Classroom of the Elite Volume 15 Prologue

Prologue: The Monologue of Amasawa Ichika

Test-tube babies. Have you ever heard the term before?

Apparently, they’re no longer called that nowadays. Rather, society has taken to using the term ‘IVF babies’ instead.

I am one of those born from that very process. A human brought about through in vitro fertilization.

However, I don’t know anything about my origins outside of that. I’ve never even seen my parents’ faces.

Where they are now… What they’re doing… Why they put me in the White Room… Nothing.

But, to be completely honest, I’m not really that interested in finding out.

There’s one thing I learned when I was finally old enough to understand the world around me:

That my parents were both extremely talented people.

As such, I must be an incredibly blessed child born with the qualifications to become a genius then, right?

Though, as right as that may be, my existence runs in direct conflict with that of the White Room.

A facility whose ultimate goal is to raise all people unto equivalent superiority.

A facility where they seek to prove that the limits of humanity are decided not by one’s genetics, but by their environment.

In other words, they want all people to harbor outstanding talent, not just those blessed with excellent genes like me.

In the end, for the White Room, I’m surely just another experiment.

And while I’m not really all that opposed to being an experiment, I find myself wondering if they really think they’ll succeed.

I personally concluded long ago that it’s impossible to homogenize intellect, personality, and ethics.

In fact, doesn’t my very existence serve as the greatest proof of that?

Ever since I was a child, I’ve been proud of being different from those around me, though I never showed it. I’d kill off the light in my eyes and indifferently pretend to go through the motions, all the while questioning the significance of the White Room’s existence.

Do I truly want to grow up dedicating my life to furthering the ideals of the White Room?

Am I really willing to put my life on the line, toiling day after day, desperate to become the world’s utmost example of a successful upbringing?

Wouldn’t that be like, you know, kinda pathetic? Wouldn’t you want to live more freely?

I would. At least, I’d hate to spend the rest of my life locked up in such a world.

Oops, it seems I’ve been rambling a bit. Let’s get back to the matter at hand, shall we?

Ayanokōji Kiyotaka. The being whose preeminent success stood out from the rest of the White Room.

Of course, I was skeptical when I first heard of him.

After all, how could I possibly believe that, despite all my painstaking efforts, he had scored far higher than me in every way?

But… alas. After seeing the data, meeting him in person, talking to him… I finally understood.

Understood how special he truly was.

However, I’m sorry Senpai.

I really want to take your side, but that’s just not how fate is going to play out.

Because, there are those I’ve known for much, much longer than you, Senpai.

I’m way more compassionate than I thought I was… Who wouldda guessed?

As one of your faithful admirers, I’ll be looking on from a distance once ‘that time’ finally comes.