



MAYOI ROOM

BAKEMONOGATARI ANIME COMPLETE GUIDEBOOK

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That Sunday, I was in my room at my wits' end.

“This is bad. What am I going to do? For it to turn out like this... Aah. I can't recover from this. I thought I was an idiot, an idiot, but to think that I could be this much of an idiot... I can't even follow up on this.”

Muttering these words of regret almost deliriously, I nervously raised my head and glanced at the bed.

What I thought from that glance was, of course, “it would be nice if this was a hallucination~”.

That's right, I wonder if this was just a dream.

Something like this couldn't possibly occur in reality.

“Akirame-san.”¹

It said.

The hallucination sitting on top of the bed spoke to me.

¹ 諦め (*akirame*, “resignation”)

“No matter how much you pray to be rescued, I’m not going to disappear, and you aren’t going to wake up, Akirame-san.”

The hallucination.

Rather, Hachikuji Mayoi said.

“... No, it’s true that right now there isn’t a more appropriate name for me, and I have no choice but to resign myself to the fact that right now it’s a perfect example of how names and natures do often agree, but Hachikuji, my name is Araragi.”

“Sorry, I stuttered.”

“Wrong. It was on purpose...”

“I stutteted!”

“Oh, so it wasn’t on purpose...”

“I stuttired.”²

“Well of course you’re tired with how many times you’ve stuttered now...”

I wasn’t even in the mood to do the usual exchange.

Well, of course.

At any rate, right now, to an extent that couldn’t even be compared to spring break or Golden Week, my life had been raised to a critical moment of unprecedented scale.

It made me want to bury my face in my lap.

Hachikuji was in my room.

A fifth-grade girl was in my room.

Of all things.

Now then, for the sake of explaining the current situation, it is necessary to turn back the hands of the clock just a little bit—yes, it was just one hour ago (it’s really just a little bit).

I had just taken a break from studying and gone out cycling when, in the middle of the road, I discovered the backpack-laden figure of a twintailed, fifth-grade girl.

“Oh, isn’t it Hachikuji? It’s been a while.”

² 嘸みあきた (*kamiakita*) with あきた (*akita*, “bored”)

I can only remember up until I thought that.

That is, I was conscious up until that point.

But, immediately after, as if suddenly overcome by something, I rushed up to Hachikuji, grabbed her petite figure, tied her onto the bicycle behind me, and took her all the way home like that.

“... This is abduction, isn’t it.”

I had become a criminal.

Not to mention it was abduction of a minor.

As far as I know, isn’t this one of the worst crimes that humanity is capable of?

“The word ‘abduction’, it’s really easy to stumble over, huh... Ahaha.”

Already my thoughts had turned toward escaping from reality.

My mentality was surprisingly fragile.

“No, it’s not my fault... It’s because Hachikuji was just too cute... Really, I’m the victim here.”

“That’s the worst thing to say, Araragi-san.”

Wearing that backpack on her back, on top of the bed, with those eyes that said “I always thought you would commit some sort of crime, but you finally went and did it, didn’t you”, Hachikuji went “haah” with an exaggerated sigh.

“You’re being extremely nonsensical as usual, you know~”

She said.

“To think that you would take me, a ghost who haunts the streets, and bring me back to your home. Moreover that you would drag me into your room! You’re completely disregarding the rules of aberrations. Oshino would be astonished at you, not me.”

“Eh? But, since you were promoted two ranks up from a ghost that haunts a specific place to a wandering ghost, can’t you freely go wherever you want now?”

That was what I had thought.

“The basis for myself doesn’t change like that. Like humans, I’m not at that level of freedom. It’s just that the idea of ‘I won’t be able to arrive

anywhere’, the binding of the Lost Cow, is what’s gone. I’m just not a lost child anymore.”

“Hmm.”

“They say that vampires can’t enter the homes of others, right? Without the permission of one of the residents, they can’t even open the door—well, it’s something along those lines. In my case, the streets are my place of residence.”

“Hmm... The streets, huh?”

Like a guardian deity for travelers?

I never really thought of it like that, but for Hachikujji, even after the Lost Cow incident, I’ve only met her on the roads.

“For this kind of spoilery conversation to happen, it’s good that we’re in a special extra story, right?”

“Don’t say something so meta. Er, don’t say something so careless.³ Just try being me, who may very well get arrested because of this extra story!”

“It’s fine, you know. I’m only just saying this, but since you only abducted and confined a ghost that’s been dead for over ten years, it won’t become a crime.”

“These days, you never know if it might be a crime...”

After all, there have been trends to protect the rights of characters that don’t even exist that’ve been rising day after day.

“Well, isn’t it alright? Let’s just move on from the fact that it happened like this and leave fortune to the heavens. It’s also the first time I get to visit the room of a boy, so let’s just call it a room date.”

“A room date?”

Hm.

Well, alright.

No use crying over spilled milk, so I’ll resign myself to it.

I really am Akirame-san.

“Shall we play cards? Like *Rich Man, Poor Man*?”

³ Koyomi first says ムタ (*meta*, “meta”) before correcting himself and saying 滅多 (*metta*, “careless”).

“Oh, sounds good. I’ll get my two little sisters, too.”

“It’s alright to play with the ambulance rule, right?”

“I don’t know any local rules like that!”

Rather, Karen and Tsukihi probably won’t be able to see Hachikuji (and even if they did, how would I introduce her to them) so I guess we can’t play *Rich Man, Poor Man*.

Hachikuji probably already knew that, anyway.

“But really, Araragi-san, your room is very tasteless, isn’t it. Instead of keeping things tidy... How should I say it. I think calling it savage would get to the point.”

“Don’t say such rude things.”

“So, where did you hide your porn?”

“Don’t say the same things as Kanbaru!”

“Don’t tell me it’s under this bed... If you were getting aroused from the fact that you made me sit above your porn, you’d become an exceptional pervert!”

“I’m not that exceptional!”

I’m exceptionally normal!

Not to mention, since my little sisters can invade this room at any time, I would never hide such treasured books in such a standard location.

“Heh. Then, where have you hidden them?”

When Hachikuji asked me, I triumphantly answered while grinning and sticking out my chest.

“This is a little unexpected but allow me to teach you where they are, Hachikuji... Currently, my porn is inside... my sisters’ room!”

“...”

I had been completely led on by Hachikuji.

Hachikuji, who had always accepted me while smiling (even after being abducted), now looked at me as if I was a genuine pervert.

“Then it’s expected that even Kanbaru-san wasn’t able to find them... Er, Araragi-san. Um, how should I put it... Could you not come any closer to me, please?”

“Please stop shaking with fear on top of my bed.”

This would be terrible in picture form.

“I had heard rumors of a second season or a movie, but if Araragi-san doesn’t change his character then something like that will be a mere dream of a dream.”

“Hmph. Sorry, but I won’t throw away what makes me, *me*.”

“You see, what makes you, *you*, is basically a crime. ... Well, if there’s nothing weird under this bed, then I guess I’m fine.”

“? Fine with what?”

“That is, getting into bed.”

With a heave-ho, she changed her sitting position.

For the first time as far as I could remember, Hachikuji took off her backpack (though she took it off before in the anime), opened it, and began to dig around inside.

“Excuse me, Araragi-san. I’d like to change clothes so could you please turn the other way?”

“Eh, what? Are you joking?”

“I am not.”

She told me so firmly.

I reluctantly obeyed.

But changing clothes? Into what? Why?

Speaking of which, earlier when Sengoku came to my room there was the same sort of situation. When I turned around, I thought Hachikuji would be bra-less and in bloomers and got excited, or rather my heart pounded (even if I correct myself, it’s amazing how the impression doesn’t change), but no matter how long I stood, she never said “it’s alright now”.

Feeling like the old man and woman from *Tsuru no Ongaeshi*,⁴ the story of the crane’s return of a favor, I turned around, unable to wait any longer.

“...”

⁴ 鶴の恩返し (*tsuru no ongaeshi*, “crane’s return of a favor”) is a story from Japanese folklore which, as the name and Koyomi indicate, is about a crane who returns a favor to a man.

Hachikuji, having untied her hair and changed into pajamas, was sleeping soundly.

Her backpack off and her hair untied, Hachikuji was—

She didn't look like a snail at all.

She was a very cute girl that suited her age.

“Ah, that's right, she was on the way to her mother's house, wasn't she... That's why she had nightclothes in her backpack.”

And she—had walked the whole way.

Ten years ago.

And even since then, she had been walking this whole time.

If that was the case then surely—she'd be tired.

“In that case, just rest for a while. Sleep tight, okay.”

Because I'll let you sleep whenever you want.

The face of Hachikuji sleeping so peacefully, so happily.

That sleeping face makes me completely happy.

It seemed today was the best day.

... By the way, later on this crime was discovered by Hanekawa, and I was treated very cruelly after that.

I felt like I could just sleep forever.