Arcaea Story

# Main Story

## Hikari's Story

### 1-1

#### en

Her first impression was that she'd awakened to a cloud of glass butterflies.  
"How pleasant," she thought, "that these figures can move as well. Where are the strings?"  
  
She sat onto her knees, fixed her dress, and found that there were no strings, and these were not  
butterflies. Glass shards, flying on their own. "Delightful!" she felt, and so she said it.  
  
The glass reflected another world than the one in white surrounding her. In it she could see  
reflections of seas, cities, fires, lights; she rose her hand to scatter them, and laughed in joy.  
  
She didn't know these pieces of glass had a name: Arcaea.  
To tell the truth, they were so beautiful that it didn't matter the name.  
She entertained herself by touching them, swirling them, watching them.  
That was enough, no?  
  
There were six questions to ask: who, what, where, when, why, and how.  
Of these questions, she asked none and desired no answers,  
content instead to bask in the glow of Arcaea.  
This was her meeting with a new world.

#### zh-Hans

恢复意识的她，发现自己苏醒于这个飞舞着玻璃蝴蝶的地方。  
"多么令人愉快啊，"她想，"这些美妙的图案居然能在空中移动呢。牵引着它们的丝线在哪里？"  
  
她蹲了下来，整了整裙子，环顾四周才发现这附近没有任何丝线。那些事物，也并不是蝴蝶——  
玻璃碎片，不依靠任何外力便飞舞于空中。"太美妙了！"她自心底赞叹道。  
  
这些玻璃反射出了另一个纯洁的世界。她从中看见海洋、城市、火焰、光芒；美好的景象目不暇接。  
她抬起了自己的手，试图去抓住它们，开心地笑了出来。  
  
她并不知道这些玻璃碎片有个名字：Arcaea。  
实际上，名字对这些过于美好的事物来说并不重要。  
她触碰、旋转、观察它们；她靠这样来娱乐自己。这已经足够了，难道不是吗？  
  
现在留给她的，有六个问题：何人、何事、何处、何时、何故与何情。  
在这些疑问的包围下，她没有问出任何一个，也不想得到任何答案。Arcaea的光芒已经使她心满意足。  
这是她与这个新世界的邂逅。

### 1-2

#### en

But questions come inevitably.  
  
The girl stands amidst the spiral of glass and wonders, "But really, what are these?"  
Portals? Windows? Memories?  
  
This last answer, "memories", strikes a chord with her. "They're memories," she says, faintly.  
And like that, her questions stop.  
  
For some reason, this is a place all full of memories.  
Whose memories, or of what, she can't tell for certain, but her questioning has already ended.  
  
For some reason the glass follows her. She can't hold any of it, but it comes to her nonetheless.  
On a whim, she decides she will begin gathering it.  
  
Piece by piece.  
For no reason at all.

#### zh-Hans

但是，疑问还是不可避免地来临了。  
  
少女立于玻璃碎片的螺旋中，沉思着："但说实话，它们究竟是什么呢？"  
传送门入口？窗户？抑或是……回忆？  
  
最后的猜测，"回忆"，使她一怔。"它们是回忆，"她失声说道。  
就在这一刻，那股疑惑消失殆尽。  
  
因为某种原因，这个地方充满了回忆。谁的回忆？又是什么回忆？她心中不能肯定。  
但她已经停止了疑问。  
  
因为某种原因，那些玻璃跟随着她。虽然她无法抓住它们，但碎片仍然与她形影不离。  
一时兴起的她，决定要开始收集它们。  
  
一片一片收集。  
没有任何理由。

### 1-3

#### en

Without a clock, she has no sense for how many days or hours she has walked,  
but there is a new certainty in her head...  
  
There is beauty in a memory, that's what she finds herself believing. Thinking about it, a memory  
is never certain, can change with the times, and yet is the nearest thing to a concrete piece of  
the past. It can be bitter or sweet, and she thinks in either case they're quite enchanting.  
  
For now she will see what memories she can, of these other places and people, and appreciate  
them for their beauty. In the first place, these Arcaea flicker and glow splendidly in this strange  
and ruined world. It's easy to fancy it all, and that they show memories makes it easier.  
  
Humming, hands aloft, and stepping down broken paths, she brings what seems to be  
memories fit for an entire world with her, following behind in a shining stream.  
Memories of an ugly, pretty world...  
  
"How nice..." She sighs, she smiles, and serenity becomes her, it seems, too well.  
But there’s nothing to worry about.  
A pleasant, simple world like this need only be pleasant. Nothing more.

#### zh-Hans

没有时钟的情况下，她根本不清楚多少时日已经过去了。  
同时，新的思绪正逐渐浮现于她的脑海中。  
  
玻璃碎片中，蕴含着美好的事物——她对此深信不疑。仔细一想，回忆会随着时间的流动不断改变，  
但却与过去有着最亲密的联系。它可以苦涩，也可以甘甜，但她认为这两者都十分迷人。  
  
如今，她可以瞧见自己所能见到的回忆——来自于别的场所与人们——  
并且因它们的美而感到心旷神怡。Arcaea们闪烁着，散发着完美的光芒，在这破碎的世界里  
显得格格不入。原本这些事物就容易博得人们的喜爱，而蕴藏其中的回忆着实使它们更惹人心爱了。  
  
她哼唱着，双手飞扬，一边踩着破碎的小道。她带上了任何可能属于这整个世界的回忆，  
跟在一条发光的溪流之后。这些属于一个既丑陋，又美丽的世界的回忆……  
  
"多么好啊……"她叹息着，微笑着，陷入了宁静。这一切，看上去都太过于美好了。  
在这里，不需要担心任何事物。  
这美好而又简简单单的世界，只需要令人感到愉快就足够了。没错，无需多求。

### 1-4

#### en

A joyous landscape. For so long, she has walked through a ruined yet beautiful world,  
finding things and admiring them.  
  
For so long she's traveled shepherding glass that the sky has become a mirror bending light as  
far as she can see, and shaped almost geodesically. The fantastic and glittering roof never leaves  
her, and with her surrounded by only fancies and goodness, the world has become endless bliss.  
  
She traipses down a spiral staircase that once led into a manor, but the walls have now all fallen  
and memories replace them. It is all the better: she leaps out ahead and dashes the memories  
everywhere, basking in sparkling Arcaea that, when she finds them, float up to join the others in  
her artificial sky. So enraptured now, she laughs with cheer.|A flower, a kiss, a love, a birth: a life followed by a new life in a river of glass flies past her eyes and  
blends into the rest. She has seen this reflected countless times, and it still pleases her.  
  
She gazes at the wall above. As they’ve come together, they’ve grown more vibrant.  
She smiles, satisfied, before she wanders on again. And, as ever, heedless of all consequence.

#### zh-Hans

这是道使人愉快的风景线。  
长久以来，她行走于这荒芜却又美丽的世界，赞扬着她所找到的新鲜事物。  
  
长久以来，她带领那些玻璃碎片一同旅行，以至于天空已经变为一面弯曲的镜子，  
反射出了她所能见到的最遥远的光芒，整体望上去就像要触碰到天际。  
这绝妙的穹顶闪着光，从未离开过她的头顶。  
随着她只被华丽而又美好的事物环绕，此处成为了无尽的极乐世界。  
  
她走下那段曾经通向一座庄园的螺旋阶梯。只可惜周围的墙皆已坍塌，而回忆取代了墙体。  
所有的事物都比从前更加美好：她从那儿跃向前方，撞得回忆飞散开来；  
她沉浸于闪闪发光的Arcaea——在被她找寻到后，它们便飘起并融入了她头顶那片人造天空。  
她感到无比欢欣，高兴地笑了。|一朵花、一个吻、一段爱情、一次降生——她的眼前飞过了那一次又一次生命组成的玻璃海洋，  
而它们也接连隐于了其余碎片的光辉之中。  
她早已见过这些映像无数次，但仍丝毫不会感到疲倦。  
  
她凝视着上方的墙体。当碎片都融入在一起后，它们变得更加生机勃勃。  
她微笑着，享受着这满意的感觉——在她继续开始漫游前。  
同时，就和以往一样，她没有留心这样做会给她带来何种后果……

### 1-5

#### en

They say that this is true: anything in excess is a poison. She either didn’t know, or hadn’t cared.  
  
The girl now walks past what seemed to have been an old concert hall, the impact of its  
grandness dulled as it had been split perfectly in twain, as if some higher power had willed it so.  
Out of the tomb of sound drift memories again: of dances, of performance, hopes, victories.  
  
Her mouth twitches. Has it simply become boring, or is this something else? She lifts her hands  
and the Arcaea come to her, gently weaving over her palms and through her fingers. Blankly she  
notes them. How many times has she seen the last hurrah of a retiring band? How many times has  
she seen two brothers embrace? Too many times she’s seen the formation of a love, so frequent  
it was apparently standard in old and forgotten worlds.|She lets the memories go, and genuinely thinks nothing of it.  
  
They rise. They fly to join with the memories she’s still been gathering, and she looks at their  
destination now. It’s grown much brighter since she began her collecting.  
It seems to grow brighter every day...  
  
How many days has it even been? She winces, and a grimace twists onto her face.  
She shakes it away.  
  
Maybe she only needs more, then whatever is missing will be found.  
She calms herself and carries on, not letting it bother her that no matter what,  
she cannot push the Arcaea following her away.

#### zh-Hans

物极必反——人们坚信这是真理。她可能并不知晓这一点，抑或是对此毫不在乎。  
  
少女如今穿行于一间看似老旧大礼堂的地方。  
仿佛是一种超自然力量所造成，这里的辉煌景象被完美地劈成了两半，  
昔日的庄严感也早已黯淡乏味，  
在这声音的坟墓中同样飘流着回忆：舞蹈、演出、希望、胜利。  
  
她的嘴抽搐着。是因为这些事物现已变得单调无趣，还是另有其因？  
她抬起了手，而Arcaea们靠近了她，温柔地飘舞在她的手掌之上、指尖之中。  
她茫然地注视着它们。她已经是第几次见到那退役乐队的送别欢呼了？  
她已经是第几次见到两兄弟间的拥抱了？  
她见到了太多次爱的形式——过于平凡，就像是这片被忘却的陈旧世界中的日常标准。|她让这些回忆远离她，下定决心不再去想这些事。  
  
它们升了起来，飞入她仍在收集的那些回忆之中。  
她如今正望向它们的终点。比起她刚开始收集的时候，那地方早已明亮不少。  
它看上去每天都在变得更耀眼夺目……  
  
究竟已经过去了多少天？她畏缩着，脸上扭出一丝怪相。她随即把自己的坏脸色一扫而空。  
  
也许她只是需要更多——任何遗失的部分都将会被找到。  
她冷静下来，开始继续前行。  
她并不想自己被一个事实所干扰——无论她怎么做，那些跟随着她的Arcaea都不愿离去。

### 1-6

#### en

"Heaven" is a kind of hell.  
  
The truth is, idle peace and thoughtless pleasure are anathema to passion. Imbibing and imbibing  
of happy things endlessly dulls the senses and makes "happiness" indistinct, blurred, and  
ultimately without purpose. Now nothing has a purpose. She’d never had a purpose.  
  
The sky is almost blinding.  
  
She may be wandering, or she may be standing still; she isn’t sure and it doesn’t matter.  
The sky she’s made has her attention, but the memories within it can’t be sorted out.  
It has all become an opaque and overpowering haze compelling emptiness.  
She is losing her self.  
  
And as she is losing her self, she remains numb to the encroaching dissolution.  
Though she did not remember, she invited this pleasurable and suffocating cage,  
and she locked herself within it. Now she lacks even the will to worry.|The sky grows brighter and she loses more of herself.  
With little time for her left, she stares upward as if waiting.  
Bright, bright, bliss, beauty above: effulgent memory overtakes her.  
  
Her mind whites out.  
  
And, without meaning, light fades away.  
  
Without meaning, time passes.  
  
And a girl stares up into an empty sky, her mind ended, and thus her story along with it.

#### zh-Hans

"天堂"其实也是地狱的一种。  
  
事实上，虚度光阴和自我放纵是对热情的诅咒。  
接连不断地汲取愉快的事物，将会无止境地麻痹感官，  
使得"快乐"变得无比朦胧，暗淡，甚至完全失去原本的目的。  
如今万物再无目的。她从未拥有过目的。  
  
天空炫目到接近空白。  
  
她也许正四处徘徊，也可能正站在原地；她对此无法确认，而这也无关紧要。  
这片她创造的天空的确引起了她的注意，但她却无法辨别其中涵括的回忆。  
这已是一片充满压迫感的不透明雾霾，散发着令人窒息的空虚感。她正一点一滴地丧失自我。  
  
而在失去自我时，她始终对这渐渐渗入的瓦解之力感到麻木。虽然她早已不记得，  
但是招待她步入这座让人感到愉快，却又让人窒息的牢笼之人，正是她自己。  
现在，她甚至失去了为自己担忧的自由。|天空变得越来越明亮，少女的心智也不断流逝。在这仅剩的时间里，她仰望上方，好像等待着什么。  
明亮——无比耀眼——散发无尽幸福的极彩色苍天：灿烂夺目的回忆淹没了她。  
  
她的思绪终被清空。  
  
并且，毫无意义地，光芒褪去了。  
  
毫无意义地，时间流逝了。  
  
之后，一名女孩仰望着空无一物的苍天。她的思想终止了——与她的故事一起。

### 1-7

#### en

The girl is on her knees, her chin brought up, and it is soon that her jagged and pervasive creation  
will consume her in its light coaxing oblivion. Above her it pulses and glows, gentle but insufferable.  
She lets it nearly take her, thoughtless.  
  
And from that vast nothingness, something catches her eye.  
  
Distinction alone breaks her from the lull of uniformity, and her gaze swings to it: a single, special  
piece of glass, just a bit red, and absolutely noticeable. Perhaps in reality or through a trick of her  
mind, the rest of the sky that it begins emerging from dulls in its intensity.  
She thinks, it’s becoming easier to see.  
She thinks, and realizes she hasn’t thought at all in ages.  
  
The heavens wobble and distort, and a crack seems to run through them, the whole thing twisting  
around the creation of a new memory: a shard of memory that should not exist.  
It breaks from the whole, and breaks the sky.|Both violently and calmly the roof of her making falls down, choking the air in scattering light.  
The spectacle would be magnificent to her, but she remains stuck on the newest piece,  
which floats toward her amidst the frightening chaos of joyous memories.  
  
It, too, is a memory of joy: that of herself that she has forgotten.  
  
"When was— Did I—?"  
  
She speaks in a fractured voice, her vocal chords having been long neglected of use.  
  
Now in her hands, the odd shard that came from zero revolves,  
and in it she sees the time when she awoke, dancing alongside glass,  
traveling the mirror world, and happy.  
Tears fall from her eyes, and she remembers that happiness left her long ago.

#### zh-Hans

少女跪坐在地上，微抬着下巴。她那粗糙而又极具渗透力的创造物，不久便会将她吞噬进自身的光芒，  
诱使她忘却一切。它跃动于她头顶上方，散发着光芒，温柔却又难以忍受。  
她未多想，任凭那东西渐渐夺走她的全部自我。  
  
而在那浩瀚虚无之中，她的双目捕捉到了什么事物。  
  
仅仅是那特异之处便打破少女的麻木感，少女的目光也开始在那物体上摇摆：  
一片有些特殊的玻璃，只是有抹鲜红，却着实引人注目。  
不知是现实或只是大脑产生的幻觉，周遭原本晦暗的天空显得越来越清楚。  
她认为，天空变得容易看清了。  
她认为——她才意识到自己已经几个世纪没有思考过。  
  
这座如今正剧烈颤动的天堂已歪曲变形，一道巨大的裂痕更是从中划过，  
一切都围绕着一段崭新的回忆扭曲起来：  
一片本不该存在的回忆。它从那一切中破空而出，也破坏了整片天空。|少女所创造的穹顶坠落下来，猛烈却又显得平稳，从中散落的星点光辉布满了整片空气。  
这壮观华丽的景象原应使她目瞪口呆，但她仍惦记着片刻前刚刚诞生，正向她飘来的那一片玻璃——  
被喜悦回忆中令人恐惧的混沌所缠绕的那一片玻璃。  
  
那事物本身也是象征喜悦的回忆：那是早已被她遗忘的，关于她自己的回忆。  
  
"什么时候——我真的——？"  
  
声带太久未被使用，少女的话语声变得破碎不堪。  
  
在她的掌心之间，那诞生自虚无的奇异碎片旋转起来，而从中她见到了自己刚刚苏醒过来的时候，  
与成群的玻璃起舞，游荡于这片镜面世界，无比欢欣。  
泪水有如泉涌。她心中明白，幸福在很久之前便抛弃了她。

### 1-8

#### en

Twinkling glass pieces fall in an unevenly timed rain while reflecting dead worlds as they always do.  
The girl at the center of it all focuses on a piece reflecting something new, however,  
and of this world still existing.  
  
Tears fall from her eyes, but the reason is yet grasped by her. Her mind still recovering,  
she agonizes over the loss of everything she had before, falling all around her.  
But, also, she agonizes over the loss of her zeal. The memory reflected shows a better and  
ignorant time, as she walked into a trap she’d created for herself.  
Even if she knew where it would lead—these shiftless travels inviting senselessness—  
would she have done it all again, just to be happy?  
  
The red in the glass is that of the red in her clothes, and she grasps the shard tightly to add  
the red of her hand to it, blurring past and present, running warm over the shimmering surface.  
She feels, again, but she feels so much more than before.  
She feels, overwhelmingly, regret.|These were times that, almost with pride, she had moved meaninglessly. She had gathered  
the Arcaea to enjoy them, and not thought even a bit as to why. She had brought on herself a  
torturous and tedious hedonistic existence, a manufactured and blinding prison.  
She had done it all for nothing, and nearly lost herself.  
  
And to a question of "Why?" there was never an answer.  
Just to be happy? That hadn’t been it either.  
Collapsed on her knees, choking through cries with the memory over her breast, she knows  
the weight of her errors. She had surrounded herself in love and life so much that it came to  
disgust her, and that truth grieves her.  
  
In grief the girl cries, thinking as much as she can, about everything that has happened,  
and what anything meant.

#### zh-Hans

晶莹闪亮的玻璃碎片犹如不均匀的雨滴般落下，如同以往的任何时刻，倒映着那些死去的世界。  
位于万物中心的少女全神贯注地盯着那片反射了何种新事物的碎片——仍旧存在的那片世界。  
  
泪水从眼角滑落，她却尚未了解原由。在拾回心智的过程中，她饱受折磨——  
她失去了曾经她所拥有的一切，而那些事物如今正纷纷跌落在她的身旁。  
但同时，她也为失去了自己的热情而痛苦。那些倒映的回忆展现出一段更美好，却放纵愚昧的时间，  
而她也正是在那时走入了她自己布下的陷阱。哪怕她知道那样将会带来何种结局——  
这些得过且过，引领她步步迈向麻木的旅途经历——她还会只是为了一时的快乐而重蹈覆辙吗？  
  
玻璃中的鲜红呼应着她衣服上的鲜红，而她紧紧抓住那片碎片，使得鲜红也浮现于她的手心。  
随着那温暖的液体流过荧光的表面，过去与今时双双模糊。她终能再次感受情感——  
可这股情感却比她从前所感受到的一切都更为强烈。她感受到了足以压垮她内心的悔恨。|在这些时间里，她近乎骄傲自满地四处游荡，心中漫无目的。  
她搜集着Arcaea，享受着它们，却从未思考过哪怕最小的原因。  
她害自己成为备受苦恼所折磨且总感世事乏味的快乐主义者，亲手将自己锁死在这人造的炫目监狱中。  
  
然而面对"为什么"的疑问，这里从来就没有过答案。只是取悦自己？也并非如此。  
她跌倒于双膝，怀抱着她胸前的回忆哽咽、啜泣、痛哭，心中明白自己已经犯了弥天大错。  
浴于美妙的爱情与绚丽的生命过久的她，已经对这些事物感到反胃，而这残酷的事实让她悲痛不已。  
  
少女沉浸在悲伤之中不断哭泣，尽可能地思考着方才发生的一切，与它们所象征的意味。

### 1-9

#### en

Silence.  
  
A few small pieces of old times falling down intermittently break this, but the girl’s anguish  
has settled. She no longer openly weeps, sitting among shimmering glass with dried tears on her  
cheeks and dried blood in her hands.  
Fear, worry, and regret have ended, so she now has to look out ahead.  
  
What she had done was misguided. It was, in fact, not guided at all. With the idea of "more  
happy scenes would only be better", she had filled the sky with good memories, not wondering  
if there might be any danger in bringing so many of the mysterious shards together in one place.  
She realizes now that they had threatened to swallow her.  
  
If she wants to press on, she must have a reason.|She needs to answer those old questions that she had forgotten. What does this world mean,  
and why is she in it? Why are gentle memories attracted to her, although she sometimes saw  
flashes of hardship in pieces that refused her? Who was she?  
  
Light comes back to her eyes and she stands on shaking legs. As she does so, the Arcaea  
surrounding her shift. She looks on at them curiously, and lifts her hand. They lift too, and she  
ponders. She realizes this is different, but that there’s also something different within herself.  
  
The Arcaea will not come to her unbidden again, and she will not allow herself to be caged.  
She wipes away her tears with the back of her bloodied hand, and lets the shard that has turned  
her onto this new path go to follow behind her. She will let that be a memory, and face this  
strange world anew, and she will find all that it is for, be it good or bad.  
  
This she swears, and she is certain.

#### zh-Hans

死寂。  
  
少些蕴含曾经的碎片落下来，间歇性打破了沉寂，但女孩的悲痛已经平复下来。  
她早已不再直率地哭泣，仅仅是静坐在那些闪闪发光的玻璃之中，脸颊尚留有泪痕，  
双手的鲜血也已干涸。  
恐惧、担忧与悔恨都已结束，她现在必须向前看了。  
  
她因误入歧途而做出一切。事实上，她从来没有真正地被哪怕任何事物引导过。  
凭借着"更多的愉快事物只会让一切变得更好"的念头，她用美好回忆填充了整片天空，  
不曾意识将成堆的神秘碎片集中于一处会带来怎样的危险。她这才意识到这些东西会威胁她的全部，  
将她吞噬。  
  
如果她想要奋力前行，她必须需要一个理由作为动力。|她需一五一十地回答那些曾几时被她遗忘的老问题。这个世界有着怎样的意义？为什么她会在此处？  
为什么在温柔的回忆被她吸引时，那些她曾瞥见有苦难闪现的碎片却会拒绝她？她到底是谁？  
  
少女的双眼再度有了光泽，依靠那颤抖的双腿直立起来。在她这样做的时候，  
围绕着她的Arcaea忽然移动起来。  
她好奇地注视着它们，试着高举她的手。它们跟随着她的手飘舞而起，而她陷入沉思。  
她察觉到这与从前不太一样，但她自身也有些地方变化了。  
  
Arcaea不再主动接近她，而她也不再放任自己被束缚于牢笼中。  
因为手上沾满了血，她用手背抹去自己的泪水，  
让这些将她引领至这条崭新路途的碎片们跟随于她的身后。  
她会让那一切成为一段回忆，而她也将重新面对这陌生的世界。  
无论是好是坏，她将找寻到一切的谜底。  
  
她如此发誓，矢志不渝。

## Tairitsu's Story

### 2-1

#### en

She'd awakened in a ruined tower, first noticing pieces of glass floating in the air. They led her  
outside, and into a world of white.  
  
White, white, and more glass.  
It seemed attracted to her, so she examined the shards with piqued curiosity.  
  
She could see glimpses of something else in them, like looking through the windows of a train car.  
In one flash she saw rain, in another sunlight, and in another death. She grimaced, and pulled away.  
  
Although it seemed attracted to her, at her attempts to reach out and shatter the glass the shards  
were naturally repelled. Her grimace deepened into a glare, and she turned her attention to the  
pale sky. However, as she gazed into it, her expression melted away. Her mouth opened, but she  
was too shaken to speak.  
  
Glass: churning, glinting, and turning far overhead. There seemed to be a storm of it.  
  
She regretted giving it attention, as now it seemed to notice, and was coming down to greet her.

#### zh-Hans

她醒来在一座损毁的塔楼中。飘浮着的玻璃碎片是她第一个注意到的事物。  
它们引领她前往了室外——那纯白的世界。  
  
纯白色、大片的纯白色，以及更多的玻璃碎片。  
它们看上去正在被她吸引而来，而被激起了好奇心的她开始观察这些碎片。  
  
就像透过火车车窗看外头稍纵即逝的景色一般，  
她瞧见了阴雨的景象。下一次是艳阳。再下一次是死亡。她厌恶地远离了这些碎片。  
  
虽然总是紧随着她，可这些碎片总能在少女试图捏碎它们时躲开。  
少女心中的厌恶渐渐地化为为愤怒，而她迫使自己把注意力转移到那灰白色的天空。  
然而，在她仰望天空之际，原先脸上的情绪荡然无存。  
她的嘴微微张开来，却因过于惊讶而说不出半句话来。  
  
玻璃在高空中搅动着、闪烁着、旋转着。这看着就像是场玻璃碎片的暴风雨。  
  
她后悔把注意力转移到天空上。但碎片们已经发现了她，渐渐降落下来，要与她打个招呼。

### 2-2

#### en

It's difficult to describe that sensation which overwhelms her now. A riptide of glass that doesn't  
shatter, cut, or reflect her face, pushing past her in powerful amounts, turning up and swirling as if  
pulled by a great wind. She stands fast, and watches.  
  
Watches... ...Memories...? ...Of a filthy world.  
"What is this...!?" She reaches out. "This...!"  
  
A memory of pain, betrayal, envy.  
  
When she stops it, she stops the rest. They stand still in the air around her, frozen. She whips her  
head this way and that. "They're only..."  
  
Dark? Are they only dark? Wherever it is these shards reflect... she sees little light there.  
Whatever small sparks she sees fade away in an instant. She bites her lip, and then smiles a smile  
with no humor. "What kind of joke is that?" she mutters, "A world filled only with misery..."  
  
As she says this, even her bitter smile fades away.

#### zh-Hans

那是一股难以用语言形容的压迫感。巨量的碎片组成了飓风般的激流。它们并不会割伤她，  
也未反射她的面庞。它们在她面前犹如强风般推动着她，却又突然转过弯，  
仿佛被更强的风暴所侵袭一般。她稳稳地伫立在原地，注视着这一切。  
  
注视着……回忆？……属于一个污秽世界的回忆。  
"这是……！？"她伸出了手，"这些……！"  
  
回忆。刻画着痛苦、背叛、嫉妒的回忆。  
  
当她阻挡住眼前这片碎片时，其余的碎片也被影响了。它们就这么静止在空中，一动也不动。  
她的脑袋左右晃动着。"这些只是……"  
  
黑暗？它们只是纯粹的黑暗吗？但无论这些碎片在反射什么……她从中未见到一丝光芒。  
哪怕是最小的火花，都会在一瞬间消失于她的视线。她紧咬嘴唇，毫不诙谐地微笑着。  
"这算是什么低劣的玩笑？"她喃喃自语道，"这个世界只充满了痛苦……"  
  
说出这番话后，就连她脸上的苦笑也消失了。

### 2-3

#### en

Without a clock, she has no way of knowing how long she's picked through memories,  
but she's sure it's been quite a long time.  
  
For a while, she'd searched the fragments for more happy memories, just to see if they were there.  
They were, in small number, but the more miserable shards never ceased to hound her.  
So, she's come to know places she now loathed.  
  
She now stands at the middle of a vast spiral of glass that turns about her slowly and  
resembles cosmos. She thinks there are two possibilities here: either the world or perhaps worlds  
these shards envision were entirely terrible, or since only terrible memories are here...  
In any case, she's decided to be rid of it all.  
  
Something inside her has switched. Now when she looks at painful memories, she looks pleased.  
She gathers such memories, it seems, gleefully.  
  
"If I can be rid of this trash, or even better the places it represents..."  
These places full of chaos and even light. That will make her happy.

#### zh-Hans

没有时钟的情况下，她根本不清楚自己已经观察这些回忆多久了，  
但她深信这段时间已经很长。  
  
那么一刻，她试着去搜寻哪怕一丝愉快的回忆，只是确认它们是否存在。它们的确在那儿，  
数量稀少，而那众多的痛苦回忆却从未放弃追捕她。  
此时，她已经对这令人生厌的地方产生几分了解。  
  
她现在正身处于玻璃组成的巨大旋涡的正中央，而它们则像一宇宙般展现在她的面前。  
少女的心中推断出两种可能性：这些玻璃碎片们映射出的世界——或者说多个世界——  
中，只存在黑暗的事物；或者被保留于此的，只有可怖事物的回忆……  
不论如何，她都想尽快摆脱这一切。  
  
可忽然之间，她的心中有什么事物发生了变化。如今，直视这些回忆使她感到舒心。  
她收集了那样的回忆——看上去，十分愉快。  
  
"如果我能摆脱这些垃圾，或使它们所象征的那些场所变得更加美好……"  
那些充满混乱甚至光芒的场所。  
这将使她感到高兴。

### 2-4

#### en

It had been a while, and so she'd grown confident.  
  
In the time since she began she'd explored much of this glass and mirror world, and she'd gathered  
countless shards. Like an unending scarf they formed around her neck and trailed long behind her.  
Now, she stood atop a fallen tower and looked out ahead with a smile.  
The terrible memories of other places twisted behind her menacingly.  
  
She was gazing at a place that had always caught her eye, but she'd refrained from ever going  
toward it. It was some sort of distant labyrinth turning into the sky with insane geometry.  
Of course, it was more glass.  
Of course, she could feel its filth pulsing all the way out here.|Although she still had no idea how to go about it, she intended to be rid of the terrible fragments  
that followed her eventually. To that end she was gathering them. She at least took comfort in  
having the bad all in one place. That would make clearing it away one day all the more easier.  
This labyrinth was particularly bad, and she felt confident in gathering its fragments too.  
  
The maze was surrounding by a glittering and ever-shifting sea of good memories. As she made  
her way toward the maze, the sea parted, only a few shards coming to join the trail behind her.  
However, while walking the path and scattering the good shards she suddenly hesitated.  
Now flanked by hope, with despair before her, she chewed on her lip... and her heart wavered.

#### zh-Hans

时间已经过了很久，而少女的信念坚定了许多。  
  
从开始行动以来，她已经探索了大部分这玻璃与镜子的世界，沿途也收集了不计其数的碎片。  
像是一条永无尽头的围巾一般，它们围在她的脖子四周，在她的身后延伸出一条极长的线路。  
如今，她驻足于一座残旧的塔楼上头，面露微笑往外眺望着。  
来自各处的恐怖回忆在她身后汹涌地扭曲着。  
  
她现在正紧盯着那一直吸引着她注意力的地方，但她甚至从不想往那里踏出半步。  
那是片拥有疯狂几何形状的巨大迷宫，缓缓延伸到遥远的天际。没错，那儿依然只有更多的玻璃。  
没错，她可以站在这里感受到那迷宫中涌动着的污秽。|虽然尚不清楚自己该怎么做，但她决心摆脱这些跟随她的令人厌恶的碎片。  
在结局来临前，她仍然会收集它们。她对把所有肮脏事物聚集于一处感到十分欣慰。  
离清除所有碎片的日子会因此来得更加容易。  
这个迷宫异常地险恶，而她因此来到这里，信心满满地想要收集其中所有的碎片。  
  
围绕那迷宫的是闪闪发光的美好回忆，如同一片不断变化的海洋。  
当她步入迷宫时，那片海洋退向两边，仅有少数碎片加入了她身后的行列。  
然而，在边行走边分散那些美好回忆的碎片时，她犹豫了。自己被希望夹在中间，  
面前等待着她的却只有绝望。  
她紧咬着自己的嘴唇……而她的心也动摇了。

### 2-5

#### en

Once upon a time, surely, things had to have been better.  
  
The girl remembered nothing, and since awaking in the world of glass she'd only ever known other  
memories. Because of this, she'd drawn many conclusions and had few second thoughts.  
She'd been assured of the idea that nothing in the glass and nothing in this world held any worth.  
Filth and awfulness, tears and pain, a small smile, and death.  
  
But once upon a time, things had to have been better. Simple rules are often true:  
shadows are begotten from light. Shadow lurked at her back, and now she was surrounded by light.  
  
When she'd stepped into these waves of joy and purity, she hadn't given it a second thought.  
She'd become so absorbed in evil that she had forgotten simple good. To be honest it was more  
than her heart simply wavering, now. She was overwhelmed. For every glint of hope that caught  
her eye on the way to the jagged maze, she paused and questioned everything.  
There was an answer she did not want to acknowledge, immersed in this scene of light and chaos.  
She didn't want to think about it. She wouldn’t allow herself to think about it.|And, before she really could, she stood before the entrance to the impossible labyrinth.  
  
On impulse, she reached out to the better glass and memories of flowering fields came to follow  
around her in a ring. She didn't know why, nor if they would help.

#### zh-Hans

在过去的某一刻——绝对——这一切都曾更加美好。  
  
少女不记得任何事。在苏醒于这个世界后，她也只见到了属于其他事物的回忆。  
因此，她已经假设了各种答案，尽管她只思考了数秒。她敢保证这儿的玻璃碎片，  
乃至这一整个世界，都没有任何确实的价值。污秽与恐惧、眼泪与伤痛、微笑与死亡——全都不值一提。  
  
但在过去的某一刻，这一切绝对都曾更加美好。简单的规则，往往会是真理：  
影子的诞生起源于光明。影子如今正于她背后匿伏，而光明正包围着她。  
  
当踏入这欢乐而又纯净的浪潮时，她心中未有足以扭转她决心的杂念。  
她将注意力完全置于眼前的邪恶，以至于她已经忘却了纯粹的善良。  
事实上，这在她心中翻腾起了小小的波浪。她不堪重负。每一次朝那盘陀状迷宫迈出步子的时候，  
她会瞥见余光中闪烁着的希望，随即停下脚步，质疑心中一切。然而，她有一个自己不愿面对且承认的，  
隐藏于光明与混乱之中的答案。她不想去思考那个答案。她绝不允许自己想到它。|而在她真的做出觉悟之前，她已经站在了那不可思议之迷宫的入口处。  
  
一时的冲动，促使她将手伸向那些美好的碎片。碎片之中是花田的回忆，  
而那些回忆在她的身边组成了花环。  
她并不知晓原因，而脑中那些所谓的原因，实际上也帮不了她任何忙。

### 2-6

#### en

She didn't know it, but she had a name. If she knew it, perhaps she wouldn't have entered the  
twisted black maze. It may have been a meaningful name that may have made her doubts much  
stronger. But she didn't know, she ground her teeth, and she reaffirmed her beliefs.  
The light from before would not shake her, the light of the flower ring would not shake her.  
She entered the dark structure and started tearing it apart.  
  
Each wall pulled away was made of misery, each facet held horrors, and the corners were  
comprised of fear. This was a castle of iniquity. Simply put, it was grotesque.  
It was powerfully grotesque.  
  
And that girl, her grin returned. This was it. Climbing through it, running through it, this was the  
kind of disgusting monolith that had compelled her into action in the first place.  
She hadn't been wrong. The glass should only be shattered. The mirrors should only be destroyed.|And as she gleefully pulled away great swathes of the maze, hallways tumbling into the air,  
her smile became warped. She winced; something was wrong with her head.  
At the heart of the maze, there was \*something\* worse than any memory before. She could feel it,  
close now, calling to her. Her enthusiasm had drained, and her progress had slowed,  
and she saw a wicked shard of glass turning in space, containing the memory of the end of a world.  
  
With a hand on her face, she looked into the mirrored world. She remembered the sea of pleasant  
realities below her and the flowers now circling around her. She'd taken down part of the maze's  
roof and the walls had subsequently fallen away. Dark glass rained slowly around her, and in the  
distance the better memories shone brightly.  
  
She looked into the end of the world between her fingers. She swallowed, and with newfound  
strength, removed the hand from her face. She reached out, and dragged the end of the world  
into her collection of memories. With this monolith toppled, she felt an honest and genuine surge  
of bliss. However terrible the memories she faced from now on would be, it couldn’t possibly  
matter. She was certain now that she was strong, and she would definitely destroy them all.  
And so, with a genuine smile and a tired laugh, she came down from the sky,  
and the tower along with her.

#### zh-Hans

她并不知晓自己曾拥有一个名字。如果她知道自己的名字，或许就不会选择走进这扭曲的黑色迷宫。  
那可能会是个意义深重的名字，而这只会使得她的疑问愈发强烈。但她并不知晓答案。  
所以少女紧咬牙关，重新坚定了自己的信念。先前的光芒不会使她动摇；先前的花环不会使她动摇。  
她步入这昏暗的结构中，准备将这里撕裂。  
  
每一堵墙都是由苦难砌成，而墙的每一面都布满了惨剧，每一个角落都由畏惧构成。  
这是一座罪孽的城堡。简单来说，这儿的一切都显得无比荒谬，怪诞无稽。  
  
少女的脸上再度绽放笑容。仅此而已。攀越于此、奔跑于此，  
那纯粹的厌恶已经使她疯狂。她的想法并没有错。  
玻璃只该被打碎。镜子只该被砸毁。|当她兴高采烈地撕碎大片的迷宫，将走道翻入半空时，脸上的笑容扭曲了起来。  
她畏缩了；她的脑内绝对有什么不对劲的地方。在这片迷宫的中心，有着"什么事物"，  
比任何她曾见到的回忆都邪恶。她可以感受到那样事物——那事物如今与她十分接近，正呼喊着她。  
她的热情已经干涸，而她的脚步也逐渐放慢。下一刻，她看见了那片散发邪恶气息的  
玻璃碎片在空中旋转着，其中含括的是一个世界走向灭亡的回忆。  
  
一只手搭在脸上的她，朝着那镜像世界望去。她依然记得她身下那片充满欢乐与幸福的海洋，  
与那如今环绕在她身边的花圈。她已经掀掉了迷宫的顶端一角，而墙壁也纷纷开始崩塌。  
阴暗的玻璃在她身边缓缓坠落，而远方的美好回忆则闪耀着明亮的光芒。  
  
她透过指缝观看着那世界末日之景。  
她咽了口口水，靠着那股不知名的勇气，将手从自己的脸上移开。  
她伸出了手，把那世界尽头收入了自己所搜集的无数回忆之中。  
这片存在颠覆了一切，她也进而感受到心中那份货真价实的，如浪潮般的狂喜。  
无论之后的回忆有多么可怕，与此种记忆相比都算不上一缕羽毛。  
她确定自己已经变得足够强大，而她理所当然地想立刻把一切都摧毁。  
就这样，伴随着那抹真诚的微笑与疲惫的笑声，她从天空中降落到了地面上。  
那座古老的塔楼随着她一同陨落而下。

### 2-7

#### en

Perhaps she should have worried, because her heart was suddenly in pain.  
  
She drew back, covered her mouth, and her eyes went wide in confusion. She had been standing  
on the floor of a gigantic and bitter maze that doubled as a tower, but she now began to fall to  
her knees. Before she hit the ground, the structure began to break and fall first.  
  
The memories of sorrowful days that she had gathered came around her like a cloak, the tower's  
memories turned from a falling slow rain into a downpour. She and the maze fell like stones, and  
although she should have been terrified to drop so far and so fast, all she could feel was confusion.  
  
She splashed down into a sea of the fragmented happiness of other worlds. The waves she and  
the crashing labyrinth caused were immense. Glass pushed against glass in a way that could be  
described as both ugly and beautiful, and she knelt at the center of that storm.|She was confused because she was hurting. Everything hurt. Her heart was bursting.  
The cloak of memories that she'd collected turned into a grotesque sphere and surrounded her.  
The world of white disappeared from her vision, leaving only horrible things.  
Heaving, sweating, and trembling, she looked into the glass, into the Arcaea, deeply.  
And as she came to realize that her heart was breaking,  
  
that her sanity was breaking,  
  
the memory of the end of the world that she'd seen earlier slowly drifted into view.

#### zh-Hans

可能她需要为自己的情况感到担忧，因为她的心忽然剧痛起来。  
  
她后退了一步，手捂着嘴，眼中是一片迷茫。她如今正站在一座更加巨大而充满苦痛的，  
如塔楼一般的迷宫中。但她只是一个扑腾跪倒下去。  
而在触及地面之前，地板结构土崩瓦解，先她一步向下坠落起来。  
  
映射后悔时日的那些回忆如同披风包裹着她，而属于塔楼的回忆由一阵缓慢的雨点化作了一场  
倾盆大雨。她与这迷宫好似石块一般下落着。本应该因极快的下坠速度而感到恐惧的她，  
却被混乱支配了思绪。  
  
她落入了一片由来自其他世界的欢乐回忆所组成的海洋之中。  
她与那崩坏的迷宫所带来的浪潮巨大无比。玻璃以既丑陋又美丽的形式相撞推挤。  
她跪坐在这场风暴的中心。|她心中困惑的来源是她所承受的伤痛。她的一切都承受着伤痛。她的心脏仿佛随时会炸裂开来。  
她所收集的回忆形成的披风化作一团古怪的球体，包覆着她。洁白的世界消失于她的视野，  
只留下那些惨痛而邪恶的事物。她冒着汗，怀着猛烈起伏的情绪，颤抖着朝那些玻璃看去，  
深沉地朝着Arcaea看去。这下，她意识到自己的心正在碎裂。  
  
她的理性正在碎裂。  
  
先前目睹的那世界尽头的回忆，缓缓地映入了她的视野。

### 2-8

#### en

The girl had felt many emotions since her waking into the white and ruined world. Mostly, she'd  
felt anger, but she'd been able to turn that anger into a strange sort of hope. True, she didn't have  
much of a plan. In fact, she was only walking forward because she believed at the end of her steps  
there would be something good. She had hope. She was certain that this chaos was leading into  
light. She was certain that the torments she was facing, that the horrors she was holding,  
could be completely shattered.  
  
Yes, she was emotional. She felt so strongly that when faced with the idea that no, in fact, nothing  
had a purpose... she began to suffer.  
  
The cruelest fate is to have hope and see it crushed before your eyes. And so the girl sat on her  
knees in a malformed circle of death, looking at a world coming to its end. This was the first time  
she had felt the emotion of sadness, and it was quickly turning into despair. The world of Arcaea  
was a pointless world. It was the manifestation of worlds gone. It had no substance, only the  
reflections of such. Even the glowing and joyful memories she had sometimes encountered on  
her way were still only memories of the past. Like night comes after day, they had to have led into  
the end she now saw spinning slowly in the air before her. Her eyes welled with tears.|She had felt so much since waking up.  
  
She'd felt joy. Joy left her.  
  
She'd felt fear. Fear left her.  
  
Anger left her.  
  
Hope left her.  
  
Even sadness and despair now left her.  
  
Her eyes went dark and she could feel resonance with the glass.  
The shell of memories around her began to crack and split open.  
She emerged from it and stood in the blinding light, and couldn't feel anything at all.

#### zh-Hans

少女在踏入这纯白色的荒废世界中时，曾有着多样的情感。在大部分时间，她所感受到的是愤怒之情，  
但她已经可以把那愤怒转变为一种离奇的希望。的确，她并没有任何有效的计划。  
实际上，她向前走的动力只是因为她相信路程的尽头会有什么美好的事物。她曾经满怀希望。  
她曾确信这些混沌会引领她前往光明。她曾确信那些她所经受的折磨、所面临的恐惧，都可以被打败。  
  
是的，她曾经感情丰富。她如此强烈地坚信着自己的想法，  
以至于在她发现一切——事实上——都没有任何目的之后……她感到饱受折磨。  
  
最悲惨的命运，莫过于曾拥有希望，却眼睁睁地看着它们破灭。少女跪坐在一个诡异的死亡之圈内，  
眼看着世界逐渐走向末路。这是她第一次感受到被称为悲伤的情感，并且这种情感很快就化作了绝望。  
Arcaea的世界根本是个毫无意义的世界。这里只保存了各个世界走向灭亡的画面。  
这里没有任何物质，只有反射出的影像。哪怕是她有时会在路上搜寻到的关于光明与愉快的回忆，  
都仅仅是源于过去。就像是白昼过后终是黑夜，它们渐渐地导致了这一刻她眼前的世界末日。  
她的眼中泪水盈眶。  
  
自从苏醒之后，她感受到了太多事物。|她曾经感受到欢乐。欢乐离她而去。  
  
她曾经感受到畏惧。畏惧离她而去。  
  
愤怒离她而去。  
  
希望离她而去。  
  
就是悲伤与绝望，如今也离她而去。  
  
她的眼神转为一片黑暗，而她已经与这些玻璃起了共鸣。  
围绕于她四周的回忆之壳开始崩裂。她就身处其中，站在那炫目的光芒前方。她已经没有任何情感了。

### 2-9

#### en

Like an ocean stained with oil, the memories of a cursed labyrinth and the memories she had  
brought with her all fell and muddled into the soothing glass around her. Most of them churned  
into a gray mass, some suddenly jutting up from the ground like spikes. She went still, and slowly  
looked over every shard, just... counting them. Even when memories came shooting up sharply  
near her eyes, she continued to count.  
  
Eventually she lifted a finger, beckoning some of the shards toward her. And, with a simple  
thought, the fragments came together in the shape of a fragile butterfly. She commanded it into  
the sky, to reflect the world of white, and when it came down again to tell her what it had seen,  
with a simple thought she slowly tore off each of its wings, and let it fall into nothing.  
Then, she walked forward from the corrupted sea, willing each pillar of lost time that entered  
her path to explode and shatter.|---  
  
Time passed. She changed.  
  
She no longer sought to collect memories. She walked through the world mostly absently.  
She discovered things about it and about herself, but she had no ambitions.  
  
Now she walked beside an old and crumbling building, twirling a parasol she had found in the  
ruins some day. Silently, a creature formed of glass reflecting bitter days glided down toward her  
from the sky. It resembled a glistening and jagged crow, and it was something she considered no  
more than a tool. After that day at the now-fallen tower, she'd become more in-tune with the  
chaotic Arcaea and was able to call upon things like this. In its own way, it whispered to her of  
places beyond her reach in the blinding white world. Glaring at it, she had it burst and fall apart,  
and she moved on.|These crows of hers sickened her with news.  
The world was empty, that's all they said. That she knew.  
She'd never find anyone else here.  
  
She wanted to. She needed to.  
But, it was not because she hoped to have someone to share her fate with.  
  
She needed to let this frustration out on something alive.  
She needed someone to hurt.

#### zh-Hans

宛如受石油污染的海洋，那受诅咒的迷宫记忆，与少女吸引而来的回忆碎片一齐摔落下来，  
与那些抚慰着她的碎片纠缠在了一起。它们大多都搅成了灰色的糊块，  
有些则像长钉一样从地面猛地窜起。她像个雕像一样站在原地，缓慢地注视着每一片碎片，  
仅仅是……在计算它们的数量。就算有些尖利的碎片险些在弹起时刺到她的眼睛，  
她依然只是继续数了下去。  
  
终于，她抬起了一根手指，与从她面前飞过的碎片打了个招呼。就在一念之间，  
那些碎片聚集在一起，化作了一只脆弱的蝴蝶。她命令蝴蝶飞向高空，去反射那纯白的世界。  
而当它归来并告诉了她自己的所见之物时——就在一念之间——她慢慢地撕裂了蝴蝶的翅膀，  
并使蝴蝶化作了虚无。接着，她走向了那腐败的海洋，  
让那些仍在她路径上伫立的，那些所有象征着遗失时刻的梁柱，全数爆发、碎裂。|……  
  
时光逝去，她变了。  
  
她不再激情地收集回忆。她近乎无意识地走在这世界之中。她知晓了更多关于这个世界与她自己的事——  
只是不再抱有任何雄心壮志。  
  
如今，她正在一个破旧坍塌的建筑旁行走着，旋转着她某天在废墟中找到的太阳伞。  
静悄悄地，一只玻璃组成的生物倒映着痛苦，从天空中向她滑翔过来。  
这看上去就像是个闪闪发光的粗糙乌鸦，而她认为这只不过是个工具罢了。  
自塔楼倒塌的那天，她就和混乱满盈的Arcaea融为了一体，甚至已经能够随心所欲地操控它们。  
它通过自身的方式与她细细低语，诉说着对少女而言遥不可及的苍白世界中的情况。  
她对那物体怒目而视，使它爆裂开来，化为空气。她也继续行走起来。|她的乌鸦给她捎来的信息使她愈发厌恶。这个世界就是个空壳子——它们向来只会不断重复这个主旨。  
她知道，她不会找到其他人。  
  
但她想要那么做。她需要那么做。但这并不是为了让谁与她分担一下她残酷的命运。  
  
她想把所有的挫败感都发泄到一个活物上。她想要找到一个人来供她摧残。

## The meeting of Hikari and Tairitsu

### 100-1

#### en

The ruin is as common a sight as any other, but the girl in light  
nonetheless pays it attention as she steps through.  
  
She's been wondering what the ruins are and why they're there—  
wondering if this world she wanders has a past,  
or if its decimated landscape is only coincidental.  
  
She feels she has to think about it, not to succumb to the bliss of ignorance.  
If she wants a reason, then it might help to know the world, too.  
Perhaps this is a reflection of another world?  
  
She has seen things like it within the Arcaea, but that also makes her wonder if in this place  
there might be standing towers and buildings that are not in ruin.  
Maybe she’s only yet to see them...  
  
This ruin seems like it was once large, grand.  
It must have been a beautiful place where many people came, she thinks.  
If it did have such a past, then it is a shame.  
  
There is only her, now, moving through pews and broken candlesticks.  
  
There is only her, and she blinks, seeing that there is in fact somebody else.  
  
Somebody else stands still at her left, before a broken wall.  
  
Once, she would have grinned happily, but carelessly at this person.  
As she is now, she looks at the shadow-covered girl in confusion,  
but certainly not without a fluttering, insuppressible feeling of elation.  
  
Outside of a memory, here in the world and before her eyes, is a person.  
All this time she's walked alone, and here is somebody else:  
one other living, breathing person.  
  
The other girl doesn't notice her. She is standing in place, holding her parasol, and sleeping.  
Her dark figure cuts so strongly against the rest of the world, which shines so bright in the distance,  
that she thinks this must be a dream or perhaps a waking memory.  
  
She opens her mouth to speak, and the other girl opens her eyes to consciousness.  
  
She who heralds sad and evil forgotten things opens her eyes  
and witnesses the changed and white-clad girl before her.  
  
That breathing the light-bearer found so relieving stops short,  
and the dark girl squints, lips parted as if she means to question.  
But she swallows instead and raises her brow, tightening her grip of the handle.  
  
Her own twisted elation flows out from her heart, just as unstoppable, but so much more eager.  
It climbs to her face, and the girl of chaos offers the girl of light an honest, irrepressible smile.

#### zh-Hans

这座废墟与其他废墟都呈现出相同的景象，  
但被光芒环抱的少女仍然在路过时注意到它，走进了其中。  
  
她开始疑惑这些废墟究竟是何物，以及它们为何存在于此——  
疑惑她一直以来游荡的这个世界是否也存在过往，  
亦或者这些被严重破坏的风景线只因巧合存在。  
  
她认为自己必须思考此事，而不是屈服于愚昧的极乐。  
若她想要得到一个理由，这可能也会帮助她进一步了解这个世界。  
或许这里……是另一个世界的对立面？  
  
她曾于Arcaea中目睹过类似的景象，但这也使她质疑这个世界的某处  
存不存在尚未成为废墟、依然耸立的高塔与建筑。  
也许她只是还没找寻到它们……  
  
这座废墟看起来曾经庞大而金碧辉煌。  
这必然曾是一个美丽的地方，吸引着大量的人前来，她这样想。  
如此光彩的过去若存在，那真的十分遗憾。  
  
如今那儿只有她一个人——移动于排排长凳与破损的烛台之中。  
  
如今那儿只有她一个人——接着她眨了下眼，猛然发现这里实际上还有一个人。  
  
还有一个人，静静地站在她的左方，那一堵损毁的墙壁前。  
  
曾经的她，会开心地微笑起来，毫无防备地亲近对方。  
而现在，她困惑地盯着那被阴影笼罩的女孩，  
但却未必没有怀着那让她无法抑制地颤抖的欣喜之情。  
  
回忆的景象之外，于这个世界之中，就在她的眼前——有一名人类。  
一直以来她都是独自一人，而现在这里出现了另一个人：  
一个活生生的，有着呼吸的人。  
  
另一位少女并没有注意到她，只是手握阳伞继续熟睡。  
她那黑暗的身影显得与这闪闪发亮的世界格格不入。  
这突兀的景象使她以为自己正处于梦境中，又或者瞧见了另一段苏醒的回忆。  
  
她张开嘴说话，而另一名少女也恢复意识，睁开了双眼。  
  
象征着被遗忘的悲伤与邪恶事物的她睁开了双眼，  
眼前是这早已改变的，一身雪白衣裳的少女。  
  
让身披光芒的少女感到舒心的那阵阵呼吸声很快就停止了；  
那背负黑暗的少女眯起眼睛，嘴唇微张，似乎有着疑问。  
但她最后只是倒吸了一口气，眉头上扬，将伞柄握得更紧了。  
  
一股难以控制的扭曲狂喜由她心中一涌而出，但凌驾之上的是空前的渴望。  
这份情感显现于她的面庞，而象征混沌的少女向那象征光明的少女  
献出了一抹真诚、无法抑制的微笑。

### 100-2

#### en

In the unwalled, unroofed church, known only by its skeleton chairs and white candles,  
the girl in black stands near the remaining old gate, looking at the person she's just met.  
  
It's actually quite simple: she’s been upset for so long, and now a true flesh-and-blood person  
is finally in front of her. She isn't thrilled. She isn't even excited. The smile on her face is an  
effortless lie—but it's one she can't help but tell. It says to the white-clothed girl before her,  
"pleasure to meet you." It means nothing.  
  
"What's your name?" she asks in a dry voice. Maybe, in the past, she'd have realized how long it  
had been since she'd last spoken.  
  
"My... name? I... I'm not sure," replies the radiant girl. "Do you? Oh—know your own... name,  
I mean... "  
  
She doesn't answer the question. "That's something..." are her only words as she looks off toward  
an ornate wall.  
  
The girl in white gives a bothered expression.|This... was turning out to be a strange meeting. Though the one in black doesn't know it, the one  
in white is beginning to share the darker girl's lack of enthusiasm. Like a fire in a sudden chill wind,  
her hope flickers and wanes. Now she grows uncomfortable, anxious, and wary. A slight but  
unshakable atmosphere drifts between them, one that feels unmistakably off. To her, it seems as  
though their very meeting is something the world finds to be simply... "wrong".  
The ever-present glass, now scattered unevenly throughout and above the broken grounds,  
reflects that strange feeling.  
  
Ordinarily, these shards would flock to them without their bidding: "happiness" to the girl in white,  
"tragedies" to the girl in black. Right now, every piece of glass in the air stands still. Perhaps half a  
hundred mirrors are quietly suspended around the girls, half-catching images of the empty place  
that surrounds them. When the girl in white tries to call out to them, they will not even waver.  
It unsettles her: happiness placed beside horror, equally glinting and equally motionless.  
The only piece that will follow her is the one she can hold—the one that set her free.|She stares hard at the shadow girl. "If we're in this together," she begins, leaning forward,  
"then what do you think about staying together? We... We could help each other, and maybe..."  
  
She stops. The other girl is staring into the empty, canvas-like sky with a blank and uninformative  
expression. She doesn't seem to be listening, but in truth she has followed every word.  
  
"Maybe... " the dark girl echoes. It's faint... After her reincarnation into misery, her soul itself had  
felt like a dull, grim abyss. However, when she heard this proposal, something inside her  
shimmered—very briefly and very weakly. However, as she is now, even something as tiny as that  
was able to pierce the shroud of frustration that had been endlessly choking her since she'd  
reawakened.|And the remnant of the girl she used to be, the Tairitsu who had first woken up in this world,  
rebelled against the prospect of "the end"—against the idea of giving up.  
She wanted a second chance.  
  
But her halfhearted answer isn’t enough to inspire confidence in the girl standing opposite her.  
Their meeting remains careful, cautious. The Hikari who recently returned to her senses now  
knows that the world of Arcaea is far more than pretty—and far less than safe.  
  
And yet the two girls will speak, with the hope that it will lead to something better.

#### zh-Hans

在这座既没有墙壁，又不存在屋顶，只能靠着仅剩骨架的长椅与白色的蜡烛辨别出场所的教堂之中，  
身着黑衣的少女伫立于那幸存的老旧大门旁，凝视着片刻前才遇到的另一人。  
  
一切都很单纯：长久以来，她的情绪都处于低谷，直到自己的面前终于出现了一个货真价实，  
有血有肉的人。她并没有感到过于激动。她甚至心如止水。  
于她脸庞上浮现的那抹微笑仅仅是道敷衍却无法制止的谎言。  
那段谎言对身着白衣的少女打招呼道，"很高兴见到你。"毫无意义。  
  
少女用干涸的话语声问道："你叫什么名字？"也许在曾经，  
她也如此意识到自己已经太久没有开口说过话。  
  
"我的……名字？我……我不清楚，"散发光芒的少女如此回应，  
"你呢？啊——我是指，记得你自己的……名字……"  
  
她并没有给予回答。"这件事……"是她走神望向那华丽的墙壁时所说的一切。  
  
纯白色的少女不禁露出了烦闷的表情。|这……成为了一场怪异的相会。尽管黑衣少女并不知晓，但白衣少女与她一样，  
心中未流淌着任何热情。如同火苗忽然沐浴于寒风，她那不断黯淡的希望正在摇曳闪烁。  
现在，她变得不太舒服，心中焦虑而警戒。  
一丝轻薄却无可撼动，且不合时令的气氛穿梭于二人之间。对她而言，  
发生在这个世界的这场相遇本身便是个单纯的……"错误"。这些总是存在于四周，  
如今已散布于破碎的地面之上的玻璃，也正体现出了这种违和之感。  
  
正常情况下，这些碎片会朝她们无法抑制地一拥而上："快乐"涌向白衣少女，  
而"悲痛"则是朝向黑衣少女。  
这一刻，每一片碎片都仅仅是停滞于空中。或许有半百片镜面静悄悄地悬浮与少女们的身旁，  
捕捉着她们四周大约一半的虚无景象。当白衣少女试着呼唤它们时，它们甚至都不会摇晃一下。  
面前的一切使她感到心神不宁：幸福与恐惧并肩存在，一同闪烁，也皆无动作。  
唯独那片她能够亲手握紧——那片曾经使她重获自由的碎片——自始至终对她锲而不舍。|她紧盯着阴霾中的少女。"如果我们两人都在这儿，"她开口道，身体前倾，  
"那你觉得我们能不能结伴同行？我们……我们也许能互帮互助，说不定还……"  
  
她止住了话语。另一位少女正凝视着那空旷的，如画布一般的天空，脸上空洞的神色显得毫无感情。  
她看似并未聆听——但实际上，她已将每一个字刻入了脑海。  
  
"说不定还……"被黑暗包裹的少女重复道。话语虚弱而又模糊……自从她于苦痛之中再生，  
她的灵魂便感觉如同一道阴暗而冷酷的深渊。然而，当她听到这个提议时，  
某种存在于她心中的事物仍然开始闪出微光——无比短暂，且极为微弱。  
只是，对现在的她而言，就算是如此细小的事情，  
也足够穿破自她再次苏醒过来便一直尝试扼杀她呼吸的失意面纱。|而少女残余的过去：那个首先苏醒于这片世界的对立，仍然违抗着这段象征"结局"的未来——  
抵抗着彻底放弃的想法。她想要得到第二次机会。  
  
但她并非诚心的答案还不足以激发面前那个女孩的信心。她们的相遇始终被小心翼翼的氛围所笼罩。  
才恢复感官不久的光早已发现Arcaea的世界远超过了漂亮所能形容的范畴——当然，  
也远不够被形容为安全。  
  
尽管如此，两位少女仍会开口交谈，期望局面会向某个更好的方向发展。

### 100-3

#### en

Their conversation continues.  
  
"It would certainly be nice if we had names to share," says Tairitsu in a fraying voice. Her eyes are  
again beginning to lose the shine of life.  
  
The other girl, Hikari, notices that with some discomfort. "Yes, I can't say I like to think about it:  
not having any memories in a world filled with them," she admits.  
  
At the moment, they sit upon the same pew, though not close. They've gone to what was once  
the front row, and a few steps in front of them lead up to a wide, flat floor. The girl in white is  
slouched, watching her new acquaintance with worry painting her gaze. The girl in black is  
examining the empty place in front of them, the sky, the dead and distant grandiose architecture—  
but she does so seemingly without concern or interest.  
  
While watching, she begins to speak unprompted. "This glass. Do you know a name for it?"  
  
"Huh? Oh... Well, for whatever reason, I know the name 'Arcaea'."|"Same as me," says Tairitsu, now looking Hikari's way. "So, how are we different?"  
  
Hikari offers an apologetic smile. "I don't know," she says, "aside from our difference in looks."  
  
"Let's find out, then. What kind of memories do you see in the glass?"  
  
"Almost only pleasant ones."  
  
Tairitsu sighs. "Then we're opposites..." she remarks bitterly, looking to her feet. "Let's say we're  
the only two walking around this place. If that's true, our opposition could matter a great deal."  
  
"You don't see happy memories through the Arcaea?" asks Hikari, leaning slightly toward her  
conversation partner. "I'm sorry..."|"...That's just how it is," says the other girl. For a short while they remain silent, until Tairitsu  
speaks again. "But from what you've said... I suspect even your pleasant memories haven't resulted  
in a happy life for you here. Well? Am I correct?"  
  
To this, Hikari nods. "I don't mean to make it sound as though I've had it rough since waking up,  
but... You see, I once gathered enough pieces that they could cover the sky. When I did, that new  
sky almost killed me... I felt like the light was slowly eroding my mind... I think it was mainly my  
own fault, to be honest."  
  
They both feel it's best to be honest.  
  
After Hikari tells of her naive and dangerous journey bathed in light, Tairitsu coldly recounts her  
tragic struggles through maelstroms of dark. The two are certainly different in quite a few ways,  
but one definite commonality becomes clear between them: a want of sense in a senseless world.  
The world around them may be beautiful, but it has also been cruel.|Hikari has resolved herself, but it wasn't long ago that her very "self" had been threatened by this  
strange, unfeeling place. For Tairitsu, it has left her scarred: persistent, panging compulsions  
toward violence and wrath continue to roll up from within her like tides. Even throughout their  
discussions here, despite her desire to be amicable, smothering each urge from her breast has  
been no easy feat. This living, breathing person beside her is too enticing a target to release her  
frustrations on. The girl in white doesn't fail to notice how the girl in black's hold on her umbrella  
periodically tightens into a trembling, aggravated grip.  
  
It hasn't been easy—a fact that holds true for the both of them.  
  
But they continue to fight.|"I think I just... I really wanted to meet somebody else," Tairitsu reveals. "Even... perhaps a few  
months ago, that may have been all I really wanted. However... ever since I stepped out of that  
black shell, I've found it difficult to hold on to such an innocent desire. I just can't muster it.  
When my chest isn’t feeling empty, I can't muster anything in it that isn't vile and wicked impulse.  
Disgusting, broken thing..." She looks at Hikari. "Even now, I keep thinking about how much I want  
to hurt you."  
  
"That's fine..." says the other girl. "Maybe I'd feel that same way if I’d gone through everything that  
you did. But I don't think you’re right about one thing. I don’t think your heart is as broken  
as you feel."  
  
Tairitsu meets her eyes, as if asking how that could be.  
  
"Look—you're holding back," explains Hikari, "even now. That tells me that even after everything,  
you're a very good person—still. You’re strong." She smiles and stands from her seat. "You're a lot  
stronger than me," she says, casting a momentary glance into the brilliant sky.  
  
"I was rescued," she continues, meeting Tairitsu's eyes once more. "You rescued yourself."|The shimmer inside the dark girl's chest becomes a faint glow, and an ache pulses through her.  
That's not true, she thinks. It isn't that simple, she thinks. She failed, and the old her died that day  
when the labyrinth collapsed. She'd felt nothing after that, and when feeling came back to her, it  
was nothing but contempt. When she’d met this girl, even, it made her want to do nothing more  
than take a blade and run her through.  
  
No, she hasn’t rescued herself. However... perhaps she hasn't simply been seeking someone out to  
harm. Perhaps the truth is that she’s been awaiting something impossible to give her one last ray  
of hope. Hikari is too meek and unsure to directly comfort her, but her presence and lack of  
aggression signal this: she may be that last, fledgling ray.|What pains Tairitsu's heart is that very innocent realization.  
  
Her posture weakens. Hikari notices and moves to see if she can do something. But she is still  
unsure, and so she is ultimately unable to reach out for the other girl. She stands before Tairitsu  
with her arms half-raised, and in a few moments the girl in black stands by herself. Hikari drops her  
hands, and takes a step back. Around them, the glass sways with their movement, and one in  
particular begins to shine a bit differently from the others. In its reflection is something familiar,  
yet impossible.  
  
It is a vision that, surely, nobody could have seen:  
  
the briefest wicked flicker of a most strange and anomalous memory.

#### zh-Hans

她们的交谈持续着。  
  
"要是我们能够用名字相互称呼，事情的确会好很多呢，"对立用沙哑的声音说道。  
她的双目再次开始失去象征生命的光辉。  
  
另一位少女——光——留意到这一事后，不禁略感不适。  
"是呢。我并不是很愿意去思考这种事：身在这个遍布回忆的世界的我们，脑海中却没有任何记忆，"  
她承认道。  
  
此时此刻，她们正坐在同一张长凳之上，尽管相距甚远。她们来到了这曾为第一排座椅的地方，  
而前方的几个台阶则连接着一面宽大空旷的平台。白衣少女无精打采地注视着她的新朋友，  
眼中满是担忧。而黑衣少女则是扫视着面前那宽敞的空间、那片天空，  
以及那些浮夸而又死气沉沉的建筑结构——  
但这么做的她，其实似乎对那些事物没抱有任何兴趣。  
  
正在仰望天空之际，她突发奇想地说起话。"这玻璃……你知道它们叫什么吗？"  
  
"呃？喔……总之，虽然不太清楚原因，但我知道它们叫作‘Arcaea’。"|"和我一样，"对立如此回答，当今正朝光的方向看去，"所以，我们两个究竟哪里不同？"  
  
光露出一抹遗憾的微笑。"我不知道哎，"她如此说道，"除了我们外表上的不同。"  
  
"那我们试着弄清楚吧。你在这些玻璃中见到的都是什么样的回忆？"  
  
"基本只有令人愉快的那些。"  
  
对立叹了口气。"那我们就是截然相反的……"她苦涩地回话道，低头瞧向她的双脚，  
"那可以假设一下我们是唯二漫游于此的人。如果真是这样，  
那我们的相反特征可真是非同寻常的要素。"  
  
"你在Arcaea之中看不到愉快的回忆吗？"光疑问，身子稍微靠向与她交谈的这位伙伴，  
"嗯，对不起……"|"……总之，事情就是如此，"另一位少女说道。一时间，她们陷入沉默，直到对立首先打破沉静，  
"但根据你之前说的话……我猜，你所见的那些快乐的回忆也没有带给你多愉快的经历吧。  
怎样？我猜得对吗？"  
  
对这番猜测，光点了点头："我并不是想说自己的经历从苏醒以来便一直那么糟糕，但……  
你知道吗，曾经我收集了足够多的碎片，以至于它们足以覆盖整片天空。  
当我那样做了之后时，那片崭新的天空几乎将我杀死……  
我能感觉到那时天空散发的光芒缓慢地侵蚀了我的心智……说实话，那件事情的确是我自作自受。"  
  
少女们坚信自己该向对方阐述真相。  
  
在光讲述完自己沉浸于光芒之中的那场天真烂漫而危险重重的旅程后，  
对立冷冷地叙述了她于黑暗的龙卷中那几番悲惨的挣扎。  
她们从某些方面而言，的确截然不同。  
但两人之间某个必然存在的共同点，此刻已变得十分显著：  
于一个无意义的世界中渴求着一丝意义。  
她们所处的世界也许十分美好，但其中的残酷性质却母庸置疑。|光已重振决心，但在不久前，她"本身的存在"就逐渐被这古怪而又冷清的地方所威胁。  
而对立，却保持着伤痕累累的模样：残暴与愤怒充盈的欲望，如同海啸般连绵不断地涌出她的身体。  
尽管在这场谈话的过程中，她已尽全力试图保持友善的模样，  
源于胸腔的每一口疾喘却不是轻而易举就能掩饰住的。  
眼前这个有血有肉的人，对她而言简直是完美的施虐对象。  
那身着白衣的少女，一定早已注意到这位黑衣少女总是间隙性地用颤栗的双手将伞柄握得更紧。  
  
这场谈话一点都不轻松——她们彼此都深知这一点。  
  
但她们将全力进行抗争。|"我只是觉得我……我真的很希望遇见另一个人，"对立言为心声，"甚至该说……也许是在几天前，  
这曾是我心中唯一的期盼。只是，自从我踏出了那漆黑的外壳，我便意识到，  
要自己坚守如此单纯的愿望……真的太艰难了。我只是单纯不知道该怎么振作自己……  
当我内心未感到空虚的时候，其中涌现的却只有肮脏而扭曲的血液。  
都是些恶心又残破不堪的事物……"  
她注视着光，"就算到此刻，我心中仍在思考自己究竟多么想要伤害你。"  
  
"没关系的……"另一位女孩说道，"如果我有过与你同样的经历，或许真的会感同身受。  
只是呢，我不认为你对某一件事实的认知是正确的。我不认为你的心就像你说的那样破碎不堪。"  
  
对立与她四目相对，仿佛在问这怎么可能。  
  
"看吧——你退缩了哦，"光用心地分析着，"就算在现在也一样。这让我知道，  
就算经历过那么多的事情，你仍然是个十分善良的人——始终如此。  
你很坚强……"从座椅上忽然站起的她，脸上挂起一抹微笑，  
"你比我要坚强太多，"她道，不自觉地抬头瞥了一眼那明澈的天空。  
  
"我被外界力量所拯救，"她继续说着，又一次与对立视线交汇，"而你却拯救了你自己。"|闪烁于黑暗少女心中的微光逐渐淡作虚弱的光芒，随之而来的是钻心的疼痛。这明明不是事实，她想到。  
这一切经历并不是如此简单，她陷入沉思。她失败了，而过去的她早就与那迷宫一同土崩瓦解。  
自那以后，她便失去了一切情感——就算情感再次于她心中燃起，所谓的情感却仅仅包含着蔑视。  
甚至在与这女孩相遇之时，她唯一的渴望便是用小刀刺穿这女孩的身体。  
  
那番话语并不正确，她根本没有拯救自己。只是……也许她的确不是单纯寻找着能供她摧残的对象。  
也许她只是在等待一个能够给予她最后一线希望的奇迹发生。优柔寡断的光实在无法直接赋予她安慰，  
但这女孩的存在本身与她那毫无敌意的心灵却始终暗示着一件事：  
她，可能就是那一道才诞生不久的，最后的光芒。|让对立内心最为痛苦的，还数那种纯真的自我意识。  
  
她的身躯瘫软下来。光立刻注意到这一细节，并赶紧凑过去，心中希望自己能帮上忙。  
只是她的行为仍然是如此犹豫不决——这也注定着她完全无法接触到另一位少女。  
她仅仅是站在对立跟前，半抬着双臂，而黑衣少女在片刻后便靠自己的力量重新站了起来。  
光的双臂滑落至腰间，随着她的身体不自觉地后退一步。在二人的四周，  
玻璃碎片们伴随着她们的动作而摇摆，而其中的某一片却突然散发起与其他碎片略微不同的光晕。  
它的倒影中，存在着某样熟悉的事物，却不符合任何现实逻辑。  
  
这显然是从未有人见过的景象：  
  
一道转瞬即逝的邪念闪光，其中蕴含的却是这整片世界中最为诡秘的反常规记忆。

### 100-4

#### en

They stand apart, Tairitsu holding a hand over her chest, fingers clenched and struggling as she  
takes heavy breaths. She is reinvigorated, in no small part thanks to the girl in white. Hikari has  
given her one precious, final reassurance. It does not have to be the end. One last path out of this  
white and blinding hell still exists.  
  
An open, albeit weak, smile cuts along her face as she exhales. "Let's do something," she says.  
"Let's figure out this stupid, absurd world."  
  
"I-It's not that stupid," says Hikari in mild protest, smiling herself with just as little strength.  
She isn't entirely positive about the other girl, but she can tell at least one thing: despite  
appearances, she isn’t evil. Quite the opposite, it seems. If anything, that alone is reason enough  
to join hands with this new potential ally. A "good" person... is not exactly how she'd readily  
describe herself, after all.|However, while she thinks this, Tairitsu’s mood turns. "What makes you say that?" asks the  
panting girl, though her delivery of the question sounds much more like an accusation.  
Her eyes are almost hollow as they bore coldly into her opposite. "You might understand it even  
better than me. This is the kind of place that would break a girl for the audacity of surrounding  
herself in pleasures and joys." She stands up straight, calms her breath, and steadies her gaze,  
bringing the hand over her chest to the handle of her parasol. "That's unconscionable.  
You don't agree?"  
  
Her strength of conviction puts the other girl down for a moment, but Hikari is no longer one who  
is incapable of any caring. Gathering a modicum of confidence, she stands up straight herself, and  
delivers her explanation.  
  
"We're alive," she says, "and if a world can permit that, then it can't be the worst thing."  
  
"Hah...?" The other girl's glare intensifies. "No... If a world can permit life, only to plague that life  
with ills and grief, then that world is not just."  
  
"W-Well, maybe not, but—"|"But?" demands Tairitsu.  
  
"But that's shortsighted! What is it that you want to do, exactly?"  
  
"Destroy everything. The world, the glass, all of it. I'll find a way. It's only fair, right?" she explains  
as a matter of fact. "I would think you'd resonate with the idea. What has this world been for you  
other than an expansive prison?"  
  
"Destroy it...? Even... Even if you could, it would only end everything! This is the only world we  
know of that exists for certain, isn't it? If we somehow destroyed it, could we not simply destroy  
ourselves as well? Would you... You’d rather die than live here? Why, that's... that's ridiculous!"  
  
"No, that's fine," says Tairitsu simply.  
  
Hikari, not expecting that answer, falls silent. Tairitsu's words were too frightening, and far too sad.  
  
In her silence, Tairitsu continues her interrogation.  
"Do you have some other idea? Some other plan?"|"No... I don't. I wanted to find—to find a plan with you," admits the other girl, and dismay is clear in  
her tone.  
  
And Tairitsu, in her recent recovery, recognizes this. It makes her pause. It had been too easy to  
lash out at this new acquaintance. She knew she wasn't being reasonable. Indeed, having just  
found herself with burgeoning hope again, she could clearly see how cold she’d been until their  
meeting. And yet, when faced with another’s hope, she'd attacked. Truly, was she that petty?  
In the past, this conviction of hers has never brought her satisfaction or peace, much less resolution.  
No, her willfulness has only ever led her down a dark, thorny path stained with gloom.  
With this in mind, she extinguishes the fire rising in her heart that had been so sure of its need to  
burn. If she wants to take this girl's hand... she cannot reject the ideas it holds.  
  
"I... I'm sorry," she apologizes, her passion now fully relinquished. She lowers her head for a  
moment. "I... feel the same. I want to work to find something new as well."  
  
Hikari regains a bit of her self-assurance, which had been brought low before Tairitsu. She tells her  
new friend, "It's alright. You've had a time here I could probably never understand."|But that righteous fire in Tairitsu's heart had been just enough.  
  
Ultimately, it had only burned for a short moment, like a flash—  
but it was enough to rile a dormant shard in the flock of glass around them.  
  
It awakens and, on its own, begins to drift down to where they are, still unseen.  
  
"Don't lose hope," says the girl in light. "Things can always get better."  
  
A shard, shimmering with faded color, comes directly between them.  
It catches both their attention—but it will only show its memory to the one clad in black.

#### zh-Hans

她们两人各站一方。对立单手捂住胸口，手指因连续疾喘所带来的煎熬而加倍施力。  
她重新振作了起来，而这一切都得归功于那位白衣女孩。光赠予了她珍贵的最后一次安慰。  
这一切并未注定走向结局。  
在这纯白又刺眼的地狱之中，还存在最后一条能够使她逃离一切梦魇的道路。  
  
尽管虚弱无力，但在深吁出一口气之际，一抹真诚的微笑仍是显现于她的脸庞。  
"让我们一起做件有意义的事吧，"她敞开心扉道，  
"让我们搞清楚这愚蠢而又荒谬的世界究竟是怎么一回事。"  
  
"这世界也——也没有多愚蠢啦，"光温和地反驳道，略微用力地微笑着。  
她并不全心全意地喜欢这另一位少女，但至少能确认一件事：  
虽然表面上看不出来，但这女生绝对不是一个邪恶的人——更是似乎……截然相反。  
而单单这一个事实，便足以成为与她结伴而行的最佳理由。  
总而言之，一个"好"人……这种话绝对不会被她用来形容自己。|但就在她这样想着的时候，对立的心情变化了。"是什么让你说出那种话的？"  
不断喘着粗气的她如此问道，尽管问题本身听上去更像是在责备。  
她的双瞳空洞无光，冰冷的视线直射对面。"你应该比我更了解这种事：  
这个地方可以在女生因鲁莽使自己被愉悦的事物包围时彻底摧毁这女生的心智。"  
她站得笔直，边平息着自己的呼吸边宁定着视线，  
  
她那坚定的信念使得另一位少女失落了片刻，但光却不再是一个对任何事物都漠不关心的女孩。  
她拾起星点的自信，挺直身子，阐述了她的观点。  
  
"我们依然活着，"她说，"而如果这世界让我们活下去，那它就绝不是最为糟糕的地方。  
  
"哈啊……？"另一位少女眼含凌厉，"你错了……如果一个世界允许生命的存在，  
却只是用无尽的污秽与梦魇去荼毒生灵，那这个世界根本就是不公平的。"  
  
"好……好吧。也许的确不是那样，可是……"  
  
"可是？！"对立质问道。|"但那样的目光也太短浅了！你究竟想要做什么事？"  
  
"毁灭一切。这世界，这些玻璃……我要毁灭所有东西。我会找出正确的方法。  
这想法十分合理，不是吗？"她依照事实诉说着，"我想你一定会与这想法产生共鸣。  
除了被当成一座过于宽敞的监狱，这世界对你而言还能是什么地方？"  
  
"毁灭这世界……？就算……就算你办得到，这也只会让一切走向终点啊！  
我们直到目前为止，能确定真实存在的世界也仅此而已！  
如果我们以某种方式毁灭了它，那我们难道不是会把自己也摧毁吗？  
难道你会……难道你宁可死在这里？为什么……这种想法简直太过分了！"  
  
"不，不会有关系的，"对立冷漠地说道。  
  
并没有预料到这种回答的光立刻沉默了下来。对立的话语太过于骇人，而包含的更是只有悲伤……  
  
在光沉默之际，对立继续起了她的质问："你有任何别的想法？或者其他计划？"|"不……我没有。我只是想要和……和你一起找一个办法，"  
另一位少女这样承认道话语声中流淌着清晰的消沉。  
  
在方才一番振作后，对立其实就已经认识到了这一点。这使她暂停了质问。  
要责骂这位新认识的同伴实在是太过容易了。她知道自己的行为举止蛮横无理。  
理所当然，不久前才搜寻到一线崭新希望的她，更是能十分容易地察觉自己在这之前是多么冷血。  
只是，在面对另一个人心中的希望时，她却选择去摧毁那希望。说实话，她难道还不够狭隘？  
在过去，她脑海中类似的信念使她不仅永远无法体会到满足与平静，更是离解决眼前的问题愈来愈远。  
不，她的任性只会带领她走向一条污秽而黯淡的荆棘之路。  
心中怀揣这样的思想，她终于扑灭了心中那注定爆燃的烈焰。  
若她想要牵起这女孩的手……她就必须同时承担这女孩用双手竭力保护着的希望之光。  
  
"对……对不起，"她完全抛开了自己过激的感情，低下头真挚地道了歉，  
"我……其实也有一样的想法。我也想与你一起找出一些新办法。"  
  
早前因对立的话语而被削弱的自信，如今又被光重拾回心中。她对自己的新朋友说：  
"没关系的。毕竟，你的确经历过一段我不了解的时光呢。"|只不过，燃烧于对立心中的正义之火刚刚才恰到好处。  
  
最终，那道烈火也只持续了一瞬间，  
就像是闪烁的火光一般——但却足以惹恼沉眠于那些碎片之中的某一片玻璃。  
  
它就这样苏醒过来——并且自主性地朝着二人的所在处飘去，不引起她们的一丝注意。  
  
"不要失去希望，"缠绕光芒的少女说道，"无论多么糟糕的事情，都有好转的那一刻。"  
  
不断闪烁着渐变的色彩，那片碎片径直闯入两人中间。它同时引起了她们的注意——  
但它却只向着那位身着一袭黑衣的少女呈现碎片所蕴藏的记忆。

### 100-5

#### en

The end.  
  
The girl adorned in shadows peers through the broken window into another time.  
Her smile returns.  
  
What a fool she was.  
Not the girl in white, no.  
Her.  
  
The vision in the glass is no memory.  
  
It cannot be, of course.  
What she’s seeing is a future: a future that she should have expected,  
the fool, the idiot dreamer.  
  
The glass shows an unmistakable image of herself, run through with a jagged pillar of glass,  
the wound seeming to sear her clothing and body apart in a blistering, pale, and consuming flame.  
  
The blank, barren lands of Arcaea stretch out far behind her, and before her,  
coaxing the pillar with a lifted hand and a blinding, fiery glow around her shoulders,  
is a girl clad in white, a very familiar one, though her expression is hidden from this vantage.  
  
It is the girl standing before her now.  
The one she has only just met.  
This is no memory: it's a vision of what will come to be.  
  
Faced with this, Tairitsu retreats into herself,  
and confronts the one truth she was determined to ignore.  
  
Her conviction didn't matter.  
She will never find anything good for her in this world.  
  
That last hope is dyed black now, drowned in despair, forgotten.  
  
What else would happen?  
What was her hope for?  
Idiocy. Tiresome, blind idiocy.  
  
Tiresome effort.  
Tiresome memories.  
Tiresome existence.  
  
Tiresome, awful, sick of it. Sick of this, sick of herself,  
sick of everything in this never-ending, mocking play.  
  
Miracles? No...  
  
She'd said it herself. This world is hell.  
And she knows this, from the fractured ideas of worlds dead and gone:  
even angels can one day fall and awaken to demonic form.  
  
The girl in light is just like that.  
In a turn final and damning, what was once a mere pit inside her chest is clawed and spread.  
It wastes, decays all through in an instant, leaving instead a cold and endless chasm.  
  
As the darkness within it creeps out to coat her insides and choke her thoughts,  
she sees Hikari very clearly.  
  
Sees her gaze darting to the shard—sees the panic, the clear knowledge in her eyes.  
  
The girl knows.  
And now she can't face her opposite's stare,  
won't say a word though she sees clearly.  
  
You're unnerved? Unsettled? Unabashed.  
Unforgivable.  
  
That anger twists into hate and loathing, spilling over and arriving in her eyes.  
  
Wicked betrayer; wicked, wicked place.  
She tightens her grasp on her parasol,  
looking past the shard to Hikari, who is standing still.  
  
Frozen in place, surely, because her ill intentions have been exposed.  
It's worth laughing about.  
  
Tairitsu's eyes narrow, and she excises the remains of those burgeoning emotions  
the girl had begun to cultivate within her.  
  
With finality she is emptied,  
and with that, she knows what she must do.  
  
But this mirror is still one-way, and thus her anger as well.  
Hikari is unable to see within this peculiar shard at all.  
  
Unaware, she can only watch in confusion  
as Tairitsu's countenance drains more and more of color.  
  
A sense of danger wells up in her, and though she can't understand why, she can feel it there.  
In fact, shadows now seem to be crawling up from the earth, light perishing at their touch.  
  
Darkness nears her, and her breathing shortens. She takes a step back.  
She almost can't believe it. She certainly doesn't want to.  
  
Even after surviving the harrowing ordeal, that blinding light sky,  
something terrible faces her again without reason.  
  
But still, she had survived it.  
And now she knows for certain that survival may not allow compromise.  
  
With this thought in heart and mind, Hikari makes a damning mistake.  
  
She reaches for the one piece of glass,  
the one that gave her comfort and direction in the midst of her lowest moment.  
  
When she raises it to her chest,  
the hairs on the back of Tairitsu's neck rise up as well.  
  
Fear pulsing through her, along with a conviction to never meet with tragedy again,  
Tairitsu closes the distance to Hikari in an instant, without warning,  
ready to once and for all firmly grab hold of her life.

#### zh-Hans

结局。  
  
被阴影纠缠的少女，目光穿过那扇破碎的窗户，投射到另一段时光之中。  
微笑，回到了她的脸上。  
  
她可真是个无可救药的傻子。  
不，不是那白衣少女。  
是她自己。  
  
那片玻璃中的影像并不是回忆。  
  
当然，这并不现实。  
她所看见的是未来——那个她理应期待万分的未来，  
那个白痴，愚蠢的梦想家。  
  
那些玻璃毫无偏差地映照出了她自己的身体被一根参差的玻璃长柱一穿而过的影像。  
那道创伤仿佛要在炙热，苍白的烈焰中将她的衣服与整个身躯撕裂。  
  
空虚荒芜的Arcaea大地，从她的身前和身后延伸到无边无际的地平线。  
带着缠绕双肩的那两股刺眼的炙热火焰，抬起手轻抚着长柱的，  
是那位身披白衣，使她倍感熟悉的少女——尽管在这个角度看不到她的表情。  
  
她，是此时此刻正站在自己面前的少女。  
那名才与她相遇不久的女孩。  
这绝不是回忆：这景象预言着未来将会发生的一切。  
  
面对此景，对立退回了自己的立场，  
并对峙起那段她原先计划彻底无视的真相。  
  
她已无所谓自己有没有心怀信念。  
她已不会在这世界中找到任何对她有利的事物。  
  
最后一丝希望也终被墨染，淹没在绝望之中，最终被彻底遗忘。  
  
还有什么事会发生？  
她还期望着什么？  
愚蠢。令人厌烦。盲目的愚蠢。  
  
令人厌烦的努力。  
令人厌烦的回忆。  
令人厌烦的存在。  
  
令人厌烦，糟糕得不可理喻——使她作呕。对这一切感到作呕，对她自己感到作呕，  
对这永无止境的嘲讽游戏中所存在的一切事物感到作呕。  
  
奇迹？别开玩笑了……  
  
她早已对自己说过。这个世界是地狱。  
她是从种种显示这世界已经死透了的事物得知的：  
在这世界之中，即便天使也终会堕落，而后苏醒为恶魔。  
  
在光芒中的少女就是这样。  
在这被诅咒的终末展开中，就算是她心中原先微不足道的小洞也被残暴地刨开，并迅速扩大——  
荒废，并在刹那间彻底腐朽，只留下一道冰冷的无底深渊。  
  
正当蕴藏其中的黑暗席卷并吞噬少女，尝试扼杀她的思绪之时，  
她清晰地看见了光。  
  
她看见光的视线投向那片碎片——捕捉到她眼中存在的恐慌与那明澈的认知。  
  
这女孩已经知道了。  
而现在，她已无法直视来自对面的视线。  
一言不发，哪怕一切尽在眼底。  
  
你此刻感到紧张吗？是否心情不安？毫不掩饰。  
不可原谅。  
  
那股愤怒扭曲成厌恶与憎恨，如同滚滚黑云般显现于她的双眼之中。  
  
邪恶的背叛者；邪恶，邪恶的地方。  
她紧紧抓着她的阳伞，  
越过碎片注视着伫立于原地的光。  
  
仿佛冻结在原地——当然，因为她病态的意图已经被识破了。  
这可真是令人发笑。  
  
对立的双眼微闭。  
她抹除了那女孩尝试在她心中种下的一切情感之芽。  
  
结局到来的那一刻，她的心智终于被掏空了。  
而这一刻起，她终于弄清自己应该做些什么。  
  
只是，这是面单向的镜子——其中蕴藏的厌恶与冷淡也是相同。  
光对这片不同寻常的碎片之中所蕴含的内容完全无从知晓。  
  
当对立的脸上失去越来越多的血色，  
丝毫未意识到情势的走向——光仅能在困惑中观察着一切。  
  
一股突如其来的危机感扩散至身体的每一个角落。尽管她并不理解原由，她却能感受到危机就在眼前。  
事实上，匍匐于大地的暗影如今已翻腾而起，毁灭着它所接触的一切光芒。  
  
黑暗向着她逼近，而她的呼吸变得愈发急促。她不禁朝着后方退了一步。  
她几乎无法相信眼前正在发生的事情。她根本不想去相信。  
  
即使她已于那片耀眼的天空所带来的痛苦折磨中幸存下来，  
某种可怕的事物再次毫无理由地显现于她的面前。  
  
尽管，她仍旧存活了下来。  
而她终究意识到，生存并不是件能够妥协的事情。  
  
心中怀着这样的想法，光犯下了一个天大的错误。  
  
她伸手去拿了那片玻璃——  
那片在她彻底迷失于低谷时，给予她慰藉与方向的玻璃。  
  
就在她将它提至胸前时，  
对立头颈后方的头发也飞扬起来。  
  
恐惧猛烈地冲击着她的全身。伴随着那永远不愿再次遭遇不幸的决意，  
那一刹那，对立在没有任何预警的情况下靠近了光，  
准备彻底夺走她的性命。

## Hikari versus Tairitsu

### 101-1

#### en

Hikari.  
Tairitsu.  
  
If they knew each other’s names, if they even knew their own, would that change how they had  
felt from then until now? "Light" and "Conflict"... Names so lofty, in a world so bizarre,  
so outlandish... Would they have considered the meanings, and found different paths?  
  
Or would any divergence, any turn or taking of a choice, any circumstance or odd spin of fortune’s  
wheel still have set the two girls into inevitable dissent and discord?  
  
Hikari, who still does not know her name, would be unsure. Tairitsu, likewise, is however damned  
with fateful knowledge, and knows dissent and discord between them will always be.  
  
Nothing will change. Nothing would.  
  
The girl in white and the girl in black cannot reconcile.  
  
This, all of this, may only lead to—|"Ah!"  
  
Hikari’s voice escapes her when the blade of her foe comes. She raises her hand at once, and with  
it, glass strikes against glass. It holds, it shines—unbroken, and in her piece Hikari can see her own  
pale face, agonized and frightened.  
  
A heartfelt conversation has led to this—to a heart-pounding clash.  
  
She takes a single step in retreat as her body bends from the force of the other girl’s strength.  
Her skin goes cold; she finds she can’t breathe.  
  
She realizes there, looking deep into the now-close eyes of the girl attacking her that her being  
attacked is not the source of the fright clawing and gripping at her insides. It is not that, nor the  
fact she can hardly resist as the push of Tairitsu’s blade inches her own nearer and nearer to her  
taut neck.|No. The sweat in her palm, the breath trapped in her lungs, it’s all because the person before her—  
the girl who had felt to her a tragic and sorrowful figure only moments before—seems now so  
utterly changed.  
  
She is not the person she’d spoken to like a fellow and friend. In fact, she doesn’t seem like a  
person at all. Her stare is so purposeful, her jaw is unmoving, and those fingers of hers,  
clutched so tightly they’re now stained red—  
  
Nothing but a beast garbed in black. A shade, brimming with malice.

#### zh-Hans

光。  
对立。  
  
假设她们知晓对方的名字，甚至仅仅是清楚自己本人的姓名——若真如此，  
二人自始至今的感受也会发生改变吗？  
"光"与"对立"……存在于这片光怪陆离的世界之中，此般崇高的称呼……  
若真如此，她们是否又会静下心来思考蕴藏于自己姓名的深层含义——也会走上截然不同的道路吗？  
  
抑或者无论发生何种分歧、矛盾，无论曾经做出哪些抉择，在何时得到幸运的眷顾——  
随之产生偏移的世界线，却终将收束至二人此刻的水火不容？  
  
光并不会知晓确切的答案。她直至如今都不知道自己的名字。  
而在这相同的前提下，对立却命中注定被自己的知识所诅咒。  
她心中早已清楚，二人间的这场针锋相对，无论如何都会来临。  
  
不可能会产生任何改变。原本一切就不会发生改变。  
白衣少女与黑衣少女，绝不可能和睦相处。  
  
这一切必然因果，最终只会导致——|"呃啊！"  
  
当面前那位宿敌将刀刃划向她时，光随之发出一声惊叫。她立刻举起手，而玻璃碎片也随之互相冲击。  
碎片悬停于空中，闪闪发亮——丝毫没有受到损伤。  
而透过自身碎片所倒映的景象，光终于窥见了自己那张因恐慌与痛苦而变得煞白的脸庞。  
  
一次流露真情实意的交流——却造成了这场令人心碎的冲突。  
  
对面那女孩的力量实在是太强了——光被冲击得缩起身子，反射般地朝后一退。  
她的皮肤此刻已经冰凉。  
她这才察觉到自己近乎无法呼吸。  
  
少女充满敌意的视线已经无限接近自己。  
望向那杀意的瞳孔，光意识到那股近乎将自己心脏撕裂的恐惧并不来源于那女孩的袭击。  
根本不是那样……  
并不是因为对立的刀刃已经逼迫得越来越近，转眼便要切入自己绷紧的喉咙，  
而自己却几乎无法做出任何反抗。根本不是那样。|光的汗水从掌心溢出，滞留于自己胸腔中的空气完全无法逃逸——  
自己会感到恐惧——完全是因为面前这个不久之前还令自己感到怜惜的不幸之人，  
此刻却截然变脸，彻底蜕变为另一番模样。  
  
那女孩早已不是能够与她平心静气交谈的伙伴。  
现在的她根本不能被称为人类。  
她的目光是如此决然无情，就连下颚都纹丝不动。她那拼尽全力攥紧的手指，早已染上一整片鲜红。  
  
她仅仅是一头由漆黑包裹的凶残野兽……一道由恶意堕化而成的黑影。

### 101-2

#### en

Let this end peacefully.  
  
Find common ground.  
  
Don’t be weak. Don’t falter.  
  
With these thoughts in mind, Hikari pushes back.  
  
They have both seen and felt the throes of battle within near countless memories, but vicarious  
recollections are no substitute for a genuine struggle between life and death.  
  
Their impromptu blades meet again, entirely without grace. Tairitsu’s strikes stay vicious and direct,  
while Hikari’s movements are desperate, forever a hair away from a harmful, fatal slip. She only  
defends; she does nothing more. If she could stop this without violence, she’d do so in a heartbeat.  
  
Their flurried tussle is hampered by the peculiar surroundings of the broken church: lamps and  
benches placed under a sky. The two move between the aisles. Tairitsu darts toward Hikari’s feet,  
but her target remains planted. Hikari lifts the piece of glass that had once served to rescue her,  
bracing for the rising cut.|But a cut does not come. Instead it is that black parasol: tearing up quickly through the air and  
cruelly into her waiting guard.  
  
"Gh...! Hah...!" she groans, panting. It feels like fire has swallowed her hand, and her small finger  
she swears it must have been bent. Her anomalous piece flies from her grasp, and as soon as she  
is without a weapon, the pained girl withdraws immediately.  
  
To her own surprise, Hikari lands after her first leap with no waver, no fall. She leaps back again,  
her dress fluttering, and she finds herself standing atop the pews just in time to avoid another  
coming blow. So close... Can this not be ended with words?|Even if it could, she can’t even find a single word to say.  
Even if she could, she isn’t given any chance to speak.  
And even when, blessed, she is afforded both; gaining enough distance from her pursuer and time  
alone to begin preparing her voice—  
  
a new blade shoots out from nowhere—  
  
it finds her cheek, swift—  
  
and, just like that, it cuts, glancing across her skin.

#### zh-Hans

让这一切和平终结。  
找寻能够妥协的台阶。  
不能变得软弱。不能变得畏缩不前。  
  
光稳稳地抓住了这丝信念。她反击了。  
  
她们早已自无数的回忆中目睹并体会过战争所会带来的痛苦。  
只可惜，那些无关二人性命的记忆，归根究底无法与此刻这场货真价实的战斗相提并论。  
  
二人临场打造的刀刃，冷酷无情地相互撞击。  
对立的攻击只得形容为果决而精准，其中是满溢的恶毒。  
而光的一系列行动只是透露着一种绝望的韵味。哪怕步伐只是遭受毫厘的闪失，  
对方的致命攻击便足以夺走自己的性命。而她却仅仅是在防卫自身；她没有做出任何多余的举动。  
若是能够不施展蛮力解决这一切，她早会刻不容缓地完成使命。  
  
悬挂于空中的吊灯与数排长椅——这座教堂遗址之中散乱的标志性物体，成为了二人混战时的阻碍。  
而她们则行动于这条走道之上。对立朝着光的脚部疾冲而去。  
尽管如此，光却没有躲闪，却是举起那片曾给予她救赎的碎片，随时准备招架即将到来的上斩。|只是斩击并未如期而至——  
晃眼间，闪现在眼前的竟是那把漆黑的阳伞：随着刺耳的破空声，残忍地捅向她的防线。  
  
"唔嗝、呃啊……！"  
痛到喘不过气。整只手仿佛烈火灼烧般疼痛。小拇指——她坚信自己的小拇指一定是被折弯了。  
异象残片瞬间便滑落出脱力的手掌。意识到自己变得手无寸铁，疼痛折磨下的她迅疾地选择朝后方闪避。  
  
就连光自己都吃了一惊——自己居然能如此平稳地脚跟落地。  
并未迟疑，趁此再次朝后方跃去，裙摆随着移动轨迹飞舞空中，  
这才察觉自己在千钧一发之际躲开了对面的另一招。  
几乎是贴着自己站立的长椅挥过，命悬一线。  
这一场纷争，真的无法仅靠语言平息吗？|即使心中这种想法切合实际——此时的她也找不出半个合适的词语。  
纵然她已经清楚该说些什么——届时的她也根本没有任何的发言权。  
纵使她在此刻受到神明眷顾，获得了这两项理想的先前条件：  
既与对手保持了足够的距离，又拥有充足的时间去准备发言——  
  
一把崭新利刃，不知是从何处射来——  
  
迅速地抵达了她的脸颊——  
  
就这样，将她的脸部割伤。

### 101-3

#### en

Hikari loses her breath again. Her hand flies to the left side of her face. She withdraws it, seeing  
that an unfortunately now-familiar color has tainted her fingers—her palm. Once more...  
she goes cold.  
  
Still falling back, she grips both of her arms, trying to quell their trembling.  
She swallows the saliva filling her mouth.  
  
And, quietly, she pleads:  
  
"Stop..."  
  
And only a bit louder:  
  
"Please, stop..."  
  
Another shard of glass drives through the air like an arrow, and she avoids it though she was given  
only a second for its approach. It goes past where her upper arm, its target, had been.  
  
And she shouts, "Please stop!"|"I know what you want to do."  
  
Hikari stops instead, and in a moment after Tairitsu lands on a row of pews five away from hers.  
  
"What are you? A demon invented by the world?" Tairitsu asks.  
  
"What!?"  
  
"Are you just another fragment from a dead place, come to hound me?"  
  
"I... No!" Hikari yells.  
  
"You don’t know what you are, either..." Tairitsu mutters.  
  
There, Hikari notices: a number of pieces of Arcaea are darting behind and before the other girl like  
patrolling wasps. She eyes them warily, and Tairitsu continues to speak, voice dipped long in woe.  
"But, if you found me," she says, "that means you can’t be anything good."|And Hikari, recalling what this girl had told her of her past, is brought still upon realizing that she  
can perfectly understand what that means.  
  
"I’m not... that..." she mumbles in defense. Another bullet of glass comes, shooting past her ear.  
  
She shuts her eyes, forcing tears out of them.  
  
If she is to survive...  
  
...she cannot give up.|Eyes downcast, Hikari calls a new piece of glass to her hand, not even realizing how strange it is  
that she can touch it now.  
  
A troop of shards also joins her behind her back.  
  
She lifts her head.  
  
Like this, she once more faces the girl she wishes she could befriend.

#### zh-Hans

光的呼吸节奏被再次打断。她下意识地飞速将手搭在了左脸前方。移开手心，却只瞧见那抹沾染手指，  
玷污掌心的色彩。很不幸——她已经对种颜色十分熟悉。又一次……如同彼时那般，浑身冰冷。  
  
朝后方摔落而去的间隙，她紧紧地环抱住自己，试图硬生生地止住双臂剧烈的颤抖。  
她咽下了嘴中聚积的唾液。  
  
再接着，用那几近失去音量的话语声，哀求道：  
"住手……"  
  
尔后，仅是稍微响亮了些许：  
"请住手……"  
  
又一片尖锐无比的碎玻璃好似离弦之箭一般急射而来。  
光随之躲闪——尽管留给自己的反应时间并不超过一秒。  
碎片眼看就要成功刺入她的上臂。幸好最终只是擦臂而过。  
  
她终归大喊道："请住手！！"|"我知道你的计划。"  
  
光的动作戛然而止。片刻间，对立便着陆在距离光有足足五排远的长椅之上。  
  
"你究竟是什么？这世界创造出来的恶魔？"对立质问道。  
  
"什么？！"  
  
"你根本只是那些碎片的同类。是从荒芜之地而来，专程前来猎杀我的吧？"  
  
"我……不是！"光吼道。  
  
"你自己也不清楚自己到底是什么……"对立喃喃自语道。  
  
就在此时，光忽然注意到——  
那女孩的身前身后，已经如蜂群般聚集了相当数量的Arcaea。  
光对此格外留了心眼。届时，对立仍旧用那沉痛的话语继续低语着。  
"但……既然能够找上我。"她道，"那你也一定不是什么好东西。"|光回想起了面前那女孩曾述说的那段过往经历。  
她石化在了原地。她明白对立是什么意思。  
  
"我才不是……那种……"她嘟哝道，语气中略带着防卫性。  
又一枚碎玻璃，如同出膛子弹般掠过她的耳旁。  
  
她紧紧闭起了自己的双眼，任由眼泪被压迫得夺眶而出。  
  
如果她的愿望是活下来……  
  
……那无论如何，她都不能在这一刻放弃。|光的视线转向下方。一枚新的碎片响应着她的召唤，来到她手心之中。  
自己居然已经能够徒手接触到碎片——对于这种过于诡异的现象，她甚至未曾留意。  
  
整一队列的碎片也跃动着加入了自己的身后。  
  
她抬起了头。  
  
正是如此——尽管渴望成为挚友，却又一次对峙起面前那位女孩。

### 101-4

#### en

They erupt from the gate, crashing through it as if it were a pane instead of metal.  
Shards of memory whirl around them in chaos as the girl in black lunges at the girl in white.  
  
Pushed back, and never pushing forth; though she has chosen to fight earnestly, there is still a  
hope in Hikari’s heart that this does not have to end in bloodshed. Yet still, even if her sway over  
the glass is not nearly as deft, even if she is entirely unpracticed, she truly won’t give in.  
  
Glass shields her back in a slapdash, patchwork pattern, constantly shifting to stop Tairitsu’s  
roundabout spears from ever hitting their marks. Hikari’s eyes are sharper than that glass, ever  
vigilant to pin the dark girl down; to end this peacefully, through force.  
  
Nothing about it is simple, however.|Now outside the cathedral-shell, open on the misshapen roads and hills of Arcaea, Tairitsu is free.  
Keeping close, her movements sweep and her glass flies wide. So doggedly pursued, Hikari finds  
all she can do is cling to her desperate defense in preservation of her own life.  
  
Her pulse is quick, and the sweat that had begun in her hands is now permeating her entire body  
with an awful chill. Smashing an invisible knife against an invisible dagger, crashing a swift shard  
into a shining lance flying true before it can meet her throat.  
  
Blow for blow, for blow, for blow, she is made to realize that their battle has gone from a tussling  
mess of violence to a vicious clash of two formidable and absolute forces. She cannot match  
Tairitsu’s strength, but with her wits and will kept about her, she can dampen its impact.  
  
To the torrent of emotions before her, she will be the composed counter: the stone weathered,  
but never broken; and she will settle this.|They’re even, each holding down her position as points and rays of light shine from the smooth  
faces of their chosen Arcaea.  
  
They remain even, in fact, until Tairitsu shifts her focus. Instead of aiming past the other girl’s guard,  
with no tell she decides to redirect and send down her flock on Hikari’s right side.  
  
The impact is massive. With an explosion of glints and glamor, it forces Hikari to stumble down  
to a knee. Then and there, glaring darkly, Tairitsu lifts and points her black umbrella, its tip  
revealing the intended destination: the front of her opponent’s skull.  
  
She spares no hesitation. The strike comes in an instant.  
  
Hikari shuts her eyes. Tairitsu’s brow twists.|The thrust is stopped, but not by either of them. Instead, it is something between them.  
  
Between them, that anomalous shard, previously forced from Hikari’s hand, stands still in the air,  
steady as a wall, immovable against the umbrella-spike. Hikari opens her eyes and stares,  
disbelieving.  
  
"Eh!?"  
  
"That’s..."  
  
Tairitsu lifts her other hand, a swirl of glass rising up around it.  
  
Not hesitating either, Hikari thrusts her hand against the anomaly, and every free piece of glass  
surrounding them sways for just a moment before a razor-sharp rainfall begins.

#### zh-Hans

争执中的两人，不费吹灰之力地撞碎了钢制的大门，好似那仅仅是块木板。  
此刻的黑衣少女朝着白衣少女猛冲而去。那些记忆的碎片则好似一片混沌般飞舞缠绕着二人。  
  
反抗——却从不主动攻击。  
尽管她已经诚心诚意地决定接受战斗，光的心中却始终存有一丝希望：  
这根本没有必要成为一场见血的纷争。  
虽然如此，就算她操控这些玻璃的技巧尚未娴熟；就算她没有分毫的战斗经验——她也绝不会让步。  
  
玻璃仓促地在她身后拼凑成一面护盾，不断地精确阻截着对立所施放的长枪的迂回背刺。  
光此时的视线，远比玻璃碎片更加锐利。  
她保持机警地试图压制面前的暗之少女——并争取让这场战斗和平终结。  
通过武力。  
  
遗憾的是，知之非难，行之不易。|脱离了大教堂的空间限制后，此刻Arcaea的畸形山路对于对立而言只是更加方便她施展的空间。  
她的举止彻底不再被障碍物所拘束，碎片的斩击范围也随即进一步扩宽。  
最终，光发觉自己真正能做的也仅有全力守住最后的防线，保全自己的性命。  
  
心跳过快。先前仅会从手心流出的汗液，如今早已渗透她的全身，造成一股恶寒。  
好似用隐形的小刀弹飞掷来的透明匕首，在自己的喉咙与对方的长矛亲密接触前，  
率先将一道碎片飞速射去。  
  
一招对应一招，应对另一招，对应再一招。  
这使光认识到，战斗早已从混乱的暴力扭打升级至两方绝对势力的凶恶冲突。  
若是单纯较量蛮力的话，光毫无胜算。只是，支撑着她的还有智谋与信念。  
这足以让光勉强招架对立的攻击。  
  
直面身前那洪水般决堤的情感源泉，光将担任那「对立」之侧。  
岩石或许会风化，但却不会碎裂。她会平息这一切争端。|她们此刻是平手状态。两方所各自钦定的Arcaea，此刻正由那光滑的表面散射出光球与剧烈的光线。  
  
确实，她们始终不相上下……直到对立改变了目标。  
表面上正企图冲破对方防线，对立却悄无声息地将自己的碎片群重定向一番，送至了光的身体右侧。  
  
这一举动造成的影响不可估量。在魔光闪烁般的爆炸中，光的单侧膝盖失去了平衡。  
紧随其后，对立阴险狡诈的目光随着手中的阳伞一同朝前方刺去。  
阳伞的尖端正指向那原本的目标部位：她对手的前额。  
  
完全没有一丝踌躇。电光火石间的瞬息一刺。  
  
光死死地闭上了双眼。对立皱紧了眉头。|冲击被中途制止了。  
并不是由于她们的任何一者。这第三股力量源自她们二人之间。  
  
她们二人之间——是那片原先被逼出光的手掌心的异象碎片。  
尽管面对阳伞的全力突刺，也悬停于空中纹丝不动。  
光睁开双眼，难以置信地凝视着。  
  
"唉！？"  
  
"这是……"  
  
对立举起了另一只手，顺势带起一片玻璃碎片的漩涡。  
  
然而，光却同样未带迟疑，将手掌推向身前的异象碎片。  
紧接着，两人身旁的每一片自由碎片都猛烈摇晃了一瞬——  
由利刃组成的风雨接踵而至。

### 101-5

#### en

It begins like a storm.  
  
The falling glass, now under Hikari’s command, begins to dart everywhere and every way without  
order. Though the shards are hers to control, she cannot grasp how to truly use them for a little  
while.  
  
Tairitsu, aggravation and concern plain on her face, retreats. Hikari is thus left hidden in a swarm of  
edged memories, crouched and still as she concentrates on her newfound power.  
  
Tairitsu surveys the land, looking to the sky and to Hikari’s storm. She holds a hand up over her  
head, and thinks: to fight a storm, one must summon a deluge.  
  
Thus, from distant cities and white mountains, the glass of a thousand and more memories are  
immediately pulled by her call. Unlike Hikari’s untamed flurry, Tairitsu’s flock is a pattern,  
immaculately composed.  
  
Behind the girl in black, the glass assumes the shape of a giant rose, its petals falling one by one in  
swirling descents, slicing cleanly through the squall shielding the girl in white.|And Hikari—now standing, though afraid—can only respond in patterned kind.  
  
Bloom after bloom and chain after chain follow in their maddening, frantic, distant combat.  
From miles off, it seems things are exactly as Tairitsu wished: a clash of two storms.  
Rain fighting rain, "lightning" flashing throughout, and their undulating "clouds" joining the fray by  
bursting, spiraling, and flowing in an explosive display—a sparkling tumult of furious natural powers.  
  
And beneath the whirling and silver floods stand two girls, each with a blaze in her heart.  
  
Each avoid volleys of shards by mere millimeters, and they begin to run as they fight rather than  
holding their ground. Rushing through Arcaea’s plains, they cast glass artilleries and skid along  
the shining earth as their improvised bullets fall and scatter like shrapnel. Glass pursues, glass  
cuts off their routes, glass aims for feet in an attempt to pin the enemy in place.|It is madness: frenetic madness, chaotic yet constant.  
Their movements soon become nearly even, steady and regular.  
  
Evade, and fire, always.  
  
Within this overwhelming row of beauty and violence,  
they once again find themselves evenly matched.  
  
And thus it is Tairitsu’s turn to gain the upper hand.

#### zh-Hans

序幕之刻，好似一场暴风。  
  
如今这成百上千的坠落碎片均受到光的操控，却看似只是在毫无秩序地四下乱窜。  
尽管此刻已轮到光发号施令，她却显然还没有驾轻就熟。  
  
对立的脸上明摆着忧愤。她暂时朝后撤退起来。  
此时的光，身形已经湮没于星罗棋布的锐利「记忆」之中。  
她正屏气凝神地蜷缩膝盖，试图集中施展自己这股全新全异的力量。  
  
对立迅速勘测了周身地表的情形，仰头紧盯着高空中由光制造的暴风。她将一只手掌高举过头，  
心中思绪涌动。——若要战胜暴风，则需呼唤疾雨。  
  
潜匿于地平线彼端的城市废墟与纯白山脉的玻璃碎片——  
数凌千计的玻璃碎片，皆数响应着对立的号召，降临了此处。  
相对于光手下桀骜不驯的群魔乱舞，对立的军队远远显得要更加井然有序，队列更是完美无瑕。  
  
盘踞于纯黑之少女背后的碎片，纹理俨然是一朵巨大的玫瑰。  
宛若旋流般，玫瑰的花瓣被一片片地剥落而下，精确而迅速地切入那层层保卫着纯白之少女的飓风。|光因而只能挺直身躯——尽管她的心中满溢着恐惧。她被迫以包含规律的弹幕加以回击。  
  
弧光残影，千华缭乱。相距甚远的两人卷起这场雨横风狂的宿命之争。  
若是由数里之外加以眺望，此般景象正如对立所盼，好像两场风暴彼此间的激烈冲撞。  
风雨相争，创造电闪雷鸣，周身汹涌起伏的黯云有如一场华丽的爆炸般，于这场战斗中螺旋相缠。  
如同凶猛乖戾的自然力量，致使风云大乱。  
  
在这银白渲染的波涛之下，两名女孩相互对峙。  
燃烧于她们心中的是熊熊炽焰。  
  
凌空齐射的碎片也无法伤及对方分毫；二人在迅速躲闪攻击的同时也并未驻守原地，  
而是开始疾跑——疾跑于Arcaea的荒原之上，穿梭在玻璃汇聚而成的枪林弹雨之中，  
不时回避着因爆裂而产生的高速弹片。  
碎玻璃对二人穷追不舍。  
碎玻璃将二人阻截于半路。  
碎玻璃不断尝试着刺入二人的双脚，这是二人试图将对方牢牢固死在原地。|狂怒：彻底失控的狂怒，混乱而又不失守序。  
二人的步伐、一举一动……逐渐变得近乎同步。规律而刻板地重复着规律而刻板的动作。  
  
闪避。  
开火。  
重复。  
  
在这无法言传，压倒性的绚彩狂华之中，二人再度势均力敌。  
  
继此之后，战斗轮到对立占据上风。

### 101-6

#### en

Her journey in this place has been hell.  
  
Hell from her birth to her first steps—no, even first steps were denied to her, weren’t they?   
She’d ventured outside of where she’d first awakened, and not long after her journey was abruptly  
and mercilessly stopped by a torrent of misery and tragedy.  
Ever since then, those two things had been doggedly following her.|It’s a joke.  
  
I’m a good person, she tells herself.  
  
I am not these dark clothes I was born with. I am not these dark memories I am tormented by.  
  
I am not a person who is "evil", I am an ordinary person tortured by an evil world.  
  
Without reason, without sense.  
A completely, horribly, cruel and merciless world.  
A nightmare one can’t wake from.  
  
And the ending, for me, is a pathetic death.  
  
...|That sort of thing, that kind of thinking, has brought tears to her eyes so many times before.  
  
Now, it’s over. No matter what, it’s over.  
  
With that thought in mind, while she grazes past glass sent at her by the girl she is trying to kill,  
she notes the presence of something strange.  
  
A familiar, grotesque presence she’d felt minutes before this.  
The feeling like reality itself has lost correctness.  
An impossible condition made manifest.  
  
That anomalous feeling is just beside her cheek.|She looks to her right, and the violet-tinged and grossly warped glass of an anomaly comes into  
her sight. It is only a moment, only a whim.  
  
Yet it tells everything.  
  
As expected of the aberrant shard, it does not hold simple memory—but beyond expectation, it  
holds impossible answers.  
  
In an instant, as soon as the shine of its surface has met with her eyes—  
  
—with a sensation that the inside of her skull has been bathed in light, almost full knowledge of the  
world, of near everything that ever and absolutely was, unlocks vivid understanding in her mind.|Their names.  
Their pasts.  
This world.  
Its purpose.  
Her: "Hikari".  
Her: "Tairitsu".  
"Eto" and "Kou"... "Saya" and "Lethe"... "Luna", and—names; countless names.  
  
Even facts of other worlds, destinations of other travelers, ends, beginnings,  
and elaborated reasons too—all of it.  
  
And the truth, the whole truth, that—|Before her, Hikari stops briefly, noticing the obvious shift in her aggressor’s demeanor.  
There’s a change. There’s fear.  
  
So, that’s it. That’s everything.  
  
Tairitsu glimpsed the truth of this cage dubbed "reality". With that truth, she’s claimed power.  
And with both, knowing everything... Knowing everything, what exactly would change?  
  
Her feelings curdle and churn. The endless bitterness packed in her chest flows out of it and  
courses through her—onto her tongue, into her teeth. Her lips twist into a morose and bitterly  
maudlin grin. Morose and maudlin, but undoubtedly, strangely, mirthful.|Laugh, girl. Call forth a Tempest.  
  
The path here was blazed by the worst recollections of mankind,  
and what remains at the end is,  
and ever will be,  
the end.  
  
At the terminus, one of the two will die.

#### zh-Hans

她在此处的旅途，无异于身临地狱。  
  
自诞生以来便已然踏入地狱中心——  
或者说，自己也许根本就没得到过踏出第一步的机会吧？  
苏醒而来的她冒险踏入了外部的世界，但随之邂逅的苦痛与厄运好似暗潮般唐突地毁掉了她的旅途。  
之后，那两个灾祸的象征便紧紧地跟随着她。|简直是在开玩笑。  
  
我可是个好女孩。她于心中自言自语。  
  
这身漆黑的衣裙本就不该代表我的存在。这些黑暗的回忆始终折磨着我，可我又不是它们的同类。  
  
我根本不是个「邪恶」之人。我只是个普通人，一个生于只存在邪恶的世界，因而饱受折磨的普通人。  
  
荒谬无理。简直构成不了任何逻辑。  
一个残忍得可怕，从根本角度上而言的无情世界。  
一场永远无法苏醒的噩梦。  
  
而属于我的结局，便是一场悲惨的死亡。  
  
……|那样的事实，那样的想法，让泪水无数次在她的眼眶满溢。  
  
现在，这一切已经结束了。不管是什么事，已经结束了。  
  
将这一思绪怀藏于心之际，面前那名自己想要杀害的少女正将另一块玻璃送向自己。  
而就是在与那片玻璃擦肩而过时，她却忽然注意到了什么异常的画面。  
  
正是数分钟前那种熟悉的，怪诞到让自己反胃的感觉。  
好比「现实」本身失去了正确性。仿佛绝对不可能发生的场景在眼前出现。  
  
而那特异感知的源头，几乎紧贴着自己的脸颊。|她朝着右方看去。一枚由淡紫色点缀的，外形极度歪曲的异象碎片，映入眼帘。  
单单是眨眼之间的相会。  
  
却足以回答一切。  
  
如同她所预料的一般，这枚异常的碎片所包含的并不是普通的回忆——  
但完全超乎预料，碎片中出现了本绝不可能存在的答案。  
  
转瞬之间，快到仅仅是碎片表面的反光与视网膜相撞——  
  
——感受到自己的颅内就像被光芒所充溢般，一眨眼的功夫便近乎通晓了有关这世界的一切：  
所有曾经几时存在——且必定存在的事物。一眨眼的功夫，她的脑海中便已然开朗。|她们的名字。  
她们的过去。  
这个世界。  
——存在的目的。  
她：「光」。  
她：「对立」。  
「爱托」与「红」……「咲弥」与「忘却」……  
「露娜」，以及……名字；无法计数的名字。  
  
甚至是关乎其他世界的真相，属于其他旅行者的终点，结局、序言、完美详尽的因果：一切的一切。  
  
以及真理。全部的事物所指向的真理，便是——|她的身前，光短暂地止住了步伐。她察觉到了面前那名对手态度的明显转变。  
的确有什么变化产生。  
恐惧。  
  
所以，真理就是如此。我已知晓真理。  
  
对立早已目睹「现实」被禁锢的真理。而只需明白这一真理，她便会拥有力量。  
但若两者兼具，通晓万事……通晓万事，又有什么用？  
  
本已凝固的思绪，如同被再次强行乱搅一番。  
那股盘踞于她胸腔内的无尽苦涩逐渐一路蔓延而上，沾染了自己的舌根，钻入牙缝之中。  
她的嘴唇扭曲得好似一抹忧郁而感性的微笑。  
忧郁而感性，却毫无疑问地，怪诞地——快乐。|狂笑吧，少女。呼唤狂风暴雨吧。  
  
此处的道路尽收人类所能拥有的最恶回忆。而存在于终点的——  
始终都——只会是终点。  
  
抵达终站的同时，她们两者之间的一人，必须死。

### 101-7

#### en

The illusion of an even match shatters, and with its destruction Hikari’s hope finally begins to waver.  
  
Without warning, Hikari’s storm flies to Tairitsu’s side, cloaking the other girl in darkness and light.  
As they surround her, her eyes shut for a moment—and when they open again,  
those countless memories unfurl behind her as six gargantuan wings.  
  
Now hanging in the sky in blatant defiance of nature,  
she lays her sharpened eyes on Hikari.  
  
A simple look reveals to Hikari that the path to victory has been nearly closed.  
She had thought the girl a beast before, and now she sees her as what she is:  
above, and nigh impossible.  
  
Glass rises up behind her like a gigantic sheet: a skylight, shimmering and clear.  
  
Below, Hikari has little to nothing to fight what will come. At least, that’s how it feels, but...  
No... The girl in black does not have everything. This can be survived. It can!  
Hikari takes up twenty memories as the window to the heavens breaks.  
  
At first, only a handful of shards hurtle down at her, but they do so rather... slowly.  
It disarms her. She starts to think, "this is possible."  
As though the elaborate display a moment ago was only that: a display.  
  
As before, Hikari shields herself, quickly blocking the falling glass with unshakable focus,  
her eyes darting this way and that to keep measure of the flitting, brilliant crowd.  
It makes her confident—she misses nothing. She allows herself a smile.  
  
At the least, she’ll be able to run from this. At the least, this won’t be the end.  
  
A single piece then flies to the middle of her chest, its delivery interpretable only as a message.  
It had flown faster than any other piece of Arcaea she’d ever seen.  
The girl above speaks to her through this glass shard: "Enough games."  
  
"And enough wasting time. Give up—and die."  
  
The shard cuts through her dress, and Hikari looks into Tairitsu’s eyes.  
The girl in black is smiling now, all the sadness and anger gone from her face.  
And it’s the most frightful thing she’s ever witnessed in her life and in her memories.  
  
The shard falls out without having reached her skin.  
  
The broken pane whirls into a side-winding tornado. Its mouth barrels down onto her,  
slicing fabric and skin, but otherwise simply passes by.  
In this is one more message: before the end, the girl in black wants her enemy to know where this began.  
  
Fear overwhelms her. In this riptide of glass, rushing and cutting past her in powerful amounts,  
turning up and swirling as if pulled by a great wind, she is made absolutely afraid.  
So petrified, she stands fast and watches.  
  
She stands, watching memories of a filthy world.  
  
Memories of pain, betrayal, envy.  
  
Death, suffering, and decay.  
  
Dark. They are only dark. Wherever it is these shards reflect... she sees little light there.  
Whatever small sparks she sees fade away in an instant.  
This is what the other girl described to her.  
  
The vile reflections of places gone that had been tormenting her since her awakening—  
she would now use them to torment another.  
  
Glass hooks under Hikari’s sleeves and stabs into her skirt.  
They drag her upward, up into a domain where she can no longer stand.  
  
Tears fill her eyes as an emotion fills her heart: the emotion that comes when recognizing imminent death.  
This is not fear.  
"Terror" is too little to describe it.  
  
Desperation? Hope?  
An awful, arresting feeling.  
  
Her own memories run through her head. It’s as if she’s searching for one that will stand out—  
one that will inform her that she’s come across something like this in the past,  
and this is how to escape.  
  
But nothing comes.  
  
The black storm rages over torso, cutting with little mercy.  
Pure torturous intent, coming closer and closer,  
as if the intent alone would inflict a fatal wound upon her flesh...  
  
It is unbelievable.  
  
The situation is so far beyond anything she’s ever borne witness to,  
whether in her own memories of those of others.  
This disgusting blend of facing the unknown, yet knowing precisely what awaits her on the other side...  
  
Horror.  
Not fear.  
Horrific understanding.  
  
There is no control over glass for her here.  
Something, anything—an anomaly—a miracle.  
If something like that appeared, she could make it out. She could step away. She could live.  
  
If there was ever a time, it is now, and here.  
  
The ground below bursts, as if the world itself is rising up to join the hunt.  
It is now.  
Now! A shard will come to save her!  
  
She prays with all her being for the will of the world to fly to her side and spare her!  
  
For some mechanism of fate, for the wheel of fortune itself,  
to produce a "god" that will grant her victorious power!  
  
Beg for it. Hope for it.  
Hold that piece which once brought you salvation close to your bleeding chest once again.  
That symbol of rescue, of redemption... It will surely—!  
  
  
  
Another shard pierces her body, a hateful stake driving at her heart.  
It does not reach through, does not strike the heart itself. But its message—a final message—does.  
One last message from the girl tormenting her: a simple, merciless message.  
  
"No."  
  
The almost lethal blade in Hikari’s breast holds the memory of a vast and all-consuming fire.  
  
So close to death, her heart thumps, reminding her she’s alive.  
  
Her pupils shrink to points.  
  
Like that memory of flame, her body burns.  
It burns with a fluid, vicious heat.  
Pain. Agony. Blood—  
  
Her savior shard falls from her hand as she reaches that hand for the terrible wound.  
  
And then, a jagged piece of glass whirls out of the tempest and finds the back of that hand.  
  
Sound escapes her.  
  
Run twice through, her breath has gone as well.  
  
Her gaze is steady on the trio of unthinkable sights before her.  
  
This reality, horrible and unimaginable as it is, nonetheless "is".  
  
And so her thoughts, too, begin to vanish.

#### zh-Hans

“战斗势均力敌”——这样的美梦破灭了。与此一同瓦解的，还有光那终于开始动摇的希望。  
  
原本由光指引的风暴，毫无任何先兆地朝着对立的侧面刮去。阴影与光芒交错，层叠掩埋起那女孩的身姿。  
就此碎片缠绕身体之际，她的双眼忽地紧紧闭上——而就在片刻后，当双目再次睁开之际，  
那无数错杂的回忆，在她的背后形成了六只巨大的羽翼。  
  
届时，她浑身散发着对整个自然界的公然蔑视，浮于上空，  
将尖锐的视线刺入光的瞳孔。  
  
单单一个眼神便足以让光心知肚明，她基本已经失去了所有胜算。  
光曾经错以为面前那女孩是一头野兽；此刻，自己终于认清了那女孩的身份：  
高高在上，绝对无法触及的存在。  
  
玻璃碎片在对立的背后升起，这场面好似一张巨型的帘幕：一扇清晰的，宏光闪烁的天窗。  
  
位于下方的光，几乎没有任何东西可以用来抗衡即将到来的一切。至少，这就是她的第一感觉。但是……  
不……那纯黑的少女还未拥有一切。她可以在这里活下来。必定可以！  
那扇通往天国的窗户碎裂之际，光从中取下了二十枚记忆。  
  
最初，只有寥寥几枚碎片朝着她飞驰而去。可是，它们却显得极为……迂缓。  
这让她卸下了重担。她开始在心中默念：“可能性必然存在。”  
就好像顷刻前目睹的那一幕仅仅是这种事情：一场表演。  
  
如同彼时一样，光将自己稳固地防御起来，潜心贯注地抵挡着坠落而下的碎玻璃。  
她的目光不断左右横扫，时不时地确认着那群光芒万丈的碎片正处于什么方位。  
这让她拾回了充足的信心——她没有遗失任何事物。她默许一丝笑容出现在自己的脸上。  
  
就算迎来最坏的局势，至少她可以从这里顺利逃走。至少这并不会是属于自己的终点。  
  
于是，一片玻璃飞向了自己的胸口正中央。它的到来，只能被理解为试图向自己传递一则信息。  
它的飞行速度，比她曾见到的任何Arcaea都要快上数倍。  
正位于上方的另一名女孩，通过这片玻璃碎片，向她说道：“玩够了。”  
  
“也不要浪费我的时间了。早点投降——然后死。”  
  
那枚玻璃碎片从她的裙边穿透而过。而光，则望向了对立的双眼。  
那身着黑衣的女孩，此刻正微微笑着。她的脸上，再也见不到一丝忧愤的阴云。  
但那却是她毕生的记忆中，最恐怖的事物。  
  
那一枚碎片并未接触到光的身体，而是摔落在地面上。  
  
毁坏的天窗开始旋转起来，逐渐形成一柱倾斜的龙卷。它的血盆大口正准备将她的身体吞噬，  
割裂了布料与皮肤，但只做到这一步为止，便飞离她的肉体。  
这场面，显然阐释着另一则信息：在迎来结局之前，那纯黑的少女想要自己的敌人清楚一切从何而始。  
  
恐惧席卷了她的每个细胞。玻璃组成的激流，以庞大的数量呼啸、切割着她的身体，  
就像被劲风牵扯般转动着身躯。她陷入了极度害怕的状态。  
好似一尊石像，她只是呆呆地站在原地，注视着一切。  
  
她伫立在原地，注视着属于一个污秽世界的回忆。  
  
刻画着痛苦、背叛、嫉妒的回忆。  
  
殒命、暴虐、凋零。  
  
黑暗。只是纯粹的黑暗。不论这些碎片究竟反射了何处的风景……她从中都近乎见不到一丝光芒。  
不论是多么渺小的火花，都会在转瞬间消逝。  
那女孩，也曾将这一画面这样描述给自己。  
  
从苏醒以来，便一直蹂躏着她。那些污秽至极的倒影——  
此刻，她将用相同的事物去蹂躏另一个人。  
  
玻璃碎片将光的衣袖从里侧勾起，刺入她的长裙。  
它们将她拉至上方——直到自己再也无法倚靠双足站立。  
  
就像泪水已经盈眶般，那一股情感也满溢着自己的内心：在人们意识到自己即将死去时，便会来临的情感。  
这并不是畏惧。  
“恐怖”这种词，毫无用以形容的权利。  
  
心灰意冷？满怀希望？  
那种令她感到恐惧的，将自己拘束的感觉。  
  
届时涌入她脑中的，是属于她本人的回忆。就好像她在试图寻找其中的某一段；一段显得出众的回忆——  
一段能够告知她，自己曾在过去遭遇过类似的噩运，并且成功将其克服——如此的回忆。  
从中，她能学到该怎样逃走。  
  
并不存在。  
  
黑色的风暴狂吼着侵袭着自己的躯体——不带一丝怜悯地切割着她。  
残虐，如此单纯的意图。不断地接近、接近……  
好似这意愿本身，就足以在她身上留下致命伤痕。  
  
不可置信。  
  
这样的场面，早已超脱了她从诞生至今所亲眼见证的任何事物；  
自己亲身经历的，抑或是属于其他人的。  
混杂着这种令人厌恶的，面对未知事物时才会出现的感觉，但又对静候着自己的事物心知肚明……  
  
惊骇。  
并不是畏惧。  
这般惊骇的领悟。  
  
这里不存在任何受她指挥的玻璃碎片。  
随便什么，不管什么都好——异象——奇迹。  
随便哪件事情发生了，都会是她的救命稻草。她就能趁机逃逸。她就能活下去。  
  
若这般展开必然发生；此刻、此处，便是最佳时机。  
  
下方的大地开始崩裂，看着就像世界本身也想要加入这场猎杀。  
正是此刻。  
此刻！会有一枚碎片前来拯救她！  
  
她真诚地祈祷着——全心全意地祷告，祈求世界的意愿，为帮助她而站到自己的身旁！  
  
命运女神也好，幸运之轮也罢，无论是谁——  
纵然是捏造出一位“神明”，赐予她足以创造胜利的力量！  
  
哀求着。期望着。  
紧紧握住那片曾经将你救赎的存在，再度贴在你那染血的胸前。  
拯救的象征。象征着灵魂的赎身……它将必然——！  
  
  
  
又一片碎片穿透了她的身体，将那憎恶的火桩捅入了她的心脏。  
尽管它并未直接伤及她的心脏。但它所怀揣的讯息——那终末的讯息——已经做到了。  
从那残虐着她的女孩那里传来的，临终的讯息：简略，冷血。  
  
“不。”  
  
那闯入光的心脏，几乎将她置于死地的利刃，届时只向她呈现出这般回忆——熊熊燃烧，吞噬一切的烈火。  
  
触手可及的死亡。她的心脏猛地悸动了一下，让她意识到自己仍然活着。  
  
她的瞳孔缩小，如同墨点。  
  
就像那映射烈火的记忆一般，她的身体仿佛被火焰灼烧。  
伴随着流淌于空气中的邪恶高温，灼烧着。  
疼痛。痛苦。鲜血——  
  
尝试将手伸向那可怕的伤口时，手中的救赎碎片也摔落下去。  
  
接着，一枚锯齿状的碎片，从暴风雨中席卷过来，刺中了她的手背。  
  
已经发不出任何声音了。  
  
身体也被刺中了两次。如今，她就连呼吸也做不到了。  
  
她的视线凝固于面前由不可思议的画面所组成的三重奏。  
  
此般现实。如此地骇人而难以想象，但确实“如此”。  
  
她的思维，也逐渐开始消逝。

### 101-8

#### en

And now, instincts begin to lurch, old and forgotten, in the wake of those thoughts.  
  
They haven’t yet taken hold, those discarded yet practical sensibilities. They have only stirred.  
She is still afraid.  
She clings to hope by a little finger.  
  
  
  
Somehow, she manages to pull on ten memories to aid her,  
striking out the needle-glass that had been keeping her in the sky.  
  
Ingloriously she drops to the now-deformed ground,  
her chosen pieces afterward hovering over her crumpled, aching body.  
Oddly enough, she finds herself smiling now, too.  
  
She pushes herself up with her left hand. For all the enmity evident in Tairitsu’s assault,  
she had taken too much pleasure in inflicting torture on her enemy’s body,  
rather than inflicting any sort of mortal blow.  
  
Even the shard now in Hikari’s chest,  
so near to her beating heart and flickering with horrid, wrathful flame,  
did not do the deed.  
  
Maybe it wasn’t intended to.  
Regardless, Hikari is still alive.  
  
She feebly sends forth an attack, which is quickly swatted down by the girl flying above her.  
That girl now looks worse than any described devil Hikari has heard of in old memories.  
  
A veritable dark queen, ruling night in a world of day.  
That ecstatic, yet obviously empty smile...  
  
Seeing this, Hikari can feel it: how her own feelings are beginning to slip away.  
  
Stark reality is sobering her more and more, and rather than dread it,  
as she had been only minutes—no, seconds ago,  
she begins instead to register each fact present to the situation.  
  
Slowly—or, as slowly as Tairitsu will allow. Her attack is unending.  
  
Shifting her body left and right, guarding her weakest areas with what few memories remain to her,  
Hikari examines their field of battle.  
  
It has been torn asunder, and now looks more a wasteland than ever before.  
Ripped, ruined all through, like a town in the aftermath of military bombardment.  
The glass around them is uncountable. The power Tairitsu has is immeasurable.  
  
Hikari herself is weak.  
Not only in terms of strange abilities and control over glass—her body has been run ragged.  
She doesn’t have much left before she falls from weariness alone.  
  
Perhaps she could find an anomaly, but say she couldn’t.  
What then?  
She couldn’t, so "then" is "now".  
  
So?  
How do you go on when the way is completely obstructed?  
Should you...? Go on?  
  
Glass strikes her shoulder, shining with light.  
Hikari stares into its reflection.  
So, the other girl can control light too, now. Well...  
  
She decides to think over what she’s observed once again.  
She recognizes that she could die here, or she could not.  
These are the two possibilities, and knowing that, she finds herself in acceptance.  
  
This could be the end.  
  
In a moment, this could all be over.  
And while she’d rather it not, she can’t help but echo the idea:  
"So it goes."  
  
After thought, hope, and feeling...  
determination is the last to fade from her.  
  
  
  
This.  
  
This...  
  
This is not... a laying down of arms.  
No...  
  
When she pulls the shard from her hand,  
her eyes briefly dazzled from the white flames licking up and searing closed her wound,  
she does not press it to her neck.  
  
She would certainly prefer to live... but she would not mind.  
She wouldn’t mind, with the odds being so impossible.  
  
Hikari stands in the wind of blades, barely a shard in her employ.  
She can’t discern Tairitsu’s face anymore.  
Her domain has become pandemonium, and seeing through it is too difficult.  
  
Eventually, while trudging through the flying glass, Hikari notices that  
some segments of the whirlwind are reversing in fits and starts.  
The bizarre movement is so unnatural she genuinely wonders if the girl above her is doing it on purpose.  
  
It’s reminiscent, she thinks, of a skipping video.  
It isn’t any better or worse than the bullet curtains she’s been facing so far, but it is quite peculiar.  
  
The earth quakes.  
  
She utters a "Wha...?" as she feels it.  
The earth, quaking?  
Here?  
  
It could be that the ground will break again.  
Thinking that, Hikari shields her face and chest with her arms.  
When nothing comes, she remains curious about the phenomenon.  
  
If it wasn’t the girl above her, Tairitsu wouldn’t have noticed it—after all, she was flying now.  
  
More of the blade storm is shifting and roiling in rough, rigid movements now.  
She decides to throw a crew of glass the other girl’s way again.  
It passes easily through the waves again, but then it suddenly turns very bright and breaks away.  
  
The shards don’t break themselves... They vanish, and the space where they were looks as if it is cracked.  
Once she sees this—once she recognizes what she’s seeing—everything around her enters stasis.  
  
In this instant, the obsidian-glass which had been flying all around her is stuck fast within reality.  
To her, it looks absolutely beautiful.  
  
A smile crosses her lips without her wanting. "How pleasant," she whispers, chuckling to herself.  
Something so beautiful here: where she could soon find her grave.  
It’s so bizarre that it is... to laugh. So she does. She makes earnest yet sad, dry laughter...  
  
But as motion gradually returns to the objects around her, and to the one above...  
Above...  
The sky...?  
  
A fracture splits across it.  
It widens, carving a shape out of heaven, and that immense segment begins to plummet.  
Even more bizarrely, hundreds of images flash across it, blinking rapidly from one to the next.  
  
The world begins to fall into strange ruin.  
As Hikari bears witness to this, more satisfaction rises to her smile.  
The storm is still slow, the image—too fantastic.  
  
The sky—the genuine sky, not an artificial one—is falling, stopping, and falling again,  
as if grand pieces of a celestial puzzle are being moved and switched by some befuddled god.  
  
And...  
watching it...  
her smile begins to gradually recede.  
  
The look in her eyes grows colder, her breath slows,  
and the faint glimmer of excitement provided by this cataclysmic view is snuffed out,  
replaced with objectivity. Her opinion on the disaster destroying all is delivered in a single word.  
  
With a little appreciation, in a mostly hollow tone, she says, "Delightful."  
As if the word has any meaning.  
As if the fall has any meaning.  
  
As if the world has any meaning.

#### zh-Hans

而此刻，就在彻底失去思考能力后，光的求生本能终于开始运作——那种古老，曾被遗忘的本能反应。  
  
只是那些客观实用的求生本能，却被光悉数抛弃。它们最后也只是“开始运作”罢了。  
她依然感到恐惧。  
几乎是只用一根小拇指，却仍牢牢扣住的希望。  
  
  
  
几乎是莫名其妙地，她居然成功将十枚回忆召唤至自己身旁，  
把那些将她身体固定于半空中的细针状玻璃皆数撞开。  
  
以如此不光彩的方式，摔落到扭曲崩裂的地面上，  
随后，她所选中的碎片们，围着她伤痕累累的身体绕起圈来。  
足够奇怪的是，她发现今朝的自己也同样微笑着。  
  
她借助左臂将身子撑了起来。从对立的攻击中透露的敌意清晰可辨，  
可她过于享受摧残自己敌人的肉体，  
以至于迟迟未下任何杀手。  
  
哪怕是在此刻存留于光胸腔中的碎片，  
是那么靠近她那跳动的心脏，让她经受了那么耀眼，骇人，愤怒的烈焰——  
哪怕已经做到这一步，却仍未致命。  
  
或许这并不是对立的初衷。  
但不管怎么回事，光清楚自己仍然活着。  
  
她虚弱地送出了一波攻势，却被上方正翱翔于空的那位女孩轻而易举地扑灭。  
光所听闻的古老回忆中，完全不存在像那女孩一般可怕的恶魔。  
  
她是名副其实的女王，在这白昼的世界中统治着黑夜。  
那丝展露着狂喜的微笑，却空虚得毋庸置疑……  
  
望见这幅景象后，光也终于能体会到相同的事物：自己心中的所有情感，是如何迈向毁灭的。  
  
鲜明的现实只会让她变得愈发清醒，而不是使她更加畏缩，  
譬如她在几分钟前的心理状态——不，几秒前。  
她开始认知起当今形势中存在的每一件事实。  
  
缓慢地——或者说，是在条件允许的情况下，尽可能缓慢地认知着事态。对立的攻势，在此期间从未停歇。  
  
将身体左右挪移，用仅剩的回忆去保护自己肉体最脆弱的部位。  
同时，光观察着二人如今的战场。  
  
面前的景象是如此残败不堪。现在的这里，比从前的任何时间都更像一片“荒原”。  
被撕裂的地面，处处都只留下残亘断瓦。这里简直是一座被严重轰炸过的城镇。  
环绕着她们二人的玻璃根本无法计数。对立所拥有的力量更是不可估量。  
  
光的自身，太弱小了。  
并不只是指代自己控制玻璃碎片的能力——衣衫褴褛的她，浑身本就受满了伤。  
她早就没剩下多少耐力——光是疲劳便足以战胜她仅剩的神智。  
  
也许她仍可能找到一场异象，但此刻只可假设她做不到。  
所以在这之后，她又得去寻找什么？  
她做不到。既然她做不到，那就不存在任何假设的必要。  
  
于是？  
前进的道路都彻底毁了，你还怎么向前走？  
再者，你甚至……该向前走吗？  
  
玻璃闪耀着光芒，冲击着她的双肩。  
光凝视着玻璃反射的画面。  
所以，那个女孩现在和她一样，也能控制光芒了。那好……  
  
她再度企图重新思考自己所观测到的一切。  
她明白自己可能会死在这里，但也可能不会。  
留给她的只有这两个可能性。知晓这一事实后，她发现自己逐渐认同了自己的命运。  
  
这里确实可以是她生命的终点。  
  
只需刹那间的功夫，这一切就都能落幕。  
而每当她祈求这不要变成事实的时候，她却做不了任何事。她只能重复这样的想法：  
“别无他路可走。”  
  
在丢失了思维、希望与感官之后……  
意志是最后离开她的事物。  
  
  
  
还没有。  
  
还没有……  
  
还没有……到屈服的时候。  
不要……  
  
当她将先前刺入手中的碎片狠狠拔出后，  
燃起的纯白火舌瞬间便吞噬了她的伤口，不禁使她一阵眼花目眩。  
她并未将手按压在自己的脖子上。  
  
她显然会宁可活下去……但她并不会介意。  
她不会介意，毕竟奇迹发生的可能性是那么渺小。  
  
光直立于刀刃的狂风之中。听从她指挥的碎片，近乎不存在。  
她已经无法再辨认出对立的脸。  
她所身处的区域已经骚动不堪。若想让视线穿透这些碎片，实在是过于艰难。  
  
最终，就在试图缓慢穿过飞舞的玻璃时，  
她留意到风暴的某些部分正在整齐地逆旋。  
这样不自然的怪异现象，让她自心底怀疑这是不是上面那女孩的有意之举。  
  
就像是正在跳帧的视频，她如此联想。  
尽管与自己曾遭遇的弹幕相比，这种现象并没有好坏上的区别。但它的确显得过于古怪了。  
  
地面猛烈震荡起来。  
  
感觉到这一迹象知识，她脱口而出一句“什……”  
地面在……震动？  
就在这儿？  
  
很有可能是地表将要再一次开裂。  
这个念头浮现的瞬间，光便用手掌挡住脸庞，顺势用手臂护住了胸前。  
但之后并没有任何事情发生，而她仍旧对这突发现象保持着十足的好奇心。  
  
如果这不是上面那女孩的所作所为，那她也自然不会察觉到这件事——毕竟，现在的她仍在天上飞。  
  
现在的这片刀刃风暴之中，只存在更多的碎片正以那粗糙死板的路径呼啸翻腾。  
她决定再将一队碎片掷入另外那名女孩的路径上。  
那些碎片——它们轻而易举地穿透了风暴的波浪，但却忽然发出诡异的强光，接着便崩坏消逝。  
  
碎片本身并没有损毁……它们只是凭空消失，在原处留下了好似裂痕的空间。  
而就在她目睹这一迹象后——就在她意识到自己看到了什么东西的那一瞬间——所有的事物都陷入了静止状态。  
  
在这顷刻间，那些本围绕着她盘旋的黑曜石玻璃也被牢牢牵制于原地。  
对她而言，这幅画面是那么美不胜收。  
  
一抹截然不受自己意愿所控的微笑，令她的嘴角微微上扬。“多么令人愉快啊。”她这样低语道，咯咯地笑着。  
这里存在着某种极为美丽的事物：哪怕这里很快便会立起自己的坟墓。  
这真是奇异到令人……发笑。她的确笑出了声。她发出了如此真心诚意，却这般悲伤，这般干枯的笑声……  
  
只是，就在周遭的场景逐渐回归正常，流动的时间也终于回到位于上方的那名女……  
位于……上方……  
……天空？  
  
一道裂痕瞬间出现于天空之上。  
那裂缝急剧扩宽，逐渐刻画出宛若天堂般的轮廓。紧接着，那巨大的断层开始下坠。  
更令人感到离奇的是，数百张画面正在它的表面上流窜，接连扑闪着光辉。  
  
整个世界都渐渐开始堕落为一片古怪的残骸。  
光在将这一幕尽收眼底之际，脸上的微笑也变得更加满足。  
暴风雨仍转动得极为缓慢。这幅画面——真的太梦幻了。  
  
那片天空——那片货真价实的天空，绝非人造物体——正在坠落。忽然完全停止，接着再度坠落，  
好似一幅天文拼图的碎片正被某位醉酒的神明肆意移动着。  
  
并且……  
注视着这幅景象……  
她的微笑开始逐渐逝去。  
  
她的眼神变得冰冷，呼吸也逐渐变慢，  
因这种灾难性的画面而点亮的微弱激情，也终于熄灭——  
被客观思绪所完全替代。对于这场即将毁灭万物的灾难，她只传达出了单单一个词语。  
  
语气中带着一丝微弱的赞扬，更多的却是空洞。她说道：  
“太美妙了”  
就好像这个词语存在任何意义。就好像那场崩塌存在任何意义。  
  
就好像这世界存在任何意义。

## The End

### 102-1

#### en

For a moment, she was remembered. That was enough.  
  
The world bowed to the girl marked by red, as white fire rose from her body. Now cloaked in flames  
that will not burn without her say, she wonders why this has come to pass. Her foe was stopped. The  
battle, for a moment, was stopped. And there is more. Above there is more.  
  
All because she has touched on what once was; when faced with the thought of dying, she was not afraid.  
  
However, dying was also the last thing that she wanted. And still, now, she refuses to die.|Now, in a valley of nothing, beneath a sundered sky, her blood falls but does not strike the ground. Only  
beyond here can a single tower be seen: the bell tower of a hollow church, jutting there between the  
divide as if to mark it for those below.  
  
The conclusion approaches now. It was expected.  
  
Was it fate?|Now, there is starlight in the heavens. The veil is rent, and the darkness behind it is glittering. Is it within  
her notice? Does that matter? The pictures have slowed, and stopped. The fall of the firmament has  
slowed, and stopped. Her blood is hot. Her eyes are dull.  
  
And Tairitsu knows: despite their dullness, those eyes promise "demise". She knows. She swallows what  
little spit dampens her otherwise dried-out tongue and throat. She meets those eyes. Wordlessly, she  
vows to defy them.|In Hikari's heart, "emptiness" threatens. However, it isn't the emptiness that Tairitsu can view through  
the silent girl's stare. "Will" lurks, but not in weakness. There is a sincere will to survive, unkillable in  
Hikari's soul. It will not perish. Wordlessly, she vows to live.  
  
Tairitsu moves forth like a dragon.  
  
The world holds her back, and still, like an untamable beast, she resists. Is this atmosphere? It is force—  
ripping at her skin, and yet she drives forward still, to the true beast standing on the earth. That beast  
turns her head.|The world seems to turn on its side, and at once Tairitsu meets the ground. Glass falls in a tumultuous  
clatter, splashing and scattering and flying out. She cannot feel her arm for a moment, but forces it to  
return to recognition. She drags herself onto her knees, and spots a white tongue of flame flashing  
through the shards beneath her. She flies backward then.  
  
The earth is set ablaze.  
  
The world turns again.  
  
Her stomach lurches with motion, though she soon stops and stands still.|And with no warning, before her stands the girl in white, a scarf of flames of the same the same pale  
color burning over shoulders.  
  
Once again, Tairitsu makes to retreat.  
  
Glass flies up—and down—to ensnare her, forming a great prism around her body. Her body trembles  
once before not moving at all.  
  
And so again, she looks into Hikari's eyes. Hikari does not look back. She looks only into the cage she's  
made.  
  
And, she whispers something, but...  
  
...it is nothing that the girl in black wants to hear.|Tairitsu's grasp shatters through the rough glass, aimed at Hikari's open neck. Hikari lifts her eyes to  
the hand.  
  
Seven colors ring out, and the flow of time goes still.

#### zh-Hans

有那么一瞬间，她为世人所缅怀。这样就足够了。  
  
白色火焰从染成红色的少女身体窜出，整个世界都在向她致敬。现在她被任凭意念操控的火焰紧紧包围着，  
并开始思考事情为何会发展至如此地步。她的敌人停了下来。这场战斗有那么一瞬间静止了。然而，  
还有更多。天空上方，还有更多。  
  
这都是因为她触碰到了往昔的事物。当死亡的想法出现在脑海时，她并不感到惧怕。  
  
不过，她也会尽力避免死亡的到来。现在也依然如此。她不愿就这样死去。|在四分五裂的天际下方，这个空无一物的山谷之中，她流着鲜血，但血液却没有碰触到地面。  
此处的另一头矗立着一座高塔，那是某个空洞教堂的钟楼，它位于分界之间，好似在提醒世人分界的存在。  
  
结局就要来了。全部都在意料之中。  
  
一切都是命运吗？|星光在天际乍现。帷幕被撕裂，原本藏于后方的黑暗显现而出。这也在她的预料之中吗？这重要吗？  
周遭的景物开始放慢，最终停止。苍穹塌陷的速度开始放慢，最终停止。她的血液正在沸腾。  
她的双眼神情呆滞。  
  
对立知道，呆滞的双眼之下，是"灭亡"的信念。她明白这个道理。她吞下一口唾沫，  
浸润干燥的舌头和喉咙。她看向那对眼睛。一语不发的她，暗自发誓一定要与之为敌。|"空无"侵蚀着光的内心。不过，对立从这位安静少女的凝视中所看见的并不是空无。潜伏的"意念"  
蠢蠢欲动，但那不是软弱。光的灵魂中有一股坚定想要活下去的意念永不磨灭。一语不发的她，  
暗自发誓一定要活下去。  
  
对立像条飞龙一样往前移动。  
  
整个世界都与她为敌，但即便如此，她还是像一头狂暴的野兽反抗着这一切。难道这就是气势吗？  
这股力量撕扯着她的皮肤，但她还是执意前进，冲向这个世界真正的野兽。那头野兽也将头转过来。|仿佛整个世界都突然转向一般，对立瞬间倒在了地上。掉落的玻璃发出嘈杂的声音，在空气中四处喷溅。  
她的手臂短暂失去知觉，但她凭借着意念强行唤醒了手臂。她勉强起身跪坐，  
发现她下方的碎片里闪过一道白色火焰。她紧接着向后飞行。  
  
整个地面都在起火燃烧。  
  
周遭的世界再次天旋地转。  
  
她的五脏六腑随着这股动能而感到不适，但她很快遏制住这样的感觉并站稳步伐。|在毫无预警的情况下，白衣少女站到了她的身前，颜色同样苍白的熊熊烈火环绕在对方的肩膀四周。  
  
对立再次准备撤退。  
  
碎片上下起伏飞动，在她身旁形成一个巨大的稜鏡困住了她。她的身体颤抖片刻，随后便完全静止。  
  
她再次看向光的双眸。光并没有回头。她只是静静看着她所打造的这个牢笼。  
  
接着，她低语说了些什么，但是……  
  
……这些话在黑衣少女的耳中听起来尤其刺耳。|对立握紧拳头打碎了坚固的玻璃，并瞄准光的脖颈。光抬头看向对方的那只手。  
  
七道色彩飞奔而出，时光的洪流停滞了下来。

### 102-2

#### en

Because the sentiment asking for her to stop all this is not kindness, but lack of care: a frightening and  
deeply seated apathy. This is what she always had. This profound indifference—she must have felt  
it before.  
  
Within her soul, two wills are at war.  
  
I can't, she thinks.  
  
I have to, she thinks.  
  
And these thoughts—they fight against those building sentiments of "should" and "shouldn't".  
  
But she feels a fire flickering in the depths of her heart; yes, her true wishes are much too strong to lose.|Hikari stands before Tairitsu, whose hand is out and whose face is contorted with rage. Around them,  
a rainbow has been torn apart and is bleeding through the air. Tairitsu cannot move. Hikari cannot move.  
  
Inside of her, hope asks, "When you bring back time, can't you just push her far away?" Her will-to-be  
considers it.  
  
That's fair, she thinks. Hope can't be a worthless thing.|The world begins to move again, and Tairitsu is sent, in an instant, behind that distant chapel's gates.  
Her impassioned grasp closes around one of its bars, and glass comes to help her tear the metal  
construct from its hinges. At once, she realizes what game the beast has played. She takes hold of  
whatever other glass can be found around her, and sends it all to the air, each flickering and each  
reflecting. She finds Hikari soon, and then she moves the earth.  
  
Things twist beneath that earth, and within the world's fabric, as Hikari plants down her foot in quiet  
rebellion. In a sudden but frightening way, she realizes that Tairitsu still has the aim—and the means—  
to take away all of this. So, to hope?|She chuckles.  
  
She already knew that hope was gone.  
  
The space between them warps. Which of them asked for this, neither can tell. They face each other  
behind the broken gate, within the shadow of that cathedral.  
  
And, with a smile, Hikari repeats herself. She tells Tairitsu, easily, "I said... you don't have to do this."  
  
It is nothing that the girl in black wants to hear.

#### zh-Hans

这种状况先前肯定也发生过。  
  
这种反抗的行为。这种——  
  
光能够感受到自己身旁的一切都正在分崩离析。  
  
在这个静止的片刻中，她能够感受到自己想要停下来的渴望。  
沮丧的情绪随时都有可能从这样的感觉中奔泻而出。|这是因为驱使她停下脚步的情感并非善良，而是不以为意的态度；那是一股可怕而且根深蒂固的冷漠。  
她向来如此。她以前想必也曾经感受过这股强烈的冷漠。  
  
在她的灵魂深处，两股意念正在交战。  
  
她心想，我办不到。  
  
她心想，我必须做到。  
  
这样的思绪对抗越来越强烈。是该，还是不该？  
  
但她也感觉到内心深处有股火焰在隐隐燃烧。没错，她真正的愿望强大到无法抹灭。|光站在对立面前，对方双手向外，面容因为愤怒而显得扭曲。她们周围有道被撕裂的彩虹，  
在空气中不断渗出色泽。对立无法动弹。光也无法动弹。  
  
希望，在她内心里问道："在你让时间重新开始流动时，直接把对方推得远远的不就好了吗？"   
她的求生欲让她思考着其中的可行性。  
  
她心想，这应该行得通。这种希望多少还是有它的用处。|周遭的世界再次开始流动，对立立刻向后飞去，消失在遥远的教堂大门后方。她奋力紧握其中一根铁棍，  
身旁的玻璃也聚在一起协助她撕裂这个金属造物的结构。在同一个瞬间，她明白了眼前这头野兽的把戏。  
她汇聚举目所及范围内的所有玻璃，并将这些玻璃释放到空中，每片玻璃都倒映出微微闪烁的光芒。  
她很快便找到了光的身影，接着她发动力量，使地表开始产生变化。  
  
地表下方的一切以及这个世界的本质都开始扭曲，光则是静静的踩在地面上拒绝屈服。  
她赫然意识到可怕的事实，那就是对立依然有动机和手段能够夺走这一切。夺走，所谓的希望？|她笑出声。  
  
她知道希望早已消逝。  
  
介于她们之间的空间开始扭曲变形。她们双方都已经无从判断，这一切究竟是谁挑起的。  
她们就这样站在大教堂阴影下毁损大门的两端，相互面对着彼此。  
  
光脸上露出微笑，再一次满不在乎地告诉对立："我说你啊……你并不需要做到这种地步。"  
  
这些话在黑衣少女的耳中听起来尤其刺耳。

### 102-3

#### en

"What 'has' to be done? Are you joking?" says Tairitsu.  
  
"You don't know why you're here, do you? Does anyone, other than me?"  
  
"What has to be done? You're right: nothing has to happen. Nothing in this place matters, and you... you  
don't even understand. You don't know anything."  
  
"I've kept it up long enough. Do you think I care to be here? You know, honestly, maybe I'm the 'hero' of  
this worthless story. Maybe I'm its 'villain'."  
  
"Whether I am, whether I'm not... Honestly, whatever; it doesn't really matter. Maybe... you ought to die."|"You're right. I don't have to do this."  
  
"Neither did you."  
  
...The words, pointed as they are, seem to roll out of her like smooth and heavy stones, bowling over and  
through Hikari before her.|To Hikari, it sounds only like insanity. She feels now like she and the other girl have been connected...  
but all that's in the other girl's mind is madness.  
  
Tairitsu knows that her mind is madness. And what of it, she thinks? It has been driven there. There is  
nothing to lose and nothing to gain.  
  
She speaks one final time, saying, "If you want to live, then kill me."  
  
"But you should know this first..."|"I want to die."  
  
Her words are sincere, and her sincerity and wickedness are manifested. Might fills Tairitsu's stomach  
and burns into her hands.  
  
She will force the ending now, no matter what it will be.|With that sentiment guiding her, she calls upon the shards to which neither girl has laid claim:  
  
The fragmented segments of the sky. They begin to fall, and the horizon darkens.

#### zh-Hans

"要做到什么地步？你在跟我开玩笑吗？"对立说道。  
  
"你并不知道自己为什么会来到这里，对吧？除了我之外，还有人意识到吗？"  
  
"要做到什么地步？你说得没错，我们可以避免这一切。这个地方所发生的任何一切都不重要，  
而你……你根本就不了解。你什么也不知道。"  
  
"我已经坚持够久了。你以为我想要来这里吗？老实说，我说不定是这个毫无意义的故事中的英雄呢。  
当然也有可能是反派。"  
  
"我是什么，又不是什么……都已经无所谓了，这并不是重点。有可能只是……你命本就该绝。"|"你说得对。我不需要做到这个地步。"  
  
"你过去也不需要。"  
  
……尖酸刻薄的话语像是圆滑的巨石一般从她的嘴里倾泻而出，一路滚动并穿过眼前的光。|这些话就光听起来，可说是狂人之言。如今，她感觉自己和眼前这位少女似乎已经连接在了一起……  
但对方的内心里只有满满的疯狂。  
  
对立知道她的心智已经变得疯狂。但她心想，那又如何？事已至此。已经没有什么好失去，  
也没有什么好在乎的了。  
  
她最后一次开口说道："如果你想要活下去，那就杀了我吧。"  
  
"但在那之前，我要告诉你……"|"我一心求死。"  
  
她听起来很真诚，她的真诚和邪恶都表露无疑。对立的体内充满力量，双手蓄势待发。  
  
她要强行结束一切，不论最终结果如何。|在这股情绪的引导下，她召唤出双方都还未曾掌握过的碎片。  
  
那些碎片是破裂天空的一部分。它们开始下坠，地平线也逐渐黯淡。

### 102-4

#### en

Hikari cannot control everything.  
  
Rather, her control was lost very quickly after she had gained it.  
  
A tug of war...  
  
No, this would be better referred to as a struggle—  
  
This would be better called a beating.|As the first part of the sky falls to the earth, crushing a part of the cathedral and showering everything in  
dust, it falls very near to her. This cannot be coincidence—it's too close to be chance. She understands,  
as more comes down, that Tairitsu has the sky.  
  
And that... can only be called absurd.|The land and the air—the glass, the wind—all of it is being heaved up, pulled down, turned and tossed.  
She can disappear some of it. She can point at some of it, and make it vanish into nothing but pale and  
transient fire. She can even pull parts of the sky to her thrall. When Tairitsu throws the world at her, she  
can catch and throw it back.  
  
It is cataclysmic: as if giants have descended, and now stomp down on the earth.|And amidst the white there is black she cannot touch, called from the distance. There are shards that  
Tairitsu will not give back. This, everything, is now being taken.  
  
As she battles back—as the plains and gates and buildings rumble—her teeth are forced to chatter. She  
plants her feet again, but can still feel tremors into her fingernails—into her skull. The cathedral  
standing over them groans as it is beaten by the debris of the heavens. But, it does not fall. Nor will she.|...She should have stopped this sooner. She had had a chance.  
  
Her heart beats. Her eyes narrow, only a bit—  
  
Is the core of the world going to break next? That's what the other girl wants, right?  
  
As she thinks that, as she holds the landscape together and thinks—so quickly thinks about how  
to stop her, if that is the case—|Her chest is leashed. A line of Arcaea flies from the darkness and wraps her chest in a pointed  
embrace. Fire burns this away, but her chest is leashed again.  
  
Her arms are leashed. With effort, she turns her head. Her legs, her feet, her thighs are leashed.  
  
Her stomach is leashed. Her body burns again, and her body is bound again.  
  
These shadows—these memories of woe are keeping her trapped.  
  
That... There's some black humor in that.|Tairitsu approaches, and Hikari breaks some of the bonds around herself, freeing her leg. She takes  
one step backward with it, and finds a spike just behind her. Some hideous formation, aimed at her  
unshackled limb.  
  
So, she simply stares into the glass, and wills it to be set ablaze.  
  
Yet it refuses to.|She is tied down again. She is brought low. She is tugged, suddenly, down to her knees. There might  
still be a way out.  
  
Or, there might have been.  
  
...When did it happen?  
  
When she lifts her head, Hikari finds Tairitsu standing motionless before her.

#### zh-Hans

光无法控制所有的一切。  
  
情况恰恰相反，她在取得主导权后迅速失去了控制。  
  
这就像是一场拔河比赛……  
  
不，倒不如说这是一次挣扎——  
  
或者说是单方面的压制。|天空开始逐渐下落到地表，摧毁着大教堂的一部分，漫天尘土铺天盖地而来，  
而它则落在距离她咫尺之遥的地方。这绝不可能只是单纯的巧合，这样的机率微乎其微。  
随着坠落地表的事物越来越多，她明白对立已经制霸了天空。  
  
而这……荒谬至极。|大地和天空、玻璃和狂风，所有的一切都失控而四处飞扬。她能够使其中一部分的东西消失。只要伸手一指，  
眼前的事物就会化作苍白的火焰消散。她甚至还能够拉扯一部分的天空为自己所用。  
对立把整个世界当作武器向她扔来，而她则可以接住这样的攻击并还以颜色。  
  
眼前的景象犹如一场灾难，就好像是泰坦巨人从天而降践踏着大地一般。|在一片雪白当中，存在着她无法触碰的黑色，从远处被召唤而来。其中有几个碎片对立说什么也不肯让步。  
对方正在一点一滴夺走属于她的一切。  
  
她尝试发起反攻，地面、大门和建筑开始震动，她的牙齿也不禁发出碰撞的嘎嘎响声。她再次扎稳步伐，  
但她还是能够感觉到阵阵震动从她的指尖一路传递到她的头颅。无数碎块从天而降，  
砸在她们头顶上方的大教堂，使其发出呜咽的悲鸣声。但大教堂依旧屹立不倒，而她也绝不会倒下。|……她本可以尽早阻止这一切。她曾经有那样的机会。  
  
她的心脏跳动着。她微微眯起双眼——  
  
接下来要崩溃的，会是这个世界的核心吗？这就是那名少女的目的，对吧？  
  
这样的思绪萦绕心头之时，她努力不让眼前的地貌分崩离析，同时大脑加速运转，  
拼命思考着该如何阻止对方，但就在这时——|她的胸口一阵郁闷。 Arcaea 的一部分从黑暗中飞奔而出，像锐利的丝线般捆住她的胸口。  
熊熊火焰助她挣脱束缚，但紧接着立刻又有丝线缠绕在她的胸口上。  
  
她的双臂也被束缚。她用力想要转过头去。她的双脚、膝盖和大腿也都无一幸免。  
  
就连她体内的五脏六腑也跟着遭殃。她的身体再次燃起烈焰，但随后又被绑住。  
  
这些暗影，这些悲伤的回忆限制了她的行动。  
  
这样的情况……像是一场黑色幽默。|对立慢慢靠近，光则是解开她周遭一部分的丝线，让其中一边的脚能够自由活动。她往后退一步，  
却发现她身后有个尖刺。这个模样骇人的尖刺体笔直朝她没有受到束缚的肢体飞去。  
  
情急之下，她双眼凝视那片玻璃，用意念企图使其燃烧。  
  
但那片玻璃不为所动。|她再次受到制约。她无法站直身体。突然之间，一股抓力令她跪在了地上。说不定还有一条出路。  
  
又或者说，曾经有那么一条出路。  
  
……这一切都是什么时候发生的呢？  
  
光抬起头，发现对立一动不动地站在她面前。

### 102-5

#### en

Silence...  
  
Met with silence.  
  
Though they do not speak, the two have locked eyes tightly with one another. They stare, unflinching,  
as the sounds of their finished battle echo.  
  
Through the rumbling of broken earth, through the whistling of scattered wind, and through the dust  
and debris cast and rolling out from ruined, beaten monuments... both girls are unmoving, their eyes  
only on each other.  
  
And yet despite that, Hikari can see it:  
  
In that girl's eyes, an ember of the passion which had brought Hikari down still distantly burns. This is  
not a suggestion for a truce, it is a wordless threat.|Hikari swallows, and Tairitsu eyes her open neck: eyes that throat that she hates; that voice that she hates.  
  
Her will and her desire prick at Hikari's skin.  
  
Now Hikari asks for time to go still. It flows on.  
  
She tries to destroy her bindings with flames. They remain.  
  
The earth will not yield. The sky will not bend.  
  
With nothing else in mind, she finds herself holding her breath. |"..."  
  
The sky has finished falling... The cathedral is still breaking...  
  
Dust lingers between and above them.  
  
And that sharp and wicked will is still flickering in Tairitsu's eyes.  
  
Those eyes begin to gently narrow. In this moment, although ruined, the world is calm.|...Tairitsu smirks at a memory, then. Hikari maintains her stare.  
  
"We're back here," Tairitsu says. She tilts her head, only a little. "Are you going to do it? Are you going to  
wish for a miracle again?"  
  
But Hikari will not answer.  
  
"...Miracles are miracles because they're too convenient—too perfectly timed to ever actually happen.  
You've seen enough broken worlds through these shards... through Arcaea. You know, then, that  
miracles are the same as 'hope'."|"And besides, with or without miracles, you live... you die."  
  
Hikari breathes. Tairitsu gently straightens her own back.  
  
The girl in black goes on, "You know: I would much rather just forget. Forget everything."  
  
Another attempt to move. Another reminder that she has been brought utterly still. Her shoulders  
strain. Her toes curl.  
  
  
"I'm going to kill you," Tairitsu says, "and this world... %%「your world」%%{Arcaea} is going to die."|Again, she pushes a smile across her lips. She breathes in, and forces out a laugh.  
  
With her other hand, she takes Hikari's cheek. She lifts the bound girl's chin.  
  
"You really are right," says Tairitsu as she brings her palm nearer, "I really don't have to do this... for you."  
  
Her smile disappears as she leans forward.|Tairitsu's eyes... have a familiar look.  
  
It is regret, and sympathy.  
  
Her wings of black have folded down.  
  
Above, the night sky continues to glitter.|Although all the fury has passed... Hikari's heart continues to pound.  
  
She admits to herself: it won't be enough to just "stop" her.  
  
Tairitsu begins to bring her left hand away from Hikari's throat, and as she drags it back...  
  
...something black and pointed glitters in her palm.  
  
To end this, Tairitsu says this:  
  
"I'll let you know clearly: my name here was Tairitsu, and yours was Hikari."|"Please..."  
  
Hikari whispers a word forced.  
  
She almost hisses: "Please stop..."  
  
And Tairitsu tilts her head.  
  
"...This again?" She thinks for a moment, and adds, "Nothing's going to change."  
  
Hikari breaks her bonds with a show of blinding light. She stands and holds out  
her hand to wish for a weapon—|Her wrist, her waist, her legs are all pulled back down.  
  
Still, she wishes, and within her palm a sword begins to manifest. It is something "new". Something  
created. Not a memory: though still made of glass.  
  
An impossible blade... Along its edge, space seems to be bending, glistening. Arcaea rewrites itself,  
and slowly allows the weapon to be.|Tairitsu thinks: How funny this is...  
  
She has seen that jagged pillar before.  
  
And immediately once more, Hikari breaks free. She turns her sword in her palm, and thrusts it into the  
earth. With this, Tairitsu is forced backward by a queer gust—pushed so far away.  
  
Hikari brings the blade back up, raising it toward Tairitsu, and as she does she sees her own hand shaking.|Tairitsu lands despite still being pushed away, and her gaze falls again on the familiar sword.  
  
She stares.  
  
She waits.  
  
...Her teeth grind together.  
  
She looks into Hikari's face, and sees that the girl can't focus at all.  
  
The game of bounding back and forth, the hesitation—  
  
She has no patience for even a bit of it.|Glass walls push up from the earth around Hikari, each bearing Tairitsu's approaching figure. Reflections,  
or maybe true images—? Something is strange about them, and to see them, to feel them coming and  
see the glinting in their palms, fear pulses through Hikari's body.  
  
That hand is lifted, and it will land nowhere else but her waiting throat.|With both hands now trembling, the girl in white holds onto her sword.  
  
Something sounds off loudly in her head: a painful ringing, followed by the sound of her heart once  
more in her ears.  
  
Reason tells her that this can go on forever.  
  
If she turns her sword back and thrusts it down again, the walls will fall away, and Tairitsu will be  
easily pushed.

#### zh-Hans

沉默的她……  
  
遇见了同样沉默的她。  
  
虽然两名少女都没有说话，但她们都目不转睛盯着彼此。方才战斗的声音不断回响，  
而她们一直毫无畏惧地凝视对方。  
  
在破裂大地的轰隆声、狂风吹送的呼啸声，以及粉碎石碑所扬起的漫天尘土和碎屑砂石中……  
两位少女皆不为所动，眼里只有对方。  
  
但即便如此，光还是看见了：  
  
对方的眼神深处依旧闪烁着一丝残存的热情，方才就是这股热情击败了光。对方并不是在提议休战，  
而是无声的威胁。|光吞了口口水，对立则是打量着对方露出在外的脖颈——那个她痛恨的脖颈，那道她痛恨的声音。  
  
意念和渴望刺激着光的皮肤。  
  
如今，光却又希望时间能够再次静止。但是时光依旧毫不留情的流动着。  
  
她尝试召唤火焰烧去束缚住她的丝线。但那些丝线不为所动。  
  
地面没有塌陷。天空也没有扭曲。  
  
她的脑袋一片空白，只有注意到自己不自觉屏住了呼吸。|"……"  
  
天空已经不再继续下落……大教堂还在逐渐瓦解……  
  
尘土在地面和空中飞扬。  
  
对立的眼神里依旧闪烁着尖锐且邪恶的意念。  
  
那双眼睛开始慢慢地眯成一条缝。在这个瞬间，世界虽已被毁灭，但也同时十分沉寂。|……此时，对立对着一份记忆挑起了一边的嘴角。光的目光停留在原处没有移动。  
  
"事情又变成这样了。"对立说道。她微微把头歪向一边。 "你又要来了吗？又要祈祷有奇迹发生了吗？"  
  
但是光不会回答。  
  
"……奇迹之所以被称作奇迹，就是因为它们太过完美，发生的时间点过于恰到好处。  
你透过这些碎片……透过Arcaea 见识过太多破碎的世界。你应该知道，  
奇迹也只不过是另一种‘希望’罢了。"|"更何况，不论有没有奇迹的存在……你都终有一死。"  
  
光呼着气。对立慢慢站直身体。  
  
黑衣少女继续说道："你知道吗？我宁可直接忘记，忘记世间所有的一切。"  
  
她再次尝试移动身体，却也再次意识到，自己的行动能力被完全制约住。她的肩膀被拉得紧绷，  
脚趾头也蜷缩在了一起。  
  
  
"我要杀了你。"对立说道。 "还有这个世界……%%「你的世界」%%{Arcaea}也会死去。"|她的嘴角再次扬起一抹微笑。她吸入一口气，并勉强笑出声。  
  
接着，她伸出另一只手摸向光的脸颊。她抬起这位被困住的少女的下巴。  
  
"你说得确实没错。"对立一边说道、一边把手掌进一步伸向对方。 "我确实不需要……  
为了你做到这种地步。"  
  
随着她把身子往前倾，对立脸上失去了笑容。|对立的双眸……显现出令人熟悉的神情。  
  
是悔恨，是同情。  
  
她的黑色翅膀如今已经向下收起。  
  
而头顶的夜空，依旧闪亮。|尽管一切的怒火都已经烟消云散……光的心脏依旧猛烈跳动着。  
  
她承认，单纯"阻止"对方是没有用的。  
  
对立的左手慢慢往光脖颈的反方向移开，就在她逐渐收手的同时……  
  
……她的手掌中多出了某个尖锐且闪亮的黑色物体。  
  
为了终结这一切，对立说道：  
  
"我要很明白的告诉你，在这里，我的名字是对立，而你则是光。"|"拜托……"  
  
光用微弱的声音勉力挤出了一个词。  
  
她的声音听起来很生气。 "拜托你住手……"  
  
对立把头歪向一旁。  
  
"……怎么又来啦？" 她思考片刻，随后说道："一切都不会有任何改变。"  
  
光发出耀眼夺目的光芒，并粉碎了身上的束缚。她站起身并伸出手，试图召唤武器——|但紧接着，她的手腕、腰部和双腿又立刻被按了回去。  
  
即便如此，她的意念并没有消失，一把利剑开始在她的手掌中逐渐成形。那是一把"全新"的武器。  
那是某种造物。那把剑虽然同样由玻璃构成，但却并不是回忆。  
  
这把超乎现实的剑刃……刃缘周围的空间似乎正在扭曲发光。 Arcaea 改写了其存在的本身，  
让这把武器逐渐化为可能。|对立心想：这真是太有趣了……  
  
她以前也看过这种参差的长柱。  
  
光立刻又重获自由。她旋转着手中的利剑，并将其重重插入地面。随即，  
一股奇怪的强风把对立强行吹送到了远处。  
  
光举起剑指向对立，但在此时，她注意到自己的手正在颤抖。|被强风吹走的对立稳稳着陆，她的目光落在了那把熟悉的利剑上方。  
  
她目不转睛。  
  
她静静等待。  
  
……她双颚紧闭。  
  
她看向光的脸庞，发现对方完全无法集中精神。  
  
这场一来一往的游戏，这份踌躇不定的犹豫——  
  
她对此没有一丝一毫的耐心可言。|玻璃高墙从光身旁的地面窜起，每面墙壁都倒映出对立步步进逼的身影。那究竟是镜像还是实体呢？  
眼前的景象有些怪异，她感受到对方朝自己袭来，并看见对方手里的闪光，恐惧感遍布了光的全身。  
  
对方举起手，准备不偏不倚朝着她的喉咙杀去。|白衣少女的双手虽然不断发抖，但还是紧握着那把刀剑。  
  
她的脑海内迸发出某个巨大的声响，先是令人痛苦的阵阵耳鸣，接着是再次萦绕在耳际的心跳声。  
  
理性告诉她这样的情况还会反覆上演。  
  
如果她再次收回手上的剑并将其插向地面，周围的墙壁就会散去，也能轻松击退对立。

### 102-6

#### en

Reason tells her that this can go on forever.  
  
If she turns her sword back and thrusts it down again,  
the walls will fall away, and Tairitsu will be easily pushed.  
  
So, why—?  
  
When she feels Tairitsu's hand gently holding her right cheek...  
  
When what is clearly Tairitsu's flesh and blood body appears before her,  
why does she thrust her sword upward,  
and through the other girl's chest?  
  
A blinding shine grows slowly, and soon rapidly. An aura surreal: above and beyond reality—  
  
—and, a cry for life roars out, so consuming life in return.  
The shout pulses and vibrates through the earth, and also through Tairitsu's body.  
  
And ends.  
  
Like that, sound dies, and so too does the girl.  
  
As soon as it stabs through her—sets within her body—the blade swallows her life, her blood and essence  
quickly filling the glass. And then, the glass slowly begins to shatter and fade.  
In an instant, she is completely extinguished, and her body begins to fall.  
  
Quickly, without thinking, Hikari takes the hand Tairitsu had placed on her cheek.  
In seconds, the other girl is quickly gone, leaving only a cold and silent form behind.  
  
Yet... warmth runs over Hikari's fingers as the sword of glass continues to break and disappear.  
In her other hand, she can feel the strength of Tairitsu's grasp completely vanish.  
  
The girl's feet now reach the ground, and like that only Hikari's wet and warm hand still supports her.  
Her eyes are closed now. Her brow is furrowed... and then is not. Like this, without peace: she is dead.  
  
And only now, with her own eyes wide and her own heart still beating, does Hikari understand this.  
  
She slowly pulls back her left hand, and the girl's body begins to fall.  
She returns her hand to the lifeless body and holds the girl as her stare continues to widen.  
She squeezes the girl's dead hand tightly, and the two come down to their knees.  
  
With her hand against Tairitsu's motionless chest,  
she feels warmth again, and brings her eyes to the wound that she made.  
  
She has wounded the earth and sky as well... though she finds it difficult to look anywhere  
other than that disfigured hole, as everywhere else around her has become flattened.  
The strength she had put into her strike must have been immense...  
  
The scene has been leveled entirely; the sky has gone completely still; the cathedral is all but no more.  
  
Behind Tairitsu some fractured brick wall has flown out from the blast and fallen.  
Evidently, it was shielded and kept from disintegrating by the powerful girl's body.  
But, still... the shield had been pierced.  
  
Stupidly, Hikari brings her face near to the other girl's, and waits for a breath that will never come.  
  
She squeezes the dead hand tighter, and when it does not hold her back in return, she throws it down in anger.  
She digs her nails into the front of the other girl's clothing. Feeling something warm once again,  
she looks and realizes that tears have begun to fall on her hand.  
  
And though she knows what had warmed it before—she had to have known—  
seeing her own hand dyed in red and cut through by her own tears... throws her suddenly into panic.  
  
She straightens her back in terror, then nearly falls backward.  
  
Her face contorts and her lips tremble.  
  
She sobs, brings her clean hand to her face, and sobs more deeply.  
  
Now, she falls, Tairitsu coming down along with her. Hikari pulls her stained hand down to her dress,  
and the corpse leaning upon her collapses back instead against the cathedral's debris.  
  
Her own words echo inside of her head—  
  
Her own sardonic chastisement—  
  
You never had to do this.  
  
...It isn't funny.  
  
The reality of everything is becoming so impossible to ignore. Leave your hand down all you want—  
the heat that burns through your skin isn't going to disappear like the sword.  
  
A girl is dead, and you were the one who took her life. You killed her.  
  
You knew how much she suffered... Did you really try to understand her?  
  
"What will you do now"...? No, don't you understand?  
  
You can't just move on. You want to pick yourself up, continue your journey?  
This world already remembers everything that you did.  
  
What? Where's your sense of triumph? You won, didn't you? You are alive.  
  
Do you hate it?  
  
Didn't she?  
  
Does that justify it? Does that make things better? "Justification"?  
  
...Is something wrong with you?  
  
Even now...  
　  
You're only thinking about yourself.  
  
With this thought, her heart feels as if made of paper, all falling away.  
She grips her own hair, but still cannot bring up her left hand.  
  
She cannot stop damning herself.  
  
Herself. Herself. Herself.  
  
And something lingers, telling her...  
ㅤ  
...is that anything new?  
  
Her first impression was that she'd awakened to a cloud of glass butterflies.  
"How pleasant," she thought, "that these figures can move as well. Where are the strings?"  
  
She sat onto her knees, fixed her dress, and found that there were no strings, and these were not butterflies.  
Glass shards, flying on their own. "Delightful!" she felt, and so she said it.  
  
The glass reflected another world than the one in white surrounding her.  
In it she could see reflections of seas, cities, fires, lights;  
she rose her hand to scatter them, and laughed in joy.  
  
...I didn't know these pieces of glass had a name: Arcaea.  
To tell the truth, they were so beautiful to me that it didn't matter the name.  
I entertained myself by touching them, swirling them, watching them. That was enough, no?  
  
No.  
  
And you knew it all the while. Maybe you almost saw it once as well—  
but it's impossible for people to truly change.  
  
That, too, is something that you always knew.  
  
The curtain will not draw to a close. This never "ends".  
  
There is no meaning to be found here. Like you wanted.  
  
Just another crying girl, alone in a world of the dead.  
  
At least there is one truth you could take comfort in, one fact irrefutable,  
now etched into you with the blood of the one girl who had been so near to taking you out of it.  
  
Yes.  
  
It was paradise.

#### zh-Hans

理性告诉她这样的情况还会反复上演。  
  
如果她再次收回手上的剑并将其插向地面，  
周围的墙壁就会散去，也能轻松击退对立。  
  
那么，究竟是为什么呢——？  
  
当她感受到对立的手轻柔触碰她的右脸颊时……  
  
当那个明明就是对立的的血肉之躯出现在她眼前时，  
为什么她要举剑往上刺穿  
另一名少女的胸膛呢？  
  
耀眼的光芒先是逐渐变强，而后又迅速扩展。这股超自然的气场超乎理解与想像——  
  
接着，生命的呐喊呼啸而出，同时却也吞噬着生命。  
嘶吼声像脉搏一样在大地里回绕，也在对立的体内震荡。  
  
然后，一切归于静止。  
  
就这样，声音消逝，少女的生命也跟着消逝。  
  
就在她把剑刺穿、刺进对方的身躯时，剑刃吞噬了对方的生命力，  
她的鲜血与精华迅速浸满了玻璃。紧接着，那片玻璃开始碎裂消散。  
片刻之间，她已完全失去温度，她的身体则开始倒下。  
  
光不假思索地迅速抓住对立触碰着她脸颊的那只手。  
才没过几秒钟的时间，那位少女便迅速消逝，只剩下冰冷无声的躯体。  
  
然而……就在玻璃制成的刀剑瓦解消散的同时，光的指尖依旧能够感受到温暖。  
可是她的另一只手能够感受到对立原本握住她的力量已经完全消散。  
  
那位少女的双脚现在站在地面上，只有光湿润且温暖的手掌依旧托着她。  
如今她已阖上眼睛。她眉头紧锁……接着逐渐舒展开。就这样，她死了，死得并不安详。  
  
也只有现在，睁大双眼，心脏仍在跳动着的光，才终于彻底明白这一切。  
  
她缓缓收回左手，面前少女的身躯开始倒下。  
她再次把手伸向那副了无生气的躯体并抓住那位少女，同时她的眼睛也越瞪越大。  
她紧紧握着逝去少女的手，双方都跪倒在地上。  
  
她的手靠在对立一动不动的胸膛上，  
并再次感受到暖意，接着把目光移向她所造成的那道伤口。  
  
她此次的攻击其实也伤及了大地和天空……但她的注意力全部都集中在那个扭曲的破洞，  
因为她周围的其它地方早已被彻底夷平。  
她方才那次攻击所施展的力道想必相当巨大……  
  
周围的景象被完全地分层，天空完全静止下来，大教堂也已完全不见踪影。  
  
对立身后有个碎裂的砖墙因为冲击的关系被吹散而倒塌。  
显然那面砖墙是因为受到眼前这位少女力量强大的身躯所保护，才免受分崩离析的命运。  
但……护住砖墙的那面盾牌，身上已被凿出一个大洞。  
  
天真的光把脸凑向另一位少女的脸，试图等待着对方再无可能的下一次鼻息。  
  
她更用力抓住对方的手，但对方丝毫没有回应，这令她气得直接把手甩开。  
她将手指甲深深嵌入另一位少女的衣服前端。正当她再次感受到温暖时，  
她这才意识到眼泪正不断滑落到自己的手上。  
  
她很清楚，因为她以前也感受过这份暖意。  
但当她发现自己的那只手被泪滴切穿而浸满红色血水时……她顿时之间不知所措。  
  
出于恐惧，她直挺着后背，差点没有往后倒下。  
  
她的表情扭曲、嘴唇不停发颤。  
  
她开始啜泣出声，把另一只干净的手放到脸上，接着哭得更大声了。  
  
她跌坐在地上，对立也跟她同时倒地。光把被血水浸湿的手收回裙摆，  
而靠在她身上的那个躯体则向后倒并靠在了大教堂的废墟残骸上。  
  
她自己的声音在脑海内回荡——  
  
那是对她自己的带有讽刺意味的惩罚——  
  
你不需要做到这种地步。  
  
……这并不好笑。  
  
现实的一切都逐渐变得无法忽视。即便低垂着那只手也是没有用的，  
皮肤灼热的燃烧感并不会像那把剑一样消失无踪。  
  
少女丧命，而你就是杀人凶手。是你杀了她。  
  
你知道她承受多大的痛苦……你真的有试着去了解她吗？  
  
"你接下来要怎么做呢……？"不，难道你还不明白吗？  
  
这件事情不能就这样放下。你想要重新振作起来继续踏上旅程吗？  
这个世界已经把你的所作所为全部都记录下来了。  
  
什么？你那份胜利的喜悦感呢？你不是赢了吗？你还活着。  
  
你讨厌这样吗？  
  
她不讨厌这样吗？  
  
这能够为你的行为开脱吗？这样的想法有让情况好转吗？ "开脱"？  
  
……你脑子是不是有什么问题？  
  
即便到了现在……  
　  
你还是满脑子只有自己。  
  
在如此思绪的催化下，她的心仿佛纸糊的一样变得不堪一击，分崩离析。  
她抓住自己的头发，但依旧无法抬起左手。  
  
她止不住一直谴责自己。  
  
她自己，她自己，她自己。  
  
某种感觉迟迟没有散去，并告诉着她……  
ㅤ  
……这种感觉你并不陌生吧？  
  
恢复意识的她，发现自己苏醒于这个飞舞着玻璃蝴蝶的地方。  
"多么令人愉快啊，"她想，"这些美妙的图案居然能在空中移动呢。牵引着它们的丝线在哪里？"  
  
她蹲了下来，整了整裙子，环顾四周才发现这附近没有任何丝线。那些事物，也并不是蝴蝶——  
玻璃碎片，不依靠任何外力便飞舞于空中。 "太美妙了！"她自心底赞叹道。  
  
这些玻璃反射出了另一个纯洁的世界。  
她从中看见海洋、都市、火焰、光芒；美好的景象目不暇接。  
她抬起了自己的手，试图去抓住它们，开心地笑了出来。  
  
……我并不知道这些玻璃碎片有个名字：Arcaea。  
实际上，名字对这些过于美好的事物来说并不重要。  
我触碰、旋转、观察它们；靠这样来娱乐自己。这已经足够了，难道不是吗？  
  
不。  
  
你一直以来都知道这点。也许你也曾经差点见到过，  
但人类终究是不可能改变自己的。  
  
这点你一直以来也都心知肚明。  
  
帷幕并不会就此拉上。这件事情永远也没有"尽头"。  
  
这个地方已经没有追寻的意义，就和你所想的一样。  
  
只不过是个哭泣的少女，独自一人置身于这个死寂的世界。  
  
至少，以那个差点就能够带你离开这里的少女的鲜血作为代价，  
有个毋庸置疑的真相能够为你带来慰藉，并且深深刻印在你心里。  
  
没错。  
  
那里一直以来都是一片乐园。

### 102-7

#### en

%%CG:app-data/story/cg/F-7-1.jpg%%|Paradise.  
After life, "heaven", the world of the dead.  
It should come as no surprise that the departed might linger in a place like that, at least for  
a little while. Or perhaps they will linger just above it.  
  
That's where I am. That's where you are.|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/F-7.jpg%%|"...So that's it? My hand on her cheek? Her running me through with glass? I can't feel either anymore.  
I can't feel anything—can't feel her...  
...  
...Let me go... "  
  
  
Why? You're here, but... isn't there something still stirring inside of you? You've got a few little pulses of  
life left... a little more to go.  
  
  
"No... "|No, it's not quite over yet...  
Listen... remember.  
Remember yourself...  
It's been much longer than this, hasn't it? You've already seen so much worse.  
Now get up, fight. Fight agai—  
  
  
"Stop it."  
  
  
...Alright.  
Let's just talk, instead.  
  
  
"You're not listening. I don't want to talk. I already said, I just want to... to..."  
  
  
I want you to remember.|"...You're pretty annoying, you know.  
Then do you remember? If you do, you should know why I...  
...  
  
...Ugh...  
...These memories... aren't going to leave me easily, now that I know them.  
Even if I don't want to, I really am starting to remember every little thing.  
And... if I'm remembering right... Ha, I've thought this before, but... is this a joke?"|...  
  
  
"My old life... I loved being alive, but...  
Living... was awful.  
How many times was I thrown down? How many times was I spat on? Hate followed us everywhere  
even though we just wanted to... to take our powers and...  
Just... help."  
  
  
We scared them.  
  
  
"'We'? And who are you?"  
  
  
Well, who are YOU?|"Well funny thing... that's actually the one thing I don't remember.  
...  
...I guess you might as well call me 'Tairitsu'."  
  
  
Then... call me that, too.  
  
  
"You're kidding... Really? Are you... Are you telling me that I'm right?"  
  
  
About what?  
  
  
"That when she made this world, she didn't think about a single part  
of it. If you're... If the life I had here was...  
...She's... awful."|...I'd say she just never learned.  
  
  
"...I don't feel sorry for her, if that's what you're getting at. We may have come from different realities, but  
she must have understood what she could do. She had to know, and she just didn't care. And that's why...  
I don't care that she wasn't brought up and taught like I was. Just... look. Look at what all my training with  
the Shapers got me. I was different from her because of who I was, not what I learned. If I'd had the  
strength... If I'd really had the power to change things, for the whole world—"  
  
  
I would've, but I couldn't, and I didn't.  
  
  
"...And that's what I got: another go, because that's what she wanted, and in her stupidity she gave that  
to everyone else, too. So... dumb. It's dumb, right? You have to laugh. Come on! Laugh!"  
  
  
...|"What, you can't? Of course you can't, I mean—what kind of second chance was this? Just some  
kind of... terrible... ironic reflection.  
Struggling while alive, while everything claws and rips at you.  
Getting up when you're broken and bleeding—I DID that!  
I kept standing up, kept fighting even though I KNEW it was pointless!  
Why would she make me live all of that again!? Answer me—why!? I...!  
I wanted things to change...  
I never wanted... to give up..."  
  
  
...Did you? This second time around?|"I... did.  
...  
Hey...  
I know I'm dying. Could you tell me something? Can I still see outside, before I go? Through my birds...  
Can I see her little prison, one last time?"  
  
  
...You can.  
  
  
"Great.  
...  
So many small and unknown corners, with trapped souls wandering around them.  
I guess you can't call them souls. Everything here is only a memory—even us.  
What are they thinking...? I only caught a glimpse of that shard, and it didn't tell me everything."|Most of them are happy. Very, very happy.  
  
  
"...Now that's just evil, haha...  
I...  
...I feel like crying... you know? I just want to cry—about everything. Why'd I do all this? Why did I die?"  
  
  
...  
  
  
"...That's a good look on your face. Have you got an answer for me? Tch... I'm... I just...  
It all hurts... Everything hurts. It's like I finally, really get it, and it's...  
It's just horrible. I can't even cry anymore..."|Well, that's it.  
  
  
"...?"  
  
  
You didn't really want to die, so why did you?  
  
  
"...When I first lived, the road ahead was dark...  
But I knew that it would branch into countless others. I could find death somewhere, sure, but I could find  
anything else if I just walked down the right path.  
It was never like that here, and looking back, I feel sick for ever thinking that it was.  
These roads are barren, and there's no place to stop.  
Anyone, no matter their path, will march and march on blindly, until  
their legs give out and they see the truth of it:  
that it doesn't matter what turns they take. Every single path leads to nothing at all."|...I actually don't think so. I think... there must be a road here that leads to something else.  
  
  
"What makes you say that, when you're trapped out here only able to talk to the dead? Are you stupid?  
Were you paying attention, even once?"  
  
  
  
...I just can't believe that. I have to have hope...  
I don't want to believe that... that...  
  
  
"This is just what I was saying. You don't want to see the truth? Nothing here mattered at all."|No.  
It can't be the truth.  
I can't let it be the truth.  
You understand. If that's the truth, wouldn't it be... gross? Wouldn't it be too sad?  
  
  
"...  
...I do remember that, from back when I was living. Thinking like that was what kept me alive.  
You really are me. She really copied me out and... it really is true for all of us—we're all hollow, copied souls.  
It's true...  
She's still alive. We're all dead."|...  
  
  
"But then... why are you here? Where are the originals for everyone else? Where are their souls?"  
  
  
...I don't know, and I don't know.  
  
  
"Alright, but...  
Actually, you still haven't said so... so, just... just tell me, alright? Are you really the real me? Are you my soul?"  
  
  
Yes... that's what I am. Yes, I've been all alone out here, and yes, I've been watching.  
And you're pretty annoying, huh?  
Aren't you also real, Tairitsu? Aren't we all?|"Maybe we are. Maybe I was."  
  
  
Yeah, annoying.  
I doubt someone as annoying as you could be fake.  
  
  
"Ha...  
...  
Thank you."  
  
  
I'd never have guessed I'd be watching myself experience a terrible fate again in a second life,  
only for things to change.|"What changed?"  
  
  
You said it yourself.  
You gave up.  
I wanted you to... I don't know.  
I really wanted the change to be... good.|...  
Do you really think it still can't be? The "villain" is dead, after all...  
  
  
"I know you're joking, but... I'm sorry.  
I was just angry.  
I don't want to completely give up on it either.  
I don't think it's hopeless. I mean, you're still here after the end, aren't you? Maybe you'll still be here  
after I'm gone...  
And... if you still are watching after I'm gone...  
...I really think you shouldn't give up hope like I did.   
Maybe, I don't know...  
...No, I know it:  
The girls left here might be able to save themselves. I want to believe that.  
A change, just like you said...  
That's all I want.  
If I don't go away forever, if you can find me after all of this, let me know when they do."|I will.  
  
  
"This is funny too, huh...  
When I was alive, when the others weren't there, I remember I always... talked to myself.  
But, you know... I never felt alone."  
  
  
No one alive is really alone.  
  
  
"That was it...  
That's what I always told myself...  
...I want to see the world again.  
  
A ruined tower, and pieces of glass floating in the air. A wide world of white.  
White, white, and more glass. Drawn to departed souls...  
But I can see it on their faces:  
None of these girls are lost anymore."|..."None of them"? Looks like you finally forgot about her.  
  
  
"'Her'...?  
Oh, you're right, her... I actually can see her, too—well, she's really torn up about this...  
...But isn't that a good thing? It's... different. She's upset, she's hurt...  
It's better than 'nothing'."  
  
  
Hm... Yeah.|"I'm not sure if she'll be okay, but I am sure she'll take this with her. Honestly... I'd even apologize to her,  
thinking about it now. I think I did the right thing, but—"  
  
  
You didn't do anything right.  
  
  
"Pff...! Hah. Okay. but... I don't think I did anything wrong.  
I'd apologize to her. I mean... Why wouldn't I? We're real. And if she's real... then she's just another fool  
ghost, punished for nothing and knowing nothing.  
...  
This is really it, huh...?"  
  
  
I'm sorry to say, but... yes, I'm sure.  
...  
Don't go.|"Sorry to say, but... I can't just do that. I'm honestly... barely here..."  
  
  
...  
  
  
Tell her.  
  
  
"...Yeah.  
...Hikari...  
Honestly, I'm sorry. I don't have any regrets, but... the hate I felt wasn't even... for you. The other... you...  
She's still out... there. Still a...live...  
I still... hate her.  
But you...  
...  
You should know that... you're stronger than her.  
That's why, Hikari...  
...I know you'll stand up again."|Close your eyes.  
  
  
"They're already closed."  
  
  
Don't worry anymore...  
  
  
"I'm not worried."  
  
  
I'll see you again.|"I don't think so.  
But that's okay.  
I accept it.  
  
I had everything to suffer, but I still wanted to change everything for the better...  
  
I fought FOR something... no matter what it was I had to face.  
No matter... how misguided... I became...  
  
...  
  
I'm sorry... that I chose to die.  
I'm sorry for throwing it all away.  
...Even if I wasted it... I was lucky to get another chance.  
So... I accept it."|I know.  
  
  
"I want her to kn... tha... I don't... don't want a... pathetic...  
I don't want a... stupid finale... to be all I'm remembered... for.  
  
...If you can hear me, I want you to know this, Hi... Hikari...  
I mean it. Don't... forget...  
...  
...  
I accept this life."|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/F-7-2.jpg%%|A girl weeps before her remains now.  
  
So anguished, so crippled with grief, the girl misses the final smile on her face before it fades.  
  
Some of this tale remains untold. The truth is, some tales end without ever being fully told.  
  
And their pieces—their shards are what remain, to be put together and understood.|This has always been a world of shards, a world of pieces.  
  
The girls have always been left to pick those pieces up.  
  
Believing that reflections have meaning. Believing that being, at all, is why anyone would ever be.  
  
Now the girl in white crumples down to the earth, hurt and alone.  
  
But she will find and carry pieces too.|Memories will live on, here.  
  
All will be remembered, until and past the very end.  
  
They will all carry on.  
  
And none will ever forget.

#### zh-Hans

%%CG:app-data/story/cg/F-7-1.jpg%%|乐园。  
在生命结束后，人们会来到"天堂"这个死亡的国度。  
大多数人都听说过，死去的灵魂在离开世界之后会来到这样的地方，至少会继续存在一段时间。又或者，  
死去的灵魂会萦绕在死亡的国度上方。  
  
那就是我所在的地方。那也是你所在的地方。|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/F-7.jpg%%|"……就这样吗？我的手搭在她脸颊上？她拿着玻璃刺穿我的身躯？我两者都已经感受不到了。  
我什么也感受不到——我感受不到她……  
……  
……让我走吧……"  
  
  
为什么？你人在这里，但是……你的心里应该还有着澎湃汹涌的感情吧？你的生命还有些许脉搏……  
还能再撑一会儿。  
  
  
"不……"|不，这件事还没有结束……  
听着……快想起来。  
快想起来你自己是谁……  
时间比这一切还要长久，对吧？你已经见识过更糟糕的事。  
快站起身来，战斗吧。再次战——  
  
  
"住手。"  
  
  
……那好吧。  
那我们不动手，好好聊聊。  
  
  
"你没有把我的话听进去。我并不想要聊。我已经说过了，我只想要……想要……"  
  
  
我想要你记住。|  
"……你这个人还挺烦的，你知道吗？  
你又记得什么了？如果你真的记得，那么你应该知道为什么我……  
……  
  
……呃……  
……这些记忆……在意识到这些记忆之后，它们可不会再轻易离开。  
就算我不想要这样，我也开始一点一滴逐渐回忆起每一件事。  
而且……如果我没有记错的话…… 哈，这件事情我以前也曾经想过，但……这是在跟我开玩笑吗？"|……  
  
  
"我过去的人生……我很享受能够活着，但是……  
活着……是一件很糟糕的事。  
我被践踏过多少次？我又被唾弃过多少次？我们所到之处，憎恨如影随形，但我想要的明明只是……  
只是运用这股力量来……  
来……帮助他人。"  
  
  
我们吓到了她们。  
  
  
"‘我们’？你是哪位？"  
  
  
那，你又是哪位？|"说来有趣……只有这件事情我一直想不起来。  
……  
……我想干脆你就叫我‘对立’吧。"  
  
  
这样的话……你也这样称呼我吧。  
  
  
"你在开玩笑吧……真的假的？你的意思……该不会是我说对了吧？"  
  
  
说对什么？  
  
  
"就是当她建造这个世界时，她并没有经过任何思考。如果你是……如果我在这里度过的人生是……  
……那她……真是糟糕。"|……我认为她只是没有学过这些。  
  
  
"……如果你是想问这个的话，我并不为她感到遗憾。我们虽然来自不同的现实世界，  
但我想她肯定清楚自己的能力所及。她一定是知道的，她只是不在乎。也正是因为如此……  
她的成长过程与我不同我也不在乎。我是说……你看，我跟塑形者训练了这么久给我带来了什么。  
我跟她的不同是与生俱来，并非后天学习所导致。要是我力量足够的话……  
要是我的力量足以为这整个世界改变一切——"  
  
  
我本来会这个做，但是我办不到，也没有采取行动。  
  
  
"……最终结果就是那样：我又获得一次机会，因为这符合她的渴望，  
而且愚蠢的她也赋予其他每个人第二次机会。这真是……愚昧。  
很愚昧对吧？真是让人想笑。笑啊！快笑啊！"  
  
  
……|"怎样？你不会笑是不是？是啊，你当然笑不出来，毕竟这样子的第二次机会到底算什么啊？  
这只是某种……糟糕……讽刺的倒影。  
活着痛苦挣扎，感受周遭一切对你的残害。  
即便身心憔悴、血流不止，也还是得站起来。我就是这样啊！  
我不断重新站起来，即便我深知这一切都没有意义，却还是不断奋战！  
为什么她要逼我重新经历所有的一切？快回答我啊！为什么？我……！  
我想要做出改变……  
我从来都不想要……就这样放弃……"  
  
  
……那这次呢？你第二次的时候有放弃吗？|"我……放弃了。  
……  
嘿……  
我知道我快死了。你能够告诉我吗？在我离开之前，还能再看一眼外面的世界吗？透过我的鸟儿……  
我还能够再看她的那个小小牢笼最后一眼吗？"  
  
  
……可以。  
  
  
"太好了。  
……  
受困的灵魂在许多不为人知的小角落徘徊。  
我想它们不能被称为灵魂。这里的一切都只是回忆，就连我们也不例外。  
他们在想什么呢……？我只瞥见一眼那个碎片，但它没有告诉我全部。"|大多数的少女都是快乐的。非常，非常快乐。  
  
  
"……真是邪恶啊，哈哈……  
我……  
……你知道吗？……我感觉要哭了。这一切的一切，都让我好想要哭。为什么我要这么做？为什么我死了？"  
  
  
……  
  
  
"……你的脸色看起来很不错。你有答案可以告诉我吗？啧……我……我只是……  
好痛苦……这一切都好痛苦。我好像终于彻底明白了，而且……事情的真相好残酷。  
而我却已经无法再哭泣了……"|没错，就是这样。  
  
  
"……？"  
  
  
你其实并不想死，所以你为什么会死呢？  
  
  
"……在我第一次的人生当中，前方的道路是黯淡无光的……  
但我知道那个人生会引向其他无数的可能性。没错，有些方向最终会引领我走向死亡，  
但只要我能够选择正确的道路，就能够找到其他任何的事物。  
但是这里的情况截然不同，现在回想起来，我真不敢相信以前的我居然天真地相信这些。  
这些道路荒芜贫脊，而且根本没有能停下来的地方。  
不论是踏上哪一条道路的人，都只能盲目的一直前行，直到双腿无力再也走不动，才能看清真相。  
而真相就是，无论路途多么坎坷，每一条路的终点，都是虚无。"|……我其实并不这么认为。我认为……那里必然有条道路会引领你走向其它地方。  
  
  
"你为什么这样认为？你明明也被困在这里，只能跟死人说话。你是脑袋不灵光了吗？  
你到底有没有细心观察过这个世界啊？"  
  
  
  
……我只是不敢置信。我必须心存希望……  
我不想要相信那样的……那样的真相……  
  
  
"这就是我刚才说的。你不想知道真相吗？真相就是这里的一切都毫无意义。"|不。  
真相不该如此。  
真相不能是如此，我不允许。  
你知道的，如果真相确实如此，那岂不是……太恶心，太令人难过了吗？  
  
  
"……  
……这点我倒是还记得，那是来自我生前的记忆。那样的想法是我坚持活下去的动力。  
你真的是跟我一模一样呢。看来她真的是彻底复制了我……真相确实是如此没错，  
我们大家都是被复制出来的空洞灵魂。  
没错……  
她还活着。但我们都死了。"|……  
  
  
"但话又说回来……为什么你会在这里？大家的原始本体都到哪里去了？他们的灵魂呢？"  
  
  
……我不知道，我什么都不知道。  
  
  
"好吧，但是……  
嘿，你还没说过对吧？……这样的话……你就……直接跟我说了吧？你真的是真正的我吗？  
你就是我的灵魂吗？"  
  
  
是的……我就是你的灵魂。没错，我一直以来都孤身一人待在这个地方，一直以来都在观察。  
你还挺烦的呢，你知道吗？  
对立，你不也是真正的我吗？我们大家都是。|"或许是吧。或许我曾经是。"  
  
  
是啊，烦死人了。  
像你这么烦人的家伙，一定不可能是假的。  
  
  
"哈……  
……  
谢谢你。"  
  
  
我从来没有想过，自己会在在第二段人生中看着自己再一次经历同样悲惨的命运，  
然而事情的走向却不尽相同。|"改变什么？"  
  
  
你自己也说了。  
你当时放弃了。  
你想要你去……我也不知道。  
我真的很想要做出……好的改变。|……  
你还是觉得这一切没有希望吗？毕竟"反派"都已经死了……  
  
  
"我知道你是在跟我开玩笑，但……我很抱歉。  
我当时气坏了。  
我也不想要完全放弃。  
我认为这件事还有希望。我的意思是，即便在一切结束之后，你也依然在这里，对吧？说不定等我离开之后，  
你也还是会继续待在这里……  
而且……如果在我离开之后，你也还在继续观察的话……  
……我真心认为你不该像我一样放弃希望。  
或许吧，我也不知道……  
……不，我心里明白。  
那些还在这里的少女，说不定有办法拯救自己。我想要如此相信。  
就像你说的一样，做出改变……  
那就是我想要的一切。  
如果我没有就这样永远离去、如果你在这一切过后还有办法找到我，请告诉我那些少女的去向。"|我会的。  
  
  
"这其实还挺有趣的，呵……  
我还活着的时候、当其他人还不在的时候，我记得我每次都会……自言自语。  
但是你知道……我从来不感到孤单。"  
  
  
活着的每个人，都不会真正孤单。  
  
  
"没错，就是这句话……  
我每次都这样告诉自己……  
……我想要再次见证这个世界。  
  
倾颓的高塔、飘浮在空中的玻璃碎片。辽阔的白色世界。  
无尽的雪白，和越来越多的玻璃，飞向死去的灵魂……  
但我从她们的脸庞能够看出：  
这些少女都已不再迷惘。"|……"都已不再迷惘"？看样子你终于忘掉她了。  
  
  
"‘她’……？  
噢，你说得对，她啊……其实我也看得见她，她对于这件事情感到很伤心……  
……但这难道不是好消息吗？事情变得……不一样了。她情绪低落、内心受创……  
但总比没有反应好。"  
  
  
嗯……是啊。|"不知道她是否平安无恙，但我相信她会带着这个一起离开的。老实说……现在仔细想想，  
我什至还愿意向她道歉。我想我做了对的事情，但是——"  
  
  
你什么事情也没做对。  
  
  
"噗……！哈。，好吧，但是……我不认为自己有做错什么。  
我愿意向她道歉。我的意思是……为什么不呢？我们都是真实存在的。如果她是真实存在的……  
那么她就只是另一个傻鬼魂，一无所知，无端受害。  
……  
看来，我们要到此为止了，对吧……？"  
  
  
很遗憾，但……没错，我很确定。  
……  
别走。|"很遗憾，但是……我没办法就这么做。老实说，我其实不能算是……真的在这里……"  
  
  
……  
  
  
告诉她吧。  
  
  
"……是啊。  
……光……  
我真的很抱歉。我没有任何悔恨，但……我刚才心中的憎恨，其实对象……并不是你。而是……  
另外一个你……她至今仍然……逍遥法外。至今仍然……还活着……  
我到现在也还是……憎恨着她。  
但你……  
……  
我希望你明白……你比她更加强大。  
光，正是因为如此……  
……我知道你一定还会再站起来。"|闭上你的眼睛。  
  
  
"我已经闭上眼睛了。"  
  
  
不要再有任何担忧……  
  
  
"我心中并没有担忧。"  
  
  
我们后会有期。|"我不觉得会。  
但是没关系。  
我欣然接受。  
  
我受尽苦难，但即便如此，我还是想要做出改变，让一切变得更好……  
  
我不顾一切、不畏艰难……为了某个事物而奋斗。  
不论我有……多么的迷失方向……我变得……  
  
……  
  
很抱歉……我选择了死亡。  
很抱歉我把一切都抛在脑后。  
……即便我浪费了这个机会……我还是很幸运地获得了第二次机会。  
所以说……我接受这样的命运。"|我知道。  
  
  
"我希望她知……知道……我不……我不想要……可悲的……  
我不想要……自己在这个世界……唯一留下的足迹……是个愚蠢的结局。  
  
……如果你听得见我的话，我想要你知道……光……  
我是认真的。请不要……忘记……  
……  
……  
我接受这样的人生。"|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/F-7-2.jpg%%|少女在她的遗体面前哭泣。  
  
痛苦如此强烈，少女因为悲伤而不能自已，她想念着对方脸上最后挂着的笑容。  
  
这则故事的一部分仍旧不为人们所知。事实是，有些故事一直到结局都没有被完整搬上台面。  
  
这些故事只剩下残块和碎片，必须加以拼凑之后才能看清全貌。|这个世界向来都是由支离破碎的碎片所组成。  
  
这些少女的命运注定是要拾起这样的碎片。  
  
她们相信，倒影之中存在意义；她们相信，她们的存在本身，自有存在的意义。  
  
白衣少女踉跄跌落在地上，身心受创，孤身一人。  
  
但她也将寻找并乘载碎片。|此地的记忆还会继续下去。  
  
一切的一切都会留下记忆，直到永恒的尽头。  
  
记忆会不断传承下去。  
  
不会有任何事物被遗忘。

## The ending

### 103-1

#### en

Hikari sits amidst dust and blood.  
  
I see her there... Her folly has ruined her. Self-pity has ruined her.  
  
As she gazes through her fingers, her hand still on her face,  
she finds, once more, the sight of you, my second self, dead.  
  
And the apathy which brought about your death—  
the apathy which brought about this all—must be threatening to encroach again.  
  
I know it: the girl in white and red can feel it. She can feel that she was meant for this.  
That you were meant to die, and she was meant to kill you.  
  
Her back relaxes...  
The world itself... Arcaea... She can likely feel tension releasing throughout it.  
Relief...  
  
The disorder is gone... It's safe now...  
But I can hear it too...  
Something like a whisper, easing into her heart, seems to ask her to embrace this state.  
  
To embrace herself, and embrace Arcaea.  
...However—  
  
"...Tairitsu..."  
  
...She whispers something to herself: a name. Her voice is shaking, barely audible through her crying.  
  
"What did you mean...? That our names 'here' were those...?"  
  
She falls silent, and seems to wonder.  
  
The whisper comes again, telling her: if you want it, those answers will arrive.  
This place—it is an archive to all memory...  
...And yet still, she remains silent.  
  
"..."  
  
Beneath her building apathy is a sheer and shining hatred.  
She cannot stop hating herself.  
  
Obviously not. After all that's happened... how could she allow an ending like this?  
What would it mean? What would it mean for her?  
  
She... She, who walked here, could never accept it.  
  
With nausea eating at her stomach, she clenches her jaw.  
  
Hikari puts her hand to the dirt and sand below her and lurches up onto her knees.  
  
And she asks,  
"Arcaea... Were you here to heal me?"  
  
Her arm relaxes... like a cool sensation has woven up the limb.  
  
"...I can feel it,"  
Hikari mutters as her eyes slowly close, her voice still hoarse.  
  
"...Paradise, for someone scared, tired, and weak..."  
  
"..."  
  
She swallows the dry nothingness in her mouth.  
Opening her eyes, she grabs up sand and begins to rise to her feet  
as much of it pours out from between her fingers.  
  
"I don't know what to do..."  
Hikari goes on,  
"...but would it be right of me to let you hold me again?"  
  
"It... absolutely wouldn't."  
  
"I... don't want this..."  
  
"I don't want it...!"  
  
—  
"Mmf—!"  
  
Hikari suddenly bends over, gripping her stomach and pushing  
her other hand against her mouth. She sways heavily.  
  
Her "refusal" seems to be enough to make this world recognize her once more.  
As she holds her mouth shut, eyes wide in fear, she suddenly winces.  
I can hear it too: a sharp noise, flying suddenly through her ears—through her head—  
  
And inside her heart again—no longer a whisper, but almost a vibrating bellow.  
A silent, yet powerful voice filling her and saying: decide, and speak your heart's intent.  
  
"Speak... my...?"  
  
As she is...  
...Hikari is nothing but a girl moved by her heart.  
And it is heart that brought her here—long before she first opened her eyes.  
  
Is it instinct? Does that "body" remember how this all happened...? How she was before...?  
  
Ha...  
I don't really care.  
I just... find it very funny, and ironic, that this new heart would undo it all in a single beat.  
  
Her answer... after her breathing has become shallow, after her heart has trembled long past a minute,  
is ultimately clear and resonant:  
  
"My intent... is to reverse."  
  
"I have to bring her back."  
  
"This world... doesn't make any sense!  
You think I'd die for it? You think I'd let someone ELSE die for it...!?"  
  
"I can't! I won't!  
Whatever I need to do, whatever I need to give up... I'll sacrifice it all for that...!"  
  
She holds the earth in her palm, firmly, before throwing her hand out and scattering the sand.  
  
She declares,  
"I'll die if it means I can change all this—!"  
  
The world's heart beats, and its sound silences her cold.  
It would never give her up. It will not.  
The voice fills her again—  
  
And its sentiments, and knowledge, enter her chest and run to her fingertips."  
show "white.png" 0.5:0.5 0.5:0.5 2000:960 fade(2,easein) norma  
  
It says, You cannot die.  
You were born here to live, and living is what you chose.  
  
Hikari... knows this.  
And guilt—apology—forces tears to well in her eyes.  
  
But, the world's heart beats again before she can cry.  
Do not die, says Arcaea.  
  
—  
Only let it end.  
  
...And so her lips tighten.  
Tears break past her eyelid, and trace down her cheek.  
And she nods.  
  
A heart beats again...  
And like that—  
  
—Arcaea begins to lose its light.  
  
And in so doing, it floods into her, flows into her hands and heart.  
It drives her down. It nearly causes her to collapse.  
  
For that while, memories flash across her eyes, but I can tell... they are memories ignored.  
Her eyes fix upon your lifeless corpse instead.  
  
I think all she knows now... is "what she has to do".  
And I can feel myself being tugged there already... down, down...  
down: to where you were slain.  
  
...  
Does she... truly understand what it is she's abandoning?  
Does she truly understand what is "ending" by this?  
  
I don't know.  
　  
...You won't either.  
  
...Actually, if she's taking me, then... will I remember any of this? Will I understand?  
　  
No... probably not. But... she seems so sure of herself now.  
  
...  
  
I'm going to let that heart of hers be the beacon for whatever comes after.  
　  
...I trust it. You would, too, wouldn't you?  
  
After all, you were right...  
　  
The two of them... are completely different.  
  
..."Tairitsu"...  
　  
...I'll be going now.  
  
But don't worry.  
　  
I will surely take you with me.  
  
The skies are forced down again, and the earth rises to her will.  
To die, and to make Tairitsu live again.  
  
Lives and souls cannot truly be brought into this world of the dead.  
Only their shapes, only their echoes...  
  
And to begin with,  
the souls of the girl of light and the girl of conflict... were never quite ordinary.  
  
Truly, the world was not meant for this.  
Surely, the world will shatter for this.  
But it will do everything to rewrite it all—or at least try.  
  
It would need both the girl in black's "first soul"  
and what fragments can be found of her second self's...  
  
And now one fragmented soul calls out to a full other.  
Swiftly, that other soul is torn from beyond the pale.  
  
A tornado flies around Hikari then,  
ripping the veil of reality around her apart in a torrent of shadow and light.  
  
Arcaea "remembers" the other girl, and at Hikari's command those memories come rushing back as glass.  
They seem almost instantly born. Or perhaps they have always been here.  
...Will they even suffice? Can this world weave two fractured souls?  
  
...It will. The rules do not matter. Hikari will make it so...  
With these memories of the girl named Tairitsu...  
Glinting through the storm, those glass memories come swiftly.  
  
There was a girl here who once walked the lands in agony.  
A girl dogged mercilessly by sorrow and grief...  
Yet she strode onward to save herself.  
  
To save herself and to grasp freedom.  
She had only ever wished for one thing:  
the chance to have some reason to smile.  
  
To make this world a better place, she was a girl who stood and faced it,  
even if "better" would mean turning this world over.  
  
The memories flash across Hikari's eyes, distracting her even more  
from her own encroaching recollections.  
  
Few of the other girl's tears pass through the storm. Much of her pain seems to have been forgotten.  
  
It seems so... but in truth, as a soul of light, still pushing away  
the cruel truth of that soul as she is, it is all Hikari can do to find even the fleeting moments  
of the other girl's sincerest despair—the rest, the longer of them, lie beyond her grasp.  
  
...However, knowing where that truest pain had led the girl in black, Hikari gives that sorrow up,  
and so too gives up the moment that they met, which she cannot find.  
  
The Tairitsu born of this all... will be one who has not seen the true depths of her plight,  
but will still know herself as one who was born and lived in the midst of struggle.  
  
New energy booms out from Hikari. Four columns of light, immense fonts of power, erupt from the ground.  
It is the world protecting her, as the shadow soul to which she called finally descends.  
  
She almost fails to recognize it at its approach. What floats before her and begins to block the sky  
is something like Death: the immense and chilling shape of a phantom. It gently slows as it nears,  
and there, at once, the dark begins to flow into the rotating glass.  
  
There she truly comprehends it. With a firm nod, she eases the process, guiding soul to glass.  
The lost soul of Tairitsu "before" thus becomes the living essence of the new body to come,  
with that of Tairitsu "after" stabilizing the rest of the shell.  
  
Without being deterred, in her heart she reaffirms her vow.  
  
She twists the core of the world itself. It, too, will fuel the rebirth of a fallen deity.  
Like this, finally, once absolute rules are rewritten, and with Hikari's sound and silent order  
new death spikes solidly into that core.  
  
The wish that made existence is overturned. The skies run rapid overhead, and what light remains of this  
reality cascades to her from every horizon. As she pushes the crafted soul into Tairitsu's now-floating  
and deeply effulgent body, with sweat dripping off her brow, Hikari pushes, too, the entire world—  
  
She channels the life of the earth.  
  
She abandons Arcaea.  
  
Below the now-ending daylight, twin girls watch as clouds rush past above them.  
  
Below the half-night sky, a noble gazes at a rift slowly tearing apart the earth,  
and gazes above to see star after star fading.  
  
A girl who tends and cares, a girl who wanders and seeks, a girl who watches and wishes—  
  
A soul of joy, a soul of hunger, a soul of ambition—  
  
A heart of war, a heart of song—  
  
—they see the end, as all the life of the world is taken now to one, distant place.  
  
And soon...  
  
...Hikari feels the last wisps of that life flow into the body of the girl she wishes to save.  
Tairitsu's form begins to drift back to the earth as the life fades out from Hikari's hands,  
and as it does...  
  
...the girl in white feels, too, that a part of herself is being lost in the current.  
  
...None of that concerns her.  
  
When the winds die down, and as Arcaea's skies above are left slowed, dull...  
she feels very lightheaded and plants her foot down before she might fall.  
  
She tries to calm herself, trying to grasp what she, truly, has done.  
But... she can't.  
And overwhelmingly, her thoughts focus on this:  
  
Is Tairitsu alive?  
  
—  
  
Dust drifts down from the sky again.  
  
She does remember this...  
  
...at the end, at that lowest point...  
  
Nobody was there, and she closed her eyes to tears.  
  
She opens them now, slowly...  
　  
...just as those memories leave her entirely.  
  
Hikari sees the motion in her brow.  
The girl in white holds her own fists over her mouth and her breath catches in her throat.  
  
For all the splendor, she thinks, it was all so simple—  
  
Too simple—  
Could her wish have been granted for so little as hope and effort?  
  
Hikari shakes her head of these thoughts. She steps forward, shaking.  
Tairitsu's eyes open fully, and blink once, before their lids fall again halfway.  
  
Hikari rushes forward then, falls to her knees, and hugs the other girl.  
  
"Wh... What...!? What are y—!?"  
  
The girl is silenced as Hikari clings to her,  
embracing her more tightly than anything else before in her life.  
And, Hikari starts to sob.  
  
She uncontrollably cries into the other girl's shoulder—  
the girl who stares back in disbelief, unsure of anything.  
  
...Many more rifts have been carved through the landscape.  
The light which once eternally poured from the sky has been suddenly, and starkly dimmed.  
The world... is wounded.  
  
And yet, Hikari's focus remains on "what"—"who" remains.  
Tairitsu lifts her hand, and places it gently upon Hikari's shaking back.  
Each unknowing, the two comfort one another at the end of the world.  
  
"I'm sorry... I'm so sorry..."  
Hikari endlessly repeats.  
  
"...Whatever you did,"  
Tairitsu replies,  
"you made it right, didn't you? So why are you apologizing...?"  
  
Hikari slowly pulls herself away, though she still holds the other girl.  
With her eyes and nose reddened, she gazes on Tairitsu with misery, and tugging elation.  
  
She suddenly buries her face in Tairitsu's chest, and Tairitsu holds her in return, softly.  
The scene begins to quiet, and the girl in black allows the girl in white to weep.  
  
—  
They set out into the gray world.  
  
For a while, Tairitsu holds the other girl's hand to walk her forward,  
but it doesn't take long for their paces to match.  
  
She does not remember her tragedy—at least, not the worst of it.  
  
And the black shards... They don't take interest in her any longer.  
  
For Hikari too. Those white shards which were so fond of her no longer dance nearby and close.  
  
One has lost some aspect of dark, and the other... and the world... continue to lose light.  
Though...  
...to smile sincerely, Hikari no longer needs the light of glass.  
  
The girls walk to a cliff's edge.  
They look out to see a land of lost memory, slowly falling to decay.  
And it will decay. It will collapse, fade, and crumble to nothing.  
  
They stand there, not knowing this, and only "knowing" each other,  
foregoing the past, and foregoing memory.  
  
Tairitsu looks to Hikari with a steady, and quietly warm expression—  
It is the expression she wore once, whenever able, within another life.  
Hikari, seeing it, smiles with the simplest ease.  
  
"What awaits"...?  
What awaits could never matter.  
  
That sense of "completeness" they each feel... cannot be shaken.  
  
And...  
Implicitly, Hikari knows this journey is at its end.  
The road to the future lies ahead, and there a new journey will begin.  
  
...She takes the time to acknowledge that she cannot know what, precisely, that journey will bring.  
She can never know what might happen.  
  
She acknowledges this, and closes her eyes to another thought:  
...Did she know, before, where her steps would take her?  
She only, always, stepped forward.  
  
...  
  
If you've chosen life, then choose to live.  
Live in this world. See this world. Feel it and truly accept every last moment.  
With this sentiment, she chooses to hold firm.  
  
She holds all of it close to her heart.  
  
She takes Tairitsu's hand.  
  
Because they will go on.

#### zh-Hans

光瘫坐在尘土与血泊中。  
  
我看到她在那里……她的愚蠢和自怨自艾毁了她。  
  
从捂着脸的指缝间看出去时，她再一次发现你的视线所指向的，是已经死去的，  
我的第二个自我。冷漠，也可说是造成这一切的元凶，致使了你的死亡，而它一定会威胁着要卷土重来。  
  
我知道，这名身穿红白衣服的少女感觉得到。  
她感觉得到，她就是为此而存在。  
  
你的死早已注定，  
而她就是那个杀害了你的人。  
  
她的后背放松下来……  
这世界……Arcaea……她好像感到压力在从中释放。  
那是一种解脱……  
  
混沌已经散去……现在安全了……  
但我也听到了……  
有个像低语的东西缓慢进入她的内心，仿佛在要求她接受这个状态。  
  
接受她自身，接受Arcaea。  
……然而——  
  
"……对立……"  
  
……她对自己低语道一个名字。她声音颤抖，泣不成声。  
  
"你是什么意思……？我们在‘这里’的名字是那样的……？"  
  
她沉默不语，感到讶异。  
  
低语再次对她说道：只要你想，那些答案就会浮现。  
这地方，封存了所有的回忆……  
……而她依旧沉默不语。  
  
"……"  
  
埋藏在她武装的冷漠之下，是纯粹又刺眼的憎恶。  
她无法停止憎恨自己。  
  
很明显她做不到。在一切之后……她要如何接受这样的结局？这代表什么？  
对她来说有什么意义？  
  
她……曾漫步于此的她，绝对不可能接受。  
  
反胃感吞噬着她的腹部，她咬紧牙关。  
  
光将手放至身下的尘土与沙子中，然后在膝盖上抖了抖。  
  
她问道：  
"Arcaea……你是来治愈我的吗？"  
  
她的手臂放松下来，就像是有一道凉爽穿过了她的手臂。  
  
"……我感觉得到。"  
光慢慢闭上双眼，喃喃自语的说道。她的声音依然沙哑。  
  
"……这是害怕、疲惫且虚弱之人的乐园……"  
  
"……"  
  
她吞下干燥的空气，张开双眼，  
抓起一把沙子并起身，  
大部分的沙子从她指缝间流出。  
  
"我不知道该如何是好……"  
光继续说道：  
"……把一切都再次交付给你，是正确的吗？"  
  
"绝对……不是。"  
  
"我……不想要这样…"  
  
"我不想要这样……！"  
  
——  
"呃——！"  
  
光突然弯腰抱住腹部，  
用另一只手捂住嘴。她剧烈地颤抖着。  
  
她的"抗拒"似乎足以让这世界再次感觉到她。  
就在她恐惧的说不出话，双眼睁大时，她突然皱了一下眉头。  
我也听到有个刺耳的噪音，突然穿过她的耳朵、她的头脑——  
  
再次进入她的内心，但这已经不是低语了，几乎可说是震颤的怒吼。  
一个沉静却有力的声音出现，说道：决定吧，说出你内心的想法。  
  
"说出……我的……？"  
  
因为……  
……光是一名受内心驱使的少女。  
早在她生平第一次张开双眼前，她的内心便指引她至此。  
  
是本能反应吗？这个"身体"记得一切是怎么发生的吗‥…？她之前是怎么样的人……？  
  
哈……  
我其实并不在意。  
只是……我觉得这很有趣又讽刺，这个新的心脏会在下一次跳动前就颠覆一切。  
  
她呼吸急促，内心颤抖了整整一分钟，  
最终得到一个清晰且坚定的答案：  
  
"我要…推翻现状。"  
  
"我必须带她回来。"  
  
"这世界……一点都不合理！  
你以为我会为此死去？还是以为我会让‘其他’人为之死去……！ ？ "  
  
"我做不到！我不会这么做的！  
不论我必须做什么，放弃什么……作为交换，这些我都愿意牺牲……！"  
  
她手中牢牢的抓了一把泥土，接着甩出她的手并将其撒出去。  
  
她宣布：  
"如果我的死亡可以改变这一切，那我愿意——！"  
  
世界的心脏在跳动，而这心跳声让她完全的安静下来。  
这世界从未放弃她，以后也不会。  
这个声音再次布满她的体内——  
  
而其中的情感和知识，进入了她的胸口，传达至她每个指尖。  
  
它说道：你不能死。  
你注定会活下去，而且这是你的选择。  
  
这件事……光是明白的。  
自责，内疚，使她眼中充满泪水。  
  
在她哭出来之前，这世界的心脏又再次跳动。  
Arcaea 说道：别死。  
  
——  
只要让它结束就好。  
  
……她的双唇紧闭。  
她的泪水从眼角流出，滑落脸颊。  
她点了点头。  
  
心脏再次跳动……  
仿佛——  
  
—— Arcaea 开始失去光芒。  
  
这样做后，Arcaea 淹没了她，流入她的双手和内心。  
她感到失落，几乎就要崩溃。  
  
这段时间，记忆闪现在她眼前，但我知道……这些是被忽略的记忆。  
她的双眼反而专注在你了无生气的遗体上。  
  
我想她现在唯一知道的……就是"她该做什么。"  
我可以感觉到自己被往下拉至那里……一直下沉，下沉……  
下沉至你被杀害的地方。  
  
……  
她……是否真的明白她舍弃的东西是什么？  
她真的明白这里的"结束"是什么意思吗？  
  
我不知道。  
　  
……你也无从得知。  
  
……事实上，如果她带我走，那……我还会记得每件事吗？我会明白吗？  
　  
不……或许不会。但是……她现在似乎对自己很有信心。  
  
……  
  
我会让她的内心成为之后任何事的灯塔。  
　  
……我深信着。你也会，不是吗？  
  
毕竟，你是对的……  
　  
她们俩人……是完全不一样的。  
  
……"对立"……  
　  
……我现在要走了。  
  
不过别担心。  
　  
我一定会把你带在身边。  
  
天空再次落下，而土地依她的意愿上升。  
为了死亡，也为了让对立重生。  
  
生命和灵魂不会真的被带进这个亡者的世界。  
这里只有她们的形象以及回声……  
  
首先，  
光芒之女和纷争之女的灵魂……从来就不平凡。  
  
没错，这世界不是为此而生。  
确实，这个世界将因此支离破碎。  
为了改写这一切，它愿意做任何事，或至少一试。  
  
它需要黑衣女子的"第一灵魂"  
以及可在她第二人格中找到的残片……  
  
而现在一个破碎的灵魂，呼唤着另一个完整的灵魂。  
很快，这另一个灵魂便被强行带入这个苍白的世界。  
  
一道旋风围绕在光的身边，  
在阴影和光芒的激流中，划破了身边笼罩的现实。  
  
Arcaea"记得"另一名少女，在光的指示之下，这些记忆以玻璃的形态瞬间赶到。  
这些记忆看似突然出现。又或许说，它们一直都在。  
……它们是否足够？这世界能否编织两个破碎的灵魂？  
  
……这个世界会的。规则并不重要。光会做到的……  
带着名为对立的少女拥有的记忆……  
这些记忆的玻璃迅速出现，在整场风暴中发光。  
  
过去有名少女曾备受煎熬的走过这些土地。  
悲痛如影随形地跟着这名少女……  
但她仍大步向前，想要拯救自己。  
  
为了拯救自己，为了紧紧抓住自由。  
她只盼望着：  
有机会能有一个理由让她微笑。  
  
为了打造一个更好的世界，这名少女曾挺身而出，  
即使"更好"可能代表要让世界天翻地覆。  
  
这些回忆在光的双眼中闪现，  
让她更加无法专注在她侵占中的回忆。  
  
另一名少女的眼泪，只有少许穿越了这场风暴，而她大部分的痛苦似乎都已被遗忘。  
  
看起来是这样没错……但事实上，身为光芒的灵魂，仍然抗拒着那灵魂和她一样的残酷的真相，  
光唯一能做的事，就是找到另一名少女最真挚的绝望，  
即便只是其中短暂的瞬间—— 而剩余的那些较长的时刻，则超出她的能力范围。  
  
……不过，当知道那最真实的痛苦引导黑衣少女至何方后，光便不再难过，  
也放弃寻找她怎么也找不到的，那个她们相遇的时刻。  
  
由这一切产生出的对立……从未看过她所处的困境实际有多深，  
但仍明白自己注定活在挣扎之中。  
  
光产生了一股新的能量。地面喷发四柱光芒，是巨大的力量泉源。  
这是世界要保护她，因为她所召唤的暗影之魂最终降临了。  
  
这个灵魂靠近时，她几乎看不出来这是什么。在她前面漂浮并遮蔽天空的，  
是一个与死亡相仿的东西：那是一个巨大又令人毛骨悚然的鬼魂形象。  
这东西靠近时轻轻放慢了速度，随即便开始流入转动中的玻璃。  
  
她完全明白这是怎么回事。她坚决的点了点头，引导灵魂至玻璃，让过程更加顺畅。  
对立"之前"迷失的灵魂，成为了新身体来临时的生命精华。  
而对立"之后"迷失的灵魂，则用于稳定躯壳的剩余部分。  
  
她没有被吓到，并在心中重申了她的誓言。  
  
她扭曲了世界的核心，这样做也将导致堕落之神的重生。  
就这样最后，曾经绝对的规则被改写了。光发出坚定且沉静的命令后，  
新的死亡便牢牢刺入至这个核心之中。  
  
在光芒和暗影巨大的脉冲之下，Arcaea 开始迈向灭亡。  
  
创造存在的愿望被推翻了。天空在头上迅速移动，而现实的余光从四面八方倾泻而下至她身上。  
光将这打造出的灵魂推入至浮在半空中极度美艳的对立的身体时，  
她的汗珠滴至眉间，但同时她也推动了整个世界——  
  
她引导着大地的生命。  
  
她抛弃了Arcaea。  
  
在白天要结束之时，双胞胎少女看着云朵从上空快速飘过。  
  
而在夜晚的天空之下，有一名贵族看着裂缝慢慢将大地分裂，  
看着星星从空中逐渐落下。  
  
有一名关心又在乎的少女，有一名四处游荡并探索的少女，有一名看顾并许下愿望的少女——  
  
有一个愉悦的灵魂，有一个饥渴的灵魂，有一个有抱负的灵魂——  
  
有一颗战争的心，有一颗歌唱的心——  
  
—— 在这世界上所有的活力都被带至一个遥远地方之时，她们也看见了尾声。  
  
而很快地……  
  
……光感觉这些活力，最后有几缕流入了她希望拯救的那名少女体内。  
当这活力从光的双手中退去时，对立的形体开始飘落至地面，  
同时……  
  
……这名身穿白衣的少女也感觉到了，她自身也有一部分开始迷失在这股流动之中。  
  
……但她一点都不担心。  
  
当风声平息，Arcaea 上方的天空也回归平缓后……  
她感到头晕目眩，并在可能跌倒前尽力站稳脚步。  
  
她试着让自己冷静下来，并试图理解她究竟做了什么。  
但是……她做不到。  
她无法抗拒地专注在一件事情上：  
  
对立活了吗？  
  
——  
  
尘土再次从天空飘落。  
  
她确实记得……  
  
……在最后，在最低点的时候……  
  
没有人在那里，她闭上眼，眼泪开始留下。  
  
她现在缓缓张开双眼……  
　  
……而那些回忆也离开了她。  
  
光看见她额头有些动静。  
这名白衣女子双手握拳放在嘴前，喉咙也深吸一口气。  
  
就这一切的璀璨来说，她认为，真是太简单了——  
  
太简单——  
这些微的希望和努力，能否实现她的愿望？  
  
光对于这些想法摇摇头，她颤抖着向前。  
对立的双眼张开，眨了一下，接着再次眯起。  
  
光赶紧上前，跪下并抱着眼前这名少女。  
  
"这……你……！？你这是——！？"  
  
光紧紧抱住她，这是她一生中抱得最紧的一次，  
而另一名少女则沉默不语。  
然后，光开始啜泣。  
  
她不顾自我地靠在另一个少女的肩膀上哭泣，  
而那名少女回过头看着她，对这一切都感到难以置信。  
  
……更多裂缝都已经在那片景色中被凿开。  
过去从天空中不断倾泻的光芒，突然也变得黯淡许多。  
这个世界……受损了。  
  
而光的注意力仍放在有"什么"—— 有"谁"还在。  
对立抬起一只手，轻轻地放在光颤抖的背上。  
她们各自都不知道发生了什么事，在世界结束之时就这样安抚彼此。  
  
"抱歉……我真的很抱歉……"  
光不停地说着。  
  
"……不论你做了什么，"  
对立回应道：  
"你都做到了，不是吗？为何要道歉……？"  
  
光缓缓移开身子，但仍抱着这名少女。  
她的双眼跟鼻子都哭红了，强颜欢笑地注视着对立。  
  
突然之间，光把脸埋进对立的胸口，而对立也轻轻地抱住她。  
这一幕都安静了下来，黑衣少女就这样让白衣少女一直哭泣。  
  
——  
她们在灰色世界中启程。  
  
对立牵着另一名少女的手带她向前走了一阵子，但没多久，  
另一名少女就调整好脚步跟上。  
  
她不记得发生在自己身上的悲剧，至少，不记得最糟糕的部分。  
  
还有这些黑色碎片……这些碎片也不再对她感兴趣。  
  
光的情况也一样。这些原本非常喜欢光的白色碎片，再也不在她身边舞动或亲近她。  
  
一个已经失去部分黑暗，而另一个……而这世界……也持续失去光芒。  
不过……  
光那真诚的微笑，也不再需要玻璃的光芒。  
  
少女们走到悬崖边。  
她们小心地寻找充满被忘却的记忆并缓慢腐败的大地。  
这大地将腐败。它将崩溃，褪色，并且瓦解为虚无。  
  
她们站在那里，对此并不知情，她们仅"知道"彼此，  
为此放弃了过去与回忆。  
  
对立带着沉着而温暖的表情看着光——  
这是她在另外一个生命中，只要可以就会露出的神情。  
光看见了她的神情，回以最单纯自在的微笑。  
  
"等着我们的是什么"……？  
什么可能都不重要了。  
  
她们各自感到的"完整"……是不容动摇的。  
  
而且……  
毫无疑问，光知道这场旅程已进入尾声。  
未来的道路就在前方，新的旅程即将展开。  
  
……她花了一段时间意识到自己是无法精准得知这趟旅程会带来什么的。  
她永远无法得知未来会发生什么事。  
  
她接受这个事实，并闭上双眼思考：  
……对立之前是否知道，她走的每一步会将她带到哪？  
她只会一路向前。  
  
……  
  
如果你已选择生命，那便是选择了活下去。  
活在这个世界。见证这个世界。体验它，并真切地接受这最后的每个当下。  
有了这样的体悟，她选择去牢牢把握。  
  
她把这些放在心中最重要的位置。  
  
她牵着对立的手。  
  
因为她们将会继续前进。

### 103-2

#### en

%%CG:app-data/story/cg/E-1\_epilogue.jpg%%|It wasn't long ago...  
  
Somewhere dark and cold...  
  
A barren, empty land rested in silence; newly cold, and newly empty, under a sky  
leaden with dense clouds. The green leaves and red flowers had turned gray, and  
only the footsteps of the living remained to tell that they all had once been  
there. White now fell from the heavens and covered up their steps. No snow fell; only ash.  
  
All had frozen, and winter had yet to come.|On the ash and ice-covered earth, on her knees, was a girl with her neck craned up to face what light  
now bled through the gray. Her eyes were wide and staring. Before that light was an angel or, maybe, a god.  
  
There was no home to turn to. Her mother and father were dead. Her guardians were dead. Her fellow  
fledgling Shapers were dead. Her people, who had always scorned her, were all dead. All that remained  
of what she knew was a shard of glass in her hand—a fragment from her window. But still, perhaps,  
there was a chance—|She was chosen, and special.  
  
She was young, but learned.  
  
She only had to try.  
  
If she tried, very hard, there was perhaps the smallest chance... to reverse time's flow. To strike back.  
  
To even, maybe, turn into a sort of "god" herself.|Thinking she could stop all of this.  
  
Thinking she could bring everyone back.  
  
The girl looked at the shard of glass in her hand, and wished to save the world.|—However...  
  
...she could not.  
  
Will alone cannot create strength from nothing. She had all the will that one could imagine,  
and her will was worthless.  
  
Knowing that, she began to cry.  
  
The will of the god above was worth more. Its wish had been for her and her kind to vanish, fall,  
and fade into dust, and that wish would be granted, in moments, by its hand.  
  
The girl saw her eyes in her own reflection, and watched as the image became distorted  
with her tears. She could see her grief through her shaking jaw, and her impotent, overwhelming pain.  
  
Nothing mattered at all. Nothing she had ever done, and nothing now.  
  
The black-haired girl kept her head bowed as the angel descended. When it reached her, it raised its hand.|And shortly, she was gone.|That child's name is forgotten.  
  
The reasons for her death... were beyond her.  
  
Her life would not be remembered by anyone.  
  
But when she died, another wish took her away.|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/E-2\_epilogue.jpg%%|—  
  
It wasn't much longer ago than that...  
  
Somewhere warm, though still dark...  
  
She had made it dark. Another girl in another time and another place, with all names forgotten. She had  
drawn her curtains. She had locked her door. A chair was beneath the knob. She sat on her bed, and kept  
her eyes wide and staring.  
  
She hugged her knees.  
  
Staring.  
  
She stared into nothingness.|She was overwhelmed by "herself".|A memory played endlessly in her head. She could see the view from atop the stairs, and vividly hear  
her parents' words, whispered from beyond her sight.  
  
They weren't saying anything against her, but they were still discussing her.  
  
It wasn't that they didn't love her.  
  
She could not love herself, and she felt that inside of her, something was missing that would allow her  
to love them.  
  
She very well could still see the view from atop the stairs. She had felt everything tugging at her to  
let go of the banister then, and fly to the marble foyer below.  
  
But what if it didn't work?  
  
The girl had managed to return to her room after that and quietly lock herself away.|Why couldn't she disappear?  
Why couldn't she walk off into nowhere?  
Why were her thoughts like this?  
Why was her mind like this?  
Why couldn't she disappear...?  
  
Her nails dug into her calves.  
  
Her stare widened. Her breathing quickened.  
  
And she wished that she could run away.|The girl with white hair was troubled. The girl with white hair was a god.  
  
She was not troubled because she was a god—her godhood was a fact she never knew.  
  
In her heart, she made a sullen wish for refuge, and that wish was granted:  
  
"Somewhere else, where I can be happy."|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/F-7-1.jpg%%|—  
  
The girl with black hair died, and a wish called her soul away.  
  
In a distant world, in another reality, a girl more powerful than her had made that wish.  
  
The white-haired girl was so powerful that her wish had created a world.  
  
A world with a meaningless name: "Arcaea".|Arcaea was a sanctuary meant to save the dead.  
  
Though she'd been alive when she'd made her wish, she still keenly felt that sense of "death".  
  
She'd given it no consideration, none at all—in fact, she couldn't have thought straight if she'd  
tried. She only wanted something there for herself. It's possible, really, that if she knew the fate  
of those caught in Arcaea's web, she would see herself as having done a very good thing.  
  
The world reached out to countless other places across time, across separate realities.  
  
It was alive, and though it had no thought it nonetheless "wished" to share life with those dead.|Unguided, it caught any it could that spoke to its "heart".  
  
In a space crafted between the seams of the real, in darkness spotted with soft and distant purple starlight...  
  
...so many souls were wrapped into the weave, and brought to a new and shining border beyond the black.  
  
The world of white...  
  
From there, the world made a perfect imprint of each, and also released each. It gave each imprint a warm  
place, gave them a new shape...  
  
It gave them infinity, to view and relive endless life in safety.  
  
But it could not truly save its maker...|It was able to take true souls, double them, and bring the doubles into new bodies, releasing those  
first souls to whatever else awaited them... However, the soul of the one who would be known as "Hikari"  
was fixed back in its first world. She was still alive.  
  
...Arcaea, always unthinking, instead forced a copy of that soul as best as it could.  
  
And much later, it found a soul more tragic than any other it had yet to find, similar to its mother's...  
  
Strangely, that soul could not be properly kept either. When released, it could not leave the false  
world's border like the rest... and so began to watch its star-crossed copy on the new, white earth instead.  
  
Tairitsu... woke in a ruined tower.|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/E-4\_epilogue.jpg%%|—  
  
And time passed...  
  
Unthinkably, one of the saved had threatened everything...  
  
But mercifully, the one who had made this all returned, and soon the world was safe again...  
  
Arcaea was only crafted to exist. It had called out to its maker, and that maker had heeded that call. Like  
Arcaea had made a monitor for the shards... like it bid that monitor to swallow up any anomalies that  
fractured its fragile existence...|So now, it exists, and has existed.  
  
It has existed, ever since, for over one thousand years.|The red blood that stained the earth was erased, leaving behind pure, white land. Tairitsu's body  
was burned away...  
  
Warmth filled everything. The sky grew bright.  
  
The pearl and nearly endless landscape came together again.  
  
And now, it is a truly beautiful world...  
  
Dotted in figures: of girls who chose to rest in a land of endless travel. They chose to be frozen, and to  
stare eternally into this world of the lost. And if they are thinking at all... it is of a very distant past.  
  
And that was surely the better choice…  
  
That was surely better than walking and watching other places forever...|They must be happy. They need to be.  
  
Arcaea had nothing else to give them but that choice. The world was  
still buried "inbetween", and escape was—  
  
—and... any realms outside of it... were outside, and away, and could  
never be seen again.  
  
So, the twins, the girl with a blade, the traveler, the noble, the girl with a song...  
  
They and others are angelic figures.  
  
And the glass shards of Arcaea often come to rest now, too. They gather along  
walls and pillars, compacting in great and plentiful formations. Like crystals.  
  
Like corrosion.|—This beautiful world is overseen by a god. Above it all, Hikari watches passively...  
  
...and remembers…|She remembers everything old worlds have forgotten. She sees them, with marginal warmth  
or interest. An indulgence, of sorts, for the mind of a faded and listless god.  
  
Maybe... she has transformed. Who she was and who she is... She must be "higher" now.  
  
She cherishes a truth she can only pray that others would understand—though if they  
will not... She has only chosen to watch the world.  
  
Yet... though she watches it passively, she knows she has given them "everything".|...  
  
...Outside her purview, a philosopher and satellite wander.  
  
Beneath it, a horned woman tends to precious memories.  
  
A woman with a flower in her eye... trudges through silent lands.  
  
It is vain. It is vanity.  
  
Arcaea now—is vanity.  
  
And that... is better than the alternative.  
  
Better than the world which spits at you. Better than yourself, who loathes your very way of being.  
  
Living to love being alive, and succumbing to vanity...|...Reality, in all of its facets, is an empty, worthless, and inconsequential thing. The only thing one could  
ever want would be to take what one can out of it.  
  
Take pleasure. Take love. Take hope. Take power.  
  
And with it...  
  
...  
  
Hikari believes this: one has no need to do anything.|Take. Live. And, sincerely, love being alive.  
  
Love that...  
  
Though not even for a thousand years, nor even a thousand more... will life ever mean a thing.|After all, reality marches on with no discernable "end" in store. And Arcaea, specifically,  
was never anything more than a vessel for memories.  
  
Incorporeal, contained, silent memories—while the outside remains unseen, unnoticed, and uncared for.  
  
And those memories will exist forever here in that silence, together with those lost lives Hikari has saved,  
and with her turning no eye to those lives, as always.  
  
Because here there is no memory unseen—no emotion not felt. This is "all", which Light shines down upon,  
and which Light grants.  
  
It is for happiness. It is for eternal peace; unlike in any life you might have left behind.  
This: she loves. This: Arcaea—  
  
—Given to lost lives with neither favor nor condemnation.  
  
And so, like this, the wheels of fate here continue to turn...  
  
...while no destiny waits beyond.

#### zh-Hans

%%CG:app-data/story/cg/E-1\_epilogue.jpg%%|不久以前……  
  
有个黑暗且寒冷的地方……  
  
贫瘠空虚的土地上一片寂静；在乌云密布的天空之下，是全新的冰冷以及虚无。红花绿叶皆蒙上灰色，  
而只剩生者的足迹，持续述说着他们曾经来过。白色此刻从天而降，掩盖了他们的足迹。落下的不是雪花，  
只有灰烬。  
  
冬日尚未来临，然一切皆已冰封。  
|在满是灰烬和冰霜的大地上，有一位跪着的少女，她抬起脖子，看着这片灰色中渗出的光芒。  
她睁大双眼注视着。那光芒前的是一位天使，又或许是一位神。  
  
她无家可归。双亲皆已过世，监护人也已过世，她同期的新任塑形者全都过世，  
还有她那些总是看不起她的人民也已全部过世。她知道所剩下的一切只有手中的玻璃碎片，  
这是她窗户的碎片。但仍或许还有机会——|她是特别的天选之人。  
  
虽然年轻但知识渊博。  
  
她必须一试。  
  
如果她努力尝试，或许还有极小的机会……能够让时间回流，发动回击。  
  
或者甚至让她自身成为某种"神"。|思考着她可以阻止这一切。  
  
思考着她可以将每个人带回来。  
  
这名少女看着手中的玻璃碎片，希望能拯救这个世界。|—— 但是……  
  
……她做不到。  
  
只靠她的意志并不能从虚无中制造力量。人可以想像得到的任何意志力她都具备，但这没有任何意义。  
  
她明白这个真相后，开始哭泣。  
  
神的意志更有意义。神的愿望是她和她的同类消失、坠落、化为尘土，而这个愿望很快就会被神亲手实现。  
  
少女从她的倒影中看见自己的双眼，而那倒影因自己的泪水而变得扭曲。从那颤抖的下颚中，  
她看见自己的悲痛，以及无力与痛苦。  
  
一切都不重要。她一事无成，不论是现在还是过去。  
  
当天使降临时，这名黑发少女始终低着头。天使靠近她时，祂举起了祂的手。|没多久，她就被带走了。|这个孩子的名字已被忘却。  
  
而她死亡的原因……远远超出她的理解。  
  
没有人会记得她的存在。  
  
但当她死亡时，另一个愿望带她离去。|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/E-2\_epilogue.jpg%%|—  
  
这件事的不久以前……  
  
有个黑暗但却温暖的地方……  
  
黑暗是她造成的。那是在不同时光不同地点，另一位名字都被遗忘的少女。她拉起帘幕。  
她锁上房门。把手下有一张椅子。她坐在床上，睁大双眼注视着。  
  
她抱着膝盖。  
  
只是注视着。  
  
注视着虚空。|她被"自己"弄得不知所措。|脑中无穷无尽地拨放着一段回忆。她能从楼梯上看见景色，并且清楚听到她父母从远处传来的低语。  
  
他们不是在说她的坏话，但仍是在讨论她的事。  
  
她的父母并非不爱她。  
  
她无法爱自己，同时她感到自己内心缺少了一样让她能够爱她父母的东西。  
  
她仍可以从楼梯上方看见景色。但她感到一切都在拉住她，要她松开栏杆，并且飞奔至下方的大理石门厅。  
  
但如果这样没用怎么办？  
  
在那之后，这名少女回到了自己的房间，并且安静地将自己锁起来。|为什么她不能消失？  
为什么她不能走向虚无？  
为什么她会拥有这些想法？  
为什么她的脑海会浮现这个？  
为什么她不能消失……？  
  
她将指甲刺入她的小腿。  
  
她张大双眼凝视，呼吸急促。  
  
她希望可以逃离这一切。|白发少女是一个神。白发少女有麻烦了。  
  
但这麻烦并非因为她是神，事实上她从来不知道自己的神性。  
  
在她的内心，她许下一个阴郁的愿望，想受庇护，而愿望成真了：  
  
"我要某个能够让我快乐的地方。"|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/F-7-1.jpg%%|—  
  
黑发少女死去了，而一个愿望要她的灵魂离开。  
  
在遥远的世界，在另一个现实，有一名更强大的少女许下了这个愿望。  
  
白发少女的力量非常强大，强大到她的愿望能打造一个世界。  
  
这个世界拥有一个没有意义的名字："Arcaea"。|Arcaea 是为了拯救亡者的庇护所。  
  
虽然她许下愿望时还活着，但她仍然强烈感到"死亡"的感觉。  
  
对此她完全没有想法；事实上，如果她试过，她就不会如此搞不清楚状况。  
她只想从那里为自己得到一些东西。这是有可能的，真的，如果她知道那些被Arcaea 之网抓住的命运，  
她就会发现自己做了一件很棒的事。  
  
这个世界跨越时间和不同的现实，延伸至其他无数地方。  
  
它是活的，虽然它没有想法，但这世界仍"许愿"与这些亡者分享生命。|在没有任何指示的情况下，这世界尽可能抓住任何与其"内心"对话的东西。  
  
在介于真实的接缝中被打造出来的空间里，在点缀着柔软且遥远的紫色星光的黑暗中……  
  
……许多灵魂被包覆其中，并被带往一个跨越黑暗，全新且闪耀的边界。  
  
白色的世界……  
  
从这里开始，这个世界给了每个灵魂一个无暇的复制体，并且释放他们。  
它给了各个复制体一个温暖的归属，给了它们一个新的形体……  
  
这个世界给了它们永恒，让它们能安全地观察并重温无穷无尽的生命。  
  
但它无法真正拯救它的创造者……|它能够带来真实的灵魂，复制它们，并将这些灵魂带入新的身体中，然后释放，  
不管前方等着它们的是什么……不过，"光"的灵魂，被固定回其第一个世界之中。她仍然活着。  
  
……不会思考的 Arcaea 只会尽其所能强行复制那个灵魂。  
  
很久以后，Arcaea 发现了一个灵魂，它从未见过如此悲惨的灵魂，可以与它母亲的灵魂相似……  
  
奇怪的是，该灵魂也无法被妥善的保管。释放时，  
这个灵魂不会像其他灵魂一样离开这个虚假世界的边界……  
因此它也开始目睹着自己的复制品不幸于这个全新白色大地上诞生。  
  
对立……在一座毁灭的塔中苏醒。|%%CG:app-data/story/cg/E-4\_epilogue.jpg%%|—  
  
随着时光流逝……  
  
难以想像，被救回的其中一人曾震慑着一切……  
  
但幸运的是，造成这一切的人回来了，很快这个世界也再次变得安全……  
  
Arcaea 只是为了存在而生。 Arcaea 呼唤了它的创造者，而这名创造者注意到了这个呼唤。  
就像Arcaea 创造了碎片的监视者，并请求监视者吞噬一切会瓦解其脆弱存在的异常……|因此现在，Arcaea 依然存在着。  
  
它已经存在了超过一千年了。|沾染大地的红色鲜血被抹去了，留下纯洁、白色的大地。对立的身体被烧掉了……  
  
温暖占据着一切。天空变得明亮。  
  
珍珠般近乎无尽的景色再次聚集。  
  
现在，这是一个毋庸置疑的美丽世界……  
  
散布各地的少女们选择在这个无尽旅程大地中停歇。她们选择被冰封，永远凝视着这迷失的世界。  
如果她们还在思考……她们思考的会是非常遥远的过去。  
  
而那肯定是更好的选择……  
  
那肯定比较好，相比无尽地行走并观察其他地方……|她们一定很开心。她们需要变得开心。  
  
Arcaea 除了那个选择没什么能够给她们。这个世界仍然埋藏在"缝隙之间"，而解脱方法也是——  
  
—— 而且……这世界以外的任何领域……是在外部的另一个地方，且无法再次看见。  
  
因此，双胞胎少女、带着利剑的少女、旅行者、贵族、歌之少女……  
  
她们和其他人善良到如同天使一般。  
  
而 Arcaea 的玻璃碎片现在也经常休止。它们沿着墙壁和柱子集结，压实成又大又多的样子，就像结晶一样。  
  
就像生锈了一样。|—— 这个美丽的世界是由神所看护的。光在这一切之上，毫不关心地看照着……  
  
……并且记得……|她记得所有旧世界已经遗忘的事。她有点热情，或着是有点兴趣的看着它们。  
这可称得上是那位衰弱且无精打采的神所拥有的一种放纵。  
  
或许……她已经不一样了。她过去是怎样的人，现在的她又是怎样……她现在层次一定"更高"了。  
  
她珍惜着一个真相，对此她只能祈祷其他人能理解—— 虽然即使他们不能……  
她也只不过选择了去看着这世界。  
  
但……即便她毫不关心地看着这世界，她也知道自己给了它们"一切"。|……  
  
……在她的范围之外，一名哲学家和卫星在游荡。  
  
在此之下，一个长角的女人正照料着珍贵的回忆。  
  
眼中有花朵的女人……在寂静的大地上跋涉。  
  
这是空虚的，是没有意义的。  
  
Arcaea 现在成为了虚无。  
  
而那样……比另外一种型态还好。  
  
好过一个藐视你的世界。好过那个瞧不起你生存方式的自己。  
  
为爱上活着而活，并臣服在虚无之下……|……现实在其所有的面向中，是个空虚、一文不值且微不足道的事情。一个人想要的唯一一件事情，  
就是夺走现实中可以拿走的任何东西。  
  
夺走快乐。夺走爱。夺走希望。夺走力量。  
  
而夺走之后……  
  
……  
  
光相信，什么都不需要做。|夺走。活着。然后真正地爱着活着本身。  
  
爱着它……  
  
虽然在千年之间，甚至千年之后……生命都不会有所意义。|毕竟，现实前进时，没人知道等待着的"结束"是什么样子。  
而 Arcaea，具体来说，从来就只是记忆的载体。  
  
无形、限制、沉默的记忆—— 然而外面看不见，注意不到，也不会在乎。  
  
而这些记忆，与光所拯救的那些生命，将沉静地永存在此，而至于那些生命，  
她也如往常一样不会看过去一眼。  
  
因为在这里，没有看不到的记忆，没有感觉不到的情感。这就是光芒照耀，  
且授予的"一切"。  
  
为了永远的快乐，为了永远的平安。与你可能已经抛弃的任何生命不同，  
这，就是她所爱。这，就是Arcaea ——  
  
—— 迷失的生命不会受到偏袒，也不会受到责备。  
  
因此，就像这样，命运的齿轮在这里继续运转……  
  
……而远方不会再有等候着的命运。

# Side Story

## Saya's Story

### 3-1

#### en

It's early evening. Outside, the twilight amber flowing out from the sun tries to slip by without  
pause, but the devices within the surrounding meadows catch and spool it, changing it to rays  
more similar to what might be cast from the moon.  
  
The party has a certain atmosphere. Though there are no eyes without the manor, the fact is that  
maintaining an image is paramount to those of upper echelons. She knows this, all of this, innately.  
Sitting in a darker place, with sunlight captured and held at ceilings and staircases presently  
beyond her reach, she considers the implications of this knowledge in calm and in silence.  
  
"Lavinia."  
  
She looks up from her glass. The fiancé (dressed very well, almost stuffily, but in casual  
posture) is standing before her.  
  
"What have you decided to drink tonight?"  
  
She looks at it through her one proper eye. She answers: "Plum juice… Donovan."|"Keen," he says with a smile, looking out toward the rest of the room. She looks at his  
expression blankly. He smirks. "Mum and the rest prefer cranberry—for health, they say—  
but…" he says, glancing at her again. "It's a bitter taste, isn't it? You don't like it either,  
do you?"  
  
She thinks, wincing. "I don't."  
  
"And that is to the good." He chuckles, then turns away. "I'll go speak with Morgan.  
Join us whenever you like."  
  
She nods, and Donovan moves to their mutual childhood friend near the fireplace.|As always, images need to be maintained. The fire throws its light only a few feet out from the pit  
before the threads of it are wound away, stored into lanterns on the floor. The rest of the room is  
dark, but comforting. It's a setting to relax within. A few lanterns above give just enough illumination  
for reading, seeing each other's faces, and the spread of carefully selected portions of food along  
with bottles of drink. Just outside the room, through half-glass walls, an almost untame scene of  
wildflowers, stones, and streams is dimly visible: wrapped in a midnight blue, almost like satin.  
There are twenty guests at the party, half in this room, the rest in the halls or somewhere in other  
studies—perhaps the library. This is as much as she knows.  
  
She drinks her juice, tastes it. She notes the sweetness, not having had much experience with  
plum juice herself. She recalls something about a better taste and sensation, but in the moment  
now she is compelled to focus on how the liquid feels along her tongue. However, she can make  
no true determination of it. It is remarkably unremarkable.  
  
She puts the glass down on the fanciful doily of the short table beside her. She sits, listens, and  
watches, touching the flower petals blooming from her other eye rather absently.|She hears Donovan say, "But to think they’ve done so much already. When I first heard of the idea,  
I was sure it wasn’t possible."  
  
"Well, Charles is quite sure it is," says another of the guests—not Morgan, but Nathalia.  
  
"Astounding," Donovan grants, running his fingers through the top of his hair.  
  
"A whole entire world, made by human hands," he says. "Mankind is quite something."

#### zh-Hans

夜色将至。屋外，太阳所溢出的琥珀色暮光马不停蹄地想要从天际溜走，  
奈何被草坪中的那几台装置捕捉并卷入，  
转变为近似月光的柔和射线。  
  
这场宴会带有种独特的气氛。虽然庄园外一个人都没有，但是对上流人士来说，  
保持形象似乎比任何事都来得重要。她了解这一切——从一开始便是。她坐在较暗一点的地方，  
而被捕捉的阳光则重现于她如今无法触及的天花板与阶梯。  
少女静静地思考着潜藏于那些渊博知识之中的涵义。  
  
“拉薇妮雅。”  
  
她的视线从玻璃杯上移走。而她的未婚夫（穿着整齐，甚至能用古板来形容，  
但是姿态相当轻松自如）正站在她的面前。  
  
“想好今晚喝什么了？”  
  
她用那只正常的眼睛注视着杯子，答道：“嗯，多纳文……我点了李子汁。”|“不错。”他笑着回应，一边环顾房间的四周。  
少女茫然地瞧着他的表情，而他假笑着。  
“妈妈和大家都说蔓越莓汁更健康呢，不过……”  
他说道，并再次朝她瞥去，“喝起来也更苦，不是吗？你也不喜欢吧？”  
  
她想了想，畏缩道：“我不喜欢。”  
  
“那就好。”他轻笑一声，转过身去，“我接下来要去跟摩根聊聊，  
不过随时欢迎你加入我们。”  
  
少女点了点头，多纳文就走去壁炉旁的那群老朋友们身边。|一如往常，形象的维护是必不可少的。在引线被卷起存入地上的灯笼前，  
那凹槽中的火焰只把自身的光辉投出几英寸远。房间的其余场所一片黑暗，却使人感到安心。  
挂在上方的几个灯笼刚好提供了足够让人们进行阅读、辨识各自面孔，  
以及分配经过了精挑细选的食物和一瓶瓶饮料所需要的光线。在那半面为玻璃的墙壁外部，  
如今室外景色模糊不清，隐约能够辨识出野花、石头与溪流：笼罩于深蓝夜幕之下，仿佛一条绸缎。  
宴会上有二十位来宾，一半在这个房间里，其他人可能在大厅或是某处的书房——  
或许是图书馆也说不定。她所知道的只有这么多。  
  
她细细品尝了她的果汁。她从中感受到了一丝甜味，但这李子汁依然不能让她产生多大的印象。  
少女显然能回忆起某种更好的滋味和感觉，但现在她还是试图让思绪集中在舌尖上的味蕾。  
可惜，这依然不足以打动她，这味道实在是平凡得出奇。  
  
她将玻璃杯搁在一旁那张矮桌的奇异桌布上。她坐了下来，凝听、观察着四周，  
几分心不在焉地抚摸着于她的另一只眼中绽放的花瓣。|她听见多纳文说，“但仔细想想，他们现在已经做了那么多了。  
我第一次听到这主意的时候，我甚至觉得这完全行不通。”  
  
“嗯，查尔斯对这一点十分确信。”另一位来宾说道——不是摩根，而是娜塔莉亚。  
  
“真让人意外，”多纳文认同道，手指游离于发梢。  
  
“一个完整的世界，全部由人类的双手打造……”他说，“我们人类可真了不起。”

### 3-2

#### en

Her eye had wandered to the flickering of a lantern, and now it seeks the expectant husband.  
She reaches for her glass and takes a sip; it’s enough to make her remember why she had put it  
down in the first place.  
  
The matter of a created world is only really a fickle fancy of theirs. They do not discuss it much.  
They do not much understand it. What little they might have to say of true interest, she can’t, in  
fact, properly remember. Irritating. At times, it even feels to her like they aren’t speaking at all.  
  
The girl grows impatient. She stands and passes out of the sitting room into more lavish, more  
evening- themed halls, passing rooms with which she’s familiar, but only vaguely. She explores,  
finding stretches of unlit, pitch-black paths, and doors that seem to be locked though their knobs  
bear no holes for unlocking. What doors are open show rooms of a few men and women each,  
chatting too quietly to discern. If they ever notice her presence, they only look her way a moment  
before returning to conversation or rest.|She wants to go outside.  
  
The manor has some technological sophistication to it, but is married to its ideals of old "class".  
Yes, the dimming canisters are curious, and the manufactured wilds are peculiar, but what interests  
her the most are the light-transforming machines in the gardens. She knows of them, but has yet to  
see them firsthand.  
  
In a word, she is "curious".  
  
The humdrum of a social gathering so often repeated that this day feels like a thousand identical  
others is not something she wishes to dabble in long. Lives and creations are too fascinating to  
ever take either for granted.|But as she approaches the doors to the front driveway...  
  
As her fingers slip upon the wood of the grand handles before her...  
  
She knows, innately, that there is nothing past there, nothing for her. In the entire world, there is  
nowhere else she could be. Her place is not in the meadows admiring mechanisms, it is in the  
sitting room with the husband-to-be.  
  
"Outside" is only an idea. A fruitless, ephemeral concept.  
  
That is not a favorable realization.  
  
Dropping her hand she turns and stands below the chandelier, each of its shards showing an image  
of somewhere else in the world, at this moment. Shifting, always, and speaking of places she  
cannot go. Fading, almost celestial illumination hangs around the fixture, giving this place and  
that object a too-unreal quality. Her eye, her lips, say nothing. She trudges back into the mansion,  
with a small fire of discontent born within her.

#### zh-Hans

片刻前，她的目光飘忽于灯笼摇曳的光线，现在她则找寻起自己的未婚夫来。  
她再度伸手拿起玻璃杯，啜了一小口；这样足够让她想起为什么当初要把它搁在一旁了。  
  
创造世界的事情，根本只是他们脑中不可靠的幻想而已。他们没有更深入地讨论。  
他们其实并不了解它。那群人究竟说过哪些他们真正感兴趣的话题——  
说实话，她没法准确地回想起来。真让人心烦意乱。有时候，她甚至觉得他们根本就没在说话。  
少女开始感到厌烦。她起身离开客厅，走去那些更豪华，更有夜晚魅力的大厅；  
穿过几间虽有亲切感，但对她而言依然陌生的房间。她将这儿探索了一遍，  
发现了一条未点灯的漆黑路径，以及几扇把手似乎上了锁，却看不见锁孔的门。  
能够打开的那些门后方，是几位男女在房里，聊天的声音小到听不清楚。  
他们虽然注意到她的存在，但只是瞥了一眼，就回到方才谈话或休息的状态。|她想去外边走走。  
  
先进的科技遍布于这座庄园，但庄园整体却与古老的“阶级制度”理念相融。  
没错，那些调光器十分奇特，而这整片人造的荒野也极为古怪。不过这其中让她最感兴趣的科技，  
是安置在花园中的那些光能转换装置。  
她虽然知晓它们，却是初次亲眼所见。  
  
用单个词语来形容：她很“好奇”。  
  
人们总重复着单调乏味的社交活动，使今日与过去的千百天几乎毫无差别，  
而她对涉猎此类日子毫无兴趣。  
生命与创造皆无比迷人，从中选出一者难如登天。|但就在她缓缓靠近通往前车道的大门时……  
  
就在她的手指触摸到眼前那巨大的木把手时……  
  
她明白过来，外头没有任何事物——至少对她而言，从一开始便是如此。  
这整个世界上，没有任何其他能让她容身的地方。  
她的归属并不是于草坪中赞赏那堆机械科技，而是那间狭窄的准夫妻起居室。  
  
“外部”仅仅是个想法。一个毫无营养，转瞬即逝的概念。  
  
这可不是个会让她感到开心的领会。  
  
她的手从门把手上滑落。随即她转过身，站在一盏吊灯底下。  
那吊灯上面装饰的每一片镜片都映照着这一刻的世界别处的景象——  
总是不断地转换，展现着那些她无法前去的场所。  
柔和的，宛如星空般的彩灯环绕在固定装置的周围，让那物体与这整片场地都显得过于虚幻。  
她的眼神、她的嘴唇，未阐述任何思绪。步伐声中燃起些许不满，她步履艰难地回到了宅邸之中。

### 3-3

#### en

A windstorm scatters petals around terrain behind the walls.  
Glints of white and sapphire catch the eye, and the youths of the party speak of the change favorably.  
Like magic. Wonderful.  
  
She comes back into the lounge and witnesses the swirl of artificial nature,  
the splendor of a farce.  
  
She remembers the first time those flowers were scattered and thinks:  
she’s rather had enough of "remembering".  
  
During the past several hours, she’s tested the boundaries.  
  
The windows were locked, the patio doors were barred, and the ventilation ducts were bolted.  
The question she had to all this was:  
"Are these shut because people shut them, or because I’m trapped in here?"  
  
Metaphor and emotion often swayed the hearts of young girls, she found.  
It was difficult to determine the reality.  
  
When she’d had enough of poking, prodding, turning things over, and wandering,  
she began to prattle on with other guests she knew to be acquaintances or friends.  
  
"The weather..."  
"The King..."  
"You know, the week before..."  
  
Tedious, and uninformative too.  
Certain lines of questions were met with incredulity or with nothing at all,  
as if the questions hadn’t been asked—as if she hadn’t spoken.  
  
What she mainly wanted to know about—engineering, technology, progress—  
seemed to especially draw out nothing from the other guests.  
With her frustration growing, she took to listening in instead, and eventually heard:  
  
"It’s little more than a globe of dirt now. We’ll terraform it soon, I’m told."  
  
And asking about that... led nowhere as well.  
That was quite enough to know, however, and so she entered the lounge again.  
  
She stands in it now, watching the storm, and relating to it.  
  
The girl steps past the fiancé, who smiles at her presence.  
He greets her with, "Lavinia, you’re back," and she rests her gaze on his lapel.  
He takes no particular notice of this.  
  
The players always seem to act in such a way.  
What stands out, what’s unusual, is given no mind.  
Bolder and bolder she’s gotten, but they remain always steadfast to their routines.  
  
To maintain the image, correct?  
She decides to ask, outright, one question she burns to have answered.  
  
"The man-made world... it isn’t made of glass?"  
  
"...Hm? What on...? Of course not, Lavinia. It’s not a bauble."  
  
Her eye goes wide. Her pupil constricts.  
  
Of all the things, that had been it.  
  
Donovan looks over her shoulder and through the walls, saying,  
"At any rate, isn’t it lovely? Almost as lovely as you..."  
  
But she doesn’t reply.  
Recognizing his answer as confirmation, she settles on a decision.  
  
As the spiral of flowers beyond flow almost serenely through the air,  
she moves to the table of foodstuffs, and stops before the breads.  
  
Donovan continues.  
"I’m told the world they’ve made will have shows like this across sprawling, endless valleys.  
Right now, it’s only barren. A concept, you know?"  
  
She stops her hand over a handle, listening.  
  
"But it’ll surely be a delight in time, for those who can afford a spot on it.  
And think of the potential, Lavinia."  
  
She exhales. It’s been another fruitless trip.  
Her hand closes on fine, smoothed wood.  
  
She turns swiftly and steps to the awaiting husband,  
swinging her hand out toward his neck.  
  
The bread knife’s teeth stop in his skin.  
  
Without feeling—without even a spark of animosity—she wordlessly cuts across the boy’s throat,  
and watches closely to see what comes out.

#### zh-Hans

一阵狂风将墙后原野中的花瓣吹落一地。  
纯白与蔚蓝的闪烁引起了人们的注意，宴会上的年轻人对这突然的变化纷纷表示称赞。  
就像魔法一样。太美妙了。  
  
她回到了休息室，也目睹了这场人造自然的旋风，  
一场华丽的闹剧。  
  
她尚且记得这些花朵初次被吹落的景象，想到：  
她已经受够"回忆"起那些事物了。  
  
在过去的许多个小时中，她对这儿的边界进行了一番研究。  
  
窗户上了锁，阳台的落地窗门被封了起来，通风口也被用螺丝固定着。  
她对现状抱持的唯一疑惑是：  
"这些去路被堵住——是因为那群人堵住了去路，还是因为我被困在这里了？"  
  
她发现，暗喻与情感总会动摇少女们的心灵。  
现实并不容易辨别清楚。  
  
而当她在摸遍、戳遍、翻遍、绕遍这地方后，  
她开始去找熟悉的来宾与朋友们一起闲话家常。  
  
"最近的天气……"  
"国王他……"  
"你知道吗，上周……"  
  
枯燥乏味，而且毫无营养。  
虽然有提问从她的嘴中蹦出来，却只会被怀疑一番，甚至完全被他们忽视。  
就像那些疑问从未被问出口——好像她根本就没有说过话一样。  
  
她最想知道的情报——机械工程、科技与发展——  
显然在这些来宾身上是套不出来的。  
就在她变得越来越沮丧的时候，她选择在一旁聆听对话，终于听见：  
  
"它现在可不止是个泥球了。我听说我们很快就能够完成地球化呢。"  
  
她对那个话题发问……但仍旧没有得到任何回应。  
不过有这条信息就差不多足够了，所以她再次进入走廊。  
  
如今她伫立在那里，静静地观望着那场风暴，将自己与其联想。  
  
她轻步走过她的未婚夫身旁。他见到她，对她露出一丝微笑。  
他打招呼道，"拉薇妮雅，你回来啦。"而她凝视着他的西装衣领。  
他对此未察觉分毫。  
  
演员们总是依照同一种方式演出。  
何事脱颖而出，何事不同寻常——全都从未被人们所在意。  
她的行为越来越大胆，但他们依旧遵照自己的习惯行动。  
  
因为得保持形象，对吧？  
她决定直截了当地问出那长久以来压迫在她心头的问题。  
  
"人造的世界……它难道不是玻璃制造的吗？"  
  
"……呃？你在说什……？当然不是啊，拉薇妮雅。这可不是个玩笑。"  
  
她睁大了眼睛，瞳孔收缩。  
  
在所有的疑问中，就只有这个得到了回应。  
  
多纳文的视线越过她的肩头，仿佛望着墙后更遥远的地方。他说：  
"不管怎样，这不是很令人喜爱吗？几乎就像你一样惹人怜爱……"  
  
但她没有作出任何回应。  
他的回答间接印证了少女的假设，因此她下定了决心。  
  
就在空中以螺旋状飞舞的花瓣要平静下来的时候，  
她走向摆满食物的长桌，驻足于面包。  
  
多纳文滔滔不绝地说着。  
"我听说，他们塑造的世界最终会像是错综蔓延的山谷，没有尽头。  
现在，它就只是一片荒地。这是个概念，你明白吗？"  
  
她静静聆听，将手搭在一个握柄上。  
  
"但是对于那些拥有足够能力包揽下来一块地的人来说，这绝对是件十分开心的事。  
你想象一下那块新土地的可能性，拉薇妮雅。"  
  
她叹了一口气。又是次不会有任何结果的尝试。  
少女的手握住那精巧而又光滑的木头。  
  
她灵巧地转过身，朝正等待着她的未婚夫迈出步子，  
将自己的手甩向他的头颈。  
  
面包刀的锯齿止于他的皮肤。  
  
不带任何情感——甚至未含敌意的火花——她一言不发地刺穿了这男孩的喉咙，  
贴近凝视着将要迸发而出的事物。

### 3-4

#### en

It isn’t blood.  
  
It isn’t anything.  
  
The gentleman’s throat is cut in what should be an awful way... but the memory lacks a concept of  
what "awful" would be. Instead of a shredded, vicious image, his neck now looks akin to torn and  
crumpled paper. Inside is not "shadow" but "negative space": a void inside his body. The edges of  
the wound flicker weakly with some white light, and off the blade of the knife she’d used to strike  
him, vibrant shards float aloft... simply hanging in the air.  
  
And Donovan can’t comprehend it. Many of the patrons, too, are in awe and horror of her act.  
People fall, women faint, and Donovan reaches for his neck. Some men leap for her, pull back her  
forearm and hold her at her neck. She grips the knife tightly, and with a dull expression stares into  
the husband’s bewildered eyes.  
  
While she hardly struggles with the guests apprehending her, she spots behind Donovan a girl in  
absolute hysterics on the floor. The sound of her voice becomes increasingly distorted, beginning  
to crackle and fluctuate in volume. Already, then: the memory has broken.|This wasn’t how it went. Even the most time-changed memories could not be altered so.  
For a wife to, unprompted, attack her husband this way during a moment of peace...  
  
She’d hoped to provoke a reaction, and is thus satisfied by this result. Although a few of the other  
people in the room are unfazed by the commotion, and some even seem to have lost their faces  
entirely, alteration of a memory to this extent is a veritable first. This, at least, has been a success.  
  
The world begins to crack, fractures appearing wherever she can see.  
Reality afterward looks almost wrinkled from it.|She says to herself, "Making entire worlds for vacation... Surely there would be better uses for that."  
  
She lets go of the bread knife and sighs, seeing how it can’t move from the space where she’d  
abandoned it.  
  
"Not a peep about ‘memory’, ‘echoes’, ‘reflections’—importantly, not ‘glass’..."  
  
The room constricts.  
  
"This was another worthless dream."  
  
The planet divides.|White blears and obscures, briefly flashing everywhere as the image is demolished. In a rush of  
every remembered sound contained in that recollection, in that slip of glass, she stands with her  
eye shut until luminescence and noise fade. She opens her eye to faintly glittering empty space,  
her mind twists, and after another wave of effulgent pain she sees again the world with which she  
is both most familiar with, and most confounded by:  
  
The world of white and ruins. The memory-shaped realm of Arcaea.  
  
"I’d had a good feeling about this one," she mumbles, watching the rotation of a shard just above  
her palm. "But it wasn’t responsible for this world’s creation, and it was almost empty to boot.  
Hmph. If I can watch them, let me remove them too..."  
  
She dismisses the glass, not looking as it returns to the space where she’d found it: a glinting,  
sharpened river flowing above the ground. The girl named Saya stares off into the plain horizon,  
stepping forth while touching her lip absently, and reviewing the events of the recent memory,  
comparing them all to the wealth of a thousand others.

#### zh-Hans

这东西不是血。  
  
这东西什么都不是。  
  
这位绅士的喉咙以一种很糟糕的方式被割了开来……但是这段记忆之中缺少了“可怕”的概念。  
与其说这是一幕破碎，残忍的画面，他的脖子现在看来更像是布满皱褶又遭撕裂的纸张。  
里头充斥的不是“阴影”，是“负空间”：他的身体里存在着整一片虚空。  
伤口的边隙上闪烁着星星点点的微弱白光，亮晶晶的碎片沿着她用来刺穿他的刀刃滑落下来，  
浮于半空……单纯地悬挂于空气之中。  
  
多纳文无法理解这一刻发生的事。大多数的来宾也因她的举动而感到畏惧万分。  
人们倒在地上，几位女士昏了过去，多纳文则伸手去摸自己的脖子。  
几个男人扑向她，将她的前臂拉至后方，并用力勒住她的脖子。  
少女紧握着手中的面包刀，呆滞的表情映入丈夫迷茫的眼神。  
  
虽然她并未对宾客的压制行动作出任何挣扎，但她注意到在多纳文的身后，  
有名女孩陷入了歇斯底里的恐慌。她喉咙深处爆发出的声音愈加扭曲，响度如同波浪般起伏，  
于空气中炸裂开来。此刻，这段回忆已然破碎。|事情原本不该这样发展。就算再怎么经历时变，一段记忆也不该成为这种模样。  
一名妻子，在如此安逸的时刻，无缘无故地突然出手伤害了自己的丈夫……  
  
她曾希望引起所有人的注意力。而现在看来，她的愿望已经达成了。  
虽然房间里有少数的人面对这股骚动仍心如止水——甚至有些人就像搞丢了人脸，  
没法做出表情一样——但是这段记忆的确是第一次经历了如此巨大的变化。  
至少在这一点上，她成功了。  
  
这片世界开始崩毁，裂痕显现于她所能看见的任何一个角落。  
其后出现的现实事物，看上去像要因这段碎裂的记忆而出现褶皱一般。|她自言自语道：“比起让这整串世界成为度假胜地……这些事物肯定有更高的利用价值。”  
  
她放开了那把面包刀，见那东西就这样禁止于原地无法移动，叹了口气。  
  
“这可不是在偷看‘记忆’、‘回声’、‘倒影’——值得一提，也绝对不是‘玻璃’……”  
  
房间开始渐渐地收缩。  
  
“又是场毫无价值的梦。”  
  
这颗星球随之分裂了。|当那片映像被摧毁后，四周飞速闪烁着白色的浑浊雾影。  
那片回忆——那片玻璃中蕴含的所有声响化作急流一涌而出。  
她闭上双眼，站在原地，耐心等待周围混乱的光线与杂音消散。  
过后，她张开双眼，映入眼帘的虚空中只剩下飘散的微弱荧光。  
她的心情无比复杂。  
在又一阵绚丽的痛苦感消散后，她再次见到了她所最为熟悉，却最无法摸透真相的世界：  
纯白与废墟的世界。由记忆所构建而成——Arcaea的领域。  
  
“我其实挺喜欢这一片，”，她喃喃自语道，注视着正于她手掌之上转动的碎片，  
“但它和这世界的诞生无关。况且它现在也只是个空壳了。唉……如果我可以观看它们，  
也请使我能够把它们赶出我的脑袋吧……”  
  
她放手那片玻璃，没有再去看一眼。碎片回到了当初她找寻到它的地方：从地面流过的一条锐利，  
闪烁的河流。这名为咲弥的少女将目光投送至远处狭长宽广的地平线，一边无意识地摸着嘴唇，  
向前迈着步子，一边回想着方才记忆中的场景，将其蕴藏的价值与数千个同类进行着比较。

### 3-5

#### en

Another awakening, and her first.  
  
Each one awakens in the world of memories with nothing in her head. She is no exception.  
  
However, as light filters through her cornea the sensations that grip her are unusual. Her heart  
stirs first, passionate, and she almost snarls at the building frustration. She grips the clothes over  
her stomach, and thinks her ears might be deafened. Her eye squints involuntarily, and she  
realizes with that that she only has a single eye rather than two. She feels around her face.  
  
"Wha...?"  
  
She coughs, and pushes herself up. What she felt through her glove was something almost soft,  
surrounding something very solid in the place of her right eye. She realizes she’s wearing gloves.  
Looking over her body, she wonders why she’s wearing these clothes.  
She wonders next why she knows what clothes are at all.|She had been sleeping against a wall, and upon an inspection of her surroundings sees that there  
are three others to make a four-cornered place around her, and every one of them is in extreme  
disrepair. Looking up she sees that there’s no roof, and questions why it is she’d expected to find  
one in the first place. In fact, she recognizes where she is... vaguely. She trudges along the wall she’d  
slept against until she finds one she can step over. As she clears the bricks, she notices that they are  
entirely white. Looking up, she sees that it isn’t only this wall, but the entire world that’s white.  
It is an infinite landscape of an old, defeated, human society, or rather a pastiche of several  
societies. It’s bizarre... Moreover: it is bizarre she finds it bizarre. Why?  
  
Before she even stumbles upon any reflective glass, she has already bet on tens of theories behind  
what she’s seeing, and who she is. Even that she is alone, and that she doesn’t know her name,  
tells her much about the potential truth.  
  
And, over time, she finds more reason for one theory in particular.|She was born with conviction and curiosity. The world of white presents questions but no answers.  
Days pass, and there are no answers within the ruins. Weeks pass, and there are no answers within  
the glass. Indeed, the world is full of glass, taunting always with views of other, more vivid and  
varied places. Echoes, imprints of something real, exactly the world itself, so full of what must be  
copies of human invention. After two months, though it could be more, she feels she has seen  
enough to believe something, and with confidence.  
  
While atop a broken stairway someplace far away now from where she’d awakened some time  
ago, she gazes at an undulating and segmented portion of the sky: a seemingly broken window to  
nothing, crafted from over a hundred shards of Arcaea. She becomes sure of herself in this  
moment. She can bet her judgment is the truth.  
  
But it’s not enough, and never enough. It can’t be settled with speculation.|So she vows: this realm is a mystery, telling nothing and offering little, so she will solve it and find  
its reason. As the only being of this realm, it seems, this will be her first duty.  
  
And as she fully accepts the Arcaea...  
So too do the Arcaea fully accept her...  
  
...as a vast and seemingly endless archive, not only to be read, but to be lived through.

#### zh-Hans

又一次的苏醒，同时也是她的第一次。  
  
任何人于这回忆的世界中苏醒后，脑中记忆都是一片空白。她也不例外。  
  
不过，当光线映入她的瞳孔时，她感受到了不同寻常的事物。  
她的心跳首当其冲地加快；激情四射，渐渐涌出的失落感让她近乎咆哮起来。  
她的手紧抓着覆盖腹部的衣服，心想自己的耳朵可能要被震聋。  
她的双眼不自觉地眯起来，而她这才意识到自己仅拥有一只眼睛。她的面庞感受到了这一切。  
  
“什……？”  
  
她咳嗽几声，然后撑起身子。  
隔着手套，她触摸到一种可以称得上软绵绵的物质，正牢牢固定于她右眼的所在处。  
她才发现自己带着手套。朝自己的身体看去后，她不禁疑惑起自己为何会穿着这些衣服。  
接着，她不禁疑惑起自己为何知道衣服是什么东西。|她方才背靠着一面墙睡觉。经过观察，她发现自己的四周是另外三堵墙，残破得不堪入目。  
它们将她围在这没有出路的空间中。抬起头后，少女见这里并没有屋顶，  
却紧接着对自己为什么会觉得上头理应有个屋顶一事而感到纳闷。事实上，  
她察觉到自己身在何处……隐约地。她沿着自己曾靠在上头睡觉的墙走着，直到发现一  
处她能够翻越过去的地方。在清理那些砖块时，她发现它们洁白无瑕。此时，她抬头仰望，  
发现不仅这面墙是白色的——整个世界都是一片纯白。那是片一望无际的古老，溃败的人类社会遗址，  
也可说成是多个文明的仿制品。这太诡异了……  
更诡异的是：她竟然会觉得这一切很诡异。这又是为什么？  
  
在她机缘巧合地发现那些反光的玻璃之前，她竟早已为自己目前所见的事物，以及她的身份，  
给予了数十种推测。即使是她如今孤身一人——而且连自己的名字都不知道——的事实，  
也为她阐述了可能性极高的推断。|并且，随着时间流逝，她发现的许多线索都指向她脑海中某一项特定的推测。  
  
她天生具有强烈的自信心与好奇心。这纯白的世界只有着无尽的问题，却从未出现过答案。  
几天过去了，那些废墟中没有答案显现。几周过去了，这些玻璃内也没有答案显现。  
可以肯定的是，这世界充斥着玻璃、它们不断地投射着其它形形色色的，  
更具生机的场所，仿佛在借此奚落着她。源于某种真实事物的回声与痕迹，或者说是这世界本身，  
遍布着人类发明的仿制品。在这两个月里（虽然真正的时间可能更长），  
她觉得自己已经看了足够多的画面以坚信某个想法。|这一座破旧的阶梯离她苏醒的地点已有一段距离。  
伫立于阶梯顶端的少女，望向了天空中那起伏不平的截断部分：  
由数以百计的Arcaea所组建而成，那是一扇不通向任何地方的残破窗户。  
这一刻，少女开始对自己的猜测深信不疑。她打赌自己的推理便是真相。  
  
但光凭这点还不够——根本不可能足够。这可不是光靠猜测就能确定下来的事情。  
  
所以她在心中郑重誓言道：这整片领域就是一个谜团，不会讲述任何事情，  
只会给出零星线索——所以她将解决这谜题，  
找出对应的理由来。作为这领域中唯一的活物，这仿佛成为了她第一个职责。  
  
而就在她完全接纳Arcaea的时候……  
  
Arcaea也完全接纳了她……  
  
……作为一间宽广且看似无边无际的档案室——不仅等待着被阅读，  
更等待着某个人来亲身经历它们。

### 3-6

#### en

"In these other places, humans can act as gods."  
  
That is what she learned.  
  
The girl with a flower in her eye closes the book of that memory in her mind. It hadn’t been  
completely worthless, only mostly.  
  
It had frustrated her at first: the world she had visited was one she had quickly deemed frivolous,  
but the frivolity revealed something important to her about the potential of mankind.  
Still... for now... that wasn’t very important.  
  
More than theories on "how", theories of "why" compelled her onward. This had been another of  
her journeys out through the ruins of the world in a scattershot hope of discovering that answer,  
or to even brush against it tangentially. That was always her focal drive, but a secondary one had  
been made manifest after she’d witnessed about two hundred of the memories.|"It didn’t have anything new for a potential reconstruction," she whispers, beckoning a shard from  
a nearby, sparse stream of glass, "but I suppose it’s good that it had some sort of value."  
  
She lets the gleam of the new piece catch her eye, and she scrutinizes the vision of the past it  
offers, muttering absently, "Almost home..."  
  
She carries the fragment over her palm, crossing a bridge with which she’s become very familiar.  
On her left is a haphazard pile of what once might have been cities, on her right is a chaotic mass  
of glass and stone—recognizable as nothing. She marches the long way back to the place where  
she was "born", uncaring of how many steps it takes.  
  
She takes however long she needs to reach and stop before a place of four fallen walls, between  
them an immense sphere of shimmering crystal—an unfinished sphere broken apart, like a cracked  
shell. Smiles, tears, deaths, and celebrations flicker in and out its facets. Flowers, plains, deserts,  
oceans... Animals, people, technology...|She doesn’t know if she can recreate a world by piecing together memories. She doesn’t even  
know if she can truly "connect" them at all by gathering them together like this... But she can try.  
  
She squints lightly to the gleam of the new piece she’s brought.  
"Let’s see how much you can show me," she says aloud.  
  
So it opens, and the girl fades into a new time. In short order, she sees a world brimful with  
artificial glow, crowded by endless and nigh-infinite towers of man reaching through clouds of an  
evening sky, and dark vehicles roaring through the air. An unpleasant atmosphere flows into her  
lungs. Cacophony fills her ears. As she assumes an identity, assumes a new past, she looks on,  
unmoved. A hundred questions rise in her mind... She will have them answered. No matter what  
that takes, no matter what needs to be done.

#### zh-Hans

“在那些地方，人类可以成为上帝。”  
  
这是她得出的结论。  
  
眼中有花朵绽放的少女在脑中合上了记忆之书。  
这算不上完全毫无意义——顶多是一大半毫无意义罢了。  
  
她刚开始时曾感十分沮丧：她所造访的那个世界几乎是被她立即断定为不具有任何价值，  
但那看似无意义之处却向她展示出人类重要的潜力。不过……照目前来看……这还不是很重要。  
  
胜过关于“如何”的假设，有关“原因”的假设更加迫使她继续前行。  
这是她的又一场旅程，穿越这世界内大量的废墟，怀抱着没有根据的希望，只为找寻答案，  
或者至少找到一条打了擦边球的线索。这向来都是使她走下去的重要动力。  
但如今，她的第二个目标浮现了出来——大约在她目睹过两百段回忆之后。|“似乎是找不到任何可能用于重建的新东西了。”  
她低语道，从近处稀疏的玻璃溪流中召唤过来一片碎片，  
“但我倒认为，哪怕它们有一点点价值都是件好事。”  
  
这一片玻璃所散发的光芒吸引了她的目光，而少女也仔细地观赏了它所带来的过往景象，  
心不在焉地咕哝道，“就快要到家了……”  
  
她将碎片留于掌心，穿过一座对她而言极为熟悉的桥梁。  
在她左手边的是一片杂乱无章的废墟，也许曾经是座城市；  
她的右手边则是混乱成堆的玻璃和石头——相当于什么都不存在。  
她沿着这遥远的路途前进，终于回到了她“出生”的场所，不去在意自己究竟走了多少步。  
  
她花了她所需要花费的时间，抵达了有着四面坍塌墙壁的地方。  
墙壁之中有着一颗闪闪发光的巨大水晶球——一个尚未完成的破碎球体，看着宛如碎裂的贝壳一般。  
笑容、泪水、死亡与欢庆在它的表面不断闪烁。  
鲜花、旷野、沙漠、海洋……动物、人类、科技……|她并不知道自己是否能透过拼凑回忆来重建一个世界。  
她甚至不清楚自己能不能就靠将它们以如此形式聚于一处，便让它们“连结”在一起……  
但她想要尝试一下。  
  
少女手上的新碎片所散发出的光芒使她微微眯起眼睛。“就让我看看，  
你能展示给我多少事物吧。”她大声说道。  
  
它打开一个通道，而少女也缓缓融入了这一段新时间中。  
顷刻间，她看到了一个人造光芒充盈的世界，几乎无穷无尽地遍布着冲破了夜空云层的人造摩天大楼。  
在大楼之间，暗色的车辆破空而过。一股令人不快的气体涌入了她的肺部。  
刺耳的噪音充斥了她的双耳。她拟造了一份人格，也拟造了一段过往——面对着这一切，  
她泰然自若。数百个问题浮现于她的脑海，而她将会对其逐个进行解答。  
无论将要付出何等的代价，也无论需要做什么事情。

## Kou's Story

### 4-1

#### en

An endless day could be dull. Spending too long under an overeager sun—anyone would start to  
yearn for a moon.  
  
Even for her, that sentiment holds true.  
  
"Eighty days of light?"  
"Seven months of light?"  
"A year... maybe..."  
  
The white of the sky has once again broken through the cracks in the walls of this place she calls  
home, and it seems her sleeping body had found the rays while rolling over the floor.  
  
She grumbles, "Turn it off already..."|But still, she picks herself up.  
Still, she rubs her eyes and stretches her arms.  
She stands and finds the door, ready to face another "day" in the seemingly boundless  
world of Arcaea.  
  
An adventure that hasn't always been a delight, and travels that haven't always led to discoveries.  
Despite that, ever since she'd first awakened a tabula rasa, two things have always remained  
consistent:  
  
both her heart and the sky have always been shining.  
  
"Alright...!" she says under her breath. "Some exercise first!"  
  
She holds out her hand before her and a section of glass flies her way.  
Not memory glass—  
Not "Arcaea"—  
It is an ordinary, typical sheet, albeit a large one. When it spins close, she jumps onto it,  
and immediately calls another.|The home she found is an old beach house on a lonely island apart from the abandoned  
mélange-cities found everywhere else in the world. It's a beach without an ocean, houses  
scattered around its shores like abandoned shells; and deeper inland is a field of strange, gigantic  
poles of white wood. The homes have been picked apart over time, from within and without, in  
her tampering. Now she whisks away their walls and windows to create a makeshift set of stairs—  
to make a racing track, and then a tunnel. She quickly leaps and runs through the gleaming  
passage, if only to give her legs feeling.  
  
All this took was a little acceptance. Days after awakening, it was a simple matter to make the  
world of Arcaea bend to her whimsy.  
  
But far below her, just above the sands of the phantom sea, something glints: something sparse  
and scattered throughout the water.  
  
Throwing a glance that way, she huffs a breath from her nose, and sports a weak smirk.

#### zh-Hans

白昼虽然美好，无尽持续下去却只会使人感到乏味。  
无论是谁，凡是长时间待在日光之下，都会自然而然地渴望起一抹月色。  
  
即便对她而言，也不例外。  
  
“这段日照至少持续了八十天吧？”  
“还是说……七个月？”  
“或许……说不定已经有一年了……”  
  
天空明亮的光芒又一次掠过墙壁的缝隙，倾洒在这个被她称之为家的地方。  
睡眼惺忪的她，正在地板上懒散地翻滚着，忽然之间双眼就捕捉到了这束光线。  
  
“唔，真是的。是时候关灯了啦……”她鼓着小脸说道。|尽管嘴上不满，她依然坐起身来——  
依然是揉着眼睛，伸着懒腰。  
扶着地面缓缓站起，摸索着找到门，准备好迎接又一个“清晨”。  
面前，又会出现好似无边无际的Arcaea世界。  
  
虽然是场寻找不到快乐的探险，虽然是段毫无任何新发现的旅途——  
但自从她于这片寂静之地苏醒过来后，有两件事物从未变化：  
  
她那颗跃动的心脏，与面前那片广阔的天空：两者始终闪耀着光辉。  
  
“那么……！”她轻声念道，“现在是晨练时间！”  
  
她将手朝前探去，跟着一小串玻璃飞舞而至。  
并不是回忆的碎片——  
并不是“Arcaea”——  
只是一片随处可见的，再普通不过的玻璃碎片。  
当那碎片旋转着靠近时，她扑向了碎片，脑海中立刻显现出又一段故事。|她找到的这个“家”，坐落于一座远离尘世的孤寂海岛之上，是间有些老旧的沙滩小屋。  
不过严格来说，这片沙滩周围也没有实质意义上的海水。  
粉碎的残亘断瓦布满了沙滩的表面，乍一看倒的确像极了被遗弃的贝壳碎片；  
而这片好似被孤立的内陆中央，则矗立着一整片怪诞的巨型白色木柱。  
由于她的干预，随着日子一天天过去，这些本就有些残旧的“家”更是由内而外地被逐渐分解：  
如今她已经拆走了小屋的窗户与墙壁，改造成几座临时的阶梯——用这些材料建造了赛道，甚至一  
节隧道，只为了能够在闪闪发亮的赛道上欢快地奔跑、蹦跳，给自己的双腿带来少许不同的体验感。  
  
只需做出星点让步，便足以造就这一切劳动果实。  
自她苏醒之刻，早已过了许多天，而Arcaea的世界也总是被她轻而易举地改造，  
仿佛整个世界都听令于她脑中的异想天开。  
  
但在向着一定距离以外的那片幻影海洋眺望时，她却留意到沙滩上有什么事物正闪烁着光芒。  
有一些稀疏的物体，分散于海水之中。  
  
她朝那儿瞥了一眼，略带不满地从鼻中吐出一口气，挤出一抹虚弱的假笑。

### 4-2

#### en

The glass beneath her feet bends so easily, but the peculiar glass—the Arcaea—has always been  
somewhat... no, absurdly recalcitrant with her. In this world of memories, hardly any recollections  
will follow her, and most can only be viewed or visited.  
  
In an almost childish huff, the girl jumps from a crystal platform. Behind her, the structures she's  
made all collapse, piece by piece. Before gravity fully takes her, she holds out her right hand,  
calling for the blanket from her bed and swirling into it joyously. Then, she calls for something  
heavy, something soft. In a few moments after falling, she is caught by a throne of indolence: a  
hefty, colorless armchair. Thus, she sits, hanging in the skies above her home, half-gazing at  
tombstone horizons.|She exhales again; she's pleased, satisfied. Another successful lovely "morning" run. Still looking  
out to the distance, her thoughts drift to less pleasant places: to questions about the size of this  
world, and what else it might contain. Has she even seen a third of it? Even a sixteenth? It's a  
too-big place, and there are too many assorted memories. As she rocks along the windless air, she  
lets her eyelids drop and she considers that fact. It's some immense place; it's some old and  
mish-mash, jumbled place. She feels it probably can't just be a world of wonders and oddities  
exclusively meant for her.  
  
She opens her eyes to the bright sky again.  
  
Somewhere, perhaps on the other side of the world, that sky is full of stars.  
Under that sky, perhaps other girls are gazing upward and wishing for daylight.  
  
The girl in red grips the front of the blanket wrapped around her shoulders.  
  
Days without end mean it's always a new beginning, and no telling what a journey will hold.

#### zh-Hans

位于少女脚底下的那些玻璃总是那么乖巧听话。  
而那些名为“Arcaea”的特异碎片，在她面前却始终展现出几分桀骜不驯。  
在这饱含回忆的世界之中，几乎没有多少记忆碎片愿意主动跟随她。  
往往都是她自行靠近，并试着观赏这些顽固不化的独特存在。  
  
少女此刻心中的怒气，却更像是孩子的抱怨。她自那面由水晶组成的平台一跃而下。  
身后，那被她亲手组建的结构立刻坍塌成了无用的碎块。  
在重力完全掌控她的身体前，她举起右手，将远处自己床上的毯子召唤过来，兴奋地蜷缩了进去。  
随后，她又将某件十分笨重，却无比柔软的事物招引了过来。  
仅是片刻过后，她的身子便跌进了这象征怠情的王位——或者说，是一张巨大而无色的沙发椅。  
紧接着，她从座椅中坐起身，左摇右晃地飘浮在自己家上方的半空中，  
半凝视着眼前好比墓园的大地万物。|她再次深呼吸；愉快，但更多的是心满意足。  
这次的“晨跑”如同往常一样使她感到十分幸福。  
但当视线又一次落在遥远的天际时，她的心情不可避免地再次低落起来：  
直到目前，她都无法获悉自己所在的这个世界的大致面积，更是对另一边天涯所存的事物一无所知。  
也许她甚至未曾探索完这世界的三分之一……硬说是十六分之一也不为过。  
这世界宽广无比，其中五花八门的回忆更是无穷无尽。  
她飘游于无风的空气中，合上双眼，一阵沉思。  
这个古老而巨大的场所，简直就像一锅大杂烩。  
她认为，如此充满不确定性与怪诞事物的世界，不可能只是为她而存在着。  
  
她再次张开双眼，面对着这片耀眼的天空。  
  
或许世界的另一端，此刻正是满天星斗。  
或许在那片天空之下，正有着其他的少女仰望着天空，期盼着白昼的到来。  
  
身着红衣的少女沉默着，手指紧紧攥住了披在肩上的毛毯。  
  
没有尽头的日子，其实正是一场永不消逝的崭新序章。而即将于今日发生的一切，也仍是个未知数。

### 4-3

#### en

"Hm, but you know..."  
  
She mutters to herself, eased into her flying seat.  
  
"Is there a sun up there, I wonder...?"  
  
She squints at the heavens above, and quietly contemplates.  
  
What makes the light so evenly spread throughout this place?  
  
Until now, her travels have always been forward, so… Why not try upward?|A mischievous smile flashes across her face.  
  
She stands in her chair and drops off the blanket, letting it fall toward the ground. As it drifts drown,  
a wooden column launches up past it. She jumps from her chair and grabs hold of the new arrival by  
a short, metal bar. With her feet planted against the column's side for security, she gives it a longer  
glance. It is a pillar, she knows, used in other worlds to convey power and communications. She puts  
one foot down on another bar below, and like that—with one leg and one arm free, far above the  
ground—she stands boldly on a broken piece of an old world.  
  
She gazes to the urban and suburban sprawl on the horizon one more time, and then turns her  
gazing upward. She can't be sure how far flight will carry her: she knows she'll need a ladder to be  
safe.  
  
The houses below, hers excepted, start breaking down even more. Panels, bed frames, armoires  
and windows glide upward, and the debris she used and let collapse before is torn out of the sand.  
Everything begins to amass, surely and steadily, into a defined structure. But the girl is not an  
architect. Her tower is ramshackle, slowly building toward the heavens at odd, sharp, and often  
sudden angles.|Unfortunately, her island is not replete with usable material. After running out, she frowns halfway  
at her design, feeling annoyed that it cannot even reach a kilometer into the sky.  
  
Grumbling, she turns her eyes on the horizon again and lifts her palm toward it.  
She concentrates, pulls... and nothing happens.  
  
But that's only natural. That is of course.  
  
As powerful and masterful as she may be, she is no god.

#### zh-Hans

“唔姆，我一直在思考着……”  
  
她自言自语道，懒洋洋地陷入自己的飞行座椅之中。  
  
“那上面……真的会有太阳吗？”  
  
面对那圣洁的苍穹，她不禁眯起眼睛，苦思冥想。  
  
到底是什么原因，使得光线如此均匀地倾洒在这个地方？  
  
直至如今，她一直致力于笔直朝前走。那么……何不尝试朝正上方前进？|想到这儿，她的脸上闪过顽皮的笑容。  
  
下一秒，她已经站在了座椅之上，将毛毯抛向半空，任其自由飘落。  
正当毛毯飘荡之际，一根从某处腾空而起的木质柱状物与其擦身而过，被她用一根细长的金属棒  
拦截在了空中。为了保险起见，她探出一只脚抵在木柱边沿，并久久凝视着木柱。  
她心中明白，这根看似平平的木柱，在某些世界中却作为传递力量的象征存在着。  
她将一只脚放置于下方的另一条长棒上——于千米高空之上，将一条腿与一条手臂腾空高举——  
天不怕地不怕的她，就这样单脚站立于这片来自旧世界的碎块之上。  
  
好似最后的告别一般，凝望着一路蔓延至地平线的城镇与郊野，而后终于将视野转向高空……  
她心里对这段航程的飞行距离完全没底；倒不如说，手边没架梯子的确显得有些不太安全。  
  
坐落于地面上的房屋又进一步崩塌起来，唯独她自己的小屋幸免于难。  
门板、床架、衣橱、窗户……无数毁坏的事物接连不断地飞腾至高空，  
而她曾用作手工的残羹断瓦也被抽离了沙滩。  
所有的碎屑与零件都开始以一种确切而稳定的形式汇聚起来，逐渐组成某种特定的结构。  
但女孩算不上一个合格的建筑师：她搭建出来的这座塔楼显得摇摇欲坠，  
以一系列无法形容，好似突发奇想的诡异角度七歪八扭地朝着穹顶缓慢延伸着。|不幸的是，她的小岛上根本没有足够的原材料。  
当有限的资源用尽后，她只能对着自己面前的半成品干瞪眼，  
埋怨这座塔的高度甚至没有到达一千米。  
  
一边发出不满的嘟哝声，她将目光转移至前方的地平线，朝着那方向抬起了手掌。  
屏气凝神，试图将更多的物体吸引而来……只是过了好半天都没有发生任何事。  
  
但这也是毋庸置疑的——原本就不该有任何事情发生。  
  
虽然身怀神通广大的力量，但她毕竟不是真正的神。

### 4-4

#### en

She drops her hand in defeat and decides it's time to renovate. Instead of a tower, a spiral set of  
stairs. After an hour, and another hour, and another hour, and two more, her work is finally done  
and she is impressed with the result. It still looks ridiculous, and more than a little haphazard,  
but this amalgamation, she is certain, is much more sensible. She figures she deserves a pat on  
the back.  
  
With the new formation complete, she wastes no time in beginning her ascent. One by one, step  
by step, she rises with her armchair floating close by, ready to catch her should she fall. As the girl  
makes her way, she pulls from the bottom of the stairs and sends those steps to the top. Soon  
after, she finds herself climbing an ever-building, ever-breaking staircase. Through layers of fog,  
to the highest point.|The trip becomes a long one, during which she sometimes must have a seat or even sleep through  
the "night". And, maybe after what would be four days, heaven comes within her sight. And she  
learns this: "heaven" is an immense and impenetrable wall of clouds.  
  
Her progress is halted when a step she sends from the bottom refuses to become the top, stuck on  
the fluff of the air and unable to move any further up. She withdraws it and leaves it to hang  
beside her. And, with a determined gaze, she rushes her way up the final flight.  
  
At the top, the girl fans the pieces, panes, and pillars out underneath her for more of a platform,  
and she lifts her hands over her head—into the clouds. Here she finds that the white resists her  
touch, but still she pushes on, standing on the toes of her boots to see through if she can.  
  
And here, she finds, she cannot.|"Really...?" she wonders aloud.  
  
But in her moment of despondence, something catches her eye.  
  
Out the corner of her right: a glint. In fact, a bevy of glints, dropping from the clouds after she's  
gone and disturbed them.  
  
She looks, to find a small crowd of perhaps twenty Arcaea—perhaps even more—coming toward her.  
  
And the girl in red realizes.  
  
In these sunless skies of Arcaea, standing on an invented ground, she has found the first group of  
memories in this world which are inextricably attuned to her.

#### zh-Hans

她气馁地放下了手掌，心中决定亲自进行一番改造。  
比起建造一整座高塔，还不如搭建一道通向天空的螺旋阶梯。  
于是一个小时后——又一个小时后、又一个小时后、又两个小时……  
她终于完成了手头的新任务，甚至连自己都不禁佩服起自己的杰作。  
这不明所以的无规律结构看上去仍旧十分滑稽，  
但她坚信这种形式的结构绝对比上一次的要合理一万倍。  
她确信自己应该被人拍着后背，好好表扬一番。  
  
新的路径已经完工，她自然刻不容缓地登上了阶梯。  
那把浮空座椅近距离陪伴在她身旁，随时准备接住也许会不慎失足的她。  
当女孩往上迈进时，她更是抽走了位于最下端的梯级，接续在整体结构的最上方。  
没过多久，她便意识到自己是在攀爬一段永无止境地延伸的螺旋长梯。  
穿过层层云雾，直到抵达最高点。|这次旅行意外地演变为长途跋涉，以至于她好几次需要躺在沙发椅上一觉睡到“天亮”。  
终于，在大约四天后，天堂映入了她的眼帘，而她也随之学到一个新的知识点：  
所谓“天堂”，根本就是一片厚厚的云层，不论什么事物都无法穿透。  
  
当位于最底端的阶梯忽然开始拒绝被转移至阶梯最上方时，她的旅途也随之停滞了；  
面前的阶梯卡在云团之中寸步不前，无论用何种方式指引都纹丝不动。  
她只得放弃尝试，任梯级悬挂在她的身旁。  
下一刻，她的眼中闪出坚决的光，径直冲向了这段阶梯的终点。  
  
此刻，位于阶梯顶端的少女已经将建筑碎石、窗户玻璃与断柱呈扇形展开于脚下，  
创造出一个安全的平台。紧接着，她将手臂高举过头——探入了云团之中。  
而今，她察觉到那片纯白居然正对着自己的手臂反向发力。  
但她还是不想半途而废，踮起脚尖，直到只剩鞋尖着地，不依不饶地尝试着穿透云层。  
  
然而，她发现自己的办法终究是完全行不通。|“不会吧……？”她诧异地惊呼出声。  
  
只不过，还没等她沮丧多久，余光中就有什么事物吸引了她的注意力。  
  
那是位于她右侧的某处角落之中的一道反光。  
离开天堂边界时，她似乎惊动了一整团闪着光的物体，使得它们从云层之中落了下来。  
  
她凝神一看，发现那是一整群Arcaea——二十枚，或者更多——它们正朝着她徐徐飘来。  
  
而一袭红衣的少女也意识到了这件事。  
  
静静地站在自己亲手修建的地面之上，在Arcaea那片不见太阳的纯白色天空下——  
她的面前，第一次出现了会与自己产生了共鸣的回忆。

### 4-5

#### en

On the air, the fragrance of incense.  
  
Resounding, the voices of townsfolk and children.  
  
The atmosphere, light and fresh.  
  
Someone's cooking—baking—and she can taste the savory scents drifting outside and along the  
streets.  
  
Looking up, she finds a sun hanging bright in an empty and blue sky.  
  
This is a new world of memory, and she basks in the sensations of it, remaining still to take it all in.  
  
It's the memory of an artisan's helper: of a girl in the middle of an errand.  
What sort of artisan was the helper an aide to?  
The girl with the rose-colored hair hasn't grasped those details yet.  
But she isn't very interested in them.|This world—  
  
"Just look at it...!"  
  
—it's some sort of fantasy.  
  
Mouth agape, eyes glittering, she looks absolutely everywhere. Overhead, colored paper and fabric  
ties rooftop to rooftop, evoking the image of frilled power lines. But they give the impression of a  
festival, as power lines they are most definitely not. The flagstone streets, red-stone houses, and  
chimneys spouting black smoke tell her this is an old-day town, or perhaps city, she stands in now.  
  
Stalls offering curious circle- and sun-shaped necklaces, talismans, and rings of charms dot the  
walkway, beside other stalls selling figures of creatures she's seen before in libraries of other  
memories. The townsfolk dress, she thinks, a bit similar to her: as if a parade is on, but not one  
too bombastic. It's a colorful world, favoring the warmer colors of the spectrum, though splashes of  
azure decoration arrest the eye here and there. As the girl starts to wander, she finds performances  
too, and troubadours teaching, warning, and entertaining whomever might listen.|She spends some time during her wandering on samples of confections. More than some time, in  
fact: as much time as she can without drawing suspicion. And as she wanders and samples, one  
brilliant red morsel strikes her eye, and her heart, very much in particular. A strawberry tart,  
it's called.  
  
She gets her hands on it with the apprentice's coin, takes a bite through its glaze, and with that  
she is certain of this shining truth: this place is very lovely. It's incredibly nice! A fantastical world,  
and one with a notable appreciation for the more sugary delights of life.  
  
She finds herself particularly happy about this world of memory. Feeling zealous, she quickens  
the pace of her steps, leaping forward, gasping, and spinning on her toes or heel as she turns  
each and every corner.

#### zh-Hans

一股温柔的香味，正弥漫于空气之中。  
  
四周回荡着小镇居民与孩子们的嬉闹声。  
  
天朗气清，令人心旷神怡。  
  
视野中满是炊烟袅袅——在街道上漫步，嗅着让人垂涎欲滴的浓郁香气，  
她确信有谁正在做饭，或许还烘焙着甜点。  
  
仰首一望，耀眼夺目的太阳高挂在万里无云的蓝天之上。  
  
这是一个崭新的回忆世界。她默默地伫立在原地，正全神贯注地吸收着所有新鲜的体验感。  
  
这段回忆属于一名少女——她是一位工匠的助手，而此时的她正值差事途中。  
不过话说回来，这名助手正在给怎样的工匠干活？  
拥有一头玫瑰色长发的女孩尚不知晓存于这段回忆的细节，却也对此满不在乎。|眼前的这里——  
  
“这个地方，实在是太……！”  
  
——也许，只有用“奇幻”才能勉强形容眼前的这个世界。  
  
张大了嘴，却完全发不出任何惊呼声——而她那正环视着一切的双眼则是熠熠生辉。  
头顶上方的各个屋顶上挂满了彩纸与彩带，乍一眼看，却像被细心装点过的电缆。  
唯独的区别在于花花绿绿的彩带装饰可以带来节日庆典的欢喜气氛。  
毫无疑问，冷冰冰的电缆当然做不到这一点。  
石板铺成的街道路面、红砖瓦搭建的独栋房屋、房顶炊烟袅袅的烟囱……  
一切迹象都在告诉她，自己正位于一座旧时代的小镇（对于居住于此的居民而言，或许算是座城市）。  
  
散布于街道两旁，形形色色的摊位上有的陈列着雕刻成圆圈或太阳形状的奇特项链，  
有的整齐地摆放着护身符、魔法戒指一类的商品，甚至有些小商贩正在售卖她曾于各种回忆之中  
所见的不明生物雕塑。虽然是初印象，但她总认为此处城镇居民的衣着打扮与她略有相像：  
就像是要参加庆典游行，却并不花俏浮夸。这是个五彩缤纷的世界，暖色调完美地渲染了城镇的外貌，  
再配上蓝天的点缀，绚丽风光使人目不暇接。漫步于城镇之时，女孩更是碰巧遇上了许多场演出。  
吟游诗人周游于此，讲授着知识，传达着警醒，更是使每一个听众都感到乐此不疲。|她在甜点试吃区域停留了一小段时间。  
不过与其说是“一小段时间”，不如说她是在尚不被任何人怀疑身份的前提下一直徘徊于那片区域。  
而就在她挨个品尝桌上的甜点样品时，忽然之间出现的一个红色存在让她瞬间感到眼花缭乱。  
这种食物叫做草莓馅饼。  
  
她毫不犹豫地从口袋中掏出属于这名学徒的硬币，换取了一块蛋糕，  
迫不及待地一口咬上这闪闪发光的存在——霎时间，她的内心只残留下一个想法：  
能够来到这个世界，真的是太幸福了！  
无法形容的美妙，充数幻想的空间……更重要的是，这里有着如此完美的甜蜜体验……  
  
这段回忆之中的世界已经成为了她的最爱，就连她的脚步都溢出了大量热情。  
一边蹦跳，一边兴奋地喘息着，  
一边脚趾着地翩翩起舞——城镇的每一个角落都出现了她幸福的身影。

### 4-6

#### en

She must be careful not to run. She thinks, she really must observe every little part of this town  
closely. Reading signs posted outside of square buildings, she learns that this is a spiritual  
place. It's a land that believes in fairies and spirits; in gods, daemons, and youkai.  
The performers she sees are performing the "fantastic", the "strange", the "impossible".  
Indeed, every one of them is absolutely certain that what they are performing is magic:  
"casting spells" by igniting vibrant powders in their hands to flame, smoke, and clouds;  
"divining fates" by speaking toward still pools of water and interpreting the ripples within;  
"communing with other beings", they say, by manipulating lights before her eyes in a way she  
can't actually determine the mechanics of in a glance.  
  
This world is rich and full of belief: it is marvelous, wondrous, and all an unmistakable act.  
  
While strolling down the quaint avenues, the memory itself slowly informs her that every  
part of this place is truly performance, artificial, untruth. Deeply valued tradition, but  
absolutely not truth.|Yet when she reaches the city's outer limits (and the memory's, with any attempts to cross a small  
barrier met with resistant reality)—when she gazes out to the verdant hills beyond the low and easy  
wood fence that has stopped her; to the few but imposing old oak trees, and the clear sparkle of  
some distant lake... she understands, somehow, why one might believe in something even with  
sound evidence to the contrary. She herself comes from a strange world of flying glass; why deny  
the belief that a world like this could be inhabited by trickster fairies? Why reject the idea of things  
surpassing nature and logic?  
  
This is the memory of an artisan's helper, and the artisan is a so-called sorcerer who researches the  
existence of fantastical things. As the help, the girl she is living through has long known that all his  
research leads to dead ends. The purpose, she speculates, is not to really prove anything. It is to  
embolden one's beliefs and be better for it.|Now the girl in red puffs a joking breath and smiles wistfully. That's a funny idea. With her hand on  
a post and wind flowing through her hair, she spots what she knows to be an ancient forest west  
from here. This is the memory of completing a simple errand, and perhaps that's why she is unable  
to travel too far.  
  
But she's sure she will be back in another memory. She thinks this land of artifice, magic, and show  
very much suits her, and that crowd of glass she'd come across at the top of the world of Arcaea  
reflected more facets of the world than this within its other fragments. With a giddy feeling, she  
grips at the front of her dress.  
  
It's truly incredible. The smile on her face starts to wriggle anxiously. Somehow, she has never felt  
exhilaration quite like this before.

#### zh-Hans

千万不能忘乎所以地四处乱跑——她不断提醒着自己。  
倒不是害怕什么，她只是想要仔细地观察这座小镇的每一个细节。  
广场楼房的侧墙上贴满了各种告示；她认真阅读着上面的文字，这才发觉此处原来是一片信仰之地。  
这座小镇的人相信着圣灵与精灵，信奉着上帝……同时，也深信着恶魔与妖怪的存在。  
她眼前的表演者们，演绎的尽是展现出“幻想”、“怪奇”与“超常”色彩的事物。  
事实上，他们之中的每一个人都清楚自己正在表演的正是所谓的魔法：  
点燃活力四射的火药粉末，制造火焰与烟雾以“吟唱魔咒”；  
向着平静的水面说话，解析相随的波纹以“占卜命运”；  
在她的面前以乍一看根本不知原理的方式玩弄着光线，被华丽地称作“与其他灵魂进行心灵交流”。  
  
不容置疑，这个世界洋溢着完整浓厚的信仰氛围：一切都像是一场奇妙，纯粹而完美的戏剧。  
  
正漫步于古色古香的大道之际，回忆本身开始慢慢地提醒她，  
于此处发生的一切都是人为计划的演戏——一场弥天大谎。  
这里的传统文化虽然深邃可贵，却终究不是真实存在的事物。|然而，就在她抵达城镇的边缘后（实际上，由于自己无法再往外踏出哪怕一步，她才意识到这里也是  
整个回忆世界的边缘）——当她自那低矮且简陋的木栅栏后朝远处郁郁葱葱的山丘眺望之时，  
映入眼帘的是高耸的老橡树林，以及遥远的湖泊那片波光粼粼的水面……  
不知何故，她逐渐开始理解为何有些人分明知晓一系列确凿的反证，却仍会对某些事情深信不疑。  
她自己便来自于那飞舞着玻璃碎片的古怪世界；  
既然如此，她又怎能一口咬定这世界中并不存在神秘的精灵——  
又怎能否认超越自然与逻辑定理的想法？  
  
这段回忆属于某位工匠的助手，而那位工匠便是名货真价实的巫师，  
没日没夜地研究着超幻想概念的存在性。  
作为助手的她，其实早已能够借助自己的认知判断出他的一切研究都终会遇到死胡同。  
她揣摩着，也许研究这一切的目的根本不是为了证明任何事情——  
研究这些概念，仅仅是为了巩固且加深这些神秘的信仰，别无他意。|此刻，少女忍不住憋笑出声——还算是个有点意思的猜想。  
微风轻轻拂过她的长发，柔和地衬托着她那抹若有所思的微笑；  
她将手搭在一根柱子上，静静地远望着西方那显然是原始森林的地带。  
完成工匠拜托的差事，而不是无端地离开镇子……  
这段回忆似乎只允许这篇故事以固有的流程进行下去。  
  
但是她确信自己会从别的回忆之中再次到达此处。  
她认定这片遍布技艺、魔法与街头表演的世界与自己的内心不谋而合。  
她感到于Arcaea世界的一切碎片之中，  
只有在穹顶与她相遇的那些玻璃碎片映照着这世界更美妙的一面。  
她抓紧了自己的裙摆，一时兴奋得头晕目眩。  
  
这一切都太不可思议了——！她上扬的嘴角迫切地颤抖着。至今为止，她从未如此般欣喜若狂。

### 4-7

#### en

Twenty times? More? She's stopped keeping count.  
  
"Al...right..."  
  
With that whisper under her breath, she crouches in front on a chest made of unfinished wood,  
swiping her palm across the top. A wave of dust rises off of it and falls to the floor. She unclasps the  
front and opens it up.  
  
Today she is an archivist, exploring one of the old castles in the North, where they had lost land to  
flooding. Thankfully, the papers inside this chest were spared from moisture by the chest itself.  
Hearing the creak of ancient hinges, her partner calls from another room inquiring about her  
discovery. "Scrolls from the fourth era," she answers over her shoulder. She takes one of them and  
unfurls it, revealing the history of her people's dealings with the Unseelie.|Stories like these amuse her, especially as she tries to guess at what the previous generations might  
have confused for fairies and the like in the past. Yesterday, while working as a storyteller, she had  
the pleasure of recounting an old passed-down yarn of the teller's ancestors. Some forefather had  
once gathered a vast treasure on a faraway shore. On the return across the lake a sylph rocked his  
boat with wind, and a passing naiad capsized it with waves. Afterward, the two shared his fallen  
wealth. It was quite an excuse for a bout of clumsiness.  
  
But still, she knows it proves nice to think these creatures are around, malevolent and benevolent  
both. When her day as an archivist is done and she's returned to the world of Arcaea to rest on the  
platform which is now her temporary base camp, she visits the memory of a school instructor and  
teaches lessons and rules that would keep any child or adult safe in a world replete with chaotic  
nature, sudden perils, and careless people.  
  
The context of magic makes these lessons very interesting to impart and to hear. It really is just a  
joyous and fascinating place, and she cannot stop visiting. Its people, whose faces become  
increasingly familiar between each shard of Arcaea; its places which become engraved in her own  
memory throughout others; the sounds and the sights, everything—|It's marvelous, and nostalgic.  
  
When she's been to every other memory she could find in Heaven, when she's explored (as far as  
she knows) every part of the land, she at last comes to a bustling, rambunctious festival day—or  
rather, a night celebration. It is to give thanks to the gods of birth and harvest, and to dissuade  
darker spirits.  
  
She spots the townsfolk named Lancaster and Howard, two gentlemen architects, and they've  
gotten on in years from the last memory she met them. But they greet her with vigor and treat her  
to a candied apple, which makes her happier than anything else. They point to the sky. It lights up  
in a show of a thousand brilliant colors. To those gods. To life, and living it.  
  
However, seeing such a wonderful thing… it doesn't strike her. Her heart does not swell; not with  
wistfulness, nor the joy of new experience.|She remembers this. She knows why everyone is here.  
  
So, on this final night in these familiar memories, she witnesses the firework sky entirely satisfied.  
With tears in her eyes, and a spot of pain in her heart, she finds herself entirely content.

#### zh-Hans

已经二十次……或者更多？——她已经不再继续数下去。  
  
“还是……算了……”  
  
她的嘴中传出悄声细语，蹲在了一个半成品木材制成的箱子前，正轻轻地用手掌拂去顶端的灰尘。  
一阵灰尘向上扬起，又飘落至地面。她松开正面的箱扣，将箱盖揭了开来。  
  
今日的她是一名档案员。或者说，她是在探索一座位于北方地带的古老城堡——  
北方其余的陆地，已被先前一场大洪水吞没。  
不过值得庆幸的是，尽管箱子几乎被浸湿，里面的文件却幸免于难。  
伴随着古旧房门忽然的嘎吱声响，她听到自己的搭档正于另一个房间询问她有什么新发现。  
“第四时代的卷轴。”她转头答道，接着回头自箱内取出一卷卷轴，将其展开在眼前。  
上面密密麻麻地写满了她的同胞与邪恶精灵之间的纷争史。|这种类型的故事总是能使她开心，特别是当她于脑中想象前一代人类因精灵而困扰的场景。  
在昨天，身为故事叙述者的她有幸向他人讲述一段由叙述者的祖先代代相传下来的轶事。  
曾经，一代家父在某片遥远的海岸上寻获了大量的宝藏。  
但在扬帆返航之际，一只空之精灵毫无预兆地出现于湖面之上，轻而易举便掀翻了他的小船，  
而恰好路过的水中精灵则用浪花顺走了家父的所有战利品。  
之后，那两只精灵平分了本该归他所有的财富。  
虽然不知是不是在胡编乱造，但对于如此愚蠢的意外而言，这倒算作合情合理的借口。  
  
但就算如此，她清楚这也证明了周遭这些生物皆存在善良于邪恶的两面。  
档案研究完毕后，她回到了Arcaea的世界，仰卧于自己临时修建的平台上休憩。  
与此同时，她拜访了一位学校指导老师的回忆——  
她教授的课程是关于小孩子与成年人如何在这种充满混沌与飞来横祸，  
且粗心之人满地跑的世界中保重自身的安全。  
  
穿插于课程内容中的魔法相关话题，简直让正在讲授课程的她倍感心花怒放。  
这里真的纯粹是个充满了幸福与迷人事物的世界，早已使她感到难舍难分。  
此处居民的面庞，逐渐在每一片Arcaea的映像中变得愈发亲切；  
这里早已不仅是属于这些居民的记忆，更是塑造她自我的深刻回忆。  
每一道声响、每一幕画面，所有的一切——|所有的一切，都是那么奇妙，那么让人难以忘怀。  
  
当她已经游历完自己在天堂穹顶发现的所有其他回忆，并探索完（她的认知里）  
这片大陆的每一个角落后，她最终来到这个繁忙喧嚣的节日——或者说，  
这是一场隆重的夜间庆典，象征着对丰收与生育之神的感恩，也使人们得以驱逐邪恶的神灵。  
在此，她遇见了名为兰开斯特与锡亚的两位居民——  
上次在回忆的世界中与这两位考古学家绅士相遇的时候，好像已经是几年前的事了。  
但此时此刻，他们还是和蔼可亲地向她打招呼，还送给了她一个蜜饯苹果，  
不禁使她成为了这场庆典中最愉快的女孩子。  
他们昂首望向夜空。放眼望去，漫天华彩，绚烂缤纷——  
这是献给众神，献给一切生灵的盛大庆祝仪式。  
  
只是，如此美好的景象倒映于她的眼中……  
却再也无法激起她的满腔热情。心中没有一丝喜悦；  
没有丝毫渴求，更失去了这段崭新体验所带给她的激悦。|她牢记着一切。她明白为什么所有人都会出现于此处。  
  
在这最为熟悉的世界里，她欣赏着美丽的烟花绽放于夜空，  
心满意足地享受着自己在这里的最后一个夜晚。  
不知何时，已经泪水盈眶。伴随着心中的刺痛，  
就这样静待着与这个世界最后的告别。  
直到这一刻，她才终于发现，自己早已是这个世界上最幸福的人。

### 4-8

#### en

The memories were heartening; they were comforting. She'd spent months within them, and at  
times, she would think, "I never want to leave." Still, she knew they had an ending, and she didn't  
want to see it.  
  
Besides, the future cannot be found within memories.  
  
She returned to the world of white knowing she may never visit those days again. Days gone are just  
that: stories told and over, lives and loves finished.  
  
She doesn't regret it. As she slowly descends to the surface, looking up to the clouds that had once  
called her there, she knows every moment, every second spent in those memories was worth  
everything. It's like a question she never asked has been answered, and so her heart is full.|The sky seems to be falling around her, all the pieces of her temporary home dropping faster or  
slower around her, and in her chest, she feels a twinge of emotion.  
  
Thus, the sky, the true sky above, begins to part.  
  
Standing on a window platform, her hair whipping up past her face, she sees the glittering glass  
above is standing still, and behind the pieces, a new night sky is entering her sight. One she's never  
seen before. The clouds scatter and drop, disappear and dash away, as a sparkling void of shadows  
takes their place. This velvet plane, reaching far and darkening, before a deep lavender wave of  
color spreads out over it, swaying, glowing. The stars are out. The day is over.  
  
Her heart aches.  
  
She whispers a name, this name for the last time, and she wipes her eyes with the back of her hand.|Her glass breaks through the final thin layer of clouds. The complex, graying landscape reveals  
itself, to its farthest reaches.  
  
She smiles...  
  
She smiles!  
  
This is her new life! She holds out her hand, knowing that someday, somewhere beyond that  
horizon, she will find others who will take it. Someday, these hands will do something great.  
  
Until then, she will look ahead.  
  
Living in the present—in Arcaea.

#### zh-Hans

多久以来，这些回忆都持续激励着她的内心，总是让她感到如此欣慰。  
她已经与这些回忆共同渡过了无数个日月，也曾无数次下定决心，想着“自己永远不会离开这里”；  
其实她比任何人都要清楚，这一切的结局终会到来——尽管她也比任何人都害怕承认这个事实。  
  
而且她知晓，这些回忆之中不可能存在真正属于自己的未来。  
  
在清楚自己终要与那梦幻的世界分别后，她回到了那纯白色的世界。  
日子正是像这样一天天地流逝：再美好的故事也总会迎来终章，生命与爱情终将走向消逝的那一刻。  
  
但她从来都不会后悔自己所做的一切。  
当缓缓降落在地面，抬头朝曾经呼唤着自己的云端仰望之时，  
她深深地感觉到，自己在那些回忆中度过的每一分、每一秒，都是无价的追忆。  
此刻心中的感情，好似自己从未提出的疑问得到了完美无瑕的答案。  
她的内心，已被那股幸福的满足感所填满。|少女周身的整片苍穹都好似要崩塌一般。  
她临时建造的家开始解体，或快或慢地于她的身旁落下。  
她的胸腔之中浮现出一丝疼痛的情感。  
  
因此，那片天空——那片仰首可见，货真价实的天空——逐渐开始四分五裂。  
  
她平静地伫立于窗台之上，于微风中飘逸的长发轻柔地掠过她的脸颊。  
眼前那片闪闪发亮的玻璃，正悬挂于远处的半空中一动不动。  
而在那片碎片的后方，是一片她曾未见过的，全新全异的夜空。  
远处天边的云层逐渐地散去，就像一片无形的虚空取代了它们的位置。  
仿佛丝绒编织的广阔天空，无边无际地延伸着。  
随后，一道薰衣草色的波浪在昏暗的夜空中扩散开来，摇曳着，散发着迷人的光晕。  
群星显现于天空。白昼结束了。  
  
她的心隐隐作痛。  
  
她低声道出一个名字……也是最后一次这么做。接着，她抬起手背，轻轻揉着自己的双眼。|眼前的那片玻璃终于穿透了最后一层薄云。  
尘蒙的大地悉数展现于她的视野，错综而连绵不断地蔓延至天际。  
  
她微笑了起来……  
  
她微笑了起来！  
  
放眼望去，这便是她的新生！  
她将手朝前伸去——她知晓总有一天，在那遥远的地平线处，将会有愿意牵住这只手的人出现。  
总有一天，依靠这双手，她将能够办成大事。  
  
直到那一刻到来，她都会义无反顾地前行。  
  
活在当下——活在Arcaea的怀抱之中。

## Lethe's Story

### 5-1

#### en

The cliff overlooked it all.  
  
At the end of the day, those who had abandoned the mortal coil left behind their souls like hermit  
shells for other, new lives to take them. Their spirits ascended to the land's Pool, luminous and  
glimmering overhead.  
  
Water-like spirits, almost formless; everything white and flowing into that vibrancy which bore  
through the clouded sky. In the gray landscape that was her world, this sight—this unique,  
spectacular sight—was something many could call a wonder.  
  
To her, it was ordinary. It was everyday. It was work.|"Any trembling on the left side?" her confrère asked from behind. She very slightly moved her head  
to see him sitting on the ground. On his lap sat a wide, black, shallow bowl of water, used for  
lecanomancy, and from the ripples inside it she could see that he'd just performed a divination.  
  
She answered him lightly with, "No." Then she asked, "Why? Have you noticed something?"  
  
"It looks like the earth shook a bit," he explained.  
  
"Ahh... That's not good. Should I look closer?"  
  
"Hmm... It seems like a fissure," he said. "Go take care of it."  
  
With a simple "alright," she stepped off the cliff.|The density of spirits nearby slowed her fall. She found a pair of strings that were keeping her  
blouse, sleeves, and skirt taut. When she tugged them, they loosened and began to dangle; a  
shimmer emanated from the cloth and her dress began to ruffle loudly. And as it did, it dulled the  
influence of the dead.  
  
Once she reached the ground, she took her scythe from her hip, unfolded it to its full height, and  
after turning it over, rode the underside of the blade in flight to her far-off destination.  
  
To mend the fissure after coaxing out the souls trapped within it.  
  
To return to the cliff, and watch for any other aberrations.  
  
She was to do this, and things like it, day after day. Yes. That was her responsibility.  
And, in time, her life would join the others.|In fact, that time has already passed.  
  
It's long ago, gone. The world and life she once knew is now only a shapeless memory.

#### zh-Hans

这座悬崖俯瞰着世间万物。  
  
一日即将收尾。每当到达这一时刻，那些终于摆脱红尘俗世的人们也将抛弃自身的真实性。  
好似寄居生物一般，他们将褪去的外壳留给随后而来的崭新生命。  
最后，他们的灵魂就会升向头顶上方：那潭闪闪发亮的灵魂之池。  
  
灵魂若水，缥缈无形。一切都将化作霜色，归于阴云彼岸的光彩生机。  
她身处的世界便存在于那灰蒙蒙的盛景之中。  
那番景象——此般独特，而又这般壮丽的景象——称作「奇观」也当之无愧。  
  
可对她来说，这确是日常之景。她的心中并未因此诞生任何涟漪。  
这只是每日工作必经的一环。|“左方有过任何波澜吗？”  
背后，她的那位同事如是询问。  
她略微转过头去，正见他盘坐于地面，大腿上方还平置着一只用于水象占卜的黑色浅碗。  
碗盏水面上尚未消逝的涟漪，让她意识到他不久前刚刚进行了一次预测。  
  
她稍有些漫不经心地开口应答：“并无发现。”随后，她追问道，  
“何故这样问？你是不是有察觉到什么？”  
  
“方才地面似乎有些许震荡。”他补充道。  
  
“嗯……的确不是什么吉兆呢。需我前去留心观察一番吗？”  
  
“呵……那东西看上去像是道裂缝。”他说道，“那好，你帮忙过去处理一下吧。”  
  
简洁精练地应了一声“好的”之后——伫立于悬崖边沿的她纵身一跃。|周遭的灵魂密集到足以减缓她的下落速度。  
在此情形下，她将手探向了那对用来束紧自己上衣、袖口与短裙的丝线，将其拉扯几许。  
少女身上的衣装立刻蓬松开来，于空气中悠悠飘扬。  
一团光晕自她的服装中逐渐显形。光辉点亮之际，四周死灵所带来的干涉也随之黯淡无数。  
  
在抵达地面后，她将悬在腰后的镰刀举向身前，展开到原有的长度后便翻转过来，  
斜坐于刀刃旁侧，朝着自己遥远的目的地高速驶去。  
  
将受困于裂隙的迷途之灵引领出来，再着手修复裂隙。  
  
默默无言地返回悬崖，赓续留意其他的异常现象。  
  
过去的她，正是这样活着——  
重复着如上所述的任务，或是一概肖似之事。  
日复一日，年复一年。这便是她的职责，她的义务所在；这般周而复始，直到她再也不是孤单一人。|到底，那段时光也早就褪色逝去。  
  
那些日子，很早以前便不复存在了。  
不复存在——  
她脑海中生活于那片世界的「记忆」，早已化作无形。

### 5-2

#### en

But this isn't what death was meant to be.  
  
There was no mystery to it in her life: what happened to the dead was what happened. There was  
no "next world", only that which you were born in, lived in, and died in. Something like heaven...  
hell... even purgatory: these were moralists' tales which only seemed valid in the most ancient of  
times.  
  
So what is this place? What is this mysterious realm that she one day awakened to?  
What might it be? What might it be?  
  
Well... does it really matter?|"Hm..."  
  
She sits knees-up on top of a lighthouse, overlooking a desert. White. White, and more white...  
and there, glass. "Arcaea" is its name. With her chin in her hand, she casts a languid gaze toward a  
bridge extending left. She doesn't know where that one goes.  
  
"Phew..." She exhales and stands, taking the scythe from off her hip. It doesn't work quite the same  
here, but she can still utilize it for travel. Unconsciously, she brushes her bangs the other way. In  
doing so she grazes the front side of her left horn with her fingertips.  
  
Right... right. To this day, of all the memories she can find within the Arcaea... she hasn't found a  
single one with any horned humans represented.|With these memories being really the only attention-grabbers in this world fashioned from glass,  
she's spent quite a bit of time watching and cataloguing them. Keeping them, like records. And  
indeed, those records don't even hint at her race having ever existed anywhere.  
  
Her race is... Race... Race? Is that a safe assumption to make? Was she part of a "people" when she  
was alive, participating in spiritual horticulture? Not that it matters now, but perhaps remembering  
more clearly will unlock more of her old self... Something like that, anyway.  
  
For now, it's time to evaluate which shards of glass have left the part of Arcaea she calls home,  
which have remained, and which are new. She moves to step from the lighthouse, ready for her  
new routine.

#### zh-Hans

只是，「死亡」本该截然不同。  
  
形存则神存，形灭则神灭——在她的生命历程中，此为公理，「死亡」自然也不是谜题。  
不存在转生来世；那些有关天堂，乃至十八层地狱的故事，  
都仅仅是远古时代的道德主义者才会推崇的无稽之谈——  
人出生于那个世界，在那里活着，在那里死去，在那里迎来结局。  
  
那么这地方究竟又是何处？她到底苏醒于什么未知的领域？  
到底是哪里……这里到底是什么地方？  
  
不过也是……或许她根本没有必要纠结这个问题吧？|“嗯……”  
  
她蹲坐在灯塔之巅，俯视着脚下的无尽荒漠。纯白、无际的纯白、整片大地延伸着纯白……  
而就在那边，有着玻璃碎片：那些名叫「Arcaea」的碎片。  
她逍遥地用手托着下巴，慵懒的目光投向那座朝左面延伸而去的桥梁。  
少女并不清楚那座桥会通向何处。  
  
“呼……”她长吁出一口气，站起身的同时将手探向了臀部后方的那把长镰。  
时过境迁，这把镰刀的用途已不尽相同，但辅助她四处游走仍旧不在话下。  
——无意识地挥手抚弄着刘海，指尖轻轻碰触到左角的前段。  
  
对啊……差点都忘了这件事。  
迄今为止，她于Arcaea之中见证了如此多的回忆……  
但自始至终，她都未曾寻找到哪怕一片能够代表头顶长着双角的人类。|在这片由玻璃碎片而点缀的世界之中，她确实花了不少的时间去观察、分类那些回忆。  
毕竟说到底，那些碎片中的各种回忆是这世界里唯一能够吸引住她的事物。  
她就这样保存它们，像是记录情报一般。  
不容置疑的是，这些记录根本丝毫无法证实她所属的种族位于任何领域的存在性。  
  
她所属的种族是……？  
种族……种族？如此假设究竟合理吗？  
难道说，她活着的时候也曾身为“哪一种族的成员”，参与着某种不可告人的心灵园艺？  
这也并不意味着那些过往要放在此时还会显得有多重要，  
但说不定尝试弄清那些往事就能离彻底唤醒旧时的“她”更进一步。  
……也就是诸如此类的想法。管它那么多呢。  
  
此时此刻，该去尝试对那几团玻璃碎片做一番鉴定了——  
那片被她称之为「家」的Arcaea究竟处在何方，有哪些碎片仍旧残存，又有哪些是新出现的……  
这样想着的她从灯塔上踱步而下，随时准备开始新一轮的例行公事。

### 5-3

#### en

It does still fly: the scythe.  
  
Sitting on the length of the handle as a witch might lackadaisically sit on a broom, the young  
woman rides down a broken, shambled street. The blade sits upright beside and behind her,  
shifting for every swivel and turn. Her movements are smooth and completely ingrained.  
  
As she goes, she looks upon a particular jumble of flying glass. This one runs alongside and above  
the road like a river, and since her arrival it has not once lost or gained any memories for its flock.  
This being so peculiar, she checks it every day. Today, too, the memories that glint within each are  
all ones she has seen before.  
  
Unrelated, unconnected memories of play, song, sadness, strange machines both enormous and  
fast... It's really a rather eclectic mix, making the fact that they're seemingly unconnected very  
interesting.  
  
She looks for the memory that she likes the most.|Of course, finding a specific memory within a crowd is similar to seeking a needle in a stack of hay.  
But the one here—it likes her in return.  
  
A piece of glass breaks from the chain, and it approaches her as she glides on. She smiles faintly,  
lifting her right hand from her scythe so that the piece can come to rest over her palm.  
  
In it is the final moment of a small hand-crafted flute's creation. Making the instrument had been  
a labor of many minutes, hours, days and months, but the carver who'd done it had condensed all  
his feeling into this single moment. It all came to this.  
  
He plays a note, and the tone makes him wince. Terrible.  
  
But it does work.|Though this memory marked the end of an arduous journey,  
it also marked the beginning of an even grander one.  
  
Such a curious position...  
  
Truly—and the others it shares a crowd with are special indeed.

#### zh-Hans

那把镰刀——确实仍能用于飞行。  
  
若联想女巫总无精打采地横坐在扫帚柄上四处飞行，  
这一场景用于形容少女现在的模样简直再合适不过。  
这位年轻的女孩沿着下方那条破败不堪的残毁大街飞驰而下，  
身体斜后方那竖直立起的长刃随着飞行方向的改变而挪动。  
她早已能够随心所欲地操纵镰刀飞行。  
  
在飞行途中，她望向了某一团紊乱无章的飞舞碎片。这群玻璃碎片宛若一条悬河，  
也顺着大路流淌向前。自从她来到这地方后，那群碎片的成员便再无增减。  
每日都对此进行检查的少女，认为这种情况难免显得异乎寻常。  
直至今天，这条闪闪发光的溪流也同往日一般，包含着与前日完美一致的回忆内容。  
  
尽是些彼此之间毫无联系，也丝毫无法衔接的各种回忆。  
娱乐、音乐、忧伤，以及那些庞大却敏捷迅速的怪异机械……  
倒不如说，这也算是一种折衷的不寻常搭配。  
每当想到这些看似没有关联的事物可能是相通的，事情就会变得有趣几分。  
  
她在寻找自己最钟意的回忆。|当然，在无数回忆中寻找自己正在渴求的那一段，无疑是海底捞针。  
但事实上，那对象就在此处——而且，它似乎也喜欢着她。  
  
那一片玻璃脱离了碎片的队列，于少女滑翔之时靠近了她。  
她微微地笑着，将右手从镰刀上举起，用掌心去迎接那一片碎片。  
  
它所蕴含的那段回忆中——  
一支小巧玲珑的手工竖笛的制作马上就要大功告成。制作这支乐器耗费了多少个分秒日月……  
尽管如此，那位雕刻师却将全部的情感凝聚在了这最后时刻。这一刻终于要来临了。  
  
他试着吹奏了一个音符，随之奏响的音符不禁让他眉头一皱。简直糟透了。  
  
还好，至少能顺利奏出音色。|尽管这段记忆标志着一段艰辛旅程的结局，却也象征着另一段更为宏图大志的旅途即将开始。  
  
还真是异样的处境呢……  
  
实不相瞒——隶属于同一团块的其他碎片所蕴含的特殊性质，自然也是毫不逊色。

### 5-4

#### en

That memory is precious.  
  
In fact, if it can be called "precious", more likely than not it has found its way to her at some point.  
Memories of first pets, of one's survival and another's sacrifice, of first words, of inspiring speeches,  
of important and private talks... Sometimes, when she is strolling or riding by, these significant  
memories will just begin following her.  
  
She doesn't mind. She likes that memories so special were kept safe in this curious place. That is a  
good thing, but there is something better.  
  
The world of Arcaea serves as an archive to memories of any sort. A memory of a toothache, a  
memory of a good meal, a memory of a horse ride, a memory of spilled milk. Whatever it is, if it was  
remembered, then it is here.|And it is really every one of those memories, along with those standouts among them, that shape  
a man or woman, she thinks. Not only that, but they serve as the only real evidence that a person  
ever was alive.  
  
Monuments and graves are erected in the name of memory, and as for the loss of memory... as she  
has seen within the Arcaea, that is something at times more tragic and difficult to accept than death.  
  
"..."  
  
She quietly comes to a stop, stepping down onto what looks to have once been a town square.  
Here, innumerable pieces of glass drift through the air. It's something like... well, the appropriate  
term for her might be a garden, though one with every "plant" brought in instead of grown natively.  
  
She tends to them all the same. These are the memories she has found in what she considers to be  
her "home" part of Arcaea. These specific shards are those which were not there when she first  
awakened. They'd drifted in.|"...Hmph," she sniffs, absently taking stock of the pieces.  
They don't usually leave, but sometimes they wander off...  
  
And that worries her.  
  
...Is there meaning in the Arcaea being in the form of something as fragile as glass?  
  
...Back in life, she learned not to ask many questions.

#### zh-Hans

那一段回忆，确是珍贵。  
  
当然，前提是它的确配得上“珍贵”二字——这碎片似乎更像是在某一刻主动追随起了少女。  
第一次拥有宠物的回忆、生存与献祭的回忆、第一次道出某个词语的回忆，  
甚至哪怕是一次鼓舞人心的演讲，一次重要的私人谈话……  
偶尔少女会在它们一旁漫步而过，或是骑着镰刀飞掠附近地带。  
届时，这些意义非凡的回忆便会跟随起她。  
  
少女却对此漠不关心。  
让她真正心感欢喜的，是眼前这些性质格外独特的回忆被安然保存于此地的事实。  
这当然十分美妙，只不过在这后面还有更加精彩的事情。  
  
Arcaea的世界就好像是一座储存着各类回忆的宏大档案馆。  
像是牙痛的回忆、美食的回忆、骑马的回忆、不小心将牛奶打翻的回忆……  
不管这些回忆是否存在特殊的意义，只要它们被世人所铭记，便会归于此处。|而正是这每一片看似微不足道的记忆碎片——甚至连那些极端特殊的个体也在内——  
成功塑造起了那一位又一位人物形象，她心中如此想到。  
不仅如此，这些碎片更是那些故往世人曾切切实实活过的唯一证明。  
  
纪念碑与坟墓以回忆之名于大地建造而起，也以逝去的记忆为名继续留在世间……  
如同她于Arcaea内所见证的一样，失去记忆有时比死亡本身更让人难以接受，也令人倍感伤痛。  
  
“……”  
  
她静悄悄地停止了前行，缓步走入一片看上去曾是座中心广场的城镇地带。  
在这里，不可胜数的玻璃碎片正漂泊于半空之中。这一场景就好像……  
可以说，这里对她而言就是一座花园——  
当然，这儿的“植物”都并非土生土长，而全是外来物种。  
  
她对这里的所有碎片都视同一律。这些Arcaea所包含的回忆，便是她心中认定的「家」。  
在这里苏醒过来的时候，她其实并未享受到这群碎片的陪伴：  
它们都是直到后来才流浪至她的视界之中。|“……哼嗯。”  
她用鼻子轻轻吐气，心不在焉地盘点这些碎片的数量。  
它们通常都不会自主离开，却时常不小心飘到别处去……  
  
而这一现象令她开始感到担忧。  
  
……在这些犹如玻璃一般脆弱的Arcaea之中，究竟存在着什么意义？  
  
……从前活着的时候，她早已学会不将过多的疑问牵挂于心头。

### 5-5

#### en

"Huh?"  
  
Her gaze, still on the Arcaea above, is suddenly broken.  
  
...Where did that come from?  
  
Appearing on the shore of her thoughts suddenly, like a fair and gentle-seeming stranger,  
was that little fact, in the form of a miniature memory.  
  
She wasn't sure at first that it was even there, but as she thinks it over again and again...  
she's sure of it.  
  
She recalls this. This... it happened.|Sitting under a pair of quiet old trees, the Soul Stream having gone down, and night having risen,  
she was speaking with her confrère...  
  
"You learn to think of it in this sort of paradox," he'd said. "You think of all life as precious, but at  
the same time the drudgery leaves it all as just numbers. Higher numbers, lower numbers. It isn't  
like you stop caring; it's more as if, if anything, caring so much sharpens you into someone who  
seems cold."  
  
"But it's alright," he assured her, smiling weakly at the Stream. "Thinking too much about it will  
probably tear you up inside. When you went to the Glen, what was the reason you gave for wanting  
to walk this path?"  
  
She answered.  
  
"See? That's what we all say," he replied, and she recalls how calming his voice had been then.  
"Just remember that, and you'll be fine."|But there it ends. That's it. Her gaze comes back to the sharp air above her. Just remember it? Just  
remember it. Remember it. It... Remember what?  
  
"I... don't remember," she whispers softly, but each word, each syllable falls heavily off her tongue.  
  
He had been absolutely right. Now she can feel it, building in her eyes: the dull, warm grief that  
comes with sad revelation. A new piece of her memory has shown itself to her, but it is crucially  
broken, and without answers to the questions it has forced into her mind, her heart is killed.  
The agony is nearly unbearable.  
  
How do you put the pain of knowing you are not entirely yourself into proper words?|Under the cloud of glass, she shuts her eyes, bends her head, and puts the heel of her palm over  
her nose, the underside of her fist against her skull. She won't cry. She can't let herself do something  
like that. To cry here, at this, would open her to too many facets of reality she has chosen not to face.  
She sits on the ground, sucking in her lips, tightening them.  
  
She will not cry. Absolutely not. Okay?  
  
So, gripping at herself and trembling in the world of white, the solitary reaper steadily breathes.  
She tries not to dwell. She doesn't want to dwell. But, while calming herself, the thought can't help  
but occur to her: that, if this is death...  
  
...she would much rather have oblivion.

#### zh-Hans

“呵？”  
  
即使目光仍旧停留于前上方的Arcaea，她的视线却在刹那间絮乱了。  
  
……它是从哪里来的？  
  
那微小的事实就这样没有预兆地乍然跃入她的思绪，仿佛一位端庄有礼的绅士要前来拜访……  
尽管它显然是以微缩记忆的形态存在着。  
  
起初，她甚至无法确定它是否真实存在。  
但在她屡屡沉思了一番后……绝对没错，她明白这是事实。  
  
她以此回忆起这段故事。  
这段故事……它曾存在过。|夜幕悠然。倾听灵魂溪流的潺潺流水声，她正端坐一对远古巨树之下，与自己的那位同事进行畅谈。  
  
“身处此类悖论中，你终将学会对它进行深刻思考，”他讲述道，  
“或许你固然会认为每一条生命都是无价的；  
可与此同时，繁琐沉闷的日常工作还是会让那些事物逐渐褪色为单纯的数字。  
不论那些数字是相对比较高的，抑或是比较低的……  
这并不意味着你就该停止为此倾注心意——倒不如说……过量地眷注所有事情，  
你的外在却反而会被打磨得愈加冰冷。”  
  
“但这并没有关系啊，”他信誓旦旦地向她说道，朝那溪流露出一抹疲倦的笑容，  
“过分存眷于那些事情，确实会把你的内心撕裂得狼狈不堪。在你前往「山谷」的那时候，  
究竟是什么理由促使你决心踏上这条道路？”  
  
她对此做出了回答。  
  
“看吧？其实我们每个人都会这样说。”  
他给予了答复。而她，始终未曾忘却下一刻他那格外平静的话语声。  
“将那一点永远铭记于心，你就不会再迷茫。”|只是，这段故事在这里就迎来了结尾——没有分毫遗漏，这便是故事的全部。  
她将视线重新转向头顶上方那片凌冽的空白。  
将那一点永远铭记于心？铭记那一点……铭记……哪一点？到底要记住什么？  
  
“我居然……将那件事忘记了。”  
她轻声说道，可自舌根说出每一个字眼的时刻，都艰难到无法想象。  
  
他说得完全正确。如今她已经能深刻体会到正构建于自己视界之中的一切：  
那一丝单调却又伴随着温暖的哀思，环绕象征悲伤的启示而至。  
这一小片拼图确是让她进一步见证了自己在世之时的回忆——但它早已残破不堪，  
而且根本无法回答那一系列肆虐着她的困惑分毫。  
她近乎心死。这种程度的痛苦，令人根本无法承受。  
  
知晓你根本不是完整的自己——这样的痛楚，究竟有任何文字能够形容吗？|置身于玻璃云团之下的她紧紧闭起了双眼，缓缓弯下腰来。  
她将鼻梁沉重地埋在双手手掌之间，指关节死死抵在上眼眶。  
她不会哭泣。她没有办法让自己这么做。若是在此处放纵泪水流淌，  
她又将会回忆起多少层面的现实——那些她执意逃避的，残酷的现实。  
她就这样静静地坐在地上，紧咬着嘴唇不放，竭力屏住心中的悲痛。  
  
她不会哭泣。她当然不会落泪。不是吗？  
  
故此，那位形单影只的收割者能做的，只有抱紧自己孤独的身躯，在这个纯白的世界中默默地颤抖着。  
她的鼻中，时不时传来轻柔的呼吸声。  
她试图让自己的思绪不再徘徊于此——她不想再让思绪被这种事情侵占了。  
只是，试图使自己平静下来时，那思绪却还是会主动回到她脑海之中。  
若眼前的全部，便是「死亡」真实的样貌……  
  
……那么，她宁可忘却一切。

### 5-6

#### en

The break that occurred within her left her quiet... quieter than usual for what could amount to  
days.  
  
The key element of that memory—the idea that one was better off not asking many questions—  
is something that in her contemplation she realized she was attempting to adhere to all this time.  
  
Her attempts, however, had been half-hearted. That taste of an old memory was too intoxicating  
to forget. Indeed, she refused to forget—but having forgotten so much else… she'd realized she  
was a broken half-shell of a person.  
  
Forget it.|She is once again guiding vagrant memories to the square today; trying to make this into routine,  
which will turn to habit, which will turn to nature. Perhaps tedium can rescue her from the cavern  
always lurking just under the surface: the tar pit of miserable feelings endlessly calling to her.  
Better oblivion, she thinks sincerely, than to feel—if feeling means only grief.  
  
And, while conducting the shards of Arcaea, one catches the light of the sky in such a way that she  
is reflexively bidden to look at it. Without thinking much of it, she brings this shard close.  
  
The reflection: a crouching, slouched child covering something off the side of a road with her hands.  
Outside her hands, ants shy away, though they seem clearly interested in whatever she's hiding.  
  
The reaper gives the memory more of her attention, and finds that what the child is hiding is a  
wounded jade beetle. After a moment of contemplation, the girl scoops up the small thing in both  
of her hands and stands up.  
  
That's all.|The young observer is motionless for a moment, but then she smirks.  
  
That's such an... absolutely pointless memory.  
  
Did the beetle recover? How long did that child live for? How long did she hold on to this memory?  
  
Stupid little thing...  
  
The girl chuckles.  
  
It's ironic, isn't it... Remembering something had made her forget why she believed she was here.  
  
Arcaea is a world of memories. Of the dead? Of those still alive? Who can say? Regardless, it keeps  
old stories that anyone could forget. Past expiration of mind, body, monument, or land: however it  
works, Arcaea steadfastly keeps all.|The girl is alone. She has no confrère here, and she was given no reason to do anything when she  
woke up. But that doesn't mean that she was to do nothing.  
  
She is here, now. Her old life is over. That's it.  
  
But doesn't she still have control? She still feels responsible. She doesn't remember the answer  
she gave, as to why she sought to be a tender of souls, but whatever it was... something tells her  
that the broken her of now would give the same reason as the complete her from then.  
  
There is no telling what will happen, ever.  
  
Lives and memories can vanish in a second… but not here. Her memories may be lost, but these  
will not be. "Tender of Souls" to "Tender of Memories"; she thinks that has a nice sound to it.|Absolutely. You will all be remembered forever.  
  
So long as I am here.

#### zh-Hans

心智的崩坏终于使她平静了下来……多久，她都比从前的任何时候表现得更加安静。  
  
“不要将过多的疑问牵挂于心头。”  
这一思想，便是那段记忆的核心要素——而她在一番深思后才觉察到，  
这更是她往昔至今始终尝试追循的信条守则。  
  
然而时至今日，她的那些尝试都未免显得心不在焉。那一段古老的回忆始终令她魂牵梦绕，难以忘怀。  
她固然完全不打算去遗忘那段故事——却还是忘记了过多除此之外的事物……她终究意识到，  
自己已经变成了一具残缺的躯壳。  
  
这种事情，还是忘却为好。|今日，她又一次将那些迷途的回忆引领至这片广场；  
她试图将这一举动当成例行公事，等其成为生活习惯，再等其转变为顺理成章之事。  
或许乏味会在她落入那潜藏于安详地面正下方的深坑之前牵扯住她前进的脚步——若非如此，  
那不断呼唤着她的焦油陷坑终会让失足的她被不幸的感受所淹没。  
她真切地认为——若感受那些事物所带来的只有痛苦——比起“感受”，果然“遗忘”才是更好的选择。  
  
就在她如此引导着这群Arcaea残片的时候，  
其中的某片忽然以一种特别的形式反射了源自天空的光线，以至于她条件反射地望向了它。  
她几乎没去多想，随即将那碎片召至了自己面前。  
  
反射的场景：一个孩子正懒洋洋地蹲在路边，用双手遮罩着什么物体。  
在她的手掌周围，小小的蚂蚁们显然对她藏在手心侧的事物感到十分好奇，却还是害羞得四散而逃。  
  
这名收割者将更多的集中力投予这段回忆，继而发现那孩子掩藏的事物其实是一只受伤的无花果甲虫。  
在一番思虑过后，那女孩便用双手捧起了那小小的存在，从地上站起了身。  
  
这便是全部。|许久，这位年轻的观众都处于呆滞状态。可接着，她便傻笑起来。  
  
这还真的……是一段毫无意义的回忆。  
  
那只甲虫的伤痊愈了吗？那孩子活了多久？多少年月，她将这段故事铭记于心？  
  
全然是件愚笨而无关紧要的小事……  
  
少女轻笑了起来。  
  
真的挺讽刺的，不是吗？  
铭记某样事物，却使她遗忘了关于自己为何身于此处的揣测。  
  
Arcaea是记忆的世界。  
这些记忆隶属于死者？抑或是尚在之人？又有谁能回答这个问题呢？  
不论谜底为何，这世界保存着那些任何人或许都会忘却的过去。  
灵魂消散、肉身腐朽、石碑碎裂、大地风化……任凭时光流逝，Arcaea都完好无缺地保存着一切。|少女已然只身一人。她在此处并未拥有同事，也不存在什么需要起床做任何工作的理由。  
但这并不代表她什么都不会做。  
  
此时此刻，她便身在此地。她过去的生命已经到达尽头。  
仅仅如此。  
  
但她难道仍有权利掌控一切吗？她依然能感知到自己的职责。  
她依然无法回忆起自己给予的那个答案——那个使她成为一位灵魂守护者的理由。  
但无论谜底究竟是什么……有一种无形的力量使她坚信，  
哪怕心灵早已残缺不堪，但当她再次遇到那个问题时，  
一定也会给出与曾经完整的自己相同的理由。  
  
世人本就无法预言未来。一向如此。  
  
无论生命还是回忆，都可能在转瞬间灰飞烟灭……但在此处不一样。  
她可能会忘却属于自己的回忆，可面前这些回忆不会消逝。  
由一位“灵魂的守护者”正式转变为“回忆的守护者”——她觉得这听上去十分美好。|没错。你们将一直被深深铭记——  
  
只要我仍伫立于此。

## Alice&Tenniel's Story

### 7-1

#### en

A dark garden betwixt forest and flowers.  
  
A silver web glints in a corner of glass. Well, is it glass? More likely it's stone, but this particular world  
operates more strangely than any other. Reality bleeds in from elsewhere, through floating shards  
that fill the air, projecting colorful memory into lands of ruin and white. Now there are pillars of  
amethyst, glowing from a light beneath that fills the entire floor.  
  
She sits in a fanciful, pale green chair, before a small and pale-green table, her hand atop her  
suitcase which rests beside her. She drags her finger down the leather of its top. There are no other  
people here.  
  
"We should leave, Alice."  
  
"No other people"—but there is at least one other person.|He's here, holding tea as he often is, having again prepared it when her eyes were turned away.  
She lays her palm on her suitcase.  
  
"You hear that?" she asks.  
  
He tilts his head, listening closely before replying: "I hear nothing."  
  
Lifting her other arm, she rests her elbow on the table, slouches forward, and props her chin up  
with her hand. "That's right," she says, "in this one... or these ones... it's quiet."  
  
"And what should that matter?"|"When was the last!?" she slightly raises her voice, telling him with its tone that she finds his question  
absurd. "Silence and a pleasant view... Look at the gardens, Tenniel. This landscape is... handsome."  
She picks up her hand from her suitcase and indicates the dark wilds fading in and out before them,  
and to the sky-blue flowers dotting the shade.  
  
"I," Tenniel starts, gesturing toward himself with his teacup, "am handsome."  
  
Her brow twitches at the gall.  
  
"Shut," Alice starts, gesturing toward him with her hand, "up."  
  
"Terribly rude. Awfully rude," he notes. She shakes her head, grumbles, and leans back in her seat.|Precisely how long has she been stuck in this world, unable to travel to any others?  
  
Forever, the ward Tenniel has been with her, steadfast in his claims of "I cannot be apart from you."  
  
However, that largely proves itself to be a pain. She looks at him now. A black and orange butterfly  
flutters past his eyes, and after it passes he looks into his cup. Then, he tosses the cup's contents  
to the ground, having not drunk even a sip of it. A very, very usual habit—in fact, consistent Tenniel  
behavior.  
  
He opens his mouth, not to lap the dregs, but to speak. "We really should go," says Alice,  
preempting him. "That's what you want to say, isn't it?"|"If you understand, let us take care," he says.  
  
And she listens to him. He never seems, she thinks, entirely without reason. So she stands and follows  
him to the white horizon. The memory fades around them as they pass. It melts and drips, all, into  
nothing. All except the butterfly, which flies along at her shoulder. For now, Tenniel watches it again.  
But it will fade, too—  
  
All memories do.

#### zh-Hans

在丛生的林木与鲜花之间有一片昏暗的花园。  
  
一张银色的蛛网在玻璃的角落处闪烁着微光。哦，那是玻璃吗？  
看起来倒更像是石头，不过这个独特世界的运作机制比任何其它的世界都要怪异。  
来自异界的现实通过空中漫舞的碎片渗入这里，将五彩斑斓的记忆投影到荒芜的白色大地。  
周围是紫水晶构成的立柱，满溢出整个地面的光芒让它们也晶莹靓丽。  
  
她坐在浅绿色的精美椅子上，面前是同样浅绿色的小桌。  
她一只手伸在身旁的行李箱上，食指随意地沿着皮箱的顶部划动。这里别无他人。  
  
“我们该走了，爱丽丝。”  
  
“这里没有别人”——然而这里确是有一个“别人”的。|他就在这儿，像往常一样端着茶杯，在她转过目光的片刻便又准备好了香茶。她将手掌抚在行李箱上。  
  
“你听到了吗？”她问道。  
  
他转头仔细聆听，然后才答道：“我什么都没听见。”  
  
她举起另一只手，手肘放在桌上，身体前倾，眉眼低垂，慵懒地望着桌子，用手托起下巴。  
“那就对了”，她说道。“这个……或者说，这些……很安静。”  
  
“那又怎么样呢？”|“上一次是什么时候呢！？”她略微提高了音调，用这种语气表达着他这个问题的荒谬。  
“赏心悦目的寂静风景……看看这片花园，坦尼尔。这幅景观很……俊美。”  
她的手从行李箱上举起，指向了两人面前淡入淡出的昏暗原野，以及阴影中点缀着的天蓝花朵。  
  
“我，”坦尼尔开口了，他腰板一直，将茶杯指向自己道，“这样子就很俊美。”  
  
这般自吹自擂让她皱起了眉头。  
  
爱丽丝开口了，她倾身指向他：“给我闭嘴。”  
  
“何等粗鲁，何等失态。”他无谓地回嘴。她一边摇头一边小声抱怨着，又靠回了椅子。|具体来说，距离她被困在这个世界、无法去往其它世界已经过去多久了呢？  
  
她的护花使者坦尼尔一路上都追随着她，还坚定地宣称：“我无法与你分离。”  
  
不过很大程度上，这件事被证明是个麻烦。她正盯着他。  
一只橙黑相间的蝴蝶飘过他的眼前，随后他将注意力转向了自己的茶杯。  
然后，他一口都未品尝，便将杯中的液体泼到了地上。  
一个非常非常寻常的行为——事实上，坦尼尔一直如此。  
他张开了嘴，倒不是为了舔舐杯中的残香，而是打算说话。  
“我们真的该走了”，爱丽丝先发制人。“这就是你想说的，对吧？”|“如果你明白，那我们就动身吧。”他说道。  
  
她听从了他。她觉得，他行事从不会毫无理由。  
于是她站了起来，跟着他迈向白色的地平线。  
在两人穿行的路上，记忆若隐若现。它融化、滴落，然后消失于无形。  
不过蝴蝶却是例外，它在她的肩膀处一路随行。  
坦尼尔姑且又关注了它一下。不过，它也终将淡去——  
  
所有的记忆都将淡去。

### 7-2

#### en

So, what is this place? And what is "real"?  
  
This is true: she once walked between worlds.  
  
She still does. For her, this is an aspect of life as normal as eating or drinking, not that she has had  
need of either since finding this latest realm. In the past, before Arcaea, it was countless how many  
new places she'd seen, how many strange plants and people she had found.  
  
Fantastic creatures, magic too, everything one could ever imagine: she has seen it, and recorded it.  
For... an "inter-dimensional" encyclopedia? Whatever it was (it seems to have been lost).  
The nature of the work keeps her profession fresh, certainly, but...|This world really is terribly unique. The memories of further worlds dance into this one, and not as  
mere images, either. You can hear the other places... smell the foreign nature... taste from these  
memories, and touch them as if they're real. Therefore it begs the question: what is real?  
In a world such as Arcaea, she feels that is a very important question to ask.  
  
If... it can be experienced fully, but only for a limited time, is it an illusion or is it valid?  
Well-traveled though she is, nothing in her memory tells of a world like this.  
What is the purpose of it?|So she asks her companion: without flare, without context. "So... what is reality, Tenniel? How can  
we know that here is real?"  
  
"It's real," he says, as he casts tea from his cup, "because every sense of yours 'knows' that it's real.  
Why do you wonder about artifice or illusion? Why do you question even what you can touch with  
your own hands, Alice? That should be enough."  
  
"Fine," she replies with finality. It is worthless when he gets like this.  
  
"If that is over with, look there," he says, and he points to the ground. They had wandered into  
memory of a campfire, and Tenniel's tea had doused the flame.  
"How the devil does that work?" he asked.  
  
"You're asking me?" replies Alice, incredulous.  
  
"I've ruined their party..." mutters her companion.  
  
"The memory will fade soon, so there's nothing to be glum over, Tenniel."|"What we see is real, Alice. And when you stop looking at something, does it cease to be? Of course it  
doesn't. That fire has ceased by my hand, though."  
  
"You need to stop spilling tea everywhere."  
  
"I will leave an apology."  
  
"No one will see it! No one is here!"  
  
Tenniel smirks while whipping out a pad and pen.  
She groans, and tries not to smile herself as he writes.|It's a moment that reminds her why she never questions his company. But, it's a moment rare of late.  
"Of late", she thinks...  
  
In the beginning... was it different?  
  
She ponders for a little while, but new scenery distracts her as they walk. She forgets to wonder.  
  
And the day goes on.

#### zh-Hans

所以，这里究竟是哪里？什么才是“真实”？  
  
的确，她曾经遍行于无数世界之间。  
  
她现在也依然如此。对她来说，这是与生俱来的习惯，犹如进食和饮水一般。  
但在她发现最后踏足的这片境界之后，上述两点好像就没那么必要了。  
在以前，在来到Arcaea之前，她见识过无数的地方，各种奇形怪状的植物和形形色色的人物。  
人可以想象出的一切，包括幻想生物和魔法，也都只是她目睹并记录过的东西。  
对于一个……“超次元”百科全书？  
不管是什么（似乎已经被遗忘了），这份工作的特性让她一直都保持着新鲜感和安定感，然而……|这个世界实在是过于特殊。  
其它世界的记忆纷至沓来，且不仅以影像的形式呈现。  
她可以听见那些地方的声音……闻到异域的气息……  
品尝那些记忆的甘苦，甚至从它们身上获得真实的触感。  
那么问题随之出现：什么是真实？在Arcaea这样的世界，她认为这是一个至关重要的问题。  
  
如果……这种全方位的体验只能持续有限的时间，那么它究竟是虚幻还是真实？  
尽管她曾周游四方，但记忆中却并无这样的世界。它的存在目的究竟为何？|于是毫无征兆亦无缘由地，她询问自己的同伴：  
“那么……真相是什么，坦尼尔？我们怎样才能判断这里是否真实？”  
  
“这里是真实的”，他一边从杯中洒出茶水，一边说道。  
“因为你所有的感官都‘认为’这里是真实的。为什么要担心这是某种诡计或者幻象呢？  
为什么你要质疑自己亲手触摸到的东西呢，爱丽丝？这就足够了。”  
  
“好吧”，她结束了自己的发言。在他这样的状态下，说什么都没有意义的。  
  
“不说话了么，那就看这里”，他指着地面说道。  
两人步入了一个篝火的记忆中，坦尼尔的茶水浇灭了火焰。  
“这究竟是个什么原理？”他疑惑道。  
  
“你问我？”爱丽丝觉得莫名其妙。  
  
“我毁了他们的派对……”她的同伴低语道。  
  
“记忆很快就会淡去，没什么值得你自责的，坦尼尔。”|“我们看到的都是真实的，爱丽丝。就算你没看到某个东西，难道它就不复存在了吗？  
当然不会。不过，那个篝火确实被我弄得不复存在了。”  
  
“你以后不要乱洒茶水了。”  
  
“我会留下一封道歉信。”  
  
“给谁看呢！这里一个人都没有！”  
  
坦尼尔挤眉弄眼地笑着，又嗖地一下掏出便签和笔。她一边低声抱怨着，  
一边在他书写时努力压制着笑意。  
  
在这个片刻，她想起了自己为何从不质疑同伴。不过，最近她很少这样了。“最近”，她想着……  
  
在开始的时候……有什么不一样吗？  
  
她只思考了一小会儿，路上的新景色就分散了她的注意力。她忘却了这个问题。  
  
于是时光继续流逝。

### 7-3

#### en

Never does he really "lie".  
  
He knows what he knows, just as well as one knows to draw breath—though he doesn't need to  
breathe.  
  
Or that one knows to feed, though he needs no food; to drink, though he needs no water.  
  
Or, to remain at her side and shelter her, though...  
  
...There is a raw and almost perfectly unshakable comfort in reality.|What exists is what you see and sense. Knowing that what you see and sense is real means that is  
the truth. Having truth puts the mind at ease. Without it, with unknowns, you open yourself to fear.  
Or to, perhaps, what is worse: truths you do not need to hear.  
  
Truths that will damage you. To know you aren't capable of everything you wish to be capable of.  
To know that there is an end, that it is inevitable. That truth, and truths like it, can make a person  
truly suffer.  
  
But, he does not lie.|It's true that "he" has always watched over her.  
  
It's true that "he" has always given her freedom, and guided her into places that were exciting, new...  
different.  
  
That was real. That is.  
  
He wants nothing more than her smile.  
  
But with heaviness inside where a heart should be, he knows that she is seeking something more:  
beyond what can be seen.  
  
"...You hid that?" he asks, as she presents him a flower from the garden-memory they had left.  
  
"You know, I love its color... pale..." she reveals, gazing upon it fondly. "It's like the skies we see in  
other worlds," she asserts. "What's its name?"  
  
He knows.|"I don't know," he says. "It will vanish, surely, as everything does. There is no need to keep it, Alice."  
  
"...Perhaps no need, but I like it," Alice tells him, and he already knew this. "I think that it won't  
disappear."  
  
His gaze drifts away. With no rhyme or reason, he dumps his tea. He also knows this very well:  
  
She is right: it won't. And that concerns him most of all.|He tells her, "Do as you like... Alice."  
  
And she playfully fires back, "I will!" as she slips the flower behind her ear. With pompousness, she  
declares: "You can't decide how I live!"  
  
Tenniel taps his chest and gazes at nothing.  
  
How unfortunate...  
  
She is entirely right about that as well.

#### zh-Hans

他从来不会真的“撒谎”。  
  
他对自己所知的事物如数家珍，就好像呼吸一样理所当然——虽然他根本就无需呼吸。  
  
或者说，就好像进食和饮水一样理所当然，虽然他也无需进食和饮水。  
  
不过理所当然地，他还是会陪伴并保护她……  
  
……真实会给人以纯粹且几乎无可动摇的舒适。|所见所感即真实。看到和感知到的是真实存在的，这意味着真相。  
真相带来安心感。如果没有了它，只剩下未知，恐惧就会席卷而来。  
或者，来的也许是更糟糕的东西：不应得知的真相，令人受伤的真相。  
  
人会发现自己无法做到想做到的事情，遇到不可避免的结局。  
那样的真相只会让人深陷痛苦。  
  
不过，他不会撒谎。|没错，“他”一直都照看着她。  
  
的确，“他”总是会予以她自由，引领她前往新奇、有趣……不同的地方。  
  
这是真的，事实如此。  
  
他只想看到她的笑容。  
  
但他并非无心无念，他知道她所寻求的不止如此：那是无法看见的东西。  
  
“……你偷偷摘的？”他问道。她将一朵花展现给他，那来自之前离开的花园记忆。  
“你知道的，我喜欢它的颜色……淡色……”她不再隐藏，盯着花的眼神中充满着喜爱。  
“它就像我们在其它世界里看到的天空”，她肯定地说道。“它叫什么名字？”  
  
他知道答案。|“我不知道”，他答道。“它终究会消失，就像所有东西那样。你没必要带着它，爱丽丝。”  
  
“……也许吧，但我喜欢”，爱丽丝把这件他早已知晓的事情又告诉了他。“我觉得它不会消失。”  
  
他凝视的目光飘向了别处。没有征兆和理由地，他倒掉了茶。他也清楚地知道：  
  
她说的没错，花不会消失，而这正是他最为担心的。|他又告诉她：“你高兴就好……爱丽丝。”  
  
她也玩笑般地回应：“那当然！”，一边将花枝插在了耳边。  
她态度高傲地宣称道：“你无法左右我的意志！”  
  
坦尼尔轻叩着自己的胸口，目光中并无焦点。  
  
何等不幸……  
  
她的这句话也完全没错。

### 7-4

#### en

The world shifts and blends fantastically, fascinating her always. Tenniel, however, never seems  
very thrilled by it.  
  
Therefore, as they leave the scene of a horrific fire spurred by flying machines, the last burning  
wisps of tragic memory trailing behind them, Alice confronts him with a question:  
"Have you no passion at all, Tenniel?"  
  
To this, he smirks and says, "I never suffer, no."  
  
To this, she looks at him dully.  
  
He must have something in that tied up chest of his. With that in mind, she tries to catch any  
sparkle in his eye, any breath cut short, any sort of pleased look—as he looks upon pleasant things.|One day—if time can be so divided in a world where night never comes—they come across the  
memory of an old workshop.  
  
There, she decides to hatch a little plan. In a rare moment of Tenniel's distraction, she hides away  
from him, carefully, behind a door. When he realizes he's lost her, he glances back, forth, and there  
mutters, "Alice...? Well, you must be nearby. Never mind it, never mind it..."  
  
From her hiding place she watches him step past dusty tables and stools... until he reaches an easel,  
upon which is a canvas. He checks the surroundings, finds a piece of charcoal, and sits at the stool  
before the blank sheet. And, he sketches. The ticklish joy from "teasing" him begins to fade, and she  
instead observes him steadily.  
  
That's right...  
  
When she first woke up in this world...  
  
Tenniel would often change their hats. He would tease her and be sure to always ask what she  
wanted to do. He also recited things—poetry, prose—very often. He oriented her, when she was so  
disoriented by waking in a caged world. He was sillier, delightful.|But... rather quickly... he stopped all of that.  
  
The Tenniel she knew now wore a mask. It had almost become his new face, and so she'd forgotten...  
  
He did like art, didn't he? He used to remark on it whenever they found memories of galleries...  
  
Now he sketches his surroundings, adding to them a teacup sitting on the floor before the canvas  
instead of a stool. An invention of his own, not a part of the scene.  
  
She remarks from behind the door, "That's very nice, Tenniel."  
  
He slows to nothing, and rests the charcoal back where he found it. He glances over his shoulder.  
  
"It's only an imitation," he says.|"But you imagined that," she says, pointing toward the sketch, "the cup."  
  
"...It is imagined, yes," he admits. "...But I believe you likely have a better imagination than me, Alice."  
  
He smiles, again.  
  
And she replies, "Don't let it bother you, Brother. Your technique is impressive, and comparing it to  
my flawless mind is—"  
  
And they stop, and meet one another's eyes, as they both realize what it is that she just said.

#### zh-Hans

这个世界不断地发生着神奇的变化和融合，让她为之着迷。  
然而坦尼尔看起来并不怎么为之所动。  
  
因此，爱丽丝直接了当地询问了他：“你真的就毫无激情吗，坦尼尔？”  
两人刚刚离开一个记忆场景，那些飞翔的机器就洒下骇人的烈焰，他们的背后只留下灼烧的悲叹。  
  
面对询问，他没心没肺地笑道：“我从未感到痛苦，从不。”  
  
面对回答，她只是淡漠地望着他。  
  
他那锁紧的胸膛里肯定藏着什么。  
带着这种想法，她试图在他看到令人愉悦的事物时，  
找出他眼中的激情火花，亦或是片刻的窒息、欢喜的面容。|有一天——如果在这个从无夜晚的世界里还有这种说法的话——他们遇见了一个旧画室的记忆。  
  
在那里，她决定略施小计。趁着坦尼尔罕见的片刻失神，  
她藏到了远处，小心翼翼地躲在了一扇门的后面。  
当他意识到自己失去了她的踪迹后，他来回张望，又小声呼唤道：  
“爱丽丝……？嗯，你肯定就在附近。没关系，没关系……”  
  
她从藏身处看着他走过落满灰尘的桌椅……最后停在一个摆放着画布的画架旁。  
他查看了四周，找到了一根炭笔，然后就坐在了空白的画布前。随即，他开始了绘画。  
“戏耍”他的那种微妙愉悦感开始消退，她换上了平稳的心态来观察对方。  
  
没错……  
  
当她当初苏醒在这个世界的时候……  
  
坦尼尔经常互换两人的帽子。他会和她打趣，也总是会询问她想要做什么。  
他还会频繁地引经据典，例如诗歌、散文之类。  
当她因苏醒在一个牢笼世界中而迷失无措时，他曾引导过她。  
以前的他略显憨傻，却令人欣喜。|只是……很快……他就不再是那样了。  
  
她所认识的坦尼尔如今戴上了一张面具。这几乎成为了他的新面孔，因此她也差点忘记了……  
  
他以前是喜欢艺术的，应该没记错吧？每当两人找到有关画廊的记忆，他就会开始指点江山……  
  
现在他正摹绘着周围的景象，并在画布面前加了一个茶杯。  
茶杯位于画布前面的地板上，而不是凳子上。  
这是他个人的创新，并不是实际场景的样子。  
  
她在门后评论道：“画的真棒，坦尼尔。”  
  
他慢慢停手，终于将炭笔放回了原处，又隔着自己的肩头回瞥了一眼。  
  
“只是模仿而已”，他说道。|“但那是你想象出来的”，她指着画作道。“那个茶杯。”  
  
“……那是想象出来的，没错”，他承认道。“……但我觉得你的想象力大概会比我更好吧，爱丽丝。”  
  
他又露出了微笑。  
  
于是她回应道：“别管那种事情，哥哥。你的画技令人惊艳，将它和我无暇的思维相比——”  
  
两人的气息为之一滞，对望了一眼后，他们意识到了她刚才所说的究竟是什么。

### 7-5

#### en

"...'Comparing it to your flawless mind,' what?" he asks.  
  
"...Tenniel..." she addresses him.  
  
"My name is no verb. Where precisely is this comparison going?" he teases.  
  
But, Alice insists. "Tenniel!" She shouts, stomping into the room. "You know why it is that I called  
you that, don't you!?"  
  
"It is my name," he replies.  
  
"'Brother'?" she answers, baffled.  
  
"Tenniel," he confirms with a smile.|"Not that!!" she yells, balling her fists and stomping again—now once in place. "Are we... family!?"  
  
"I like t—" Tenniel begins, turning 'round on his stool. He looks self-satisfied, and obnoxious, but  
before he can say what it is he's thinking, he thinks on it again. He holds his tongue, and grimaces  
as he turns his eyes away.  
  
"You're shutting up, then?" she accuses him. "I knew I was right...! I noticed it... Only lately you've  
been like this."  
  
"Handsome?" he tries. "No, that's always—"  
  
"Tenniel, I am being quite serious," Alice tells him coldly, cutting him off.  
  
"Quite seriously," says Tenniel, "I would like to end this conversation."|"Because it worries you? Mysteriously? Why?" Alice persists. She steps further into the room, angrily  
telling him, "'Brother', I called you, and I said it quite sincerely. What could that be for? You're not  
unaware, Tenniel. Not unknowing. You're very obvious in that regard. Now, I insist! I insist that you  
tell me!"  
  
"I would rather not," he growls.  
  
"Tenniel!"  
  
"Just leave it alone!"  
  
"I'm a grown woman. I can handle unpleasant words or truths!"  
  
"It isn't that simple!"  
  
"You aren't my parent!"  
  
"He may as well have been!"|With a foot forward, the glowering Alice stops, her eyes set on Tenniel who is standing now.  
She processes what he told her, and asks, only, "...What?"  
  
"Ah... oh... dear me, I said it," Tenniel speaks in a near whisper. His eyes shine a moment, and he  
bends his head so the brim of his cap might hide them. "No, Alice... I am not your brother. But I  
remember him."  
  
"...Go on," Alice bids, resolute.  
  
And her companion fishes from his vest: a shining shard. A piece of Arcaea.  
  
"A memory?" she asks. And Tenniel replies:  
  
"Yours."  
  
Alice is silent. She looks at the shard between his fingertips and waits.|"I don't understand this world," he says, "but I know that memories project into this place because  
of you. None do the same for me. I believe... given what recollection I was born with... Well, though  
it was rather... scattered, from the myriad of shards around you where you were first sleeping, I  
strongly remembered 'him'. I 'felt' as him, though my head is... certainly a bit strange."  
  
He smiles before going on to say, "What I knew made me wish for nothing but your ignorance."  
  
"...I will be fine, Tenniel," Alice speaks to assure him.  
  
A light falls from his face to the floor, scattering in a minuscule splash. He tells her, with a fluttering  
voice, "I might say that you aren't."|Nonetheless, he extends the shard to her.  
  
She takes it.  
  
In the glass, she sees a curtain waving before a window. Daylight.  
  
She feels a hand falling down on her hat. Tenniel's sleeve obscures his face.|"If you look there," he says, "I know you will understand. Also, Alice..."  
  
She grips the shard before answering, "Yes?"  
  
"I am surely just an imitation, but would you—" he stops. "Would you..."  
  
"Yes?" she prompts him.  
  
"...Take care," he says, "and stay safe, Alice?"  
  
"That doesn't follow... You're an imitation, you said... 'An imitation, but'...?"|"...Hmph," he makes a light and dismissive sound as he takes his hand from her hat. Or rather, he  
takes her hat from her head, and replaces it with his own. Turning before she can glare at him, he  
tells her, "I'm an imitation, but listen to me just this once. That's what I was going to say and  
nothing else," he lies.  
  
She does not push, and instead looks into the glass, activating it.  
  
But, as color swirls around her she hears the young man say—  
  
"Right, an imitation can't ever have their wishes heard."  
  
But before she can ask him what he means, she enters a familiar place.

#### zh-Hans

“……将它和你无暇的思维相比，然后呢？”他问道。  
  
“……坦尼尔……”她念着他的名字。  
  
“我的名字可不是动词。你刚才的对比具体是要表达什么呢？”他打趣道。  
  
然而爱丽丝才不管这些。“坦尼尔！”  
她大喊着，气势汹汹地冲进了房间。“你知道我刚才那样称呼你的原因，对吧！？”  
  
“那是我的名字”，他回答道。  
  
“哥哥？”她疑惑地做出反应。  
  
“坦尼尔”，他微笑着坚称道。|“不是那个！！”她吼叫着，又是挥拳又是跺脚。“我们是……亲人！？”  
  
“我喜欢——”坦尼尔坐在凳子上转过身。他看起来很满意的样子，却显得令人讨厌。  
但在他开口表述想法之前，他又重新陷入了思考。  
他闭口不言，一边目光漂移，一边露出一副怪异的苦脸。  
  
“你现在又不说话了？”她的言语毫不留情。  
“我就知道，我没想错……！我都注意到了……你是最近才变成这样子的。”  
  
“变帅了？”他试图转移话题。“不，我一直都这么——”  
  
“坦尼尔，我现在的态度非常严肃。”爱丽丝以冷漠的口吻打断了他。  
  
“我想要结束这场对话”，坦尼尔说道。“我的态度非常严肃。”|“因为你在担心这件事？神神秘秘的，到底是为什么？”  
爱丽丝的气势并未松懈。她向屋子里又迈了几步，气愤地朝他说道：  
“哥哥，我是这么称呼你的，而且态度相当真诚。这意味着什么？  
你并非毫无意识，并非一无所知，坦尼尔。你在这方面表现得相当明显。  
现在，我要求你，必须把真相告诉我！”  
  
“我不会说的”，他低吼着。  
  
“坦尼尔！”  
  
“别说这件事了！”  
  
“我已经成年了。我可以面对痛苦的真相！”  
  
“这没有那么简单！”  
  
“你又不是我父亲！”  
  
“或许他真的当过你父亲呢！”|怒目的爱丽丝踏出的一只脚停在原地，愣愣地注视着已经起身的坦尼尔。  
她的脑中高速处理着来自对方的信息，却只是问出了一句话：“……什么？”  
  
“啊……哦……天啊，我竟然说出来了”，坦尼尔的自言自语几乎微不可闻。  
他的眼中光芒闪过，然后他底下了头，让帽檐遮挡自己的眼神。  
“不，爱丽丝……我不是你的哥哥。但我记得他。”  
  
“……继续”，爱丽丝的语气透露出坚定。  
  
她的同伴从背心中掏出了一块闪光的碎片：那是Arcaea的一部分。  
  
“一段记忆？”她疑惑道。然后坦尼尔便答道：  
  
“你的。”  
  
爱丽丝沉默了。她看着指间的碎片，良久未言。|“我并不了解这个世界”，他说道。“但我知道这些记忆是因为你而投影进了这个地方。  
我可没引发过这种事情。我认为……根据我出生时拥有的记忆……呃，虽然它……  
在你最初苏醒之处的四周散落成了无数碎片，但我清楚地记得‘他’。  
我‘感觉’自己就是他，不过我的脑袋……显然有些不对劲。”  
  
他笑了笑，又继续说道：“我只知道，我不希望你去了解这一切，仅此而已。”  
  
“……我没事的，坦尼尔”，爱丽丝开口安慰着他。  
  
一道光从他的脸上滴落到地上，像小水花那样散成碎片。他用颤抖的声音告诉她：“我觉得并非如此。”|不过，他还是把碎片递给了她。  
  
她收下了。  
  
透过玻璃般的碎片，她看到一个窗帘在窗前飘动。还有阳光。  
  
她感到一只手抚在了帽子上。坦尼尔的袖口遮住了他此刻的表情。|“如果你看到了那里”，他说道。“你肯定就会明白的。以及，爱丽丝……”  
  
她握住碎片，然后回应道：“什么？”  
  
“我当然只是个仿冒品，但你能否——”他顿了顿。“能否……”  
  
“什么？”她催促着。  
  
“……保重”，他说道。“注意安全，爱丽丝。”  
   
“这根本接不上……你是个仿冒品，你自己说了……‘一个仿冒品，但是’……？”|“……哼”，他发出了小声的不满，一边将手抽离她的帽子。  
更准确地说，是将她的帽子摘下，换成了他自己的那顶。  
他迅速地趁她望向自己之前转身，又说道：  
“我是个仿冒品，但这一次还是听我一句话吧。我只是想说这句话而已。”  
他撒谎了。  
  
她并没有追根问底，而是望向碎片，激活了它。  
  
不过，当五彩斑斓在开始环绕她时，她听到了年轻人在说——  
  
“好吧，仿冒品的愿望从来就没人能够听见。”  
  
但还没来得及问他这究竟是什么意思，她就来到了一个熟悉的地方。

### 7-6

#### en

She finds herself in something unremarkable, and even a little dull. It is a hospital room with white  
walls and ceiling. To be precise: a patient's room—a quiet room, with monarch butterflies fluttering  
outside the open window. And, to her surprise, in the moment she recognizes the place, memories  
she hadn't realized she'd lost rush into her skull.  
  
That there was a park outside.  
That the nurses were friendly and kind.  
That the weather always seemed perfect.  
That she nearly always lived here.  
  
She feels overwhelmed, trying to sort it all, but before she can even begin she hears footsteps  
behind and turns. There is a person there, at the door, with a hydrangea in hand, presently  
dressed in a thin and open, hooded sweatshirt. He wears a T-shirt beneath that, looser slacks over  
his legs, simple and comfortable shoes... and his face. She knows his face. This man is a man who  
looks like Tenniel. "His" name, however, is...|"...Cedric."  
  
From the bed by the window, a weak voice calls out.  
  
The young man passes her by, politely nodding as he goes, and he moves to the waking patient.  
She doesn't have to see the golden hair, the thin frame, nor the kind face to know: of course, it is her.  
This is her memory. Her name is Alice.  
  
Cedric puts the flower he bought in a vase. A true bouquet of them sits beside her original self.  
He pulls over a chair and sits down beside her. He has no tea in his hands, nor does he ask for any.  
  
"Cedric..." the girl repeats, groggily, as she sits up in bed. "I thought you were at the studio today."  
  
"No, not there. And I work on my own time, Alice," says Tenn—... Cedric. It sounds like him.|"How are you? You're alright?"  
  
They both look at her, and smile.  
  
The words had just come out of her without thinking. Well, she could barely think, for what it was  
worth. A new world of truth, here to process, and it seems that as an observer in a place of one  
part of this memory she merely recited what was said at the time automatically.  
  
"Have you been writing?" asks Cedric.  
  
"Have you been drawing?" asks the sickly girl, grinning in light mockery.  
  
"'Have I been drawing'," he echoes, looking to the ceiling and then rolling his eyes.  
  
"You came here!" she fires back with a laugh. "I swear, I thought you were busy!"|"Three pages I finished," he answers with pride and a smile.  
  
"Good!"  
  
"And you've got no pages?"  
  
"I've written! I've written plenty!"  
  
"Then let's see it, then. I've this other book, too..."  
  
"'Lright!"  
  
The girl reaches to a cupboard beside the bed. She keeps her notebooks and utensils there,  
as well as a tablet she could probably use more often. The young man fishes out a tome from his  
bag. Right... it never had been traveling, had it?  
It was always written stories... told tales... dreams.  
  
They begin to share. Laughter, teasing.|Four days.  
  
In four days, all of this ended. They both believed that, if not forever, she had at least three hundred  
and sixty-five. She didn't get to see him in the end. In the early morning she felt a pain and faded.  
Then, nothing. She remembered hearing them yelling to call. That was it.  
  
Tenniel knew this.  
  
The memory is long. She feels it. It encompasses these last days, but she doesn't want to see it.  
  
Strong though she is, facing such a thing terrifies her. No part of it can change. Her health was  
always failing, they were always alone, and he couldn't be there: the end. Dreams and stories...  
can't become real by wishing.  
  
She leaves the memory while they're smiling.  
She doesn't remember if it was their last time together.  
She doesn't want to know.|You will die. You have died.  
  
Standing in the memory of the workshop, this is what Alice remembers.  
  
"Tenn—" she starts, looking up.  
  
But Tenniel is gone.  
  
And there, the memory fades. She can guess... As he'd said, he was only an imitation, and with the  
truth revealed, his time was up.|Alice stands in the void of Arcaea, staring forward with unseeing eyes.  
  
And everything screams at her at once.  
  
This "plane" is false. This "body": a shell. The "memories" were distorted.  
Her "life" was not hers; her life ended with no arc, no culmination, no brother beside her.  
  
You are alone, Alice.  
  
And you died alone.|Alice eventually finds herself on her knees, her gloved fingers dug through the earth.  
  
She feels very cold. She wants to cry, but tears wouldn't come.  
  
She feels...  
  
She feels.  
  
"It's real,  
  
"because every sense of you 'knows' that it's real."  
  
Tenniel's words reflect in her head.|She looks at her hand, and she sees it.  
  
She pulls her glove taut, and she feels it.  
  
She takes the flower from her hair and hears it. Smells it. She opens her mouth over the petals.  
  
What is reality? Is it what you see? What you taste? What you touch?  
  
If that is so...  
  
"Alice" is dead, and Alice is alive.  
  
And if Tenniel was a memory, then he must remain as well.  
  
In reality, she knows herself to be a wanderer of worlds.  
  
She made it here, didn't she? Regardless of the "truth".  
  
And if that is so... there is a way out.|She'll find it.  
  
The way back: to the one who cared for her the most in life.  
  
And for the other...  
  
If she cannot find him again on her journey, she knows a fragment of him will be there with her,  
remaining in her heart. Perhaps she'll start making and never drinking tea. The thought... makes her  
smile and laugh once again.  
  
Alice decides then and there, feet on the ground and holding the shard of "truth" between her  
fingers: even if she may always look forward, to the horizon that marks a new way...  
  
...she will never, ever, forget what brought her there.

#### zh-Hans

她发现自己身处一个平淡无奇，甚至有些灰暗的地方。  
这是一间医院的房间，有着白色的墙壁和天花板。  
准确地说，这是一间病房——一个安静的房间，窗外是几只扑扇着翅膀的帝王蝶。  
而令她惊讶的是，她在片刻之间就认出了这里，她从未意识到的遗失记忆涌入了自己的脑海。  
  
这里的外面有一座公园。  
这里的护士们友善而耐心。  
这里的天气似乎总是晴朗。  
她几乎一直都住在这里。  
  
她感到了晕眩，试图将信息都整理一遍，但还未来得及开始，就听到了身后的脚步声。  
她转过身，看到门边有一个人，他手持一朵绣球花，  
敞开穿着一件轻薄的带兜帽运动衫，看起来颇有现代感。  
他在里面穿的是一件T恤，下面是一件宽松的裤子，以及简约而舒适的鞋子。  
他的表情透露着单纯和安心——她认识这张脸。这个人看来就像是坦尼尔。不过，“他”的名字……|“……塞德里克。”  
  
靠窗的病床上传来了一声虚弱的呼唤。  
  
年轻人路过她，礼貌地点了点头，然后就走向等待着的那位病人。  
不用去看那金发娇躯，也不用看那般面庞就知道，那就是她自己。  
这里是她的回忆，她的名字是爱丽丝。  
  
塞德里克将鲜花放进了花瓶里。她的原身旁边已经积累了整整一束花。  
他拉来一张椅子就坐在了她的身旁。他手中并无茶杯，也并无言语。  
  
“塞德里克……”女孩无力地重复道，一边从床上坐了起来。“我以为你今天要去工作室。”  
  
“不，不去那里了。我现在自主安排工作时间，爱丽丝”，坦——塞德里克说道。  
他们的声音听起来很像。|“怎么会？你没事吧？”  
两个人都看向她，然后微笑着。  
她未加思索就脱口而出。嗯，因为理所当然，她也做不到多加思索。  
这是一个新的真相世界，即将开始运转。  
看起来，作为身处记忆片隅的观察者，她只是自发地重复了当初说过的话。  
  
“你还在写作吗？”塞德里克问道。  
  
“你还在画画吗？”病弱的女孩问道，嬉笑中又带着些许戏弄。  
  
“‘我还在画画吗’”，他复读了一遍，他盯着天花板，眼神闪动。  
  
“你来这儿了！”她笑着回应道。“说真的，我还以为你很忙呢！”|“我画完了三页”，他面带微笑，自豪地答道。  
  
“很好！”  
  
“你呢，一个字都没动吗？”  
  
“我写了！我写了好多！”  
   
“那就让我瞧瞧。我这儿也有一本书……”  
  
“好啊！”  
  
女孩把手伸向病床旁边的橱柜。  
她都把笔记本和餐具放在里面，除此之外，还有一个她不怎么爱使用的平板计算机。  
年轻人从袋子里拿出一本书。是啊……这本书其实哪里也没有去过，对吧？  
那都只是编出来的故事……听到的传言……以及美梦。  
  
两个人开始分享、欢笑、打趣。|这四天就这样过去了。  
  
在四天后，一切都结束了。他们本来以为，就算无法永远活下去，但她至少还有三百六十五天的时间。  
她并没能在临终时见到他。她在一个清晨感到痛苦，并就此消逝。然后，没有然后了。  
她只记得有一群人高声喊着她的名字，仅此而已。  
  
坦尼尔知道这一切。  
  
这段回忆很漫长。她能感觉到。它涵盖了临终的这段时光，但她并不想看这些。  
  
虽然她很坚强，但面对这些时还是感到了恐惧。这段回忆中没有任何可以改变的地方。  
她的健康总是会崩坏，两个人总是独处，而他总是来不及赶赴结局。  
美梦和故事……只靠许愿是无法变成现实的。  
  
她在两人欢笑时离开了这段记忆。她不记得这是不是两人最后相处时的样子了。  
她不想知道。|你会死。你已经死了。  
  
爱丽丝站在画室的回忆中，记起了这件事。  
  
“坦——”她开始寻找。  
  
但坦尼尔已经不在了。  
  
随即，回忆开始淡去。她能猜到这点……  
就像他说的，他只是仿冒品，当真相被揭晓时，他就大限已至。|爱丽丝站在Arcaea的虚空中，用无神的双眼望向前方。  
万物同时向她发起尖啸。  
  
这个“位面”是虚假的，这幅“身躯”是空壳，这段“回忆”是捏造的。  
她的“人生”不是自己的，直至结束也没有什么波澜曲折，更没有陪在身边的哥哥。  
  
你是孤独的，爱丽丝。  
  
你孤独至死。|回过神来时，爱丽丝发现自己跪在地上，带着手套的手指插在土壤中。  
  
她感到寒冷。她想要哭嚎，但眼泪却不见踪影。  
  
她感受着……  
  
她感受到了。  
  
“这里是真实的。  
  
因为你所有的感官都‘认为’这里是真实的。”  
  
她的脑海中浮现出坦尼尔的话语。|她看着自己的手，她看见了。  
  
她将手套拉紧，她感觉到了。  
  
她将花朵从发丝间摘下，她听到了，闻到了。她对着花瓣张开了嘴。  
  
什么才是真实？是我看到的吗？是我尝到的吗？是我摸到的吗？  
  
如果是那样……  
  
“爱丽丝”死了，但爱丽丝活着。  
  
如果坦尼尔只是一段回忆，那么他肯定还存在着。  
  
以真实而言，她只是个四处游荡的灵魂。  
  
她一路来到了这里，不是吗？如果不去管所谓的“真相”的话。  
  
如果是这样……那便还有出路。|她一定会找出办法。  
  
那条来路：通往她一生中最重视她的人。  
  
至于另一个家伙……  
  
如果她没法在旅途中再次找到他，他也知道对方的一部分会永远陪伴在自己身旁，留在自己心里。  
也许她也会开始只泡茶而不喝茶。  
这份思绪……让她重新露出了笑容，发出了笑声。  
  
爱丽丝当场下定了决心，她站了起来，手指紧抓着“真相”的碎片：  
她总是向前看，朝着崭新路途的地平线迈进……  
  
……她永远也不会忘记是什么带领着她前行。

## Lagrange's Story

### 9-1

#### en

The scene shifts.  
  
With every step until now, the scene has shifted. Her steps shift the ground—shift space.  
She nears the tapestry’s edges, only to find that the cloth had never been entirely sewn.  
Glass glides past her quietly, and then moves suddenly, as if startled. The world around her  
has become black, rather than white. In the air, stars hang. The way is fractured...  
  
The tapestry of memories, Arcaea, has a fraying hem. These are the neglected and forgotten  
threads. The girl standing before and within it all now is the first to have borne witness.  
  
Now, truly, she is alone.  
  
"...It seems," she whispers—a confirmation.|"If anyone else reaches here..." she goes on, stepping along this dusty and twisted path,  
"they won’t follow the same path. Isn’t that right? The road broke apart too long ago—  
and the way ahead keeps changing."  
  
She observes exactly that happening at a distance to her right: a way of white spirals upward,  
and then downward, until it shatters into mere particles. Those pieces then begin to float toward  
her, and they glitter through the dark.  
  
"Another," she notes. "Don’t you have anything to say?" she asks Charon.  
  
The satellite makes no movements. She pats its useless head. "Speak," she commands.  
  
The halo of triangles floating over its body spins worthlessly.|"Of course," she answers. Still holding its head, she turns and witnesses the empty world ahead.  
"I guessed nearing the... ah, I’ve decided to call it the ‘lowest world’... I imagined that nearing it  
like this might instill you with memory and further life. Purpose, maybe... But you still don’t know  
anything, Charon."  
  
The failed experiment’s tail moves in a slowly waving "S" shape. Its ears shift, thoughtfully.  
Thoughtlessly.  
  
And Lagrange lifts her hand. "That is cute, though," she admits, blithely. She means it, wholly.|The glass satellite that she crafted back where the world was still white is eventually returned to  
its seemingly preferred place above her left shoulder, and she turns to face a new path forming  
already.  
  
Unusually, this path is much wider than others she’s seen thus far—an area, really, at least for now.  
Arcaea begin to gather at her right, to guess at her. Is she, and her heart, for them? When she  
moves on, ignoring them, they decide she is not and disperse.  
  
Memories are not why she is here, and the land of memories is a matter of past record. Beyond the   
ounds, there is more to be learned, and more to be discovered.  
  
This is the frayed edge of the tapestry. As she continues along this capricious road, she hopes to  
meet the tapestry’s weaver, and bring their hands to the cloth once more.  
  
And so she continues on, into the world she’s chosen. Into the world of black: the Void.

#### zh-Hans

场景不停转换。  
  
每踏出一步，四周的景象就会随之改变。她的脚步改变了脚下的地面，也改造了空间。  
她走近织锦边，却发现布料不曾完整缝合。玻璃静静地滑过她的身边，然后突然四散，像是受到了惊吓。  
她周遭的世界已变得漆黑而不再洁白。繁星洒落在空中，脚下的路却是如此支离破碎……  
  
Arcaea是一个由记忆编织而成的织锦。它也会在边角出现磨损，尽管那总是被忽略和遗忘。  
站在那之前的少女，是第一个目睹此景之人。  
  
现在，她确实，孤身一人。  
  
“……似乎是这样。”她低语着，确认着。|“如果有其他人抵达这里……”她沿着这条布满灰尘的曲折小径走着，  
“她们不会跟我选择同一条路的。对吧？那条路在很久、  
很久以前就已经破碎不堪了——而且通往前方的道路正不断变化着。”  
  
这时她清楚地看到，在右边远一点的地方，有一种白色的“螺旋”向上升起，接着又向下降落，  
最后粉碎成微粒。这些微粒渐渐向她飘去，在黑暗之中，她能看到它们正闪闪发光。  
  
“又一个。”她评论道，“你没有什么要说的吗？”她问卡戎。  
  
卫星无动于衷。于是她拍了拍那东西无用的脑袋，“说话。”她命令道。  
  
然而只有环绕在它周围的三角形光环在无意义地旋转着。|“果然。”她一面自言自语，一面抱着它的顶部，同时转过身看着眼前空旷的世界：  
“我想要是接近……啊，我决定叫它‘最低世界（lowest world）’…  
我想没准这样接近最低世界能慢慢为你注入记忆和今后生活的…目标？  
……但你还是什么都不知道，卡戎。”  
  
这个失败的实验品慢慢摆动尾巴，形成一个波浪状的“S”形。  
耳朵像是若有所思地，无意识地抖动了几下。  
  
拉格兰抬起她的手：“还是很可爱的嘛。”她发自内心地，开心地评价道。|她在白色世界里用玻璃制作的卫星最终回到了仿佛是它最喜欢的位置——她的左肩头。  
她则转身看向一条正在形成的新道路。  
  
不同以往，这条道路比她以前看过的道路还要来得宽敞许多，甚至可说是一个区域了，  
至少以目前来说是这样。 Arcaea开始在她的右侧聚集，对她充满疑虑：她的心里究竟有没有它们？  
当她开始无视它们往前走时，它们判断她和她的心都不是为它们而来，于是便散开了。  
  
记忆不是她来这里的原因，记忆的领域不过是一堆过去的记录。  
在这之外，还有更多的东西需要学习，更多的东西需要探索。  
  
这是织锦绽裂的边缘。当她继续沿着这条变幻莫测的路向远方探索，她希望能遇到这幅织锦的编织者，  
并让他们的双手能再一次游走于这条挂毯之上。  
  
所以她继续向前走，走进她选择的世界，走进黑色的世界，走进虚无。

### 9-2

#### en

There is no sense here.  
  
Not only "here"—the Void—but here, Arcaea itself. And this out-of-bounds space is telling, yes, but  
in truth all aspects of this world have been telling from the beginning, ever since she first woke up.  
  
Firstly, it should be remembered that Arcaea made itself known to her before she could come  
around to knowing herself (and it should be remembered: "knowing herself" has never actually  
occurred). It was insistent, practically, to introduce itself. As if it had said, "Welcome. You’re here  
now, and this is what ‘here’ is:"  
  
An abstract library dedicated solely to memory, a series of ruins haphazard and unseemly, a name  
without meaning, and a girl without a name: herself, alone and otherwise unaware. The first thing  
to do was read what "books" the library provided, and so she’d looked into the glass.|She could find nothing resembling a "theme" between any of them—nothing like a "connection".  
A proper library had a system in place to categorize, organize, and sort—that much she’d learned  
from what memories she’d witnessed.  
  
Memories in Arcaea, however, were arbitrary: in where they were placed, and in where they drifted  
about. Her existence in this world, too, felt coincidental. It felt like happenstance. After all, she  
knew what Arcaea was upon awakening, but not why she was there.  
  
"Really," she says suddenly, "consider the worlds I’ve seen, Charon."  
  
Charon’s eyes turn to her, and in them she sees not even a spark of consideration. The two of them,  
master and pet, are still in the Void. They are still walking to nowhere.|"Consider the worlds you’re made of," she continues, touching the satellite’s ear lightly. "In any of  
them, is ‘existence’ so clearly directed? I haven’t seen, nor are you made of, any memories of  
anywhere similar to this... A world so evidently built with purpose, and yet also so obviously  
purposeless..."  
  
She pauses.  
  
"What do you think of that?" she asks.  
  
Charon’s eyes now face the winding and still-white path out ahead.  
  
She lets him go.  
  
"I think it’s half-baked," she says. She thinks Charon nods. They move along silently, while she  
thinks still of the past.|And then, the past shows itself to her.  
  
...Or is this the present?  
  
"What...?"  
  
She speaks, genuinely confused.  
  
A cloud has entered her vision.  
  
A cloud, where before there was nothing other than floating roads.  
  
Shimmering in space is a surreal and sudden formation, which seems to have appeared without  
her notice...  
  
And through it, she can see it once again: the world of ruins, white, and floating glass.  
It is the only world she remembers. That world she left behind...

#### zh-Hans

这里的一切都没有道理可循。  
  
不论是这个虚无，还是Arcaea本身，都是这样。这个界外的空间在告诉她，是这样的。  
但事实上，这个世界的方方面面都在诉说，从一开始就在告诉她，从她醒来开始。  
  
首先，应该记住的是，Arcaea在她开始认识自己之前就已经为她所知  
（并且应该记住：“认识自己”实际上从未发生过）。  
那东西实际上是在坚持介绍它自己。就仿佛是在说：“欢迎。你现在在这里，而‘这里’就是：”  
  
这是一座纯粹的图书馆，里面收藏着记忆、众多杂乱且不堪入目的遗迹、一个没有意义的名字，  
以及一个没有名字的少女。就是她……就是那个孤单、茫然无措的少女。  
她做的第一件事，就是去阅读图书馆的“藏书”。为此，她凝视着玻璃的深处。|她找不到类似“主题”的东西，也找不到类似“联系”的东西。  
一个正常的图书馆一定会有一个管理系统，方便分类或是整理藏书。  
这是她从自己所看过的记忆之中得到的结论。  
  
记忆，在Arcaea，是被刻意安排过的，无论是固定的还是流动的，  
她在这个世界的“存在”也是一样，太多像机缘一样的“巧合”。  
比如，她苏醒时就知道Arcaea是什么，却不知道自己为什么会在Arcaea。  
  
“不会吧…”她突然开口，“想想我见过的世界，卡戎。”  
  
卡戎的双眼转向她，然而冷漠的眼神里连一点关心都没有。  
他们两个，主人与宠物，仍然身陷虚无。仍然不知目的地在何方。|“想想这些组成了你的世界。”她轻轻抚摸着卫星的耳朵继续说，“有哪个世界像这里一样，  
‘存在’得如此刻意？我从没见过像这样的地方，就连被创造的那个世界也跟这里完全不一样。  
没有任何地方的记忆跟这里有相似之处……这个世界显然是有人刻意打造……  
但是这里又是如此地缺乏目的和意义……”  
  
她停顿了一下。  
  
“你怎么看？”她问道。  
  
卡戎的双眼看着前方蜿蜒而苍白的道路。  
  
她决定不继续追问。  
  
“我认为这里还不够成熟完整。”她说。她认为卡戎点了头。  
两人继续在静默中前行，不过她仍在想着过去的回忆。|然后，“过去”竟在她的面前出现了。  
  
……也或许，这就是“现在”？  
  
“怎么回事……？”  
  
她感到非常困惑。  
  
一朵云进入了她的视野。  
  
一朵云，在那之前除了漂浮的道路什么都没有。  
  
它在空间之中闪烁，看起来如梦似幻。  
它的出现如此突然，在一转眼间就拥有了形体，她甚至没注意到……  
  
透过它，她竟再次见到了满是废墟的世界、雪白的色彩，以及悬浮在空中的玻璃。  
这是唯一一个她有记忆的世界。也是她毅然离开的世界……

### 9-3

#### en

It’s the present.  
  
If it’s a memory, it isn’t showing anything like the memories she’s seen since awakening.  
There is no point of perspective: no view to usurp.  
  
It is simply, only, the old and barren world.  
  
"..."  
  
She stares in silence.  
  
"I wonder if this place is mocking me..." she says.  
  
And then she moves on.|Thinking of the first world, that world decided to show itself to her. Is that how it is?  
She determines that yes, it certainly seems to be mocking her.  
  
Along the way, more of these views to the world of white open. Most empty, and a few with others  
within them—  
  
Expected, but uninteresting. Testing them, these windows to the old world seem to have impassible  
panes anyway...  
  
Really, if she wanted to think about, or spend more time in, the core Arcaea world, wouldn’t she  
have stayed behind there?  
  
And yet despite herself, she lingers on thoughts of what her life here used to be.|There were many memories she’d viewed, and for a time she assumed she might find a memory  
that offered some truth of this place. No such memories existed. Mostly, she saw what could be  
succinctly described as frivolous normalcy: day-to-day happenings—from waking in the morning  
to dying in the night. All cycles: all over and gone. She’d certainly learned very much, but not the  
slightest about the world she’d awakened in.  
  
However, when she decided to leave in order to learn more at the limits of space, she thought she  
might take a part of the first world with her. Rather, she thought to make something from it...  
perhaps "the best" of it.  
  
So now she glances at Charon. With windows to the old world shining all around her, she lays her  
eyes only on her satellite.  
  
All that said... hadn’t she made it on a whim?|A what-if had come to mind. What if this place of memories—of worlds and peoples gone—could  
be used to craft something new?  
  
She’d pulled shards of Arcaea together, and wished them bound, and with effort and will Charon  
had taken shape.  
  
"..."  
  
But nothing was ever said by Charon. Nothing was ever done.  
  
Nonetheless, it has remained with her like a moon ought remain with its mother planet.  
  
...So she does not need the old world.  
  
Charon is the true reflection: of how little that world ever meant.

#### zh-Hans

“它”，是“现在”。  
  
如果是“记忆”的话，那这和她自苏醒以来所见过的所有记忆都不相同。  
这里没有视角，也没有可以窥视的场景。  
  
它只是单纯的，唯一的，古老而空洞的世界。  
  
“……”  
  
她沉默地凝视着。  
  
“我怀疑这个地方在模仿我……”她说。  
  
然后继续前进。|想想第一个世界，那个世界决定向她展示自己。  
确实是这样吗？她确定了，没错，那里绝对是在模仿她。  
  
一路走来，这个白色世界展现了更多景象。  
它们大多数空空如也，也有一些是有内容的——  
  
意料之中，不算太有意思。通过测试，这些通往旧世界的窗户似乎有着不可逾越的窗格……  
  
真的，如果她想要思考，或者花更多的时间在核心的Arcaea世界，她不是应该留在那里吗？  
  
尽管如此，她还是沉浸在自己的思绪之中，回忆着过往生活的点滴。  
  
她看过许多的记忆，也一度认为自己能透过记忆找到属于这个地方的真相。  
事实证明，这样的记忆根本不存在。大部分时候，她能用寥寥数语概括描述她所见到的记忆：  
朝生暮死——如同流水账般的日常。所有的循环都是这样结束然后消失。  
她肯定自己学到了很多，但是对于自己苏醒的世界来说，这一切都无助于了解这个世界的真相。|然而，当她决定动身探索空间的极限时，她想或许应该带上最初那个世界的一部分陪她一起，  
准确地说，她想用那个世界里“最好的”东西，制造出点什么。  
  
她瞥了卡戎一眼。映照旧世界影像的窗户在四周闪闪发亮，  
但少女的眼的眼神依然定在自己的卫星身上。  
  
这么说来……这一切都在她的一念之间？|一个可能性在脑海中浮现。  
没准这个由“记忆”组成的地方，这个“世界”和这里的人们，是被拿去制作其他新的东西了？  
  
她把Arcaea的碎片聚拢到一起，希望它们能黏合在一起，于是经过努力，卡戎成形了。  
  
“……”  
  
但卡戎什么也不会说。什么也不会做。  
  
可是，它又始终和她在一起，就像卫星永远会围绕它的母行星转动。  
  
…所以她不需要旧世界。  
  
每当她看见卡戎，她就会想起那个世界有多渺小，多不重要。

### 9-4

#### en

She has continued on into the dark: quiet, and with a quiet partner. Once more, her thoughts drift  
here and there...  
  
That persistent idea returns...  
  
That there is a god who designed all of this.  
  
At least, it would only be accurate to call whoever was responsible a god.  
  
As said, that is why she walks: to find this god.|"It is called ‘intelligent design’... typically," the girl says, speaking from what she’s learned through  
the memories archived here. "However, this..." she continues before trailing off.  
  
And she looks out ahead of herself.  
  
The world’s distortions have become unfathomable. Lateral has become diagonal, the horizontal  
reversed. To move, she walks where she wants to walk—and without concentration, she might float  
or fall.  
It seems, absent the creator, the world has decided to shape itself to her wants instead, resulting  
in invisible steps on an invisible earth and tiring traipses through solid space.  
  
And so there it is: that fact she already noted.  
  
...She gazes above.  
  
"...It would be better to say this world was born out of emotion."  
  
It is the only way to make sense of a world so senselessly created.|There is a sun here, although in the world of white the light of the sky seemed to come instead from  
Heaven itself. Here, hiding in the dark, the sun shines weakly, forgotten. Or... has its light  
simply been taken away by Arcaea’s endless day?  
  
"...Though it ended, recently," she mutters to herself, dropping her gaze to what’s before her  
instead. There are no clouds anymore. Starlight, as ever, is plentiful.  
  
Since hours, or perhaps days ago, vortices have begun to tear away at reality in the Void, as if  
to take the place of those old clouds as a new and strange thing to see...  
  
The lost sun and unfinished world are greatly indicative; the vortices too, of course, and   
ertainly the clouds. The entire space here is telling.  
  
Back in the world of white, as well: every so often "it" would manifest. What was here, and  
everywhere: "it" would manifest, and disturb existence.  
  
In a word: "anomalies".|She’d met with a few in the world of white, and when there were still windows around the girl, she  
had seen even more throughout the ruins. They were instances of what has now become  
commonplace for her, turning things queer and wreaking senseless havoc.  
  
This space was a concentration of those instances, and as far as she could tell, there was never any  
intent in their appearances. As far as she could tell, all they were was a symptom.  
  
She suspects, therefore, that the god who made this world...|"..."  
  
She stops before a vortex of black. Glass memory flows into it—the few shards of them left in this  
place, slipping through and thinning, splitting.  
  
The true edge is most definitely near.  
  
She lifts her hand...  
  
When she awakened with no preconceived notions, no memories, no instilled ideas and only,  
instead, her personality and simple knowledge of the world itself...  
  
...it had sickened her.|Despite everything she has since thought and said...  
  
She imagined that there couldn’t possibly be any way the mock and scattered world of Arcaea had  
no purpose.  
  
It dripped with purpose. It was full of purpose.  
  
Of memories. Of buildings. Of glass.  
  
Of girls...  
  
Why?|"...Charon."  
  
She addresses her crafted satellite. It shows no signs of noticing, and yet she continues.  
  
"You still can’t think for yourself...? You follow me, though... Do you believe I am your master?  
Charon."  
  
She says its name again. The eyes in its head sparkle.  
  
"You were born here, and so was I. In light of that, I believe I’ve noticed something."  
  
So casually, she enters her arm into the spiral before her.  
  
...And Charon watches as the limb turns into glass threads.  
  
"...What do you think? Is this a trick, Charon? Or are we the same? There’s no blood in you.  
Is there any in me?"|Her body begins to unravel.  
  
...She has a heart, and it beats.  
  
She has thoughts. She is real.  
  
Then why is she here? Why is anyone?  
  
...There may be blood in her veins, but now she can’t see any of it.  
  
Her "body" is unlike any she has seen in memory.  
  
The silvery strands of her once-limb—of her once-chest, now...  
  
...Confirmation at last: this flesh was invented.  
  
"...!?"|She jumps with shock as Charon strikes her side, knocking her back.  
At once, the threads reconnect. Her body becomes whole...  
  
She witnesses her empty palm. She glances at Charon, who, as ever, says nothing.  
  
...But she sets her shoulders.  
  
...She is the master, after all.  
  
She looks at her staring servant, and asks...  
  
"...Shall we go and see the end?"

#### zh-Hans

她在黑暗中继续前行。一路上，她静静地前行，身旁的伙伴更是静悄悄地。  
这一次，她的思绪又开始四处飘荡……  
  
那个萦绕许久的想法又再次回来了……  
  
这一切都是某一位“神明”设计好的。  
  
不管幕后主使是谁，称他为“神明”都不为过。  
  
如先前所说，这就是她前进的动力：她一心要找到这位“神明”。|“通常情况下，这叫做‘智能设计’……”少女道出了她从这里的“记忆”中学到的东西，  
“然而，这……”她继续说道，声音却越来越小。  
  
她看着前方。  
  
世界的扭曲已变得难以理解。横向的变为斜向，水平的上下翻转。  
为了移动，她向着自己想前进的方向跨出一步，但一个不小心，就可能会漂浮或跌倒。  
  
似乎在造物主缺席的時候，世界更愿意按自己的心意改变形态。  
结果就是，少女在一个立体的空间里迈出奇特的步伐，行走在无形的“地面”上，疲惫不已。  
  
事实就是这样，其实她已经注意到了这个事实。  
  
……她凝视着头顶上方的空间。  
  
“……说这个世界是从情绪中产生的似乎更为准确。”  
  
这是唯一能让这个看似“毫无意义”的世界具有意义的解释。|虽然在这个雪白的世界之中，从天空中射下的光芒看起来就像是来自天堂的圣光，  
但是这里其实也是有太阳的。在这里，太阳隐藏在黑暗中，光线微弱，毫不起眼。  
也许…它的光芒被Arcaea“无尽”的白昼吞噬了？  
  
“……不过，这白昼最近刚刚结束，”她喃喃自语着，目光重新看向前方。云朵消失了。  
群星，一如往常，闪闪发光。  
  
几个小时，又或许是几天前，漩涡开始撕裂虚无中的现实，像是急着要取代那些过去的云朵，  
成为新的奇景似的……  
  
黯淡的太阳和不完整的世界都是很好的证明。此外，那些漩涡还有云朵更是明显的迹象。  
整个空间都在描绘同一种现象。  
  
就连那个雪白的世界也一样，“它”不时地也会显现自身。  
它曾在这里出现过，每个角落也都有过它的踪迹。“它”会现身，并干扰着一切存在。  
  
一言以蔽之，它就是“异象（anomalies）”。|她在白色世界里遭遇过几次，还有，当少女周围还有窗户的时候，她在废墟中看到过更多。  
这些对现在的她来说已经习以为常。不过，那些事件让一切变得古怪又破败不堪。  
  
这个空间就是这些情况的集合，据她所知，它们的出现不带有任何意图。  
据她所知，它们只是一种“征兆”。  
  
因此，她开始怀疑，创造这个世界的“神明” ……|“……”  
  
她在一个黑色的漩涡前停下了脚步。承载着记忆的玻璃朝它的中心流去，  
只有几个碎片仍留在这个空间之中，慢慢朝着同一个方向滑落、变薄，并分裂。  
  
真正的边缘绝对就在附近。  
  
她抬起手……  
  
在她苏醒时，她的脑海中并没有既定的思考方式，没有记忆，也没有被灌输的想法。  
她只保留了自己的个性，以及对这个世界的粗浅知识……  
  
……这让她感到很难受。|虽然她想过许多，也说过许多……  
  
她依然觉得，Arcaea这个虚拟而又破碎的世界，不可能没有存在的意义。  
  
这个世界的一点一滴都有意义。意义俯拾即是。  
  
关于记忆的意义。关于建筑的意义。关于玻璃的意义。  
  
关于少女的意义……  
  
为什么会这样？|“……卡戎.”  
  
她向自己精心制作的卫星叫唤着，它无动于衷，但她依然继续说下去。  
  
“你还是不能自己思考……？可你会跟着我……你是觉得我是你的主人吗？卡戎。”  
  
她又叫了一遍它的名字。它头上的眼睛闪闪发光。  
  
“你是在这个世界诞生的，而我也一样。考虑到这点，我想我注意到了一些事情。”  
  
她边说边随意地把胳膊插进了面前的螺旋。  
  
……她的肢体化为玻璃的丝线，而卡戎在一旁目睹这一切。  
  
“……怎么样？你觉得这是某种把戏吗，卡戎？  
还是说我们其实是一样的？你身体里没有血液，我又有什么？”|她的身体开始瓦解。  
  
……她拥有一颗会跳动的心脏。  
  
她有思想。她是真实的。  
  
那她为什么出现在这里？其他人在这里的原因又是为什么？  
  
……也许血液确实在她的静脉里流动着，但现在她什么都看不见了。  
  
她的“身体”与她在“记忆”中见过的任何一具都不一样。  
  
她曾经的四肢，曾经的躯干，现在已化作银色的细线……  
  
……她终于确认了：这身体，是虚构出来的。  
  
“……！？”|卡戎突然从旁边撞了她一下，吓了她一大跳。这一撞使她清醒许多，也回到了现实。  
在这一瞬间，所有的丝线重新连结在一起。她的身体突然恢复了原状……  
  
她愣愣地看着自己空空如也的掌心。接着她看向卡戎，尽管它一如往常地一语不发。  
  
……她挺直了自己的肩膀。  
  
……无论如何，她还是它的主人。  
  
她看着自己发着愣的仆人，开口问道……  
  
“……走吧。不想去看看终点会有什么风景吗？”

### 9-5

#### en

When did it happen?  
  
When did the dark fall away... into this?  
  
The dark fell away. The world fell away.  
  
Outside of Arcaea, nothing exists.  
  
She moves her lips, but no atmosphere carries her words.  
  
Nothing is here to vibrate. Sound has gone.  
  
What she sees is... a blurred and strange plane.  
  
It’s as if moving her eyes bleeds space itself.  
  
As if I wasn’t meant to see this.|I thought, for a while, about returning. Perhaps if I’d considered that more seriously, as soon as I  
came here, I might have still been able to go back out.  
  
But now, I’ve become lost.  
  
No...  
  
Being "lost" still carries a sense of "place", doesn’t it?  
  
Up, down, left, and right—in fact, the common and cardinal directions...  
  
Those no longer exist. Rather, they stopped existing quite a while ago, and it simply hadn’t  
completely registered to me until now... And on that subject ("me"): I don’t believe "I" exist any  
longer, either.  
  
You see, my hands have gone. My feet have gone. My legs have gone. My tongue has gone.  
  
Perhaps I’ve become only my eyes, and some lingering shadow of my brain.|That said, that’s... going...  
  
I find that it doesn’t take long to start feeling as if your mind is tearing apart once your motions and  
senses have been stripped away. I need to focus—something the god of this world apparently  
never did.  
  
......  
  
...Hm.  
  
Yes... the reality created here was truly thoughtless... a design without a blueprint.  
A vague impression.|There is earth. There is daylight. After daylight, the night sky and the stars within it.  
After that, who knows? You didn’t, evidently.  
  
Honestly...  
  
You. What did you want out of this place? Why did you take me here?  
Why did you hide whatever I was before?  
  
I WAS something before. You’ve snatched whatever that was away.  
  
......|Did I die like the others?  
  
Did I die like the girl who loved her brother? Did I die like the girl in red?  
  
Do you think I was afraid of that, perhaps?  
  
This... ha.  
  
What am I meant to take from this? Well?  
  
What am I meant to take from being trapped in this thing that you manifested for yourself?  
It was for you, wasn’t it? A paradise... an escape, maybe. How did you do it? Does it matter?  
  
What matters?|...I’m fraying again.  
  
It’s nonsense.  
  
Ha, I... really understand it now: why she hates this world.  
  
Anyone who figures this world out should want to see it gone.  
  
Maybe you think you saved me? You never saved me. Even if you had... it seems I’ve damned  
myself, haven’t I? What for?  
  
What do I DO with this?  
  
  
Charon...|Charon isn’t here, right? Is my body here? I want to—  
  
Let me...  
  
LET me vanish... Why did Charon STOP me then? Looking back—  
  
Am I looking back?  
  
Are my eyes still here?  
  
I can’t see it.  
Where was I?  
No, no, no.  
No, no, I really can’t return?  
I can’t get out of here?  
I can’t move?  
No, really, I can’t?|I could bite through the entirety of my nails, if I still had them.  
  
You know...  
  
Although you might have crafted me from one...  
  
I am NOT a husk.  
  
I feel this. I do not WANT this.  
  
Can you hear my thoughts?  
  
I wanted NONE of this.|I wanted to KNOW.  
  
KNOWING means THIS?  
  
There is NOTHING—  
  
......  
  
...Knowing it’s nothing...  
  
It feels like scum is building in my stomach... Stomach? Stomach? And... where are my hands?  
  
Right... I lost them...  
  
——|You cannot call this light.  
  
What exists around me is indescribable.  
  
I think, when I left the ruined world and entered the Void, I welcomed the dark.  
  
It was different. It wasn’t blinding. It wasn’t "obvious".  
  
Light, darkness: basic things I’ve seen in countless worlds.  
The light is warm and welcoming; the darkness is frightful and unknown.  
  
But still, I wished to know the dark.  
  
......|I felt it implicitly, and learned it soon: that this world was made as a sanctuary for a weak heart.  
  
But that is not me.  
  
I am not the weak-hearted person who created this refuge.  
  
And if I had created it, I would have done it better...  
  
Charon showed... shows that.  
  
I marched ahead into the dark because I wanted to find a better truth.  
However, the truth is as bitter and merciless as I’d always assumed.  
  
I’ve been in this state for too long to count. I have lost the minutes and hours.  
  
And every so often I will see it again:  
  
Light—true light—in the distance.|......  
  
Perhaps it has been guiding me.  
  
I wouldn’t admit this, to anyone.  
  
It’s like a loss: relinquishing myself to what I’ve long criticized.  
  
However, I feel it for certain: that light is now beckoning me.  
  
That light of the old world is shining, and wants me.  
  
And in that light I find deliverance...|......  
  
Fine, then. I will take your hand.|As I near it again, I feel my fingertips more, and I swear that I can see my breath.  
  
I think I’m going to return.  
  
If I do, I don’t believe I will take the truth with me.  
  
I will not forget it, but I will surely leave it behind.  
  
I believe it, don’t I?  
  
I could do the job better than that god.  
  
But, I will need hands again for it first.|I shouldn’t simply think or talk that I might be better. I’ll do it. I will.  
  
But really... I am not swelling with pride as I escape here.  
  
Instead, take this as revenge.  
  
I’ll change this world, or craft a better one.  
  
You’ve left this one broken so badly. Isn’t anything possible?  
  
I think so.  
  
No...  
  
I know it.  
  
——

#### zh-Hans

什么时候发生的呢？  
  
黑暗是什么时候消失的……什么时候变成这样的呢？  
  
黑暗消失了。世界消失了。  
  
在Arcaea之外，什么都不存在。  
  
她动了动嘴唇，但没有空气能用来传播声音。  
  
这里没有什么可以震动。所以也不存在声音。  
  
她看到的是……一个模糊而奇怪的位面。  
  
好像因为她看了之后才让这里变成这样的。  
  
好像我不该看到这个似的。|回去的念头在我的脑海中浮现，于是我思索了一番。  
或许我刚到这里的时候就应该好好考虑这个选项了。那样的话，我可能还有机会回头。  
  
但现在，我已经迷路了。  
  
不对……  
  
要是说“迷路”，首先得有“地方”和“路”不是吗？  
  
上下左右之类的，常见的座标方向……  
  
这些东西通通不存在。应该这样说：这些事物已经消失了好一阵子了，  
只是我到现在才意识到而已……而且关于“我”这个主词，我相信也是不存在的。  
  
你看，我的双手已经消失不见。我的双脚也已不复存在。我的双腿也完全不见踪影。  
我的舌头该在的位置，现在空无一物。  
  
也许现在的“我”所代表的，只有我的眼睛，和我脑中挥之不去的某些东西。|所以，也就是说……  
  
我有个新的发现，那就是在你失去了移动的能力和感官的体验之后，精神很快就会开始分崩离析。  
我需要集中精神——很显然这个世界的神明还从未如此做过。  
  
......  
  
……嗯。  
  
没错……在这里的现实是缺乏合理和完整性的，就像是没有蓝图的设计……仅凭模糊的印象。|先有了土壤。再有了阳光。阳光消逝之后，繁星点缀着深邃的夜空。  
而在那之后呢？谁知道呢。至少，知道的人不会是你。  
  
真假的……  
  
你。你想从这里得到什么？为什么带我来这里？为什么要隐瞒我曾经的一切？  
  
我肯定“拥有”某种过去。不论那是什么，你都从我这里把它夺走了。  
  
......|我是跟其他人一样死去的吗？  
  
我是跟那个深爱自己哥哥的少女一样死去的吗？还是跟那个红衣少女一样死去的？  
  
也许你觉得我会为此感到害怕？  
  
这样的事情……哈。  
  
这样的事情对我而言又有什么意义呢？啊？  
  
我被困在这座牢笼之中，这座专为满足你的观赏需求而打造的牢笼。  
对我而言，有什么意义呢？一切都是为你而存在的，不是吗？  
一个天堂……亦或是一种逃避？你是怎么做到的？这重要吗？  
  
到底什么才是重要的？|……我又开始烦躁了。  
  
太荒谬了。  
  
哈，我……现在真的明白了：她为什么讨厌这个世界。  
  
任何了解这个世界的人都会想要看到它消失。  
  
也许你认为你是我的救命恩人？你从来没有拯救过我。  
就算你有……现在看起来，我也把一切搞砸了，是吧？这一切是为了什么？  
  
我到底该如何是好？  
  
  
  
卡戎...|卡戎并不在这里，是吧？我的身体在这里吗？我想要——  
  
让我……  
  
让我消失吧……那为什么卡戎要“阻止”我？现在回想起来的话——  
  
我是在回想吗？  
  
我的眼睛还在这里吗？  
  
我看不见。  
我刚才在哪？  
不，不，不。  
不，不，我真的没办法回去了吗？  
我没办法从这里逃出去吗？  
我不能移动吗？  
不，不会吧，我真的不能？|如果我还有指甲的话，我说不定会把它们通通咬光。  
  
你懂的……  
  
虽然你可能是用一片指甲把我创造出来的……  
  
我 不 是 一具空壳。  
  
我能感受到这一切。我 不 想 要这样。  
  
你能听到我的想法吗？  
  
这里的一丝一毫我 都 不 想 要。|我想要 知 道 真相。  
  
真 相 就是 这 样？  
  
这里，一 无 所 有——  
  
......  
  
……知道了这一切都是虚无……  
  
我可以感觉到某种不安的感觉在我的肚子里翻搅……肚子？肚子？而且……我的双手在哪里？  
  
好吧……我早就失去它们了……  
  
——|你不能称“这个”为光明。  
  
我很难用言语描述我现在所处环境。  
  
我想，当我离开那个已经毁灭的世界并进入虚无时，我也迎来了黑暗。  
  
但它又和普通意义上的黑暗不太一样。它不会使你亮得睁不开眼睛。它不是非黑即白那样的。  
  
光明与黑暗。我在无数个世界里都见过这些东西，它们是最基本的元素。  
光明和煦又温暖，而黑暗则代表恐惧和未知。  
  
但，我还是期望着了解黑暗。  
  
......|我隐隐察觉到了这一点，随后很快就明白了：这个世界是为了怯懦之人所造的避难所。  
  
但那人不是我。  
  
我不是创造这个避难所的那个懦夫。  
  
因为如果是我的话，我会把一切做得更好……  
  
卡戎过去……现在就证明了这一点。  
  
我向黑暗前进是因为我想找到更好的真相，虽然真相和我一直认为的一样残忍又苦涩。  
  
我身处这种状态太久了，已经失去了时间概念。  
  
但每隔一段时间我就会再次看到它：  
  
光明——真正的光明——就在远方。|......  
  
也许它一直在引导我。  
  
我不会向任何人承认这一点。  
  
毕竟向自己一直看不上的东西低头实在显得自己很失败。  
  
不过，我可以清晰地感觉到，那股光亮在召唤着我。  
  
那股来自旧世界的光正闪闪发亮，并且在呼唤我。  
  
在那道光里，我能看见救赎……|......  
  
好吧。我会牵着你的手。|当我再次靠近它时，我的指尖恢复了知觉。而且我发誓，我能看见自己的呼吸。  
  
我想，我应该会“返回”了。  
  
如果回去了，我相信我不会紧抓着真相不放。   
  
我不会忘记，但我也不会时刻惦记。  
  
我相信着，不是吗？  
  
我能比那位“神明”做得更出色。  
  
但是，首先，我需要更多人的帮助。|我不会简单地认为或嘴上说我会更出色。我会真正做到的。我一定会的。  
  
不过说实话……逃到这里，没什么可骄傲的。  
  
相反，这是报复。  
  
我会改变这个世界，或者创造一个更好的世界。  
  
你把这里搞得一塌糊涂，嘿，这不是反而让一切都变得可能了吗？  
  
我认为是这样的。  
  
不……  
  
就是这样的。  
  
——

### 9-6

#### en

The plane of Arcaea is impossible. Although she came to know much of it, she did not learn all  
there was to know. There are still questions—however, that is no matter.  
  
Lagrange finds herself in the Void again: whole, and back with Charon.  
  
How she reached the End, she is still unsure. She is unsure of much, however—  
  
The truth is: in this broken and anomalous prison, crafted by a frail soul...  
there is no act truly outside of "reason".  
  
Even returning from the End. Even returning from the Void.  
  
Even finding others. Even reaching through a "window".  
  
For what is impossible in a world that is itself the same?|She takes Charon into both of her hands. Light glances off its eye.  
  
Seeing it, she asks, "...Were you my beacon, then?"  
  
And the dull Charon says nothing in reply.  
  
...However, a smile crosses her lips.  
  
"Don’t give me that look," she says. "'I told you so'? You never even speak, do you?"  
  
To that, Charon wiggles its ears.  
  
"Ha..."|She walks ahead.  
  
She lets her satellite go, and it takes its place over her shoulder.  
  
Now they walk, toward Arcaea, watching clouds of light along the way.  
  
...Until one in particular catches her attention.  
  
It shimmers a little more oddly than the others. The surface ripples.  
In it, the flow of time is bending back on itself, and leaping forward.  
  
For now she sees this: a split in reality.  
The sky is being again divided, but not as it was by the girl in red.  
  
The girl chased by shadows... she is there.  
  
And there is a girl cloaked in light.|Yes...  
  
Another "end" is manifesting.  
  
With a sense that she might fall through the crack through which she bears witness,  
Lagrange watches that ending transpire.  
  
Beyond, to its conclusion. To the fall.  
  
To dissolution.  
  
It makes her smile again, although she can see... what progresses now is a tragedy.  
  
This is a dance of light and conflict...  
  
Arcaea.

#### zh-Hans

Arcaea世界充满了不可能。虽然她已经学到了不少，但是仍然还有很多她不了解的事情。  
还有许多尚待解决的疑问。不过，这并不重要。  
  
拉格兰发现自己又一次陷入了虚无：不过这次她的身体十分完整，而且卡戎也在。  
  
她还不确定自己是如何抵达“终点”的，她还有很多无法确定的事情，不过——  
  
真相是这样的：一个脆弱的灵魂打造了这个破碎又诡异的牢笼，  
而在这个牢笼之中，一切行动都被赋予了“理由”。  
  
从终点返回也不例外。从虚无返回也不例外。  
  
寻找其他人也不例外。甚至是透过“窗户”进行交流，也是一样。  
  
在这样的世界之中，还有什么所谓的“不可能”呢？|她伸出双手，紧紧抱住卡戎。它的眼睛闪着光芒。  
  
看到这一幕，她问道：“……你就是我那时候看见的指引之光吗？”  
  
卡戎愣着一言不发。  
  
……不过，她的嘴角还是掠过一丝微笑。  
  
“别那样看我。”她说，“什么？你说是我告诉过你的？你连出声都没出过好不好？”  
  
听到她这么说，卡戎耸了耸耳朵。  
  
“哈……”|她朝前走去。  
  
她放开卫星，于是卫星停留在她的肩头。  
  
他们欣赏着沿途发出亮光的云朵并朝着Arcaea行进。  
  
……直到其中一朵引起她的注意。  
  
那朵云发光的方式跟其他的云有点不一样。它的表面似乎能看见像水波那样的涟漪。  
在它的内部，时间的流动方向似乎是相反的，但是它又自己向前快转。  
  
在她看来，这是现实在分裂。天空又再次地被分开，但是这次不是那位红衣少女惹的祸。  
  
被暗影追逐的少女……她就在那儿。  
  
还有另一位少女，被光芒环绕着。|是的……  
  
另一个“终点”就要到来了。  
  
尽管拉格兰感觉自己大概会记不清所见证的一切，但她还是准备看着结局的揭晓。  
  
穿越一切，直至结局。那是落幕。  
  
那是消散。  
  
她再次微笑，尽管她明白了……她们现在所做的一切都将是一场悲剧。  
  
这就是“光”与“对立”之舞……  
  
Arcaea.

## Shirahime's Story

### 99-1

#### en

Her name, though she doesn’t know it, is "Shirahime".  
  
She’d awakened with a crown on her head and a scepter in hand. At once she knew what they  
were, and she knew what they meant. The girl with white hair and two-color eyes knows that she  
is most assuredly somebody special.  
  
"So, bow to me!"  
  
"Uh... What?"  
  
"...So it isn’t this one either."  
  
With her arms folded and legs crossed and her gaze cast aside, the girl who knows herself to be a  
princess leans back in her "throne"—a kitchen chair—while the memory of a friend—the friend of  
whomever had this perspective she’s usurped through a frame of glass—looks back at her in  
confusion.|Four shards today.  
  
She has explored four shards as she’s sought the truth of her past—because there is most definitely  
a truth! Her innate knowledge of the significance of items, her understanding of speech, and how  
she has always perceived the world she awakened into however long ago informs her thusly: that  
her existence in the world called "Arcaea" cannot simply be some trick of chaos and chance. More  
importantly, regardless of these suspicions, far too much is confounding about the world of white.  
Too confounding. She demands certainty.  
  
"Listen, Hamu—"  
  
"Haru."  
  
"Hato." She pauses, then opens her palms out at her sides. "I’m looking for which of these  
memories has my castle. My ‘castle’. You get it, right?"  
  
"A castle," Haru repeats. "So you think you’re a queen or something?"|She puts a loose fist against her lips and considers the notion.  
  
"Well, princess, maybe," she eventually replies, slouching forward.  
  
"...Are you alright, Anri?" he asks, and she lowers her gaze as a sour mood falls over her. In short  
order, her face reflects the mood.  
  
As mentioned, that is not her name. She still does not know her name, but she does know it isn’t  
Anri. She also knows she’s pushing her luck.  
  
In moments, this memory will likely collapse. In a sense, that’s fine—that’s fast, and no waste of  
time. But it is another dashed hope.  
  
"And why were you talking about memories?" Haru continues. The intruding girl glances up at him  
again.|Four shards today.  
  
And so, that marks fifty-three in all.  
  
With any memory she finds that resonates with her even in the slightest way, she takes hold of it  
and dives within.  
  
She keeps watch on Haru’s blank face. She has seen countless blank faces just like it. After four  
seconds, it freezes.  
  
There is a sound of fracture, and the world all falls away...  
  
...fading out, into Arcaea.|The girl finds her scepter nearby, before the curb upon which she had been sitting.  
  
She takes it up, stands, and twirls it about in her right hand.  
  
And so, she goes.  
  
The journey for discovery continues...  
  
But the girl does not know this:  
  
Discovery will not be hers.

#### zh-Hans

她的名字是“白姬”，虽然她本人并不知晓。  
  
苏醒时的她头带王冠，手持权杖，而她瞬间就认出了它们的样貌和代表的意义。  
这位白发异瞳的女孩完全可以确定，自己的身世非同寻常。  
  
“来，向我行礼吧！”  
  
“呃……什么？”  
  
“……看来也不是这个。”  
  
认为自己是公主的这位女孩仰身靠着她的“王座”——一把用餐椅。  
她双臂环抱，双腿盘坐，专注地凝视着身侧——她通过一块玻璃篡夺了某人的回忆视角，  
在其中，这个人的朋友正迷惑地回头望着她。|今天有四块残片。  
  
在追寻过往真相的过程中，她已经探索了四块残片——毫无疑问，这件事的背后必然隐藏着真相！  
她对重要物品的本能熟知、毫不费力就能开口说话，以及对自己觉醒后待了不知有多久的世界的  
认知都在齐声告诉她：她存在于这个名为Arcaea的世界中的原因绝非简单的灾祸和巧合。  
更重要的是，即使抛开各种怀疑，这个白色的世界也太过令人迷惘。她拒绝迷惘，她要求真相。  
  
“听着，Hamu——”  
  
“Haru。”  
  
“Hato。”她顿了顿，然后向两边摊手道：“我想要知道这些记忆里面哪一个有我的城堡。  
我的‘城堡’，你能明白吗？”  
  
“城堡，”Haru回答道，“所以，你认为自己是女王或王室贵族吗？”|她一手轻轻握拳，抵在唇边思考了一会儿。  
  
“哦，也可能是公主。”她终于应声，身子没精打采地往前一怂。  
  
“……你没事吧，Anri？”他问道，而她的眼眸愈发低垂，心中一阵低落。  
她的心情也立刻反映在了她的脸上。  
  
之前说过，这并不是她的名字。她仍然不知道自己的名字，但肯定不是什么“Anri”。  
她也知道，自己只是纯粹地在碰运气。  
  
再过片刻，这块记忆可能也要崩毁了。某种意义上来说，这是好事——很快就结束了，没有浪费时间。  
但这意味着又一份希望的溃灭。  
  
“你怎么突然提起记忆的事情了？”Haru还在继续追问。闯入这份记忆的女孩再次抬头瞥了他一眼。|今天有四块残片。  
  
这也是总计第五十三块残片。  
  
只要她找到哪怕有一丝共鸣的记忆，她都会把握住它并深入探索。  
  
她继续望着Haru茫然的表情。她已经看过无数副这样茫然的表情。在四秒后，表情凝固了。  
  
传来一道碎裂声，接着世界开始消失……  
  
……逐渐淡去，化为 Arcaea 的一部分。|女孩发现她的权杖就在附近，靠在她一直坐着的路缘上。  
  
她拿起令牌站起身，并把令牌握在右手里转动把玩着。  
  
接着，她就这样出发了。  
  
探索的旅程仍在继续……  
  
但这位女孩并不知道：  
  
探索所得的一切，都不会是她的。

### 99-2

#### en

Perhaps she can piece it together.  
  
Perhaps, maybe, she can form a theory, and that theory may be correct.  
  
After all, many girls have wandered into this world called Arcaea, and in time discovered  
themselves. She does not know this. She, as do so many others in the glass landscape along with  
her, believes herself to be alone in Arcaea. To be frank, it inflates her sense of importance. That  
being said, it also makes her reflect on her predicament.  
  
If she is alone, then perhaps she is a noble in exile (no). She was a wonderful ruler, loved by all (no)!  
Until... there was a terrible rebellion (there wasn’t)! The people turned against their queen, princess,  
and country, and purged her memories clean (quite the story)! With magic!  
  
The girl who woke with a crown and scepter is the kind to believe in magic.|One can allow her this, however. What is the world of white if not a magical one? Her place in it is  
strange, and the place itself is stranger still. In no memory has she ever found a world in which  
glass flies and floats through the air as it does in this one—not in any shards, nor in her head.  
That, and how these glass memories are experienced... this place is magic, no? And that is why  
she must have come from magic too.  
  
That’s what she wants to think. She is wrong—that magic is where she came from—but it is her  
leading theory.  
  
Therefore, she is special. Therefore, she should be admired.  
  
"Maybe... there are ‘cool’ memories by cool-looking places," she says to herself as she overlooks  
the colorless lands. "Let’s go find a tower."|She marches forward.  
  
Indeed.  
  
When describing her, it would be apt to say that this girl’s head is one made of stone.

#### zh-Hans

也许她能凑齐真相的拼图。  
  
也许，或许，她能构建出一套理论，而且这套理论还是正确的。  
  
毕竟，有许多女孩闯入过这个名为Arcaea的世界，并最终探明了自己的真相。她并不知道这点。  
她就像这片玻璃之境中的许多沦落人一样，认为自己孤身一人。  
说实话，这让她觉得自己才是这个世界的中心。  
但话说回来，这也让她开始反思自己身处的窘境。  
  
如果她是孤身一人，那也许她是一位被放逐的贵族（并不）。  
也许她是一名伟大的君主，受到万众敬仰（并不）！  
然而……一场可怕的叛乱爆发了（并没有）！  
人民起身反抗他们的女王、公主）和国家，还将她的记忆消除得一干二净（想多了）！  
这一定是魔法的效果！  
  
没错，带着王冠和权杖醒来的这位女孩，正是那种还相信有魔法存在的家伙。|不过，她的臆想还是情有可原。如果这个世界不是魔法世界，还能是什么呢  
她存在于此的事实着实怪异，这个地方本身就更加怪异了  
她从不记得有这么个玻璃在空中飞来飞去的世界——无论是在残片的记忆中，还是在自己的记忆中。  
这一点，以及这些玻璃记忆的体验方式……还说这里不是魔法世界？这说明她肯定也是通过魔法过来的。  
  
这就是她想要认定的真相。她错了，魔法不是她来此的原因——不过，现下的她对此推测深信不疑。  
  
因此，她是特别的。因此，她应该受到敬仰。  
  
“也许……在看起来酷炫的地方也会有‘酷炫’的记忆。”她眺望着无色的大地，自言自语道。  
“来寻找高处吧。”|她不断向前。  
  
确实。  
  
在形容她的时候，完全可以说这个女孩真的是头铁。

### 99-3

#### en

She embarrassed herself again.  
  
Somehow, when her declarations of nobility land on deaf ears, she experiences a deep and  
crippling shame that courses through her. As the memory falls around her, her cheeks are always  
dyed a perfect red.  
  
Now, having returned to the world of glass, she presses her hand to her face.  
  
She shuts her eyes.  
  
And she whines with pain.|"Ghhhhhh... what was that..."  
  
...She says.  
  
"Where is my castle!?"  
  
She still says.  
  
"Where are my subjects!? My people!? Where!?"  
  
The girl stomps her foot and balls her fists, gritting her teeth.  
  
"Another!" she shouts, reaching for the first and nearest memory. She dives in, to whatever it is, if  
only to stop remembering the looks she received while she stood on that restaurant table and  
demanded obeisance.|A world swirls around her, in shades of white and black, and in seconds she has trespassed.  
The memory she enters is quiet and quaint.  
  
The stars are out, and it is dark. If the moon has risen, it can’t be seen through the trees.  
She is standing in a forest—in a clearing. A fire crackles behind her.  
  
"Can you see it?" a child asks. In this memory, she knows this is "her sister".  
She glances back at the little girl and thinks.  
According to this memory, the older sister was trying to find a certain constellation.  
  
"No," says the white-haired girl. "I can’t see it."  
  
"Oh well. Sit down and let’s keep watching," the sister replies.  
  
She nods.|The younger girl has something in her hands. The older girl walks over to see it better. It’s a screen,  
with buttons on its sides. A movie is playing on that screen. No—an animation? Squinting, she sits  
down beside the girl and watches.  
  
It seems similar to what she’s seen in other fiction across other Arcaea: a typical cartoon about a  
boy with some power, fighting devilish monsters with his friends.  
  
"...You charged it, right?" she asks, referring to the device. The words come from another.  
  
"You already asked me that," the little sister answers.  
  
"And...?"  
  
"I did!"  
  
"Good..."  
  
She whispers this honestly, as she honestly means it.|How to say...  
  
Royalty does not watch cartoons. A royal is a statesperson, a ruler, and a guider of women and men.  
She most definitely believes that.  
  
Yet, she is most definitely more comfortable with this: sitting down and having nothing to say,  
her eyes transfixed and her ears perked.  
  
She puts her shoulder to the shoulder of the memory-child, and the child returns the gesture.  
  
Now, she feels at ease.  
  
The mood she had before was suddenly silenced. In the wake of her anger, it comes to her mind:  
life is a truly horrible thing sometimes.|Barring even the horrors she has borne witness to in glass: life feels terrible, much of the time.  
  
Frustrations, waning strength, pure inability to change one’s situation...  
  
That’s how it is.  
  
It is possible she had no one else before she was put in a glass cage. Perhaps she was a lonely ruler,  
on a lonely throne.  
  
Perhaps she only had this.  
  
If that was so, she thinks...|If that was so, then perhaps things were alright.  
  
Her "sister" brings a small blanket over both of their shoulders.  
  
She glances at the child again and says, "Thanks..."  
  
And she gazes back into the screen, saying nothing more until the memory fades away.

#### zh-Hans

她又给自己丢人了。  
  
她大声宣告自己身为王室贵族的身份，但是对方却充耳不闻，这让她感受到了贯穿全身、  
深髓刺骨的羞耻。记忆世界渐渐消失在四周，只剩下她的脸颊还染着通透的红色。  
  
在回到玻璃世界后，她双手捂住了脸。  
  
她闭上了眼睛。  
  
她痛苦地哀嚎了起来。| “哼嗯嗯嗯……刚才都是怎么一回事……”  
  
……她抱怨道。  
  
 “我的城堡在哪儿！？”  
  
她继续抱怨道。  
  
 “我的臣属呢！？我的子民呢！？都跑哪儿去了！？”  
  
这个女孩用力跺着地面，双手握拳、咬牙切齿。  
  
 “再来一次！”她怒吼着，手伸向最靠近自己的那块记忆。  
她不管不顾地跳入其中，一心只想要忘记她刚才站在餐厅的桌子上命令大家对她叩首跪拜时，  
众人对她投以的那种异样眼光。|世界在她周围旋转，眼前尽是黑与白的色调，但这只过了几秒钟。  
这次的记忆显得安静而奇异。  
  
天幕黯淡，不见星辰。即使有月亮升起，大概也无法透过重重树影一睹它的身影。  
她正站在一片森林里——准确地说是一块空地，篝火在她身后发出噼啪的声音。  
  
 “看到它了吗？”一个孩子问道。在这份记忆中，她知道这是她的“妹妹”。  
她向后瞥了一眼小女孩并思考着。根据这份记忆，年长一些的姐姐正在寻找某个星座。  
  
 “不。”白发的女孩说道。“我没看到。”  
  
 “哦，好吧。那就坐下来，我们继续找。”妹妹回答道。  
  
她只是点了点头。|妹妹的手中拿着什么东西，于是姐姐走到旁边想要看清楚。这是一面屏幕，侧面有几个按键。  
屏幕上正播放着电影。不对——是动画？  
她坐在小女孩旁边，斜眯着眼，跟着看了起来。  
  
似乎她在Arcaea的其它虚幻世界中也看过这个。  
这是一部剧情老套的动画，讲述一个拥有超能力的男孩与伙伴们一起对抗妖魔怪兽的故事。  
  
 “……你充过电了吧？”她问道，显然是指这台设备。对方则出声回应。  
 “你不是问过了嘛。”妹妹答道。  
  
 “所以呢……？”  
  
 “充好了！”  
  
 “很好……”  
  
她发自内心地轻声道，言语间充满了喜悦。|该怎么说呢……  
  
王族才不会看动画。王族得是政治家、是统治者，是万千子民的引导者。显然她是如此认为的。  
  
不过，显然她也觉得现在的这样子要更快乐：坐在一旁，一言不发，眼睛紧盯，耳朵直竖。  
  
她将肩膀靠向这个记忆中的女孩，女孩也回以同样的姿势。  
  
现在，她感到无比的放松。  
  
她之前的所有情绪突然消失了。在愤怒之后，她意识到：有时候，人生真是可怕。|即便不去理会她在玻璃的世界里所亲眼见识到的种种恐惧，大部分的时间里，  
人生都让人觉得非常糟糕。  
  
丧气、体衰、无法改变现状……  
  
但生命就是如此。  
  
可能在被关入这个玻璃牢笼之前，她只是孤家寡人。也许她是一个寥落的君主，坐在孤零的王座上。  
  
也许这是她仅存的东西。  
  
如果是这样，她觉得……|如果是这样，那现状或许还算不错。  
  
她的“妹妹”拿来了一张毯子，披在了两人的肩上。  
  
她又瞥了一眼女孩，说了声：“谢谢……”  
  
随后她又将目光重新投向屏幕，直到记忆淡去都保持着沉默。

### 99-4

#### en

Since then, her drive has faded as well.  
  
The memory of a trip in the woods, with someone who cared, simply watching something easy to  
whittle away the hours of the night... it, too, whittled her ambitions away entirely.  
  
Here are the facts: she has no castle, let alone any home, and even if she found either, they would  
merely be memories: abandoned, forgotten, and in actuality ephemeral.  
  
If she is to walk forward, it will be to no conclusion.  
  
It will be to no sense or end.  
  
To say it in another way: her path is an empty one.|So, she whispers, "This hurts..."  
  
Her voice cracks.  
  
She looks at the endless daylight, with terse lips and warm eyes.  
  
Frankly...  
  
Even if she was a princess of a faraway land... a great ruler, deposed... born nobility...  
  
The girl is human, and humans are not perfectly strong. She is stuck, and quiet, and cursed with  
emotion and thought.|Under the unseen sun, the girl shuts her two-colored eyes and feels tears running down her cheeks.  
  
She sobs.  
  
The light is caught within her teardrops, and that light fades as it falls—not through any magic...  
  
...but instead through the darkening of the sky.  
  
As the gleam of Arcaea’s daylight ebbs from her face, the girl opens her eyes to blink. To see  
shadows around her. To see, unmistakably, night falling on the earth.|"Eh...?"  
  
She turns her gaze upward again.  
  
It seems that... the heavens have been rent, and a red comet is falling.  
  
"Huh...!?"  
  
It flies down for a minute or more, before landing unceremoniously before her—scattering winds,  
white sands, and the twin tails of her hair.  
  
Dumbfounded the girl stares, mouth agape, at the crashed crimson star. The star is kneeling on a  
pile of broken chairs, and shaking its head of dust. Her head. The star is a girl.|She opens her eyes, and opens them wide. In a short moment, a smile—wide as well—  
spreads across her face.  
  
This is the crimson girl who flew up to the sky.  
  
Her name is Kou.

#### zh-Hans

从此之后，她的动力也消退了。  
  
在那段记忆里，她与自己珍视的人一起在森林里游荡，并看着赏心悦目的景象，  
消磨夜晚的时光……但这也将她的雄心壮志给完全打发走了。  
  
事实摆在眼前，她没有城堡，甚至连家都没有，即使能找到，那也只是记忆：被抛弃、被遗忘、转瞬即逝的记忆。  
  
如果她继续向前，路途将了无止境。  
  
这没有意义，也没有终点。  
  
换句话说，她的旅途是空虚的。|于是，她低声道：“好痛……”  
  
她的声音颤抖着。  
  
她望向无尽的日光，露出精致的嘴唇和柔和的眼眸。  
  
说实话……  
  
哪怕她真的是远方国度的公主……被废黜的伟大统治者……体内流着王室贵族的血液……  
  
这位女孩依旧只是凡人，而凡人无法永远都保持坚强。  
她受挫了，沉默了，陷入了哀情和悲思的诅咒中。|女孩闭上了异色的双眼，虽然看不到太阳，但感到泪水滑过脸颊。  
  
她抽泣着。  
  
她的泪珠凝固了光线，又在跌落时散去萤辉——这并不是魔法的效果……  
  
……而是来自黯淡天幕的衬托。  
  
Arcaea的余夕在她的脸上隐没，但张开的双眼又折射出神采。  
这是为了看清她周围的影幕，这是为了确切地见证夜色降临于大地。|“呃……？”  
  
她又抬头望去。  
  
似乎……天穹被撕裂开来，一颗绯红的彗星正在坠落。  
  
“哈……！？”  
  
它飞行了大概一分多钟，然后突兀地掉到她面前，将轻风白沙和她的双马尾搅得七零八落。  
  
女孩惊愕地张大了嘴，无措地瞪着绯红的陨星。陨星跪坐在一堆破椅子当中，甩了甩满头的尘土。  
她的头部。这颗陨星竟是个女孩。|她睁开了眼睛，睁得大大得。片刻之后，她的脸上也露出大大的笑容。  
  
这就是飞跃天际的那个绯红女孩。  
  
她的名字是“红”。

### 99-5

#### en

"Nice to meet you!!"  
  
Kou booms her greeting with a voice full of life. Shirahime stiffens, and pales. This is the wrong  
move—it affords her no mobility. Kou leaps out at her from her pile of furniture and tackles the  
twin-tailed girl, nearly toppling her. This elicits from the self-described royal a distinctly  
ignoble "Bwagh!?"  
  
"Oh wow, you’re real! You’re actually here!" After hugging her, Kou removes her arms and starts  
cheerfully patting the other girl’s face, ears, hair, and sides.  
  
To all of this, Shirahime finds herself speechless.  
  
Kou pulls on Shirahime’s scarlet cheeks, laughing. "This isn’t a memory, right?" she asks.  
  
"I’m real!" the "princess" insists with a voice slightly distorted.|"Oh! Do you know your name?" Kou asks. "Oh, I don’t know mine," she adds. "Maybe I know it now!"  
she guesses, lifting a finger optimistically. "Aah... I don’t." She taps her temple, and tilts her head  
apologetically.  
  
"Slo—...Slow down!" the other girl begs. The girl in red laughs, and Shirahime stutters on, saying  
"I...! What!? Are you... Hey! Are you okay!?"  
  
Although that question from her sounds more a demand.  
  
"I’m fine," says Kou with a smile.  
  
"You fell from the sky!" Shirahime reminds her, pointing for emphasis.  
  
"Yeah, I guess I di—" Kou begins, turning to see where she came from. She stops, puts a hand on  
her hip, and points to the heavens. With this, she glances back at the other girl and declares,  
"It’s nighttime!"  
  
"You didn’t notice!?"|"Well, I didn’t look back," Kou replies, now turning back around with both hands on her hips.  
  
"What were you doing up there?"  
  
"There were some memories," the red girl explains. "I watched them."  
  
"So you can watch them too?" Shirahime asks. Kou nods with enthusiasm.  
  
"I can!" she says.  
  
"And you can fly!?"  
  
"Not really," she answers, now with a shake of the head. "I can make other stuff float." She  
demonstrates with her finger acting as a wand, and a cupboard being the subject, swirling around  
the two of them to her direction. "You can’t?" she asks.  
  
And Shirahime wildly shakes her head, which spurs laughter in Kou once again as her twin tails  
whip to and fro. With a hand over her chest, Shirahime declares: "I’m HUMAN."|In Arcaea, in its time, there have been moments of fate. The tides of time and reality are bent and  
twisted by the whims of one or the convergence of two.  
  
However, this moment is merely chance.  
  
The girls talk—talk of glass, of purpose, and naturally of the sky. Experiments follow: can Shirahime  
be carried by Kou’s magic? Can Shirahime learn this magic herself? Yes, and no.|Of course, they also wonder how many others are out there, the same as them.  
  
And it is with this in mind that they follow the fleeing daylight. Perhaps...there are others looking  
up, and marveling at the new sky.  
  
Just like that, with no fate or destiny tying them, these two begin to walk together.

#### zh-Hans

“很高兴认识妳”  
  
红一副元气满满的样子，直接就开始打招呼。白姬身体僵硬、脸色发白。  
这样的身体反应并不理想，因为她完全失去了行动能力。  
红“刷”地一下从一堆家具中跳了起来，直扑向她，一把就抱住了这个双马尾女孩，  
差点把对方撞了个底朝天。这让自称王族的某人不得不毫无风度地尖叫道：“呀！？”  
  
 “哇哦，是真人！你真的存在！”在拥抱之后，红抽出双手，欢欣鼓舞地摸着另一个女孩的脸蛋、  
耳朵、头发，还有全身上下。  
  
在这一切的过程中，白姬全程无言以对。  
  
红捏了捏白姬通红的脸颊，笑问道：“这不是记忆吧？”  
  
“如假包换！”公主大人用略显扭曲的声音强调着。|“对了！你知道自己的名字吗？”红问道。“我还不知道自己叫什么呢。”她又补充了一句。  
“我好像知道了！”她猜测着，乐观地竖起一根手指。“啊……不对。”  
她敲了敲自己的太阳穴，歪着头道歉道。  
  
“停——停！”另一位女孩表示无奈。绯红的女孩笑了起来，白姬则结结巴巴地又道：  
“我……什么！？你是……嘿！你还好吗！？”  
  
她的声调让这句询问听起来更像是祈求。  
  
“我没事。”红回以笑容。  
  
“你可是从天上掉下来了！”白姬提醒道，并以手指天强调着。  
  
“对，差不多是那样——”红开口道，转头望向她来时的方向。  
她停下来，一只手背过去，另一只手指向天边。这么做的时候，她瞄了一眼另一位女孩，高呼道：  
“这都晚上了呀！”  
  
“妳到现在才发现吗？”| “嗯，我又没回头。”红把两手都背了起来，转身答道。  
  
“你在那上边是做什么？”  
  
 “那里有一些记忆。”绯红的女孩解释着。“我在观看它们。”  
  
 “这么说，你也能看它们？”白姬追问道，红则热情洋溢地点头肯定。  
  
 “没错！”她是这么说的。  
  
 “你还能飞！？”  
  
“也不能这么说。”这次她摇了摇头。“我可以让别的东西飘浮起来。”她的手指像魔杖一样舞动，  
以一个橱柜为对象进行着展示，让它开始围绕两人旋转，并逐渐靠近她。“你做不到吗？”她反问道。  
  
白姬夸张地摇着脑袋，双马尾前后翻飞，把红再次给逗笑了。白姬一只手抚住胸口，宣称道：  
“我可是正常人。”|在Arcaea世界中，在漫长的时光中，总会有一些命运的瞬间。  
某人的臆想和某两人的相遇让时间和现实都遭到了扭曲。  
  
不过，这种瞬间也只是纯属偶然。  
  
两个女孩开始聊天，聊起了玻璃的世界，聊起了存在的目的，当然还有那片天空。  
随后便是实验：红的魔法能带走白姬吗？白姬自己也能学会这种魔法吗？答案是“能”和“不能”。|当然，她们也感到好奇：外面的世界里还有多少像她们一样的人呢？  
  
怀着这种思绪，她们开始追逐消逝的日光。  
也许……还有其他人在抬头仰望，并为这片新天地感到惊奇。  
  
就这样，也没有什么命运的羁绊，两人开始了同行。

### 99-6

#### en

She, Kou, begins to wonder: has it been weeks, or have months passed between them?  
  
Under the dark, these two girls have wandered together through shadow-bathed ruins: with Kou  
leading, and with Shirahime stammering behind; Kou's laughter ahead, and Shirahime's hand at  
her back. Further, the "princess's" habit for embarrassment has escaped merely the confines of  
memory—rare is the moment she will not stumble or stutter, and by now Kou is well-accustomed  
to the shaking, brazen, self-proclaimed "royal".  
  
However, the twin-tailed girl has most definitely, of late, been shaking far less: in her voice when  
they talk, and in her movements when they go.  
  
Truly, the two have traveled together long. But it won't be forever.|Now Kou and Shirahime, quite a ways into their travels, find themselves at a clear divide.  
  
Though the clouds are torn and the stars brought out, not all of the morning light has faded.  
  
The girls view the heavens without a word, and with awe-filled faces.  
  
After all...  
  
...they now stand at the division between night and day.|"Pretty..." Shirahime whispers.  
  
"Yeah," Kou agrees.  
  
The stars of the night are violet. The day is white and golden. Where they meet, what might be  
magic—might be memory—churns and twists, like a shifting and prismatic serpent. It is as if  
they've found the world's haphazard seam. Seeing it, they almost know: know what the world is,  
and how it came to be as well.  
  
Kou brings her eyes down first. Shirahime, however, cannot tear away hers.  
  
"Now what?" Kou asks. "We didn't find anyone, huh?"  
  
"No..." Shirahime replies.  
  
"Should we keep looking together?"|Shirahime brings down her eyes as well.  
Before them is the new Arcaea landscape: of shadows and light.  
  
She looks at Kou, and calmly shakes her head.  
  
"I'm going to follow the line: I'll find someone out there," she says.  
"And you should go back to the heavens and see what they're hiding."|Kou raises her eyebrows.  
  
The two have walked for quite some time, and in their time together, Kou believed she had the  
other girl figured out. That Shirahime was a boisterous sort—but that all of her flair and bombast  
existed only to obscure a shivering heart. Therefore...  
  
"...You're taking charge?" Kou asks, as it's just too surprising.  
  
"Of course," Shirahime says, with a dismissive and teasing glance. "You see this crown on my head,  
right?"  
  
Kou chuckles. "Yeah, I see it," she answers.  
  
And Shirahime lowers her gaze again, staring out to the glass hills.|She tells Kou, "I'm kidding... I just had the thought: I want to take a chance." Shirahime meets Kou's  
green eyes and the girl straightens her back. The princess states, "We should take one, and I think  
you'd better do what I can't."  
  
And... after a few moments, Kou nods. She calls a slab of concrete to her feet, and hops on.  
  
"I'll go see the night, then," she says. "Let's meet up when we can!" She grins.  
  
"We will," Shirahime answers with an easy smile. Kou blinks, and loses her own. Once more the  
white-haired girl has surprised her. Deeply, she believes those words, and her face brightens up  
again.|Kou flies to the starlight, and at once Shirahime steps forward.  
  
Perhaps she has forgotten her want of a kingdom.  
  
She already knows: there are others here.  
  
The world is vast, but she will find them.  
  
What a crown and scepter mean is nobility, and what a noble does is draw others to her, like a  
much-needed hearth. Maybe her blood is not noble at all.  
  
However, it must be said: despite her whining, her wavering, and her very weak heart...  
  
...her soul very much is.

#### zh-Hans

她和红开始疑惑：两人相遇后又过去多久了呢？几周，还是几个月？  
  
在昏暗中，两位女孩正在穿越夜幕笼罩的废墟，红在前面探路，白姬在后面结巴的说着话，  
红的笑声从前飘来，背后牵着白姬的一只手。  
此外，这位“公主”惯例的丢人行为早已不再局限于记忆世界——  
她不是磕磕绊绊，就是结结巴巴，根本停不下来。  
事到如今，红已经完全习惯了这位自称王室贵胄的家伙一边打颤一边强撑的表现。  
  
不过，这个双马尾的女孩最近显然不怎么打颤了：无论是聊天时的语调，还是行进时的动作。  
  
她们真的已经同行很久了，但这不会永远继续下去。|现在，在经历了漫长的旅途后，红和白姬来到了一处明显的分界线。  
  
虽然云雾迸裂、群星不再，但并不是所有的晨光都已消逝。  
  
两位女孩无言地望向天空，眼中充满了震撼。  
  
毕竟……  
  
……她们正站在日与夜的境界之上。|“好美……”白姬喃喃道。  
  
“是啊。”红表示赞同。  
  
夜间的星幕是紫色的，日间的天穹则是亮得发白的金色。  
于两者相遇之地，或是魔法、或是记忆的东西正百转千回，如变幻闪烁的神话巨蛇  
。她们发现的地方就好像是这个世界上意外出现的间隙。  
光是看着它，两人就几乎明白了世界的本质和由来。  
  
红首先转回了目光，但白姬却陷入了凝望。  
  
“现在怎么办？”红问道。“我们还是没找到人呀？”  
  
“不……”白姬答道。  
  
“我们还要一起找下去吗？”|白姬也转回了目光。两人的面前是Arcaea的新领域：一边是光，一边是暗。  
  
她看向红，冷静地摇了摇头。  
  
“我会沿着这条线前进。我会找到其他人。”她说道。”  
而你应该回到天上，看看那里都藏着些什么。”|红的眉头一抬。  
  
两人已经同行了很久，在相处的时光里，红觉得她已经完全搞懂了另一位女孩。  
白姬是一个闹腾的家伙，但她的装腔作势只是为了掩盖一颗颤抖的心灵。所以……  
  
“……你在发号施令？”红难以置信地问道。  
  
“当然。”白姬抛出轻蔑而嘲讽的一瞥。“你没看见我头上的这顶王冠吗？”  
  
红笑呵呵地答道：“嗯，我看见了。”  
  
于是白姬再次低垂眼眸，看向远处的玻璃之丘。|她告诉红：“刚才开玩笑的……我只是有这个想法，打算碰一把运气。”  
白姬对上了红的绿色双眸，对方挺直了腰背。这位公主淡然道：  
“我们总要做选择，而我认为你最好选我做不到的那个。”  
  
然后……过了片刻，红点头同意。她召唤一块水泥板到脚边，然后跳了上去。  
  
 “那么，我去夜晚那边。”她说道。“有缘再相会！”她露齿一笑。  
  
 “我们会再见的。”白姬回以轻松的微笑。红眨了眨眼，笑容逐渐淡去。  
这位白发的女孩再次让她感到了意外。但她深信着这句话，笑容又回到了脸上。|红飞往星光所在，白姬也随即迈向前方。  
  
也许她已经忘了自己的复国大业。  
  
她所知道的是：这个世界上还有其他人。  
  
世界是如此广阔，但她终将找到这些人。  
  
王冠和权杖意味着高贵的身份，  
高贵的身份意味着将他人汇聚到身边，如众星捧月。  
也许她的血脉一点儿也不高贵。  
  
不过，必须要说的是，尽管她爱发牢骚、意志不坚、心灵脆弱……  
  
……她的灵魂是高贵无疑的。

## Eto&luna's Story

### 10-1

#### en

You're asleep.  
  
Now that you've faded off, I've started thinking of something older.  
  
If the memories that we made here could be crystallized, these are the ones I would collect.  
  
You'd probably mock me for it. Every time I pick a piece of glass to "carry" around, you're ready  
to mock me. I think you just don't understand it, but I also think that's just fine.  
  
I can't capture you in a memory. You're you, now and forever.  
  
But, now that you've faded off, I've started thinking of something older.  
  
That one room in glass. That one concert.|You were like a fire, a storm.  
  
Whenever your foot beat down on the flooring, it felt like the entire building shook.  
  
The air quaked, and the ground rumbled.  
  
Watching you like that always leaves me breathless. The melody you carried then swayed the  
whole room.  
  
Effort. Persistence. It was wonderful.   
  
That beat... That smile... How you pulled the bow over those strings, perspired, laughed.|I thought: I love you.  
  
In victory, in struggle—  
  
I've always loved you, Luna.|The song ended to applause. The opposite player could do nothing but graciously accept defeat.  
  
You raised your instrument and took a bow.  
  
You looked at me, and you said it. I couldn't hear it over the crowd, but the words on your lips  
were clear:  
  
"Better than you, wasn't I?"  
  
I frowned. I rolled my eyes. The memory ended.|A world of white came up all around us, and you started walking toward me—the instrument gone  
from your grasp and replaced by your sword. Still eyeing you, I said:  
  
"Are you enjoying winning once that much?"  
  
"Once makes one more for me. Now count them up."  
  
"Well, we don't have anything to count on."  
  
"Count on yourself," you said, and you tapped the side of your head. "Use your head."   
  
I'd figured that out, Luna.|Well, that marked three times, I guessed. Three better performances than me... though you'd  
never let me remind you. My showing was better... right, I believe it was five times. Yes—after  
finishing the count in my head, I raised five fingers on one hand, and three on the other.  
  
And then you hit my opened palm with your own.  
  
"Five!?" you shouted, beaming. "That's barely more than three!" Not wrong!  
  
Your hand closed over mine, fingers tightly interlocking. You were feverish, but you were starting  
to cool near me. Still wearing a smile, you narrowed your eyes at me and offered, "Again?"|I had to refuse. It was a little sad, you know? I could point my blade at near any memory, and  
inside it I'd do better than you. But you were too cheerful in the moment to bother thinking that.  
You squeezed my hand tighter. You laughed. You relaxed.  
  
You returned to your preferred, calmer mien, and not long after you said:  
  
"So, where to?"  
  
I huffed, and led you toward the tower I'd mentioned before.  
  
I knew that you knew it...  
  
that I still always appreciated you asking.

#### zh-Hans

你在沉睡。  
  
随着你现在逐渐隐没，我开始想到一些比较久远的东西。  
  
如果我们在此创造的记忆可以成为结晶，我一定会将它们好好收集。  
  
你大概会为此笑我吧。每次我捡起一块玻璃说要带走，你都想着要笑我。  
我觉得你只是不懂，但我也觉得那样没什么不好。  
  
我无法把你收拢在记忆里。你就是你，现在到永远都是如此。  
  
但随着你现在逐渐隐没，我开始想到一些比较久远的东西。  
  
那个玻璃中的房间。那一场音乐会。|你像烈火，像暴风。  
  
无论你的双脚何时踩踏在地面，感觉都像是震动了整座建筑。  
  
空气为之震荡，地面为之低鸣。  
  
那样看着你总让我无法呼吸。接着，你带来的旋律响彻整个房间。  
  
充满了努力，充满了坚持。那真的很美妙。  
  
那样的节奏……|那时我想着：我爱你。  
  
在胜利中，在苦难中——  
  
我一直都爱着你，露娜。|乐曲在掌声中结束。对手什么都不能做，只能优雅接受自己的落败。  
  
你举起了乐器，深深一鞠躬。  
  
你看着我，说了那句话。人群太吵杂，我无法听见，但你双唇间流泻出的字非常清楚：  
  
“我比你厉害，对吧？”  
  
我皱了皱眉。转了转眼珠。记忆已然休止。|白色的世界在我们四周降临，你开始朝我走来——乐器已不在你的手中，取而代之的是你的剑。  
我仍然看着你，说：  
  
“你就赢这一次，那么开心吗？”  
  
“对我来说这可是又多了一次。数数总共多少次吧。”  
  
“唔，但是我们没有能用来数的东西。”  
  
“自己想办法数。”你这样说着，然后敲了敲头，“用用你的脑袋。”  
  
我会想出来的，露娜。|好吧，我猜总共有三次。有三次做得比我好…虽然你从未让我提醒你。  
我的表现更好的时候…好，我相信是五次。  
是——我在心里算着，我一只手举起了五只手指，另一只手是三只。  
  
然后你的手拍了过我张开的手掌。  
  
“五次！？”你兴奋地大喊。“那才比三次多一点点！” 没错！  
  
你合起我的手，手指紧扣。你变得狂喜，但随后开始在我身旁开始冷静下来。  
你保持着微笑，眯起眼睛对我说：“再来一次？”|我必须拒绝。这有点难过，你知道吗？  
我可以用我的剑指向任何记忆，无论哪段记忆我都会表现得比你好。  
但你太开心了以至于根本不会想到这么多。  
你更用力地握住我的手，大笑着，逐渐放松下来。  
  
你变回平时更熟悉的，比较冷静的样子，然后问道：  
  
“所以，要往哪去？”  
  
我闷哼一声，带着你走向我之前提到的那座塔。  
  
我知道你很清楚要去那里……  
  
所以我很感谢你还是问了。

### 10-2

#### en

Are you awake?  
  
I think that I'm dreaming. It's kind of annoying that I'm starting to dream of you.  
  
Your face, your moments; scenes of you are running through my head. How every song you've  
ever played has stolen my breath away; how every movement you ever make looks controlled and  
composed. When I think of you, I tend to think of something "perfect".  
  
What's annoying is every part of you that begs a different take.  
  
I know how easily you lose track. I know you trip and fall sometimes. And honestly? You're really,  
really weird…|You know, I hated how we woke up here.  
  
I think it's fair to say. Both of us thought this was definitely too soon, that this was a last stop  
nobody ever would've guessed. Everything we were taught, everything that we read—no books or  
teachers or family or anything or anyone ever mentioned a world made out of glass. And, when  
my eyes opened up to all this light here, you were there and saw them starting to shimmer.  
  
You just said, "It's all made of glass!" And in an instant, you took to everything like it was nothing.|For a while, I was pretty sure that back then, you were just saying the dumbest thing you could  
think of to turn my tears away... Like maybe, because we're twins, you saw into my heart before  
you saw the worry in my eyes, and you knew exactly what to shout out to make me feel better.  
But then you started waving for those butterflies of glass to follow you.  
  
Whether you were trying to or not, you reminded me of how you always were, and when you  
grabbed my hand, it was like you were telling me you'd never change, and...|Well, I love you.  
  
When you're beside me, whenever you're away—  
  
I will always love you, Eto.  
  
Though good luck ever getting me to say that.|Hey... do you remember when we went to that tower? Maybe we'd seen... about half of the world  
by then, and you were pretty set on that one place. I remember that, when we were kind of  
nearing it, I asked you:  
  
"Why a tower, anyway?"  
  
You said, "It was the first thing we saw!"  
  
...I felt a little dumbfounded.  
  
"...That's it? We're going there because you... saw it?"|"WE saw it," you insisted.  
  
"I don't remember it," I lied. "You're going crazy already?"  
  
A quiet laugh escaped your lips. You asked me, "What's really 'crazy', anyway?"  
  
And I mean, you definitely are, right? If it wasn't glass, you'd probably keep collecting marbles or  
leaves. If you couldn't make music, you'd take up a paintbrush. If we didn't have a path for a  
journey, you'd find somewhere to bring us anyway.  
  
You've called me "wild" before, but look at you.|The "tower" wasn't even a tower... The thing was a lighthouse, standing over a totally empty sea.  
  
I sat down in front of it because I was tired; you sat down behind me because I sat down. And,  
while I looked around where we were I suddenly got this idea. I asked you, "Wait—wait, are there  
any shells here!?"  
  
You told me, "We are where we are, Luna."  
  
And I told you, "Yeah, but there's no sea..." I remember dropping against you after saying that,  
just to make you slouch. I insisted, "Let's look for shells! Then we can hear what's left of it!"|You told me I was being childish. Uh-huh. Sorry.  
  
But remember? You were the one who led us out onto the sands yourself.  
  
We'd spend some time there, and through what we'd find return to memories of our own.

#### zh-Hans

你醒了吗？  
  
我觉得我在作梦。有点烦的是，我开始梦到你。  
  
你的脸、你的片刻、与你有关的场景一幕幕出现在我脑海里。  
你演奏过的每一首曲子都让我窒息；你看起来完美而沉稳的掌控每一个动作。  
当我想起你时，我倾向于想到一些“完美”的东西。  
  
让人心烦的是你每一部分都给人不同的看法。  
  
我知道你有多容易分心。我知道你一路上是怎么磕磕绊绊走过来的。说实话？你真的、真的很怪……|你知道，我讨厌我们在这里醒来。  
  
这么说吧，我们两个都觉得这样太快了，没有人想过这里就已经是终点了。  
我们学过、读过的一切——没有哪本书、哪个老师、哪个家庭或任何东西、  
任何人提到过一个玻璃做的世界。当我的眼睛在这些光芒中睁开，你在那里看着它们开始发出微光。  
  
你只是说着：“这全都是玻璃做的！”而一瞬之间，你便理所当然地看着一切。|我有阵子非常确定，那个时候你为了让我收回眼泪而说着你可以想到的最蠢的话……  
像是说，或许因为我们是双胞胎，你在从我的眼中看到忧虑以前已经先感受到了我的内心，  
而你知道该要大喊什么才能让我心情好点。但你接着开始对那些玻璃蝴蝶挥手，要它们跟着你。  
  
不管你想不想这样，你都让我想起了你一直以来的样子；  
当你握住我的手，就像是在告诉我你永远不会改变，而且……|嗯，我爱你。  
  
当你在我身边时，无论你何时离开——  
  
我会永远爱着你，爱托。  
  
但你永远不要指望我会把这话说出口。|嘿…你还记得我们去过那座塔吗？或许我们那时早已看过……  
一半的世界，而且你对那个地方很满意。我还记得，当我们接近那座塔时，我问你：  
  
“为什么选一座塔？”  
  
你回答：“那是我们第一个看见的东西！”  
  
……这回答让我有点错愕。  
  
“……就这样？我们去那座塔就只是因为你……看到它？”|“是‘我们’看到它。”你强调着。  
  
“我不记得了。”我撒了谎。“你已经疯了吗？”  
  
你的嘴边露出一丝轻笑。你问我：“你说‘疯’的意思究竟是什么？”  
  
我是说，你的确疯了，对吧？如果没有玻璃，你可能会继续收集弹珠或树叶。  
如果你不能演奏音乐，你可能会拿起画笔画画。  
如果我们没有一趟旅程要完成，你也无论如何都会带我前往某个地方。  
  
你曾说我很“狂野”，但现在看看你自己。|那座“塔”甚至称不上是塔…那是一座灯塔，矗立在一望无际的大海上。  
  
我在灯塔前坐了下来，因为我累了；你也因此在我身后坐了下来。  
当我环顾四周时，我突然有个想法。我向你问道：“等等——等等，这里有贝壳吗！？”  
  
你说道：“我们就在海边，露娜。”  
  
我说：“是啊，但这里没有海…。” 我记得说完后就丢下你，为的是让你无精打采。  
我坚持道：“我们来找贝壳吧！这样我们就能从贝壳中倾听大海的声音！”|你说我很幼稚。嗯哼，抱歉。  
  
但你记得吗？你就是引领我们到沙滩上的人。  
  
我们曾在那里度过一段时间，并透过我们发现的东西回到我们自己的记忆中。

### 10-3

#### en

Luna, remember how all we found down below were more shards? We couldn't even find one  
shell... I guess it made sense. Well, I was delighted by the find. And besides, we unlocked a  
memory that reflected a shore and a sea... and the shells we found there worked for us just as well.  
  
In it, we knew that the person remembering had left the beach quickly. We ignored that, and  
decided to stay.  
  
"Can we swim in it...?" you wondered aloud, squinting into the waves with a conch up to your ear.  
  
And I reminded you, "Well, we can't, though you... might."|"Oh yeah, that's right," you said, looking my way as you held back a smile from your lips (as for  
me, I was already frowning). "You can't swim!"  
  
"Stop it right now or I'll put sand in your hair," I threatened. I pointed right at you, too.  
  
"Let's learn!" you cried, and you pointed to the ocean before us.  
  
I whined that we wouldn't have any swimming clothes in there. You told me it was only a  
memory—we'd be fine—and before I knew it, you had my hand in yours.|The water felt real. That cold was real. You pulled me into the sea. You guided my wobbling legs.  
  
You enjoyed one of the few things you could say, definitively, that you had the better of me at.  
  
You know, back then my head was full of thoughts and questions. The feeling was indescribable.  
Distracting? A little fearful, but having fun? I could've asked a hundred, a million things, but they  
all ended up brushed aside in my mind.|When the memory was over, you tackled me down to the now-white sands. You were tickling me.  
You're really so ruthless. You're incorrigible.  
  
Even though I hadn't wanted to, I found myself smiling.  
  
Soon enough, I remembered I'm your older sister.  
  
I grabbed your face and stretched out your cheeks.  
  
"Cut this out, you brat," I said sternly.|To this you looked down upon me smugly, and proceeded to pinch my nose.  
  
"Not there!" I whined as you resumed your tickle assault, knowing that whining couldn't stop you  
whatsoever.  
  
The truth is I'd never stop you in the first place.

#### zh-Hans

露娜，还记得我们在下面发现更多的贝壳碎片吗？我们连一个完整的贝壳都找不到…我想这说得通。  
嗯，我对这个发现很高兴。此外，我们解锁了关于一片海岸和大海的记忆…  
我们在那里发现的贝壳也很有用。  
  
在其中，我们知道记忆中的人已快速离开了海滩。我们没有在意，并决定留下来。  
  
“我们可以下水游泳吗…？”你好奇的问道，同时一只手拿着海螺放在耳边，眯着眼睛看着海浪。  
  
我提醒你：“呃，我们不能游泳，但你…可能可以。”|“哦对了，没错，”你看着我，嘴角憋着笑（而我已皱起了眉头）。“你不会游泳！”  
  
“别说了，否则我丢沙子到你头发里。”我威胁道。并用手指着你。  
  
“我们来学啊！”你大叫，指着我们前方的海洋。  
  
我抱怨着我们没有泳衣可穿。  
你告诉我那只是一段回忆，我们会没事的，并在我意识到之前，你已握住了我的手。|水感觉起来很真实。冰冷的感觉也很真实。你把我拉进大海。你引导着我胡乱摆动的双腿。  
  
你享受着你少数可以夸耀的事物，游泳这件事显然你比我更擅长。  
  
你知道吗，当时我的脑袋里充满了各种思绪和疑惑。那种感觉难以形容。  
分心？有点害怕，但很好玩？我原本有成千上万的疑问，但这些最终都在我脑海中被搁置一旁。|当记忆结束后，你拖着我到白色沙滩上。你在搔我痒。你真的太过分了。你简直无可救药。  
  
虽然我不喜欢这样，但我发现自己正在微笑。  
  
很快的，我想起来我是你的姐姐。  
  
我抓住你的脸，捏你的脸颊。  
  
“住手，你这个小屁孩。”我严厉地说道。|对此，你得意地看着我，还捏了捏我的鼻子。  
  
“不要挠那里！” 当你继续进行搔痒攻击时，我开始哀号，尽管我知道这仍无法阻止你。  
  
事实是，我从一开始就不会阻止你。

### 10-4

#### en

Eto, I wonder if you were always that light.  
  
You tired out after our roughhousing, which meant I was the one who had to bring you up the  
lighthouse.  
  
I had you against my back. You know I prefer the reverse. You're the more pillow-like of the  
two of us. You knew it wasn't fair.|Although the world was white, the tower—without any windows on its spiral staircase—was too  
dark. And with you nearly asleep... well, it'd been a while since I'd found myself alone.  
  
I could only hear your breath and the echoes of my own steps. I could only see the distant glow of  
the top... barely.  
  
...I thought about back when we were a little younger, and... I was thinking, didn't you always  
sing something for me at bedtime? I wondered how it went, and I started—|"...Hmm-hmm hmm-hmm... little star... How I wonder what you are. Up above the world so high..."  
  
"Like a diamond in the sky?"  
  
...Your voice followed.  
  
I continued up the stairs, but I stopped the children's tune.  
  
"A baby song, Luna?" you asked. Your voice sounded groggy—but definitely awake.  
  
I said nothing. I could feel heat in my face and in my ears that I never wanted you to see.|"You didn't get to the part about the sun going down," you said, nuzzling into the back of my hair.  
To that I replied:  
  
"Shut up."  
  
You giggled, your breath tossing the strands.  
  
"There's no night in this place anyway," I reminded you. "Forget it."  
  
"Actually, that song never mentions the Moon, does it...?" you said.  
  
I repeated myself: "Forget it."|"Also... you're still going to carry me up there, hm?" you asked.  
  
"You really don't let go once you've got your fangs in me, huh..." I muttered. I could feel the smile  
on your face. Thinking on it, I could feel your chest, too...  
And I thought: alright, you're coming down.  
  
I set you down behind and beside me.  
  
You patted my back, then my head.|I wanted to tell you to stop that...  
  
But I only turned my eyes away and grimaced.  
  
"Come on, Luna," you coaxed me, even lifting my chin. "We're almost at the top... probably!"  
  
I thought: right, I'm the little sister here...  
  
So I'd allow it—just this once.

#### zh-Hans

爱托，我想知道你是否一直那么轻。  
  
在吵闹过后你累了，因此我不得不背着你上灯塔。  
  
我把你背在身后。你知道我更喜欢你背我。  
我们两个人中，你的触感更像枕头般柔软。你也知道这并不公平。|虽然世界是白色的，但这座塔里面还是太暗了——因为螺旋楼梯上没有任何窗户，更何况你睡着了…  
好吧，这段时间我都是自己一人了。  
  
我只能听到你的呼吸声，还有我脚步的回音。我只能勉强看到远处顶端的光芒。  
  
…我想起了我们的小时候，还有…我在想，每次睡觉前，你不是都会唱歌给我听吗？  
我想着你是怎么做的，然后我张开口——|“哼—哼—哼—哼，小星星…我想知道你究竟为何物，可以高出世界如此之多……”  
  
“有如天空中的钻石？”  
  
……随之而来的是你的歌声。  
  
我继续爬着楼梯，但不再唱着那首属于孩子的曲调。  
  
你问道：“那是儿歌吗，露娜？”你的声音听起来昏昏沉沉——但绝对是清醒的。  
  
我什么也没说。我可以感受到脸上和耳朵的炙热，是我从未希望你看见的景象。|“你还没唱到太阳下山的部分，”你说着，一头埋进我的头发里。我回道：  
  
“闭嘴。”  
  
你咯咯地笑了，你的气息搅动着周遭的空气。  
  
“反正这边也没有夜晚可言。”我提醒着你：“算了吧。”  
  
你说：“其实，那首曲子从未提过月亮，不是吗……”。  
  
我对自己重复道：“算了吧。”|你回道：“再说……你还是要带我到上面吧？”。  
  
“一旦我落入你的手中，你就真的不肯放手了……” 我嘀咕着。  
我可以感受到你脸上的笑容。  
想到这点，我似乎也可以感受到你的胸膛……  
接着心想着：好了，你要下来了。  
  
我把你放在后方，就待在我的身旁。  
  
你拍拍我的背，再来是我的头。|我想告诉你，不要再这样了……  
  
但我只是撇开我的眼睛，摆出一副鬼脸。  
  
“来嘛，露娜。”你哄着我，甚至抬起我的下巴。“我们几乎就要到最顶端了……或许吧！”  
  
我想，也对，我是这里的妹妹……  
  
那好吧——也就这一次了。

### 10-5

#### en

We'd summited the lighthouse, and where a lamp would usually be shining—on that sill, one of us  
sat with a hand across her knee. The other stood beside her, one hand on that same sill, tapping  
to an unheard rhythm.  
  
We looked at one another before looking at anything else. With our free hands we touched our  
fingers together, one and sometimes two at a time, inattentively playing a rule-less game of  
matching pad presses.|"What will you do if I really start getting better than you?" the younger of us asked. "If I start always  
getting louder applause, or I start always beating you at cards, or—"  
  
"That's a lot of speculation there," the older of us replied. "So many ifs—and they're BIG ifs, aren't  
they?"  
  
"Well..." the other began, staring absently at the broken light behind us, "yeah, they are."  
  
We continued our purposeless game.|"But you shouldn't give up. And I don't really have to tell you that, do I?"  
  
...We smiled at that.  
  
We joined hands, and turned our attention to the landscape.|The world was dry. The only life we'd found in it had been one another's. The sun, unseen, beat  
down mercilessly on everything. We remained connected. We watched, and we relaxed.  
  
Quietly, we kind of suddenly agreed—  
  
"I want to try planting a garden again..."  
  
"Yeah, me too..."  
  
We stared out at Arcaea, saying nothing more.|A red comet cut the sky.  
  
We looked out at the day…  
  
...and night began to fall.

#### zh-Hans

我们已经登上灯塔，通常那会有一盏灯在那扇窗台不断闪烁着——  
我们其中一人把手放在膝盖上跨坐在那里。  
另一人则站在她的身旁，一手扶在那个窗台上，用一种从未听过的的节奏拍打着。  
  
在看向其他事物前，我们就这样看着彼此。  
而我们另一只手，指尖碰着指尖；有时一只，有时则是两只，  
漫不经心地玩着除了按压对方的指头外毫无规则的游戏。|“如果我真的开始变得比你更好，你会怎么做？”妹妹问道。  
“如果我开始每次都获得更多的掌声，或是每次都在卡牌游戏上击败你，或是——”  
  
姐姐回道：“你的假设真多。”“很多如果——而且都是很大而空的如果，不是吗？”  
  
“这个嘛……”另一人开始说道，一边心不在焉看着我们身后那盏破碎的灯。“嗯，是这样没错。”  
  
我们继续那场漫无目的的游戏。|“但你不该就此放弃。何况真的不必由我来告诉你这点，对吧？”  
  
……我们一起笑了。  
  
我们携手一起将目光转向那片景色。|世界早已干枯。而我们唯一发现的生命就仅剩彼此。  
那无形的太阳无情地击垮所有的一切。我们依然相互连接着，看着这一切，保持放松。  
  
悄然无声之间，我们似乎达成了共识——  
  
“我想要再试着种种看花草……”  
  
“对，我也是……”  
  
我们凝视着Arcaea，没有再多说什么。|一颗红色彗星划破天际。  
  
我们看向天空……  
  
……黑夜早已降临。

### 10-6

#### en

That was all a long time ago.  
  
When the night fell, before the sky was shattered again—  
  
...Actually, when they gripped the blades they always had with them, they always got the sense...  
  
...The sense that, although this was after life, things would still come to an end again.  
  
Arcaea would irreversibly change—and quite suddenly, and quite terribly, it began to.|However, now that it is actually coming to pass, they took it in stride.  
  
After all, what does one say when they learn they haven't got much longer?  
  
"I could say that I'll spend this playing around—"  
  
"I could say that I'll spend this trying to be happy—"  
  
"—But honestly, I'd just want to spend however long we have with you."|...They're traveling again, now.  
  
"Luna, come on," says the older one.  
  
The younger takes some steps down a ruined staircase. She's been looking back where everything  
had fallen down. When she walks only a little, the stairs begin to crumble.  
  
She leaps down; her sister catches her as the earth splits and shifts below them as well.  
  
Hugging one another, they look out to the broken horizon.  
  
The sky is broken. The land has broken. In some deep part of the world, something has utterly  
fractured, and so it has begun to collapse.  
  
And yet, they merely continue on.|We can always go back. We can always return.  
  
Perhaps the girls are thinking that as they set off once more—as they leap over the decaying  
pieces of the world of white.  
  
So, one more step, one more trip...  
  
One more sight, one more song...  
  
They take flight now. They rise above it all.|Smiling, the two hold one another's hands and aim their keys at the sky—at the Arcaea still  
swimming through what remains of it.  
  
Light glows all around them, and they enter another memory.  
  
That's right, always:  
  
One more dance.

#### zh-Hans

那都是很久以前的事了。  
  
当夜幕降临，天空再度被划破以前——  
  
……其实，当她们握着那把随身携带的剑时，总是能感觉到……  
  
……感觉到，即便这已是来世，事情依旧会再度走到尽头。  
  
Arcaea 会发生不可逆转的改变，就在一瞬间，就这样糟糕地开始了。|然而，当现在一切真的就要发生的时候，她们反而从容以对。  
  
毕竟，当人们知道自己时间所剩不多时，还会说些什么呢？  
  
“我会说，剩下的时间我想好好玩一玩——”  
  
“我会说，剩下的时间我想变开心一点——”  
  
“——但说实话，剩下的时间我只想和你一起度过。”|……现在，她们再度踏上旅行。  
  
“露娜，来吧。”年长的那位这么说。  
  
年轻的则是顺着被毁的楼梯往下走了几步。她不断回头看着已经摧毁的一切。  
她才刚踏出几步，阶梯就开始瓦解了。  
  
她跳了下去，她的姐姐接住了她，她们脚下的地面也随之裂开和晃动。  
  
她们紧抱着彼此，看向那碎裂的地平线。  
  
天空破裂了。大地破裂了。在世界某个深处，有什么东西已经完全碎裂，从而全世界都开始瓦解了。  
  
然而，她们也只能继续前进。|我们可以随时回去。我们也可以随时回来。  
  
女孩们再度踏上旅程，跳跃在白色世界的破败碎片上时，或许会这样想。  
  
那么，只要再踏出一步，再经过一次旅行……  
  
只要再看一眼，再唱一首歌曲……  
  
她们现在向上空飞去。她们正腾空在一切万物之上。|两人微笑着并握住彼此的手，将她们的钥匙瞄准天空——对准依旧以残余之姿游荡的Arcaea。  
  
她们在周围绽放的光芒中进入了另一片记忆。  
  
那就对了，一直都是如此：  
  
只要再来一支舞。

## Shirabe's Story

### 6-1

#### en

She kept expecting there to be more people here.  
  
She wasn’t sure why. All around her was a white wasteland, filled with nothing but faded, ruined  
buildings, bereft of all life—all except for her.  
  
In these few days since waking up in this place, without any recollection of what happened before,  
she walked quite far and explored what she could. The tattered structures did little to answer her  
questions. Each of them was empty... and while she found the architecture itself familiar, she  
seemed to have no memory of when she’d learned their names, their shapes, their functions.  
  
Time and again, that was the idea she’d come back to: knowing "what", but not "why". It could be  
the idea was just a distraction for her, something to ponder in favor of the more obvious, weightier  
things regarding this world—and inside herself.  
  
She had to say, though: this was certainly a bizarre and bewildering place.|She pulled her guitar’s strap tightly over her shoulder, and the questions returned. Where had she  
gotten it? Why in the world was it with her? Despite having woken up alongside it, she couldn’t  
answer those questions. She only knew to pluck the strings to make sounds, to hold the strings  
over the frets to create others. To strum them in time, to create rhythms, melodies, chords,  
harmonies. More than that, it was almost... comforting, when she held in her hands.  
  
But why? No, she did not know why. Why didn’t she?  
  
The sand around her—eroded over eons by water. No water here. No liquid, even. How was there  
sand? Walking. She knew how to do that. Why? She had no answer. She never had any answers.  
  
For what it was worth, was any of this knowledge even "memory" at all?  
Was she "remembering" these things? Had she "forgotten" other things?  
It seemed to her she had amnesia, but was amnesia this... selective?|Knowing things, but not knowing why that knowledge existed within her, had her deeply and  
fundamentally upset. It made her feel like an incomplete person. Like someone had removed her  
skin and muscles and bones and placed them into some false container, but had forgotten to put  
in all the other important things, leaving her hollow, forgotten.  
  
She hated not knowing.  
  
A kaleidoscope of questions shifted and rotated in her mind. She forced herself to focus on all the  
sudden and overwhelming turns and angles. But answers? Again, no. There were no answers.  
  
During her barefooted expeditions (she decided early on to keep her shoes looped around her  
neck, since the large heels were inconvenient for the terrain) she’d learned next to nothing.  
In fact, the more she saw, the less she felt that she knew.  
  
She hated not knowing. She knew so many things about what was around her, and yet she felt  
like she knew nothing of herself. So much of what she saw was baffling nonsense—not least of all  
the glass wandering through the air for seemingly no reason. Glass that showed her other people,  
other times, other worlds. Reflections, resonating in the oddest ways. Reflections, she thought,  
which were undoubtedly familiar.|Yet the familiarity was but a feeling. The glass never showed her in their reflections.  
These were not scenes of a remembered past.  
These were not memories... or, at least, they were not hers, these Arcaea. Nothing was hers.  
  
Deep down, her emotions shifted. With that shift came a growing sense of concern, of being out of  
place, of confusion, of faint loneliness, of something crucial being missing somewhere inside her.  
And she didn’t like it one bit.  
  
She started walking again. Walking always seemed to help.  
It let her focus on what was around her instead. On what was outside.

#### zh-Hans

她期望着能在这里见到其他人。  
  
她不知道自己为何这么想。她的周围是一片白色的荒芜，只有褪色已久的废墟，  
却毫无生灵的迹象——只有她独自一人。  
  
她对以前所发生的事情没有任何记忆，只知道自己几天前在这个地方苏醒，之后便不断四处游荡探索。  
眼前的这片破败的建筑并没有办法为她解惑。  
所有的建筑都空荡荡的……虽然她觉得这些建筑本身看着眼熟，  
却无法回忆起她究竟在何时得知了它们的名字、形状和作用。  
  
她一次又一次地遇到这种状况：知道“是什么”，却不知“为什么”。  
也许这样的想法只是她让自己分心的一种手段，与其去注意这个世界的沉重和内心的孤寂，  
不如把注意力放在这种事情上。  
  
不过必须得说的是：这可真是个令人抓狂的怪地方呀。|她紧紧地抓住肩膀上的吉他背带，但是问题来了：她是在哪儿拿到它的？她到底为什么要带着它？  
虽然醒来时它就在她的身边，她却无法解答这些问题。  
她只知道拨动琴弦可以奏响旋律，然后在音品上方按住琴弦可以作出更多旋律。  
只要适时地弹奏它，就可以创作出节奏、音调、和弦以及和声。  
更重要的是，当她手中握着吉他的时候，似乎能感觉到一种油然而生的...惬意。  
  
但为什么会这样？她并没有头绪。可是为什么她又想不起来呢？  
  
她陷入了一片沙漠中，这是亘古岁月中的水流侵蚀所形成的。  
然而周围并没有水，甚至连液体都不存在。这里怎么会有沙漠？她就这样走着。  
她当然知道如何行走，可是你问为什么？她并不知道，她从来就没有知晓过答案。  
  
这些知识，哪怕是货真价实的知识，到底是不是来自于她的“记忆”？  
她真的“记得”这些东西吗？她是否已经“忘却”了别的东西？  
她感觉自己患了失忆症，但却是...选择性的失忆？|她知晓事物，却不清楚事物的由来，这一切让她陷入了深深的失落。这让她显得不完整。  
就好像自己的皮肉与骨头被放在一具不相称的身体里，同时又忘记了把其他重要的东西一并放进去。  
这样的躯体，就像一个空壳一般，很快就会被遗忘。  
  
她讨厌无知。  
  
她的脑海中有无数的疑问如万花筒般流转不息。她强迫自己把注意力放在那些转瞬即逝的画面。  
但答案呢？还是没有。这里没有答案。  
  
在她的赤足探险中（她很早就决定把鞋挂在脖子上，因为高高的鞋跟在这样的地形上走路不方便），  
她几乎毫无收获。实际上，她看到的越多，就越是感受到自己的无知。  
  
她讨厌无知。她知道自己周围的很多事物，却感觉对自己一无所知。  
  
她看到的大多数东西都令人迷惑、毫无意义——尤其是那些莫名奇妙地飞舞在空中的玻璃。  
那些玻璃向她展现了其他的人、其他的时代、其他的世界。  
这些倒影发出了怪异的共鸣，而她也认为自己一定对倒影中的事物非常熟悉。|不过，所谓的熟悉终究也只是一种感觉。玻璃展示的倒影中从来没有她自己的身影。  
这些场景并不是她所记得的过去。它们并不是回忆……  
至少并不是她的回忆。这些Arcaea，都不属于她。  
  
她的情绪陷入消沉。  
这种消沉逐渐催生出焦虑、茫然、困惑和孤寂，并让她感觉自己的内心缺失了某个重要的东西。  
她一点儿也不喜欢这种感觉。  
  
她又开始了行走。行走好像总是能缓解她的情绪。  
这让她能够转而关注自己周围的东西，或者说，外界。

### 6-2

#### en

But she could only ignore that creeping feeling for so long.  
  
Eventually, she sat down on a relatively smooth chunk of stone and anxiously ran a hand through  
her hair. Looking back, she could see a long set of footprints through the faded sand, stretching all  
the way to the horizon. How was it possible there was this much sand? She was starting to get sick  
of it.  
  
After a moment’s thought, she brought her guitar around and held it, again, in her hands.  
And there it was again, instantly: that comfort. It was like... a reassuring parent, or a friend.  
She sighed. Really, that was all that she needed to keep going.  
  
Without thinking, she began to hum a tune. Her fingers strummed the strings, their quiet, tinny  
chords adding that precious harmony to her melody. She could remember how to walk, and she  
could remember how to play. It brought a momentary smile to her lips: how both of these acts  
came about as natural as breathing.  
  
Her lips turned down again a moment later, however, losing their humor. Words were coming to her  
tongue, her teeth, her lips, wanting to be added to this song. At first they were scattered, whirling,  
trying to form a complete, sensible picture.|And so, dressed in black and scarlet, she sang—in this world of white:  
this colorless and seemingly infinite cage.  
  
Gradually, her words gained volume. Her feelings roiled within her, wild, building in intensity.  
These instinctive words weren’t new, nor were they old and forgotten.  
They were always with her, and now they were clawing, screaming their way out of her chest.  
Just speaking them wouldn’t be enough. They needed to be shouted, roared so that they  
resounded in the furthest corners of this dead world. She yelled them as loud as she possibly could.  
  
It just seemed like the right thing to do.  
  
She shouted about confusion. She shouted about the unknown, about the bleak landscapes,  
about the bounteous memories in tiny glass shards flitting past for brief moments before  
disappearing again.  
  
She shouted about—  
  
Fear.|For that one critical moment as she played, she realized what she’d been feeling, deep down.  
This empty world, her empty memories...  
  
They terrified her.  
  
Who was she? What was this quiet place? What was going to happen to her?  
What HAD happened to her?  
  
But she already knew that she might never know. Not here.  
  
Her voice broke for a note, but she pushed past and forced her lungs, should they exist, to their  
limits.  
  
Her fingers flew madly across the six strings. She could hear it vividly in her mind, the power, the  
weaving together of rumbles, screeches, and vibrations.  
  
A storm of her soul and of music—a tumultuous undercurrent rushing beneath her lyrics along  
with the simmering dread, growing into a powerful heat, which reached her eyes as well.|But somehow, in some way she couldn't pinpoint, it made her feel a little better.  
A little less confused, a little less afraid.  
  
After a time, the echoes of her shouting faded out. A few final plucks with her right hand, and she  
dropped it from the strings, her work finished. Her song vanished into the bright sky, the evidence  
it had ever happened now residing within her near-empty memories.  
  
She put her other hand to her eyes and rubbed them, shivering, refusing to look at the heavens  
that had taken her song away.  
  
But then she gave a laugh. It surprised her. It was an honest laugh—and the smile of a job well  
done. She wiped her hand on her dress and sighed to herself.  
  
Man, she hated this place.

#### zh-Hans

不过她终究无法始终回避那股不好的预感。  
  
最终，她坐在了一块稍显平整的岩石上，有些焦虑地用手摆弄着头发。  
她转过头，看到自己在沙尘中留下的脚印，竟已延伸到远方看不清的地平线。  
这片沙漠怎么会这么漫长？她开始有些感到厌恶了。  
  
在片刻的思绪之后，她拿起了自己的吉他，再次握在了手中。  
她瞬间又感受到了那股令人安心的惬意，就好像……来自父母或者友人的安慰。  
她叹了口气。说实话，她能够继续前行的动力完全来自于此。  
  
她很自然地开始哼起一首曲调。  
她的指尖抚过琴弦，电吉他不插电时发出的那种轻声细致的和弦音为旋律赋予了一丝难得的和谐。  
她记得如何行走，记得如何弹奏。  
她的嘴角闪过一丝微笑，这两种行动对她来说就像是呼吸一样自然。  
  
然而片刻过后，她的嘴角再次垂下，失去了笑意。  
歌词已经在她的唇齿之间蠢蠢欲动，随时准备伴随歌曲倾泻而出。  
它们起初是断断续续、吐露不清的，挣扎着编织出一幅完整而有意义的景象。|于是，身着红黑礼服的她唱起了歌——在这个白色的世界里，在这个看似单调而无尽的牢笼里。  
  
逐渐地，她的歌声愈发响亮。她的情感在心中不断澎湃，变得愈发地猛烈。  
这些发自本能的辞藻并非新的歌词，却也不是被遗忘的旧调。  
它们一直都在她的心里，只是现在变得蠢蠢欲动，想要冲出她的胸膛。  
光是唱出来还不够，必须要高声呼喊，竭力嘶吼，才能让它们响彻在这个死寂世界的每个角落。  
她竭尽全力地高喊着。  
  
似乎这就是她最该做的事情。  
  
她放声呼喊，困惑的心绪、迷途的未知、凄凉的景色、  
以及那小小的玻璃碎片中折射出来的那些转瞬即逝的回忆，她向着这一切放声呼喊着。  
  
她声嘶力竭，宣泄着——  
  
恐惧。|在弹奏中的那个瞬间，她终于明白了自己心中的那个感觉是什么。  
这个空虚的世界，她那空虚的记忆……  
  
让她感到害怕。  
  
她是谁？这片死寂的地方是哪里？她曾遭遇什么样的命运？她的过去曾经发生过什么？  
不过她已经知道，自己大概永远也没法知道答案了。至少在这里不行。  
  
她的声音出现了些许的嘶哑，但她催促着喉咙、压迫着心肺，  
就像它们还存在着一样，想要把自己推向极限。  
  
她的手指在六根琴弦上疯狂地舞动。  
她能在脑中清晰地聆听到空气的轰隆、尖啸与震荡，感受到其中蕴含的力量。  
  
这是一股灵魂和音乐的风暴——在她的歌词下，一股令人恐惧的气息从暗中涌动，  
随后又变为强劲的热浪，从她的双眼奔流而出。  
  
但不知为什么，这让她稍微好受了一些，尽管原由连她自己也说不上来。  
至少，这让她不再那么迷惑，也不再那么恐惧。|一段时间后，吼叫的回声终于淡去。她的右手最后拨动了几下，随即从琴弦上垂下。她的歌曲结束了。  
她的歌声消逝在明亮的天空中，这首歌曲曾经存在的证据，如今成为了她几近空白的回忆的一部分。  
  
她用另一只手擦了擦双眼，一边颤抖着，一边拒绝望向那带走了歌声的天空。  
  
但她随后就笑了。这让她自己也很惊讶。这是发自内心的笑容——是实现成就后的笑容。  
她用裙子抹了抹手，又自顾自地叹了口气。  
  
老天啊，这鬼地方真是太讨厌了。

### 6-3

#### en

The world was no less confusing now—no less intimidating, no less empty, no less merciless.  
  
But now, she felt like she could deal with it.  
  
She couldn’t be sure, but she could have sworn that fear was something she was familiar with.  
She knew things about it—how it could make your legs weak, how it could make you run away,  
how it could prevent you from making decisions, how it could control you.  
The fear of the unknown. The fear of failure.  
  
And she could only assume it had been instinct that had led her to play that song.  
Maybe she’d done it before. Maybe she’d shouted through her fear before, in much the same way.  
  
Maybe she had. At least, now she felt like she could handle it.  
She had a firmer grip on that twisted little emotion now.  
If she wanted to stay sane in this baffling world, she needed to keep it in check, keep it from  
controlling her.  
But it would always be there.|She exhaled, then turned in her seat and carefully put her guitar aside, laying it onto the stone.  
Then she heard a soft clink.  
  
A small cloth bag had fallen out of her inside pocket to the stone sticking out above the sand.  
In it were several needles, a little pair of scissors, a thimble, a few spools of thread, and a measure.  
A sewing kit. It had been with her when she’d first woken up. She could only assume it was hers.  
  
When she’d first found the pouch, it had just confused her. She knew what it was for, but had no  
clue why she was carrying it. Each of the accoutrements within was, of course, "known" to her, but  
like the guitar she carried with her... it hadn’t come with any helpful little notes explaining where  
it came from.  
  
But now, when she reached down to retrieve the pouch, upon seeing her sleeve, she froze.  
  
She... knew, didn’t she? How that sleeve was made. She knew the stitches, she knew all of the folds.  
She knew the exact colors. She knew those threads were in the sewing kit.|But any further connection escaped her. She could easily draw conclusions based on logic,  
but her mind still felt closed. That cruel disconnect between knowledge and experience...  
It was agonizing.  
  
Now, though... Now she wouldn’t let herself be overwhelmed by the fear caused by that disconnect.  
She would recognize it, use it. So what if she didn’t remember? What mattered was that she knew.  
  
A concrete goal would certainly help, though. She didn’t have one yet, but maybe, in time,  
she could find one.  
  
A grin crossed her face as she started off again, still thinking of the kit which had just made her  
shiver. Pretty convenient, huh? She could at least keep her clothing intact on this inane journey.  
And with that thought... her outfit certainly wasn’t practical, but it was hers, and she wouldn’t  
give it up for the world.  
  
Yes. It was hers.  
  
That, her guitar, and her sewing kit—in this wasteland of memory, they were all hers.|Knowing that helped a little, and a little help could go a long way.  
  
...A few steps later, something below her caught her eye.  
  
Footprints in the sand...  
  
But they didn’t belong to her.  
  
Crossing her path, leading off to the left, they were definitely a few sizes off.  
She stared the way they headed, and saw that they disappeared behind a few gentle hills.  
  
Another genuine, familiar grin crossed her face.  
  
Huh...  
  
Maybe she’d had an audience after all.

#### zh-Hans

这个世界还是那么令人迷惑——那么可怕，那么空虚，那么冷漠。  
  
但现在，她觉得自己已经能够面对它们了。  
  
她的心里并没有底，但可以肯定，那种恐惧也是她熟悉的东西。  
她了解这种东西——它会让你双腿打颤、让你吓得跑开、让你无法做出决定、  
让你成为被它掌控的傀儡。那是对未知的恐惧，是对失败的恐惧。  
  
她现在只能假设，弹奏这首歌是自己的本能。  
也许她以前就弹奏过，也许她以前就用过相同的方式以咆哮宣泄着恐惧。  
  
也许这些事情都曾经发生过，但至少现在，她觉得自己能应付恐惧了。  
她现在能更好地掌控这种扭曲的情感。  
如果她希望在这个令人困惑的世界中保持理智，就需要时刻注意这种恐惧，  
防止自己被其所掌控。不过，恐惧总是如影随形。|她呼出一口气，然后调整了一下坐姿，将吉他小心地放在身边，靠在了岩石上。  
然后，她听到了一声轻轻的叮当声。  
  
一个小布包从她衣服内侧的口袋里掉了出来，落在了从沙中刺出的岩石上。  
里面是几根针、一把小剪刀、一个顶针、几卷纺线以及一个卷尺。这是一个针线包。  
她在刚苏醒时身上就带着它。她只能猜测这个东西是属于自己的。  
  
她刚发现这个包的时候，心中充满了迷惑。她知道它是干什么用的，但不知道为什么自己会带着它。  
当然，她“知道”里面的所有东西，但就像自己带着的吉他那样……  
并没有什么有用的线索能指出它的由来。  
  
不过现在，当她伸出手想要捡起包时，她看到了自己的袖口，然后身形一凝。  
  
她……是知道的，不是吗？她知道怎么织出这样的袖口。她知道该如何落下针脚。  
她知道每一个褶皱的做法。她知道这些颜色具体叫什么。她知道这些衣线就来自于这个针线包。|但除此之外就没有然后了。她可以轻松地根据逻辑得出结论，但她的回忆仍然被封锁着。  
知识与记忆之间存在着残酷的断层……这简直是一种折磨。  
   
不过现在……她不会让这种断层所造成的恐惧席卷自己的内心了。她会承认它，利用它。  
就算不记得了又怎样呢？重要的是她知道这些东西。  
  
但是，有一个切实的目标总归是好的。  
她目前并没有目标，但也许到了某个时候，她也会找到目标。  
  
她重新动了起来，露出一个发自内心的笑容，一边还在想着这个刚才让她整个人都僵住的针线包。  
这还挺便利的不是么？至少在这令人抓狂的旅行中，她能保持最佳的着装状态了。  
想到这里……她的外套并不是很实用，但这是属于她的，她不会因为任何东西而抛弃它。  
  
对，这是属于她的。  
  
这身衣服，还有吉他、针线包——在这片记忆的荒漠，这些都是属于她的。  
  
知道这些对她来说帮助很大，而这些帮助足以让她在这个世界的道路上充实了许多。|……走过一段路之后，身下的某个东西吸引了她的注意。  
  
沙中的脚印……  
  
但这些脚印并不属于她。  
  
足迹穿过了她的路线，向着左边延伸，尺码显然和她脚下的不同。  
  
她开始沿着脚印走去，然后看到足迹消失在一个小坡后面。  
  
她的脸上又露出了一个发自内心的笑容。  
  
嗯……  
  
到头来，自己好像还真有一个观众哎。

## Mir's Story

### 8-1

#### en

A moonless night blanketed the forest, trying to smother the fires blazing throughout its sprawling  
verdure and the village nestled within.  
  
Crashes and screams. Horrible sounds from horrible shapes, dark against the flames. For some, the  
smoke-filled air was inundated with panic, driving them to run as fast as their legs could carry them.  
  
She, however, felt enveloped in something now familiar to her: an unadulterated thrill of battle.  
  
Her obsidian-colored sword glinted as it cleaved another of the shadowy figures. They were shaped  
like malformed beasts, running on all fours yet fighting dexterously on hind legs. Her cut severed  
its shoulders from the rest of its body—but before it could hit the ground, the body dissipated, as  
though becoming smoke, before rising into the air to join the smoke from the fire.|Save for how the beasts appeared to materialize from the smoke of the forest blaze itself, she didn’t  
know much else about them. There was little to distinguish one from another. For all she knew,  
killing one would simply send its essence back into the clouds, only for it to come back again as  
though nothing had happened.  
  
As she stabbed her ornate blade into another of the shadow-beasts, she spared a glance behind her.  
  
The villagers were nearly through the forest to the safety of the advancing forward line of some  
nation or other.  
  
She needed to protect them—needed to let the thrill within her run its course.  
  
She jumped, spanning almost a field’s length in a single leap, long hair fluttering behind her, to  
behead another beast as it raised a smoky claw to gore a fleeing farmer.  
  
The short, muscular woman paused her escape for just a moment to offer a gesture the  
sword-wielder wasn’t familiar with—perhaps a sign of gratitude—before scrambling away again.|It wouldn’t be much longer now. No matter where she found herself, no matter how advanced the  
world’s technology and no matter what the philosophy of its people, she always had one objective:  
slay, slay, slay—until, presumably, the enemy was gone.  
  
Finally, the last straggler from the village made it to the line of spear-wielding soldiers. She could  
see from here the sweat on the troops’ brows, the fear in their eyes… but she could see the  
determination in their postures as well.  
  
Letting down her sword at last, she exhaled a breath she hadn’t realized she’d kept, knowing what  
was to come next. She felt the weariness hitting her quickly—and, once again, sooner than the last  
time.  
  
The world around her began to fracture, as though it had merely been a projected image made of  
glass. She closed her eyes and smiled an empty smile. Slowly, she let the pale light engulf her...  
  
...and welcome her back into the world of Arcaea.

#### zh-Hans

无月的暗夜笼罩着森林，似乎是想要将熊熊烈火扼杀在小小的村庄里，防止它逃窜到绵延的葱郁之中。  
  
厮杀、嚎叫。与烈火相对应的是漆黑的身影，恐怖的形貌发出可怕的声音。  
空气中弥漫着烟尘和惊恐，这让一些人满心只有夺路狂奔的念头。  
  
但是对她来说，此时此刻内心里所感受到的却是令人刺激与兴奋的战意。  
  
一道微光闪过，她那黑曜石般的长剑又撕裂了一只模糊的躯壳。  
它们看似畸形的野兽，奔跑时四肢着地，战斗时又会灵活地利用后肢。  
她的斩击直接从肩膀处将其一分为二，但对方的残躯尚未落地，  
便如一道烟尘般散去，进而又融入那片火焰散发出的烟尘中。|就算将这些野兽从山火烟尘中化形的原理放在一边，她仍然对它们知之甚少。  
野兽和野兽之间是很难分辨的。就她目前的了解，击杀对方只会将其本源送回烟尘之中，  
然后重新变成野兽，就像一切都没有发生过一样。  
  
她将华丽的剑刃又送入了一只阴影野兽的身体，顺便瞥了一眼背后。  
  
村民们差不多要穿过森林了，那一边是不知哪个国家或势力的军队，  
不断推进的前线想必会庇护他们的安全。  
  
她得保护他们——不能让这股战意前功尽弃。  
  
她纵身跃起，任由长发随风飘逸着，几乎瞬间跨过了整个战场。  
就在野兽即将用烟尘般的爪子撕裂一名逃跑的农民时，她及时赶到并斩下了敌人的头颅。  
  
那个小个子的壮实农妇在逃亡中略一停顿，  
朝着这位陌生的剑舞者比了个手势——可能是表示感谢吧——然后匆忙逃走了。|剩下的事情花不了多少时间。  
无论她发现自己身处何地，无论所在的世界有着怎样先进的科技，无论哪里的人们信奉怎样的思想，  
她都只有一个目的：杀、杀、杀，直到斩除所有敌人为止。  
  
终于，最后一个村民也磕磕绊绊地跑到了挥舞着长矛的士兵面前。她甚至能看到将士们额头上的汗水，  
眼神中的恐惧……但她也看到了他们在搏杀时透露出的坚毅。  
  
最后，她总算把剑放下了，吐出一口自己都没意识到的叹息。她知道接下来会发生什么。  
一阵疲惫快速袭来——比上次更快了。  
  
四周的世界开始破碎，就好像它原本只是一块玻璃所映射出的虚像。她闭上眼睛，无神地笑着。  
惨淡的白光缓缓地包围了她……  
  
……将她迎回了Arcaea的世界。

### 8-2

#### en

Mir did not know her name, and if she had any memories from before this dead world to  
remember, they were lost to her now.  
  
A glass shard—the one that had pulled her this time—briefly spun around her before shooting  
away into the distance. She knew from experience she wouldn’t see it again. They were called  
Arcaea—their name a fragment of knowledge from her awakening of which she did not know the  
origin—and they seemed to show other worlds in the midst of certain situations.  
  
She couldn’t touch the shards, but they could act on her. Over a dozen times now, they had pulled  
her inside, bringing her into those worlds and situations, with the apparent reason always the  
same: to defeat—no, to crush her enemies underfoot.  
  
Inevitably, each time, there would be those unable to fight behind her... though the idea of  
shielding them paled in comparison to the driving, blood-racing thrill of the fight.|She was skilled with this blade she had woken up with—wherever it had come from. And something  
told her that she was too skilled. She could clearly do things that others in these worlds couldn’t.  
In fact, even her enemies didn’t pose much challenge for her in person-to-person combat. The true  
challenge, she was learning, was in the protection of others.  
  
But when she was in the fray, such concerns meant nothing to her. She reveled in the battle—let the  
mirth of violence course through her.  
  
That mirth, however, seemed to be draining from her more quickly after the fact, leaving naught  
but emptiness and exhaustion that took what felt like hours, if not days, to restore. And it seemed  
to be taking longer and longer each time.  
  
The absence of adrenaline led her to ponder these other worlds she was being tossed into. Even  
what had previously seemed to her to be fact, that these were other worlds at all, didn’t feel quite  
right of late. It was almost more like... she was being shown images, ones that for some reason she  
could act within. The answer was obvious, she sensed, as though she should have known it, yet it  
was just beyond her grasp...|Tired, she hefted her sword onto her shoulder and took a look around. White sand, as far as the  
eye could see. A desert, drained of its color, mirroring how drained she herself felt upon returning to  
it. The trail of footprints behind her were exactly as they were before the "spiriting away". Without  
any wind, it was impossible to tell how much time had passed.  
  
Not that time seemed to have much meaning here.  
  
Another calling. Everything turned white again.  
  
Abruptly, she stood somewhere else. Fields charred brown, smoke in the sky, makeshift fences  
erected on land and trenches dug into the ground.  
  
She looked around, suddenly exhausted. The callings had never happened this close together  
before. And where were the weak ones—that throng of faceless actors on the stage, pointless yet  
also perhaps the sole reason for being thrown into battle? More importantly, where were her  
enemies?  
  
Where was her fight?

#### zh-Hans

迷尔并不知道自己的名字，即使她在来到这个死寂世界之前有什么记忆，现在也都遗失了。  
  
一块玻璃碎片——就是这次将她卷入其中的那块——绕着她转了一圈，然后就飞向了远处。  
从经验来看，她再也见不着它了。  
它们叫作Arcaea——这是它们的名字，她在苏醒后就不知为何地知道这一点——  
它们似乎展示着处于某些特定状况的纷纷世界。   
  
她没法触碰这些碎片，但它们能对自己起效。  
至今以来，它们已经将自己卷入其中十多次，让她参与到各种世界和事件当中，  
并且都有着明显相同的目标：击败——不，应该是将敌人碾碎在脚下。  
  
在每一次的经历中，都不可避免地出现一些无法与她并肩作战的人……  
不过，比起保护他们的念头，还是战斗的渴望更让人热血上涌。|她能如臂指使这把苏醒时就带着的宝剑，虽然也不知道它是从哪儿来的。  
她能感觉到，自己的剑技实在是超乎寻常。她显然能做到各个世界中的人们力所不能及的事情。  
事实上，即使是她的敌人，在面对面的决斗中也没法造成多大的挑战。  
她逐渐意识到，真正困难的地方还是在于是否能保护其他人。  
  
不过，一旦她进入战斗状态，这些想法就都被抛之脑后了。战斗让她陶醉，沉醉于暴力所带来的快感。  
  
然而这股喜悦似乎正在以超乎想象的速度褪去，只留下空虚和疲惫，而这要花上许多小时，  
甚至是许多天去恢复。并且，似乎每一次恢复所需的时间都在加长。  
  
空虚的乏力感让她开始思索自己被卷入的那些世界。虽然她之前相信它们是完全不同的世界，  
但近来又有些怀疑。感觉这更像是……她在观看某种影像，并且因为某些原因，她能够与之互动。  
她能感觉到，真相其实显而易见，她本来应该是知道的，只是现在她还抓不到一丝头绪……|她将剑扛上了肩膀，疲惫地望向四周。目光所及之处尽是一片白沙。  
这是一片褪色的沙漠，就像归来后极度空虚的自己。  
她背后的足迹仍然和她“穿越”前的样子分毫不差。因为静滞无风，也没法判断过去了多久。  
  
在这里，似乎时间也没什么意义。  
  
又是一次召唤。眼前再次充满了白光。  
  
她兀然出现在了某个地方。  
战火焦灼的大地，硝烟弥漫的苍穹，四处布设的简易障碍，以及深挖进地面的壕沟。  
  
她茫然四顾，突然感到一阵乏力。  
召唤的地点从没这么近，以前也都会冒出些弱小的敌人——就像是舞台上无面的群演，毫无意义，  
但或许又是那些莫名战斗的唯一意义。更重要的是，她的敌人在哪里？  
  
这次她的战斗在哪里？

### 8-3

#### en

War.  
  
Mir had experienced battle before—but never war.  
  
She now watched people kill one another with deadly efficiency, run for their lives in fear, engage  
in feats of true heroism, engage in displays of utter dishonor...  
  
Every way she turned, she found those weaker than her. Innocent, terrified faces, and all too many  
of them young. They would see her, then look away, as if recognizing her only as a hallucination, a  
trick of the light. She nonetheless tried to protect them. They would then run to their deaths.  
  
Every way she turned, she found enemies. Soldiers leveling weapons at disarmed foes. Terrible  
armaments, disassociated from humanity, delivering death faster than she could have ever believed  
possible. She destroyed them, and then more would appear on the other side.|She jumped to yet another group of people, blue uniforms fighting against red, before making a  
quick judgement and taking down the red ones. Behind, those people she had just protected were  
wiped out in an instant from a strike she hadn’t seen coming.  
  
Fading.  
  
Vessels soared overhead, raining pure destruction down upon the lands. The vessels bore the same  
insignias as those in the blue uniforms. Their fire swiftly took so many lives. Were they the true  
enemy?  
  
Taking a deep breath, she swung her arm back. After a mere moment’s pause to take aim, she spun,  
hurling her sword into the air with a shout. The blade screamed upward at the small formation—  
then tore through them, sending wild oranges and reds scattering through the firmament.  
  
Then she saw the people jumping, and realized her mistake. White flared above and behind them,  
and their descent slowed—parachutes? But they were easy targets against the red side’s weaponry.  
  
The thrill was fading. Quickly.|Exhaustion crept back in.  
  
And with it, despair—hopelessness at this situation over which she seemed to hold no power.  
  
Indecision—the uncertainty of knowing what to do after the errors she’d made, and of who it was,  
exactly, she needed to defeat.  
  
Fright—the fear that her decisions would lead to something even worse.  
  
The thrill was gone.  
  
It felt like a trusted partner had betrayed her. Left her in her moment of need. She reached out with  
her hands, searching for it. It had to be here. She had no fuel without it. Nothing to give her the  
strength to take another step.  
  
Unable to find it, eventually she, like those wounded soldiers, fell to her knees.|Hours passed. The raging battle was now dwindling, leaving behind the true horror of warfare.  
  
She put her hands over her ears to protect herself from their moans, their yells. She shut her eyes  
to block out the sights and smells.  
  
It’s not my fault. It’s not my fault, she told herself.  
  
And yet... it was, still, her fault. She surely could have done something, she thought. She could  
have changed something—anything to prevent this.  
  
When she tried to think about what she could have done, however, she found she couldn’t.  
  
And that process repeated, as it had done the last dozen times. She felt her nerves fraying, panic  
setting in.  
  
Eventually, her surroundings whitened, and she was sent back into the world of Arcaea in the same  
manner as all the other times.|Immediately, she crumpled to the ground, breathing heavily. Her sword, which she’d thrown into  
the air hours before, dropped down beside her, hitting the sand lengthwise with a dry clap.  
  
She sat there, eyes closed, trying to forget, trying to make her mind go blank, trying to keep out the  
sheer whiteness of this damned world’s sky.  
  
What was she doing here? What did this world want from her?  
  
Ever since her awakening, she’d only been given the time to ponder her summonings and to sleep.  
But her lack of memories hung there in the back of her mind like a haunting phantom.  
  
What did SHE want to do?  
  
She thought, and thought, and realized she didn’t know.|So she turned her head to look back along the sands, gazing at the long trail of footprints  
stretching out behind her. She wished she knew where she was going.  
  
Unbeknownst to her, however, that trail of footprints had already been joined by another, still quite  
far off.  
  
But for now, she prayed. She didn’t know to whom, but she prayed regardless, hoping that she  
would be granted just a little bit of respite, now, on these empty, white dunes.

#### zh-Hans

战争。  
  
迷尔经历过战斗——但从未经历战争。  
  
她现在看到了，人们以致命的效率相互残杀，有时惊慌躲闪，有时英勇无畏，有时又丑态百出……  
  
无论她走向哪里，她都发现别人比她弱小。那是些无辜、害怕又太过年轻的面庞。  
他们看到她，然后又看向别处，好像把她当成了幻觉，一丝海市蜃楼。  
她试过不顾一切地保护他们，但他们只会自己迈向死亡。  
  
无论她走向哪里，她都能发现敌人。士兵们会对已经缴械的敌人举起武器。  
那些与人性毫无关联的可怕兵器以她未能想象的速度散播着死亡。  
即使她摧毁它们，也只会有更多的兵器从四面八方冒出来。|她冲向另一群人，那里一群身着蓝衣和红衣的两派人马正在彼此交战。  
她迅速地做出判断，然后干掉了那些身着红衣的家伙。  
然而在她身后，刚才救下来的那些人却被一种她从未见过的方式瞬间灭杀。  
  
就这样消散殆尽。  
  
在头顶上呼啸着的飞行物，如同倾盆大雨般毁灭着地上的一切。  
那些飞行物上的徽记和身着蓝衣的人身上的一样。它们发出的火焰迅速地带走了诸多的生命。  
难道说，它们才是该对付的敌人吗？  
  
她深呼吸，然后向后挥动手臂，摆出发力的架势。在片刻的瞄准之后，她猛地转动身体，  
怒吼着向空中掷出长剑。利剑划破空气朝那群飞行物飞去，然后如天国之刃般撕裂了它们，  
在蔚蓝的天空中绽放出橘色与红色的鲜明火焰。  
  
然后她看到一群人从飞行物中跳了出来，这让她觉得自己的所作所为依然是错误的。  
白色从那些人的头顶和背后膨胀开来，随后下落的速度也逐渐放缓。  
是降落伞吗？但对于红方的武器来说，这都是些简单的靶子而已。  
  
战意正在，快速地消失。|疲惫又逐渐占据了她。  
  
随之而来的还有，绝望——她对战场上的千变万化束手无力。  
  
茫然——在犯下错误之后，她手足无措，更不知自己究竟要去击败谁。  
  
恐惧——她害怕自己的决定会导致更糟糕的情况。  
  
战意消失了。  
  
就好像一位可靠的伙伴背叛了她，在她危难的关头弃她而去。  
她双手摸索着，想要找回它。  
怎么能没有它呢？  
否则她可就要失去动力了，今后再也无力迈出任何一步。  
  
她终究还是没能找回它，最后也跟那些受伤的士兵一样，双膝跪地。|不知多少个小时过去。  
  
战场上的怒号已经淡去，只留下战后真正的创伤。  
  
她双手捂住耳朵，想要隔离那些呻吟和哀叫。她闭上眼睛，想要忽略那些惨象和腥味。  
  
她自言自语着：“这不是我的错，不是我的错。”  
  
然而……这就是她的错。她觉得自己本来肯定是能做些什么。  
她也许能改变些什么——想尽办法地去阻止这一切。  
  
然而，当她思考自己能做些什么时，她发现自己无能为力。  
  
这样的思绪不断重复，在她的脑海中萦绕徘徊不去。她感觉自己头晕目眩，心慌神颤。  
  
最后，她的四周再次被白光笼罩，她被送回了Arcaea世界，一如往常。|她立刻就瘫倒在了地上，大口喘着气。  
她的剑本来在几小时前就被扔上了天，此刻却也横着掉在她身旁， 在沙子上发出干瘪的碰撞声。  
  
她闭着眼坐了起来，试图忘记一切，试图放空心神，试图不再理会这片纯白世界。  
  
她来这里是干嘛的？她为什么会出现在这里？  
  
自从她苏醒后，她的时间只足够拿来睡眠和思考自己之所以被召唤至此的问题。  
但她缺失的记忆一直是心头挥之不去的阴霾。  
  
她本来是想要干嘛的？  
  
她想了又想，还是想不出来。|于是她又转过头，看向这片沙漠，盯着背后那条向后延伸出去的脚印。  
她真希望自己能知道本来的目的地是哪里。  
  
她不知道的是，她的脚印已经与另一条相连了，虽然距离是有些远。  
  
但现在，她所能做的只有祈祷。她不知道该向谁祈祷，但她还是如此做着，  
希望在这片空虚的白色沙漠中，自己能得到哪怕一丝的慰藉。

## Ayu's Story

### 11-1

#### en

Between her teeth, the flat, hard surfaces feel—they FEEL right, and comfortable.  
  
The sharp and jagged edge tickles her tongue.  
  
A memory of loss: of desperation, failure, and ultimately anguish. These aren't the words she'd use...  
She would describe this memory as "sad", herself. In anticipation, her lips tug upward with  
a giddiness she cannot hide.  
  
She already knows—this will be savory.  
  
Now, she bites into the glass.|"Ahh," utters the white and black (and orange, and green), bat-like creature at her right.  
"Well, that's fine."  
  
This is Fans.  
  
"Were you hungry?" asks the black and white (and green, and orange), bat-like creature at her left.  
"Tell us when you are!"  
  
This is Drem.  
  
"Mmm!" she moans with glee, holding her cheek. The glass has broken between her teeth. The shards  
and dust coat her tongue. It feels warm. It tastes like a fine dinner: like meat, with flowing, salt-kissed  
juices.  
  
But her vocabulary is, again, somewhat limited. All she has to say to describe the taste, as a bit  
of saliva drops from the corner of her mouth, is "Delicious!"|"That's great, Ayu!" Fans exclaims, flapping its wings excitedly.  
  
"It's yummy!" she declares before swallowing the remaining fragments.  
  
Drem hovers behind her with some curiosity. "Huh, 'yummy'." It repeats. "What sort of 'yummy', Ayu?"  
  
"Like... steak!" With this stated, she begins to march forward, and her "bat" familiars follow.  
  
"What does steak taste like?"  
  
"Oh, Drem..." she sighs, with the same intonation that she might use for a lost child. "You're so dumb!"  
  
"I just don't know what steak tastes like," Drem asserts. "Like what?" it asks.|"Like meat!" she declares, and—spotting something unusual—she plucks a shining piece of glass  
from the air.  
  
"So, salty?" asks Drem.  
  
"And yummy!" she reminds it, popping the new glass between her lips. It is a memory of celebration:  
accomplishment, new life, and mirth. She would call it "happy".  
  
And Fans announces, "Yeah! Having something sweet after something salty is common sense!"  
  
"See? Fans is smarter than you, Drem," she says, laughing once through her nose.  
  
"I was going to say that," says Drem. "I knew that, and I was going to say it."|Sucking on her new glass, she absently answers "Uh-huh" and begins to hum, swinging her arms to  
her chosen time. The glass tastes and feels like sugar.  
  
A world of white stretches out before them. Behind them, the land is filled with ruins. Before and  
behind are the same—  
  
And everywhere, there is glass.  
  
Everywhere, a waiting meal.  
  
She splits the memory apart with her molars. Its history dies.  
  
The world is full of food, and ever since she awakened, she has been ceaselessly hungry.

#### zh-Hans

她在齿间感受到平坦而又坚硬的表面，那种感觉对味且舒心。  
  
尖锐而带锯齿状的边角逗弄着她的舌尖。  
  
这是一份关于失去、绝望、失败而最终只剩下痛苦的记忆。但这些并不是她所会使用的词语……  
如果要她来说的话，她会把这样的一份记忆形容成“悲伤”。怀着悸动的心，她的嘴角不禁上扬  
雀跃的情绪表露无遗。  
  
她已经可以预见这份记忆会有多么地可口。  
  
接着，她大口咬下吞没了那片玻璃。|“唔……”一只白黑相间（还有橘色和绿色）、长得像蝙蝠的生物在她的右手边这样说道：  
“嗯，应该没关系。”  
  
这位是凡斯。  
  
“你肚子饿了吗？”一只黑白相间（还有绿色和橘色）、长得像蝙蝠的生物在她的左手边这样说道：  
“饿的时候要记得跟我们说一声唷！”  
  
这位是德莱姆。  
  
“嗯！”她脸上洋溢着笑靥闷哼着，双手抱着脸颊。记忆的玻璃在她的牙齿之间碎裂开来，  
碎片和粉尘包覆了她的舌头，这股感觉好温暖。尝起来像是一道精致的晚餐，感觉是肉，  
带点顺口且沾了些盐的酱汁调味。  
  
但是她再次词穷，找不到适当的词汇来描述这样的感觉。一滴滴口水从她的嘴角倾泻而下，  
她唯一脱口而出用来形容这种味觉的词语，就只有“好吃！”。|“那样很好啊，彩梦！”凡斯惊呼道，并且兴奋地拍动翅膀。  
  
“好好吃！”她先这么说道，然后才把剩下的玻璃碎片吞进肚里。  
  
德莱姆拍动翅膀飘浮在她身后，满脸好奇的样子。“‘好吃’是吗。”它重复对方所说的话。  
“彩梦，所谓的‘好吃’是怎样呢？”  
  
“就好像……牛排！”说完，她便只身向前，她的“蝙蝠”伙伴则是紧跟在后。  
  
“牛排吃起来是什么味道？”  
  
“噢，德莱姆……”她叹气道，语调仿佛像是在跟迷路的小孩说话一样。“你怎么这么笨啊！”  
  
“我就是不知道牛排尝起来是什么味道嘛！”德莱姆坚定地说道。“味道如何？”它问道。|“跟肉一样！”她说道，随即便发现身旁的异状，她从空中取了一片闪闪发光的玻璃放到手中。  
  
“这么说，是咸的咯？”德莱姆问道。  
  
“而且很好吃！”她提醒对方，并把这片新的玻璃直往嘴间送。这是一份关于庆祝  
成就、新生命和欢笑的记忆，如果以她的话来说，这份记忆名为“快乐”。  
  
凡斯说道：“是啊！吃了咸的食物之后，要吃点甜食，这可是基本常识哦！”  
  
“你看吧，凡斯比你聪明多了，德莱姆。”她嗤之以鼻地说道。  
  
“我正想要这么说呢。”德莱姆说道。“我当然知道，我本来就要这么说。”|她吸吮着这份新的玻璃，只是心不在焉地随便回了一句“嗯哼”，接着便挥舞着手臂哼唱起来。  
这片玻璃的味道和触觉都像是糖。  
  
她们眼前是一望无际、向前延伸的白色世界。她们身后的土地，则是布满着废墟。不论是身前还是身后，  
都是一样的——  
  
不论所到何处，四周都有玻璃碎片。  
  
无论何处都是现成的大餐。  
  
她用臼齿将记忆的碎片咬成两半，这个记忆的历史就这样随风飘散。  
  
这个世界充满着食物，而且她从苏醒以来，就没有任何一刻不觉得饿的。

### 11-2

#### en

They never tire: not her, nor her bats.  
  
Drem sits on her head and beats its wings into her face. Fans is flying high,  
and shouting about crowds—  
  
"Crowds of... white!" the familiar cries. "White glass, Ayu!"  
  
"Sweets?" Ayu asks through the still-beating wings. As it continues to thump  
her mouth and nose, her second bat enunciates:  
  
"Go. To. The. Right!"  
  
Fans adds, "Yeah! The right!"|"More sweets?" Ayu asks once more. "More sweets..." she groans as her shoulders sink.  
Wings continue to strike her forehead softly. "You already know I like it more with some, y'know...  
That I like VARIETY more, guys..."  
  
"That's not how it works," Fans tells her.  
  
And she asks, "It's not how 'what' works?"  
  
Finally, Drem lifts from her head.  
  
"Ayu," it addresses her, flapping now in front of her face rather than into it, "aren't you hungry?"  
  
"I'm always hungry," she replies. And, she rolls her eyes, saying, "Come on, Drem."|"Then it's better if you have a big meal!" Drem cries, beating its wings enthusiastically. She recognizes  
the motions, slouches slowly, and her gaze begins to drift. "There's a lot of gla—... if you ea—...  
Have a better... That's... And..."  
  
She spots a menagerie of shards on a path between two houses from two cultures. She can tell at a  
glance that memories of pleasures and memories of pains await her there. She glances at Drem,  
then starts wandering toward the path.  
  
"Mm-hmm?" she replies, hearing the upward inflection of a question from her more pestering bat.  
  
"That's right!" it shouts. "So—"  
  
She continues to walk, and soon finds herself along the path proper, queer glass floating overhead.  
She sees old days in the reflections. Her stomach growls.|And she grabs an opposing pair.  
  
With light in one hand, and conflict in the other, Ayu brings both pieces of glass toward her mouth...  
and chomps down.  
  
The mixture is at once a delight.  
  
"Aaah... there you go again," Drem sighs, finally realizing that it has lost her attention.  
  
"Wrong, wrong, wrong," bemoans her bat Fans. "It's not HERE that's a problem, it's the...  
The big mess we were telling you to...! Hahhh..." It sighs. It relents. And, it admits:  
"At least she looks happy."  
  
"Well," Drem begins, pausing a little while before it says, "yes. At least she looks happy."|It is only the truth: these are two tastes that taste great together. It is a rare thing to find them side by  
side, and so she always feels coaxed by the opportunity. What this is is a treasure trove. Now, her  
smile is interminable.  
  
But after, her bats will beckon her again. Next time, she will listen. Like glass between her teeth, she  
finds that hearing them, sometimes, feels altogether "correct". And that correctness is satisfying. She  
is driven by satisfaction—she acts to the end of satiation. It is a simple existence, but does existence  
need to be anything more?  
  
Ultimately, if listening might let her be sated...  
  
And if silence will sate her too, now and then...  
  
Then her ears will be open, and her tongue will, for a time, be still.

#### zh-Hans

她们永远都不会累，她不会，那两只蝙蝠也不会。  
  
德莱姆坐在她头上，两边的翅膀开始拍打她的脸庞。凡斯飞翔在高空，大喊有一大群——  
  
“一大群……白色的东西！”她的伙伴大喊。“彩梦，是白色的玻璃！”  
  
“甜食吗？”彩梦不顾眼前不断拍动的翅膀问道。就在她的嘴巴和鼻子还在因为咀嚼的动作而上下起伏时，  
第二只蝙蝠说道：  
  
“往右边走，快！”  
  
凡斯附和道：“没错！往右！”|“有更多的甜食吗？”彩梦再次问道。“更多的甜食……”她发出呻吟，双肩下垂。  
翅膀还在轻轻拍打着她的前额。“各位，你们明明就知道我比较喜欢……你知道的……喜欢多一  
点食物种类……”  
  
“根本不是那样的，好吗？”凡斯这样告诉她。  
  
而她则问道：“‘什么’不是怎样？”  
  
德莱姆此时终于从她头上飞开。  
  
“彩梦。”它呼唤对方，双翼不再往她脸上拍打，而是在她的面前拍动。“你不是很饿吗？”  
  
“我哪次不饿。”她回应道。她翻了个白眼接着说道：“来吧，德莱姆。”|“那样的话，你还是吃份大餐比较好哦！”德莱姆大喊，激动地拍动着它的翅膀。她认得那股动能，  
双脚缓步向前、眼神开始游移。“那里有好多的玻——……如果吃——……更好的……  
那真是……还有……”  
  
她在两旁风格迥异的建筑之间的道路上看见满满的玻璃碎片。她一眼就能看出，  
那些记忆里面有着快乐和痛苦在等着她。她瞥了德莱姆一眼，接着便动身往那条道路慢慢晃了过去。  
  
“嗯哼？”她在听见其中那只比较烦人的蝙蝠尾音上扬的问句后，这样回覆道。  
  
“没错！”它大叫道。“那么——”  
  
她继续往前走，很快就来到刚才看到的那条道路，奇怪的玻璃碎片飘浮在头顶上方的空中。  
她从玻璃的倒影中看见了过去的景象，她的肚子发出咕噜咕噜的叫声。|接着，她又伸手去抓了另一片不同的玻璃碎片。  
  
一只手握住光明，另一只手掌握着纷争，彩梦将两块玻璃碎片同时往嘴里送……然后大口咬下。  
  
混合在一起的味道立刻就让她着了迷。  
  
“啊……你又来了。”德莱姆叹气道，它这才发现原来对方早就没在搭理它了。  
  
“不对、不对，这样不对。”她的蝙蝠凡斯哀叹道。“有问题的并不是这个地方，而是……  
我们刚才提到的那一团混乱……！唉……”它叹口气，心想算了。接着，它承认道：  
“至少她看起来很开心。”  
  
“嗯。”德莱姆停顿了一下才又接续着说道：“你说得对，至少她看起来很开心。”|确实如此，这两种味道混合在一起实在美味至极。毕竟鲜少有机会看到这两种玻璃碎片同时出现，  
所以她每次都会想要多把握这种机会。此地乃一宝库也，她笑得合不拢嘴。  
  
但是下次，她的这两只蝙蝠还会再提醒她。而且下次，她会懂得听对方的劝告。  
就好比玻璃碎片在齿间滑动的感觉，她发现这两只蝙蝠所说的话偶尔也是“正确”的，  
而这样的正确感令她感到满足。她受到满足感所驱使，并且会为了获得满足感而采取行动。  
这样的存在朴实无华，但存在是否还需要更多的理由呢？  
  
如果说倾听他人的意见与想法能够让她感到满足的话……  
  
又或者说如果寂静与沉默也能偶尔令她感到畅快的话……  
  
如果是这样，那么她愿意在短暂的片刻中张大耳朵、用舌尖仔细品味。

### 11-3

#### en

They lose sight of the swarm of sweets, but soon find themselves at something wide, dark, and  
most probably very delicious.  
  
Ayu, Fans, and Drem stand at a fractured ledge leering above a pit of black glass, which swirls,  
churns, and kills light. Its pieces scrape against one another, and the sound produced is reminiscent  
of a wail. Those confined memories of ends and falls seem to be screaming in agony. Ayu looks  
upon it all—in a word—curiously. The world feels odd.  
  
"Ayu," says Drem, causing her to glance its way. "Fly into it," the bat bids.  
  
She answers, "'Kay," and she steps from the ledge.|With her arms held out, her descent slows immediately. Glass whips around her carelessly,  
unbidden and unrepelled. She holds her hand out, and the vortex ceases. She calls the shards  
to her hand.  
  
And so, she begins to eat.  
  
"Good, Ayu."  
  
"Great, Ayu!"  
  
She smiles. She frowns.  
  
Truly, the hunger never fades.|The shards, the fragments, the dust—they all seem to vanish into nothing when she gulps them down.  
  
It is for that reason she values taste. Cracking glass between her teeth accomplishes little else. In fact,  
what she thinks is a stomach often merely feels like a void she is continually compelled to feed.  
  
For the feeling. For the ache. And, of course, for her waiting tongue. She bites, she feasts, and light  
slowly returns.  
  
Her curiosity fades, and the odd sensation of the world along with it. In little time, the vortex is gone,  
and she is running her tongue along the edge of her teeth.  
  
Satisfied.|She grins brightly.  
  
"That was great!" she shouts.  
  
"Yeah!" Fans agrees.  
  
"It looked delicious," Drem affirms.  
  
She does not hate her bats. They want her to smile, and she knows that.  
  
And they know her stomach is always empty.|She lands on the earth and frolics ahead. They chat about colors. They chat about flight, and food.  
  
This is the world to them, and this is why they are here.|"What's that?" Drem speaks up suddenly.  
  
"Oh... What is it?" Fans adds, looking to where its fellow familiar is staring.  
  
Ayu lifts her gaze to the skies.  
  
Above, a shard of glass, entirely alone, floats still and steady in the air.  
It shifts that air. Its reflection is unreadable.  
  
"Eat that, Ayu," says Fans.  
  
"Go eat it," says Drem.|And easily, Ayu agrees with a strong and cheerful nod. Her bats take flight, and she does too.  
With a smile, she faces the aberrant glass.  
  
"Who knows?" she says as they approach. "Maybe it'll fill me up."

#### zh-Hans

充满甜味的大量玻璃碎片从视野中消失，但她们很快就又找到了一大片乌漆墨黑、看似相当美味的碎片。  
  
彩梦、凡斯和德莱姆站在一处破碎的平面，用觊觎的眼神看着下方那一团黑色玻璃，这些碎片不断旋转、  
搅动并抹灭光线。玻璃碎片彼此碰撞摩擦，发出的声响令人联想到悲鸣与哀号。  
有关终结和殒落的记忆被囚禁着，似乎正在发出痛苦的哭喊。彩梦看着这一幕，内心充满好奇的想法。  
这个世界感觉好奇怪。  
  
“彩梦。”德莱姆说道，这使她短暂将视线从这团玻璃身上移开。“飞进去吧。”这只蝙蝠鼓励她这么做。  
  
她回答道：“好啊。”接着便从脚下的平台一跃而下。|她伸展双手，下落的速度瞬间趋缓。她不断碰撞到围绕在身旁的玻璃，虽然这些碎片不请自来，  
但她也并不排斥。她向前伸出自己的手，这股由碎片所形成的漩涡戛然而止。她呼唤玻璃来到自己的手中。  
  
接着，她便开始进食。  
  
“彩梦，很好。”  
  
“彩梦，很棒！”  
  
她露出笑容。她皱起眉头。  
  
确实，她内心的饥饿感从未消散。|不论是玻璃、碎片还是粉尘，在她大口咬下的那个瞬间似乎都会消散无踪。  
  
也正因为如此，她才会如此重视味觉这件事。她在大口咬碎玻璃时，  
味觉几乎是她所获得的唯一回应。老实说，她常常感到自己的肚腹只是一个虚无的空间，  
而她则必须不断去填补那个无底洞。  
  
为求拥有感觉，为求体验疼痛。当然，也为了满足她那嗷嗷待哺的舌尖。她大口咀嚼、大快朵颐，  
亮光逐渐重返她周遭的世界。  
  
她内心里的好奇消失了，这个世界所带来的那股奇怪的感觉也随之散去。没过多久，  
碎片的漩涡便消失无踪，她的舌尖空舔着自己的牙齿。  
  
心满意足。|她露出一抹灿烂的笑容。  
  
“好棒！”她大叫道。  
  
“对啊！”凡斯同意道。  
  
“看起来很美味。”德莱姆也表示认同。  
  
她并不讨厌自己的这两只蝙蝠，她内心里知道，对方只是想要逗她笑。  
  
它们也知道她总是有着强烈的饥饿感。|她降落到地面上，开开心心地向前走。她们聊到了颜色、聊到了飞行和食物。  
  
这就是她们所在的世界，而这也正是她们之所以出现在这里的原因。|“那是什么？”德莱姆突然说道。  
  
“噢……是什么呢？”凡斯跟着说道，并跟随它伙伴的目光看去。  
  
彩梦抬起头来，把目光移向天空。  
  
在她的头顶上，有一块玻璃碎片形单影只的飘浮在空中，一动也不动。它使周遭的空气发生改变，  
从那块碎片所倒映出的影像当中看不出任何端倪。  
  
“彩梦，快去吃它。”凡斯说道。  
  
“快去吃吧。”德莱姆说道。|彩梦丝毫没有犹豫，只是很坚定、很开心地点点头。她和她的两只蝙蝠一起向上空飞去。  
挂着一抹笑容的她面对着这块怪异的玻璃。  
  
“说不定……”她一边靠近那块玻璃、一边说道：“这个或许能够填饱我的肚子。”

## Vita's Story

### 12-1

#### en

What does it mean to "know"?  
  
Is it what one thinks? What one sees? What one feels? What one hears?  
  
Is perception what grants certainty?  
  
Certainly.  
  
Certainly the "known" is what one perceives, through their senses or through whatever they're told.  
  
For a child especially, that is certainly true.|I want to talk about somebody here: somebody whom I've never met, but whom I feel sure that I know.  
  
Once, I gathered all of her memories and lined them up, and in a way it created a story...  
  
This is how it began...  
  
...In the terribly far reaches of an unremarkable universe existed a typical celestial body. Upon it,  
its people were united. From the age of ten, the children here had a chance to awaken to something  
they may have been born with, which would stay with them until their seventeenth year: something  
remarkable within the unremarkable universe. What they wished and what they thought could  
manifest within reality.|They weren't gods, but they were unusual architects. And with their magnificent  
abilities, they could protect their world.  
  
Of the few boys and girls born so special, our child was another.  
  
The country's name... I don't remember. The world's, too—I don't recall. Her  
name, though, was... is "Vita".  
  
Vita woke up in her room one day, and saw above her the night sky through a  
dimmed window. As she woke, so did her friends around her. They each wished  
one another a good "morning" and rose for the evening. They had done so every  
night for the past two years. They went to ready themselves in the washrooms.  
They talked about audio dramas they followed, and about books and comics they  
would read. They talked about their dreams.|Vita and the rest, dressed in their uniforms, walked toward the central command room, still  
speaking frivolously.  
  
The universe was at war.  
  
Powers vying for things beyond the children's understanding would occasionally try to breach  
their territory in space, but largely, those powers fought amongst themselves. Her planet  
represented neutrality, and she and the other children were one of several essential bodies  
tasked for maintaining that neutrality..  
  
There were the men and women who fought in and above the skies. There were the other adults  
who used their words and acumen to broker good relations between her world and others. There  
were the expat soldiers and diplomats who would ensure whatever stability could be ensured in  
those times of violence and decay. And there was the Nerve/Mind Pathway/Grid Measure—in small  
applications a nuisance, and in large-scale invincible and, in the opinion of many outside of  
her world, a sleeping terror.|I will curb the exposition and narrate.  
  
Vita entered central command taking no pause at its grandiosity and majesty—no hesitation at the  
cacophony of thoughts and wills swirling throughout the massive, several-storied atrium. She and  
her friends had a part to play, and as they neared their assigned seats, their chatter naturally  
dying, they could all hear one another's minds pulling away from the frivolous as they attuned  
instead to their vital responsibility.  
  
For a world of worth, for peace and prosperity beyond any other throughout all the reaches of  
space—beyond any other within any land.|She connected to the NMPGM. She focused down, quieted the others in her mind...and began to tend  
to her part of the pathways.  
  
She let nothing bother her. She did her work.  
  
...Until it came about that she received an unknown signal.

#### zh-Hans

“认知”意味着什么？  
  
是我们的所想？还是我们的所见？又或者是我们的所感？亦或是我们的所闻？  
  
感知到的事物，就一定是真切的？  
  
必然如此。  
  
所谓的“认知”，必然是一个人透过自己的感官或是他人的说明所获得的感知。  
  
尤其对小孩来说，这更是个必然的真理。|我想要跟你介绍一个人，这个人我素昧平生，但我很确定我认识对方。  
  
曾经，我汇集了她的所有记忆，并且把这些记忆拼凑在一起，通过某种方式成为了一则故事……  
  
这个故事是这样的……  
  
……在某个不起眼的宇宙中，某个地处偏远的边陲地带，存在着一颗普通的星体。  
居住在这颗星体上的人民团结一心。那个文明下的孩童从十岁开始就有机会觉醒从出生起就潜在的能力，  
然后一直保持这样的状态直到十七岁，可谓是这个不起眼的宇宙中相当不寻常的特质。  
这些孩童的所思所想，能够直接在现实世界中具现化。|他们不是神，但他们确实是拥有惊人能力的建筑师。他们凭借着这股超凡力量守护自己的世界。  
  
我们的孩子，便是这些少数拥有如此超能力的孩童当中的一个。  
  
那个国家的名称……我不记得了。那个世界也是……我记不清了。不过我还记得，  
她的名字是……“维塔”。  
  
某天，维塔在她的房间醒来，透过头顶上的天窗看见户外昏暗的夜色。随后，  
她身旁的朋友也纷纷醒了过来。他们互道“早安”，却是在暮色中起身。过去这两年来，  
他们每晚都重复着这样的例行公事。  
他们走去洗手间清洗准备。他们谈论着最近正在收看的有声剧以及近期开始阅读的书本或漫画。  
他们谈论着自己的梦境。|维塔和其他人穿着同样的制服，在轻松愉快的交谈声中，来到了中央指挥室。  
  
这个宇宙正处于战争。  
  
各方强权争夺着孩子无法理解的事物，战火偶尔会烧到他们在外太空的领域，  
不过这些强权大部分时候都只会彼此互相争斗。她的星球在这场战争中采取中立态度，  
而她和其他孩童则是少数被选中的重要人物，必须负起重大使命维护这样的和平。  
  
那里有在天空之上战斗的男女；那里有用尽文字与决策与其他世界维稳关系的大人；  
那里有在充满暴力和混乱的时期维护秩序稳定的外派士兵和使节；此外，  
那里还有神经／心灵通道／网格测量（统称 NMPGM），仅些微的力量便能造成干扰，  
而若释放全力则无可阻挡。对于其他世界的许多人来说，这样的能力就是活生生的梦魇。|这个部分我就不再多加赘述。  
  
维塔进入中央指挥室，没有多花心思去赞叹这个巨大空间的宏伟，  
也没有在几层楼高的巨大中庭内因为像漩涡一样汹涌澎湃的混杂思绪和意念而踌躇片刻。  
她和她的朋友必须扮演好自己的角色，随着他们走向各自的座位，彼此的交谈声逐渐淡去。  
大家都能感应到彼此的心灵在背负起沉重的责任后不再如刚开始那般放松。  
  
他们要为了这个世界、为了和平与繁荣而奋斗——这超乎了太空中的每一片领地，  
领地上的每一位人民。|她连接至NMPGM。她集中精神，透过意念让大家安静下来……然后开始着手处理她所负责的通道。  
  
她将一切抛诸脑后，尽责致力于自己的工作。  
  
……直到她突然之间收到一个未知信号。

### 12-2

#### en

...The night before:  
  
Through their briefings, they were informed of what they needed to know.  
  
About the disorder continuing on another planet, about the hijackings of their vessels within foreign  
space, about the entertainment planned for later in the week...  
  
They tended to ignore the death, and discuss coming concerts—or they tended to talk happily of  
accomplishments. For example...|A friendlier system beside the fourth planet out always seemed to help their own. They had a simple  
deal with that system: allowing this other society to utilize the NMPGM while they provided resources  
from that perpetually dangerous planet with a turbulent atmosphere.  
  
Her society was magnanimous, mostly: give, receive—such relationships served them well. Often,  
people tried to use or infiltrate the psychically guarded networks quietly, for their own gain.  
She did not know much, but Vita at least knew that if you wanted something, you were better off  
simply asking for it.  
  
She sometimes asked what that other planet's disorder—the planet she'd been briefed on again the  
night before—what its disorder truly stemmed from. To her, their fighting over what sounded like  
lost and easily forgettable grudges sounded foolish, stupid, needless.|She'd often say...  
  
"...It's not like it's hard to find things in this world to be happy about."  
  
Keep this in mind.|That day she received an unknown signal...  
  
As she fortified the part of the path she was charged with, she heard, "west and  
seeking aid. Coordinates are—"  
  
And as she flinched, and as she looked around her at the other seated children,  
she realized that she was the only person hearing this voice.  
  
As she entered the coordinates she was given into the computer beside her  
workstation, she steeled herself and sent out a thought:  
  
"Rank and designation? Are you in Engineering or Communications? Why are you  
offworld?"  
  
Her questions were answered with silence. She nervously continued her duties,  
ever mindful of the source of the transmission.  
  
And eventually, it answered again.|"You can hear me? Wait—it actually works?"  
  
"If I can hear you, you should know how to 'talk'. Are you not a Psychic?"  
  
She paused. That was... a rather unsettling notion.  
  
She told the other voice, "I'll be keeping your signal open and bridging  
you to the commanders of—"  
  
"Wait! You have to be one of the architects of the NMPGM, right!? From  
that neutral country...!"  
  
"There's nowhere that wouldn't know that," she answered, irritation creeping  
over her fingers. "Initiating bridge—"|"J-Just like I thought! The whole lot of you are arrogant—I knew this wouldn't work!  
Why'd they assign me for it..."  
  
Unintentionally, she slowly pinched at her armrest.  
  
"I'm not arrogant," she replied. "Whatever infiltration methods you're using, they're  
going to be found out. I must inform you that our network and people aren't things you  
want to play with. If you break us out of neutrality, we break you. U-Understood?"  
  
"What happens when you break it first?" asked the voice.  
  
And her voice was delivered with a hiss: a sharply sent, "What?"  
|"I said, what happens when you break your neutrality first?"  
  
"That's never happened, and it wouldn't happen."  
  
"So you've never heard of Petorh."  
  
And when she made to reply—she realized that she hadn't.|"I'm closing this transmission," said the voice, "but I'll open it again. Use your vast  
networks to search 'Petorh'—they don't censor everything over there, right? You're  
supposed to be a good place. Goodbye."  
  
And so the transmission ended.  
  
With her heart beating, she returned to her work before any disruption could be noticed.  
  
She hadn't heard of Petorh, but she would look into it when the sun rose again.

#### zh-Hans

……前一个晚上：  
  
大家在简报中听取了自己所需要知道的一切资讯。  
  
关于另一颗星球源源不绝的混沌、关于他们的船舰在领域之外遭到劫持的事件、  
关于预定在下个礼拜进行的娱乐项目……  
  
他们试图无视死亡的消息，而讨论着即将举办的音乐会，  
或是开心聊着各种大大小小的成就。举例来说……|除了第四星球以外，另一个更友善的星系似乎总是能够自给自足。他们跟那个星系之间有  
个简单的交易：他们同意让那群人使用NMPGM，而作为交换，那群人需要从那颗大气扰动强烈、  
无时无刻都危机四伏的星球中给他们提供资源。  
  
她的同胞心胸宽厚，至少大多数人都懂得给予和接受，这样的关系对他们很有利。  
人们常常会试着静悄悄地使用或入侵具有心理防卫机制的网络，以此为自己牟利。  
虽然维塔对此并没有太多了解，但她至少明白其中的道理：如果想要什么东西，  
还是坦白向对方开口比较好。  
  
她有时会询问另一颗星球的混沌究竟从何而起。在她昨晚听取的简报中，  
有关那颗星球的消息再次出现。那是问题真正的症结点。对她来说，  
那些因为鸡毛蒜皮的小事而引起的战争听上去都很愚蠢而且没有必要。|她常常说……  
  
“……在这个世界要找点能让自己开心的事情没那么难吧？”  
  
记住这句话。|她在那天接收到了某个未知的信号……  
  
她加强自己负责看管的通道时听见一道声音：“西边需要协助，座标是——”  
  
她的身体一阵颤抖，在环顾周围的其他孩童后，她意识到自己是唯一一个听见这道声音的人。  
  
在她使用工作站旁边的电脑输入她刚才接收到的那个座标时，她做好心理准备，  
将自己的想法发送了出去：  
  
“请表明你的等级和职位。你是工程部还是沟通部的人？你为什么会在外太空？”  
  
没有人回应她的问题。她内心惶恐不安的继续执行她的勤务，并且时刻注意着通讯的来源。  
  
良久过后，对方终于做出回应。|“你听得见我？等等——难道说真的成功了吗？”  
  
“既然我能听得见你的声音，那么想必你应该知道要怎么‘说话’吧？你不会是超能力者吧？”  
  
她停顿了一下。这样的想法……令人感到背脊发凉。  
  
她告诉对方：“我会保持你的信号畅通，然后把你转接到指挥官那——”  
  
“等等！你应该是NMPGM 的其中一位建筑师，对吧？你来自那个中立国家……！”  
  
“这不是大家都知道的事情吗？”她回覆道，扰人的情绪开始在指尖蔓延开来。 “开始转接——”|“果…果然跟我想得一样！你们这些自大狂妄的家伙，我就知道这样行不通！  
为什么要派我来做这种事情啊……”  
  
她不经意缓缓捏了一下自己座位边的扶手。  
  
“我并不自大狂妄。”她回覆道。 “我不清楚你是用什么方法入侵的，但他们一定会查清真相。  
我必须警告你，你最好不要来招惹我们的网络和人民。如果你害我们违反中立原则，  
我们一定会让你付出代价。知…知道了吗？”  
  
“但如果你们先自己动手了呢？”对方问道。  
  
她的语气听起来被惹毛了：“你说什么？”|“我是说，如果你们先害自己违反中立原则呢？”  
  
“从来没有发生过这种事，往后也不会发生。”  
  
“看样子你从来没有听过彼得罗呢。”  
  
她本来正准备回话，但她紧接着意识到自己确实没有听过这个名字。|“我要切断这次通讯了。”对方说道。 “但我还会回来。你们的网络这么发达，  
那自己去搜一下‘彼得罗’啊，你那边应该没有搞审查制度这种东西吧？  
毕竟那里应该是片好地方嘛。再见。”  
  
通讯到此结束。  
  
她的心跳得很快，赶忙在旁人察觉异样之前返回到工作岗位。  
  
她没有听过彼得罗，但明天早上她打算去一探究竟。

### 12-3

#### en

An important fact that any living and thinking being should keep in mind...  
  
...is that "truth", and "knowledge"... are not always necessarily the same thing.  
  
It had been the day before an ease of hours—the "weekend"—when Vita received  
the signal. For the following two days, she spent her free time within the base's  
library and searching through the inter-network through a signal encryption she and  
her friends typically used to find games, artwork, and videos forbidden to them  
without leaving a trace. It was never for anything serious at all...  
  
The story of Petorh, though, made her appreciate that tool they thought of as a "toy"  
far more than ever, for never had a more serious subject become known to her, nor ever  
one so dangerous.|...  
  
I'd like to make a note here.  
  
I don't remember where it was I came from. I only "remember" the memories of others  
within Arcaea, and particularly within the Void. Still from this, it's easy to gather...  
  
It isn't hard at all to find something to call "dreadful" in any world you can think of.|Twenty years before her birth, during the NMPGM's expansion, a planetoid named Petorh had been  
discovered and pushed aside.  
  
About four hundred years prior, the planetoid had been discovered by an Exodus-class starship  
fleeing a dissipating atmosphere on their home world. The ship docked there and established  
"Petorh"... unofficially.  
  
Without documentation or declaration, and with an irregular orbit, within desolate space,  
Petorh wasn't forgotten—for it was never known.  
  
Her world then discovered the planetoid itself, and without knowing of its habitation, used  
the might of NMPGM to swiftly devastate half of it. The result was something like... the  
utilization of dynamite. Half the planetoid was vaporized, and with it went two-thirds of  
the native population.|The Petorhans sought counsel with her world. Sources from Vita's planet lacked records of  
these pleas. Other planets spoke of theories suggesting the involvement of clandestine  
organizations from her world silencing any petitions. The Petorhans formed an alliance with  
an imperial planet, known for adopting cultures at their surrender...  
  
And Vita did remember that. Her world had supposedly engaged in a... "skirmish" on some  
distant edge of space. Supposedly the Imperium had struck force against the forces from her  
world.  
  
However, source, after source, after source from anywhere other than her homeland claimed  
something very different: "Because of the Imperium's alliance with an unregistered group of  
squatters, and in order to eliminate information of their existence/the existence of their  
world's 'mistake', they used the NMPGM to collapse a sector of space, killing the remaining  
Petorhans—and some of the Imperium for good measure".  
  
And while those many sources told this tale, it took two pages from the deepest sections of  
her own world's inter-network to convince her of the truth.|The... beginning of truth: the reality that her neutral world merely wore a neutral mask. In its  
reach for "peace", stories like "Petorh's"... were not at all few in number. Most, even, did not  
begin "accidentally"—and there were some who thought the tale of Petorh, too, had started in the  
same way.  
  
...Naturally, she kept this all to herself.  
  
Naturally, she returned to work when usual working days began once more...  
  
Naturally, she engaged the unknown signal again.|"I am among the last Petorhans," it said. "We only want escape."  
  
From an alliance that had in fact brought them into what amounted to slavery—  
  
From the chaos of this entire galaxy—  
  
From, especially, her planet and its overwhelming reach.  
  
"I heard that they had children minding the pathways. I—we—" the voice stammered,  
"we thought maybe a kid could understand... what people at the top wouldn't ever bother to."  
  
She asked, "What do you want?"  
  
To which the voice replied, "Just one way out. What we... We've heard—this—this part of  
the NMPGM is usually quiet, and we know it's very far out. We could... We have enough  
ships that we could probably find another place with other stars, or..."|The voice told her that during their alliance—really just enslavement—to the Imperium,  
the Petorhans had discovered that the Imperium had been developing technology to spy on  
the minds supporting the NMPGM. They'd stolen that technology, and being so desperate and  
so burned, they had no issue sharing that fact with Vita—who, of course, would need to report  
this information.  
  
But the "alliance" the Petorhans had made with the Imperium now meant nothing. Nothing  
here meant anything; as the voice insisted, they only wanted to escape.  
  
And she could easily grant it. Modern-day ships could travel with almost instantaneous speed,  
especially with the faster-than-light travel provided by the pathways...  
  
One quick opening, and a quick jump—off the record...?  
  
Yeah...  
  
She would allow it.|But—did you know? This is true:  
  
The NMPGM was, in fact, used to collapse a sector of space, killing the remaining Petorhans.  
None at all were left.|Vita's "sight" outside of the pathways could certainly see ships—but could she, with her power,  
identify the KIND of ships? The true, non-vague shape? The size, even?  
  
No.  
  
What could she have known? |When Vita opened the path for "Petorhan" escapees...  
  
...those paths were flooded instead with Imperium warships.   
  
And do you remember how fast ships could move through those paths?  
  
This is also true...  
  
Modern-day ships could travel at an almost instantaneous speed,  
especially with the faster-than-light travel provided by the pathways...|Once the warships had navigated the NMPGM, the attack on her planet was swift,  
thorough, and unable to defend against.  
  
It seemed the Imperium had plenty of intelligence informing them of the locations of  
Psychic bases, as they mostly destroyed those first.  
  
The surface of her world was bombarded quickly. There was little time to react, and in  
a matter of hours, nearly everything had been.  
  
Though they did try—  
  
There was an attempt—to fight back in time, to reach that other signal, to destroy as  
much of the invading fleet as possible—  
  
But, mostly, there was only despair...|Dread...  
  
Self-hate...  
  
Amidst fire, fear, terror, and Hell itself...  
  
They "fought" in a game where their own first move had already sealed their defeat.  
  
A cannon from above marked the position of her base...  
  
...and ended the lives of her, her superiors, and her friends.|...  
  
The girl woke up in a world of white after, with tears brimming in her eyes.  
  
...However, she had no knowledge that might prompt them—no known  
reason in her head for the pain inside her chest.|She was dead, like all of us. She didn't remember, like most of us.  
  
So I wonder what it was she thought of her tears.|I wonder if, as she wiped them away and stood, she felt anything other than sorrow.  
  
Guilt, maybe. Responsibility.  
  
...I don't think that's the case. Or maybe what I mean to say is: she should not feel that way.  
She shouldn't consider herself to have been in the wrong.  
  
After all, what does it even mean to "know"?  
  
What she "knows" now is...nothing.  
  
And...as this story comes to a close, as we think of her getting up and facing the world of glass,  
I think it's very pertinent to ask...|...  
  
...Had she ever known anything else?

#### zh-Hans

有件很重要的事情，任何活着而且会思考的生物都应该牢记……  
  
……那就是“真相”和“知识”……并非每次都是相同的两件事。  
  
维塔收到信号的时间点，是在所谓“周末”的几小时惬意时光的前一天。在那之后连续两天，  
她腾出自己的空闲时间在基地的图书馆使用加密信号搜索互联网，  
这种信号加密原本的功能是掩护她和她的朋友在寻找被禁游戏、  
美术作品和影片时不至于留下痕迹。大家从来没把它用在正事上过……  
  
不过，由于彼得罗故事的关系，她很感谢自己有这个原本被大家当作是  
“玩具”的东西帮助，因为她从未听说过这般严肃而危险的题材。|……  
  
我要在这边特别提一下。  
  
我并不记得我来自哪里。我只“记得”其他 Arcaea 居住者的记忆，  
特别是那些在虚无中的记忆。不过，这次的事件还是很容易回想起来……  
  
在任何你所能想到的世界中，要找到某个象征着“恐怖”的事物都并不困难。|在她出生的二十年前，正值 NMPGM 的扩张时期，当时的人们发现了名为彼得罗的小行星，  
但却没有去重视它。  
  
大约在四百年前，那颗小行星被移民级的星际飞船发现，对方当时因为母星的大气消散而被迫逃离家园。  
那艘飞船停靠在小行星上，并建立了“彼得罗”……但这一切都没有被官方承认过。  
  
在没有文件纪录的情况下，彼得罗循着不规律的运行轨道漂泊在荒芜的外太空。  
这颗小行星并没有被遗忘，因为自始自终根本没有人知晓它的存在。  
  
在那之后又过了好几百年，她的这个世界也发现了这颗小行星，但大家并不知道小行星上面住着一群人，  
于是便使用 NMPGM 的力量迅速摧毁了大半的小行星。而这个决定的结果就像是……  
使用炸药过后的下场。小行星有一半汽化，而原本居住在上面的人口  
直接锐减三分之二。|彼得罗人向她的世界提出抗议。维塔这边星球的消息来源缺少有关这方面的纪录。  
根据其他星球的传闻指出，她的世界私底下派出秘密组织掩盖消息，消灭受害者的声音。  
彼得罗人后来决定跟某颗帝国行星建立联盟，大家都知道这个帝国有着会接受投降者的传统……  
  
这件事维塔还记得很清楚。听说她的世界曾在某个地处偏远的太空地带爆发了一场……“小冲突”。  
据说当时帝国派出部队与她世界的部队交战。  
  
不过，她家乡以外的其他任何消息来源都给出了完全不一样的说法：  
“因为帝国与某个未经正式授权的垦荒者结盟，  
同时也为了消灭对方存在的事实并掩盖自身所犯’错误‘的痕迹，  
他们动用 NMPGM 使某个星区塌缩，杀死了残存的彼得罗人，连一部分的帝国人也跟着陪葬。”  
  
虽然许多消息来源都采用此一说法，但最后真正说服她相信事实真相的，  
还是来源于她自己世界内部网络最深层的那两页报告。|真相……的开端：她这个采取中立态度的世界，其实只是表面上中立。为了达成所谓的“和平”，  
像“彼得罗”这种类似的故事不在少数。其中许多案例的开端甚至还不是“无意”的疏失，  
有一部分人认为彼得罗的事件也绝非意外。  
  
……当然了，这些事情她都没有跟其他人提起。  
  
当然了，等到假日结束之后，她还是像往常那样正常工作。  
  
当然了，她决定要去找那个未知的信号赴约。|“我是最后仅存的彼得罗人之一。”对方说道。 “我们只不过是想要逃离罢了。”  
  
逃离那个名为联盟关系的奴隶制度——  
  
逃离这个混乱的星系——  
  
逃离她的星球及其无可比拟的影响力。  
  
“我听说他们的孩童能透过心灵建立通道。我…我们……”对方的声音在颤抖。 “我们就在想，  
说不定孩子能够理解……那些在位者不屑一顾的事情。”  
  
她问道：“你们想要什么？”  
  
对方给出答复：“我们只想要一条出路。我们……我们听说…这…这个 NMPGM 区通常很安静，  
而且我们知道这个地方地处偏远。我们可以……我们有足够的飞船，  
说不定能到其他的星系去找适合居住的地方，或者是……”|对方告诉她，彼得罗人在受到帝国联盟关系……实质是被奴役的期间，发现帝国正在偷偷研发科技，  
打算监视那些维护 NMPGM 的头脑。他们当时窃取了那个技术。在走投无路、山穷水尽的情况下，  
他们心甘情愿与维塔分享这件事，即便他们知道维塔必须将这样的情报回报给上级。  
  
但是彼得罗人当初与帝国建立的“联盟”关系，如今已经毫无意义。  
对方坚称这里的任何事物都没有意义，他们一心只想逃离这个地方。  
  
她很轻易就能满足对方的这个心愿。现代飞船只要一眨眼的工夫就能飞到九霄云外，  
如果能有通道提供超光速旅行则更是如此……  
  
只要抓准时机速战速决送走对方，应该不会留下什么痕迹……吧？  
  
是啊……  
  
她愿意这么做。|但是——你知道吗？事情是这样的：  
  
NMPGM 过去被用来使星区塌缩，杀死残存的彼得罗人，根本就没有任何漏网之鱼。|维塔透过通道以外的“视野”自然是能看见飞船，但凭借她的力量有办法辨认出对方是什么样的飞船吗？  
有办法清楚看清飞船的外观吗？有办法判断飞船的大小吗？  
  
不行。  
  
她无从知晓。|当维塔替准备逃离的“彼得罗人”开启通道时……  
  
……那些通道中瞬间涌入了帝国的战争飞船。  
  
你还记得那些飞船在通道中的移动速度有多快吗？  
  
对对方而言也是一样的……  
  
现代飞船只要一眨眼的工夫就能飞到九霄云外，如果能有通道提供超光速旅行则更是如此……|在战争飞船进入 NMPGM 后，对方发动迅速且全面的攻势，她的星球根本无力抵抗。  
  
看样子帝国手上掌握着许多情报，知道每个超能力基地的所在位置，并且优先摧毁了这些重要设施。  
  
她世界的地表很快便遭到轰炸。当下并没有太多时间能够反应，不出几个小时，  
她的世界基本上已经面目全非。  
  
尽管他们并没有束手就擒——  
  
曾经有人尝试反击、尝试接通到另一个信号、尝试尽可能摧毁来犯的敌军船舰——  
  
但绝大多数情况下，充斥着的只有绝望……|恐惧……  
  
自我厌恶……  
  
火海、战栗、惊恐，这里已然就是地狱……  
  
他们在这场游戏中“奋战”，但他们所采取的第一个行动，其实早就已经决定了最终的胜负。  
  
从上方袭来的炮弹标示出她基地的所在位置……  
  
……然后，终结了她、她的上级还有她朋友们的生命。|……  
  
在那之后，这位女孩在一片洁白的世界终醒来，眼眶中噙着泪水。  
  
……不过，她并不明白自己为什么流泪，也无法解释胸口中所感受到的莫名疼痛。|她跟我们所有人一样，都失去了生命。她跟我们绝大多数一样，都没有前世的记忆。  
  
我不禁在想，她如何解释自己流泪的行为呢？|我想，她在拭泪起身的时候，是否能感受到除了伤痛以外的事情？  
  
比如说愧疚感。亦或是责任感。  
  
……我想并非如此。或者我应该这么说：她不应该有这种情绪，也不应该觉得自己有错。  
  
毕竟，所谓的“认知”到底是什么呢？  
  
她现在所“认知”到的事情……什么也没有。  
  
而且……随着这则故事来到结局，在她起身面对这个玻璃世界的同时，  
我们不免还是要提出这个疑问……|……  
  
……她是否曾经认知过任何其他的事？