

Rimuru’s Notebook



A certain location holds a small journal—Rimuru’s Notebook—which was considered a valuable document containing records of events portraying that period of time surrounding the demon country's founding. 5 Among experts, whether the artifact is authentic or forged has been a famous controversy even to this day. But there is good reason for it.

~Everyone was overjoyed about the fact that I have awoken by evolving into a demon lord. Since they decided to turn this day into a holiday in Tempest State, I’d best record everyone’s status before I forget~

This document—records of the ‘Tempest Resurrection Festival’ documented in Rimuru’s Notebook—begins as such. Though it’s written by a domineering demon lord, it has a rather casual writing style, almost like a diary to record whatever entered his mind. The following will also contain things added to the narrative whenever he felt like doing so, expressing feelings no different from ours.

What would you feel after reading this? Perhaps you would also feel a sense of care towards the demon lord. That’s exactly the type of reaction I hope to get. Since there’s no need to continue this tangent, I will now introduce you to its contents.

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~It’s not “Dong~Dong~Dong”, but Slash, Pierce, Roll…

Those were the sounds of Shion cooking.

What horrifying travesty lies beyond the kitchen door…

Cooking.

The word echoed in the desolate atmosphere. I glanced at Benimaru. His face has turned blue. His menacing aura was nowhere to be found. It was as if he had given up on everything, like a criminal about to be executed.

I’m just gonna let Benimaru sit here while I attempt to leave in silence.

But—

“Ri-Rimuru-sama. This is ve-very dangerous, isn’t it now—Eh, AHH! He ran away!!”

Benimaru ran after me with tears in his eyes. Damn, it would seem I’ve been noticed. That being said, it’s equally horrifying to just sit there and wait for Shion to finish cooking.

“Do you want to come along?”

“Please allow me to accompany you!”

I don’t even have to listen to what comes next. I’d rather go with Benimaru to check on the smiles of the ones who got resurrected and quickly forget about our imminent death sentence.

As I walked out of the kitchen, I received appreciation from my subordinates who noticed me. Everyone passed on the good news with smiles on their faces, and I spent a good amount of time exchanging greetings one by one.

Once that was done, we visited Kurobee’s workshop. Incidentally we saw Hakurou there as well. Tonight everyone will dine together—in other words, a feast will be held. It would seem that he had come to deliver the message. Since Kurobee has been spending most of his time alone in the workshop, I decided to invite him and later introduce him to the newcomers, but that seems to have been unnecessary. Aside from myself, there are people who do care for Kurobee. Knowing that fills me with a sense of joy, even though it was to be expected. So I decided to take the opportunity to chat with Kurobee a bit more.

“Thanks to Rimuru-sama’s evolution, I also gained some skills. With these, I am planning to revise everyone’s weapon. Since Rimuru-sama has now proclaimed to be a demon lord, there will probably be more armed conflicts in the future,” Kurobee announced with a smile. Truly a reliable man.

It would seem Kurobee has gained Unique Skill ‘Godly Craftsman’ on the basis of ‘Researcher’. That symbolized Kurobee’s resolve, he will put his heart and soul into producing armaments.

“I’ve come to have him check on my sword. On top of that, in order to reflect upon the miscalculations with regards to the Farmus invasion, I have decided to retrain everyone. So, in order to be better equipped to respond to all sorts of situations, I asked him to make more varieties of weapons.” Hakurou pointed to all sorts of bizarre weapons on the wall as he said so. There were scythes suitable for the Grim Reaper, 6 and two-handed great-swords; There were also more common weapons such as sword breakers 7 , axes and spears. As for weapons requiring more techniques to wield, there were poles, bladed knuckles and nunchakus. There are even weapons as hard to wield as kusarigamas 8 . It would seem he really has dedicated himself to passing on all his weapon techniques in order to cope with all situations. Speaking of which—

“I want to craft a kitchen knife for Shion, could you help to make it?”

“Of course, Shion just wouldn’t let go of her odachi so it’s just about the right timing. While she holds onto a kitchen knife, I would be able to improve upon her odachi.”

“I’m relying on you. Also, you should add on her blade—” I told my ideas to Kurobee, he also expressed an interest in the modification. As I was explaining, Hakurou passed me a glass of wine and somehow a drinking session started without me noticing. And because of that, I began to loosen up and give out all kinds of weapon proposals. Most of them would probably turn out to be the results of fantasy and difficult to be of any practical use.

Even though I wouldn’t get drunk, it still warranted a reminder to myself to reflect upon the fact that I could lose myself in a good atmosphere. Benimaru was also participating in the weapon upgrade and handed his tachi to Kurobee. However, it’s an issue of whether Kurobee is gonna be able to remember anything after getting sober. Oh well, that’s his problem.

We proceeded to the town square after leaving the workshop. There, the people were working non-stop on the feast preparation. Among them, we encountered a party that was gearing up to leave the town.

“Ah, Rimuru-sama! Congratulations on your evolution! I also feel like I got a bit stronger after that!”

“Oh, Gobta. That would be pretty good. Speaking of which, there’s a feast tonight so where are you heading to now?”

“Ahhh, I’ve been asked by Shuna-sama to visit the sea…”

“Aha?! The sea!?”

Gobta was heading to the seaside to collect fish for the feast. The last time we visited the sea, the fish we brought back were made into sashimi. It would seem she asked Gobta to help bring the top-tier goods, so they must’ve decided to put it on today’s menu.

“That’s not it, rather say I’m being requested to go—”

“A second, Gobta-san. If you continue this, it probably won’t end well.”

“Y-Yes. That’s it, we’ll be back soon!”

Gobta stopped just before announcing whatever he was going to say after hearing his second-in-command’s reminder. Mah, it is understood without saying. Shuna’s request, rather than being called a request, it’s more of a forceful command. Someone like Gobta wouldn’t be able to resist that.

“Ok, I’ll be looking forward to that. Catch something big to bring back!”

“Understood. Leave the rest to us!”

With that being said, Gobta is pretty fond of fishing regardless. I bear some regrets in not being able to prepare the feast with everyone. However, collecting the ingredients for the main course is an important task to hand to Gobta. He probably feels pretty happy in his heart despite the complaints.

As Gobta prepared to leave, there came another person holding a bag dripping with blood. The distinct swell of the bag, its dangling weight and smell alone made us feel dizzy. I turned to see who it was, and it turned out to be Gobuzo.

“So it’s Gobuzo. It’s great that you’re looking well but… What is that?” I asked, subconsciously sensing an ominous aura emitting from the bag.

“Huh? Isn’t this Gobuzo? What is this all about?”

Before Gobuzo could answer, Gobta and I both started to notice following my question… Gobuzo’s answer confirmed my prediction, a truly horrifying sense of foreshadowing arose.

“Ah, Rimuru-sama! And Gobta-san? I was told to bring Shion-sama her cooking ingredients.”

Hold on a second.

Just, hold on for a while.

“Go-Gobuzo-kun? Whatever is inside that bloody bag, could—it—be the ingredients?”

“Y-yeah Gobuzo. This-this is way too early to deliver right? Show us what’s inside the bag for a moment.” Benimaru’s face also gradually turned blue again, and demanded Gobuzo open the bag. What rolled from it was—the head of a Ushiroku 9 . A mighty one at that, with a pair of strong horns.

But!! The problem here isn’t whether it’s a mighty beast or not.

“Hold on a sec! A Ushiroku’s head is completely inedible, right?!” I couldn’t help but scream.

And Mr. Ushiroku’s head, could you please stop looking at me with disappointment. It must have been severed in an instant and transported here directly, now lying there, its eyes staring deeply into mine. That’s pretty horrifying when you think about it. That’s a feeling I would never have imagined to be experiencing on the day of a feast. This is probably what “eating raw” means, but even then, neh…

“So it’s true then? Earlier, Shuna-sama said the same thing to Shion-sama, but it only seems to have emboldened her…”

It’s as Gobuzo said. I also recall having been warned by Shuna about this being inedible. But because of that, Shion had been pretty competitive about it.

“An Ingredient that even Shuna-sama can’t handle—I shall make it work then!”

The suddenly invoked vanity drove her to order Gobuzo to bring her the ingredient.

“This is bad… Shion is probably going on a rampage right now.”

“No way… So it was me who was going to eat this…”

Benimaru looked dead inside. And it would seem Gobta had also sensed the danger of the situation seeing Benimaru like that.

“We-well, we have our own mission, so…!” Gobta didn’t waste any time fleeing from the situation after interjecting. They slipped away so quickly that even Benimaru wasn’t able to stop them.

“I see Gobta’s leadership skills have also improved.”

“I agree. That bastard really only has exceptional skill in detecting danger…” Benimaru agreed in pain.

But in turn, this means there was no chance of Gobta getting involved in this whole mess. So we had to deal with the Ushiroku ourselves. Benimaru peeked at me and patted Gobuzo’s shoulder with determination. And—

“Rimuru-sama is also very much looking forward to Shion’s cooking. But he is feeling like having some vegetable soup today. Tell Shion I said that.”

What the…?? Bunch of nonsense…

“Oi! Benimaru you bastard! This has nothing to do with me, right!?”

“Please don’t say so without giving me a hand!”

“Don’t get me involved! Weren't you the one who tried to trick me before!?”

“It’s as you said, and I’ve been reflecting on that. However, this may be too much, no!?”

Benimaru was of course referring to the Ushiroku head.

“Mah… That is definitely not happening.”

“Right?”

We looked at each other and nodded.

“Gobuzo, allow me to return that.”

“AH!? If I did that, Shion-sama would be mad at me. I’ve been selected as a member of Shion-sama’s new platoon, so I don’t want to disobey her order…”

Gobuzo wouldn’t accept it even if it was an order from Benimaru. It’s true that Gobuzo can refuse the order from Benimaru, who he doesn’t directly serve. But even so, he’s got balls, disobeying an order from my direct subordinate. Gobuzo may not look the part, but he is surprisingly bold. That would normally be a good thing, but not in this type of situation. It can’t be helped, I guess I’ll have to intervene.

“Ah, how do I put this? Gobuzo-kun, please return this. As Benimaru said, I’m feeling vegetable soup now. So just deliver the message to Shion. On top of that, I’ll gift you this as a token of my appreciation.” I began to negotiate with Gobuzo out of pity for Benimaru. And so I placed the kusarigama, which I took from Kurobee’s workshop out of interest, in his hand for him to hold onto.

“This is a weapon named kusarigama, Gobuzo. It’s a difficult weapon to wield, but it should come in handy for Gobuzo-kun who’s gained Extra Skill ‘Perfect Memory’ and ‘Automatic Regeneration’,” I said as I handed it to him, and Gobuzo was extremely moved.

“Understood! Gobuzo will obey if it is a request from Rimuru-sama!”

“Mmm-hmm. It’s good that you understand. When you are skilled with it, I’ll request a better kusarigama from Kurobee. Good luck with your practice!”

“Yes sir!” Gubuzo seemed delighted and proceeded to return the Ushiroku head. Crisis averted. Although now Benimaru owns me a favor, I wouldn’t even want to think about the fact that I have to return and taste Shion’s cooking.~

—"Sympathy Won’t Help You”—

For real, it is truly unpredictable how fashion would develop one day. But that just makes life more interesting. Speaking of which, Gobuzo was able to successfully convince Shion after we parted. Benimaru’s line of “Rimuru-sama feels like vegetable soup” was the most decisive point. I had to agree to that given it’s the original ending.

That’s fine and all, now here’s the story of Gobuzo.

~“I’m surprised you have helped me with collecting information on Rimuru-sama, nicely done Gobuzo!” Shion said happily while offering a proposal to Gobuzo. That is, acquiring ‘Pain Resistance’. It’s a necessary skill if Gobuzo would like to learn to use a kusarigama. It is probably unavoidable for Gobuzo to add a few scars on himself since he’s not exactly an agile individual.

In addition, what Shion taught him was impossible without Extra Skill ‘Perfect Memory’ and ‘Automatic Regeneration’. To gain resistance to the feeling of pain by hurting oneself deliberately—that’s the best way I could put it.

“I… getting hit by Shion… That would probably feel nice!”

“That’s the spirit, Gobuzo! Work hard to improve.”

While I’m not sure whether such an exchange actually took place, from that day onward, Gobuzo has been sticking a knife in his forehead.

What in the world is that idiot doing!? And it looks really stupid as well. But nonetheless, Gobuzo did in fact gain ‘Pain Resistance’, and it is also a fact that this led many others to imitate this idiotic act.

That’s way too dangerous. I decided to add this to my list of banned techniques and stopped it from spreading.

— As such, those who came by wanting to learn how Gobuzo gained pain nullification will never be able to find out. It shall remain a secret to everybody; there are things better left undiscovered in this world.

After Gobuzo left, I was introduced to the three Beastketeers.

Benimaru summoned them here to greet me. Their greetings seemed to be even more enthusiastic than before.

“Well, if Rimuru-sama can gather powerful majin such as Benimaru-sama and Shion-san, there’s no need to doubt the power of Rimuru-sama,” Alvis asserted flatteringly, while Benimaru showed signs of fear as he still couldn’t get Shion’s cooking out of his head. Would her view change after seeing him in that state…? Although I’m a bit intrigued, but alas. Even I fear Shion’s cooking, so it’s not my place to mock Benimaru.

I went to check on the beastmen’s temporary residence accompanied by Benimaru and the Beastketeers after that. That also encouraged the people setting up tents and distributing resources. Additionally, I came to memorize the beastmen’s faces to foster a better relationship in the future, living under the same roof.

The beastmen were building their tents at the designated refuge area underground. All labor forces were working together under Geld’s command. Motivated by tonight's feast, they’ve decided to finish laying out the bedsheets by the end of the day. However, there seemed to be a few people with new wounds all over…

“These guys won’t listen to me, so I had to communicate with them through my fists.”

In other words, they got beat up due to disobeying orders, according to Geld.

Elephant beastman and bear beastman, such men who were bigger than himself, worked as Geld’s hands and feet. Thanks to that, the operation seemed to be proceeding faster than expected.

“It would definitely be faster if we did the job entirely on our own, but the beastmen wouldn’t remember how to do it without us instructing. So I had to teach them a lesson,” Geld said as if it was natural.

“Zoir and Talos, who are quite strong within the ranks of the Beast King’s army, can barely put up a fight against Geld-san over there.”

“Indeed. But this would make things simpler. Since we always follow the strong due to our instincts.”

According to Alvis as Suphia, the beastmen society is a total hierarchy. For that reason, they would follow the instructions of the strong when in this kind of situation. The unease brought about by the disappearance of Karion led most beastmen into a state of frenzic rage. However, they would regain their rationality upon being defeated by a more powerful existence. Like that, things progressed smoothly once they came to obey this natural hierarchy.

That, plus Geld’s strong leadership. He was able to see through the beastmen’s characters and turn them into his troops. In order to perform more efficiently, he turned his own subordinates into overseers of their own operations. As expected of Geld. Such techniques of troop maneuvering wouldn’t be accessible were it not for Geld’s daily involvement in construction work.

“Nicely done, Geld. At this rate, you should be able to finish by the evening.”

“Indeed! We would definitely catch up.”

What a reliable man.

And speaking of being reliable, my attention turned to some else. The one who’d been distributing healing potions among the injured beastmen. The one giving them potions was Gabil. Gabil had been surprisingly well-rounded in doing those types of things. Perhaps it is also a talent to be able to befriend any race.

“Gabil, do you have any concerns? Is there enough medicine?”

“I-Isn’t this Rimuru-sama! No problem at all. Our production lately has also increased so there’s still plenty in stock.”

“Is that so? Good work then! I’m relying on you in the future as well!”

“YES SIR—! I’LL SERVE YOU WITH MY LIFE!!” Gabil answered, almost planning to kneel before me. It would seem he’d lost his smugness as of late, perhaps it’s about time to give him a promotion…

“Next time, I’ll grant you a vacation. You should go visit your father and prepare a report on that.”

“B-but… I’ve cut my ties and been chased out of my home…”

“No need to worry, just visit with Souka under my name as a messenger.”

“Oh, OH, OH…!! I like this, thank you so much. Please do entrust this duty to me!!” Gabil happily accepted and went back to work. The three Beastketeers stayed while having high hopes for tonight’s feast. Our party then parted.

After the inspection, I returned to my room.

On the way, I started chatting with Benimaru.

“I think it’s about time to raise Gabil to a higher office.”

“Ah, I think that’s a good idea as well. He seems competent power-wise, and although that guy is still the same in terms of personality, there’s nonetheless a lot of hope in his future.”

So it’s decided… If necessary, I should also mend the severed tie within the Gabil household.

“Hmm, as our officer, it would be bad for our image to have a severed tie with a monster clan chief. We better talk to Abil and mend the relationship between the two.”

“It should happen, if only for that reason. But it sure is concerning. If other countries get the false impression that the Lizardman tribe have bad blood with one of our civil officials, it would probably put them in an awkward spot.”

Benimaru seemed to have caught up to me. It does help a lot that we are able to engage in the proper topic so fast. Deep down in his heart, Gabil presumably also wished to make peace with his father. Besides, it really won’t be productive to continue this broken relationship. As for the Lizardman clan chief Abil, if his kid was able to become an officer under a demon lord, it should be sufficient reason to reconnect with Gabil.

The problem here is that both Gabil and Abil are being stubborn. If we don’t arrange Souka to mediate prior to the event, they may end up in a fight. It’s better to arrange things first and execute with sufficient preparations.

So I should ask Souei to help. Since he has already met Abil, it would be alright to let him negotiate.

I left with Benimaru, keeping this strategy in mind.

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I’d say that captures the essence of this book. Although the story does continue, we have limited time. Regrettably, the introduction shall end here. For those interested in what I have introduced, please consider purchasing a copy of Rimuru’s Notebook.

If you’ve read it, you should have sufficient reasons to understand how much the Great Demon Lord Rimuru cherishes his subordinates. To the Demon Lord’s subordinates, to his people, Demon Lord Rimuru is not a symbol of horror, but an existence that parallels parenthood. That has not changed from then till now. 10

— Knowing that the underling Shion was not good at cooking, both still decided to eat, his subordinate Benimaru coming to his aid.

— Supplied Kurobee with ideas for new weapons when he’s troubled with innovating.

— Enjoyed fishing alongside Gobta and his subordinates.

— Discovered and inspired the future martial artist—“Kusarigama Gobuzo”.

— Helping the Beastmen in their time of need without asking anything in return, as well as being able to sign a permanent non-aggression pact with their nation.

— Listening to the subordinates’ complaints while helping to solve their issues.

But it wasn’t easy at all to help all of them resolve their issues.

That demon lord, the more you try to learn about his personality, the more understanding you feel towards those close to him. Especially the part about tasting Shion’s cooking, that’s not something just anyone could do.

Aya, my apologies, I may have gotten a little bit too emotional.

As I was saying…

Even though this feeling of friendliness may be strategic propaganda by Demon Lord Rimuru… You’ll be the judge of that. Hopefully you will be able to make the proper judgement after reading this. Could it be, that he’s trying to deceive humanity, or perhaps, trying to fit in human society from the bottom of his heart? You will more or less get a peek into the Demon Lord’s mind after reading this book.

With that, I hope everyone would be able to see what Demon Lord Rimuru is truly contemplating and wish that one day, the discussion of such a topic will end with the book. With the hopes of freeing people from suspicion, I hereby promote this book.

<<Written by one who wants to know more about the Great Demon Lord Rimuru—>>

Done and dusted.

Given I have promoted the product on a huge scale in this way, record-breaking sales are definitely expected. Becoming a best-selling work, I’m counting down the days before I’m called a writer-sensei. I believe the journalists gathered here would also be able to understand my feeling. Or so I thought…

As I finished introducing the content of the book, the journalists at the conference all started expressing unbelieving doubt.

“Ayyy, we are truly sorry. But your words are a bit different from the content in the book…”

What? Different… from the content…? I laid my eyes on my notes as I heard the reporters’ doubts, and there it does record my real actions. Yeah, my actual actions.

“Oi, why is it real!?”

I remember I changed the narrative for the better, but how come my actual records of actions are documented? It’s something I can’t solve even by shouting out loud.

<<Due to the inaccuracies in the narratives, I’ve conducted revisions to the content.>>

WOW, so you are the criminal!!

What-What in the world have you done!?

“Excuse me, is this true? So what’s written in your documents are the real records?”

“Ah, no, about that….”

This is bad.

VERY BAD.

I had the illusion of having cold sweat, even with a non-sweating body.

“And, we had no idea this book even existed, so where do we get to read it?”

Ah, did they just ask that? That is true though, since the existence of my study is not known to any. After all, I was only going to promote it from now on. At the moment my original draft has been stored in my ‘Stomach’ and there’s few who can actually access it. In other words, only I have access to it.

As I was thinking about excuses, the other reporters also started to join the commotion. It would seem trying to play dumb would backfire with this one. I was going to earn some quick cash while enhancing my personal image, so it would seem I have to give up for the time being. It can’t be helped, it was time for my strategic exit.

I can’t believe that my precious plan to improve my public image just got hindered in such an unexpected fashion. It’s my fault for not bothering to report, contact, and conference.

“Fu, FUHAHAHA! It would appear that I have been exposed. See you all another time then, my fellow friends!”

While making that overt announcement, I scrambled to snatch up all of the demo material I had just handed out, and used ‘Teleportation’ to make my instant escape. And so the “Plan to sell Rimuru’s Notebook” ended in failure…

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It turns out that I missed one of the notebooks, leaving it behind…

That notebook was the copy that became famous for the times to come—the existence known as ‘Rimuru’s Notebook’, and I wouldn’t have any reason to know about it at the time.