

とらドラ・スピンオフ

俺の弁当を見てください

3



竹宮ゆゆこ
イラスト © ヤス

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俺の弁当を見てくれ

3

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電撃文庫

Toradora Spin-Off! - Volume 03 Chapter 03+07

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Novel Illustrations

These are the novel illustrations that were included in Spin-Off 3



● Front cover



● Back cover



● When Kitamura's mother tries to make a super fancy three tier bentou lunchbox, Ryuuji's house-husband spirit

catches fire! ---

“Behold My
Bentou!”



Tenori Taiga
on Tenori Taiga
World!

One Sunday
morning, the
Takasu
household has
an unexpected
visitor.



What if Ryuuji
were to open an
eatery, with
Kitamura
helping and with
only Taiga and
Minori as
customers!? ---
“Welcome to
the Dragon
Diner”



- Sneaking into the school library at night to fetch something left behind, a familiar unfortunate future is seen ---
“The Compendium of Very Unfortunate Endings”



- Takasu Yasuko, when she was still a high-school girl



- Praying at the Star Festival, a meek Taiga

appears!? We
get to meet
another strange
girl.



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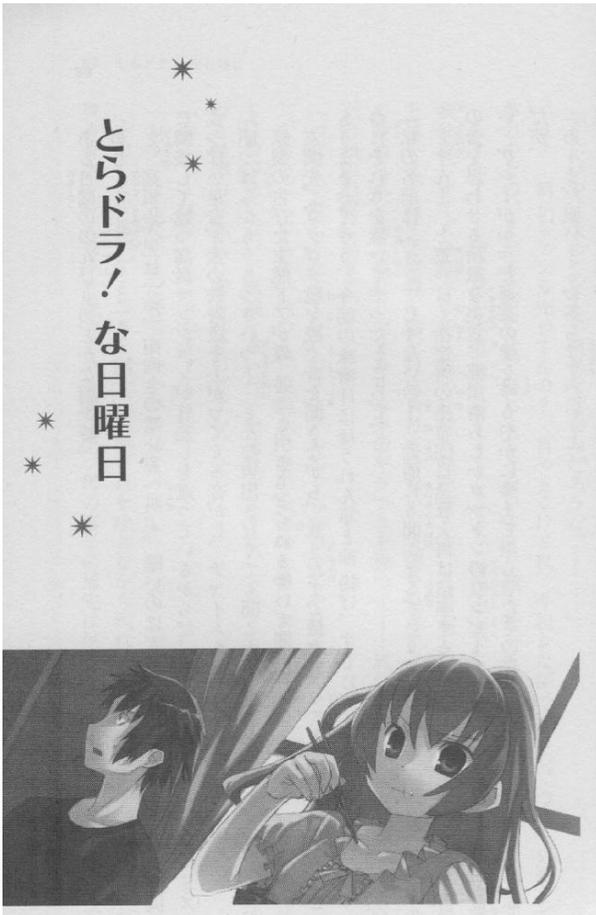
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Toradora!-ish Sunday

Toradora!-ish Sunday



It was a peaceful and relaxed Sunday morning, 10 o'clock.

"Riiiiice...!"

So shouted Takasu Ryuuji towards the southern darkened window. Its darkened state was not the weather's fault, it was all because of the luxurious apartment building towering oppressively nearby and blocking the sun. After a little while, the sound of rough, pounding footsteps going up the metal stairs came from the outside, and without even chiming or knocking...

"You're so noisy this early in the morning! No need to shout like that, I'm not deaf, you know!"

A brute force made the shabby metal front door fling open on its hinges. When a rustling sound of shoes being taken off came from the front door, a round bowl with a tiger sticker was already full of rice, and this morning's miso soup with spinach and [fried tofu](#) was also ready. Just as he was putting her chopsticks on

their proper place on the rest,

"My name is not 'Rice'! I bet all the neighbors heard you! Jeez, you have no shame!"

Plop! And Aisaka Taiga landed furiously on her personal sitting cushion. A girl of low stature, she had a refined charm reminding that of a healthy rose bud. Her cotton one-piece house dress couldn't suit her better, her light chestnut hair flowed down past her waist - it was an appearance of a top class beauty, but...

"Ah, I'm drowsy again... Gimme some tea, would you!"

"..."

"...What? What's with that look?"

"...No, I was just wandering if anything at all could be done about some ridiculously haughty women..."

"Huh? Are you bristling up right from the morning? Let me tell you, I just got up. Just ten minutes ago I'd been seeing a dream. And yet you can't be gentle to me again! I didn't even have time to wash my face!"

This girl, who haughtily announced that without even trying to hide her unreasonably foul mood, was a model of brutal and violent arrogance, and so despite her incredibly tiny size people nicknamed her as "Palmtop Tiger". However, in terms of appearance, Ryuuji wouldn't lose to her. His triangular eyes looking back at Taiga were sloped in a blade-like squint; this gaze, from an outsider's perspective, could well possess an ability to shoot anyone on sight... But it was only a hereditary trait of his face and nothing more.

"Really now, you can say I'm not gentle or whatever, but you should at least try to make your tea yourself. And by the way, go wash your face."

While spitefully complaining, he still made some tea for Taiga, who was really bad at waking up. He already resigned himself to this kind of thing. Rather than continuing useless squabbles, it was a lot faster to give up, thus reducing a waste of time, as well as physical and mental energy.

"Good... mor... niiing~..."

"Oh, morning. Actually, you can sleep in if you like."

At this moment, opening a sliding door, with her breath smelling of alcohol, his mother Yasuko appeared. To raise her only son she'd always been working until morning and could come home no earlier than at 3am. But even though she might have some more time for sleep...

"Hmm, something smells really good... Morning, Taiga-chan."

Yawning, she rubbed her eyes. Since Yasuko was the head of household, Taiga too obediently responded with 'good morning'. Yasuko sat on her cushion.

"Ah, we have [dried horse-mackerel](#) for breakfast! Ya-chan loves horse-mackerel."

Her eyes still sleepy and her huge breasts bouncing, she squeezed her makeup covered baby-face, which started to break into a smile. The only things suiting her age were her waved and dyed, slightly messy, long hair hanging down to her breasts and her beautifully long, pearly-white nails; altogether she gave off a very feminine feel. With her son not resembling her in the slightest, she was known in the neighborhood as 'a marvelous 30-year-old lolita'.

Since all family members were now present (even though there was one person of different genes mixed among them), Ryuuji also sat on his cushion, and, leaving TV on, which was somewhat ill-mannered, all three of them proclaimed 'Let's eat'. With only miso soup, dried horse-mackerel and yesterday's [kinpira](#) leftover on the table, they solemnly started their simple breakfast at the right time.

This morning's horse-mackerel was a little fatty to begin with, and after getting soaked in frying oil it was now overflowing with juices. Ryuuji, who had a healthy appetite of a highschooler, already feeling excited, extended his chopsticks towards the fish, but it seemed like he chose the wrong moment. A persistent knock resounded from the front door.

Naturally, Taiga, sipping her miso, just ignored the banging, and Yasuko proceeded straight to horse-mackerel. Left with no other option, Ryuuji whispered to horse-mackerel, which would get cold soon, "Wait for me, okay?..", and went to open a door for an untimely visitor.

"Yes, yes, who is-"

"I just have something to give you."

Swallowing everything he had to say, Ryuuji shuddered. The one, who without any further ado marched through the door, was none other than their 70-year-old landlady. Her back hunched, she still maintained her fighting spirit; she lived right below the Takasu residence; her main weapon was a broom. Whenever they raised a ruckus, the handle of that particular broom was used to hit at the ceiling; then the next day, while sweeping the footpath with this broom, she would most likely read a long and detailed lecture to Yasuko in a shrill, high-pitched voice.

"E-excuse me, what would you like-"

"Here, this was delivered from the village."

"T-thank you... Sorry for all the trouble we cause you."

The thing handed over to him was a bulky, heavy vinyl bag. Inside were potatoes and Japanese radish, and also plenty of fresh vegetables. But it seemed, the landlady was not going to settle on just giving the package, breakfast-time or not.

Is she not leaving, because she also wants to inspect the second floor of her own house? The landlady shuffled further into the narrow 2DK apartment and saw Yasuko and Taiga, who were in the middle of their Horse-Mackerel Festival. Yasuko, who, with great skill and devotion, was picking out the spine of the fish with her chopsticks, stopped dead in her tracks.

"Ah... M-mistress landlady."

"What a rare occasion, to see you awake during the day."

"Aw, b-but I always wake up in the daytime."

"Two or three o'clock can hardly be called a daytime. 'Dusk' would be a more accurate term. But that aside, you are in trouble."

"Eh... how sooo?.."

"The last month's rent. You were supposed to pay it on Friday at the end of the month, yet it's already past Saturday."

"S-sorryyy... Even though I went to the bank, my balance was just a little..."

"Oh man... You are also a party in that contract, don't be sloppy like that."

Since she lives right below us, she could accept checks, Ryuuji thought as usual, but he knew it was impossible. As the landlady always claimed, "If I start to loan, it will never end. This old woman's heart just won't rest; I'll feel troubled, unless I can hold hard cash in my hands". Well, nothing can be said against it.

Once she'd sat on Ryuuji's cushion, her field of vision was occupied with dried horse-mackerel.

"Oho, this horse-mackerel sure looks tasty. Old folk, living all alone, can only treat themselves to some plain, watery rice porridge at 6am..."

"...I-if you would like to..."

"Ah, is that okay? That's a bit rude of me."

Even before she finished speaking, the landlady already accepted the chopsticks for guests offered by Ryuuji, and started to release the horse-mackerel from the skin and bones. Stuffing her mouth with boiled rice, she wasted no time and sent kinpira the same way. Then she gulped some miso soup. "Ah, delicious," she muttered in a satisfied voice, rapidly gobbling up Ryuuji's breakfast. Then she turned to Yasuko.

"Right, fine, you have time until Wednesday. But don't expect such treatment every time, got it? Eh?"

Now it was Taiga's turn.

"And you there too, do whatever you like here... but any funny stuff will only get you into trouble. You don't do anything funny, right?"

What does she mean, 'funny stuff'? Taiga quietly mumbled, merrily stuffing her cheeks with rice.

Ryuuji, who was standing in the kitchen for the lack of free space, thinking, *However, that's our daily stuff,* just shrugged his shoulders. Such things were an everyday routine.

After all that, if they somehow managed to get Yasuko to stand up, he wondered, would the three of them be able to go to Sudoba and at least nibble at some buttered toast? Even the usual Sunday is not so bad. Once again he felt

regret for his lost horse-mackerel.

"Hey, you. Ryuuji-kun."

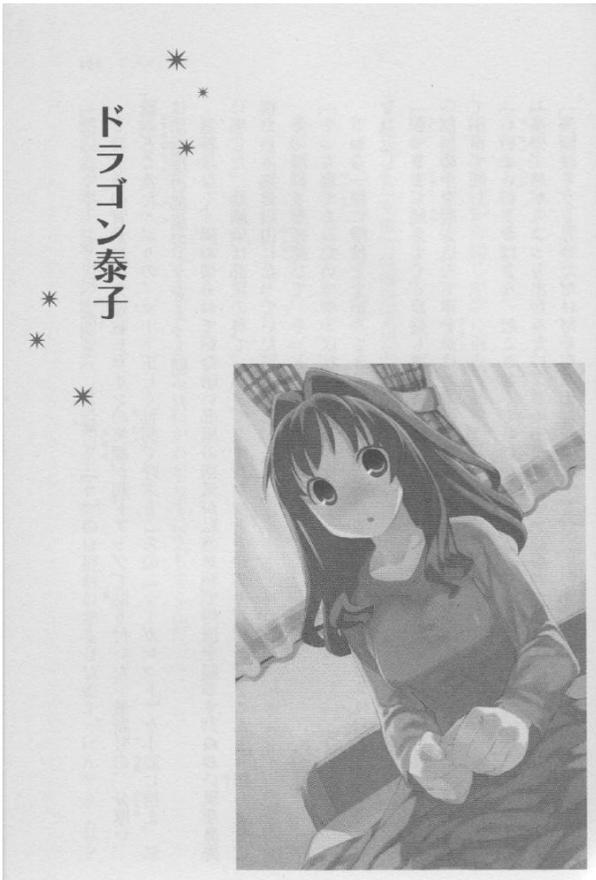
The landlady's attacking aim suddenly shifted to Ryuuji.

"That won't do, you know, I mean, you and this girl getting married. You have no idea what kind of hardship you would have to break through."

Almost at the same time, Taiga and Ryuuji mumbled together, "Who would do something like that?", but those words didn't reach landlady's ears, of course.

Dragon Yasuko

Dragon Yasuko



"It's 'Ma'. Ya-chi, I came to visit. 'Ma' delivery time has arrived."

Holding the latest, massive, plenty-to-read issue of 'Ma' (which is actually called 'Margaret', a smiling face of the main series' heroine on a pink background stuck on the cover) under my arm, I carefully opened the door to my childhood friend's room.

There was no answer, so I closed the door causing the air in the dark room to stir. The gust of wind on the tip of my nose felt lukewarm. Deeper inside my childhood friend's room, with a folded towel placed over her forehead, there was a mound, silently lying and breathing on the bed.

Convinced by that silence, I carefully turned my head and quietly whispered to Auntie, with whom I had come up here, "Ya-chi seems to be sleeping. I should just go home after all."

"Is that so?", Auntie said, looking back at me.

"She was awake just now, she also had Morimori for dinner. Hey, Yasuko. Are you really asleep?", she called out peeking in the room.

Still no response.

Trying to stop her, I whispered again in a panicked voice, "It's alright, it's alright, Auntie, no need to wake her up, really. Did Ya-chi catch a cold?"

"Probably. She has a little fever I think. Sorry, you even came all the way here."

"I got this new manga issue, so I just thought I should come, that's all. I'll come another time."

I like 'Ma', while Yasuko prefers 'Hanayume'. Even now, in a high school, we both are still crazy about that manga magazine for girls, which comes out twice a month, so we share a duty to buy it, and then give it to each other at school. That has been going on for years already.

In an elementary school, then in a middle school, and also in a high school, although we are now separated, we've always been friends. Yasuko was absent today, so I came to see her after classes.

Not that I had to disturb her, I could go home even without seeing her face, nothing to worry about. It was pretty common for us to simply say, "See you later", and part.

However, when I closed the door and started to go downstairs, following Auntie, "...Sorry, it's just..."

Yasuko's face popped up.

"It's just that I can't quite distinguish dream from reality... Mo-om, Ya-chan needs water..."

"Sure, sure," Auntie said and headed down to the kitchen on the first floor, leaving me behind in the middle of the stairs. Turning back and looking up at Yasuko, I stood there, uncertain of what to do.

Go home, maybe.

Or...

Really, what to do? While I was thinking that, the feverish Yasuko was looking

back at me through the crack in the door. That red face. Full lips, slightly agape. Black pupils.

Then I remembered about 'Ma' in my hand.

"...Well? Want to read it?"

When I asked, Yasuko, although slower than usual, still gave a nod. Turning around on the stairs, I slipped inside Yasuko's shadowed room behind her back.

"Ya-chi. Your breath is strong."

After my casual words, Yasuko covered her mouth with her hand and puffed.

"Does it stink? Not good."

"No, that's not it. It's hot. Your breathing, it's really hot."

Without turning on any lights, we sat down. Yasuko was sitting on the bed she had been sleeping up until now, and I pulled a chair on the rug for myself.

If she extended her hand she could take 'Ma'.

But Yasuko, having received the thick manga magazine, just let it rest on her lap, not opening it. Clasp her hand over her mouth again, like someone who wishes to know whether her breath smells, she blew on her palm.

She probably wanted to confirm that her breathing was really that hot.

"...You are right. Wow, amazing. My breath is burning hot."

Seemingly ascertained, she nodded, knitting her thin brows. And looking like she was reminded of something, she went on, "Isn't it kind of like in a manga, when after eating something peppery they can, 'hiii~☆', breathe fire?"

"Yeah, it's 'hiii' for fire?" *(t/l note: they are probably referring to sounds in a manga, also 'fire' in Japanese is spelled as 'hi')* "Exactly, 'hiii' for fire. And now Ya-chan is also like that. Like I can breathe fire or something."

Slightly straightening her back with sudden energy, Yasuko exhaled with 'haaa', showing off and looking somewhat too lively for someone who had to skip school. After calming down a little she declared, "I'm a dragon. Dragon Yasuko."

I laughed, and Yasuko laughed too.

"To tell the truth, I became a dragon just a while ago," she added with a carefree attitude.

"A while ago?"

"Yeah."

"You mean, when you caught a cold? And you felt your fever rising?"

"Nah, I don't think it's a cold."

"Is that so? Then what is it? Well, doesn't your throat hurt?"

Yasuko stopped laughing abruptly. Not answering my question, she just stared at me.

Her eyes that were crescent-shaped from laughter just now, suddenly showed a sharp expression, and now that I think about it, Yasuko's been making that kind of a face, how odd, I thought.

Usually we, Yasuko and I, would only fool around, jokingly poking each other. But today Yasuko, in this dark room, was breathing fire. All gloomy, she cast her eyes down.

"...Ya-chan has a feeling, she may really reek of sweat..."

"Oh? I think you have absolutely nothing to worry about."

"My head probably stinks too... Haven't taken a bath since yesterday."

Pulling aside with both hands the throat of the T-shirt she was wearing, and sticking her nose inside it, Yasuko checked her body's smell. When she moved, the weight of her body tilted the bed, causing a balled-up tissue fall from under the cotton towel.

That's probably where she'd blown her nose. I glanced at the tissue, but even without closer inspection I realised, that it wasn't only used to blow a nose. The moment it hit the floor, three yellow pills flew out from inside.

It's a cold medicine, isn't it? I thought. I looked at Yasuko and noticed that she also noticed me looking at her. Then she slowly picked up the fallen cold medicine. Wrapping up the tissue again and grabbing it in her hand, she hesitantly held it out towards me.

Her long hair indeed looking greasy, Yasuko remained face-down. In gaps of her bangs her lips could be seen moving, as if trying to say something.

"This, you see... I would throw it in the trashcan, but then Mom will notice. Mom is sharp. That's why... take it with you on your way home, please."

"Why don't you want to take it?"

"Please."

I felt like I've seen an orange flame in Yasuko's distorted lips.

The flame reflection lit her jaw profile, and then suddenly it seemed like the blaze erupted outside.

Watching this beautiful but intimidating sight, I took the dirty tissue Yasuko was holding out. Once I'd received it, I asked, "Ya-chi... Ya-chan. Hey, but still, why?"

"..."

"Won't you read 'Ma'?"

"..."

"Won't you buy 'Hanayume'?"

"..."

It was already too late to ask.

With a flop, Yasuko stretched herself on the bed. Shutting down her eyelids as if she could not bear it anymore, she said, her eyes seemingly ready to close any moment, "Sorry... Somehow... for some reason... I'm sleepy..."

Still clutching 'Ma' with heroic resolution, Yasuko continued to breath a weak and small fire. Don't sleep, she seemed to be saying to herself. She forgot all about our previous conversation.

"Really, really... I'm so... drowsy..."

"...That's alright. Don't force yourself and go to sleep."

There was no response already. I gently took 'Ma' from her hands. One of her knees was extended from the bedside, her body was prostrated on the bed just

like back then, and one could see the laid-down Yasuko's big, soft breast moving.

Below the hem of the long-sleeved T-shirt fabric, Yasuko's relaxed, rounded form were revealed.

Auntie entered the room, holding water for Yasuko and juice for me. She smiled and asked if everything's alright, then saw Yasuko who'd just fallen asleep, and let out a small, muffled sigh as she understood.