

[Sukasuka Vol. 3] Bonus Stories



Spending A Sleepless Night with You *alone in the dark*

“It’s very scary, so be careful,” they had been warned over and over. “And no matter what you do, don’t ever watch it at night!”

“The more they tell us not to watch it, the more enticing it seems,” Panival mused.

“Let’s watch it then!” Collon piped up. “If we all watch together, we won’t feel scared!”

“Um, I can’t handle scary stuff...” Lakish mumbled.

“We’ll just have to find out how scary it is with our own eyes!” Tiat proclaimed confidently.

The four of them were about to watch a late-night horror movie with mediocre acting and a cheaply-made backdrop on a recording crystal.

“...That aside, why did you come to my room in the middle of the night?” the Second Technical Officer Willem Kumesh asked sleepily. “Didn’t you say you weren’t scared? Hurry up, go brush your teeth and sleep already.”

“I-I-It’s just a coincidence!” Tiat stammered, waving her arms around. “I just thought that maybe you were feeling lonely at night or something, so I was worried about you!”

The walls of the fairy warehouse weren’t very soundproof. If someone were to raise their voice in the middle of the night, it was likely for someone else to storm out of their room and complain about the noise.

“Fine, thanks to you I’m no longer lonely. Go back to your room already.”

“D-don’t wanna. I keep seeing faces on the ceiling of my room.”

“...Jeez. If you’re that scared, why don’t you just go sleep with the little ones? If you feel uneasy being alone, they probably won’t mind you joining them anyway.”

“Well, about that... since I already said that I wasn’t scared, it’s kind of hard to...”

“Why don’t you go to Kutori then? She definitely wouldn’t chase you away just like that.”

“I don’t want my senior to feel disappointed in me...”

“Come on, she won’t do that.”

“Even so, I still don’t wanna be embarrassed in front of her...”

It’s fine if it’s me then? Willem thought.

They both stayed silent for a few seconds. “...Good grief, all of you,” Willem gave up. “Fine. I’ll just sleep on the chair, so you can sleep on the bed then.”

“Really? Thank you!” Tiat flew back into Willem’s room. Looking through the doorway, she saw someone already on the bed, and shouted without thinking, “What’s going on?!”

“Ah!” Lakish jumped in surprise.

Collon shot up, looking around. “What’s happening? Are there enemies?”

“...You all are so noisy.” Panival grumbled, going back to sleep.

“W-w-why is everyone here!?”

“For the same reason as you, of course.” Willem said. “Although everyone had a different excuse, the four of you basically asked to sleep over here without telling the others .”

“T-t-t-that...”

“None of us heard a thing about it?”

Willem nodded. “Of course not. None of you said a word. Oh, and by the way, the bed can’t fit all of you.” He shook his head. “There’s only one bed in this room anyway, so it can’t be helped.”

“That’s not the problem here!” Tiat raised her voice again.

“**BE QUIET!**” a new shout cut through their exchange. Kutori towered by the door, a disdainful scowl on her face.

In the end, the lecture lasted till morning. After that, the issues which the four of them had with sleeping at night rather conveniently vanished.





A Question with Four Answers *ultimate decision*

It was a hot summer afternoon.

“Imagine you are on an airship when it crashes onto an uninhabited island. Only two people survive: you, and the person who’s most important to you. In a month, another airship will pass by close to the island, but you will have no means of communication with the outside world till then.”

Sitting on the other end of their table, Aisea Myse Valgalis suddenly asked this bizarre question. “However, there’s one problem. No matter what you do, you only have enough food for one person. In that situation, what would you do?”

“What’s that?” Kutori Nota Seniolis shot back, twirling her spaghetti with a fork. “Some sort of psychological test?”

“Oh, it just popped up in a book I read yesterday. It’s something about testing an individual’s thought process. Even if you don’t answer anything, it’s not like I’ll read too deeply into it anyway.”

“Well, I don’t really mind – but isn’t it weird? I know you said ‘individual’, but I think us fairies would all give the same answer.”

“Really? Whaddya mean by that?”

“We’d give all the food to the other person and leave the island ourselves. If it’s someone precious to us, of course we’d want that person to survive. We wouldn’t be sacrificing ourselves for nothing because we can fly, so we’d probably bump into another airship before getting completely exhausted.”

“Hmm... how should I put this? It’s rather like you to give such an answer, Kutori.”

“Hey! What’s with that smug look? Would your answer be different?”

“I guess so. A month’s worth of food for one person would allow two people to survive for half a month. That’s why for me, I’d use that half a month to search for ways to escape or communicate with the outside world. For example, I could explore the island, determine my coordinates from the positions of the stars, and extract some usable items from the wreckage of the airship. There’s a

lotta stuff that you can do, you know.”

“W-wait a minute! Is that kind of answer even allowed?”

“I mean, this *is* a question to test people’s thought processes, so of course it’s allowed. If such options weren’t open to us, it’d probably be impossible. How about you, Ren?”

The girl sitting next to Kutori, Nephren Ruq Insania, paused from tearing up a piece of bread and raised her head when she heard her name called.

Aiseia explained the scenario again. “What would you do if you were in that situation, Ren?”

Kutori followed her gaze, turning to observe Nephren. *How will she reply?*

“Hmm,” Nephren thought for a moment. “I would sleep,” she replied calmly. “If help’s going to come anyway, then I’ll wait. If there’s not enough food, I’ll at least try to not be hungry. Being alone might get lonely halfway through, but if there are two people, then it’ll probably be okay. Perfect.” She ended with a satisfied *hmph*.

Kutori and Aiseia faced each other again.

“...That was a completely different answer from yours.”

“W-Well, yours was different too, right? My answer’s more conventional compared to the both of you.”

“Aren’t you rather wicked? If I asked you again, would you reply that you wouldn’t do anything then?” Aiseia smiled mischievously. “Why don’t we ask the next person who enters the dining hall to see if their answer is the same as yours, Kutori?”

“We’ll see.” Kutori raised her head regally.

Just then, a woman appeared in the doorway.

“Aah!” The two girls both cried out, realizing that they had both been defeated.

“Eh? What’s going on?” Seeing their faces, the female troll, Naigrat, stepped back in confusion.

“Well, it’s a question of how meaty this precious person is, isn’t it?” Naigrat had replied with a radiant smile, spreading her arms out. “Wouldn’t it be nice to be one with the person you love? We would be happily united, and the food issue would also be solved. It’s even less of a problem if there’s more meat to be had, after all.”

However they thought about it or tried to solve the question, they had all found a kind of answer.

The two girls returned to their table and resumed eating their lunch. “How fortunate it is to have our lunch normally like this,” Aiseia said, stuffing her mouth with vegetables.

“There’s no chance of us getting stranded on an uninhabited island anyway,” Kutori mumbled softly, twirling her spaghetti with a fork.

Meanwhile, Nephren had finished eating. “Thanks for the meal,” she said to the empty plate, clasping her hands together.

It was a hot summer afternoon. Time passed peacefully for the inhabitants of the fairy warehouse, for now.

[Sukasuka Bluray Vol. 6] Bonus Story: The Girl Who Didn't Know Anything

枯野 瑛

イラスト：JIC

Blu-ray/DVD 6巻特典短編小説

まだ何も知らない女の子

before the encounter

[併録]

Blu-ray/DVD 5巻特典オーディオドラマ 「アイセア」 シナリオ
Blu-ray/DVD 6巻特典オーディオドラマ 「巣食ってもらっていいですか？」 シナリオ



Kutori's heart pounded with anxiety.

She completely knew why. What she was doing violated – no, completely flouted military regulations.

In this case, the regulations stated: *The dangerous weapons must remain under control of their respective managers. To leave them strewn around without care is strictly prohibited.* In short, weapons – more commonly known as fairy soldiers – such as Kutori were not allowed to leave the sight of the army supervisor.

Although these rules generally weren't strictly enforced, completely ignoring them like what she was doing right now wouldn't do either. It would be like if a powerful bomb grew arms and legs, then was turned loose on the street – to any regular person this would be not only ridiculous but terrifying, and so the army forbade such behavior.

The one breaking that taboo right here and now was somebody who truly lived up to her nature as a walking bomb – the fairy soldier, Kutori Nota Seniolis.

“Woah...”

The city of Grimbjhal was the most densely populated area on the 28th island. Looking either way on its wide streets, masses of different beast people stretched as far as the eye can see. It wasn't an exaggeration to say that they all seemed to merge into one. Some walked faster with larger strides, while others stopped to observe the scenery. Without warning, shoulders of different people would bump by one another. You might hear somebody's hearty laugh ring out loud and clear, and the next second somebody else might be spitting out curses, and before you knew it the two would already be fighting.

Ugh... what kind of weird place did I end up in? Kutori sighed, running a hand over her face. *I knew it. This really isn't where I should be.*

Kutori pried open a gap between the beastkind and squeezed through it, getting some distance between herself and the overwhelming mass. Unpleasant sensations roiled within her: self-hatred, sadness, regret...

As well as an extra-thick whiff of beast-people odor.

“Agh, agh!” She gagged and coughed, trying to expel the noxious musk from her lungs, and then looked around.

“Erm...”

Kutori had no idea where she was, no idea where to go, and not the faintest clue about the places she’d wanted to visit or the sights she’d wanted to see. In short: she was lost.

She looked up. The blue sky, cut into a square by towering buildings, rose away from her, and a natural urge came over her. *To spread my wings and fly up there... No!*

She fiercely shook that thought out of her mind. *If I actually did that, it’d defeat the whole point of coming here! My efforts would go to waste!* Her hand brushed her pocket inadvertently, and then Kutori realized another piece of bad news: it was empty. Her wallet had been stolen at some point.

Suddenly panicked, she hastily checked all over herself. Fortunately, only the wallet in her coat’s outer pocket had been lost. Her loose change along with an extremely important brooch both remained safely hidden away in the inner pockets. She let out a relieved sigh.

As her nerves relaxed again, her train of thought returned to where it’d derailed. *What is it about this city that’s making me so tense, worried in one moment and happy in the next? How did everything end up like this? What was I looking for... no, what did I hope to find here?*

The story began 82 days ago.

A Teimerre had recently landed on a small sub-island of Island 48. Fortunately, it turned out to be a relatively weak one. Thanks to the efforts of the Winged Guard’s 2nd Division and the four leprechauns under its command, the beast was disposed of in less than half a day.

“Geez, seriously...” Kutori grumbled, cleaning her hair with a towel. Since the battle had taken place in a swampy environment, she’d gotten covered with foul-smelling mud. There was no reason to care about her looks during the

fight, but afterwards the feeling of dampness clinging all over her body had begun to feel quite uncomfortable.

Wave after wave of continuous laughter echoed from outside of the tent. Noft and Aiseia were probably playing around in the mud. *The battle literally just ended... those two really are energetic.*

Just then, a somewhat self-satisfied voice drifted out of another nearby tent. “Before heading home, I plan to visit a few other islands along the way. I’ve already prepared the perfect ring and scarf. Still haven’t found the right earring, though.”

“Since it’s already settled,” another voice responded, “you’ll have to make her into the bird of your dreams.”

That first soldier’s voice rang a bell to her. Indeed, the day before the battle took place, he’d said something along those lines: “Once this battle’s over, I’m going home and marrying my childhood friend!”

That had caused quite the commotion in the army. In any typical play, there were characters who would sprout something like *I can’t die yet!* and then die anyway. The soldier’s comrades in the Winged Guard were well aware of this to the point where it was almost at the level of common-sense, and so they replied to his declaration in various ways.

The most common response was sarcastic. “Why are you saying unlucky stuff? If you want to die, go die on your own! Don’t raise a flag and kill us all!”

Others offered their blessings for the two lovers: “Is your bride cute?”

His commander warned him that it was up to *him* to schedule island return routes, all the while secretly preparing wedding gifts.

Of course, reality wasn’t a play. The person in question hadn’t followed the overused trope and died heroically. The battle unfolded dramatically and then was swiftly resolved, just like that.

“So what color will you pick? How about the tea-colored triple wave style?”

“Ehh... I was just going to go for the red version.”

“Oho? Nothing matters more than her happiness!”

One after the other, incomprehensible words flowed in from outside. “The bird of your dreams...” Still struggling with her wet hair, Kutori mumbled to herself. “What is that?”

Another fairy soldier – Lantolq Itsuri Historia – sat down next to her, having overheard her words. “A ring, earrings, and this so-called bird of your dreams. Do you know what those are, Kutori?”

“Huh? Uh, hmm...” Kutori tried to remember if she had. Nothing came to mind. “I don’t think I’ve ever heard of them before.”

“For marriage, one would have to prepare gifts for the person they’re proposing to. I believe those are similar customs.”

“That... oh right, I’ve heard of marriage customs before.”

“Do you care about them that much?” Lantolq picked up a towel and started to clean her own hair. “Ah, could it be that you’re interested in getting married?”

“No, it’s not that. We’re...” *Leprechauns are bombs. Bombs don’t have genders. Bombs don’t have the privilege of experiencing love and marriage.*

“I’m probably just frustrated. I was born and grew up in Regul Aire, I’m fighting on the front lines now, one day I’ll disappear to protect the islands, and yet I still know almost nothing about what happens on them.”

“Uh huh...”

Of course, frustration alone couldn’t explain the cheerful, uplifting emotion lingering in her heart. But that was ridiculous to say out loud.

Regul Aire was vast, and all kinds of different species with all sorts of different cultural practices called it home.

“We’re not allowed to wonder about such things, right? You see, it’s like if sheep on a farm weren’t raised to be consumed. In that case you wouldn’t be thinking about which sheep you’re going to eat next, but rather your purpose in life as a shepherd.”

“That’s true... I think?” Lan tilted her head to the side, perplexed. “To put that aside for now, Kutori, the metaphor you just used sounds a lot like Naigrat’s

way of speaking.”

“Hmm... it does seem pretty similar.” She’d have to self-reflect.

To the fairies of the warehouse such as Kutori, any mention of the troll Naigrat would make her face, both sisterly and motherly at once, pop into their heads. She was, without a doubt, a respectable person that Kutori still had much to learn from. Nonetheless, there were certain differences between them as individuals.

“But I still want to know what exactly we are, what we’re fighting to protect, what we’re fighting against, the purpose of our existence. Are these questions of mine unnecessary?”

“No, Lan, I think it suits you just fine.”

To be honest, Kutori had to admit that although Lan was younger than her, the other fairy behaved much more like a mature woman. She’d always been jealous of that. Despite her best efforts at imitating her seniors in the warehouse, Kutori had only ever managed to scratch a bit of the surface.

“What’s the purpose of our existence...” Kutori muttered, contemplating the question.

I don’t think this is a topic that I should dwell on. If I think about it, the fear would overwhelm me. Despite knowing that my deadline has already been decided, as long as I don’t think or care about anything and just embrace my demise, I won’t have to suffer.

But even so, if...

“Take this!”

“Huh?!”

At that moment, Kutori’s thought process was abruptly and brutally interrupted.

First, the entrance of the tent was flung open and a muddy figure sprang in. Noft chased after her, hurling an extra-large glob of mud in the figure’s direction. However the figure – perhaps better known as Aiseia – was a well-trained soldier capable of sensing a fatal attack from behind herself. She nimbly

jumped to the side and dodged it. The lump of mud missed its initial target, sailed in an arc through the tent, and then—

Kutori's clean face, the result of painstaking effort, received a direct hit.

Time skidded to a near-halt, a sudden chill freezing everybody solid in the middle of what they were doing. They turned slowly to Kutori's muddy face. A few seconds later, she drew in a deep breath.

"You two—"

The flow of time restarted as Aiseia dashed out of the tent at lightning speed, Noft close behind her. Lan exhaled softly, a slightly shocked expression on her face

That conversation was the spark of today's story.

I want to see with my own eyes what we're fighting to protect. Only then can I understand the reasons for which we're fighting. After all, it's related to the purpose of our existence.

Thoughts like those had been in her mind already, before the exchange with Lantolq, but Kutori had viewed them as not her own – merely ideas borrowed from other people. Talking to Lantolq had caused those questions to become rooted deeper and deeper into her subconsciousness, to the point where they couldn't be ignored anymore and she actually wanted to learn what their answers might be.

Due to that, she hadn't been in a good mood recently.

After the battle on Island 48, Kutori mustered up the courage to ask First Officer Limeskin for a bit of free time on the way back home. She had quickly realized how stupid and reckless her request was and braced for what would surely be a lecture, already taking back her words: "Sorry, please forget what I just said!" And then, just as she was about to slink away with her tail between her legs—

"One who spills crimson honor upon the battlefield deserves respect and reward from the unscarred. Though your wish is beyond reason, I shall grant it."

His way of speaking was difficult to understand, but Kutori realized that the

First Officer had immediately approved her ridiculous request with a straight face (If his expression twitched just a little, it passed underneath Kutori's notice).

She knew that regulations such as those monitoring leprechaun activities weren't exactly easy to bypass. It wasn't impossible to do so, but a lot of files – everything from personnel reports to military airship loads – would have to be forged, which certainly would be troublesome.

“I'm so sorry, First Officer...”

Walking on the streets of Grimbjhal all alone, distress jolting through her heart, Kutori realized that it was actually a lot more noisy than she thought. There was no sense of security, and her eardrums were endlessly tormented by all sorts of loud noises.

I'm so scared. I truly know nothing about Regul Aire.

Utterly exhausted, she sat down on a long bench beside the road. *Never mind walking, I can't even stand anymore.* Sighing, she stared up at the sky with a blank face. Second by second, her precious free time was slipping away, consumed by pointless actions.

My throat's so dry. I want to drink something.

Covering her head with a thin hood, she decided to find something to relieve her thirst. *I remember seeing a stand selling freshly-squeezed fruit juice. The tastes of beast people and leprechauns shouldn't be that different, so it's probably something that I can drink.* To verify the the amount of change she had left, Kutori carefully reached into an inner coat pocket and took out her spare wallet. As she did, a small *ding* rang out. She looked down, tracing the sound's source to the ground.

Her brooch had fallen out of the pocket.

“Oh...”

A blue gemstone shone brightly, reflecting rays of sunlight.

Oh no, I have to put it back in immediately! I can't afford to lose my most precious belonging! She quickly reached down to pick up the brooch.

A rustling sound came from a nearby bush just then, and a black shadow leapt out.

“Huh?!” Kutori’s outstretched hand closed on air.

Just as she recognized the shape as a little black cat, it dashed off with a *swish* and what seemed like a ray of light in its mouth. Not yet realizing what had happened, she slowly looked at her hand. Both it and the patch of ground she was reaching for were empty. Which meant that glimmer of light in the cat’s mouth was...

“Ahhhhhhhhhh!”

Her vision went black. Without the chance to recover from the shock, Kutori mustered up all her remaining strength and stood up. Then – *swish* – she chased after it at the fastest speed she’d ever ran in her life.

Dashing off with everything she had, speeding through crisscrossing streets, there was no time to appreciate all the scenery that flew past. *If I lose focus for even a second, I’ll definitely lose track of that cat!*

Squeezing between beastkind, jumping off rooftops, climbing over walls and leaping over drains, Kutori ran with all her might, chasing and chasing and chasing.

Ah, why did this all happen?! Her heart was heavy with regret. I shouldn’t have come here after all. I shouldn’t have tried to learn about anything. I’m just a disposable bomb. Why would a bomb hope for anything? I shouldn’t have done anything to begin with!

“You stop right there!”

Wailing and crying, Kutori continued her chase, passing through places she had once never known about, places she didn’t know anything about, scenery she had never seen before, leaping over all sorts of obstacles.

I thought that I might experience something by coming here. If I came and still couldn’t find an answer that filled the hole in my heart, then I would give up for good.

So the girl who didn’t know anything gave up trying to find something. She

hurried after the black cat, chasing and chasing and chasing.

She had no clue whatsoever of the events that awaited her.