

Tantei Team KZ Jiken Note: The Cut Pages Knows

 kaoru-kagura.livejournal.com/1331.html

kaoru_kagura (kaoru_kagura) wrote,

So, I got myself really into the Tantei Team KZ anime. I got really interested into it and I thought that it'd be fun to translate the novels. I'm not a professional translator, but it is a fun hobby for me. This is the book that comes after "The Missing Bike Knows".

Kirareta Peeji wa Shiteiru (The Cut Page Knows)

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Synopsis

In the cram school's library, a page was found cut out of a magazine. There's no record of lending out the magazine once. Who could it have been? How did they get their hands on it? And for what reason? Sixth graders Aya and four handsome and unique boys will use their special skills to the best of their ability and begin the search. The 5 KZ members will play an active part in the second book of this mystery series!

Chapter 1: The Story So Far

When "KZ" is written, it's read as "katsu"*.

Right now, it's the coolest soccer team.

Shumei Seminar is a cram school that trains students so they may pass entrance exams. Among all of the cram school students, there are stars that are created.

KZ High School, KZ Middle School, and KZ Elementary School are the 3 departments.

Shumei Seminar is a rather difficult cram school and many people fall short of the academic performance test requirements. Inside the high level of Shuumei, those who are below the 70th percentile cannot enter KZ. In other words, KZ is an elite group.

At the same time, the soccer leaders and members of the elementary school, middle school, and high school departments aim for victory. All members wear a metallic silver uniform and soccer shorts for their slender and long legs. When they win, they'll look really cool. All eleven members will go to the middle of the field to jump and hug each other. They're like warriors who finished a battle.

They're all good at studying as well as sports. KZ catches the attention of mothers, fathers, and us students, of course.

Through a strange series of events, I met three of the KZ members. It was my first time feeling what I've aspired for, but I initially thought it was these amazing people were illusions and I was pulled to the worst people ever. But, with time, I slowly saw their true personalities and I came to like them.

Now, we've formed a detective agency. We take a case to solve and take notes on the things we discuss.

Every day used to be going to school, going to cram school, going home and taking a bath. For me, this is something exciting that I enjoy.



This time, I'll talk about an amazing case.

Please read it.

*katsu: to win

Chapter 2: When You Think Of Cute

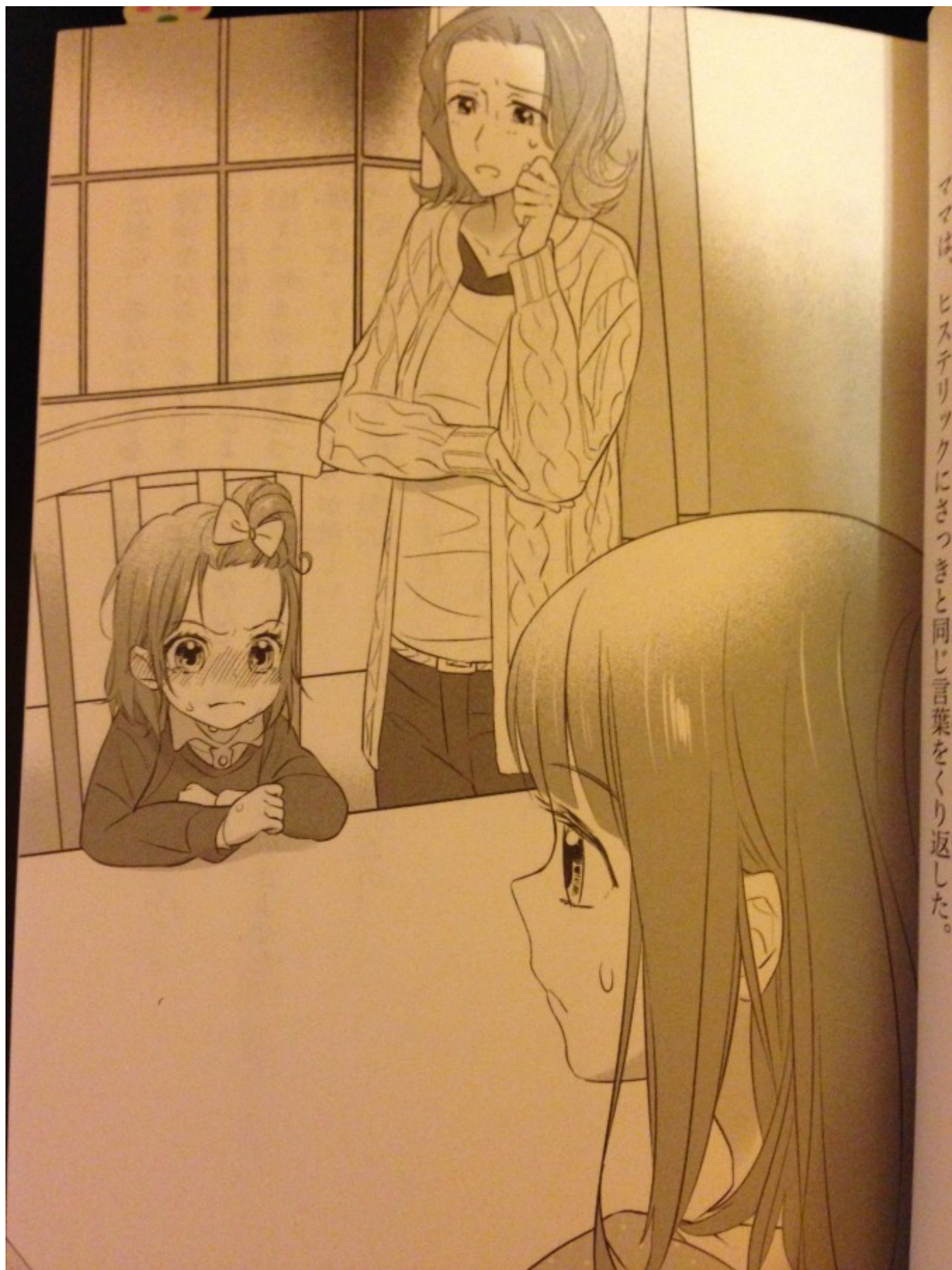
That day, I came through my house's gates, locked them behind me, and opened the front door to the entrance.

"I'm home."

That moment, I heard Nako's crying from inside. Huh?

"I've already told you that it's not like that, haven't I?" Mom's voice sounded like it raised in volume.

"What's up?" I said as I entered the kitchen to see Nako's head buried in her cradled arms on the table as she cried. That moment, she raised her head. Her face was so red.



ママは、ヒステリックにさつきと同じ言葉をくり返した。

Nako's skin is fair, so if she stresses out too much, it immediately turns red. Especially when she cries. Her ears turn red and her face becomes puffy.

In normal circumstances, the height of the wall I passed is for a scroll we hang up. Without it, the room is more spacious and it feels like a dollhouse. It's really unusual.

"She says she doesn't want to be called cute." Mom let out a big sigh. "Goodness, she's been difficult to handle lately."

"I'm not!" Nako objected desperately. "It's something I just noticed. Why does everyone call me cute? When you think of cute, you think of a little kid. It's 'cause I'm short." She looked at me with jealousy with tears coming from her big eyes. "I don't want that. I hate being called cute. I want to grow up."

Once she said that, her face scrunched up, she put her head on the table, and cried again.

Mom looked like she heard the same hysterical words before. "I've already told you that's not true, haven't I?" When she said that, she looked at me with an irritated look. "Aya, you're her older sister. Say something to Nako."

I sighed a little and pulled the cookie can towards me. Nako is really bent on this.

Once it's like this, it's useless to try saying anything. Not until the person's feelings change. A long time ago, that tired me out a lot. When Nako entered kindergarten, it was an issue. In summer, when a mosquito bit her, I told her, "A mosquito stung you."

She remembered it as, "A crab bit me*". She called mosquitos crabs the whole summer. No matter how many times I tried, I couldn't fix it. I gave up. I mean, it would fix itself. In the end, Nako is stubborn.

When she's stubborn to the point of crying loudly like this, she won't hear anything I say anyway. It's useless.

"Just leave her alone," I said as I opened the cookie can.

Mom lifted her eyebrows. "What's with that attitude?"

Oh, she seems mad.

"Don't you feel bad for Nako?"

I took three cookies and rushed out of the kitchen.

"Aya!"

When I heard Mom's voice, I climbed the stairs to the second floor and escaped to my room. Really, there's no point in fighting a fight I can't win. And this is good personal experience for Nako. Nako actually knows she has a cute face. So when she gets to the higher grades of elementary school, I bet other girls will definitely get jealous of her. They'll get jealous and do something to bully her.

And even more, it could be the whole population. If that happens, then she might think the guys who don't see it will feel bad and that she can hide behind them.

That's wrong. Jealousy is like adding fuel to a fire, attacking Nako two or three times. If she was born to be cute, then there's nothing else to do. And if she needs strong people to stand up for her, she can let her family know. If she can overcome the painful experience she made herself, she can train herself to be less childish.

I tore open the cookies' plastic bag, held one in my mouth, gathered up the tests from Shumei today and put them into my backpack.

Right now, students of the elementary school division have a backpack for going to Shumei. I heard from Kozuka-kun that there are kids that take the train to get to Shumei and don't have the time to return home and switch bags. Since they don't have the time, there are kids that cram everything into one bag.

I don't ride the train. I don't want to ride it. If I wanted to ride the train, then I'd have to pass a private school entrance exam or be approved to enter a different cram school. The private school's test at Mitsuya-Ootsuka requires a lot of talent to get into in comparison to Shumei Seminar. People generally make the C-Class grades when they take the entrance exam for the school. This proves that this school, Mitsuya, has people at the top of their level.

With my ability, I'm barely able to get into the B-Class here. And since we're near the end of the year, there's no reason for me to commute to Mitsuya-Ootsuka.

Even so, it'd be nice if I could pass a private school test. I don't know what I'll do if I fail the test. Whenever I think about it, sometimes my heart will feel heavy. If I fail, then I'll have to go to a public school with people who can't attend cram school. I've heard that students made a cram school students feel dumb. That student has always

been in cram school, but wasn't able to pass a private school entrance exam in the end. He became very hard to get along with and lost all of his friends. Or so I heard. And that could happen to me.

Under my circumstances in attending Shuumei right now, there's a rumor going around my class. Imai-san is in the middle of the room, so a lot of girls gather to talk to her.

In a way so that I could hear her, Imai-san said, "My parents are so obsessed with my education, so they forced me to go to a private school. I'll basically never see my parents."

The girls around her saw me glancing back at her. If I fail a private school entrance exam, go to a public school, and get the same cram school class as Imai-san, it'll be a big problem! I'll have to deal with her for all three years of middle school. It gives me chills just to think about it.

It's a sign of bad luck for me to think about it. If I give it my best and work really hard, I'm sure it'll all go well. Yeah, let's think of it like that!

Chapter 3: A Big Case Brought In

My schedule for Saturday was to go home after school, eat lunch, and then attend a special seminar at Shuumei from 2:00 pm to 7:00 pm. Then I'll eat my dinner for twenty minutes and then attend the Special Class at 7:20 pm.

I used to eat dinner at home, but at the beginning of the second semester, I was busy with exams. So, to save time, I decided to bring my dinner to the school.

The lessons that day were Math and Japanese. The week before, we were given an ability test in those two subjects. The test results were returned to us that day. I got really nervous when I looked at my math score; it wasn't as bad as usual. I got 26 points out of 50 points. I varied from the average score by about 41. My dream middle school has a variability of about 65. If I can keep this up, I have a possibility of passing. When I thought of that, my nerves calmed down a little.

After that, I received my Japanese test and I was very pleased with the score. I got 50 points out of 50!

"Tachibana Aya was the only one who got a perfect score."

There was a question on four-character compound words, which is what I'm best at, so I was really lucky.

"Tachibana."

I turned to Kikuta-sensei, who called me.

"You did a good job. Keep up the good work."

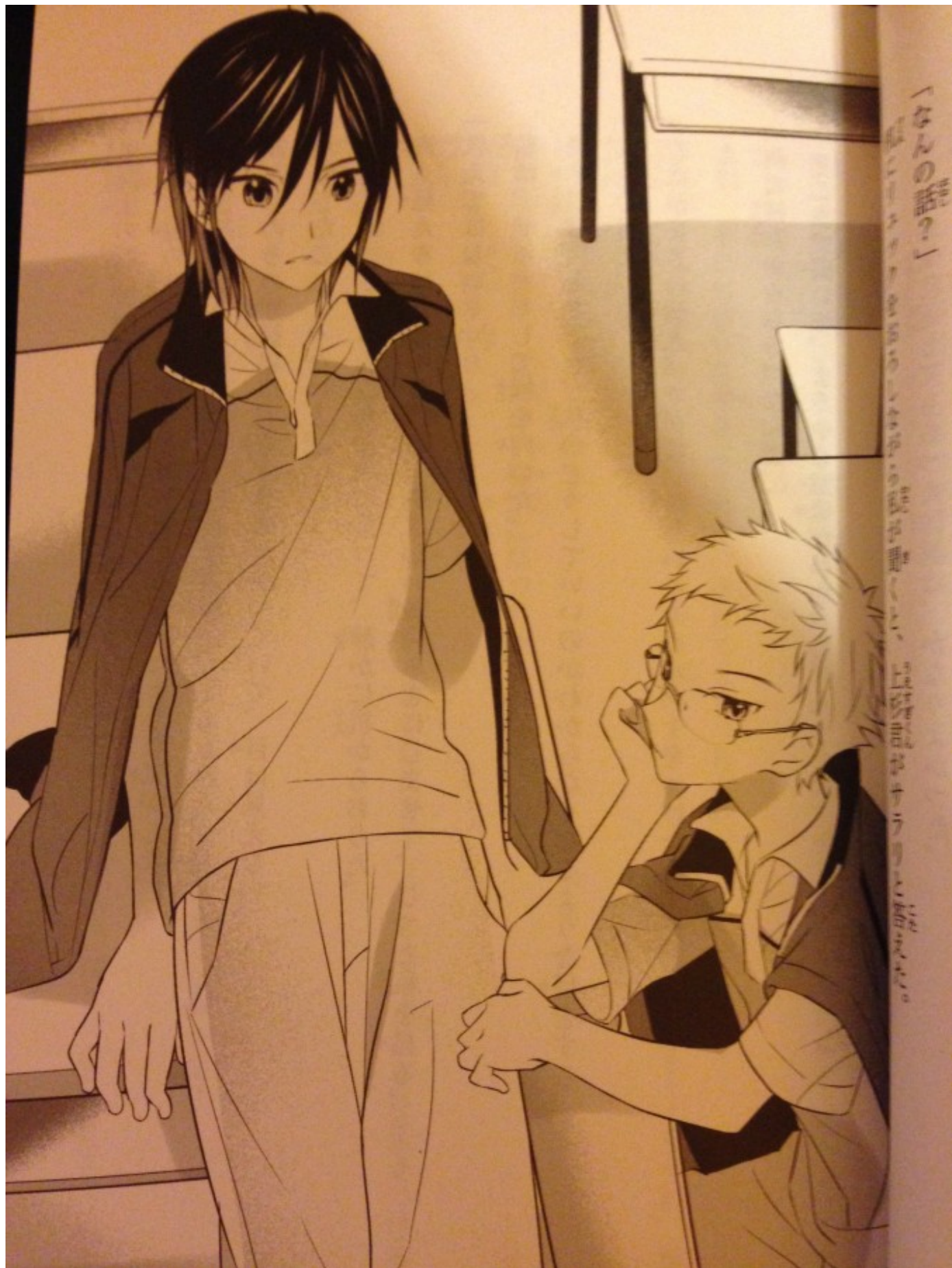
"Yes, sir," I answered happily.

I got up from my seat and happened to see two other tests. I was surprised; I may have gotten a perfect score, but the average score was 38 points. It's not every day that I can say I got a perfect score, but it wasn't a big deal in the end. My good mood immediately disappeared in that moment.

Japanese wasn't that good in the end. I need to get better at math, but I just can't understand it. I left the special seminar when it ended and went up to the Special Class classroom on the third floor. I thought I would go and eat my bento* there.

Uesugi-kun was given the nickname "Uesugi the Number Guy" for being a master at math. I wonder if I could get some help from him. I thought about it as I opened the door to the classroom.

In the classroom, Uesugi-kun and Kuroki-kun were talking. Surprised, they closed their mouths and looked my way. Uesugi-kun was sitting on a seat backwards and leaning on the chair's back. Kuroki-kun was leaning back on the desk beside Uesugi-kun and had his long legs crossed. Both of them were wearing their deep red windbreakers on their shoulders, soccer polos, shorts, and white high socks. It's the KZ Style that everyone would love to wear.



It was Saturday, so they probably had a practice match.

“What were you talking about?” I asked as I hung my bag on my desk’s hook.

Uesugi-kun answered me, “It’s guy talk.”

I looked at him as I shut the door behind me. He looked like he wouldn’t say any more than that and had a cold look on his side profile. His rimless glasses gave off a glare that wouldn’t let me see his eyes.

“It’s nothing important,” Kuroki-kun said as he quietly stood from the desk he was sitting at. He looked at me with a kind smile. “Do you want to hear about it?”

I nervously looked over to the side. Kuroki-kun’s eyes can see right through me sometimes. His eyes are like an adult’s.

“Wakatake has a new key holder attached to his personal KZ bag.”

What?!

“He got it from a girl.”

When I heard the news that moment, I finally understood the situation. A while back, Wakatake received a soccer ball keychain from a girl in his class to replace the one he attached to his mountain bike. In the last case, Wakatake’s mountain bike was run over by a car and the keychain he attached to it broke. I was there for the case, but I forgot all about it since his bike got replaced afterwards.

“Is he going out with that girl?” I asked as I felt a bit of discomfort in me.

Wakatake loves to be the center of attention in KZ. He’s showy and acts cool, but he’s somehow able to charm the girls. It’s his outer appearance! So, it’s no mystery for him to have a girlfriend.

In reality, though, when I heard the rumor, it was kind of interesting. It was kind of like he was taken. I know that Wakatake isn’t mine, but the feeling was unsettling.

“Since when?” I asked in a slightly raised voice.

Kuroki-kun, as I asked him, was twisting a lock of his slightly long hair around his finger. “I haven’t heard any further details yet.”

I lost my breath for a moment. Guy talk is pretty relaxing. They may be close friends, but they don’t know each other’s private life. If this were girl talk, they would definitely not be like this.

“Tachibana,” Uesugi-kun said as he stood from the seat. “Don’t talk about this anywhere else.” He looked at me sternly as a glare from his glasses shined. “Don’t tell anyone else about what you heard here.”

He’s fair-skinned, his hair is a light color, and his build is kind of thin. He’s like a slender and dainty girl, but he’s obviously not. In reality, he gives off this feeling of being hard on people.

“If you don’t, we can’t trust you anymore.” His glare felt as if it was stabbing through me and it really bothered me. I mean, he said something like that as if he knew that I would tell someone else. That was rude.

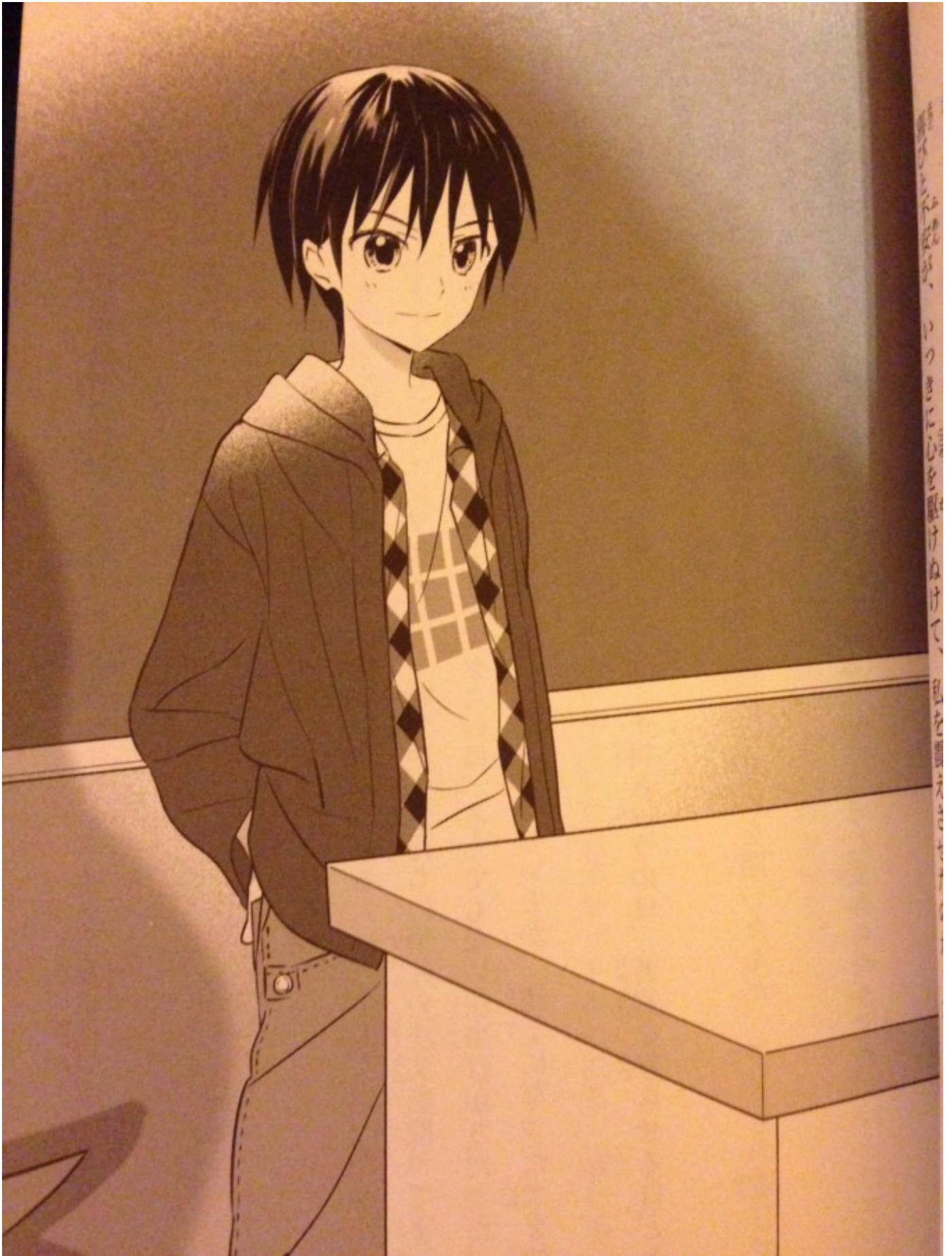
“My lips are sealed.”

When I said that, Uesugi-kun smiled as if to make fun of me. “I don’t think I’ve ever come across a girl who wouldn’t gossip.”

Immediately, Kuroki-kun let out a chuckle beside him and elbowed Uesugi-kun. He leaned on Uesugi-kun and let out a big laugh. From seeing that, I felt like Uesugi-kun was playing around with me and became more and more frustrated. Sure, there are girls that gossip a lot, but there are girls that don’t do that. This isn’t a question of personality, but rather a narrow view on girls.

I opened my mouth to complain to him. At that moment, the door opened and Wakatake and Kozuka-kun entered. “Huh, it looks like we came in the latest,” Kozuka-kun said in carefree tone as Wakatake quickly walked in front of the blackboard.

As he dug his hands into his back pockets of his shorts, he took large strides with his long, slender legs and went behind the teacher’s desk. He turned to us. “My dear detective agency.”



I felt a bit bothered about what he said, but then I noticed that the look in his eyes were a bit different than usual. Under his long lower eyelashes, there was a line drawn in as if he was tense to the point of stiffening.

I wonder what happened, I thought at that moment.

“Let’s celebrate; we just got our first big case. This commemorates our official first job.”

I got really excited. I was in between excited and nervous; my heart skipped a beat and I shook a bit. Inside my heart, I’ve been waiting for another case ever since our detective agency solved the missing mountain bike case. I got a big thrill from an event that doesn’t happen in my normal life. Ever since then, I’ve been waiting for another exciting event to come.

However, even though we went out and opened the detective agency, not even one person came with a case to solve. As the leader, Wakatake should be putting our name out there. The teachers at the cram school say that there are some case requests, but the ones we got our hands on were petty.

For example, someone wanted us to help with building their little brother’s plastic model. There was a request to find a lost dog, too... In the end, those clients promised to find a different place and made Wakatake upset.

“We have a real case to take care of as the real detective agency we opened as. We aren’t playing a childish detective game anymore.”

He may have been yelling all of that, but I had my doubts. In my head, I thought that opening a detective agency would probably be impossible for us. We probably won’t be able to have that experience again.

I leaned forward in curiosity. “What kind of job?”

Wakatake looked like he was waiting for that question, taking his hands out of his pockets and onto his hips. “You know about Shuumei’s library, don’t you?”

I nodded. The library is found at the end of the hallway on the second floor. I know that, but I’ve never been there before... I don’t like to borrow books. Especially not ones from the library. After all, it’s gross to touch books that were touched by someone else that I don’t know. Many other pairs of hands touched that book, too. That’s what my mom says about the topic; she’s really sensitive to it. I also think the same thing, though. If I really have to, then I’ll borrow a book.

“There’s probably a ghost that appears in the library,” Kuroki-kun joked, lightly tapping Wakatake on the head.

“Seriously, listen to me. It’s a case that’s related to the library’s books.”

I was disappointed. After all, solving a case about Shuumei’s library’s books is just as lame as finding a lost dog. There isn’t any hope; it’s boring and there’s no thrill in it.

“Hey, Wakatake,” Uesugi-kun said with a sigh. “How did you even find this ‘big case’?”

Wakatake, with the back of his hand to us, held up his index finger. “With my intuition.” He held a black paper in his hand that waved around and his eyes had this blue glimmer in them for a moment. “There’s no doubt about it.”

I was a bit charmed by him. Wakatake didn’t lose hope. To be honest, his way of looking at the situation was somewhat refreshing. His personality is against mine at times and he may seem to judge me. I like this side to him in comparison compared to that.

There’s also the look in his eyes. His pupils are big and the white of his eyes are clear. He’s always playing soccer so they look pitch black, but they say that it’s because his skin is so fair. I wonder if that’s true.

He’s not that tall. He’s taller than Kozuka-kun, but shorter than Uesugi-kun. I’ve heard that shorter boys tend to be show-offs and it makes more sense when I look at Wakatake. He’s also really energetic, so he’s always lively.

“The mountain bike case from before ended up being a big case, didn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Uesugi-kun answered a bit casually. “So, the victim of this case is you again?”

As Kuroki-kun held in a laugh, Wakatake looked annoyed and glared at Uesugi-kun.

“Uesugi, do you have something against me?”

Uesugi-kun ignored what Wakatake said and turned to Kuroki-kun, who was still laughing with his mouth closed. When he saw him, Uesugi-kun grinned. Wakatake’s abdomen area expanded and he briskly walked in front of Uesugi-kun.

I was confused as Wakatake approached him. “So, who made the request?” Uesugi-kun, who was over my shoulder, asked Wakatake that as he was still grinning in a voice that was trying not to laugh.

“Arita-sensei, the library administrator.”

Immediately, Uesugi-kun and Kuroki-kun stopped laughing at him and turned to him.

“Seriously!?”

“You got to talk to Arita-sensei?”

As if he was sulking, he answered, “I was asked personally. If you really don’t want to, you don’t have to. I can do it on my own. It is the first job after all.”

“It’s not a big deal,” Kuroki-kun said as he progressed towards him, taking Wakatake’s extended hand in his right hand and grasping it. “We’ll be glad to lend a hand. Right, Uesugi?”

Uesugi-kun, looking over his shoulder, nodded with a bitter smile. “I guess so.”

Kozuka-kun looked puzzled as he listened. “What just happened?”

Kozuka-kun has a chubby figure; his stomach comes out a little like a plush toy. He has two front teeth that are bigger than his other teeth. It’s cute when he smiles or laughs because he looks like beaver. I like Kozuka-kun; he’s nice and I feel like he’s a true friend.

“If it’s for Arita, he’d do anything,” Kuroki-kun said as his eyes smiled like an adult’s. “After all, she’s a beauty.”

Wakatake exclaimed with surprise, “Hey, I don’t think that way.”

Uesugi-kun corrected, off to the side with his mouth open quietly, “What Kuroki means when he says she’s a beauty is that she’s very attractive.”

The moment the three of them met eyes, there was an extremely unsettling nod between them where they said nothing.

Then they said together, “Alright, let’s work hard to solve this case.”

Just what is with guys!?

I wasn’t having fun and unintentionally said, “What about the research? We can’t take the job without it, can we? It is our job, after all.”

The four of them looked at me in surprise.

“What? Are you mad?”

I turned my head to the side as I said in a tight tone, thinking about what I said. “Not really.”

If being a beauty is being attractive, we shouldn’t just say “okay” because of that. It’s unfair.

As I thought that, inside of my heart, I held a single sadness: I felt that I wasn’t that type of girl. As who I am now, I’m not the girl who has the appeal of listening to whatever the boy has to say and go along with it. I feel like I won’t ever be.

I couldn’t bring myself to say those words. I thought it’d be selfish of me.

If I could at least become a girl with that kind of appeal, I could have the confidence of that kind of girl and have the kind of behavior guys expect. Being different from the real me probably would come with that kind of reward. After all, I admire that kind of life. I’d like for someone to fall in love with me at first sight, steal my heart entirely, and will do anything for my sake. Cinderella, Princess Aurora, or Snow White from fairytales all had that kind of life. They fell in love at first sight and had a happy ending. When I think of these amazing things, I look at myself and realize that I admire princess a lot.

However, these times are different. I aspire to find someone I like and they will love me back. I don’t know how to that, though. I don’t believe that I have that kind of charm to do it. That’s why I feel jealous from time to time of those girls with that charm.

I’m such an unpleasant person. Ugh, I’m getting upset...

“Aaya,” Kuroki-kun said in a calming voice, resting his cheek in his palm and looking directly at me with a mature look in his eyes. “Are you jealous of Arita?”



音は、びつくりして息をのんだままだった。
かま、もうカバツと口をあけたつきり。

I blushed. Kuroki-kun's works fit my feelings perfectly. I wanted to deny it, but I couldn't since he would probably see through the lie. I was so embarrassed that I didn't know what to do and became flustered.

While I was so flustered, Kuroki-kun let out an affectionate laugh. "There's no need to be. You're perfectly cute yourself."

My eyes widened. When Kuroki-kun said that, was it okay for me to be so embarrassed? As I thought so, looking at him in a daze, Kuroki-kun continued.

"If you're mad at the case, Aaya, we're willing to help you out with anything."

When he said that I looked around, seeing everyone smile in relief.

"That's right." Everyone looked at Kozuka-kun in surprise and swallowed their breath. Kozuka-kun had already finished forming the words with his lips when I looked at him.

There was no use in resisting it. It was a reckless statement to say. I placed myself in a position where I couldn't handle the silence of everyone else and I felt like I wanted to bury myself into a hole.

Kuroki-kun, though, adjusting to the situation, said the same words from before. This time, he said so in a stronger and somewhat scary way and everyone responded.

"Y-yeah..." They hesitated to respond. "O-Of course!"

Kuroki-kun says things from time to time that I wouldn't imagine him saying. He's like how you'd imagine a Japanese adult. He's a strange guy. Although he's strange, he helped me when I was feeling down before. After all, it feels kind of nice to know that he'll help me no matter what. Like right now, I'm not mad that he basically forced me to say something I didn't want to say.

"So, now that Aaya's feeling better, why don't you explain the case, Professor Wakatake?"

Listening to what Kuroki-kun said, Wakatake cleared his throat. "Alright, but it'd be better to hear the story straight from the client. Let's go to the library."

Wakatake got up from his seat in a good mood while Uesugi-kun, beside him, complained in a grumble, "Ugh, just like always, we're getting dragged along in Wakatake's World. Even though it's already November. Man, I feel like digging a grave."

Wakatake's World... It sounds hard and difficult, but full excitement and fascination. Even if cram school is confining, I'd rather be in that world, take an adventure I probably can't do, and take a good look at this world.

Chapter 4: The Missing Pages

"Pages from a book disappeared." We turned around when we heard Arita-sensei.

The polka-dot blouse that showed from the chest up from under her suit was cute. Though it seemed like Wakatake and the others were looking at something else. Gosh, they're so perverted.

"Take a look." She held out a small school exam magazine for us to see.

Pages 51 and 52; pages 73 and 74; and pages 99 and 100. All six pages were missing.

"I tried looking for them yesterday."

"Let me see," Wakatake said in a way to look cool in front of a girl. He took the magazine and closed it promptly. Then he handed it to Kozuka-kun beside him, and said, "Investigator Kozuka."

Ugh!

Our bodies unintentionally became stiff as Kuroki-kun, Uesugi-kun, Kozuka-kun, and I exchange glances. He's trying too hard to look cool... Arita-sensei resisted the urge to laugh and turned to the side. I couldn't handle how embarrassed I was, and Wakatake couldn't care less.

"Why did the six pages disappear? Can you explain your opinion?" Wakatake said.

Kozuka-kun thought question through to himself and attempted to find an answer. He opened the magazine, closed it, and it wasn't before long when he opened it as far as it could go and said, "They were torn out. Look."

We all leaned forward to see what Kozuka-kun was talking about. Close to the binding of the book, there was the margin of the torn page left behind. It was really close and we could have narrowly missed it.

"But you shouldn't be able to do that," Arita-sensei said. "As you can see, this library is small and there's no reading room. I always leave it in this counter, so they shouldn't be able to take the pages out. When I leave, I make sure the doors are locked."

I turned and looked around the library. As she said, it'd be easy to know what someone is doing at first glance with

this view.

“Arita-sensei, have you left your position early at any time?” Arita-sensei turned around to Kuroki-kun’s question.

“No, I haven’t.”

Uesugi-kun immediately opened his mouth without hesitation. “Really? And you never forgot to close it?!”

“No.”

While she was so surprised Kozuka-kun, standing beside her, slowly opened his mouth. “This rip here is really clean. I can’t tell until I check it under a microscope, but I bet that it was done with a utility knife. So, this isn’t a job with a time limit. If we rush, we could miss important details.”

That makes sense. I admired Kozuka-kun for his keen observation.

“So the culprit borrowed the book, took it home, and cut it?” As Wakatake said so, he looked to Arita-sensei. “Do you know the name of the last student who borrowed it?”

Arita-sensei let out a sigh that sounded like she was giving up. “The thing is that this book hasn’t been borrowed once since we got it.”

I tilted my head to the side a little. So this means that even though this book has been in this library forever, the six pages just happened to disappear. This might be a big case after all!

“I understand, ma’am.” Wakatake’s eyes began to shine a certain glimmer as he said so in a clear way; it was proof that there was a strong determination born inside of him.

I looked at him with my breath still; the determination Wakatake had was blinding. It’d be nice if he could be like this all the time. As I thought so, I began to wonder about the girl Wakatake could possibly be dating. What kind of girl is she? The more I thought about it, somewhere inside of me squeezed me a little.

“Since this book is important evidence, we will be borrowing it. We have to hold a strategy meeting, so we will be excusing ourselves,” he said in a polite tone before leaving the library promptly.

Uesugi-kun and Kuroki-kun followed after him, I left after the two, and Kozuka-kun was the last one to leave the library.

“Who was it?” From behind his glasses, Uesugi-kun’s eyes shone a bit. “When and why did they do it? Kuroki, what do you think?”

Kuroki-kun slightly shook his head side-to-side. “With only this amount of information, I can’t say for sure. Wakatake, let’s let Kozuka handle the magazine. He can pull out many possible clues from it.”

Wakatake stopped walking, turned on his feet and handed the magazine to Kozuka-kun. “We’re counting on you.”

Kozuka-kun smiled with pride and gave a big nod. His smile shined as if he was showing us his confidence and pride he was feeling. Kozuka knows nature, biology, science, and social studies very well. That’s why work that involves examining something goes to him usually. Kozuka-kun works slowly, so he can see beyond what someone who rushes can see and can be sure of other information. If I were like Kozuka-kun, I wonder if my science grade would go up?

“We should also figure out what was written on the pages that were torn out.”

After hearing Wakatake’s voice, Kuroki-kun raised his hand. “I’ll do it. I’ll find the same magazine and make copies of it.”

Kuroki-kun is a Communications Expert. “Expert” means that you’re really good at something. I can’t even imagine how many people he knows, but he’s a mysterious person who can get his hands on anything no matter what.

“That should be that.”

Just as Wakatake said that, the watch on Uesugi-kun’s wrist started beeping. He pressed a button and the beeping stopped. “It’s time for some fun studying. Let’s go to the classroom.”

I let out a small sigh. I returned to being a student studying for entrance exams after waiting for my role that didn’t come. It was like having my favorite toy taken away from me. I guess there’s no use in resisting it; entrance exams are just around the corner.

“Alright, we’ll continue this tomorrow.” Wakatake turned to me and Kozuka-kun. “We have a game tomorrow on Shuumei grounds. It’ll end at five, so let’s have a meeting after that.”

I nodded immediately. I thought once that I’d like to go watch Wakatake and the others play soccer, so this was a good chance to. I came early to watch, but Uesugi-kun and Kuroki-kun gave me a look of surprise when our eyes met.

“Hey, after the game...”

“Ugh, I’m going to die...”

Wakatake, though, wasn’t bothered by me and looked happy. “Don’t go dying off yet. We’ve got to see our first big case to the end. We’re going to catch that criminal, give a name to our detective agency.”

The black part of his eyes shone in that moment and I gulped down my breath. Making eye contact in front of me, Wakatake grinned from ear to ear.

“And this time, we’re going to appear on TV! We’ll be on the front page of the newspaper! Right?”

Disappointed, I cast my eyes down. Ugh, sometimes, his ideals make no sense...