This is a non-canon parody story written by Kamachi Kazuma around the time of volume 11 of the main series.

It was March.

However, it was still early in the month. Specifically, it was past the Hinamatsuri but before White Day. The cherry trees were blossoming and everyone passing through the school's gate looked a bit regretful.

The graduation ceremony for the third years was being held on this day.

Kamijou wandered around near the entrance of the gym while glancing over at a cherry tree which had yet to blossom.

"Kamijou-chaaan."

Tsukuyomi Komoe, his homeroom teacher, approached.

She was only 135 centimeters tall and for graduation day she was wearing the kind of hakama a female student in the Meiji period would have worn. Somewhere, a certain black-haired shrine maiden was probably sobbing over having her impact stolen. The word "parting" well suited the month of March.

"The ceremony is beginning soon, so you need to meet up with the rest of the class, Kamijou-chan."

"Fine, fine." Kamijou looked away from the cherry tree. "It sure has been a long time. In the time it took to get here, the state of the world has changed a lot, there have been conflicts between religions, the different factions of Academy City's leaders have fought each other, and…well, a lot has happened."

"Ah ha ha. And I almost died about three times."

"I was sent to the hospital about once a week," announced Kamijou with a horribly dry laugh. "But now it's time to graduate. It's been so long. So very long. It's sad to think I'm saying goodbye to this school today."

"Eh?"

Komoe-sensei's eyes turned to dots.

"K-Kamijou-chan?" she hesitantly asked.

“What?”

“Just to be sure, you are the representative for the current students, right? As a first year, won’t you say this is your first high school graduation ceremony so you just want to get it over with even if you might cry a bit?”

“What are you talking about?” Kamijou waved a hand back and forth. “I’m a third year.”

“Eh!? But…”

“This is my third year. That’s why I was saying it had been so long. If I had written a journal, it would probably fill up three or four bookshelves by now.”

“Huh!? Huh!? Th-that’s right. Now that you mention it, I do feel like there were several incidents that more or less tore the map to pieces, but did anything that large scale really happen!?”

As Komoe-sensei continued talking, Kamijou gave a laugh of scorn.

What was she talking about?

All sorts of things had happened.

Then a familiar voice came from behind him.

“C’mon, Touma. Don’t take advantage of the graduation mood to seduce your homeroom teacher.”

“Oh, dear. Touya-san, is that really something you should say when you once attempted that exact same plan until I beat you to the ground.”

It was Kamijou Touma’s parents, Touya and Shiina.

Shiina looked like the daughter of a high-class family, so the two of them looked like a noble family’s daughter and her chauffeur.

Touya glanced around before speaking again.

“Hm. This is an Academy City graduation, so I thought there would be AI-controlled androids or something. It’s surprisingly normal.”

“My, my. Touya-san, the principal might be a hologram.”

As that couple spoke without restraint, Komoe-sensei called out to them while looking like an elementary school girl.

“I apologize for not living up to your expectations, but Academy City is not that strange a place. The graduation ceremony will be a perfectly normal one, so there will be no appearances by that kind of unexplainable technology.”

“I see.” Touya looked down at the 135-centimeter teacher. “It looks like we could run across anything at this school. After all, this teacher appears to be a collection of the most cutting-edge biological technology.”

“Um! No crazy and dangerous SF tech was used on me!”

Kamijou wanted to ask if there was really no explanation, but he held his tongue because it would probably make her cry.

“Anyway, the ceremony will be starting soon, right? C’mon, Touma, you need to gather with your class for the entrance of the graduates. You can go with that teacher who not even Academy City can explain.”

As Komoe-sensei continued insisting that she was normal, Kamijou dragged her away and headed toward the school building.

♦

Kamijou Touma arrived at his classroom.

The blackboard was covered in fierce graffiti by his classmates and “The party is at the District 7 karaoke box at 4:00!!” was written in especially large writing. His hasty classmates were shouting “This will be the last day I can have a fistfight with you!” and “I can’t make it to the embankment today, so let’s start fighting now!!” while beating each other. A dull look covered the black-haired shrine maiden when she saw Komoe-sensei’s hakama.

“I can’t believe we’re already graduating,” said Aogami Pierce.

“I know.”

“But there’s nothing to do at graduation anymore. No one gets worked up over the second button these days. I want some kind of fun event like a graduating upperclassman putting cat or dog ears on an underclassman girl he likes.”

“Graduation will always remain in the form of photos.”

That was when Tsuchimikado Motoharu approached while saying “nyah, nyah.”

“Hey, Kami-yan. Wanna join me in an out-of-control and unorthodox coming-of-age ceremony?”

“That sounds much too dangerous, so I’ll pass.”

Kamijou’s casual reply was followed by Komoe-sensei swinging her hands around and shouting out.

“Um, it’s about time we moved to the gym. You can cry as much as you want today, so don’t think about having a punishment for the first person to cry.”

Hearing that, the entire class thought, “Yeah. She would definitely be the one to fall prey to that punishment.”

They then moved to the gym.

The large space had no real heating, so it was chilly and Kamijou began to wonder if this was a form of training similar to sitting under a freezing waterfall.

His class entered the gym as the wind orchestra played an opening theme with an overflowing mood of parting.

The boys line and the girls line parted and sat in the first row of folding chairs on either side.

(And now we have to listen to important people talk for over three hours. This is going to be exhausting.)

When Kamijou yawned, someone spoke from the seat next to him.

“Shut up.”

Kamijou’s shoulders twitched as if he had been hit by a stun gun.

He looked over and found white-haired Accelerator sitting in the next seat.

“Why!?”

His shout filled the entire gym, so the principal scolded him and Komoe-sensei grew flustered. Academy City’s strongest Level 5 dug in his ear with his little finger.

“A lot happened since then.”

“Yes, it did! But you certainly didn’t come to my school!!”

“Not as far as you know maybe.”

“I don’t care what kind of meaningful-sounding things you say, it didn’t happen!!”

Once the principal threw a slipper at him from the stage, Kamijou finally quieted down.

The graduation ceremony continued.

The principal spoke with a microphone.

“A lot happened this year and the school building was destroyed four or five times, but today is graduation. To be honest, I want to get these problem students out of the school as quickly as possible, so I am greatly moved that this day has finally come.”

As the principal wiped at his eyes with a handkerchief, Accelerator spoke up.

“You caused a lot of trouble, didn’t you?”

“I don’t want to hear that from you.”

Kamijou felt exhausted as the principal began to heat up.

“When I think about wiping away this destructive worldview in preparation for the coming year, I can feel the tears welling up in my eyes. At times, I wanted to do something about the source of all the evil. In fact, I should do so right now. You should never leave behind any regrets. Yes. Like you, or you, or you! And that misfortunate idiot yawning over there or you in the choker electrode!! I’ve been wanting to teach you two why you should fear adults! ...Gah!? Y-Yomikawa-sensei from physical education and Saigo-sensei from educational guidance!? Why are you grabbing my arms and dragging me away? I am doing this for the sake of our school!!”

After the principal was dragged off like an unruly child, the representative of the graduating students and the representative of the current students exchanged messages.

“The current students will never forget the violent and erotic worldview you upperclassmen have left for us. We will continue the tradition and plan to maintain locker rooms and showers as the standards.”

“The graduating students do not recall ever focusing on that, but we will not ruin your fun. Please live as eccentric a life as you wish. Sexiness and battles are one and the same.”

“Don’t you dare continue what they...grgbhbh!!” wailed the principal.

But this was graduation day, so the leaving third years had the main role.

Accelerator yawned disinterestedly.

“Can’t that principal hurry up and die?”

“That type of person always lives the longest. You’re the perfect example.”

“Oh, c’mon. I know spouting bullshit is your specialty, but that’s going too far.”

"…"

"…"

Kamijou Touma and Accelerator glared at each other and each threw a punch with their full strength.

♦

With the graduation ceremony over, they had returned to the classroom.

As almost everyone had predicted, Komoe-sensei had been the first to cry, so she was wandering around after all of her students had drawn on her face with magic marker.

She should have had authority over them until they left the school, but the class had already become a lawless territory. They shook up soda cans and sprayed them at each other and they ate tons of not-exactly-delicious bread from the school store as if they had not eaten all day in preparation.

"Once this is over, we will head directly to the party," said Fukiyose Seiri.

She enjoyed having control over the situation, so she had volunteered to help prepare the Daihaseisai and Ichihanaransai each consecutive year. She pulled a small memo pad from her skirt pocket.

"We will celebrate in the classroom until 1:00 PM, we will finish our photographs at 1:10 PM, we will disperse to meet with our families at 2:00 PM, we will meet back up at 4:15 PM, we will arrive at the karaoke box at 4:30 PM, and the party will begin at 4:45 PM. Managing this schedule is my time to shine. Eh heh heh heh heh heh heh."

(She seems to be enjoying herself, so I'll leave her be.)

Kamijou looked away from Fukiyose and spotted Himegami Aisa.

"Come to think of it…"

She normally wore a shrine maiden outfit, but she was of course wearing a winter sailor uniform today.

"That white girl is not with you today," she said with an unreadable expression.

"Hm? Well, today's graduation. She isn't a student here, so she would be terribly out of place."

"…"

Himegami looked upwards a bit as she thought.

“Well, if you say so.”

“In fact, it would be a big deal if she did come to school. That’s why Index, Misaka Mikoto, Misaka Imouto, Kanzaki Kaori, Misha Kreutzev, and Orsola Aquinas won’t be showing up today.”

“Of course I’ll be here, you idiot!!”

The classroom door slammed open.

Misaka Mikoto was standing triumphantly on the other side.

“Why is she forcing an appearance even when the white girl isn’t showing up?” muttered Himegami quietly.

Unfortunately, her expression was so limited that no one realized how much it bothered her.

Meanwhile, Kamijou was baffled by Mikoto’s sudden appearance.

“Um, why?”

“If you’re a third year in high school, that means I’m a first year.”

“Uuh…!?” shouted Kamijou in shock.

He suddenly realized she could no longer be described as the “Ace of Tokiwadai Middle School” when she appeared.

“Wait a second. Does that mean you enrolled at my high school after graduating from Tokiwadai!? The schools aren’t affiliated, so that makes no sense!! …No, wait! There has to be something. Is there a secret special esper research division not given on the school map!? Otherwise, Mikoto would never show up here!!”

“Why are you so surprised that I’m here!? Do you have any idea how long it’s been since I enrolled!?”

Accelerator had casually been part of the graduation ceremony and the girl known as the Railgun was wandering around, so Kamijou began to suspect his high school hid some giant secret related to the entirety of Academy City.

He glanced around suspiciously, but saw nothing out of the ordinary.

He did have a thought, though.

He had a feeling a certain twintailed underclassman of Mikoto's was probably biting and tearing handkerchiefs by the dozen, so he wondered how that had gone.

"Kuroko is feeling a great sense of freedom now that her high school entrance exams are over. She looks like she'll start dancing at any time."

"..."

Did that mean Shirai Kuroko would be attending the school as well?

Would Mikoto and Shirai be walking through the school's halls before long?

The thought made him shudder.

"I'm so glad I'm graduating this year. So very glad."

"Why are there tears in your eyes?" asked Mikoto with a sigh.

Kamijou's classmates started realizing that they were supposed to be the stars of the show today, but this girl seemed to have a subconscious ability to gather focus on herself no matter where she was.

"But..."

"Wh-what?"

"You're graduating already, so we were only at the same school for a year."

Kamijou wanted to point out he had only just realized that fact, but he kept quiet.

"By the way, what will you be doing now?" she asked.

"Going to a party with my class."

"That isn't what I meant." Mikoto poked the tip of his nose with her index finger. "Will you be continuing your schooling or getting a job?"

(.....Huh?)

Cold sweat poured down Kamijou's cheeks.

"Wait. What was I going to do again?" he asked.

"You have to ask!?"

The “white girl” or the Anglican nun named Index finally made her appearance. She showed no sign of answering when Kamijou asked where she had come from.

She instead shouted out while holding a calico cat in one hand.

“You were called to London as a special guest of Necessarius, the Anglican Church’s 0th Parish! I sent in the paperwork for you and it seems you passed the examination!!”

“You’re kidding!”

Kamijou truly shed tears as he looked at Index.

But these were not tears of joy.

The spiky-haired boy was utterly shocked at having his future decided in the same way as an idol audition from long, long ago.

“The biggest question is which department of Necessarius you will be assigned to.”

This time, Kanzaki Kaori spoke quietly from the windowsill.

It seemed she had climbed up the outer wall.

It did not seem to matter what floor they were on.

Kanzaki looked toward Kamijou with (what initially looked like) a composed expression.

“I-it seems I am in charge of training new recruits, so we will be working together for a while once you arrive in London. And as we are both Japanese, I thought it might put you at ease if we also ate together and slept in the same—”

Before she could finish speaking, someone performed a dropkick on Kanzaki.

The Amakusa’s priestess loudly crashed to the ground outside. As a Saint, she was probably fine with a fall from that height. Her shout of “gwaaah!” was more worrying.

And someone else appeared in the space Kanzaki had left.

“My first answer: you possess an extremely unique ability, so I have determined it would be dangerous to leave you alone in the human world. My first supplementary explanation: that power should be used to aid heaven.”

The Russian Orthodox nun (with an angel inside) named Misha Kreutzev had wings growing from her back that resembled peacock feathers made from ice.

She stared at Kamijou with her emotionless eyes.

“My second answer: now, come with me to heaven.”

“I don’t want to!! Am I going to die here!?”

“My second supplementary explanation: Michael and Uriel are eagerly awaiting your arrival.”

“I don’t want anyone that amazing interested in me!!”

Kamijou shook his head back and forth and moved away from the window.

However, this was an archangel with the physical ability to easily kick away Kanzaki. No human could forcibly make her leave. The boy inwardly trembled while wondering if those around him would expect him to do it.

But as he backed away, he ran into someone.

“Eh!? Kamijou-chan, you’re moving overseas!? I thought for sure you would go on to college and become a hot-blooded Judgment member!!”

“Oh? And I thought you would go from there and become a hot-blooded Anti-Skill member.”

The teacher duo of Tsukuyomi Komoe and Yomikawa Aiho gave their comments.

Kamijou himself wanted to avoid that path because it would undoubtedly lead to incidents involving ridiculous science with English names like Sisters, Tree Diagram, or Level 6.

“Then what am I supposed to do?” he wondered aloud.

“You have to ask!?” shouted several familiar faces who entered the classroom all at once.

These were the usual suspects and they were giving off the aura of someone with a problem needing resolving.

Kamijou had a very bad feeling about what was to come.

The fact that they were not his classmates or even enrolled at the school no longer seemed to matter.

What had happened to the graduation?

Wasn’t he supposed to go to a love comedy-style party at a karaoke box?

“Whatever you do, stay in Academy City, says Misaka as she gives her thoughts while stealthily grabbing onto your coat. You have yet to resolve *that* which is related to the Sisters, says Misaka to add a suggestive hint.”

“My, my. The archbishop told me your right hand is needed to do something about *that* which sleeps in British history.”

“Hmph. I have no complaints about an enemy of women like you disappearing from Academy City. If you stay, you might come into contact with *that* which waits at the deepest underground research division!”

“Heh heh hehh. If you come with me, you’ll run across *that* which is stored in Ryouran Maid School. That will answer the question of why maids exist in this futuristic SF city.”

“I know. I could use you to draw out *that* which is related to the Imaginary Number District - Five Elements Institution. You’d make for a good lure.”

“Eh? I thought you were going to work with Misaka to defeat *that* which is hidden behind the Misaka Network, says Misaka as Misaka asks you again.”

“I will protect Onee-sama, so you can get lost. If you do not, I will set *that* which is under the direct control of Tokiwadai’s student council after you.”

“Oh, my. Perhaps you could begin working as a courier with me. I need to transport *that* delicate thing before long. Isn’t that right, Lidvia?”

“No matter the situation, we will not forget the global view and mindset of the Roman Catholic Church. From a global standpoint, dealing with *that* which writhes at a point in the Sahara takes precedence, so I must insist that you help. Incidentally, it excites me more when I am refused.”

“Daaah! Give it a rest!! You’re just making fun of me now! I can’t handle all of this!! No matter where I turn for the future, I’ll be running full speed into more nightmarish incidents, won’t I!?”

“If you wish to live a peaceful life, then come with me. I should be able to give you a modest life with no incidents.”

Kamijou almost hugged Himegami, but Index began devouring his hand before he could touch her. It seemed he was stuck on the standard Anglican course.

♦

Kamijou staggered out of the karaoke box.

It was already evening and his class (now his former class) was having a party inside. Komoe-sensei’s popularity could be seen in the fact that she had been invited despite it being a student-run party.

Kamijou let out a weary sigh.

His class and the dangerous people who threatened to bring about various incidents were enjoying the graduation party inside the building. But with his dark future, Kamijou did not feel like celebrating, so he was taking a break to get some fresh air.

"Am I going to end up in the Anglican Church? What's going to happen? I can't even imagine what kind of pay scheme they have. I really will cry if they say it's based on the number of enemies you kill."

He was also worried about the boring but serious problem of his English skills.

On top of that, he was concerned that Imagine Breaker would cause the old churches to crumble the instant he set foot inside them. He had no clue how much those historical buildings were worth and the magical value made it even harder to estimate. He could only pray that he did not end up destroying a large chunk of the city just by wandering around London.

As he thought to himself, his cell phone rang.

"Kamijou Touma, I know it is sudden, but I have a job for you."

"Stiyl? Why do you know my number?"

"Have you forgotten already? We exchanged numbers in Volume 10, Chapter 7."

"Oh, did we?"

"Yes. I also invited you to my room in London in Volume 22, Chapter 3. We were blown up inside the room afterwards, though."

(Why is everyone bringing up arbitrary things like that? And what month was Volume 22 in again?)

"So what is the job?"

"You are already registered as a guest member of the Anglican Church, so you will be helping with our work. Simply put, *that* forty-meter thing which the Scottish royal family has kept hidden for over half a century has…dwah!? It's flying down from the heavens now, so do something about it!!"

(Another *that*!?)

Kamijou trembled in fear, but as always, Stiyl continued talking without any concern for Kamijou's situation.

"A guide was sent for you, so hurry on over."

"All the way to Scotland!? Actually, where on the world map are you!?"

“On the eastern end of British territory,” said Stiyl like a villager in an RPG. “If you don’t know the way, just leave it to the guide…ohh!? *That* just breathed fir—kssssshhh!! Sizzle sizzle…. Pant pant pant… I really thought I was going to die there. A-anyway, the guide is known for great strength. One arm should be enough to carry you…gwoh!!”

Kamijou had a feeling that went beyond guiding him, but he was more concerned about the guide being muscular enough to easily carry someone around like that.

He was disappointed that the magic side’s guide wasn’t a girl in a witch’s hat.

(If I ignore this, it’ll just mean the death of an idiot, so I kind of want to just get back to the karaoke. But I can’t do that. There have to be a lot of other people fighting alongside him.)

As a reluctant tone fell over Kamijou, someone spoke from the side.

It was a girl.

“Excuse me. I have a bike delivery.”

He looked over, wondering what it was.

“Is it for me?”

“Yes. You are Kamijou Touma-san, correct?”

The delivery was for him specifically. He glanced over toward the building’s entrance. He had a feeling this kind of job would normally go to Route Disturb Oriana Thomson, one of the dangerous regulars, but he could hear her passionately singing some R&B inside the building. That meant this scene had to be taken by an extra. The bike delivery girl had likely been called here just for this.

When the bike delivery girl removed her helmet, Kamijou saw she looked like a well-behaved literary girl. She may have been trying to score points with this unexpected side of her.

“Please sign here. The fee has already been paid, so that is not an issue.”

She handed Kamijou a ballpoint pen and he wrote his name in the round frame meant for a seal. The bike delivery girl handed him a cardboard box. It was only ten centimeters across and two centimeters thick. He felt an envelope would have worked instead.

When he brought it to his ear and shook it lightly, he heard a quiet noise.

“What is this?”

He tore off the packing tape and peered inside.

It contained a laminated rune card.

“Good, you opened it. Guide him, Innocentius.”

“Eh?”

Before Kamijou could grasp the meaning of the voice from his phone, flames loudly burst from the small box. Those flames rapidly took the form of a giant human.

“Dwah!?”

The blast knocked Kamijou away and he rolled along the road.

“Gyah!?” shouted the bike delivery girl. “The bike delivery service was used for crime again! This sometimes happens. I end up delivering something horrible without realizing it!!”

She was likely tired of everything that happened to her.

“Wait, Stiyl!! Isn’t this bike delivery girl my guide to the unknown world!? I thought for sure I would accidentally see her in the bath or while changing and ultimately end up saving her!!”

“Calm down and hurry to Scotland. If you don’t know the way, Innocentius will carry you. This is the mobile card version from the final evolution in Chapter 4 of Volume 48: Kamijou Touma and the Terraforming of Mars. The card can move on its own, so Innocentius’s range of movement is almost unlimited. There is nothing to worry about.”

“A lot of crazy stuff happened in my life, didn’t it? …Wait, carry me?”

He hesitantly asked that last question.

Meanwhile, the giant made of three-thousand-degree Celsius flames rolled up his sleeves.

He was ready to go.

“Um, I think that would kill me. This goes beyond what Imagine Breaker can help me with. He’s three thousand degrees, right? Is the main character going to die here?”

“He is eight thousand degrees now. In Volume 88: Kamijou Touma’s Third Death…”

“Sorry if I’m repeating myself, but I’m going to die!!”

“You’ll be fine,” insisted Stiyl.

“What proof of that do you have!?” shouted back Kamijou.

“In Volume 153: Kamijou Touma Actually Tries Clearing His Mind, you came to the conclusion that fire is cold, so there shouldn’t be a problem.”

“Aren’t those subtitles getting a little lazy!? And what happened in that volume anyway!? That’s just an experiment that has nothing to do with a global crisis or a heroine!!”

Stiyl seemed to be getting tired of dealing with Kamijou, so he stopped responding.

He merely said “do it” over the phone.

And Innocentius approached.

“N-no, I won’t accept his. I won’t accept the conclusion that fire is cold!! Plus, isn’t eight thousand degrees a bit much!? The surface of the sun’s photosphere is only about six thousand degrees. This goes beyond the normal idea of fire being cold and I’m not even sure it qualifies as being fire anymore!”

“Hug him, Innocentius.”

He was hugged.

The idea of “clearing his mind” started to seem quite attractive.

But he was the main character, so he would somehow make it out okay.

Probably.

♦

He saw Index and the others rush out of the karaoke box after hearing the commotion.

(Good. There’s still more to the story, so I’ll be fine.)

But then a horrible idea raced through his mind.

Kamijou Touma would be the main character next time too, wouldn’t he?

The story wouldn’t suddenly shift to focus on Accelerator or Shirai Kuroko, would it?

–To be continued in Volume 202: Lola Stuart Gets Hooked on Black Vinegar.