0-1

Narrator: The Organization’s People.

Francais: I had only been given a small room and some grey colored robes.

Francais: All things considered, it was an extremely eerie place.

Francais: I was certainly sheltered from the wind and rain of the streets and I also didn’t have to worry about food but…

Jan: Ehm… this.

Francais: I suddenly came to my senses and looked to where the voice had called me.

Francais: To my surprise, a girl with gold laced robes stood there.

Jan: This… You dropped it.

Francais: Beneath the robe, platinum blond hair and white skin.

Francais: Her lips had only moved slightly, and hanged downwards as if they were trying to avoid my gaze.

Francais: Thank you…

Jan: Excuse me…

Francais: Wait! You! What job are you in charge of?

1-2

Francais: Huh? Now that I’ve taken a good look, aren’t you a guy?

Jan: I’m in a hurry.

Francais: What’s up with him?

Francais: I don’t know whether he’s good or bad natured. What a strange guy...

Francais: As the cleaning staff, our hands were very dirty. And because we dealt with filthy corpses day in and day out, our skin and clothes reeked.

Francais: But his skin showed no signs of gashes, and from his gold laced white robes, came off a slight scent of perfume.