



赤と青と緑と


red, blue, and green

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Manga by Syuji Takeya

原作 須田剛一
漫画 竹谷州史

※Please complete The Silver Case
and The 25th Ward before reading.
※シルバー2425をクリア後
にご覧ください。

RED OUT



Sorry, Akama, making you
come out here like this.

□ REDOUT

HOTEL UNION

If the boss calls, I'm there.
But what's with this hotel?

It's a bit out of the way, yeah. But it's nice, right? Gives you a break from the city.

Yeah. Always feels like everything in the 25th ward's out to get you. The town, the people, the shops...



I'm a farmboy at heart, the city exhausts me.



Yeah, I can feel my heart starting to sour in that jumble of aluminum and metal.

Coffee okay?

Sure.

One coffee, please!





Welcome! A coffee, yes?
Coming right up? Will that
be all?

Yeah, thanks.

Damn, that was fast...



What's with
this smell?



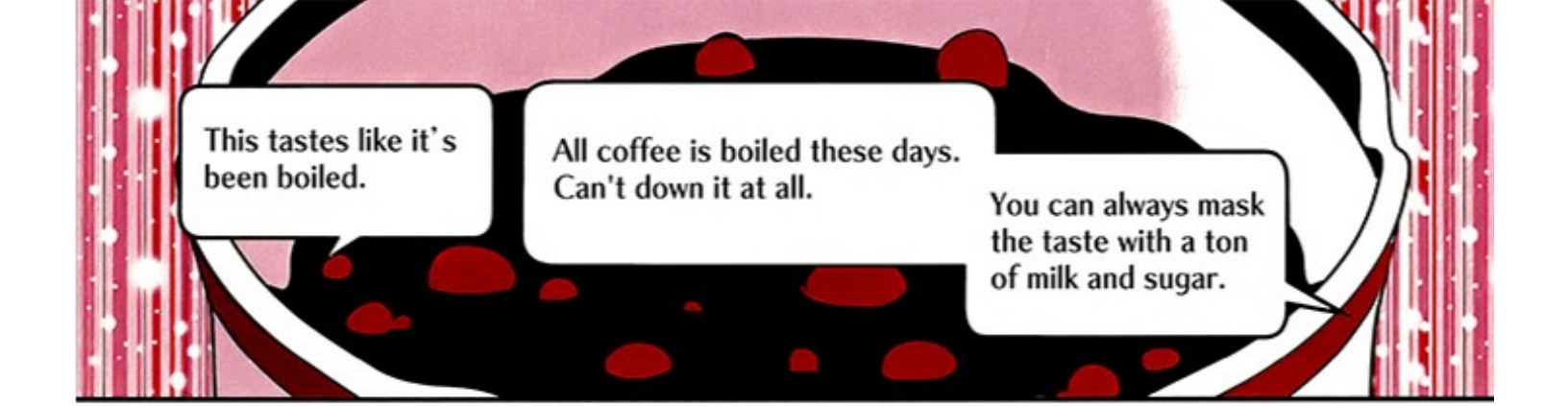
Let's take
a sip...



Isn't it the best? The awful taste
makes me feel kinda nostalgic.

Disgusting!






This tastes like it's been boiled.

All coffee is boiled these days. Can't down it at all.


You can always mask the taste with a ton of milk and sugar.



Bad coffee sure is hard to drink.


Yeah, even convenience store coffee is better than this.

But convenience store coffee is so tasteless that my brain doesn't even register it.

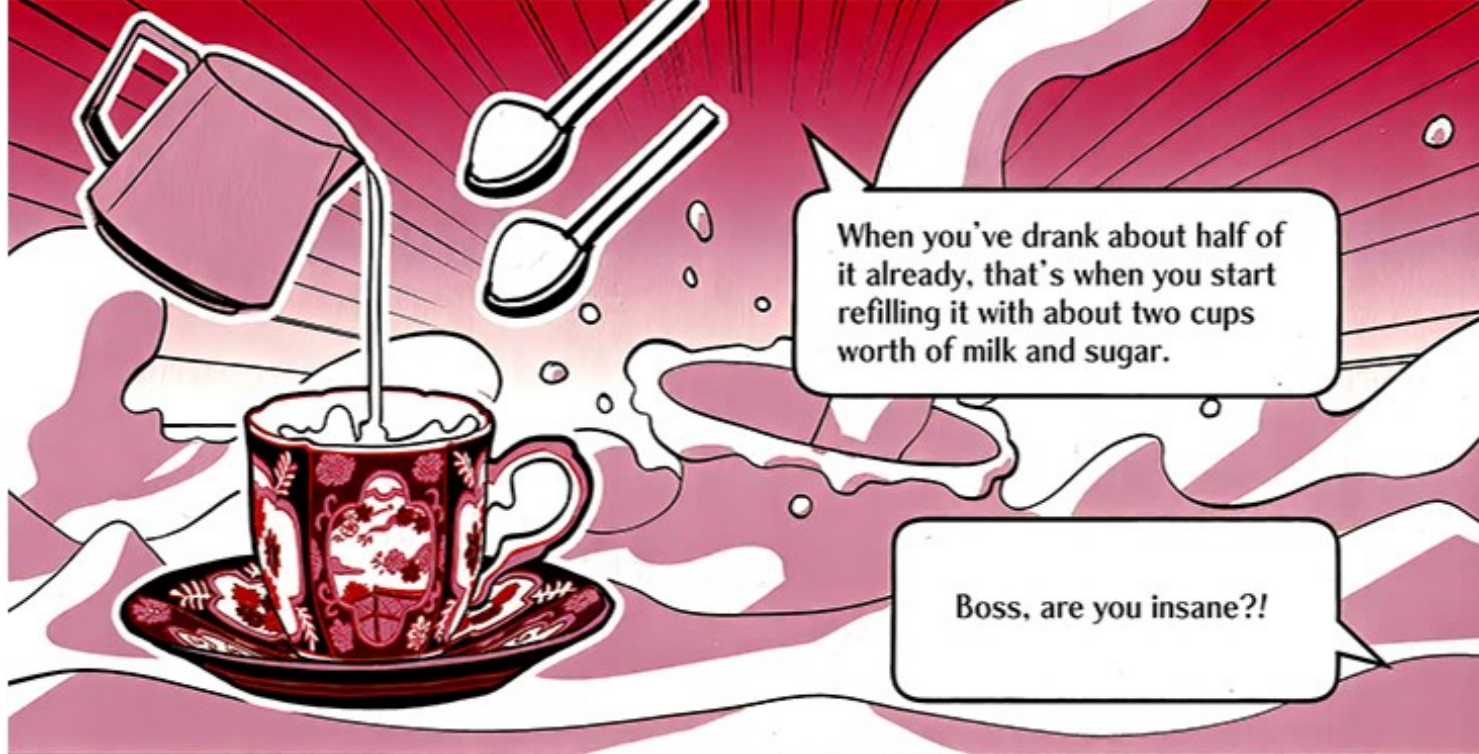


You see, with a decent amount of milk and 2 tablespoons of sugar, you can erase all the sourness and bring out the rich bitterness of this coffee. Its unique non-roast stimulates your throat.

I can feel my brain's wheels spinning.



That's it.



When you've drank about half of it already, that's when you start refilling it with about two cups worth of milk and sugar.

Boss, are you insane?!

When you prepare it like this, it kinda tastes like affogato.


Affogato? The Italian dessert, affogato?

How about it? You got the balls to try it?

I've never had affogato before, so I'm not even sure what I'd compare it to.

Akama... to tell you the truth, I've never had an affogato either. I am devoid of an affogato experience. But... I imagine this is what an affogato tastes like.


Boss...



But who's to say this isn't what it tastes like? It's the only affogato we know, after all.

Please, boss... bestow upon me an affogato as well!


Have as much as you like.



Its Italian fragrance makes me feel like I'm in Rome...

Good, Akama.
Welcome to the world of affogato.

Before we get to Rome...
what on earth did we meet
to talk about today?



Oh, right, my bad. I got so happy you understood my love for this disgusting coffee that I almost forgot...



It's about Jabroni, right?

Yeah, that monster. I finally get what you mean about him.




Did you talk to him?

I wouldn't really call it a "talk." Can't say anything until he says something first.



What on earth happened to him?

All I could see was the vast depths of those pitch black pupils of his. They were full of bloodlust—this guy wants to kill. But... I don't know who.



So what do you need me for, boss?

He's waiting in room 303 of this hotel. Can you go see him?

Sure, boss, but... I don't know if I can deal with him on my own. Is that okay with you?

Makes no difference to me. He might've noticed our presence and made himself scarce already.

Anything could happen up there... but that's the most fun part about this job.

I'm counting on you, Akama.

I'm off, boss.



...



Sounds good?



I guess.

What should we do?



What do you want to do?

I don't think Boss has any ulterior motives.




That guy's hiding something from us. No doubt about it.

Let's find out what it is.




Well, it sounds like a fine plan, but...

You're wondering what we should do about Jabroni first, right?




Yeah. That guy's dangerous. We can't just leave him unattended.

But he's one of us. Well, I guess he was...




Feelings aside, I think we've got no choice to deal with him. What do you think?




He's not relevant to us anymore, even if he was our friend.

I guess it's decided then.



You take care of Boss.

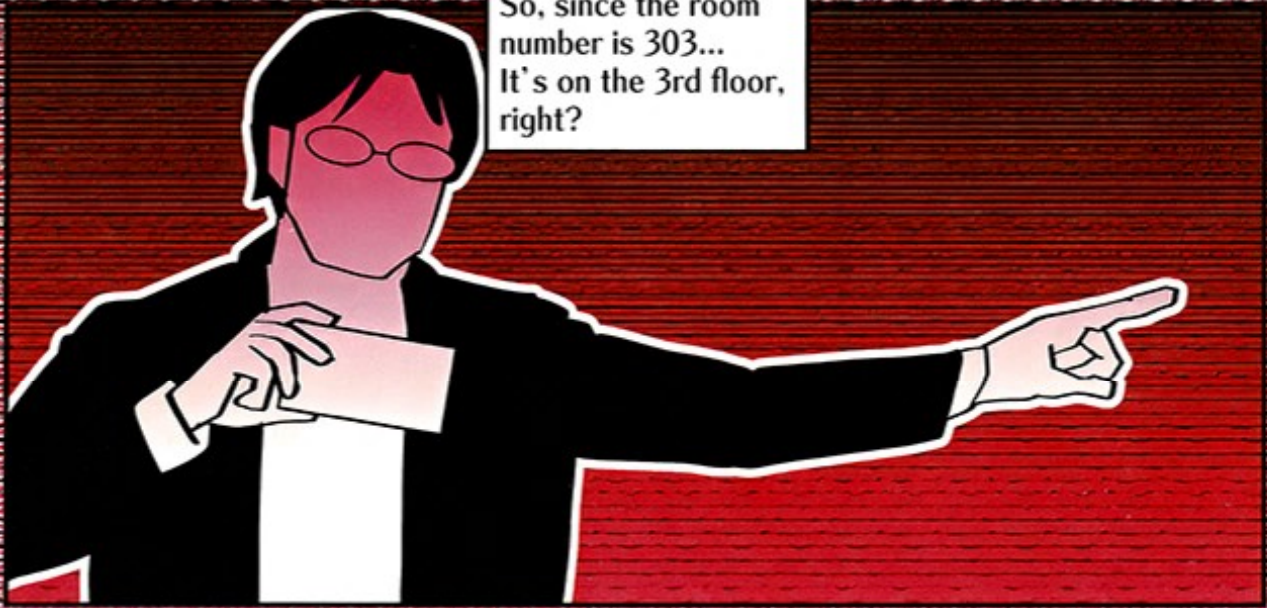


Don't get killed. This place reeks of blood.

Don't worry. Red Blood's my whole world.



Alright, the let's play starts now.




So, since the room number is 303... It's on the 3rd floor, right?



Elevator doors are opening... Hey, this thing's pretty snazzy. Looks new. Yotsuyama Electric Company, huh? They uphold a standard, that's for sure.


Oh, hey, the viewer count is rising. Good evening! Always good to see you, Katayama-san. Ah, done for the day? Time to take it easy.






I guess everyone watching must be done working, but I'm still on the clock! I'm gonna start the infiltration now. This job feels kinda dangerous.

Well, everyone, you picked a good time to watch. This channel is now locked! Or something...




Okay, so once you get on the elevator, make sure to press the button labelled 3... and we're here.

Doesn't take long at all to get to the third floor. I didn't have to explain how to do all that, did I? Anyway, the room is right up ahead.

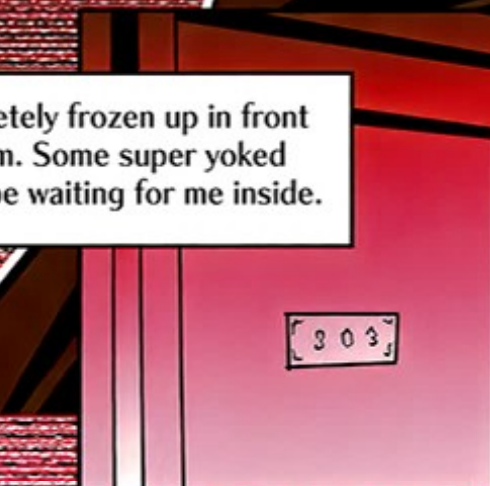


Well, can you feel it? That sense of horror.


You can't, huh... These graphics suck, so of course you don't.




I, on the other hand, am feeling totally freaked out. This room's got a funky aura to it.



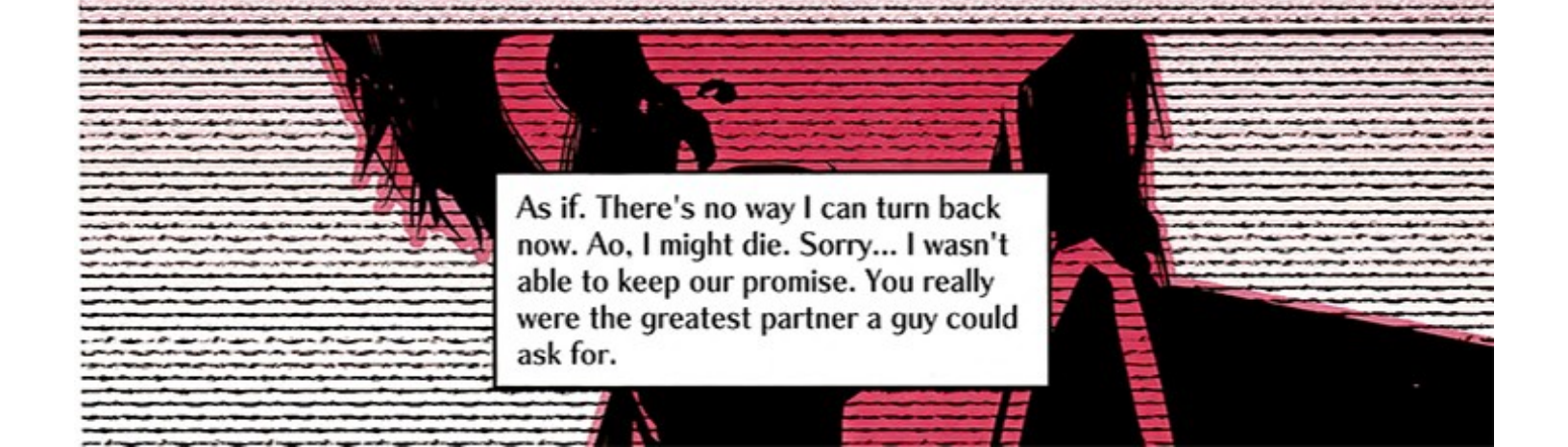
I've completely frozen up in front of the room. Some super yoked guy must be waiting for me inside.



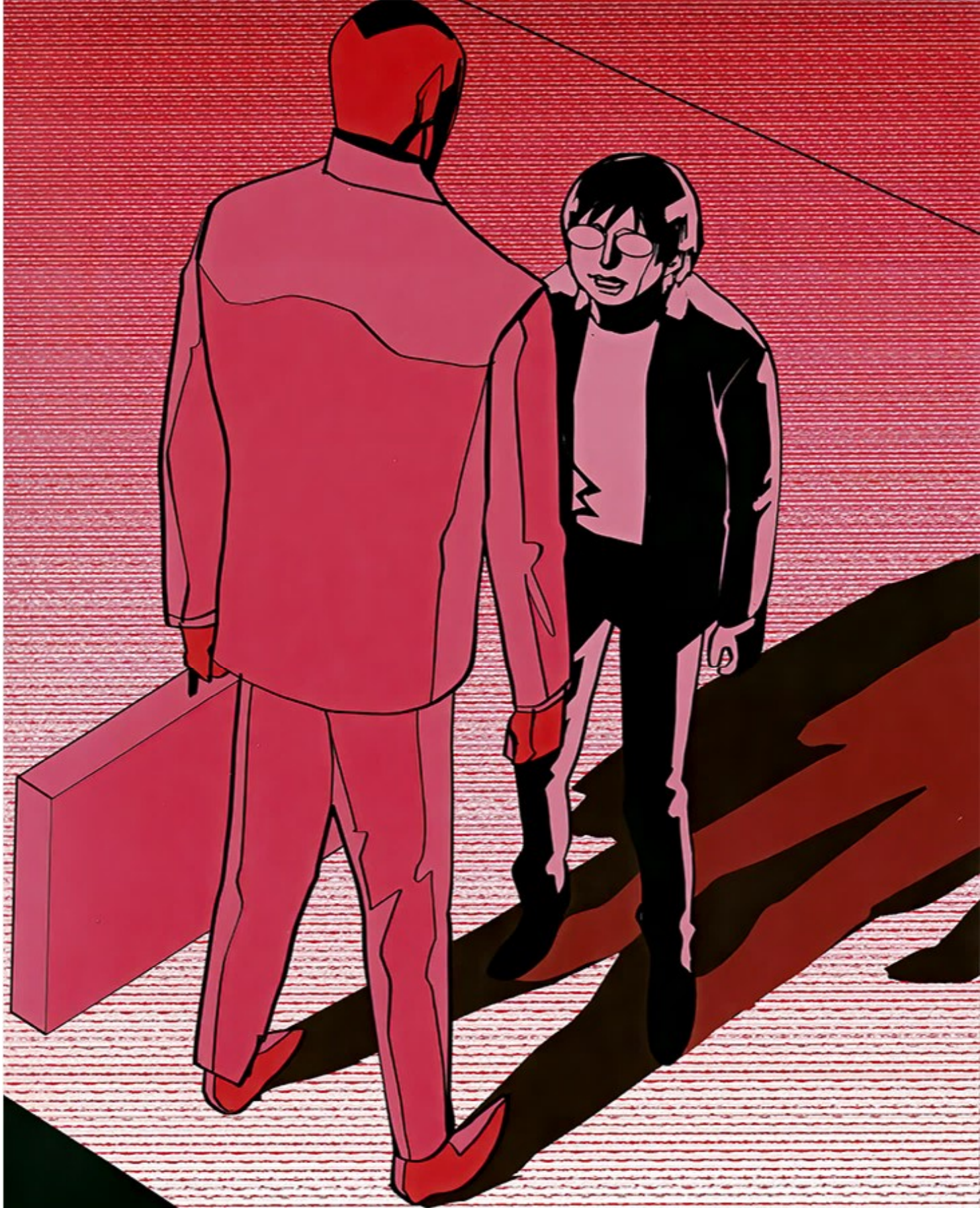
I-I think it might be impossible for me to keep streaming...



What's this? The door's already unlocked. I'm sorry for bothering you, sir, I'll be on my way...



As if. There's no way I can turn back now. Ao, I might die. Sorry... I wasn't able to keep our promise. You really were the greatest partner a guy could ask for.



Huh? You're not Jabroni!

Who the fuck are you?

BLUE OUT




Boss.



Oh, it's you, Ao...
Why're you here?


Akama called for
backup. Said to
protect you, boss.

A man with dark hair, wearing a black suit jacket, white shirt, and black tie, is smiling. He is looking slightly to the right. The background is a simple blue and white architectural setting.

Protect me, huh...
Well, whatever, do
what you want.

Hey, Ao.
You two are the perfect
combo. I can count on you
guys. You're not wild like
Shinko and Jabroni.


That's why we're
supporting characters.
We've got barely any lines.

A close-up of the same man's face, now with a serious and somewhat angry expression. His eyes are narrowed, and his mouth is slightly open. The background is a dark, textured blue.

You know, in the last game,
The Silver Case, all the side
detectives were fully developed
and had a ton of lines.

What's with The 25th Ward?!
None of us get to say anything!
It's a complete slack off job
if you ask me.

Ao. What do you want
me to do about any of
this?


A large, ornate vase with a blue and white floral pattern. The vase is the central focus of the panel. The background is a dark blue space with white stars.

I just want you to hear out
our complaints.


Anyway, you were saying?

You heard from
Akama?

Yes, for the most
part. Can you tell us
what you're hiding?




What I'm
hiding...



That some kind of code?
Ao, are you fucking with
me or something?

Pink is also an
option.

It's simple.
Yellow, green or purple.
Which do you like best?




Just tell me
straight up!


Boss, don't make Akama kill
him. Even if he looks like that,
Jabroni is one of us.
It's just too cruel.

I can't ask
Shinko to do it.
You know that.

What a selfish fuckin' decision.
Well, if Akama gets killed,
I'm gonna kill you, boss.
Be ready for that.



I'm always ready for
that. Come at me
any time you like.



After we take out
Jabroni, you're
next.



I see.
Hey, Aoyama, about earlier.
My favorite color's green.


Understood.
I'll start the preparations.



Now then...
This new model cell phone is
nice and all, but...
I just can't read the text at all.
It's too fuckin' small!

Which is it...
MI-DO-RI...
MI-DO-RI-KA-WA...
Ah, here it is...
Where the hell's the
call button?
This it?
Now...



A man in a dark suit and tie is shown from the chest up, looking down and to the left while holding a mobile phone to his ear. The background is a patterned wallpaper with a floral and scrollwork design. The scene is rendered in a blue-toned, high-contrast style.

...Hello, this is Aoyama.
I apologize for my
absence, Midorikawa. I
have a new job for you.

Yes... Yes...
Half the money in
advance,
half the money
afterwards.

Yes... That price will
be fine. The place...

The Union Hotel,
room 303.

Yes, thank you very
much. The target's
name... I see...

Well then...
Thanks, good bye.

Greedy bastard.

THE HOTEL UNION

Ah, it's me.
Is the rep there?

No... okay then.
Get one ready quickly.
It's Midorikawa's place.
It's twice the regular price.

Said no early discounts.
Same day's twice the price.
Yeah, counting on you.

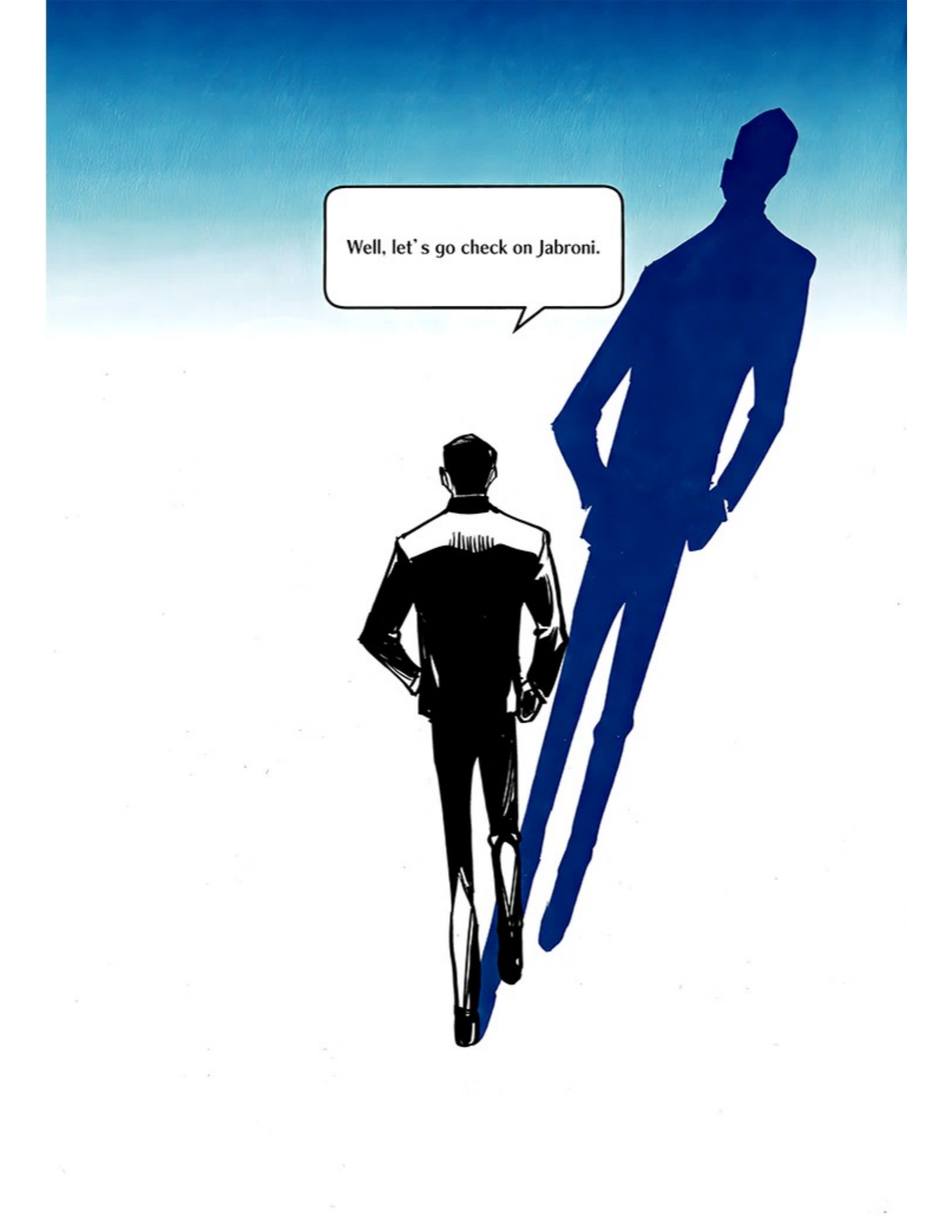
And can you send a car
over here?

I'm at the Union.

Yeah. 30 minutes...
Hurry up then!

20 minutes, bring it in 20
minutes! Yeah, thanks.



A man in a black suit is walking away from the viewer. To his right is a large, blue silhouette of a man in a suit, standing with hands on hips. A speech bubble is positioned above the man in the suit.

Well, let's go check on Jabroni.

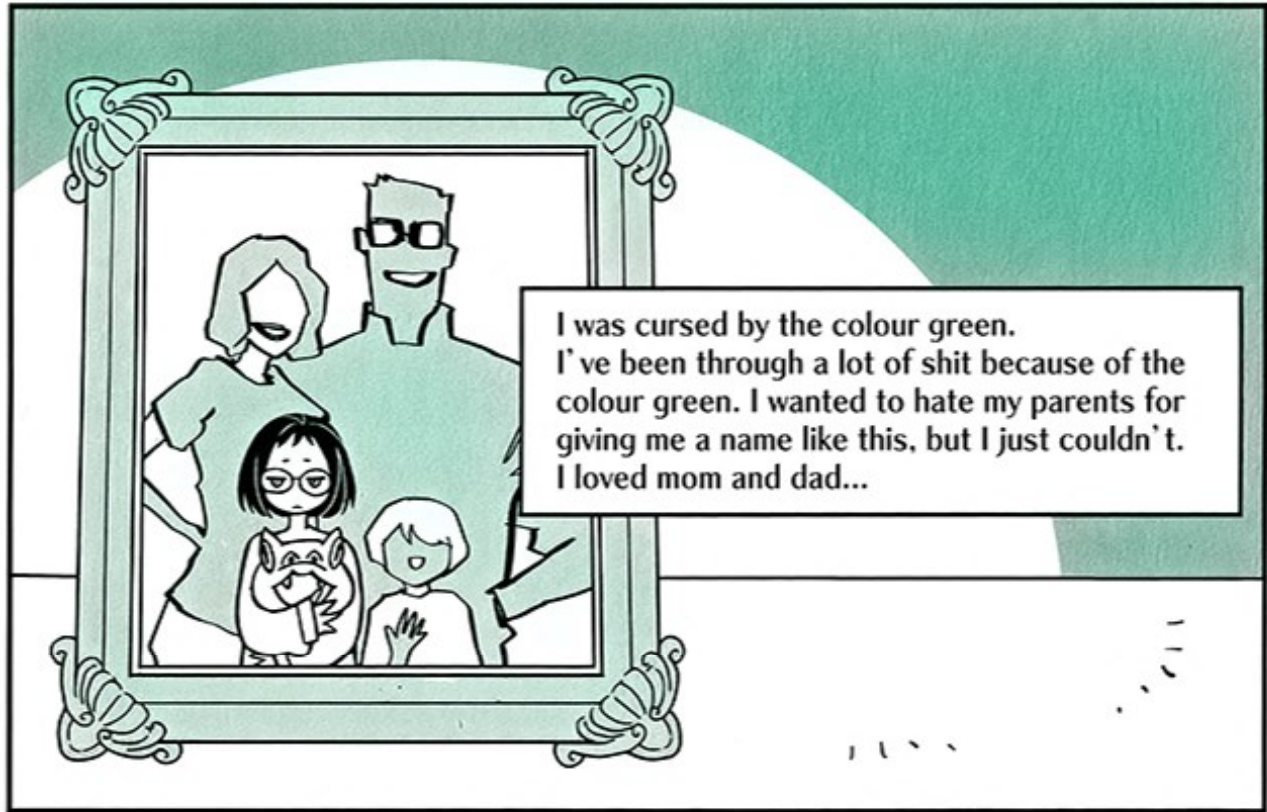
GREEN OUT

GREENOUT



My name's Midori Midorikawa.
I'm a cleaner.
My younger sister's name's Doremi Midorikawa.
You know, like the notes? Do, re, mi, fa, so...
It's one of those gimmicky names.

My home's near Midoriyama Studio.
During my rebellious teen years I went by Kimidori. You know, like yellow-green? It's all one big tragedy, really, since my favourite colour is red.



But there's someone I loved more than them.
The person who taught someone like me the way of the cleaner.



What kind of cleaning, you ask? Where should I begin...
Time here is warped, so I can't really order it all together too well. I'll start from the beginning.



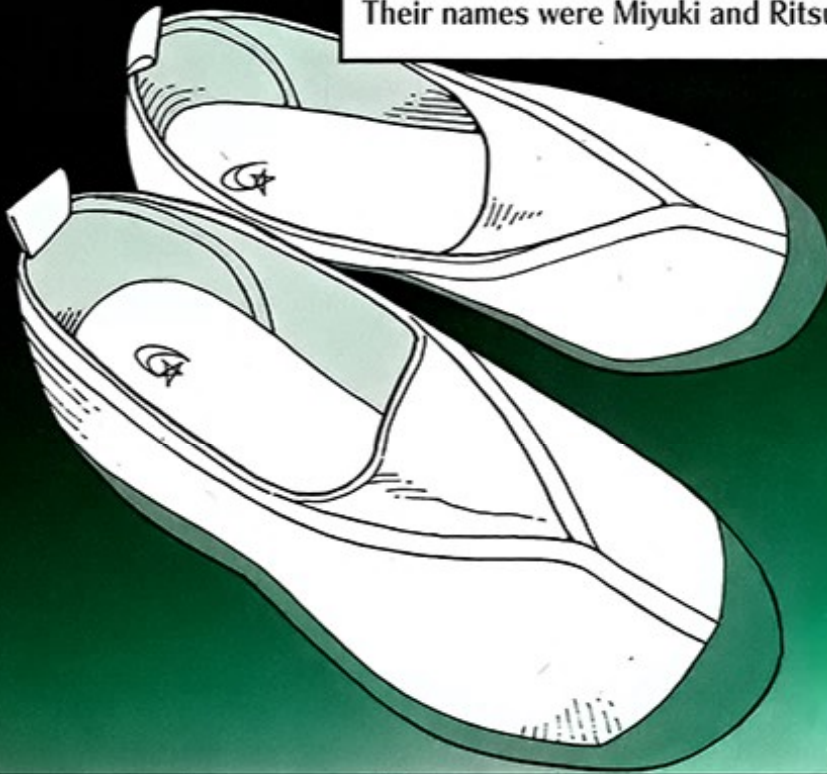
Aoyama first noticed me one day when I was just finished some cleaning. He was a cool looking, middle-aged detective, real old-fashioned type. His piercing glare went right through me, but I perfectly controlled my eye movement and tried to guard from his attack. But that man's eyes looked deep into my mind, and I couldn't breathe.



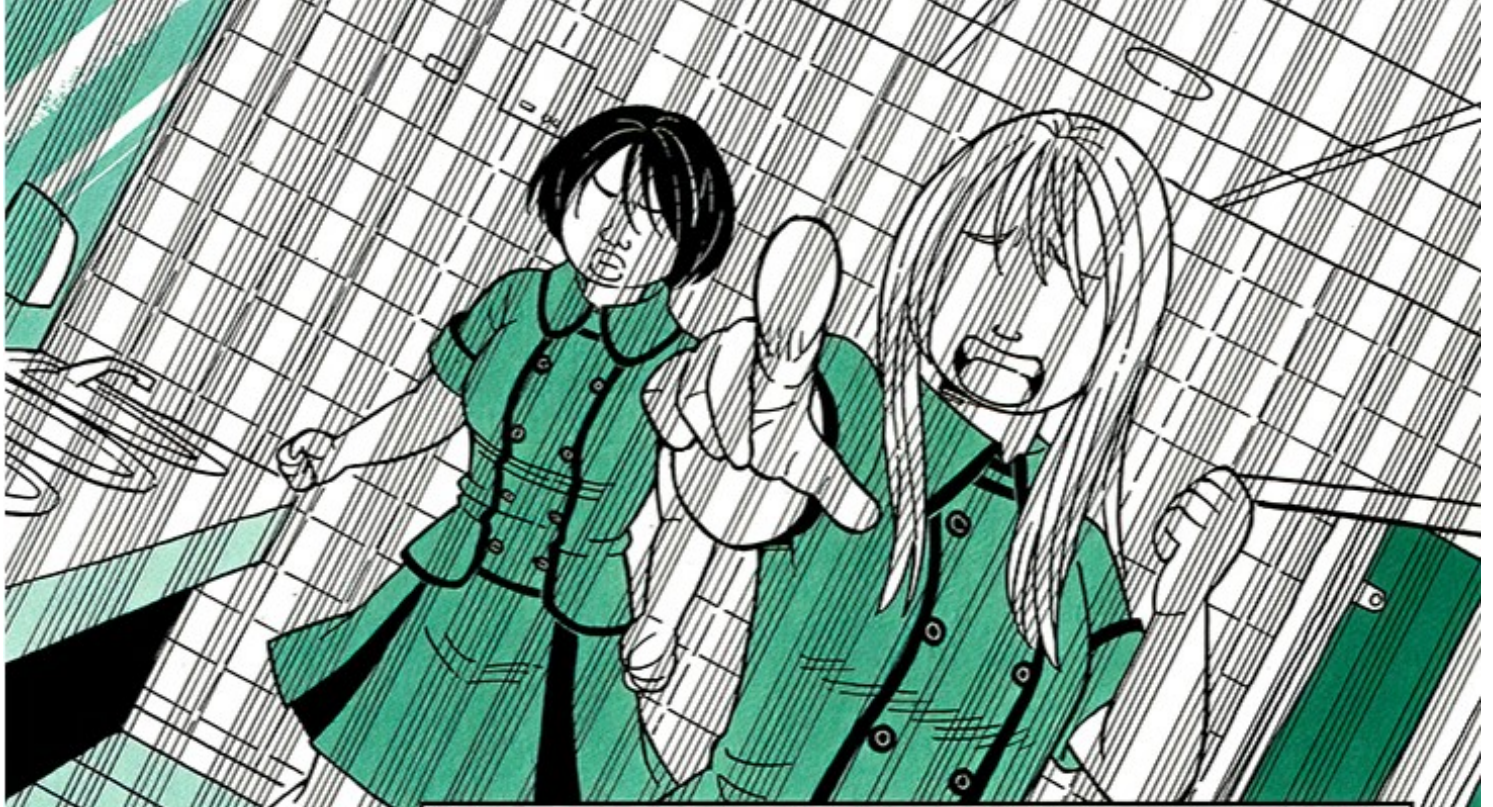
"How did you know?" I asked, and then I smelled blood. He told me we all smell the same--like blood. I couldn't hide anything from him.

I think at first it was about revenge.

After being relentlessly teased and called a green piece of shit by the boys in the class,
I was then ignored by the girls I called "friends," too.
Their names were Miyuki and Ritsuko.



I'll never forgive them. I followed after the two to the bathroom and confronted them.



"I only became your friend out of pity, Midori. But if we're gonna be targeted because of your bullshit, leave me out of it. This friendship has always been just between me and Ritsuko. You should be grateful that we let you butt in at all."

"Don't get me mixed up. I've been friends with Miyuki since preschool and elementary. You're just an extra. Don't get cocky just because you got a pretty-looking face, kay?!"

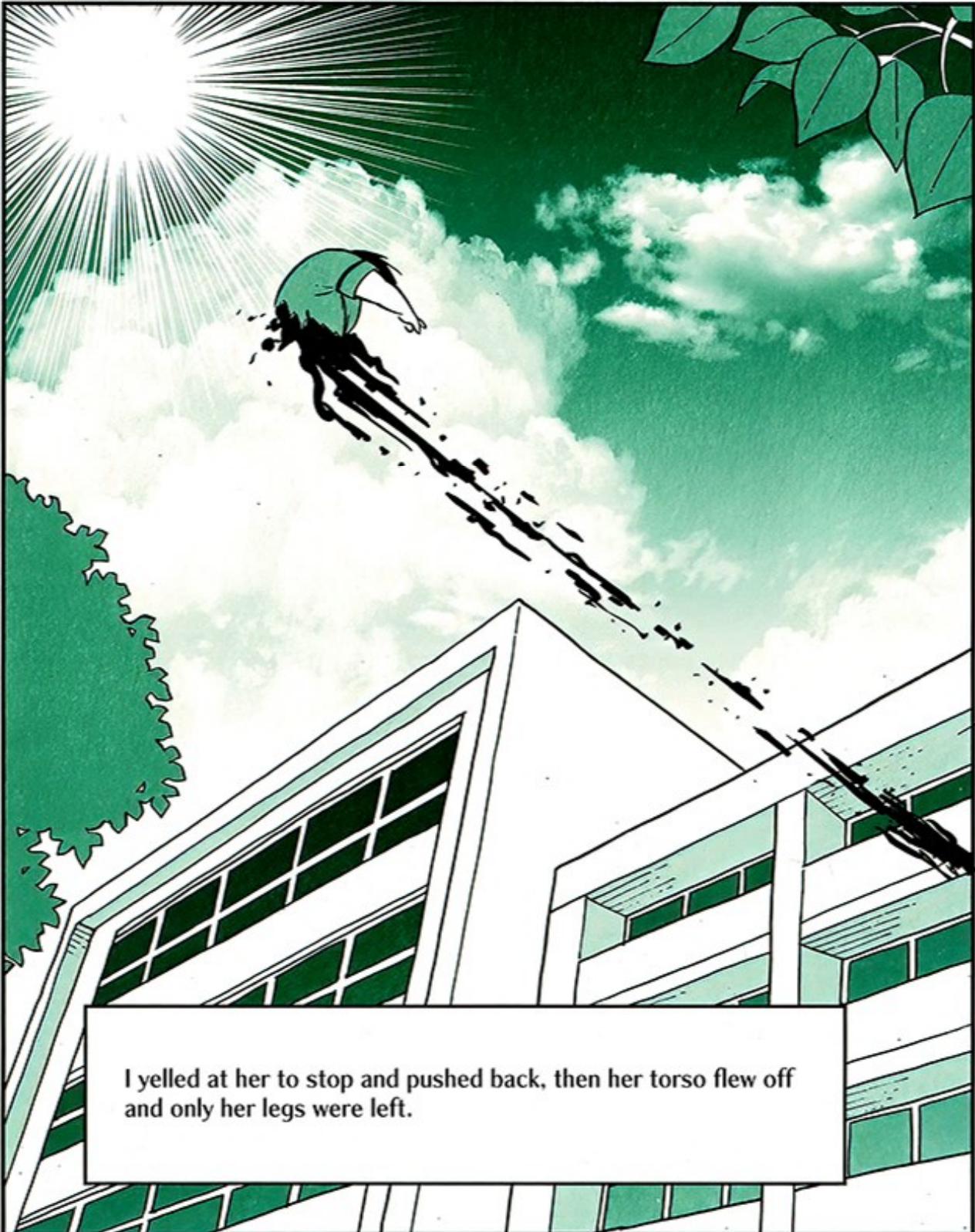
Ritsuko swung at me.



I swung back as a reflex, then her head flew off.



Miyuki went wild and started throwing fists.



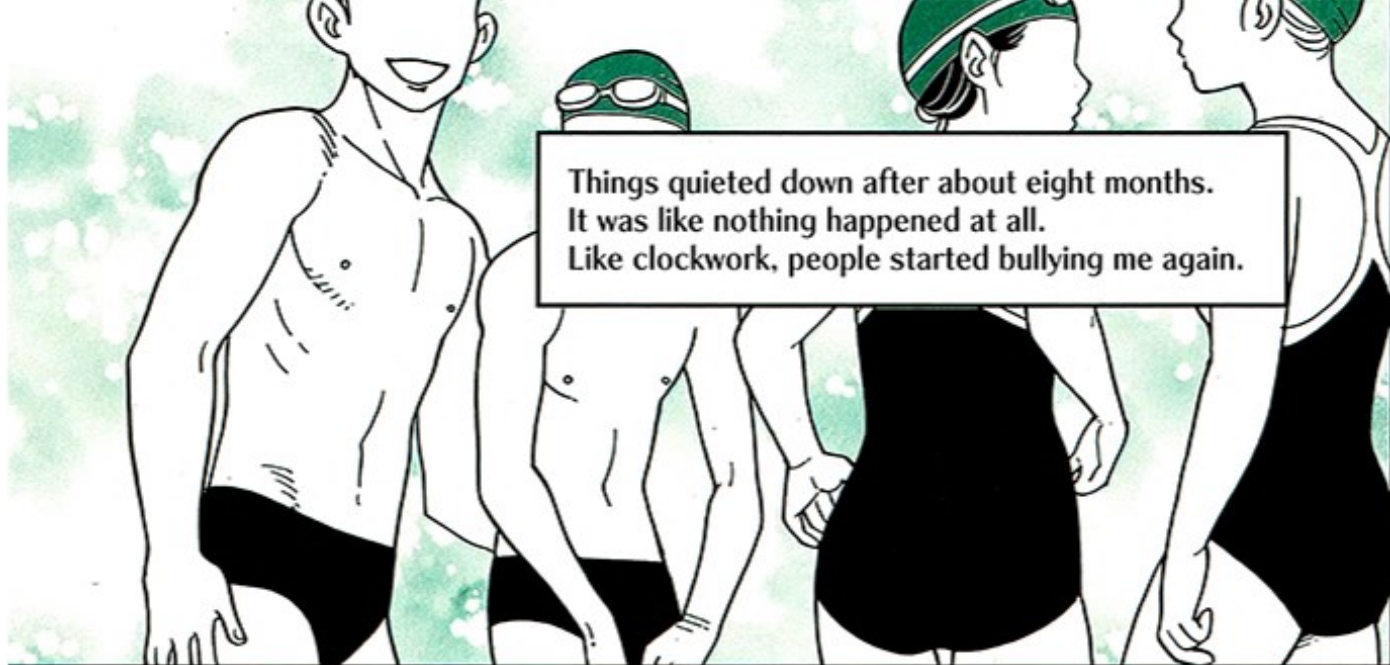
I yelled at her to stop and pushed back, then her torso flew off and only her legs were left.



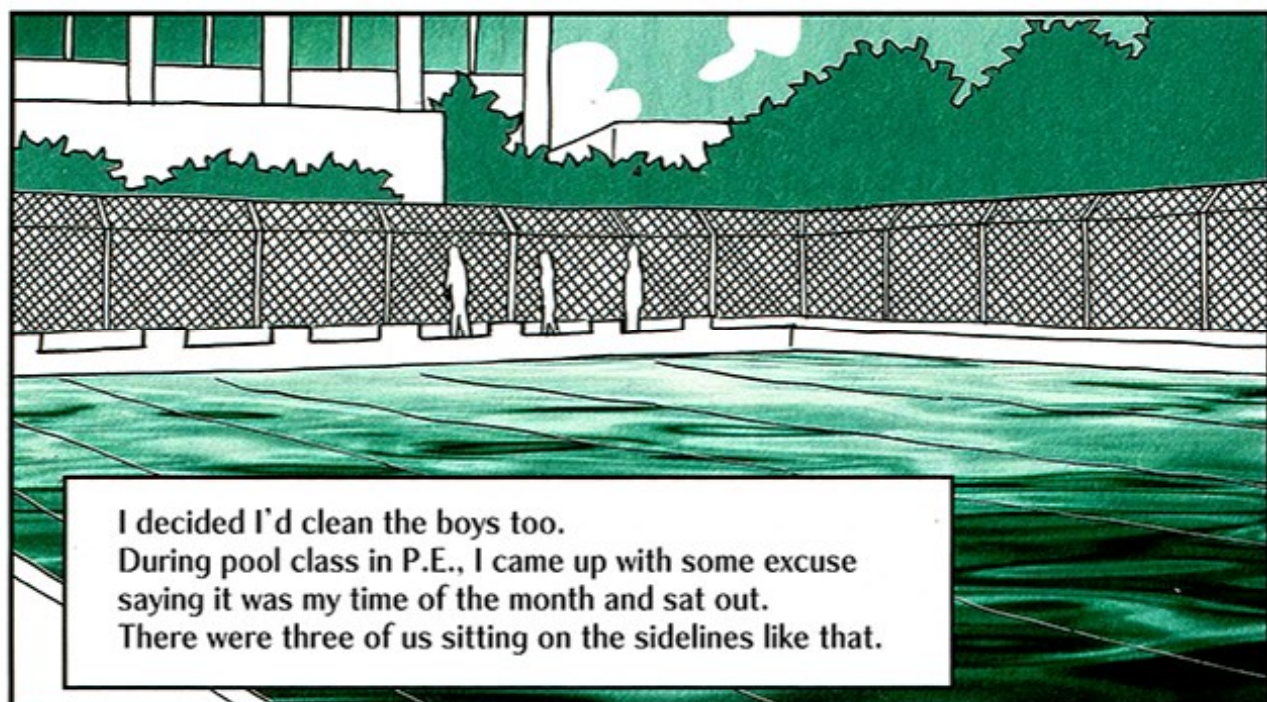
What's with that?
Is it because of the almond tofu I ate during my lunch break?

Anyway, I took off. The police came to the school, and the forensics team conducted a thorough investigation. Then it was announced the next day that it was a homicide with the suspect still at large. I put on my best sad face and gave a testimony for the TV crew. I was their friend, after all.

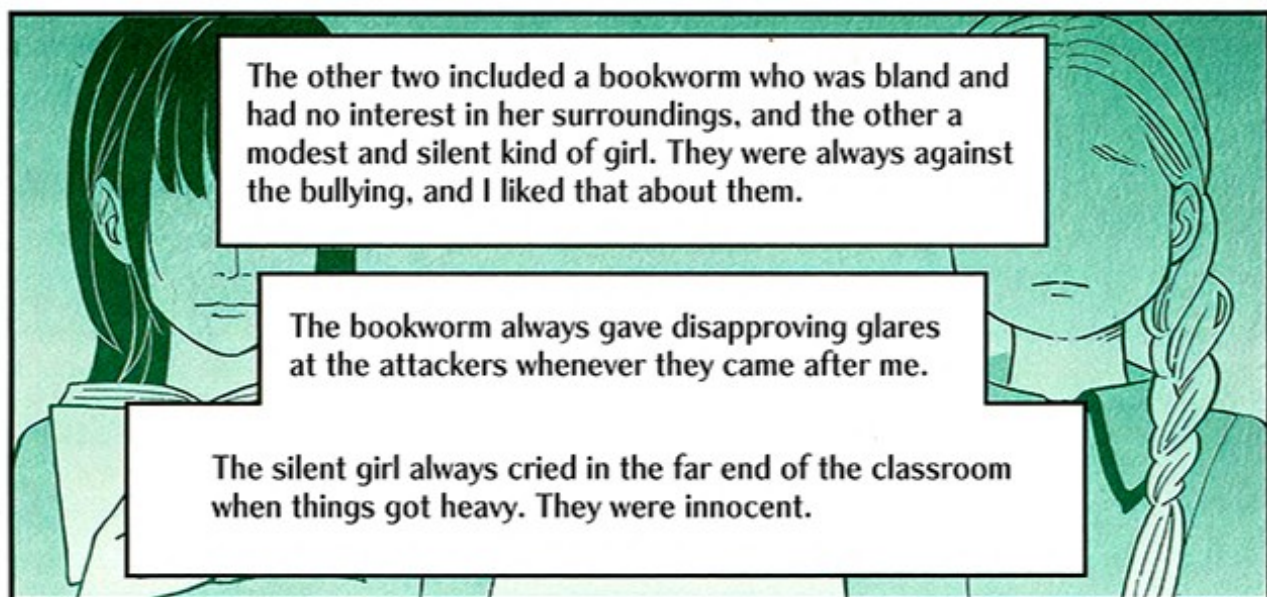




Things quieted down after about eight months. It was like nothing happened at all. Like clockwork, people started bullying me again.



I decided I'd clean the boys too. During pool class in P.E., I came up with some excuse saying it was my time of the month and sat out. There were three of us sitting on the sidelines like that.



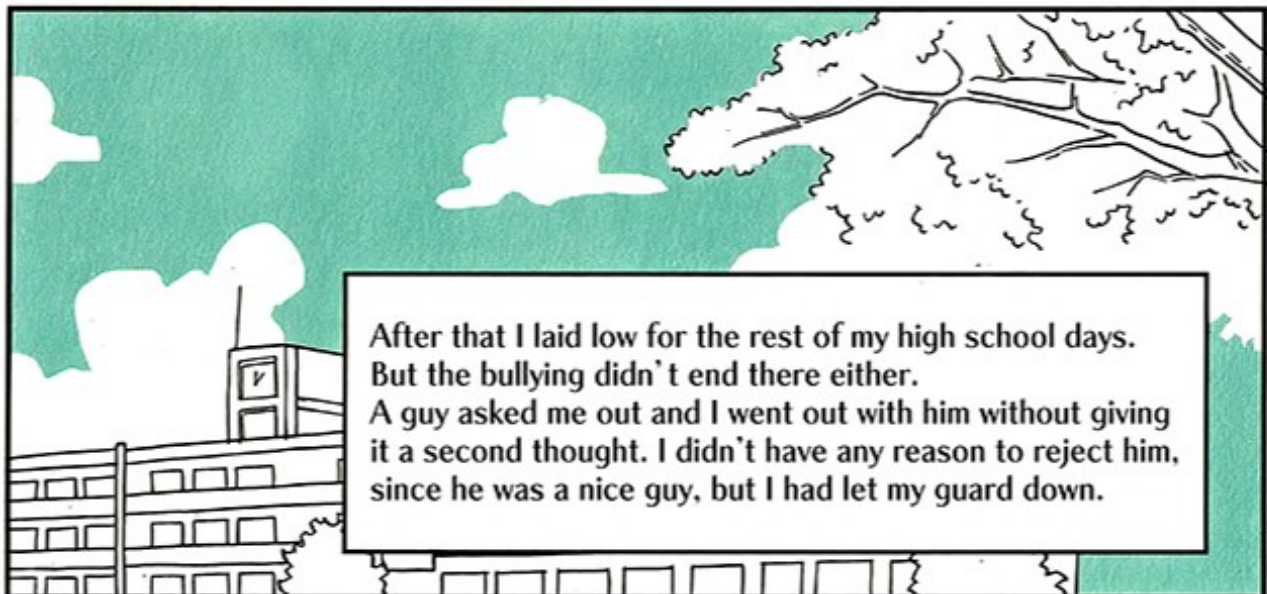
The other two included a bookworm who was bland and had no interest in her surroundings, and the other a modest and silent kind of girl. They were always against the bullying, and I liked that about them.

The bookworm always gave disapproving glares at the attackers whenever they came after me.


The silent girl always cried in the far end of the classroom when things got heavy. They were innocent.



I set out to clean the boys locker room. Then I cleaned out the girls locker room. I painted the place with blood. There were a few survivors, but all they could offer was a vague testimony about the attacker's pitch black clothing.



After that I laid low for the rest of my high school days. But the bullying didn't end there either. A guy asked me out and I went out with him without giving it a second thought. I didn't have any reason to reject him, since he was a nice guy, but I had let my guard down.



I had no idea that this guy, Yabumoto Shouma, was the most popular among the girls in my whole grade. My simple ignorance led to the bullying starting up all over again, worse than ever before.

It's hard to talk about even now. For example, all my molars were pulled out by some fucking dentist's son. I thought I'd seen the most depraved of the depraved, but this guy was really a savage piece of shit. He and his cronies kept escalating it. They were dedicated to their cause. I have to give it to those savages.


It all came to a head one night when I was kidnapped and dragged off to the port. They had hired a professional killer to take care of me, as "the final ritual." When push comes to shove, they don't get their own hands dirty. Those small time criminals are thorough like that. Those fucking kids were all drugged up, revved up on EDM and their heads were high up in the clouds too.



Suddenly, the blaring sound stopped...
The atmosphere changed in an instant.
The sound didn't just disappear, but it was replaced.
It felt like cold air was welling up from the bottom of the darkness.




Like the chills you get right before you encounter a boss character. And just as I expected, a boss appeared. This one's really dangerous.



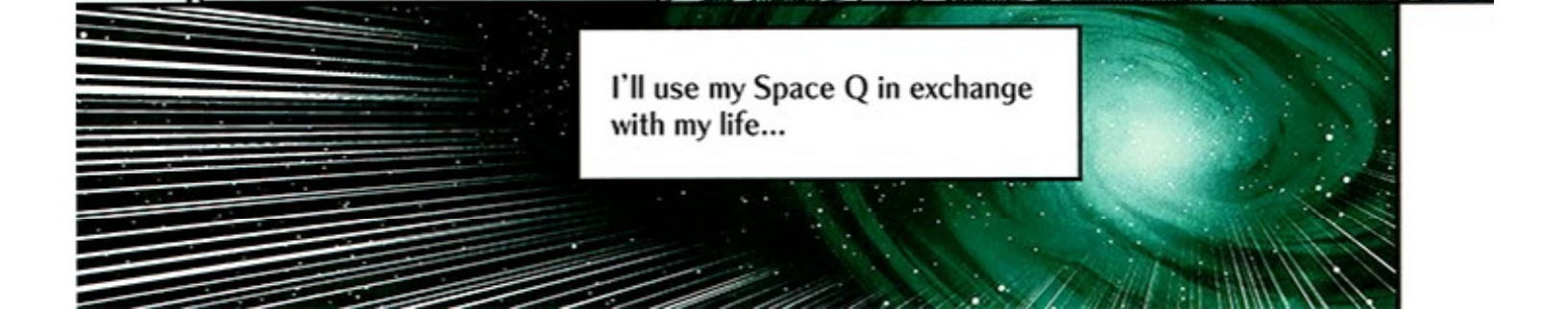
This assassin has a menacing aura different from your average Joe. An emotionless menace. This what they call criminal power? Body slowly swaying. I'll use my special Nightmare Sonic Blast to end this now!

Dodged it!?
No way. This is bad.
Can't see...
Where is he?




There!
Have to erase him with
the Big Bang Cannon.

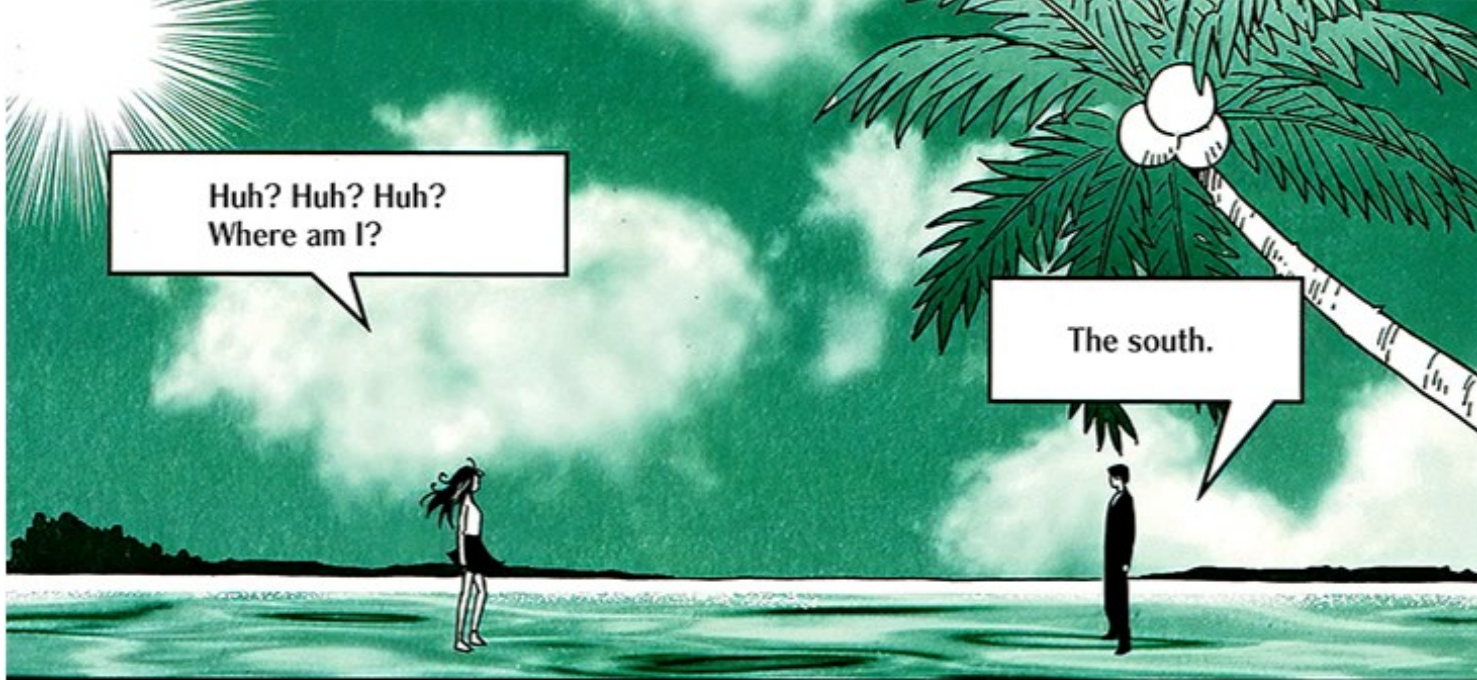
What? He split his own
body!? Countless assassins
surround me. So this is it?



I'll use my Space Q in exchange
with my life...

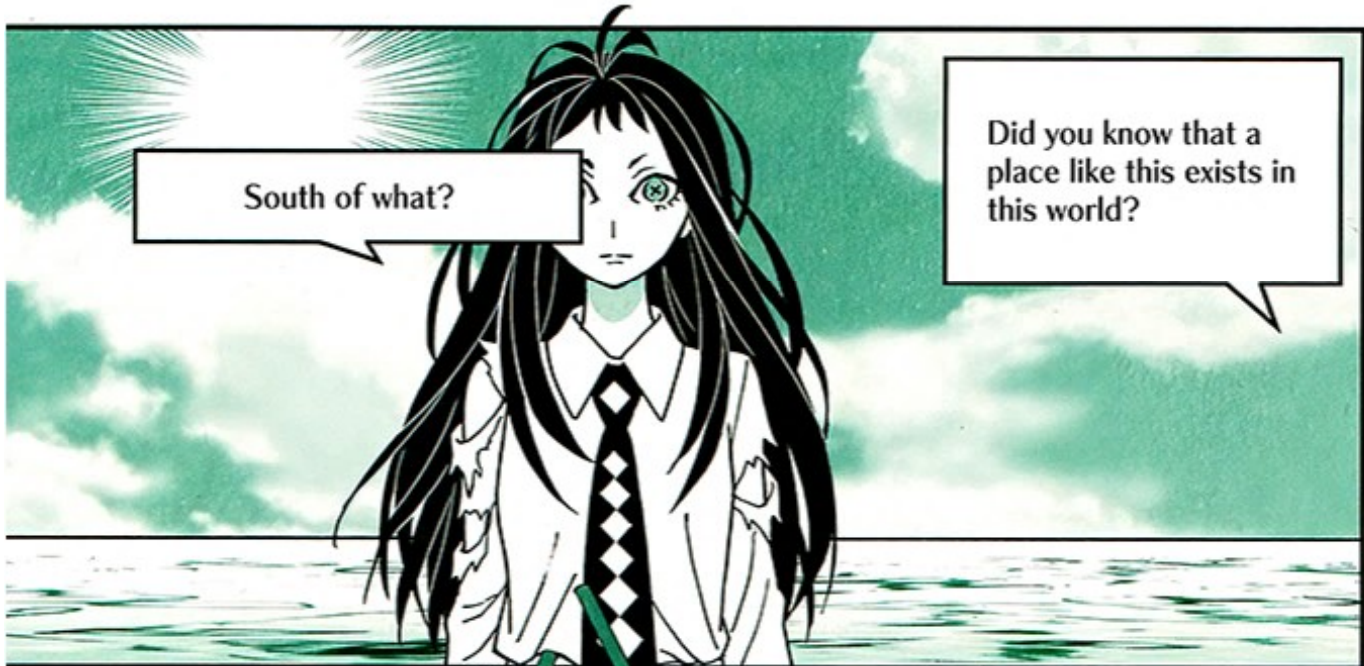


Hold it right there,
Midori Midorikawa.



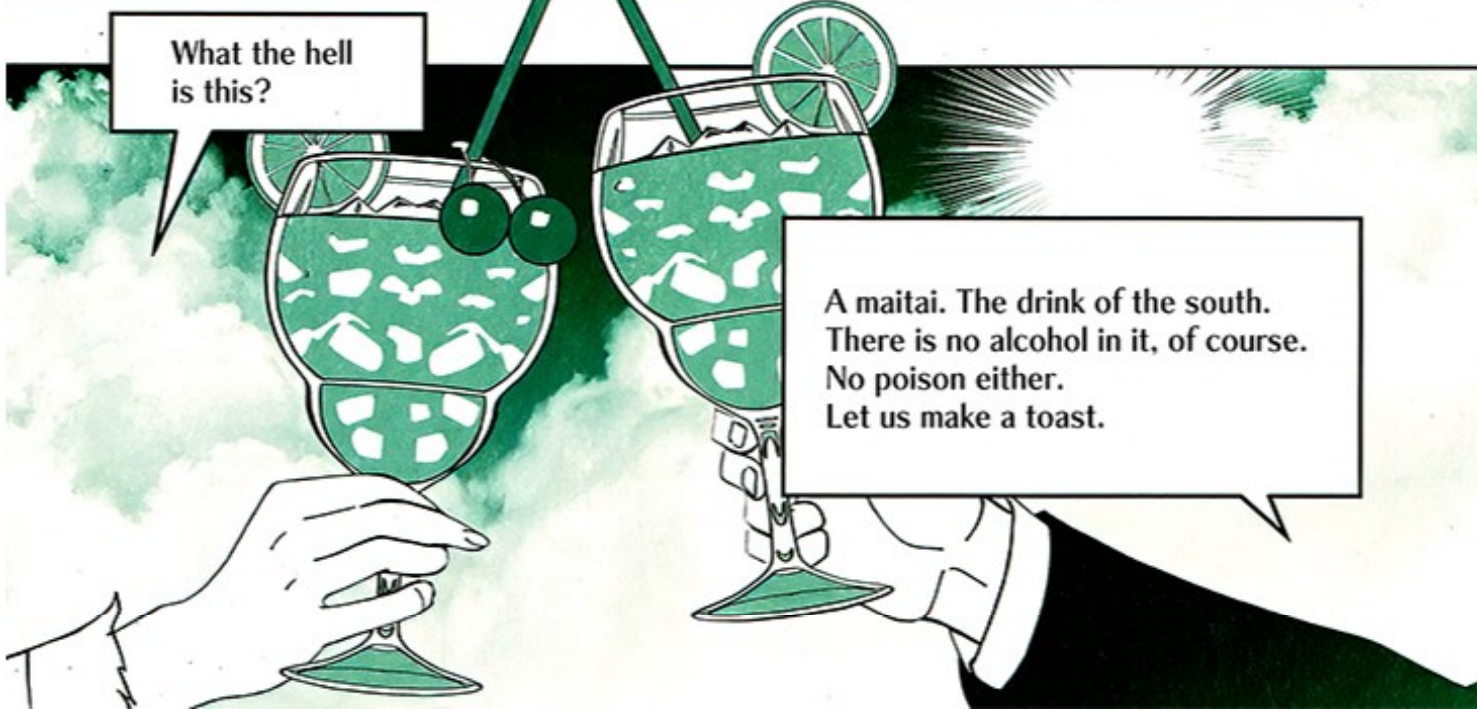
Huh? Huh? Huh?
Where am I?

The south.



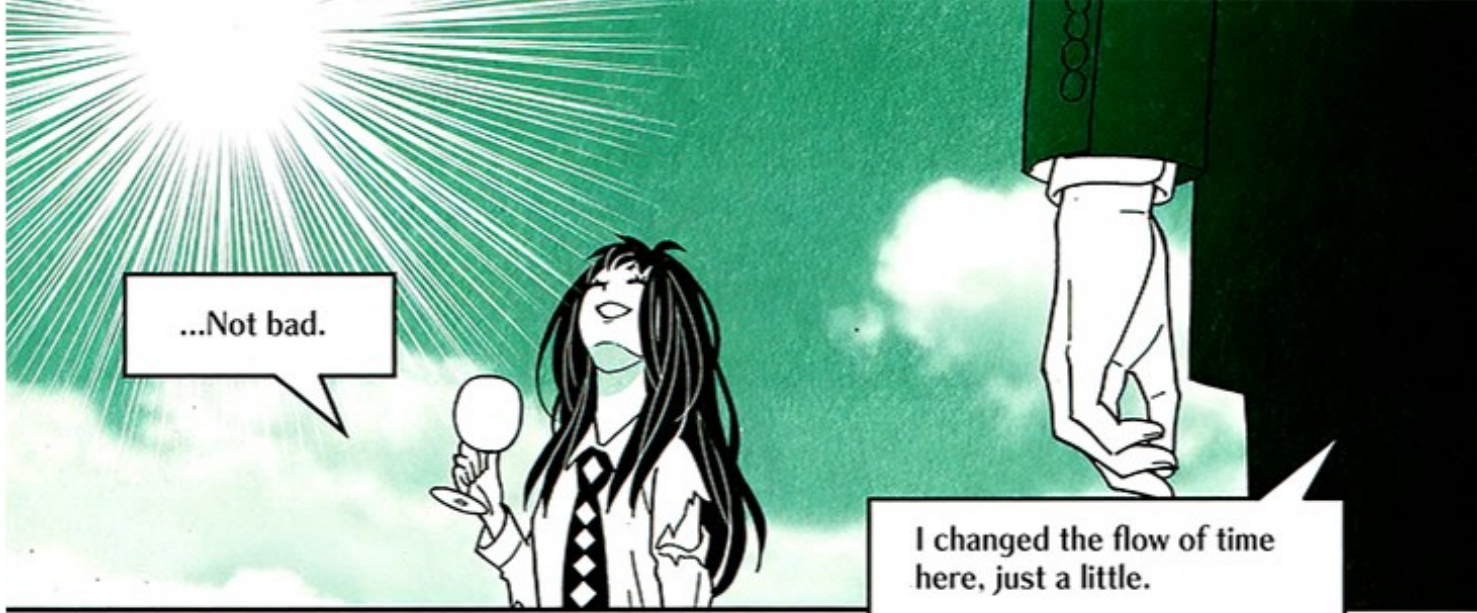
South of what?

Did you know that a
place like this exists in
this world?



What the hell
is this?

A maitai. The drink of the south.
There is no alcohol in it, of course.
No poison either.
Let us make a toast.



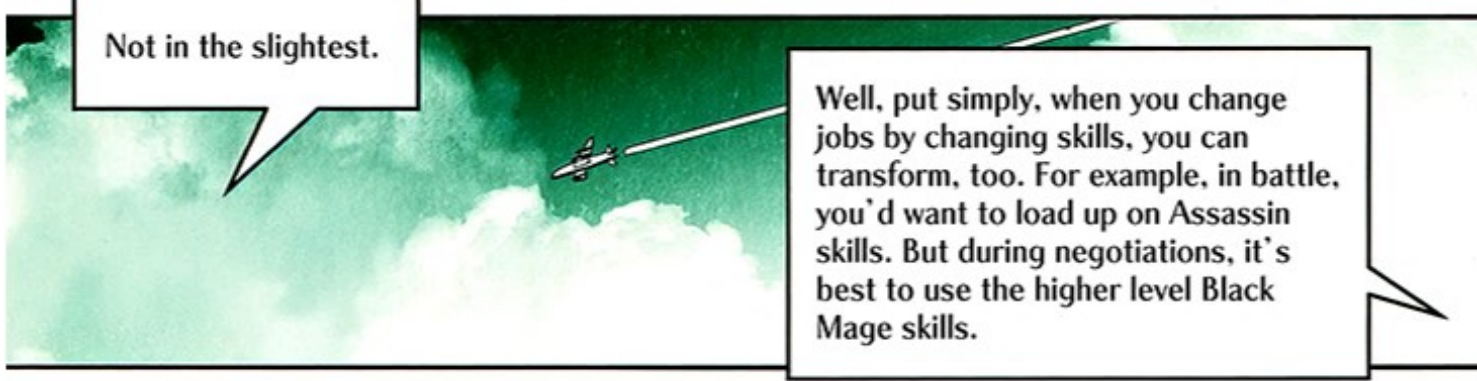
...Not bad.

I changed the flow of time here, just a little.



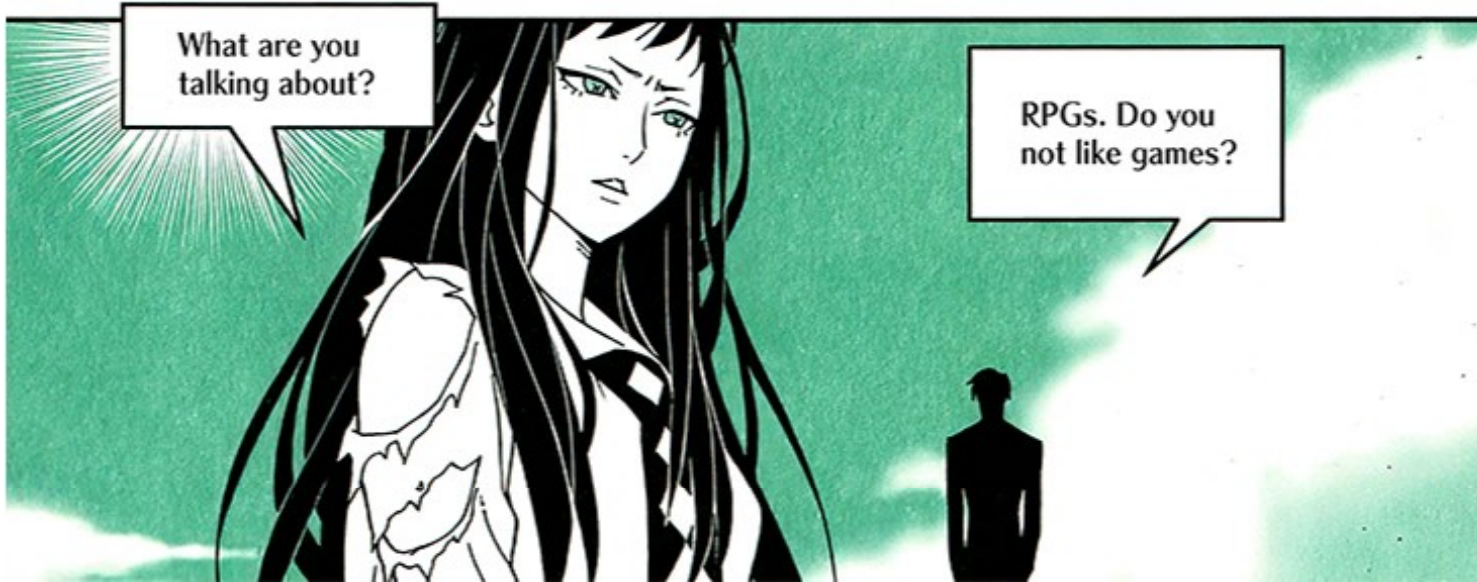
You have a skill that controls time?

It's RPG logic. Do you know what I mean?



Not in the slightest.

Well, put simply, when you change jobs by changing skills, you can transform, too. For example, in battle, you'd want to load up on Assassin skills. But during negotiations, it's best to use the higher level Black Mage skills.



What are you talking about?

RPGs. Do you not like games?



I hate 'em.

That's too bad...
Oh well...



So what's your point?


Midorikawa, you're still young. You have no control or even a training method for your skills. They're useless the way they are now. Aren't you bored of letting your emotions run wild?



I just want to live in peace and quiet...



Don't you understand that's impossible?




You think it's impossible?

If you control your skills, it's definitely possible.




How do I do that?

Would you like to join our Union?
You'll have benefits. Stock options
come with it. Of course, air
conditioning is fully equipped too.



I'll consider the offer,
but I'm not done yet.



Haven't cleaned all those fucking kids. Can we talk about this afterwards?

I will be waiting.

Well, I'll be going now.

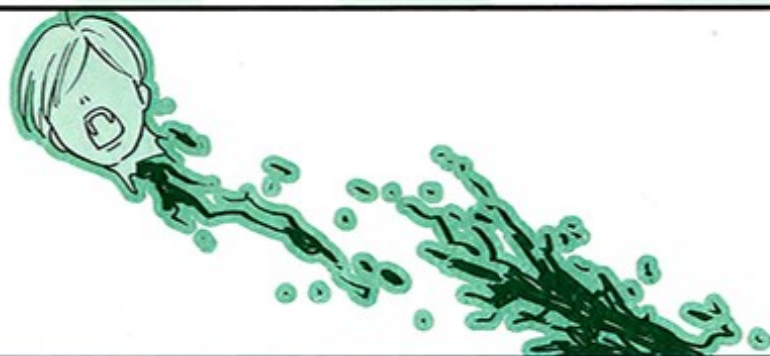
Miss Midorikawa, just one more thing please.

I haven't introduced myself yet.

Oh, your name, huh?



I'm the Union representative,
Kosuke Kurumizawa.





It's me.



Oh, it's you, rep.
How was it? Good
material, right?

You're amazing, Ao.
An excellent talent
scout. Very high quality.

I had my eyes on her
from when she was still
small. She's got a
dangerous weapon.

She'll need to learn.




You going to keep her
at your place, rep?

I will be the one guiding her,
you can rest assured.

So I take it you're
gonna be generous
with the reward?

Of course.

That's nice.

A man in a dark suit and white shirt stands on a sandy beach. To his right is a white beach chair and a white umbrella. The background is a bright blue sky with a large sunburst at the top. The scene is framed by a black border.

Ao, it looks like the cleaning is over.

Okay, I'll go and make contact.


I'm counting on you.

Yeah, leave it to me.

Can I visit you in the tropics too?

Anytime. I will be waiting.

That's a promise.
See you.



Thanks for waiting everyone,
I'm here.
I'm at the place where points and lines
cross in life.

I will always be waiting.
I will kill the life.
I will destroy the life.
I will erase the life.

When everything is erased, it ends.
Actually... it's not the end yet.
The true end is to kill the past.
We shall meet in the past.
Kamui Uehara is waiting.

End.



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