

Steins;Gate Short Story: Okabe Rintaro Birthday Special

Part One

Rintaro: “*Muuuahahaha!* It seems you have all arrived, my lab mems! Then, without further ado, let the 368th Round Table Conference come to order!”

Kurisu: “What, so the reason you called us over out of the blue was just so we could chat? I’m not exactly swimming in free time, you know.”

Itaru: “So you say, but you probably rushed over here as soon as you got the message. Tsundere, much?”

Kurisu: “You wanna say that again?!”

Mayuri: “Hey, Okarin, you said that all the lab mems are here, but... it’s just the four of us, right? Moeka-san, Luka-kun, Faris-chan, and Suzu-san aren’t here yet...”

Rintaro: “Irrelevant. The situation we’re facing is of the utmost urgency.”

Kurisu: “Let me guess: the manager of the Braun Tube Workshop downstairs raised your rent, and you don’t have enough to pay him.”

Rintaro: “No! The matter I am referring to is of no such insignificance!”

Kurisu: “Okay, then what *is* the matter?”

Rintaro: “Well, now that I have your *undivided* attention, allow me to introduce the topic of our discussion: put simply... we must discuss the

necessary means by which to execute our plan to bring chaos unto this world!”

Itaru: “Nice chuunibyou, bro.”

Kurusu: “Hey, Mayuri, wanna go get some beef bowls at Sanbo?”

Mayuri: “Huh? Hmm, let’s see...”

Rintaro: “*Listen up!* We, the Future Gadget Laboratory, must elevate our influence on the public’s opinion of us by any means necessary! As such, I urge you all to offer suggestions on how we ought to go about doing so.”

Kurusu: “...So, what part of that requires ‘the utmost urgency’?”

Mayuri: “Hey, speaking of urgent things, there was something that Mayushii wanted to talk about, too.”

Rintaro: “Uh, Mayuri? Not the time; we are in the midst of discussing an important matter, and—”

Kurusu: “I say there’s merit to hearing what Mayuri has to say, especially over whatever vague nonsense you’ve been spouting.”

Rintaro: “Assistant?! Don’t you go silencing me in this impo—”

Kurusu: “Go on, Mayuri. What was it you wanted to talk about?”

Mayuri: “Well, Okarin’s birthday is coming up soon, and Mayushii was wondering what the best way to celebrate it this year would be. So, I want to know if anyone has any ideas!”

Rintaro: "...Wha?"

Kurisu: "Huh... You're right, his birthday *is* pretty soon..."

Itaru: "Oh yeah, it's December now, isn't it? What day was it on again?"

Mayuri: "Umm, let's see—"

Rintaro: "Stop right there, Mayuri—that's top-secret information! We know not where the Organization's agents may be hiding, listening in on our every word. Under no circumstances should you speak such details aloud—"

Mayuri: "Right, it's on December 14th!"

Rintaro: "..."

Mayuri: "So, Mayushii was thinking it'd be fun if we could hold a birthday party together with all the lab mems."

Itaru: "A birthday party with girls everywhere you look, all there just for you... What is this, a full-on harem? God, I wish that were me..."

Mayuri: "We could do the same thing for your birthday too, Daru-kun!"

Itaru: "You'd do that for me?! You're an angel, Mayu-shi! A genuine angel!"

Rintaro: "...So this is how the chips of fate have fallen, then. You've all become aware of the most forbidden knowledge of all... my birthdate. Yes... the most forbidden knowledge of all."

Kurisu: "Why'd you repeat yourself?"

Itaru: “Y’know, the whole, ‘It’s so important, I said it twice’ thing. That’s probably why?”

Rintaro: “If we’ve come this far, then I suppose there is no turning back. If you all so eagerly wish to celebrate my birthday, then... W-Well, I suppose that... there would be no harm in... considering it...”

Kurusu: “Laying it on a bit thick, don't you think?”

Rintaro: “Heed, my lab members! The topic of the 385th Round Table Conference shall see a revision, effective immediately! In accordance with Lab Mem Number 002’s proposal, we will now consider how best to celebrate my—the great Hououin Kyouma’s—date of birth! Further, the relevant operation for the appointed day shall henceforth be known as—”

Kurusu: “There’s no point in giving it a name. Also, you screwed up the number—didn’t you say this was the 368th conference just a minute ago?”

Rintaro: “Assistant! Your quibbling is unnecessary!”

Kurusu: “Who the hell are you calling ‘Assistant’?!”

Rintaro: “Well, once more—without further ado, let this Round Table Conference *commence!*”

Part Two

Mayuri: “So, how do you want to celebrate your birthday this year, Okarin?”

Rintaro: “Hm. How to celebrate, you ask... Well, before I delve into such details, I must first spell out what dangers may lie ahead, should you choose to proceed down this path—the path of celebrating the nativity of Hououin Kyouuma.”

Kurisu: “Here we go again...”

Itaru: “You never let up on your act, do you?”

Rintaro: “I bid you all listen carefully. The date of one’s birth is as sensitive a piece of personal information as one’s heavily guarded true name. Were the birthdate of myself, Hououin Kyouuma, to fall into the hands of some malignant force, it would be no exaggeration to say that every carefully hidden secret I hold within my soul would be laid bare. It therefore follows, of course, that the Organization is exceedingly desperate to learn precisely when my birthday might be.”

Kurisu: “Nice conspiracy theory. And just so you know, there isn’t a single human on this planet that cares that much about you. Not a single one.”

Itaru: “D-Dang, Makise-shi, even I felt that...! Can’t believe Makise-shi was a total sadist this whole time!”

Rintaro: “*And so!* It is a veritable fact that those who know of my date of birth will also find a target painted upon their backs by the Organization! Because of this, it is very possible that in the near future, they will dispatch

assassins to dispose of you lot as well. The fact that I failed to inform you of this danger prior to this moment was an unforgivable miscalculation on my part—I well and truly regret my carelessness.”

Mayuri: “...Um, so...”

Rintaro: “As it has come to this, I urge you: should you still possess the burning desire to celebrate my birthday, you would do well not to speak of it to another soul until the fated day has arrived. Go about your lives, and pretend as though nothing of consequence awaits you in the coming days. Should you do as I say, we may yet be able to pull the wool over the Organization’s many eyes—if only narrowly. This, I tell you, is the single most important course of action required in celebrating the birth of the mad scientist, Hououin Kyouma!”

Mayuri: “O-Oh, really...?”

Itaru: “I didn’t get a word of that—believe it! Makise-shi, TL;DR?”

Kurisu: “I tuned out halfway.”

Rintaro: “What?! Assistant mine, how dare you tune me out! Should you not be deferring to me as my subordinate?!”

Kurisu: “Who the hell are you calling ‘Assistant’?!”

Rintaro: “You! *You’re* my assistant, Christina!”

Kurisu: “I’m not your assistant, and my name’s not ‘Christina’!”

Mayuri: “H-Hey, Okarin? Actually, Mayushii had a little trouble understanding you, too...”

Rintaro: “I cannot repeat myself. After all, we do not know where—nor when—the Organization might be listening from...”

Mayuri: “But... But, what should Mayushii do, then...?”

Rintaro: “...”

Mayuri: “If we don’t know what you want us to do for your birthday, we won’t be able to have a party at all...”

Rintaro: “[...Yes, it’s me. ...Wh-What did you say?! You mean to tell me you have devised a plan to defeat the Organization in one fell swoop?! Why, to me, this comes as quite the... s-*surprise!*]”

Kurisu: “I heard that stutter. Feeling shy, are we?”

Itaru: “Yeah, no doubt about it.”

Rintaro: “[...Indeed, I hear you loud and clear. A surprise attack on the Organization—a *surprise* attack! This is, indisputably, the greatest plan to bring chaos to the world ever conceived—a *surprise!* I shall pray for your success. Indeed, a *surprise...*! Truly, this must be the choice of Steins Gate. El. *Psurprise*. Kongroo!]”

Kurisu: “...”

Itaru: “...”

Rintaro: “...This concludes our discussion.”

Kurisu: “Okabe, don’t ever take up acting.”

Mayuri: “Hmm... Mayushii thinks this is a little too hard... I still don’t get what you want, Okarin...”

Rintaro: “*HOW?!?*”

Part Three

Itaru: “Y’know, Okarin, it sounds to me like you’re just not used to having your birthday celebrated. Is it ‘cause you don’t have a lot of friends?”

Rintaro: “You there—Super Hacka! If I may offer a revision to that statement of yours, I, the great Hououin Kyouma, once had numerous comrades-in-arms all across the globe! Among them stood Sara of France, Edward of the United States, Karl Richter of Germany... the list goes on and on. Most regrettably, however, the vast majority of my comrades have met their respective ends on the battlefield, leaving me with no means by which to speak to them ever again...”

Itaru: “Doubt. I can’t imagine someone who flunked every high school English test he ever took landing a friend in the US.”

Rintaro: “Grk...”

Kurisu: “If you were doing that badly in your language classes, how exactly were you communicating with your ‘Edward of the United States,’ or your ‘Karl Whatsit of Germany’?”

Rintaro: “...Heh, it’s quite simple: our manner of communication was a technique traditionally passed down from father to child over generations and generations, meaning it is impossible for me to convey its intricacies in explicit detail. But, I will say this: it was a language completely unique to us, designed to render the Organization’s prying ears useless. It was known simply as... the ‘Ancient Words.’”

Kurisu: “So you’re saying it was some secret language ‘*passed down from father to child*’ over generations, and yet, all these other random people were able to use it, too?”

Rintaro: “...”

Mayuri: “Oh! Speaking of dads, did Mayushii ever tell you about Okarin’s? He’s a really nice man, and he owns a grocery store!”

Rintaro: “Don’t tell them that!”

Kurisu: “By the way, Okabe—since we’re on the topic, how exactly *have* you spent your previous birthdays?”

Rintaro: “As I’ve been trying to detail, my past celebrations were spent with Sara of France, Edward of the United States, Karl Richter of Germany, and all of my other comrades; together, we would embark upon—”

Mayuri: “Let’s see... Mayushii remembers baking a cake to give to Okarin for his birthday last year.”

Rintaro: “M-Mayuri! Stop telling them stuff!”

Mayuri: “And you know, even when it was his birthday, he would always be helping out at his parents’ grocery store, which is also where his parents live. Mayushii always thought that was really nice of him.”

Kurisu: “Oh? So you help out with the family business? I guess even *you* have a few good qualities after all.”

Rintaro: “Th-That is but a temporary undertaking of mine for the purpose of deceiving the world! That you were so easily fooled by talk of it is the very proof that you still need more training, Assistant! Moreover, it’s not that I assist them by choice; I am *forced* to assist them!

Itaru: “You know that only makes you sound worse, right?”

Mayuri: “And for the birthday before that, um... Oh, right! Mayushii gave Okarin a cake then, too! He was at Kishimojin Temple, and he kept shouting something like, ‘My left arm! It hurts!’ while he swung an umbrella around. Hmm... Hey, Okarin, what kind of special training did you say that was again?”

Rintaro: “That was no ‘special training’... the evil spirit sealed within my left arm had begun to run amok, leaving me little choice but to attempt to restrain it with all my might. Furthermore, my left arm didn’t just ‘hurt’; I specifically recall saying that it was *throbbing*. That part of the proceedings was quite relevant, and it troubles me to hear you recount it incorrectly.”

Kurisu: “Okabe... This kind of phase is something *grade-schoolers* grow out of.”

Rintaro: “Grk... Do not stare at me with such pitying eyes, Christina!”

Mayuri: “Oh, and the year before *that*—so, three years ago—Mayushii baked a cake for Okarin’s birthday! It’s kind of like a tradition, huh? That time, the two of us were together at a park near our houses, and he talked to me for a reeeally long time about something really complicated... He told me all about how ‘the world must return to its rightful state of soy sauce!’ I think that talk ended up lasting three hours...”

Rintaro: “Not ‘soy sauce’—*chaos!*”

Kurisu: “Wow... You’ve really never changed, huh?”

Rintaro: “Heh heh heh, indeed I haven’t. During those days, I had already been in the throes of my daily struggle with the Organization!”

Kurisu: “Well, setting aside all the ‘Organization’ nonsense, what I’m getting from this is that you’ve spent practically every one of your birthdays alone with Mayuri.”

Mayuri: “Yup! Mayushii is Okarin’s hostage, after all.”

Rintaro: “No, no, no! Don’t go getting the wrong idea—this is not the heartwarming matter you assume it to be. For years and years now, I have been entangled in a bitter, unending struggle with the Organization, which has always prevented such saccharine events. And it is due to this struggle that Sara, Edward, and even Karl Richter—”

Itaru: “Okarin, you lucky bastard! I hate you!”

Rintaro: “Daru, what’s gotten into you?”

Itaru: “You’ve had Mayu-shi, a high schooler—and back then, *a middle schooler*—celebrating your birthday with you for years now! That’s just too much luck, even for a normie! Damn you, RNGesus, gimme an IRL childhood friend, too! Now! Gimme twelve of ‘em! If Okarin gets one, I deserve ‘em in bulk!”

Kurisu: “...How long is this trainwreck of a conversation gonna go on for...?”

Part Four

Itaru: “You’re a goddamn normie, Okarin. Seriously, go die in a hole. If you need some help digging, I can lend you a hand.”

Rintaro: “‘Lend a hand’ in this mad scientist’s destruction, you say?! What are you planning, Super Hacka?! Could you be plotting to defect to the Organization’s side...?”

Itaru: “Okay, listen up, Okarin: I’ve got the perfect way to spend a birthday up my sleeve—trust me, you’ll want to try this one out for yourself this time around.”

Rintaro: “Curses. To think that within your sleeves lies not a conspiracy to double-cross, but birthday schemes...”

Mayuri: “Oooh, Daru-kun has an idea? Tell us, tell us!”

Kurisu: “Knowing him, I can’t help but have a bad feeling about this...”

Itaru: “Well Okarin, you and I are the same in some ways, yet different in others; *you* spend all of your birthdays with the *same* woman, but *I* spend each of my birthdays with a *different* woman.”

Mayuri: “Oh, right, Daru-kun *does* have a lot of wives...”

Itaru: “You know it. I mean, forget each year—I have new wives joining my harem each *month*.”

Mayuri: “Hmm... But Daru-kun, if you have that many wives, how do they all live in the same house? Wouldn’t they not fit...?”

Rintaro: “Mayuri. Everything Daru’s saying is not of this world—it is of his own little world of erogé.”

Kurisu: “Yes, Mr. Itaru here *conveniently* chose to omit the fact that all of his ‘wives’ are 2D.”

Itaru: “Of course they are! What do you take me for?!”

Kurisu: “I ‘take’ you for a total charlatan!”

Itaru: “...Anyway, back to what I was saying: Whenever my birthday rolls around, I always go out and buy a cake. Then, when I get home, I get some nice, romantic lighting set up in my room to set the mood. Once that’s taken care of, I pull up one of my wives on my monitor, and together, we celebrate my birthday, complete with a birthday cake. Though now that I think about it, usually I’ve got three or four monitors set up for the occasion. That way, I can have three or more wives celebrating with me all at once. Yep, that’s how it’s done—like a boss.”

Kurisu: “So basically, you go out and buy a cake, and then you head home and eat the whole thing yourself...? Well, I suppose it’s you we’re talking about here—you’re certainly capable of it.”

Rintaro: “Of all things you could criticize, *that’s* what you chose?”

Itaru: “Oh, and I should mention that I celebrate my wives’ birthdays, too. But, man... I’ve got so, *so* many wives, y’know? ‘Cause of that, I’ve got at least two or three birthdays to celebrate every week. My monthly cake expenses end up crazy high... By now, all the guys who work at the local cake shop know me.”

Kurisu: "This guy's hopeless. Better do something quick..."

Itaru: "Huh?"

Mayuri: "Wha?"

Rintaro: "Hm?"

Kurisu: "...Agh!"

Itaru: "Anyway... So yeah, Okarin, I say you'd best follow in my footsteps when it comes to celebrating your special day. Just follow my lead, and soon enough, you'll realize how good life can be with 2D. In my opinion, that kinda lifestyle beats being the friendless guy who's somehow still living like a half-normie."

Rintaro: "Daru, you'd do well to realize that your idea of happiness may not apply to everyone else..."

Itaru: "Okarin, my son, come with me! Together, we shall cross the dimensional boundary!"

Rintaro: "Aagh, what a depressing thought! Daru, painful as this truth might be to you, I have to say it—your wives are mere illustrations!"

Itaru: "I know that, damn it! The people who go, 'Oh, they're just drawings, so there's no way you can *actually* fall in love with them' are the biggest degens of them all! And hey, you're the one who spouts all that crazy chuunibyou stuff! Those delusions running around in your brain couldn't even work in 1D!"

Rintaro: “I resent that! My scenarios are the furthest things from delusions borne of my brain!”

Kurisu: “And yet, you just called them ‘scenarios’... Those are the kinds of things you make up, you know.”

Mayuri: “But Mayushii is Okarin’s hostage in real life, right? That means Mayushii is part of a 3D scenario!”

Kurisu: “I can’t even begin to understand what’s going on anymore... How long are you all going to keep this up, anyway? Can we please just get back on topic?”

Rintaro: “Very well, then.”

Part Five

Mayuri: “Hey, Chris-chan, how about you? How would you want to celebrate Okarin’s birthday?”

Kurisu: “Huh? Me?”

Mayuri: “Don’t they throw really big birthday parties in America?”

Kurisu: “Yeah, there are a lot of people in America who like to throw these huge parties to celebrate.”

Itaru: “H-Huge parties... *Ulp*. Those kinds of parties and dance parties, man... To otaku—or any kind of geek, really—being stuck at one is insanely stressful. The way American students live freaks me the hell out, like, WTF. That being said, I may not look the part, but I can sure dance; sure, I’m a fat otaku, but I’m a fat otaku with *style*, TYVM.”

Rintaro: “Heh heh heh... Assistant mine, although you do seem to possess knowledge on the matter, I find it hard to believe *you’d* be invited to such gatherings.”

Kurisu: “...Yeah, you’re not wrong. To begin with, I don’t have the slightest interest in those kinds of things. I used to get invitations here and there, but I just ignored them, and eventually people stopped bothering to try and invite me.

Rintaro: “So, rather than spending your time partying, you would instead prefer to bask in an air of solitude, toiling away at your experiments?”

Kurisu: “H-How’d you know?”

Rintaro: “Well, I’ll be—I’d only suggested such a scenario as a joke, and here you are granting it validation... Your passion is commendable, you experiment-loving girl.”

Kurisu: “Who the hell are you calling an ‘experiment-loving girl’?!”

Rintaro: “Do you not love to experiment?”

Kurisu: “Rgh... Well, I guess I do...”

Rintaro: “Between a party and a chance to experiment, you would opt for the latter, would you not?”

Kurisu: “Of course.”

Rintaro: “Straight from the horse’s mouth! You’re an honest-to-gods experiment-loving girl!

Kurisu: “You know what? Forget it. I’m an experiment-loving girl.

Whatever. Just leave it at that.”

Rintaro: “Well then, experiment-loving girl, I bestow upon thee the right to celebrate the great Hououin Kyouma’s date of birth in your own, assistantly way.”

Kurisu: “You’re such a... Can you please just do me a favor and stop acting so high and mighty?”

Rintaro: “Now listen here, Assistant. I’m doing you a *favor*; pity overwhelms me when I consider how lonesome your party-less youth must have been, so I thought I might bestow to you the right to plan my own coming

celebration. Now, this is the part where you ought to accept my kindness, with tears in your eyes and gratitude in your heart.”

Kurisu: “And how exactly is that not just a detriment to me? What would *I* get out of doing all this for you?”

Rintaro: “A *detriment*, you say? Are you judging a *birthday party* in terms of your own calculatory personal gain?!”

Itaru: “Okarin, you’re a real hypocrite, you know that?”

Kurisu: “If you want people to do something nice for you, maybe you should try being nice to them first. On another, *unrelated* note, my birthday was on July 25th. If you’d bothered to celebrate my birthday back then, maybe I’d have decided to return the favor and celebrate yours now.”

Rintaro: “Th-That’s crazy talk! We hadn’t even met before July the 25th—”

Kurisu: “There’s more than one way to go about celebrating someone’s birthday. You should be able to solve this; after all, you’re the one who goes on and on about being a mad scientist, and how you have all these amazing inventions under your belt—surely you could have come up with something.”

Rintaro: “Are you telling me... I should’ve built a *time machine*?!”

Kurisu: “Well, I suppose I *did* entirely disprove all those time travel theories back at that conference... But you could’ve still shown that you actually cared by at least *trying* to think of another one. If you’d done that, maybe I’d be considering how to repay you right about now.”

Rintaro: “Wh—?! Are you mad?! The development of a time machine would take decades! Do you honestly expect me to embark on such a process for the sole purpose of pleasing someone for their *birthday*? Furthermore, *I’m* the one who went to the trouble of inviting you to action! You’re a real pain in the rear, Assistant!”

Mayuri: “Mayushii thinks you’re a real pain in the butt too, Okarin!”

Rintaro: “F-Fine then! If *this* is how you intend to proceed, then I hereby rescind your invitation to my birthday celebration! It shall instead be observed solely by myself, Mayuri, and Daru—”

Itaru: “Oh, actually, I’ll pass.”

Rintaro: “What?!”

Itaru: “Like I said earlier, I’m always spending money to buy cakes for my wives’ birthdays, so I haven’t got much money left over for anything else. And there’s gonna be a ton of highly anticipated erogé coming out this month, so I sure as hell won’t have any money to spend on you!”

Rintaro: “You dare—?! And you call yourself my Favorite Right Arm?!”

Itaru: “Oh, and while I’m at it, I don’t exactly remember you ever bothering to celebrate *my* birthday!”

Rintaro: “...Urk.”

Itaru: “Okarin, do you even know when my birthday *is*?!”

Rintaro: “...Ulp.”

Kurisu: “You’ve got every right to be mad, Hashida.”

Rintaro: “Well, I doubt you’d want to celebrate my birthday anyway, seeing as I’m not some stupid ‘wife’ of yours!”

Itaru: “Hell yeah I don’t! How dare you belittle us otaku!”

Rintaro: “...”

Mayuri: “Oh no... So Chris-chan and Daru-kun won’t be coming...? That’s no good...”

Rintaro: “Mu... Mua... MUAAHAHAHA...! Th-Then all is well—after all, I warned you lot of the dangers that would lie in store should you decide to celebrate the great mad scientist Hououin Kyouma’s birthday! And besides, I don’t need your celebrations to begin with! In fact, they’d only hinder me! I should just have this whole party business called off—that, verily, is the choice of Steins Gate...!”

Mayuri: “Okarin, are you crying?”

Rintaro: “No! I’m not crying! *You’re* crying!”

Part Six

Mayuri: “There she is! Since the chat we were having wasn’t going anywhere, I called Moeka-san over!”

Moeka: “...Hello.”

Itaru: “Oh man, I never get tired of seeing that curvaceous bod of yours...”

Kurisu: “Hashida. Can you do me a favor and *not* shove those perverted lines of yours into the conversation? She’s not one of your 2D wives.”

Rintaro: “Mayuri, whyever have you called Shining Finger over? I believe I said that I have no need of a birthday celebration.”

Itaru: “Might wanna wipe those tears off your face, Okarin.”

Rintaro: “I am *not* crying!”

Mayuri: “Well, Mayushii still kinda wants to celebrate your birthday with all the lab mems, y’know? So I thought we could try asking Moeka-san for her opinion on how we could celebrate.”

Rintaro: “H-Hmph. Do as you please, then.”

Mayuri: “Hey, Moeka-san, how do *you* think we should celebrate Okarin’s birthday?”

Moeka: “...”

Mayuri: “...Huh? What’s wrong, Moeka-san?”

Rintaro: “Your attempts are futile. Shining Finger over here seldom answers with her tongue; on the contrary, she would sooner answer via a message than let a word pass her lips.”

Mayuri: “Whoa, you’re right! Mayushii just got a ton of messages on her phone!”

Moeka: “...”

Mayuri: “Let’s see here... Oh! I can't really read them out loud, but Moeka-san likes to use little stars and music notes like I do! Okay, *ahem*. [‘Thank you so much for inviting me over today!’ ‘I can’t quite put my finger on it, but I feel like I’ll be able to become a lot closer with you all today, and that makes me super-duper happy!’ ‘Okabe-kun’s birthday is coming up, huh? This is actually the first time I’m hearing about it! I thought I could consider myself “in-the-know” about Akihabara’s goings-on, but I guess I still need more training... teehee!'] Ooh, there was a little star at the end of that one!”

Rintaro: “Is that all?”

Mayuri: “Wait, there’s a couple more. [‘The thing is, I may not look like it, but I’m a pretty shy gal. The thought of celebrating a guy’s birthday, much less a guy the same age as me, is, like... AAAAAH! It makes me so nervous, lol! My heart’s beating a million miles a minute just thinking about it, tbh!’ ‘Anyway, if I had the option, I’d really want to celebrate without needing to meet up face-to-face. Maybe I’d send him a message that went like this: “Okabe-kun, H A P P Y B I R T H D A Y !” -Moeka’]”

Rintaro: “So your method of satisfying someone on their birthday is by sending them a *message?!?*”

Moeka: “...”

Mayuri: “Oh, I got some more messages! Let’s see... [‘Speaking of Okabe-kun, I should mention that I happen to catch sight of him at Chuo-dori pretty often. Either there, or in front of the station. And whenever I do see him, I always sneak a picture of him while he can’t see me, lmaooo.’ ‘So when his birthday comes around, I’ll be sure to send some of my favorites over. I’m sure when you guys see these pics, you’ll all be in the mood to celebrate! -Moeka’]”

Rintaro: “You... you *what?!?* You sneak pictures of me?! Without my knowledge or consent?!”

Itaru: “Nonconsensual photos, eh? ...That’s pretty hot.”

Rintaro: “Shining Finger! When did this appalling habit of yours begin?!”

Moeka: “...I’ve... already taken over 300 pictures...”

Rintaro: “I-Insanity... I have never so much as *sensed* your presence at Chuo-dori, nor in front of the station... Why, what else could this be but a special ability that allows you to suppress your own presence? Are you one of the Organization’s many spies, then?!”

Itaru: “Hey, Kiryu-shi, forget the pictures of Okarin—have you got any other sneaky shots on you? Like, of some cute grills, maybe?!”

Kurusu: “Hashida, cut it out! Are you *trying* to be a criminal?!”

Itaru: “Hey, what’s with the goody-two-shoes act, Makise-shi? By the look on your face, you seem preeetty interested in the pictures, too!”

Kurisu: “A-Am not! You take that back!”

Itaru: “Your cheeks are turning red! You ain’t convincing me, you total degen!”

Kurisu: “Y-You’ve got the wrong idea here! I just thought that if I could get my hands on those pictures of Okabe, I could use them as a bargaining chip...! Like, if he wanted us to do something insane or something!”

Mayuri: “Chris-chan, tsundere much? Hehe.”

Kurisu: “I-I’m not a tsundere!”

Rintaro: “This is quite the quandary... To think that my dreadful secrets have been photographed without my knowing it... Were those images to be made widely available to the public, the greatest of perils would doubtlessly descend upon me. And if that weren’t enough, I’ve no doubt the Organization’s agents the world over would come to realize my presence here in Akihabara. It seems I have no choice—the diffusion of those photographs must be stopped at all costs. Daru! Seize her phone at once!”

Itaru: “Wh-Wh-Why me?”

Rintaro: “This is Moeka’s phone we’re talking about; there’s a very strong chance she’s taken some sneaky photos of Faris, too!”

Itaru: “Holy *SHIT*, you’re right!”

Mayuri: “N-No, don’t do that! Stealing is wrong!”

Rintaro: “And it’s ‘wrong’ to take nonconsensual photos of other people! It’s a crime, I’ll have you know, and *I’m* the victim here, not her! From my—the *victim’s*—standpoint, those photographs must be erased, at any cost! Daru, do it!”

Itaru: “Okey-dokey!”

Moeka: “...! N-No!”

Itaru: “Woot! Got the cell phone!”

Rintaro: “Apologies, Shining Finger, but I will now have myself a look at this phone’s contents—”

Moeka: “Grrrr...”

Itaru: “Wh-Whoa, Kiryu-shi, that’s one creepy growl... And what’s with those scary eyes...?”

Moeka: “Haaashiii~~daaa~~!”

Itaru: “Y-Yes, ma’am?!”

Moeka: “Give me back my *phone*! Give it back, or I’ll... I’ll gouge your eyeballs right out of their goddamn sockets and... and... crush them under my feet!”

Itaru: “A-Awoooga! Yeah baby, lay it on meeeeeee!”

Kurisu: “First voyeurism, now this...?”

Part Seven

Mayuri: “Since Moeka-san got mad and left, I called Luka-kun over. Here he is!”

Luka: “Hello, everyone...”

Itaru: “Ohhh... yeah, man...”

Kurisu: “Hashida... Are you planning to stop shivering anytime soon? It’s grossing me out.”

Itaru: “S-Soz, that stuff from earlier’s still got me all tingly. Just ignore me.”

Luka: “Mayuri-chan has already explained everything to me. Oka— er, Kyouma-san, is there something wrong with just holding a normal birthday party?”

Rintaro: “As I’ve been saying, I have no intention of holding a party to begin with, *regardless* of the form it may take—it’s Mayuri that continues to push for one. Quite vexing, I’m sure you understand.”

Mayuri: “Mayushii’s wondering if there might be some wonderful, really unique idea out there that would convince Okarin to change his mind. Can you think of any, Luka-kun?”

Luka: “Hmm, let’s see... Well, what if we had a party at my family’s shrine?”

Itaru: “A party brimming with shrine maidens, huh? I’m down!”

Kurisu: “Give it a rest, Hashida. We all know the *real* reason you’d want that.”

Itaru: “Makise-shi, *you’re* the one making it out to be sexual. You sure you’re not the real pervert here?”

Kurisu: “E-Excuse me?!”

Rintaro: “Hey, you two! Put an end to that perverse chatter, will you? In case you haven’t noticed, we are in the presence of an honest-to-gods priest.”

Kurisu: “I-I didn’t even say anything perverted! It’s all Hashida!”

Luka: “U-Um... Kyouma-san, I’m not a priest yet... I’m still just in training right now...”

Mayuri: “That’s a great idea, though! I’d love to go to a birthday party at your shrine, Luka-kun!”

Rintaro: “A celebration at Yanabayashi Shrine, hm? To think that the Urushibaras, the descendants of the ancient soldiers of Kyushu and the inheritors of the Seishin Zanma school, would be willing to house my birthday proceedings... Then I must ask, Lukako: have you resolved yourself to this course of action?”

Luka: “Huh? Um... Sorry, what are you asking?”

Rintaro: “[...It’s me. Yes, it’s just as you’ve heard. ...Heh, I see. So you agree, then; it would be best to analyze this offer as though there were some kind of catch to it. ...No, there is certainly value to be found in the Seishin Zanma swordsmanship style. Were it snuffed out, I would find myself at quite the disadvantage. ...Yes, I quite understand: I am not in a position to be making any moves that would expose me to the public. No... even if some

blood were to be shed here, I am certain we would be able to dodge the worst possible outcome through this course. That, indeed, would be the choice of Steins Gate. El. Psy. Kongroo.]”

Kurisu: “...Who the hell are you supposed to be fighting, again?”

Rintaro: “My apologies, Lukako. I am firm in my prior decision, and I simply cannot go back on my word. Though I appreciate the sentiment, I cannot accept your invitation to the shrine, much less hold a birthday party there.”

Mayuri: “Huuuh? Come on, Okarin, let’s just do it! It’d be so much fun if we all dressed up in kimonos and had a party at the shrine... Right, Luka-kun?”

Luka: “I agree. At the very least, I could have some sake prepared for the occasion.”

Mayuri: “Wooow, that’s so cool! You and Okarin can do that sake-cup-exchange thingy where you both drink from the same cups!”

Luka: “Wh-Wh-Wh—?! W-We c-can’t do th-that!”

Kurisu: “Is it because you’re a minor and can’t drink alcohol? Still, it’d be a holy ritual, right? Surely it’d be fine in that case?”

Luka: “N-No, that’s not it... I-I mean, if we did that, it wouldn’t really be a *birthday* party anymore...”

Mayuri: “Ohhh, Luka-kun, your cheeks are all red! So cute! There isn’t a single girl in the world who wouldn’t swoon at this!”

Kurisu: "...Am I missing something here? What's this ritual supposed to be for?"

Itaru: "Oh, you don't know, Makise-shi? I guess it's 'cause you aren't from here, huh?"

Rintaro: "Heh, I suppose it makes sense—this *is* our experiment-loving girl, after all. All she has eyes for are her experiments, and it shows! Her consciousness of our society's common knowledge is sorely lacking."

Kurisu: "You're one to talk."

Rintaro: "Lukako! Explain the ritual to my ignorant assistant!"

Luka: "M-Me...?" Uh, um... But... it's embarrassing..."

Itaru: "...Somebody pinch me."

Rintaro: "...But he's a guy."

Mayuri: "Whooooa, even Okarin and Daru-kun've gone red now! Hehe."

Kurisu: "What's so embarrassing about this cup-exchange thing?"

Urushibara-san, would you mind explaining?"

Luka: "...j-joined... t-together..."

Kurisu: "Huh?"

Luka: "...It's a ritual that's performed so that... a bride and a groom can... be joined together..."

Kurisu: "O-Oh, uh... S-Sorry to make you explain that..."

Luka: "...*Sniff...*"

Part Eight

Faris: “My, if Kyouuma’s all caught up in his own world, little old meow’s got no choice but to lend a paw and help out, nya.”

Rintaro: “Oh? Faris, what brings you here?”

Mayuri: “Mayushii asked her to come over!”

Faris: “Happy to be here, Myasters!”

Itaru: “Hell yeah! A business outing by the Maid Queen herself!”

Faris: “Faris has already heard the gist from Mayu-shi, nyan. The divine day of Kyouuma’s birth is just around the corner, but Kyouuma himself doesn’t want us to celebrate, because then we’d get a glimpse at the darkness that lies within his heart... Does Faris have that right, nya?”

Rintaro: “Hold. Faris, don’t go filling the hearts of others with darkness of your own accord.”

Faris: “Did Faris get it wrong, nya? Are you not he who seeks chaos? The clawful, insane mad scientist, Hououin Kyouuma, nya?”

Rintaro: “Muaha... Muahahaha! Do not be led astray, Faris! For you see, your explanation was spot-on!”

Mayuri: “Anyway, Mayushii thought Faris would have a good idea on how to celebrate Okarin’s birthday. Like, something that even Okarin would be happy about!”

Itaru: “I-IMHO, we should’ve just taken Luka-shi up on his offer... We could’ve seen him in a white kimono, dammit...!”

Kurisu: “Shut it, perv. She was practically crying from embarrassment earlier... E-Er, *he*.”

Mayuri: “Hey, what do you think, Feris-chan? Got any ideas?”

Faris: “Sure do, nya! What’s more, Faris has a plan that only Akihabara’s maid corps can pull off, nya!”

Itaru: “Holy... Are you thinking what I’m thinking...?”

Faris: “Simply purrt, we’ll put on a grand event to celebrate Kyouma’s day of birth!”

Rintaro: “A grand event, you say?”

Faris: “Everynyan who comes’ll get to have a picture taken with you, and we’ll set things up so that Kyouma can give an amazing karaoke performance! And where are we gonna do it? MayQueen+Nyan², nya!”

Mayuri: “Wow, that sounds super fun!”

Rintaro: “It seems I’ve misread you, Faris! Do you truly intend to instate me, the insane mad scientist Hououin Kyouma, as an idol to further your business operations?! It seems you are blissfully ignorant of the catastrophic outcome such a course of action would beckon. ...Good god, do you *wish* for Akihabara to be submerged in a torrent of bloodshed?!”

Faris: “Even so... Even so, we *must* nurture the seven great heroes, if only for the sake of a better tomorrow for the land known as Akihabara! Yes, the seven great heroes—the Seven Leaves of Autumn!”

Mayuri: “In Japanese, please... Hehe.”

Rintaro: “The... Seven Autumn... The Seven Lea... The *what* now?”

Kurisu: “...Even Okabe’s confused now...?”

Faris: “Surely you nyanderstand, Kyouuma. We both know that, moment by moment, second by second, Akihabara is inching closer and closer to a grand paradigm shift.”

Rintaro: “I-Indeed it is. Its great legacy is steadily being corroded—and now, it has not even a physical form to be beheld.”

Faris: “The existence of formidable heroes who will protect Akihabara’s population from ruin is absolutely crucial... The old legends spoke of these heroes like so, nya: ‘They are heroes who will appear not automatically, but in accordance with the will of those who wish to protect the city—and those who submit themselves to training the heroes to do the same.’”

Rintaro: “Wh— Oh, of course! So that’s how it is!”

Kurisu: “What the hell are these two going on about...?”

Itaru: “The thing is, Faris-tan—even if you announced this birthday event for Okarin ahead of time, it’s not like anyone would actually come. Otakus are pretty picky when it comes to these things; there’s no way they’d spend the money to go to some event celebrating a no-name university student—*who’s also a guy*—that they’ve never met.”

Faris: “...Well, you’re right about that, nya.”

Rintaro: “Who the hell are you calling a ‘no-name’?! ”

Faris: “Kyouma, you must strive toward growth so you can get your name out there, nya! Or, to be more specific, you should start working at MayQueen as a butler, nya. If you get your start there, three years from now, you’ll definitely be able to hold your own solo birthday event, nya!”

Rintaro: “I am not a tool of your establishment, Faris—do not move to use me as one, lest you wish to be consumed by the undulations of chaos...”

Faris: “Faris thinks it’d be pretty interesting to try giving herself over to chaos, nya.”

Rintaro: “Think again, Faris; should you be dyed by the dark colors of chaos, you would find yourself unable to be employed as a maid of purity ever again.”

Faris: “Faris could be an alt maid then, nya. Faris has heard whispers about ones like that.”

Itaru: “Oh, hell yeah! Faris-tan, Delightfully Devilish Edition! I need to get my hands on the figurine, NAO!”

Faris: “Nyahaha!”

Rintaro: “See, this is exactly what I’m talking about! I refuse to go along with such a farce!”

Kurusu: “Aaand the train’s been derailed yet again... Is *anyone* here serious about this discussion?”

Mayuri: “It feels like Okarin’s starting to get into the mood to celebrate, don’t you think?”

Part Nine

Suzuha: “All right, I’ve heard the deets, Okabe Rintaro!”

Rintaro: “P-Part-Time Warrior?! What do you mean you’ve ‘heard the deets’?!”

Suzuha: “Well, you guys’re so noisy, I could hear pretty much every word from downstairs, whether I wanted to or not. Kinda hard to work like that.”

Itaru: “So you’re telling me that all this time, the cute part-timer grill downstairs has been listening in on everything we’ve been saying...? Have you been able to hear me whenever I’ve been busy playing eroge up here, too?!”

Suzuha: “Hm, dunno about that.”

Itaru: “Dang it... I’m fine with overhearing other people, but being overheard myself? No thank you!”

Suzuha: “I don’t think anyone asked.”

Itaru: “Oh, but don’t get me wrong—there’s still something really hot about letting someone overhear you on purpose!”

Rintaro: “Get a grip, Daru!”

Mayuri: “Hey, Suzu-san, since you came all the way up here, does that mean you’ve got a good idea on how to celebrate Okarin’s birthday?”

Suzuha: “Yep, sure do!”

Mayuri: “I wanna hear, I wanna hear!”

Suzuha: “Well, for starters, you guys don’t have the right idea about how a birthday should go.”

Mayuri: “Huh? What do you mean?”

Suzuha: “In the era I come from... er, in the *region* I come from, birthdays aren’t the kind of thing you *celebrate*.”

Kurisu: “Another derailment. What are the odds? Is there *anyone* here who can hold a straightforward discussion?”

Suzuha: “To us, a birthday only stands for one thing: the day you officially outgrow your childhood and become a true warrior in your own right.

Birthdays have no special meaning beyond that. More specifically, the day you become a warrior is the day you turn eleven; from then onward, you take up arms.”

Mayuri: “Woow, that sounds like it came straight out of a movie!”

Suzuha: “However, you aren’t recognized as a warrior just because you reach your eleventh birthday. The day you turn eleven, you have to spend the next twenty-four hours fending for yourself in a survival-training situation straight out of the depths of hell.”

Mayuri: “Survival training...?”

Suzuha: “Basically, you get abandoned in the middle of a mountain range, stark naked. You end up in an area so remote, it’d take half a day on foot just to get to the nearest town. The day I turned eleven, I had to fend off bears and stray dogs with my bare fists, drink muddy water, and eat poisoned berries to stave off hunger.”

Itaru: “Wh-What the hell...? That's going *way* too far! Who the hell made you do all that?! You'd have to be completely goddamn *unhinged!*”

Mayuri: “Daru-kun... I don't think I've ever seen you so mad before...”

Kurisu: “I'm surprised, too. Since when were you this close to Amane-san, Hashida?”

Itaru: “I mean, come on! Not even a lolicon'd be evil enough to just, *force* a nude little eleven-year-old girl through something like that! Like, WTF!”

Kurisu: “Someone call the cops.”

Rintaro: “Suzuha, this is quite the questionable fabrication of yours. Why, next you'll be telling us you've lived in the untamed Amazon rainforest as well.”

Suzuha: “What I've told you isn't a fabrication of any kind. It's reality—cold, unforgiving reality. When I did manage to overcome my hellish eleventh birthday, *that* was when I became a warrior.”

Rintaro: “What exactly are you trying to get across to us with this story? And put it concisely, will you?”

Suzuha: “What I'm saying is that you should go through some hands-on survival training, too! If you do, you'll definitely come out way tougher for it! Come on, Okabe Rintaro—become a warrior with me!”

Rintaro: “I refuse!”

Suzuha: “Whaaat?! Why? You could be a full-fledged warrior!”

Rintaro: “I am no warrior—I am a mad scientist! An erudite intellectual!”

Kurisu: “The fact you can call yourself that without feeling embarrassed is some insane hubris.”

Mayuri: “Um, Suzu-san, does that mean you don’t have any fun memories of your birthdays, then...?”

Suzuha: “I don’t think so... We didn’t really have the leeway to hold laid-back celebrations, considering the state of things.”

Rintaro: “I once again find myself wondering what country you hail from...”

Mayuri: “Hey, Suzu-san? Mayushii thinks that when you were born, lots and lots and *lots* of people celebrated! I’m sure you were really blessed!”

Suzuha: “Huh? Do you really think so?”

Mayuri: “Yeah, for sure! And not just your mom and dad—Mayushii thinks that all kinds of people who went to ComiMa celebrated you being born. And I’m sure they all had really big, warm smiles on their faces while they did!”

Itaru: “ComiMa? Why ComiMa, of all things?”

Kurisu: “It almost sounds like she... knows something we don’t?”

Rintaro: “Mayuri, are you confusing the part-time warrior with someone else?”

Suzuha: “Shiina Mayuri, what exactly are you talking about?”

Mayuri: “I guess it’s kinda like a prediction. And as for the details... Mayushii thinks we’ll all find out tomorrow. So let’s look forward to it, okay? Tutturu!”

Final Part

Rintaro: “Mayuri! No matter the number of lab mems you drag into this debate, you will never persuade me! I am the insane mad scientist, Hououin Kyouma! As he who will bring chaos unto this world, I cannot afford to be beguiled by trivialities such as birthdays! As such, I hereby declare the... uh... 346th Round Table Conference *closed!*”

Mayuri: “Whaaa?! Oh no...”

Itaru: “Well, if the birthday boy himself doesn’t wanna celebrate, there’s no point in forcing it, right?”

Mayuri: “But...”

Rintaro: “How-*ev*-er...”

Mayuri: “Huh...?”

Rintaro: “There yet remains a last resort—one that may overturn this conclusion of mine.”

Mayuri: “A last resort...?”

Itaru: “You’re *telling* us this? Aren’t you supposed to *not* want us to find something like that?”

Mayuri: “Okarin, tell us! What’s the last resort?”

Rintaro: “The last resort... Yes, the last resort...”

Mayuri: “What is it?”

Itaru: “Yeah, what?”

Rintaro: “Should the assistant over there bow her head in apology to me, proclaiming, ‘Oh, please, Mr. Hououin Kyouma, allow me to celebrate the very holy day of thy birth,’ I may very well reconsider my line of thought!”

Kurisu: “What? Why do *I* have to apologize to *you*?”

Rintaro: “Christina, from the very beginning, *you* were the one who stated that you did not wish to celebrate my birthday. In essence, *you* have been the turncoat throughout this entire arduous affair!”

Kurisu: “Oh, for the love of... You’re acting like a child, you know that? *You’re* the one who’s been making this whole thing so difficult. I mean, do you *really* have to spit out some annoying remark every other sentence? If you were *normal*, you’d do what everyone else does when their birthday comes around: actually be thankful to the people who want to celebrate with them.”

Rintaro: “Gh...”

Kurisu: “Go ahead and keep acting like a child—pretty soon, no one’s gonna bother putting up with you anymore, birthday or not. The *least* you could do is thank Mayuri, given how much she’s done for you. As for me, I’m not planning on celebrating no matter what you do, so don’t even bother apologizing—”

Mayuri: “Wait, huh...? What’s that sticking out of your bag, Chris-chan? Is that a present for Okarin?”

Kurisu: “Wh—?!”

Itaru: “Whoa, you’re right! That package *does* kinda look like a present!”

Kurisu: “Wh-Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hold on a sec! You’ve all got the wrong idea! Hold on!”

Rintaro: “Ohhhhhh...? Is that so, my assistant?”

Kurisu: “...”

Rintaro: “Is that really, truly, doubtlessly, *indubitably* so...?”

Kurisu: “Urk...”

Rintaro: “Oh, Assistant... Heh heh heh, so this is how it’s to be.”

Kurisu: “Wh-What do you mean? Spit it out already.”

Rintaro: “[...It’s me. As of mere moments ago, every puzzle has been solved, every code deciphered. ...Indeed, ‘twas nothing but my assistant being dishonest with herself about her feelings—in other words, her tsundere instincts kicking in, influencing her every action and spoken word.]”

Kurisu: “Takes one to know one!”

Rintaro: “[Heh heh heh... It seems even *I* was deceived this time! ...Yes, truly; the world is brimming with far more chaos than I had been led to believe. But that, indeed, is the choice of Steins Gate. El. Psy. Kongroo.]”

Mayuri: “Wow, Chris-chan, so you really *were* planning on celebrating Okarin’s birthday after all!”

Kurisu: “Don’t get the wrong idea—I figured I *was* at least an acquaintance of his, so I thought I’d do the bare minimum and get him a present. Just to be polite. There’s nothing else to it than that! And, considering how he’s been acting, I wasn’t planning on giving it to him anywa—”

Rintaro: “Muahahaha! Assistant! No, Christina!”

Kurisu: “I’m not your assistant, and my name’s not Christina!”

Rintaro: “I shall rescind my previous statement: I bestow upon you, once more, the right to plan the great Hououin Kyouma’s *magnificent* birthday celebration, where you shall stand by my side as my assistant!”

Kurisu: “No way, I refus—”

Rintaro: “You don’t get to refuse!”

Kurisu: “Excuse me?!”

Rintaro: “Listen well! A declaration is in order: you, Mayuri, and every lab mem—it is in all of your best interests to throw a grand celebration of my day of birth! And make no mistake: a run-of-the-mill ‘birthday bash’ will *not* satisfy my needs! It must be an event that will allow me to conduct the maximum number of operations on the day of my birth!”

Kurisu: “This guy’s hopeless... I shouldn’t have let him rile me up like that...”

Mayuri: “Hey, Chris-chan, let’s go out and buy a cake later, okay?”

Kurisu: “Jeez... Fine, fine. I doubt that’ll be enough to satisfy his ego, though.”

Mayuri: “Well, Okarin looks like he’s having a lot of fun, and that’s good enough for Mayushii!”

Rintaro: “As for the first step in this campaign... Yes... We must hijack the official Twitter account, such that we may be able to convey, to the world

over, the dreadful, awesome power of the great Hououin Kyouuma! Heed my words, Daru—begin hacking into [@kagakuadv](#), now!”

Itaru: “You’re really gonna dump all the work on me?!”

Rintaro: “Heh heh heh... It seems my birthday this year will be a celebration to be remembered. El. Psy. Kongroo.”

Presented by:

NS2C

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Rintaro: “Heed my words, Daru—hack into [@ns2c_!](#)”

Itaru: “...Okay, a good dom gets me going and everything, but you’re missing a few required assets, Okarin. If you wanna order me around, either download CEss: Sauce, or try getting reincarnated as a sexy grill.”

Rintaro: “Silence, Daru; I have no need of your erotic fantasies, nor your delusions of virtual realities! We must put Phase Two into effect, posthaste!”

Itaru: “Fine, fine. Whatever, man.”

Rintaro: “[...It’s me. Yes, we fully intend to maintain this position until our next mission is set in stone.]”

Itaru: “Hey, I’m gonna tune out now. You don't mind, yeah?”

Rintaro: “[...Hah, trust me—I am fully aware that danger awaits us around every corner, and that the longer we linger here, the more likely it is that the Organization will discover our location and rain an army of men down upon us. Nonetheless, we shall remain here until the time is right—till the promised day arrives, we will continue to provide you with daily updates through a certain blue-bird proxy. ...Very well, then. El. Psy. Kongroo.]”