finally understood.

A-ya was already, no longer here.

That wasn't A-ya. It was surely thinking of killing me in the same way tomorrow.

This was a dangerous situation. It was a completely, very dangerous situation.

That's how it was, right? As for me, as his childhood friend, I, who was his only close friend, in this manner, he planned to kill me, right?

There was nothing to doubt, this was evidence that eliminated any speck of doubt. Anyway, right now, that guy taking A-ya's appearance wasn't A-ya.

Precisely, that guy is the “fox”.....in other words, the traitor.

—If I kill him, the game will end.

I wonder if A-ya is still okay? In any case, I have to end this fucking game and save A-ya.

Because, the only one who can save A-ya, is me.

With grim determination, I made my way to where he was.

Just as I passed through the kitchen, I laid my eyes on the cutter knife that he had put down.

\*

Where are you? Where are you hiding?

You bastard that's taking on A-ya's appearance.

I'll fucking kill you, so come on out.

**Creak. Creak.**

In the corridor, the sound of footsteps echoed about.

Look, you can hear me, right? I'm playing fair and square.

Don't think that I'll let you kill me like you did to that doll without resistance, okay?

I'll take revenge for A-ya.

**Creak. Creak. Step. Step.**

Drops of water fell from the cutter knife. Somehow, doesn't it seem like blood? Fufuu.

I headed towards the room where the closet was, and I soon understood that he was there.

Inside of the closet, he was hiding there.

Ahh, how nostalgic, I used to play hide and seek with A-ya just like this.

A-ya's lungs were weak, so if he hid in dusty places for a long time, he wouldn't be able to stop coughing, yet you didn't even know that?

Look, hurry up and come out already.

The sliding doors of the closet slowly opened, and inside, I saw the guy who was taking A-ya's appearance.

“—Why are...you...?!”

“I found you.”

.....That's right, I...I had killed A-ya.

『As if slashing at a doll, you used the knife.』

The stuffed doll, had been stabbed. Our precious, precious doll.

『Even though he called out your name.』

While calling out my name, I stabbed him.

『You mistook him for the traitor, right?』

After all, A-ya was the traitor! Because I...because I thought so, because I thought so, I had killed him.....!

——But I was wrong. A-ya hadn't been the traitor. I realized it soon after killing him.

Fufufufufufu.....That's right, it happened just like that, and I had soon become scared. What kind of punishment would the Bookmark of Demise grant on me? That's why, I had deceived. My own self. If I myself didn't remember, then who would know who the culprit was? Even though I had thought so, it could have been that someone else had witnessed it.

——Pirori~n♪

『.....Right now, I'm in front of your room.』

Come, I'll kill you. Just like I had killed A-ya then.

“That's right, I killed A-ya!! If you'll give me punishment, come on out!!”

——Pirori~n♪

The same as before, it's the push notification button, was what I thought as I reached for the button, but it was an incoming call.

I answered the phone by mistake.

『.....Right now, I'm behind you.』

『This is a news flash.

Today, in ○○ Prefecture, the body of a male student was discovered.

The male student was inside of his room, with a cutting tool stabbed into his body.

The victim was discovered with a cellphone gripped tightly within his hands.

In addition, the victim of the mysterious murder incident several days ago, in the same city, appears to be a classmate of today's victim.

Police suspect that there is a possibility that both murders were committed by the same culprit.

An investigation has begun.


——After that, one more thing. Punishment will be granted if the wrong response is given, so please take care. With that, onto the next news.....』

In a corner of the room, a single page of a letter fluttered in the wind. On it, only a single phrase was written.

«Don't answer a call from Mearry-san.»

# Renna's Translations

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 [renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51030576321/aimless-imitation-musical-chairs-i-fallen](https://renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51030576321/aimless-imitation-musical-chairs-i-fallen)

Part 1 of the Aimless Imitation Musical Chairs chapter. Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

—

—My first love was a girl.

Her name was Ririka. She was ... a doll that my mother had bought for me.

“Ririka, you look lovely today, as well.”

“You’re too kind.”

Ririka was very humble and graceful.

“Ririka, why is the sky blue?”

“Because it looks beautiful that way.”

Ririka was so very clever.

“Then why are the nights dark?”

“Because only then can you see the stars, right?”

And also, a romanticist.



She's beautiful, cute, reliable ...

To me, Ririka herself was the ideal.

I wore lovely clothes just like the doll's.

I made my hairstyle lovely, just like the doll's.

—But before long, I realized something.

I am not beautiful, or cute, like Ririka.

I can't become Ririka.

The day I understood that, I sobbed and wailed all day long, questioning Ririka.

But in she did not reply in her usual, gentle voice.

And then, from that day on, I never talked to Ririka again.

—This is the story of my first love, as well as the memory of heartbreak.

Time passed, and I entered high school.

I was slightly shy than normal people, and became the type of student that doesn't stand out at all in class.

I didn't particularly have any close friends, and didn't join any clubs.

I planned to live my life peacefully just like this, as I had been going until now, and start living differently only once I reached my twenties.

I'd read in a magazine somewhere that "When a girl falls in love, she changes", but as for me, boys were only full of nonsense, and I saw no chance of falling in love with any of them.

—And then one day, something happened to me.

It was after school one day, when some litter around the rear gate happened to catch my attention, and I'd gone to get cleaning supplies from the small shed to tidy it up.

"—I'll help out, too."

A clear, pretty voice spoke. When I turned around, there stood a strikingly lovely girl with a cute face; a lively, short haircut; pale, pink lips; and a direct gaze.

"Ah ..... um, umm ....."

"Around the gate, right? I noticed it, too."

"..... Ah."

".... Is something the matter?"

"Eh .... Um ..... uhh."

"If I remember .... We're in the same grade, right?"

"Y-yes ...."

"Well, anyway! Let's get to cleaning!"

She showed me a carefree smile.

And then, she gently took my hand and pulled me along to the rear gate.

..... Over something so small, a love was sparked.

I fell completely in love with her.

I'd heard about her before from the rumors.

Actually, there probably wasn't one person in school that didn't know about her.

Beautiful and smart. Gorgeous.

She was a pretty girl that everyone called perfect.

There was a rumor that ever since entering high school, there had been many boys that had confessed to her, and they had all been rejected.

That day, she had gone home right after the cleaning was done, but ever since then, whenever we passed each other in the hallways, she would smile in my direction.

To me, she was my first real-life, perfect, ideal girl.

I wanted to get closer to her.

I wanted to know more about her.

She was just so wonderful.

Just by being in love, I was able to have so much fun at school every day.

Ah, I never knew that the days would come where my heart was set so aflutter.

From that day on, I never took my eyes off of her.

I want to talk to her!

I want to know more about her!!

But as I thought that, there was just one thing that disturbed me.

—Ever since what happened with Ririka, I had a certain kind of trauma.

I felt that there was a gap that was much too difficult to cross between me, and her, who as much too perfect; I faced tremendous despair.

With that in mind, unable to get closer to her, those frustrating days continued.

\*

In the end, nothing worth mentioning happened since then, and my days went on.

Even so, I didn't let go of the heat of my long-smoldering love, and always followed her in the corner of my vision.

But one day, something about her underwent a slight change.

At first, I thought it was because of the rumors about B-ko that had been going around school lately, but this was clearly something different.

I've always been watching her, so I knew.

There was something different about B-ko from before.

I began to feel uneasy, without thinking about it, I followed her one day after school.

She headed towards the rear gate, and from there, towards the old school building.

For the most part, the old building was used as nothing more than a storehouse now, and gradually, people stopped

coming here altogether.

What could she be doing in a place like this ....?

While maintaining a safe distance from behind, I continued to secretly follow her.

And then, B-ko entered one of the classrooms.

It was a classroom that had once been used as a music room.

Very, very carefully, I peered inside through the crack in the door.

—Inside, B-ko was with two other male students.

“Honestly! Why’d you have to go and spread another rumor about me!?”

“..... Beats me?”

“Ahaha, that’s because B-ko-chan’s a celebrity around here~”

Among the two male students, there was one that gave off an impression of being introverted and attentive. I don’t really remember seeing him before.

As for the other one, I felt like I *had* seen him somewhere before. Both seemed to be sociable and sensitive students.

It was already surprising that B-ko was with these male students, but more than anything, I couldn’t hide my surprise at her expression and tone of voice, neither of which I had ever seen her use before.

—As I looked at that expression, I could only think of it as cute.

Up until now, B-ko had been a symbol of perfection to me, but now, I was seeing her act this lively, and revealing her emotions.

This made me realize that B-ko was different from Ririka; she was a real human being.

—*Rattle.*

Without thinking, I accidentally pressed by hand against the door.

The two male students looked over, and B-ko turned around with a look on her face like she’d just been caught red-handed.

“.... Huh? Are you .... here to see B-ko-chan?”

“—!? Wait .... You’re .....”

When B-ko saw my face, her expression shifted slightly to one of relief.

Certainly, if a classmate or another male student caught sight of her here, it might be the cause of another rumor.

But if it was someone like me, who had not a single friend, there wouldn’t be any problem.

Thinking about it calmly, that was probably why B-ko looked relieved, but at that time, I had felt like I’ve been forgiven by her.

“Ah, I’m .... I’m sorry. I saw you coming towards this abandoned, old building, so .... Um.”

I said this with my best smile.

B-ko let out a light sigh, and answered,

“... I see. Sorry, you were worried about me, right? Thank you.”

“.... An acquaintance?”

The introverted-looking boy bluntly asked while staring in my direction.

“Weeell .... Yeah, I guess so. Ah, but I still haven’t asked your name. My name’s B-ko, what’s yours?”

“—D-ne ....”

I answered. I was sure to have made an awkward, reserved smile this time, as well.

“Right, D-ne-chan, um~ ... Well, it’s kind of hard to put this in words, but, about what you saw here, umm ....”

B-ko seemed to be having trouble speaking, and was fidgeting around a bit.

“.... I-it’s okay! I won’t say anything about this.”

“Eh—? It’s not like we’re doing anything suspicious or anything.”

The other male student joked with a grin, which made B-ko glare at him.

“.... Ah, but ....”

I took a deep breath, and then continued.

“—Would it be alright, if I came here too, sometimes?”

After that, B-ko told me the names of the two male students, and I, too, became one of the members here at the old building.

At first, I didn’t understand why they gathered here, but after a few more meetings, I finally understood that it was something like a study group of the occult.

I didn’t particularly have any interest in things like the occult, but when B-ko was here, she seemed really happy, and more than anything, this was the one place that I could talk with B-ko; those were the reasons I frequently came to the old building.

The more I learned about B-ko, the more I liked her, and eventually, she even started to talk to me with that lively expression of hers.

# Renna's Translations

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 [renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51051943619/aimless-imitation-musical-chairs-ii-the-things](https://renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51051943619/aimless-imitation-musical-chairs-ii-the-things)

Part 2 of the Aimless Imitation Musical Chairs chapter. Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

—

After some time passed, I began to completely understand the members of the old school building.

It would seem that each member had their own quirks and habits.

As for A-ya and C-ta, I was gradually growing irritated of them in different, respective ways.

—And then, one day, after school in the old building.

“..... Oh.”

“..... Oh my.”

When I went to the old building to wait for B-ko, C-ta was already there.

“Hey, D-ne-chan, you’re early today, aren’t you?”

C-ta spoke with his usual smile.

I could feel my irritation steadily rising.

“Yes, it’s because I wanted to speak with you.”

I grinned and faced his way.

Fufufu, he was making a puzzled face.

“... Sorry, don’t you mean ... with B-ko?”

“Oh? Of course I would love to talk with B-ko-chan, but I would also like to speak together with you, C-ta-san.”

“.... I see. What is it?”

I continued with a mischievous smile on my face.

“I ... think that you and I are quite alike, C-ta-san.”

“Hm? What do you mean? No matter how you look it, I think that you and A-ya are the ones that are really like one another.”

“That’s just on the surface, isn’t it?”

“.... ?”

I raised my chin, and continued while shuffling my feet.

“... There’s someone we can’t live without.”

“... What are you saying ....?”

“In truth, you know what I mean. That you, yourself, are an empty existence. If you don’t find your own reason for existing inside of someone, you wouldn’t even be able to live. In truth, you’re meaningless, powerless ...”

“D-ne-chan? What are you saying——!”

“It’s only been a short period of time, but when I look at you, I am annoyed. It’s as if ... you are a mirror to me. Although, the orientation appears to be completely different. After all, you’ve realized it, haven’t you? If, one day, the other party has no more need for you. No, it’s possible that already, they may no longer have any need for you, and it’s just that you don’t have the courage to confirm it. And, your own——”

“——Shut up.”

C-ta said this in a low voice, sounding much different than he usually did.

“... Ufufu, it’s a joke. I think that, despite this, I would like to become friends with you, C-ta-san. You may not have the same intention, but considering the mutual benefits for each other, it’s not something you can’t understand, right?”

Just as C-ta was glaring at me with hostility, we heard a sound.

“... Huh? C-ta.”

“Ah, D-ne. You’re early, aren’t you? What are you doing?”

There, A-ya and B-ko stood together.

“B-ko-chan! Ufufu, I was just having some idle conversation with C-ta.”

“Is that so?”

“Right? C-ta-san.”

I said, and faced C-ta with a smile.

“... C-ta?”

“..... Ahh, yeah, just small talk.”

C-ta replied with his usual smile.

After dealing with someone in this way, I realized for the first time that I was a fairly spiteful person.

I enjoyed striking a nerve in people.

I’d noticed that just by pointing out things that people would rather not mention, they would grow to be this annoyed.

Other than B-ko, I didn’t care what anyone else thought of me.

I found myself realizing that, as if I could no longer deny it, and although they were my own thoughts, at the same time, they felt like someone else’s, and it scared me.

\*

And then, during the lunch break on another day. I had gone up to the roof by myself, and was sitting in the shade of the back building.

Today was unfortunately overcast, but in its own right, that wasn't so bad.

Thinking that she should be coming soon, I heard the sound of the rooftop door open, and before long, someone came up to me.

"B-ko-chan~"

"..... As I thought, you're here again ....."

"Eh~ It's just a coincidence~"

B-ko sighed and shook her head in defeat, but soon smiled and sat beside me.

"But, y'know, I never get to talk to you like this, B-ko-chan, so I'm happy that we can when we're here."

"Why don't you just talk to me?"

".... That's because, there's always so many people around you ....."

"Hm~ ..... Well, you've got a point~ ....."

Followers .... Although I wouldn't really call them that, there was always someone hanging around B-ko.

For me, who was from another class, there was no chance to go up and talk to her.

"You shouldn't worry about it so much, you know?"

"I know. But I like you, B-ko-chan, so I'm just happy that we're able to talk."

I said, and grinned.

B-ko laughed awkwardly, and turned to stare up at the sky that seemed to signal rain.

When it came to my unabashed kindness, at first, B-ko had been bewildered by it, but gradually, whether it was because she's given up or simply saw it as a joke, she had come to stop commenting on it altogether.

I was a little happy at the relationship we had now, but also just a bit saddened by it.

“I heard that B-ko’s imposter appeared.”

Suddenly, from somewhere on the roof, we heard someone say this.

The spot that we were in was slightly secluded, and in the shadow of a smaller building, making it a blind spot for the people that were talking.

“What do you mean by imposter?”

“Like, while B-ko’s in her house, it’s going around places at night?”

“Eh? What? Like some kind of monster?”

“I dunno. But you know, B-ko’s a nice girl, so it feels like it’ll build up?”

“Build up? What will!?”

“Ahaha, that’s not it! I mean like, that ‘I want to go out~’ feeling builds up.”

“I don’t get what you’re saying at all~”

“But like, I heard there’s people that really saw it~ ....”

——Right away, I thought this to be A-ya’s rumor.

Not just because it was a rumor, but because it was combined with some kind of occult-like thing, there was no mistaking it.

B-ko seemed to figure it out right away, too.

“How dare he .....

“Ufufu ..... B-ko’s cute when she’s angry, too.”

“.... I’m going straight to the old building after school.”

“Understood.”

As the time signaled the end of the lunch break, the sky darkened once more, and the falling rain enveloped the school in noise.

\*

——After school, I met up with B-ko, and we went to the old school building right away.

Once we got to the second floor and opened the door of what had originally been the music room, we found that someone was already there.

“... Oh? You seem awfully angry today.”

It was C-ta. He looked at me, and made an uncomfortable face for a split-second, but B-ko didn't seem to notice.

“... Can't you do something about that childhood friend of yours?”

Putting down our bags, B-ko and I sat down in our usual seats.

“Ahh, that rumor, you mean? Isn't it a masterpiece? As usual, it's the best.”

“... Why you ...”

Just as B-ko started to draw closer to C-ta, we heard the sound of the door sliding open again.

“... Hey.”

—It was A-ya.

“No, it's not just 'hey' .... I don't really care about your bad tastes, but would you stop using people as your topics?”

“... What're you talking about?”

“... Don't act like you don't know!”

Desperately trying to suppress her anger, B-ko glared at A-ya.

“Look, don't call smoke where there's no fire. I only meant it as a little prank.”

“... Why you ...”

“If someone happened to see you right now, won't they think you're an impostor?”

“I'm serious, if you don't stop now ....”

“But, I think it's wonderful that B-ko-chan has that dual nature.”

Just as B-ko was about to grab A-ya by the collar, for some reason, I cheerfully said this.

“Dual nature ... You're saying it like I have a split personality.”

“Well, to be honest, it's at a level where it really seems you might?”

It seemed that my attempt had been successful, and B-ko returned to the seat she had been sitting in before.

“Pfft, as usual, B-ko has a soft spot for D-ne, huh?”

“Oh, shut up.”

C-ta continued to speak, as if mocking B-ko.

“It's not like A-ya meant to tell a pointless lie, right?”

“That's right, and it matches our activities so perfectly, too.”

“Club activities ... Can we really even call it that?”

—Certainly, it wasn't something of that degree.

But, in the wake of A-ya's discovery of the diary, our activities had suddenly become lively.

—That discovery was "a diary from ten years ago."

An exchange diary belonging to the students from ten years ago that had gathered "occult stories" in this old school building, just like us. Many of those stories were ones we had never heard before, and made us really excited.

And within those were mentions of the "Book of Demise" and "Bookmark of Demise," urban legends that have been told in this school.

They had obtained these two items, and ..... —died.

Before this, we'd only get together about once a week, sometimes not even meet at all, but lately, almost every day, there was at least one person in this classroom.

A few days ago, it seemed that they had actually tried doing Kokkuri-san, according to the rules written in the diary.

Although I hadn't been there at the time, when they started to just "try it out", they were hit by a very strange sensation and stopped halfway because of their fear.

Today, all the members in the old building were gathered.

".... By the way, there's something that I've been thinking about recently."

A-ya spoke up suddenly.

"It might just be my imagination, though, or it might actually be an unnatural phenomenon."

".... Unnatural phenomenon?"

With a scraping sound, B-ko shifted her chair so that she was sitting facing A-ya.

"That's right ... Lately, when I wake up in the morning, I'm certain that I can feel someone's gaze on me."

"Are you sure ... it's not just your family?"

"My parents leave early in the morning, so it can't be them."

"Then, is it like someone's watching from outside?"

"That's not it ... How should I put it—I feel like someone's watching me from behind. But when I turn around, there's no one there. This kind of thing has been happening frequently."

".... Huh .."

"Maybe it's something like a 'zashiki-warashi' ...."

“If it’s ‘Meary-san,’ you’d be getting phone calls, right?”

“The Meary-san lately seems to even use text messaging.”

“Hmmm ...”

A-ya took a breath, and then continued.

“There’s something else that’s also been on my mind.”

“What is it?”

“The other day, we did Kokkuri-san, didn’t we? The three of us: B-ko, C-ta, and I ...”

“Yeah ....”

“—The following day, I started to feel someone’s gaze on me .... That’s why ... Perhaps this has something to do with the “Bookmark of Demise, is what I’ve been thinking.

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

“.....”

With those sudden words, A-ya continued further.

“... Anyway, the last attempt at ‘Kokkuri-san’ failed.”

“Failed ....?”

“We weren’t able to obtain the “Book of Demise” or the “Bookmark of Demise,” right?”

“.... It’s true that we didn’t do it as it said in the rules ... but ...”

The classroom was filled with silence.

I expected what his next words would be, and simply thought them to be truly irritating.

“.... Let’s do it one more time.”

\*

Thus, we began the ritual of “Kokkuri-san” in order to obtain the “Bookmark of Demise”, as was written in the diary.

“Next, everyone will ask each other questions in turn. To start off, someone try asking me something.”

“.... Okay then, was A-ya’s dinner last night made of meat?”

“..... What’s up with that?”

A-ya made an almost amazed face at B-ko’s question.

“.... It’s the only thing I could think of on the spot.”

“Ah, it’s started moving.”

“..... It says “yes”.....What did you eat?”

“It was hamburger steak.....”

“Hamburger, huh~ the hamburger steaks at A-ya’s place are really great, I want to eat them again...”

C-ta muttered in a small voice.

As for me, I started to feel strange, somehow.

Personally, I felt very calm, but it was like a bad feeling was slowly making my hair stand on end.

“Then, next is B-ko .... Does B-ko have a crush on anyone?”

All of a sudden, A-ya asked B-ko this completely nonsensical question.

“Wait! What kind of question is that!?”

“Look, B-ko-chan, it’s not good if you don’t calm down.”

“.... Ah, ahhh ..... geez ...”

B-ko was very distressed.

B-ko’s ..... crush. I ..... I .....

The ten-yen coin moved smoothly, and then stopped.

“So it’s ‘yes?’ ..... Huh ...”

“A-ya! If you’re going to ask, why’re you reacting like that!?”

“When I thought it over, I wasn’t actually that curious, that’s all .... Ah, Kokkuri-san, Kokkuri-san, please return to the gate.”

B-ko had someone that she liked.

That was something that I already knew.

After all, I looked at B-ko more than anyone else.

However, I .....

“... !! N-next is D-ne’s turn. Here I go!”

“Go ahead.”

“Does D-ne have a crush on anyone!?”

When B-ko made eye contact with me, she asked this, as if to hide her own embarrassment.





Just when C-ta finally tried to speak, the intense noise came again.

The man's face that was displayed on the screen was twisted as if it were something not of this world, and switched between a laughing, troubled, crying and angry expression.

—And then, the incoming silence.

“..... Wh-what was that ..... j-just now.....?”

“..... I don't know.”

“..... 'Fox'? 'Traitor'.....?”

“I-it's just a really bad joke, right .....?”

“.....”

We all fell silent at the same time, and looked at each other.

In the dim room, I think that everyone's faces had gone pale.

After that, for quite a long time .... Although in reality, it might not even have been one minute .... the silence continued on. And then, prompted by someone's suggestion of “..... Anyway, let's go home for today .....”, we left the school.

—The next day, my classmate had been cut into an upper body and lower body, and died.

When the bodies had been found during the lunch break, a strange atmosphere soon fell over the school.

While the police were investigating on scene, the students were all made to wait in the classrooms. However, my classmates didn't seem to grasp the reality of the situation, treating it like something shown on TV from somewhere else, and gave off a festive mood, just like the others and I would have if not for what happened yesterday.

What could this possibly be? Was this the work of the “Bookmark of Demise”?

Somehow, I felt very calm.

And, if it was a situation like this, I could become closer to B-ko.

My mind was filled with these kinds of thoughts.

Surely, B-ko was very scared right now. What would the best way that I could comfort her?

Eventually, other than the select group of students that were taken in for questioning, everyone else was ordered to go home. However, just like I had yesterday, I headed straight for the old building.

In the usual classroom, all the members from yesterday, except for B-ko, were already there.

Soon after, B-ko came as well.

“——Hey, who told him? ——Who’s the traitor!?”

B-ko seemed to be very, very afraid.

“I wonder if we’ll die, too .....?”

“..... Calm down.”

“There’s no way I can calm down in a situation like this!”

“..... We still ... don’t know for sure yet ..... It could have been a coincidence .....”

“There’s no way that was a coincidence!!“

“Calm down!!”

“.....”

“... If anyone else gets involved .....You don’t want to die, right?”

“——tch!!”

“In any case, someone received a letter .... And then, it was seen, right?”

“In other words, that means it was true? That .....”

“Seems like it.”

“.....”

“The Bookmark of Demise .....”

For a while, we remained silent. A silence to the point where one’s ears would hurt.

“——Hey .... What should we do?”

B-ko asked in a voice that seemed about to cry.

“For now, we don’t really have any choice but to wait and see, right? Since someone has already received a letter.....”

“Yeah, so after one week passes, one of us will die.”

“Since .... Since it’s this kind of case, they’ll find the culprit quickly, right?!”

“..... That is, if there is a culprit.”

While putting on a frightened act, I implicitly continued saying things that could increase the feelings of fear.

In the end, we confirmed that we could do nothing about the situation, and decided to all go home early that day.

And, because B-ko wasn't able to relax, I went with her to a small city library a short distance away from the school

.....

\*

“.... B-ko-chan .....”

I looked at B-ko in concern. Because it was a smaller library, with the added fact that it was past noon on a weekday, there was no one else here besides us.

There was one staff person at the counter, but because we were sitting at a table in the very back of the bookshelves, the two of us were completely alone.

“.... Are you okay?”

I put my hand on the back of B-ko's hand and asked again.

B-ko pulled her hand away slowly, and muttered a quiet, “Thanks, but I'm fine.”

“.....”

She should have just let our hands stay like that.

“.... I'm sorry that I lost it.”

“.... It's okay.”

“Somehow ... seems like it's not a dream, huh ....? It'd be nice if it were, but somehow, I still can't believe it .....”

“.... Yeah.”

“I-I've been a little curious about .... Well, it's more like ... Look, we didn't obtain the “Book” or the “Bookmark,” so .....”

“Yeah.”

“.... So ... that's why I think .... It won't be like ten years ago, so ....”

“.....”

“.....”

“B-ko-cha——“

“Ahaa, sorry! I know that I'm a liar .... And it's useless no matter what a fat liar like me says, but .... I didn't betray anyone, I'm not a traitor, I——“

“B-ko-chan!”

“..... kh!”

B-ko, who had been looking down the entire time, finally lifted her face.

Her face was like a frightened little fawn, and was very adorable.

I took hold of B-ko's hand again.

This time, my grip was firmer than before.

“—I'll protect you, B-ko. So .... Please don't worry.”

—Protect. It was a word I didn't understand very well, so to me, it sounded nothing more than a baseless, meaningless promise.

But even so, it seemed that they had some effect in calming B-ko down.

“.... Thank you.”

“Mm-hm. Because ... I love B-ko-chan.”

I said this, and faced me with her best smile, just like always.

“.... I see. Thank you. I really like you too.”

I stood up, and brought my face close to B-ko's.

And then—

“.... What I said before .... It wasn't a lie.”

—I pressed against my lips against hers.

# Renna's Translations

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 [renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51106763855/aimless-imitation-musical-chairs-iii-musical](https://renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51106763855/aimless-imitation-musical-chairs-iii-musical)

Part 3 of the Aimless Imitation Musical Chairs chapter. Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

---

I went to a café near the station, and rushed into the single-stall restroom.

After I'd kissed B-ko, I told her, "I'll be going home now," and left the library first.

However, I didn't think I'd be able to go home right away, and had instead come to a café.

.... I traced my own lips with my fingers.

The reflection of my face in the mirror was distorted.

—I'd just ... had my first kiss ...

I knew that I was red all the way up to the ears.

My face wouldn't stop burning.

Despite the fact that my classmate had just died this afternoon, even that felt like something trivial and insignificant.

—**Thump.**

".... ?"

Just when I pulled my bag towards me so I could take out my cell phone, I noticed something strange.

..... Was there something in here?

Completely unguarded, I opened my bag.

".... Eek!"

Inside my bag was something I would have never expected.

A single letter and—what seemed to be a small, mummified hand.

It was cut off at the wrist, with five full fingers, and in a position where it was half open.

As for the size, it appeared to be about as big as an elementary schooler's.

Being faced with this sudden, surreal object, rather than feeling fear, what overcame me more was the strange impression that it looked almost like a backscratcher.

Returning to my seat, I hid the letter inside a textbook and slowly opened it.

Inside, something unexpected was written.

«—Use the Monkey's Paw, and defy fate.»

In the letter, it was written that the Moneky's Paw from earlier was a "special item".

Apparently, it could grant any five wishes, no matter what they were.

Use it, defy fate, and find the traitor .... was what it said.

If I remembered correctly, I had a feeling I'd heard about this from A-ya a while back.

It was an urban legend about an item called the Monkey's Paw that could grant any wish.

However, I couldn't remember what was at the end of the story. I was so sure there had been something .....

"Any wish, huh ...."

I remembered about my classmate being killed this afternoon.

That had to have been because of a paranormal power, or perhaps some kind of abstract power that went against this world; otherwise, it would not have been possible.

Just to test it out, I muttered quietly,

"B-ko-chan's ribbon .... I wish I had it ..."

—Crack.

I heard a dry noise from inside my bag.

It was the sound of a joint snapping.

Not daring to believe it, I opened my bag very, very slowly.

There, the mummified hand from earlier was still there, but now, the thumb was folded down, like when counting off

numbers.

—And beside the hand, was a ribbon.

There was no mistake; this was what I was always looking at .....

Yes, the very same one that I had seen up-close just a while ago ..... B-ko's ribbon.

I went into the restroom again, put on the ribbon in a merry mood, cut my hair with the scissors I had with me, and went home while passing in front of the station.

Once I reached home, I held my bag very, very carefully and went into my room.

What a wonderful turn of events this was.

Rather than fear, my feelings of happiness triumphed.

After all, it was perfect, wasn't it?

If I just used the last wish to save only B-ko and I, everything would be fine!

There was nothing to be afraid of.

If I saved the last wish, there were still three more things I could wish for.

What did I want to do?

In the end, I suppose I wanted to become just the slightest bit closer to B-ko.

I recalled how I had felt when I used to talk to Ririka.

\*

School became closed for a week.

On the first day, I stayed at home all day, but by the second day, I had completely run out of things to do.

Thinking for a while, I remembered I still had three wishes left, and wished for B-ko's shoes.

**Crack.**

Together with a dry sound, B-ko's shoes appeared in the entrance hall of my house.

It was like magic. Putting on my school uniform, the ribbon, and shoes, I went out into town.

After going to the school, the library, and several other places, I suddenly thought of going to B-ko's house.

B-ko's house was definitely around here somewhere.

Once I arrived at the park that served as a landmark, B-ko appeared right then.

Seeing B-ko walking and looking around at her surroundings, I hid in the shade of a tree without a second thought.

“—Ah ..... !”

For a split-second, B-ko seemed to notice something, and looked around.

Thinking that she would find me, I quickly hid behind the tree.

With a desperate expression on her face, B-ko threw a plastic bag into the bushes, and then ran back into the house that was in front of the park's entrance.

..... What was that just now?

I searched the area where B-ko had been standing, and picked up the plastic bag from within the bushes.

Looking inside, there was a single book.

It was very old, with a pitch black cover, and had a bookmark stuck between its pages.

I was no longer afraid of anything.

Whether it was the Book of Demise or the Bookmark of Demise, as long as I had this Monkey's Paw, I could defy them.

“.... Fufufu, B-ko-chan, I will protect you ....”

I threw the plastic bag and the book back into the bushes.

And then, I stood in front of B-ko's house for a while and stared at the window that was likely to be B-ko's room for a very, veeeery long time.

On the third day, I wandered around the vicinity of the school again, and lastly, went to stand in front of B-ko's house.

On the fourth day, I came on a little trip to the shopping mall.

By this time, the murder incident had been long forgotten, and with nothing else left to do, there were more than a few students that had come to hang out at the mall. Already, I had seen faces of several people I recognized.

There wasn't anything in particular I wanted, but still, I strolled around the mall with my favorite ribbon and shoes. As I was walking and looking around, the ad for a glasses and color contact shop caught my eye.

**【Find Your Dream Eyes With Color Contacts!】**

I had no interest in cheap color contacts, but come to think of it, I remembered B-ko having very clear and pretty eyes.

And then, at the same time, I remembered the conversation that B-ko and her classmate, who I had just seen earlier, had had in the hallway before.

『Hey, look~ We're matching, right~?』

『Ah, you're right!』

『Yay! B-ko and I have matching eye colors!』

『They're only eyes~』

『Ahahaha! Sooo mean~』

Matching eyes, hm? ..... I wish I could have them, too.

**Crack!**

“Kyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhh!”

Suddenly, a scream rang out inside of the shopping mall.

Wondering what had happened, I drew closer to where the commotion was, and saw that an accident had occurred; the top part of the lighting fixture above the mall's stairwell had fallen down.

Right where it had landed was B-ko's classmate, who I had just been thinking about.

And .... She was holding the area around her eye and screaming.

There seemed to be blood around her hand; a slightly thick, red moisture dripping.

I rushed into the bathroom and looked in the mirror.

—There, reflected in the mirror, was a very pretty eye that matched with B-ko's.

The next day, in order to finally use the last wish, I went to B-ko's house.

After yesterday's incident, I remembered what A-ya had said about the story of the Monkey's Paw.



The Monkey's Paw was invincible. However, if you wished for gold, gold would disappear from somewhere, and if you wished for water, water would disappear from somewhere. It was the same with lives. The point was that it would only exchange things; although invincible, it was an item that had its limits.

In order to work out how to save B-ko and I, I would explain the situation to B-ko and have her cooperate with me. It was alright; if it was B-ko, she was sure to understand.

Telling myself this while stroking my lips in a trance, I left the house.



I moved the doorknob so violently, it seemed likely to break.

“.... Eek!!”

—*Thump.*

*Ker-chak .....*

—Just now, I was sure that I had heard B-ko’s voice, and the sound of someone falling down.

“..... Why won’t you come out?”

Becoming anxious, I began to pound on the door and tried to turn the doorknob again.

“B-ko! B-ko!? Open up! Open uppppppppppppppppppppp!”

*Thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thump !!*

“Why won’t you come out? Hey? Why? Hey! Heeeeeeeeeey!!”

I circled the garden and found a rock to smash open the glass.

*Crash!!*

Where are you, B-ko? Where have you gone!?

I stuck down the television that was emitting annoying noise.

In the now silent room, I could hear a faint voice that sounded like B-ko.

“Help meee .....”

It’s okay, I’m coming to save you right now!

“..... A-yaa .....”

A-ya?

I knew. I knew that B-ko had always been looking at someone.

But, that .....

That ... wasn't B-ko.

—And then!

I ripped off the covers and stared at B-ko's face at point-blank range.

Her frightened figure was much more real than I had ever imagined, and not at all like what I had pictured.

—This *thing* in front of me was not B-ko.

I ... I will become the perfect B-ko. And I will save B-ko.

—**Crack!**

I moved away slightly from the thing that had been me just a moment ago, and said in a kind tone.


“.... I will protect you.”

And then, I raised the scissors I was holding up high.

—Yes, I will protect that ideal you I know so well.

# Renna's Translations

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 [renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51111280517/aimless-imitation-musical-chairs-iv-the-winner](https://renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51111280517/aimless-imitation-musical-chairs-iv-the-winner)

Part 4 of the Aimless Imitation Musical Chairs chapter. Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

—

—I am perfect.

“B-ko-chan, you’re so cute!”

“Right? And great style, too, like an idol.”

“Smart, and a great personality .... I really envy you~”

“Eh— .... Oh come on, that’s not true.”

“It totally is!”

“Good reflexes, too! It’s a shame you’re not into any club~”

“Hmm .... Compared to people that are in clubs though, it’s nothing.”

“Oh, stop being so modest. Plus, you’re really popular with the guys.”

“Isn’t she—? But it’s B-ko, so of course she is~”

“If I was a guy, I’d confess to you too!”

“Ahaha”

“So, so, do you have a crush on anyone, or someone you want to go out with?”

“Hmm~ .... I don’t really know about that~”

“Eh—That’s so boring~”

“But, you know, honestly, there probably isn’t any guy that’s worthy of dating a girl like B-ko.”

“You said it.”

“Anyway, if you find a crush or anything, make sure you tell us! You have to!”

“Sure, I don’t mind.”

“It’s a promise~!”

“A promise!”

“Ah, oh no, class is about to start.”

—Yes, I am perfect.

A perfect ..... ‘imposter.’

One of my classmates jogged up close to me.

“..... Ah, hey, B-ko.”

“What is it? Was there still something you needed?”

“..... Weeell, it’s not really that important, but .....”

“..... Hm?”

“Ah, yeah ..... Um ....”

“?”

“..... B-ko, did you change your shampoo?”

I smiled brightly, and replied, “Yeah, isn’t the scent lovely?”

—After school, I walked to a certain library.

In the end, I had used the fourth wish to become B-ko herself.

And with the last wish, I wished for all the disaster that was sure to befall me, to disappear.

..... With this, everything would go well.

I was wrapped in a euphoria I had never felt before.

Come to think of it, ever since I had loved Ririka, I had always had a strong desire to become close to the person I admired.

My cheeks blushed as I traced around my lips.

While fiddling with my hair, I sniffed the scent of my favorite sweet osmanthus.

『..... The smell .....』

!?

Suddenly, I heard a voice from directly behind me.

One I remembered hearing, it was *that* voice.

..... Why? Why are you here?

—B-ko!!

『Did you know?』

“..... Eh?”

『It's said that those who see their doppelganger .... will die. 』

—Why? Why .....?

\*

In the empty school building, mixed in with the sound of noise, the television sang:

『All of your wishes have been granted. The disaster that should have befallen you has all disappeared. And, in exchange for becoming the person you admired, everything that belonged to that person now belongs to you. ... Yes, all their disasters ... All of their misfortune ... Please take great caution when impersonating someone. 』

# Re:Parallel Love Lines (Page 236)

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 [renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51113223879/reparallel-love-lines-page-236](https://renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51113223879/reparallel-love-lines-page-236)

Re:Parallel Love Lines chapter. Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

—

One, two, three, four ....

Just one more, just one more.

It's still okay, it's still okay.

Just a little more, just a .... little more.

... And so, the pile of stones crumbled and fell apart.

# Mundane Everyday (Pages 238-255)

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 [renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51123428664/mundane-everyday-pages-238-255](https://renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/51123428664/mundane-everyday-pages-238-255)

Mundane Everyday chapter. Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

---

『..... Ah, well; this has also been broken again. 』



One day, after school, while his classmates were in the midst of going to club activities, A-ya did not head for home, but instead walked towards a place that was completely clear of people.

From the first floor corridor, after passing through the rear garden, there was an old school building.

It was a two-story, deteriorating wooden building that was mostly unused now.

When he opened the door of what had originally been the music room, the usual, unchanging faces were already gathered inside.

“.... Hey.”

With an innocent air, A-ya set down his bag on one of the desks.

“No, it’s not just ‘hey’ .... I don’t really care about your bad tastes, but would you stop using people as your topics?”

“.... What’re you talking about?”

“..... Don’t act like you don’t know!”

Desperately trying to suppress the anger in her expression, and coming towards A-ya with a glare was the top class beauty of the school, B-ko.

Normally, she was a cheerful honor student that was friendly with everyone, but inside this classroom, this was not so.

“Look, don’t call smoke where there’s no fire. I only meant it as a little prank.”

“.... Why you ...”

“If someone happened to see you right now, won’t they think you’re an imposter?”

“I’m serious, if you don’t stop now ....”

“—But, I think it’s wonderful that B-ko-chan has that dual nature.”

These cheerful words were directed at B-ko, who was about to grab A-ya by the collar.

Long hair and slender body. If you were to ask, she gave off a “pessimistic” impression.

—This girl’s name was D-ne.

One of the members of the usual group.

“Dual nature ... You’re saying it like I have a split personality.”

“Well, to be honest, it’s at a level where it really seems you might?”

Despite the bluntness of her words, D-ne affirmed this with a carefree smile.

B-ko sighed in resignation and returned to the seat she had been sitting in before.

“Pfft, as usual, B-ko has a soft spot for D-ne, huh?”

“Oh, shut up.”

C-ta, who had been grinning while listening to them talk, interrupted suddenly.

Light-colored hair that was thin and soft-looking, and droopy, friendly-looking eyes.

He could probably be included in the “ikemen” category, and was very skilled at making fun of people.

“It’s not like A-ya meant to tell a pointless lie, right?”

“That’s right, and it matches our activities so perfectly, too.”

“Club activities ... Can we really even call it that?”

At first glance, it may seem like they were all over the place, and although they didn’t seem to be compatible at all, they were actually all members of a certain club.

—This club was the Occult Research Club ..... otherwise known as the “Ocu-Club”.

Their club activities consisted of collecting every rumor that existed in the school, and studying them.

Rumors ... To be more exact, most of the rumors were categorized as occult or urban legends.

“Split-face Woman,” or “Human-faced Dog” ....

As they talked about rumors like those, they eventually came to gather in this old school building, and created this club.

The leader (although because it was a club, he would officially be called the president) was A-ya.

While in normal classes, he appeared to be a pessimistic student, once he entered the classroom in this old building, he became a passionate and true occult maniac.

A-ya quickly began talking about today’s club activities.

“Right then! Today’s theme is the Search for the Little Old Man!”

He wrote the words “Little Old Man” in large lettering on the blackboard.

“.... *What?* ‘Little Old Man’?”

B-ko asked with a discontent-looking face. Seeing that reaction, A-ya laughed, “Fufufu.”

“Oh, I know! By Little Old Man, do you mean *that* Little Old Man?”

D-ne asked with her hand in the air like during an actual lesson. As if to compliment her statement, C-ta continued,

“It’s a story that’s been passed down since the time of old fairy tales. Like how when you’re sleeping at night, the fairies finish their work. Nowadays, there’s always television personalities talking about they’ve seen him and all, so I think it’s pretty well-known as an urban legend .....

“About that Little Old Man, I came across a rumor the other day saying that he has been sighted in this very building!”

A-ya declared this with his finger pointed in the air.

“Hm~? Tell me more about this.”

“Oh! B-ko! Are you interested now!?”

A-ya grabbed B-ko’s hand and started shaking it. B-ko blushed all the way up to the ears and shook off his hand.

“I-I-I’ll listen to what you have to say about it, first!”

“Ahaha, B-ko, your face is completely red.”

“B-ko-chan, you’re so cute.”

“Wait! What are you—It’s not like that at all!”

This was their ... peaceful everyday. peaceful everyday. Peaceful ..... **Flip.**

One day, after school, while his classmates were in the midst of going to club activities, A-ya did not head for home, but instead walked towards a place that was completely clear of people.

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..... **Flip.**

One day, after school, while his classmates were in the midst of going to club activities, A-ya did not head for home, but instead walked towards a place that was completely clear of people. .... **Fwmp.**



**WOULD YOU LIKE TO CONTINUE?**

**YES/ NO**

# Afterword (Pages 256-259)

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 renna-translations.tumblr.com/post/57106240049/afterword-pages-256-259

Afterword for the Shuuen no Shiori novel. Translated by [Ame](#). Masterpost for the novel translation [here](#).

—  
How do you do? To everyone, including the old lady who's always really hyper at family gatherings and says "Oh my! You've grown so much! The last time I saw you must have been when you were only 6..." hello.

Suzumu here.

We began creating the world of the Bookmark of Demise together last May, but suddenly, it's even become a novel!

When it was decided I would be writing this novel, I texted to my mom, saying, "I'm going to write a novel! It's for MediaFactory! I'll do my best!" How nostalgic.

By the way, my mom's reply to that was "I left older sister's portion of the paella at grandma's house!! So I'll leave it to you!!"

The text wasn't even meant for me (she had addressed it to the wrong person), but the fact that my mom knew that my sister was bad with dealing with grandmother, and yet was doing this in order to help my sister's trauma, made me feel my mother's love in this plan all the way from my home in Iwata of the Shizuoka Prefecture, 250km away from Tokyo, making me feel slightly homesick.

Now, there's one problem.

That's right. I slowly began to talk of my family, but suddenly there's nothing left for me to write about.

You might be thinking "This isn't a place to discuss your problems..." but this is actually quite serious.

Ever since I began this novel, I've never had writer's block, even once.

That's why I'm now pointlessly trying to make as many new lines as possible.

Yep.

Pointlessly.

As many as possible.

Yep.

I'm sorry.

And then, I realized that the afterword is the worst thing in the history of mankind. I might even add "afterword" to my blacklist after this. Yep.

"The person in charge gets a hot topic via SNS": it's that kind of thing.

For example, on the 9th inning with two strikes and bases loaded, a professional baseball player would want to hit a homerun and therefore might even pay the the neighborhood-wide rumored Shiori-san of Demise (98 years

old/alias) to play the last ball – I would say it's the same level of underhandedness.

It became incomprehensible.

And, at one point, I realised a certain something.

That was, (in my personal opinion), a huge success, but is something I can't really talk about (I was scolded)

Therefore, if you'd like to, those of you who have a twitter account, do search "suzumun" in the search box. It's a tweet I made a morning some days ago.

I apologise, as there may be those who don't know what I'm talking about, but when I actually ate the Nama o Pon de, (I was told to rearrange and censor the name) I really loved it. There's a certain donuts shop in my neighborhood, I will now visit more frequently, as I want to unveil the various mysteries and secrets of the Nama o Pon de. (I was ordered to praise it if I was going to mention it)

Summary: Dealing with things as an adult is scary.

Well then, thanks to me the entire afterword has been filled with only bad jokes, but in the end I'll like to talk about something a bit more serious.

Thank you for buying this book, "The Bookmark of Demise". (Those of you who're reading it standing in the shop while the salespeople glare at you, feel embarrassed!)

In conclusion, those of you who are reading this in belief that the story has yet to be completed, you understand, don't you?

And in the very very end, the "identity" of the fox that showed it's true colors. Misunderstandings that birth further misunderstandings and bring a downward spiral of negativity; I really love those.

I'll give you a single hint. "You have already seen the fox." Without being pulled in by the world within the novel, once more, "see", "feel", "imagine" the book word by word. If you are the protagonist, you should understand.

And finally, please answer one more time.

Will you continue?

## **Suzumu**

"Please decide on the main character's names."

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH"

## **Saine**

Has a colorful design sense, and is in charge of the character design.

The most reliable one in the entire project group. Likes alcohol.

## **Komine**

Creator of the illustrations/video etc, the illustrator in charge of the visual aspects of the project.

The one with most understanding of the “Bookmark of Demise Project”. Not ‘Komune’.

**AAAAAAAAAHHHH (150P)**

Chance ×

Unlucky @

Gag Sense ×

Luck with Women ×

The ‘Don’t Mind’