

"Seikai" is a kind made by Homura
that resembles Madoka's script.

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三田誠

Illustration
曾我誠

SHINSHO SHINSEI
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SHINSEI

"Shaker" is a kind made by Homer
that resembles Mithras' scepter.

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三田誠

Illustration

曾我誠



ファミ通



Soushin no Soushin Magius - Volume 01

Chapter 00-01 Part 1

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Prologue

Prologue

“I wanna go to school”, he said.

Due to the prolonged [War], he wanted to at least experience a little of the almost-impossible school life, if possible.

That’s why.

...Aahh, I arrived at last.

He had never been so deeply moved in his entire life so far.

The ordinary linoleum corridor of the school building looked as if it was a hall in the royal palace in his eyes.

Even wandering in the desert half-dead for about two weeks and finally arriving at an oasis did not leave such a deep impression. Standing in the corridor, it was taking all he had to stop his knees from trembling and tears from flowing.

...There are...really so many...that are around the same age as me...

Amidst the turmoil of emotions, he was able to suppress the gradually rising sense of excitement.

He did not know of any places that gathered that many young boys and girls other than the military. Although it was noisy, he did not dislike this as the atmosphere was much more cheerful.

In the eyes of HajouSoushirou, it looked as if every single of the students walking around were shining radiantly.

Incredible...It’s really incredible...

No matter how long he looks, the sense of excitement did not seem to fade.

Of course he had seen many different types of scenery before. Whether it was Ayers Rock or Hell’s Gate at Turkmenistan, he had fought and almost died in

those places. Recognized as an AAA rank, he was also given many nicknames like Devil, Demon, or Four Kings.

However, exactly how much value was there in such a past when compared to the overflowing amount of life right now?

It would be great if...I can be a student here...!

Feelings of joy somehow started to flow into Soushirou's heart.

Once he relaxed, he felt like immediately jumping up, but the after-effects of the [War] could cause various problems thus he endured it.

“Ah, right, the classroom's location...?”

Let's find someone who seems to know.

However, Soushirou could not find such a person. Looking around for students who seem to be able to answer him, he somehow felt that he was being avoided.

—-*Huh?*

He might have been impatient, so he tried to give a friendlier expression as much as possible, but the result was unchanging.

Whenever his line of sight met with someone, they would give a suspicious-looking expression and avert their eyes. Feelings of excitement immediately became tears that were welling up in his eyes.

At such a timing, there was one person within approachable distance.

“Ah, hey, hello! Do you know where the classroom 2-D is?”

Finally managed to get the words out.

The other party was a maiden with ponytails wearing a red under-frame glasses. Soushirou only realized it after calling out to her. She might have been a mixed-blood as her hair was red in color like just her glasses. She possessed a well-rounded facial features while carrying some traces of strictness, giving off an image of a sharp blade.

A normal white blouse uniform when worn on her could be almost mistaken as a gorgeous dress.

After a few seconds, the maiden extended her finger and pointed towards the

young man.

“You were unpleasantly grinning since earlier, that’s why everyone is avoiding you.”

All of a sudden, she had hit at where it hurt.

“.....Ahh”

Instinctively, Soushirou placed his hands on his mouth.

To be honest, he might have been too lax.

Seeing that some form of action was taken, it seemed that her words have been understood and thus the maiden carried on with her words.

“From the high school department?”

“.....Ah, well”

Soushirou turned 18 this year.

As this was the building for middle school, the profiles of the students around were much younger.

If it was in the workforce, the age difference was not that significant. However, in areas where only specific generation of children and adults exists like a school and the [War] that Soushirou participated in before, this was a comparatively huge gap. It was to the extent that people were called old man/woman or burnout.

“Well, I am sort of entering mid-way. I came because I want to study, but I’d probably fall behind so I was thinking it might be better to start from a lower grade.”

Although it was disgraceful, it also felt slightly embarrassing.

A dropout.

Hidden inside those words were a sense of yearning.

It gave a delusion that oneself has already entered such a livelihood. No, it was no longer a delusion but reality from now. The world was such a wonderful place, isn’t it?

“I see”

The maiden wearing glasses lightly nodded her head.

“You will look down on me?”

“That’s not it. I like people who make an effort in the pursuit of knowledge.”

That’s wonderful. It is ok to like studying.

Schools are so amazing. Wait, isn’t this heaven?

“2-D right? If so, it is my classroom. I’ll guide you there.”

“Wow! Thank you!”

Looking at Soushirou who was nodding his head in happiness, the young lady turned her back and began walking.

Soushirou followed in panic. The young lady looked astonished and opened her mouth.

“Are you that happy?”

“Ah, well...”

“Your nodding since earlier looks just like a dog’s tail wagging.”

After finishing, she gave a sudden smile.

“I also enrolled mid-way last year. That’s why, I somehow remembered those moments.”

“Wow, really? What a coincidence!”

While following the young lady, Soushirou was bewildered.

It was almost like magic. A work of miracle.

To take another step from there, many more time of courage than usual was needed.

“...Er, erm, can I get your name?”

Soushirou understood that his face had become red.

While walking together, the young lady answered.

“Public Morals Committee Chairperson, AkegiriHiiro. What about you?”

“Ah, HajouSoushirou. Sou (蒼) as in blue, Shi (士) as in samurai and Rou.

“Even though your hair is pure white, your name signifies blue huh?”

“Er, yea.”

As his hair was suddenly mentioned, Soushirou had a change of voice. His hair color was something acquired, which he thought might frighten people and thus held the hair dye in his hand for half a day while being troubled. However, she did not seem to mind it at all.

It seems that it will be impossible to conceal Soushirou’s happiness. *What a beautiful day it is today*, he thought.

“A school is such a cool place. It is really awesome!”

“What a weird person.”

Hiiro pleasantly laughed.

“So, calling you Soushirou-kun is alright?”

“Oh, sure. That is great. Then I will also address you as Hiiro-san.”

The conversation ended there.

They have arrived at their destination. [2-D] was engraved on the sign in the corridor outside the classroom.

When the door was opened, Soushirou went pale immediately.

“.....Lotus.....”

He was frantically trying to stop the groans coming from his throat.

She was an acquaintance, or rather she was the one that sent Soushirou to this school.

“Sister Jill.”

“Oh, Akegiri-san. You brought him here?”

The youthful sister welcomed Hiiro with an extremely gentle smile.

If you only looked at what happened, it can be seen as an ideal relationship



between a clergy and student.

After Hihiro took a look at the clock, she grasped the hands of the already stiff Soushirou and walked towards the area where some students gathered.

“Well then, Soushirou-kun, I’ll introduce you to everyone before morning assembly.”

“Oh?”

Sister Jill interrupted.

“What’s the matter? Isn’t your teacher right here?”

“.....Huh?”

Perhaps it should have been noticed while walking down the corridor.

The suit that Soushirou wore was different from what the rest of the students were wearing.

“Soushirou-kun?”

Hihiro tilted her head in confusion.

“Akegiri-san, I don’t think that’s right you know? Calling your teacher by his name.”

Sister Jill gently rebuked.

However, the smile that was on her mouth looked more like it was from an evil demon king rather than a sister. It can also be said to be a hunter observing a pitiful sacrifice caught in a trap.

The bell rang.

Even faster than anyone thinking of proceeding with the formalities of morning assembly, Sister gripped Soushirou's hand using her soft tender hands and pulled him up to the platform.

"That's why I am saying, come here Hajou-sensei. Morning assembly is starting so please come up to the platform. Oh, Hihiro-san please get back to your own seat too."

Sister Jill's shoulder shook.

Soushirou looked over his shoulder, as if looking for help.

".....Sen, sei?"

Hihiro's lips awkwardly moved.

Her eyes seemed to be appealing: *You lied to me?*

Her face that turned bright red also seemed to be saying: *You dare embarrass me despite being newly appointed!*

"N, no. It is not what you are thinking....."

The flustered Soushirou waved one of his hands in denial while whispering to Sister Jill.

"What is the meaning of this, Lotus Bride! You made me....."

"Umm, I fulfilled the promise right? As promised, I made it so that you could attend school. I never said anything about letting you be a student though!"

Everything was spoken in a low voice until now. As if delivering the final blow, Sister Jill gave off a gorgeous smile.

"Welcome, Hajou-sensei. —Everyone, this is your new teacher Hajou Soushirou. He is your homeroom and math teacher. He might be young, but he has an excellent talent that skipped grades overseas, so please do not worry!"

I was betrayed, Soushirou thought!

What bad luck or grade skipping, all that talk about being a dropout was all completely a lie. Hihiro's eyes were lit with flames.

Due to an overwhelming sense of guilt and despair, Soushirou did not remember what happened after.

Out of the 27 academies in <The Thirteenth Special Zone>, this was an incident that occurred at the 25th place-privately established Ikaruga Academy, where Hajou Soushirou registered as a new teacher.

Chapter 1 – Miss Black Lotus

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Everyone should have attempted such a kind of magic before.

An invisible chatting companion.

An imaginary friend.

Ah, it doesn't matter if it is pretend play or playing house. Treating dolls or stuffed toys as if they were a mysterious person or a customer; surely you have done such things before right? That is a fleeting and beautiful common fantasy only allowed when one was young.

Essentially, that's the kind of sorcery Soushin is.

—- Lotus Bride

—- *It's a dream.* That was what he could tell from the feeling in his tongue.

The cloud of sand was hurting the interior of his mouth.

Even if he was wearing a mask, it was unable to generate any form of defense against the sandstorm. Other than the ruins where Soushirou and the rest were hiding, all that could be seen was sand, and the glaring sunlight that was hurting his eyeballs. Even the latest cutting-edge body armor could not reduce the discomfort of the desert.

(.....Not this dream again)

How many times has it been already, Soushirou thought.

The dream of the end. The dream of the [War]. Perhaps it could also be considered as a dream of youth.

“..... Yo Duke of Darkness. <Kokuzetsukou>”

After calling out from the shadows of the ruins, an immature looking young lad

stepped out while removing his mask.

It goes without saying that he was also a Magius. He controls the war hero that is quite famous in Aztec Myth, Tezcatlipoca. Amongst the <Liberators> at that time, Tezcatlipoca was one of the more prominent and powerful [God]. Even so, this mighty Soushin had already fallen and was kneeling beside the young lad.

The god, who had his limbs buried into a mirror, crumbled like fine sand and disappeared. Just like in the legends.

Soushin.

It is a man-made god that was created using new-age sorcery that only people of 16 year olds and below can use. The user's willpower is poured into a [God Mold] and allows the manifestation of a combat tactical unit.

“We lost huh!?”

The young lad smiled and tossed his mask aside.

His cheeks only moved ever so slightly, so it probably meant that he was smiling.

“Even Jiro Shin-kun from Shueri and Pazusu from Karen both lost. They were defeated magnificently.”

The dark-skinned young lad, with half of his face covered in blood, heard a voice through a loudspeaker.

“— The battle has ended. To all <Liberator> combatants, surrender! We have already made preparations to accept your surrender. I repeat, the battle has ended!”

The voice reverberated across the entire desert through the loudspeaker.

As if to boast, the victors scattered sparkling grains of sand when announcing the surrender notice. In the sky above the ruins where Soushirou and the rest had been hiding, tandem rotor transport crafts had been coming and going. As a matter of fact, even about a month ago, the trend of the [War] had already been determined. It seemed that for that sake, the <Management Army> had started their preparations much earlier on. Behind the scenes of such cordial

arrangements, there should be strong influences from the <Sword Emperor>”

Oh, what a merciful topic it is!

Like hell it is!

“Even the <Sword Emperor> came, I guess it can’t be helped..... Hahaha, as expected, Seven Forms Seven Swords is really impressive.”

Behind the young lad was the former battlefield.

The area that he was protecting was especially important and was where the remaining war potential from <Liberator> would gather at that time. Although the numbers fell greatly behind the <Management Army>, assembling dozens of Phase 3 and above Soushin users in a single place should have never happened before.

However, even such an area was broken through by a single <Sword Emperor>.

As one would expect, there was no room to go easy on so many opponents. The aftermath of the battlefield was gruesome.

It was almost as if a meteorite crashed and made a crater, or a volcano erupting and its lava dyeing the background bright red. There were almost no remaining corpses that could even be recognized by their relatives. The excessively powerful authority of the Soushin not only miserably pulverized the dead bodies, but even the ruins and the earth.

The name of the [God] that carried out the destruction was Kali.

The jet-black goddess from Indian Myth (ED: Hinduism), that was said to be able to easily crush heaven and earth, was manifested by the <Sword Emperor>.

“..... You, you wanted to go to school right?”

The young lad said in a hoarse voice.

When he smiled, his white teeth were revealed.

“Make sure you do just that. Even if you have to use Lotus Bride’s influence..... Afterall, we were unable to go, but you at least, should have your wish granted.”

As if it was very bright, he partially closed his eyes.

However, those eyes surely did not reflect anything already. Afterall, the young

lad did not notice that Soushirou's abdomen was smeared with dripping wet blood.

“Hey... Soushirou....”

The voice broke off.

“— Oj”

There was no reply.

An in the usual dream, Soushirou checked for his response, and as usual, the young lad died here.

The sky was blue.

It was the first time Soushirou saw such a blue sky. It was a colour that he would not forget in his whole life.

Due to the unstoppable trembling in his chest and emotions, the huge shadow beside him responded.

Ah, because it is a dream, that should still not be awakened yet.

Towards the standing Soushin right beside him, Soushirou gazed at it with extreme reminiscence. The pain of his body felt far; and whether it was because it was a dream or it was also like that back in reality at that time, he could not remember.

Soushirou touched his own mask.

Black sand slowly danced around the surroundings.

Soushin form. Thousand Forms Black Dust.

The [Power] that Soushirou has lost. It is because he was able to skillfully manipulate these black sand that he was known as Duke of Darkness<Kokutetsukou>.

— *If so*

While he was thinking, the scenery changed.

A characteristic of dreams, the scene abruptly transferred to a location several kilometers away from the historic ruins.

That was his last battle.

—- <*Sword Emperor*>

Soushirou glared at his opponent in front of him.

A magius, with his long hair fluttering, was wearing a deep crimson mask.

At that time, many Magius were still using masks. Masks were an effective tool to keep their will in check. This was the reason why many shamans and entertainers preferred masks, regardless in which parts of the world.

A goddess was right beside.

Kali.

She had a jet-black body with 4 arms.

Despite looking quite different from humans, her form was beautiful. It was to the extent that one would not believe that she had a liking for blood and slaughter or that she was the symbolic goddess of an assassination group.

“The battle is already over.”

A low muffled voice could be heard from behind the mask.

“It is not.” Soushirou answered.

The soushin beside Soushirou began running.

In response, the goddess controlled by the <Sword Emperor> wielded her sword.

—- <*Sword Emperor*>

The sword held by the black goddess initially released a fearsome ice storm, but soon changed into an exact opposite dazzling flames.

With the mixing sounds of fire and ice, the goddess changed her expression.

Kali.

Soushin form. Seven forms seven swords.

Originally, only one or two abilities are allowed to be used by a Soushin. No matter how much legend or folklore the god used as a mold has, what can be revived and used depends very much on the willpower of the user. Only if the

user trusts, and through the trust, can the form of the god come into existence.

However, Kali has a specialized ability known as <proper usage of the magical power hidden in magical swords> that allows it to greatly exceed that limitation.

-- <*Sword Emperor*>

Soushirou was already enduring close to his limit.

The black sand that is controlled by his soushin spreaded around the surroundings like a barrier.

Admist the black vortex, he heard a cry in unison.

“For the liberation of soushin users!”

Ah, that was the catch-phrase for the <Liberators>.

In the past, battles were fought while carrying the responsibilities of that phrase. It might be more appropriate to call it clinging onto the slogan, instead of believing in it.

“Soushin users should be controlled!”

Surely, the <Management Army> must have their own standpoint.

(To be continue)