0-1

Viscount Ramphet: In the afternoon of a spring day, I was visiting the mansion of Barn Arnheim in the southern section of the Kamazen area.

Viscount Ramphet: Baron Arnheim, who’s always involved in some kind of business deal, often leaves the mansion empty. He is also a collector of famous swords.

Viscount Ramphet: Whenever he’s not home he would allow me, the royal palace’s cavalry commander, to make use of the mansion and its library.

Viscount Ramphet: I had made preparations to stay a few days in the mansion so I went.

Viscount Ramphet: I was quite reluctant to leave the royal palace’s knight’s station who I had become so accustomed to, but this mansion was next to Georik's mansion.

Viscount Ramphet: From the library on the second floor, you could see the window to Georik’s room.

Viscount Ramphet: The Baron said to me: “Here, I can check on Georik while I assemble old reference books about swords”.

1-2

Viscount Ramphet: And I had taken a few days off to borrow a room and take advantage of what the Baron had told me.

Viscount Ramphet: It’s not opening.

Maid: We’ve locked all other rooms. There’s many valuable goods in the house so this is for both of our sakes.

Viscount Ramphet: I see, you’re right. My apologies.

Maid: It’s the master’s mansion and the master’s collection after all…

Maid: Please don’t get too comfortable.

Viscount Ramphet: Oh my… I thought I would be able to check on Georik from here but this is far from a holiday. It’s more like I’m lying on a bed of nails.

Viscount Ramphet: The meals over there weren’t fun either.

Viscount Ramphet: The Baron’s maid was keeping tabs on me and the meals were filled with the air of awkwardness.

Viscount Ramphet: From time to time I would peek at Georik’s window from the library

2-3

Viscount Ramphet: But at mealtime the lights in the dining room would go off, and there were no movements other than the scampering about of the servant boy at the mansion’s entrance.

Maid: Aaaah!

Viscount Ramphet: Are you okay?

Maid: It’s nothing.

Viscount Ramphet: So it was a big spider.

Viscount Ramphet: That will do it.

Viscount Ramphet: And where are you heading off to at this time of day?

Viscount Ramphet: The Ripper’s incidents have gotten worse.

Viscount Ramphet: Don’t forget that countless women of your age have already been attacked.

Maid: That has nothing to do with it, you’re not even the master of this mansion!

Viscount Ramphet: This maid pisses me off, I can’t believe she’s treating me like I’m some worthless guy.

Viscount Ramphet: Shall I inform Baron Arnheim about this?

3-4

Viscount Ramphet: Geez, what in god’s name am I doing?

Viscount Ramphet: I’m so pathetic, I’m here trying to spy on Georik’s mansion just because I can’t get inside it.

(wolf’s howl)

Viscount Ramphet: That day too, while I was binding some sword books, I glanced at the mansion next door.

Viscount Ramphet: But as with every night, nothing changed and I was overcome with sleepiness.

(scream)

Viscount Ramphet: What is that? Could it be the deed of the Ripper?

Maid: Help me!

Viscount Ramphet: I knew it, it's Arnheim's maid.

Viscount Ramphet: Hey! Are you the one they call Whistler the Ripper?

Whistler the Ripper: Who in the hell are you?

4-5

Viscount Ramphet: I’m Mikhail Ramphet and as the Commander of the Holy Knights of Hardland I carry on their will.

Viscount Ramphet: You’re so unlucky now that I’m your opponent. But for me this is a blessing.

Viscount Ramphet: You’re just a senseless villain and I will get to perform your requiem with my own hands.

Whistler the Ripper: You’ll perform my requiem?

Whistler the Ripper: I'll throw those words right back at you.

Whistler the Ripper: Even if it’s not worth it, I’ll make you pay with that worthless life of yours!

Viscount Ramphet: Watch out!

Maid: Master Mikhail!

Viscount Ramphet: Quick, run away or you’ll get killed! Run to the police station! Go!

Maid: Yes!

Whistler the Ripper: Don’t you worry, I’ll thoroughly enjoy playing with you until the police get here.

5-6

Whistler the Ripper: I’m sure you’ve never shed a drop of your own blood. You’ll surely faint.

Viscount Ramphet: There’s no chance you’ll win with me as your opponent.

Whistler the Ripper: You talk too much.

Viscount Ramphet: What’s wrong? Where did all that boldness from earlier go?

Whistler the Ripper: Don’t put your guard down.

Viscount Ramphet: Hah, this is nothing… Huh? What’s this? Everything’s blurry all of a sudden.

Whistler the Ripper: Are you just realizing it? This is the power of the medicine I’ve prepared.

Whistler the Ripper: It destroys your sense of balance and it’s capable of stealing most of your physical capabilities.

Whistler the Ripper: And…

(scream)

Whistler the Ripper: This is the thing I’m most fond of.

6-7

Whistler the Ripper: It can amplify the faintest pain to several degrees.

Viscount Ramphet: Bastard!

Whistler the Ripper: Whops… Where are you aiming?

Whistler the Ripper: Stop needlessly struggling!

(scream)

Whistler the Ripper: It’s been a while since you’ve seen this much blood right? And on top of that, it’s your own blood!

Viscount Ramphet: Damn it! This guy’s not strong, he just moves very unconventionally.

Whistler the Ripper: I guess you’re not feeling very alive right now… Shedding this much blood will make you feel alive again.

Whistler the Ripper: If you don’t wanna die, try begging for your life.

Whistler the Ripper: A rosario? And a cross shaped ring of gold and silver… You’re everything I hate in a man!

7-8

Whistler the Ripper: Shall I taste your blood with this?

Whistler the Ripper: The father in heaven taught us that the town itself is represented by every person’s meat. And that eating blood and flesh is proof blasphemy!

Whistler the Ripper: How does that sound? Shall we try it?

Whistler the Ripper: I won’t let you go to sleep yet, I’ll play more with you.

Whistler the Ripper: You’re such a funny guy. You wield such a splendid sword, yet you have never seen blood.

Whistler the Ripper: That sword is nothing more than a decoration!

Whistler the Ripper: It looks like the police idiots are finally here. I was thinking of ending you and slithering out of here but… I changed my mind.

8-9

Whistler the Ripper: I won’t kill you anymore. I’ll have you live the rest of your life in shame like this. Watching you suffer will be much more entertaining.

Whistler the Ripper: Good bye. And never try to catch me again.

Viscount Ramphet: The police… they’re all a bunch of cowards.

Viscount Ramphet: So that’s why they were late… they were just gathering more men...

Viscount Ramphet: Damn. I don’t know if it’s because I’m relieved but my consciousness is suddenly drifting away.

Policeman:Count Zaberisk, thank you for your cooperation! When we heard the Ripper had slipped away, and that the commander of the Royal Knights had been defeated, our men at the police… Oh…

9-10

Policeman: Anyways, we’re so grateful that he came out relatively unharmed.

Georik: Don’t worry about it, I’m just doing what’s natural. He’s my dear friend after all.

Policeman: Nevertheless, if this didn’t happen near your house he might have lost his life.

Georik: I’m sorry but I want to be by his side, could you please excuse yourself?

Policeman: Oh, I’m really sorry. Excuse me.

Policeman: All right, Officers!

Viscount Ramphet: By the time my consciousness had returned, I had been moved to Georik’s second floor.

Viscount Ramphet: I could hear how Georik was talking to a Policeman downstairs.

Viscount Ramphet: I still had extreme pain all over my body and I kept suffering.

Viscount Ramphet: The identity of the Ripper remains a mystery even for me. But by looking at the skillful way he eviscerates his victims, it is plausible that he has experience as a doctor.

10-11

Viscount Ramphet: And I know I shouldn’t take that at face value but Georik doesn’t even have an alibi.

Viscount Ramphet: I thanked god for helping me get into Georik’s house and with my distrustful personality I am now able to monitor him.

Viscount Ramphet: On the other hand, I thought of that suspicious nature of mine as filthy.

Georik: Mikhail, are you finally awake?

Georik: I can’t hear you.

Georik: Mikhail don’t tell me… you can’t speak?

Georik: You poor thing… You must’ve suffered greatly.

Georik: Everything’s fine now, you don’t have to worry about anything.

11-12

Georik: You put yourself in danger again. Geez, guys like you are always...

Viscount Ramphet: Georik’s eyes welled up. And he was shedding tears for my sake.

Viscount Ramphet: But I couldn’t put my thoughts into words.

Georik: I know it was a coincidence but I’m glad it happened near this mansion.

Georik: Good night Michel.

Viscount Ramphet: After giving me a gentle kiss, Georik left the room.

Viscount Ramphet: And so as to not make me worry, he went to rest in the next room.

Viscount Ramphet: But it wasn’t just a coincidence that I was nearby. I was observing you day and night.

12-13

Viscount Ramphet: The bed, the glass on the side table, the pile of clean bandages… Everything must have been prepared by Georik’s own hands.

Viscount Ramphet: I felt I was being taken care of better than everyone else in this world.

Viscount Ramphet: On top of my physical wounds, my chest felt heavy and I thought I wouldn’t be able to sleep.

Viscount Ramphet: But because of my exhaustion I had fallen into sleep before I could know it.

Georik: Mikhail, you’re an amazing person. You tried to shield a girl from the Ripper and that’s an amazing feat.

Georik: He got scared of you because you’re an honest person. I thought you were acting on your own but you actually drew out your sword to protect a girl…

Georik: That’s something I couldn’t even do.

13-14

Georik: I keep finding myself surprised by you.

Viscount Ramphet: You’re wrong… Even I have another side. I was watching you in secret form the mansion next door.

Viscount Ramphet: Even now, I was suspicious of you. I couldn’t trust you. But even so…

Georik: What’s wrong Mikhail?

Viscount Ramphet: Georik, I... I never thought I would be brought to your house.

Georik: That time, the girl that got attacked by the Whistler came to me crying and desperately asked me to save you.

Viscount Ramphet: Ah… Baron Anheim’s maid? She should’ve minded her own business!

14-15

Georik: Mikhail! That’s no way to talk about your saviour.

Viscount Ramphet: Georik, the truth is that I never thought you’d save me like this. And that maid told you everything right?

Viscount Ramphet: That I was borrowing a room in the mansion next door.

Georik: I was honestly surprised. I’m sorry I made you worry that much.

Viscount Ramphet: I wish my wounds would stay like this and never heal. Once the little bird is healed, it will be released back into the sun. If that’s the case… I would rather remain like this forever…

Georik: Don’t say such foolish things. Spreading your wings and flying suits you better. Don’t say such selfish things and get better soon so you can return to the sky.

Viscount Ramphet: Georik, you’re so sly… You only show me your kindness but you never say the word I really want to hear.

Viscount Ramphet: I don’t think I’ll ever recover.

Viscount Ramphet: Even if the wounds in my body were to heal, the wound in my heart from knowing you will surely remain forever…

Viscount Ramphet: I opened the window and looked at Arnheim’s mansion. That guestroom I borrowed on the second floor, should be getting cleaned by that maid around this time.

Viscount Ramphet: It’s so close to Georik’s room but I can’t look at the other side of the window. Just like I couldn’t see inside this room from over there.

Viscount Ramphet: I closed the window and like a baby bird, fell to my sleep.