0-1

Francais: Ugh, I’m so hungry…

Francais: I haven’t eaten anything since yesterday.

Francais: I guess I was swindled after all…

Francais: Geez, that was the worst day.

Francais: I am Francais Dashwood.

Francais: Nor me, nor my parents have any money so I was living by stealing and illegal trading.

Francais: But on that day, I had been waiting at the end of the street for two whole days.

Count Sandwich: Hey, you there!

Francais: Hey pops, who are you?

Count Sandwich: Pops?

Count Sandwich: That was rude… but I’ll let it go.

Count Sandwich: Did you kill that cat over there?

Count Sandwich: Now that I’ve taken a look at the corpse, it seems it was killed yesterday.

1-2

Francais: You’re so annoying! If you’re not here to pay me, piss off!

(Count Sandwich laughs)

Francais: What’s so funny?

Count Sandwich: I don’t know what kind of “pay” you’re waiting for. But… you got swindled, didn’t you?

Francais: What?! I didn’t get tricked!

(Stomach grumbles)

Count Sandwich: You’re such a pitiful brat…

Count Sandwich: If you’re so hungry, I’ll throw you a bone.

Francais: Humph! I’m not dumb enough to recieve the compassion of a weird man like you!

(Music plays in the background)

Francais: It’s so good!

(Francais munches on food)

Count Sandwich: But, you sure like meat.

Francais: Pops, aren’t you eating?

2-3

Count Sandwich: I don’t feel like eating those brawny looking pieces of meat.

Count Sandwich: More importantly, how about you come over to my place and work for me?

Count Sandwich: If you come work for me, you’ll get to eat better meat than this every day.

Count Sandwich: Are you being cautious?

Count Sandwich: I guess that can’t be helped, you were just tricked after all…

Count Sandwich: I will pay you upfront.

Francais: Are you for real?

Count Sandwich: I’m telling the truth, but only if you give back my cufflinks.

Narrator: Animamundi, Volume of Darkness, The Wild Organization’s Party.

3-4

Francais: What’s with you? Stop making stuff up!

Francais: Stop it.

Count Sandwich: I knew it.

Francais: I’m sorry.

Count Sandwich: For me it’s enough that you know what you did, everyone makes mistakes.

Count Sandwich: Only fools keep making the same mistakes, and I hate fools.

Count Sandwich: Never steal from me again!

Francais: Yes.

Count Sandwich: By the way, why did you slash the cat’s stomach?

Francais: Because I had him swallow and carry around some stolen jewelry.

Francais: Killing him was regrettable, but he was perfect since he was an older cat.

Count Sandwich: I see…

Count Sandwich: I have a better job for you that doesn’t involve stealing, how about it?

4-5

Francais: I decided to work for that man.

Francais: Up until now, I had never been treated as a human in that slum. I became hungry and even had to steal.

Francais: I never thought there would be a worse way to live than that but…

Francais: That man took me to a place that was completely different from the usual mansion.

Francais: In an alleyway of the slums there lay a deserted house and an endless set of stairs that seemed to keep going down forever.

Francais: At the bottom of the stairs the paths diverged into countless corridors of great complexity.

Francais: The path was only illuminated by the faint light of a few candles. It was truly eerie.

(Steps)

Count Sandwich: Now, go on and greet that man over there. He will show you how to do your job.

5-6

Francais: Suddenly, the raggedy looking hunchback man turned around in front of me and stared at me with his angry looking eyes.

Count Sandwich: Hey, you pieces of scum work so slowly that I cannot stand the smell any longer.

Count Sandwich: Instead, I have brought one that seems to work fast.

Count Sandwich: I would like to get rid of the slowest one of you but…

Francais: Pops, wait a minute!

Count Sandwich: I’ve already paid you plenty.

Count Sandwich: Now you have to pay your debt to me.

Francais: W-What did you just say?

(Door shuts close)

Count Sandwich: You can slowly pay me back for the meal I treated you.

Count Sandwich: Besides, now that you work here, you’ll be showered with the freshest meat every single day.

Count Sandwich: But I guess a prisoner’s meat is not that good.

Francais: Bastard! Did you trick me?

(Count Sandwich laughs)

6-7

Count Sandwich: You should be grateful that I picked you up!

Count Sandwich: If you’re so vexed by this, you should’ve chosen a better job!

Francais: Damn it, damn it! You monster!

Francais: Since that day, I wasn’t allowed to go back above ground.

Francais: I only found out about this later… But apparently, this place is the base of a secret organization called “Hellfire’s Club”.

Francais: Even among the many secret organizations, the “Hellfire’s Club” is said to be especially cruel. They also worship the devil and manage their organization accordingly.

Francais: People who’ve escaped the normal world gather here, and deal in forbidden techniques such as black magic and alchemy.

Francais: And they have thrived in this underground world.

Francais: The first thing I learned from the man with the blank expression was how to clean the underground halls.

7-8

Francais: From a vessel, we would pour cold meat into a sack and hand it over to a merchant outside.

Francais: I didn’t know what they were using it for… But I was sure of one thing, I would not be able to eat meat for a while.