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KINUGASA SYOUGO

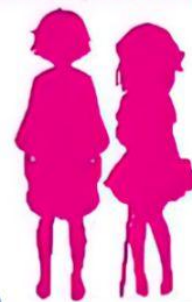
トモセシユンサク

TOMOSESHUNSAKU


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**実力至上主義**  
の教室へ

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**Kinugasa Syougo**  
**Tomose Shunsaku**

**Welcome to the**  
**Classroom of the Elite** **2**

**Fan Translation**  
**Anime Anyway**



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# Classroom of the Elite Volume O

English Translation by Anime Anyway

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## Prologue

### Ayanokoji Atsuomi's Monologue

Wealth, poverty.

The difference between the rich and the poor.

High academic achievements, inferior education.

The gap between education.

The city, the countryside.

The gap between regions.

The young who were not blessed, the old who were.

The gap between generations.

This Japan is a society of gaps.

I have only shown one part, but it truly represents both heaven and hell.

The important thing is, that for the most part, circumstance is by no means something that cannot be changed. If a man of poverty can grow to become wealthy, a man of wealth can also fall into poverty.

If one is displeased with the disparity between regions, they may head into the big city.

While understanding the logic, I still had nothing.

Born in the countryside, extremely poor, and a pathetically poor academic history.



With my physical strength also only average, even if I was endowed with perseverance, it is not as if I was a hard worker.

If I ever looked strong enough to have the characteristics of a fighter, that was simply my youth.

However, without realizing this potential, I spent my life wasting most of my time away.

I was, indeed, a man crawling on the dirt.

Without the expectation of anything resembling a bright future, there was only the simple possibility of living a pathetic life.

However, with my own hands, I cut open my future.

Because I had one thing, just one, that I possessed more than anyone else.

That was, my “*ambition*”, to keep consistently fighting without halt.

[TL Note 1 : There are two meanings for the word translated into “ambition”:

1: Ambition, aspiration

2: Sinister plans, treachery.

There isn't really anything indicating it was used with the second meaning but I wanted to let you know. The author *might* have also used this word on purpose to indicate both meanings.]

No matter what, I will rise up to the top of this country.

I have lived up until now with that one idea in my heart.

That ambition alone was what supported my life.

As I faced my 25th years of age, for the first time, I gained eligibility to be elected in politics.

I had saved up a sum of 3,000,000 with my part-time job.

With this, I was to become a politician, a member of the assembly, and make a name for myself as a man of great fortune.

A faint, hard to achieve dream. Taking the election lightly, I failed in a way that was painful to even watch.

It would have been fine if it had ended there, but as I could not even reach the minimum amount of votes, the 3,000,000 that I spent all my life saving up was confiscated.

Poverty resolution, clean politics, countermeasures against the declining birthrate, wage increases, NO WAR.

I thought that if I simply lined up some lip service, the election would be easy.

A shallow and foolish idea. Anyone can think of and realize shallow ideas like that.

What mattered for winning the election was which organisation you belonged to, and who you were under.

Whether you can differentiate friend from foe and endure being wrapped up for the long haul.

What happened after that?

Did I think that I was ruined?

I wanted to join the ruling party, the "Citizen's Party", and started my first step as a politician.

That's correct, after two years, I entered the election again, and was elected.

From when I was 27 years old, I succeeded in reaching a position where I could put all of my life, my heart and blood, into politics.

Perhaps I was able to become the winning side, then, but... for me, being elected was not the goal.

Most of all, the world of politics isn't so easy.

No, it would not be an exaggeration to say that, in a certain meaning, it is a deeply dark world.

Because, even if I had the spirit, I was nothing but a young and alone parliament member with no shield or power behind me.

Half of the people who are able to rise up, are second or third-generationers granted the privilege at the time of birth.

The sons of big politicians, ignorant, foolish and unaware of the impending crisis, are just repeating their dull delusions on TV day and night, like carbonic acid losing its air.

There are those who make a name for themselves in the entertainment world, and move over to the world of politics.

Most of them are nothing more than crowd attractors, but they still have a bigger chance than nameless politicians like me. It's an ironic story.

As such, the methods for me to make a name for myself as a politician... The choices I had were limited.

To take on the dirty work in the shadows that no one wants to do.

A role in which if I failed, my life as a politician would have been over... or, depending on the case, I might even have received a criminal complaint against me.

By taking this on by my own volition, I was able to slightly increase my presence inside the party.

Before long, as the hidden sword of "Naoe Sensei", who bound together many factions in the Citizen's Party, I had my hands in all kinds of evil deeds. Mediation of underage girls, bribery, espionage to hostile organizations.

Once I was assigned to this project, the boundaries between right and wrong were removed for the sake of success.

There were times when I would come in contact with Yakuza or other criminal gangs and resort to violent means.

I had no time to rest, and, as I continued to challenge, before long, I was gaining influence inside the party; when I was 36 years old, I was able to gain some political power.

However... from this point on.

In order to jump into the center of the political world, more achievements, and transgressions, would be necessary.





A newborn, one month old baby.

The first time I saw my child through the glass, he was staring blankly at the ceiling. No special feelings came up in my mind.

If I was forced to say, the only feeling I had was the relief that my key to move the people upstairs had arrived.

For almost around a year, this is what I had been waiting for.

"We've completed the health check."

"Any problems?"

"Currently, there aren't any problems. No problems were found in the EEG and all the other tests. The results of the DNA analysis were also all good."

Tabuchi, completing all of the tests, looked at the results and gave me his report.

"I see."

We can't allow anything to stop us at this pre-start stage.

With this being cleared up, I could say that I was able to go through the first stage.

"You may come in direct contact with him now."

"No need. Just like all the children up until now, start the tests right away."

The White Room project is already on the fourth stage. There is no need to waste time.

I stopped to look at my child, who was being carried out with my instructions.

If I enter him into the White Room, I suppose I will not be seeing him for a long time. Right?

"Wait a bit."

I headed down to my son, who was behind the glass that separated us.

Being directly in front of him, I could once again feel this small life close to me.

He could not hold his head up, so I slipped my hand behind his neck, and gently picked him up.

"You are Sensei's son, after all. A rigorous education is awaiting you from now on, but I hope you can achieve the results that—"

"What are you saying? Get ready for the photographs right away."

"Huh..?"

Tabuchi was stunned, as if he did not understand my intent.

"I'm sending my child, who is even more important than my own life, into the White Room. You should capture this determination and tension with a camera. It will be important promotional material for the next fund-raiser."

A parent giving away a child he has no interest in, or a parent wanting to hold on to his child but giving him away for the sake of the future.

I don't even have to think about which one would pull more eyes at the galleria.

"Huh...? Ah, o-okay."

Tabuchi, hurriedly taking out his phone, took a photograph and video of me holding my child.

After about a minute of this performance, I put the baby down.

"Take him away."

"U-understood."

I put my sight away from the baby, and started preparing for the coming event.

"Anyhow, all the necessary preparations have been completed. Please connect me to Sakayanagi."

It had been about 10 years since I stepped into the world of politics.

Outwardly, I've been slurping muddy water with a smile on my face, but that ends today. I'm starting a new life for myself here.

I will use and sacrifice anything I can, including my own child.

Even Naoe Sensei, who reigns as the absolute authority, is nothing more than a stepping stone.

He is an enemy; one that I will eventually have to surpass and crush.

"If you don't want to die, you have to struggle for yourself. Kiyotaka."

Whether you are a baby or an adult, in the end, you have to do everything yourself.

Your circumstances may be awful, but, unfortunately, it is the same way for me.

If you had been raised as a family member under me, you would have been even more neglected. In that sense, I could say that you are still off to a good start.

I quietly closed my eyes by myself, in the room where my child had disappeared from. However, you never know what life will bring.

I never thought that I would have a child of my own blood in any shape or form.

The turning point came around 4 years after I started working under Naoe Sensei.

That's right. It was then, when I learned of the White Room project's existence.



# Chapter - 1

## The Project's Launch

### Intro

A traditional Japanese restaurant. Sasagawa. It's the latter half of January, there is no snow but it is a day of below freezing temperature.

Already, for an hour under the cold sky, I have continued waiting for the arrival of the owner.

"It's cold, isn't it, Ayanokoji-san... I wonder when Naoe-sensei will be coming..?"

Kamogawa, whining again for a third time, is breathing into his hands to warm them up.

"It's always the same. For Naoe-sensei, a set time is nothing but a simple suggestion."

"Wait, does that mean that he could be late an hour, or even two hours?"

It is likely, that this is the worst feature of this man.

"How naive. We're lucky if he comes here today. A lot of times, he never shows up at all."

"Wow... No way... Then, how long will you wait for someone who might not even come?"

"Indefinitely. As long as there is not a message from him, I will wait even if the restaurant closes."

"You'll end up dead in that case, you know."

"If I can consider myself a part of the Naoe faction, then I would gladly die for him. Though, Naoe-sensei would never be concerned about someone dying."

We're nothing but attendants of the intermediary role.

Rather, it's the person simmering inside waiting for Naoe-sensei who must be uncomfortable.

"But... it's amazing to be forgiven for being careless with time like this. Normally, that would make people angry."

"Careless with time, is that really what you think?"

"I mean, isn't it true?"

"Even arriving late becomes a weapon in Naoe-sensei's hands. It's even in an anecdote of Miyamoto Musashi, Ganryuujima."

Of course, normally one would not use such old, useless battle strategies.

This display of power can be forgiven precisely because it is Naoe-sensei.

"Obviously, 80% of the people who get stood up can do nothing but cry and go home."

These numeral figures, they're the proof that there is no one who can defy Naoe-sensei. Even the current prime minister has to ask Naoe-sensei for instructions.

No matter how much I am made to wait, I will welcome Naoe-sensei with a smile.

"The remaining 20%... who are those?"

"What use is there in asking about the remaining 20%, the idiots?"

"A-as a reference..."

"The idiots get annoyed after being stood up, and roughen their voice.

Then, they approach me, as if about to strike at me, and demand so:

"How long are you going to make me wait? Quickly, call Naoe-sensei", and such."

Rumbling his throat, Kamogawa next to me swallowed his saliva.

Even this man, for whom it had not been many days since joining the world of politics, understands how terrifying it would be to give an order to Naoe-sensei.

However, each time, I hold a resolute attitude and deal with every member the same way.

"I don't want Naoe-sensei to be taken lightly. I'll just kick you out."

Will you lower your head or ask for another appointment, or will you not show your face a second time?

With this, 80% of people again lower their heads.

While cursing in their hearts, they put priority on getting an audience. Well, at the point where they make this choice, the chance for them having a smooth relationship with Naoe-sensei mostly disappears.

"It must be a lot of trouble when you are in the middle like that, Ayanokoji-san."

"I know I must spare no effort, but it isn't just once or twice that I've been hit. I've even almost been killed by an ash-tray or a golf-club."

As long as they can't put their hands on Naoe-sensei, that frustration has nowhere to go but me. However, it isn't like hitting me will get them rewarded by Naoe-sensei.

"That's very rough. Has it been the same all these four years, Ayanokoji-san?"

"It's simple, but not everyone can do this work. You really have to give it your all."

That's precisely why this chance came to me, someone with no-one behind him, no academic achievements, no intelligence, and no social standing.

Still, this guy is way too clueless.

"Didn't parliament member Kamogawa teach you the ironclad rules?"

This man standing next to me, he is one of the kinds of politicians that I despise the most.

"Father didn't say anything about that..."

Typical second-generation. Leeches, being raised spoiled and eternally continuing to live in the world of politics.

He is a loathsome leech, but, he can become a chosen one, being born into a rich, privileged social standing.

His father, Parliament Member Kamogawa Toshizou who has been supporting Naoe-sensei for quite a few years, is a great veteran with more than 30 years in politics.

Of course, his son would not be allowed to experience severeness in the low ranks.

He is not a pawn to use up and throw away like me, as such, he will continue to be valued as one of the parts holding up the Naoe faction's framework.

"What I did learn, was that as a politician, it was best to shut up and follow along with Naoe-sensei. That I can be a parliament member for a long time and have a stable income, and that I could get a pretty good position one day."

He became a politician not because there are things he wants to accomplish, but simply to make a living.

A lot of people like this exist, whether second-generation or not.

It is a foolish and rotten thought, but, for the guys above, a presence from whom they can gain a vote from without any discontent and complaining is one to be thankful for.

"I want to get up from the bottom of the ladder and get a comfortable job already."

Kamogawa, looking up at the night sky while mumbling and muttering.



"I'm hungry, too... All they have on a cold day like this is hot sake."

"Enough, Kamogawa. Shut up for a bit."

"Come on, it's good to chat, at least. It's not like Sensei is here. More importantly, please, tell me more about yourself and Naoe-sensei."

"About myself?"

"I'm hearing rumours. That despite the fact most people under Naoe-sensei become useless right away, you're being valued and being expected to do well. I want to know the details of your secret methods."

Kamogawa, swallowing the rumours and speaking as if talking about other people's affairs.

I am being pressed by the impulse to punch him away right now, but, the only thing that would earn me is a momentary sense of relief.

I'm considered a newcomer, even after four years. I have to make this fact the main issue.

"The time for chatting is over. Put it off your mind."

"Eh?"

After faintly hearing the taxi from afar, I corrected my posture.

Kamogawa also understood what this meant, cleared his throat and straightened his back. The taxi slowly parked in front of the restaurant.

Immediately after, a black painted Sedan also parked a little behind the taxi.

Without even needing to glance at it, it is clear that they are Naoe-sensei's bodyguards.

I returned my gaze to the taxi right away, yet, the door did not open, and Kamogawa tilted his neck with curiosity.

He was able to see Naoe-sensei's figure through a window so he was about to start running, but I stopped him.

"Don't do anything selfish."

"Huh? B-but..."

In the taxi's backseat, from what can be seen by peeking in through the window, I can see a man and a woman intimately touching each other.

If we do something to bother them now, I am afraid of unnecessarily being reprimanded.

However, it is rare for Naoe-sensei to take a woman along.

Further, even if it is a taxi in the middle of the night, as a politician, I can't think of this as anything but a careless move.

After around a minute of silence in the taxi, the door to the backseat of the taxi finally opened.

"See ya, Sensei~"

As we could hear the wheedling voice of the young girl who was in the back, Kamogawa also finally understood.

After that, Naoe-sensei spent some time chatting with the woman, but then he slowly exited the taxi.

From the driver's seat of the Sedan behind, a slender man quickly came out.

Without saying anything, he silently stood next to Naoe-sensei.

This body-guard is a new face that I haven't seen before. However, I don't have the leeway to worry about that.

"Thank you for your hard work, Naoe-sensei."

"T-thank you!"

Was he shaken because of the scene with that woman, or is it simply because he's in front of Naoe-sensei?

Even if it was the latter, this is very stupid at a time where it shouldn't even look like it is the former.

Stepping one foot ahead of the eyesore that is Kamogawa, I blocked his face with my shoulder.

However, it may have been an unnecessary worry.

Naoe-sensei, not even taking a look at Kamogawa, had his sharp eyes just on the restaurant.

"Where's Asama?"

The suit he wore and his posture made it hard to think of him as an old man, and at the same time made the others around feel a sense of youth from him.

"I have had the pleasure of waiting for you. I will humbly guide you to him."

[ TL Note 2 : This sentence isn't a direct translation but he speaks in an extremely respectful way in the original text and this is the best way to reflect that with some paraphrasing. ]

I gestured with my eyes to the nervous Kamogawa behind me that he should pay the taxi fare, and guided Naoe-sensei into the restaurant.

As we went under the curtain, everyone from the proprietress to the head chef quickly presented themselves and bowed their heads.

Naoe-sensei, putting on a big aura and not changing his expression, took off his shoes.

While stepping on the wooden floor, he headed for the private room at the back of the restaurant.

Naoe Jinnosuke. Based in the ruling party, the Citizens Party, he has experience in many positions such as Minister of Transport, Minister of Economy, and currently works as Secretary General.

Without mentioning the Prime Minister, his position is only half a step behind the Vice President, but, speaking of it in terms of importance, I can say that the Secretary General is certainly higher. He is the general manager holding the party's real power. The man is 68 years old now, but, there is still not even a hint of him retiring from his current role. In the world of politics where there is no age limit, as long as there is not a bodily problem, I think this man can continue to hold his position for 10, or even 20 more years.

"Asama-sensei, I have brought Naoe-sensei here."

Beyond the sliding door, Asama-sensei was waiting, seated, to welcome Naoe-sensei.

Upon seeing Naoe-sensei, he stood up, and deeply bowed down.

Asama Hisashi. He is 71 years old, 3 years older than Naoe-sensei.

Currently, he works as the vice minister of the Ministry of Land, Infrastructure, Transport and Tourism, and is a leading figure in the Naoe faction.

To me, even Asama-sensei is a resident of the clouds above.

However, when Naoe-sensei showed up here, he instantly switched from master to slave. It is a regularly occurring scene that shows at a glance how much power difference there is between the two.

"I have been waiting for you, Naoe-sensei."

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Asama. I was busy with work."

"I know how busy you are."



I bowed down so deep that I almost rubbed my forehead against the tatami mat, and quietly closed the sliding door so as to not disturb the two's conversation.

From this point of view, listening to the two big-name politicians talk would not be allowed.

"This is quick, Naoe-sensei, but about that thing..."

We are only separated by a sliding door. The devil has been whispering to me to eavesdrop and pick up useful information. I could even install a bug.

However, this world is not so easy.

If I was planning any conspiracies, this evil deed would quickly be exposed and my political life would be cut short.

I got up, left the place, and moved to a room far away.

## Part 1

In the private room that was provided, Kamogawa was sitting down as if prostrating, and focusing solely on the sake in front of his eyes.

"Kept you waiting, huh?"

"No. Let's start right away too."

"Don't drink alcohol."

"W-what? But there's this delicious sake put here right in front of my eyes. What is this brand? I've never seen it in an izakaya before."

"Do you want them to smell alcohol when we're seeing them off? This thing is just for decoration. There's nothing to gain by carelessly putting our hands on it."

"But..."

A high-class traditional Japanese restaurant that dazzles the eye. I have no intention of condemning him for his desire to drink before the meal. In truth, in the old days, I've almost lost to temptation many times too.

Fortunately, I witnessed the moment of the man who was taking care of me back then being reprimanded and then eliminated for putting his hands on alcohol, which is connected to my abstinence now. The ones who hold power are drinking by making a side-dish of the humans below them, that's what I decided to think.

Not just the parliament members below them. They look down on the citizenry itself.

They are always intoxicated by the fulfilment of their desire for conquest, which they rule by the rules of their own making.

"Ayanokoji-sensei, there is one thing on my mind."

This guy really likes talking.

"Why do you always sit on your knees? You can sit as you want in this seat, right?"

"I'm used to it. I have to comfortably sit on my knees for hours in front of Naoe-sensei and the others. If I don't get used to it in regular times, I'll be in trouble when the time comes."

I am not even allowed to say something like "Is it okay even if I break my legs?". There is no option but to continue sitting on my knees until my legs go necrotic.

"T-that's terrible..."

Kamogawa, who probably has no confidence sitting on his knees, hurriedly sat back down into his seat.

Even an egg-tofu dish served on a small plate can cost four figures if ordered as a single item.

However, I am not grateful. I roughly grabbed the small plate with my hand, and pushed it into my stomach without even chewing.

"Whoah, what a waste..!"

I continued eating, ignoring most of the drivel Kamogawa was chatting to me about.

I am not interested in how expensive it is, how fresh it looks, or where the plate came from. As long as I can intake enough energy to be able to move afterwards, that's what matters.

"I'm going to the bathroom."

I lightly told Kamogawa, got up on my slightly numb feet, and left the room.

After using the toilet, I was about to return to the private room where Kamogawa was waiting for me, when I saw a group of men in suits.

Among them, was a single man who stood out of the crowd.

However, it was only for a moment that I saw him, and he turned a corner ahead in the corridor and disappeared.

"That was..."

I was pressed by the urge to chase after him and find out his identity, but I have to restrain myself here.

However, the back of that figure definitely looked like Parliament Member Kijima. Unaffiliated with Naoe-sensei, Isomaru-sensei, or Prime Minister Miyako, he is the fourth force in the Citizens Party.

He is so promising that he is even praised as the man closest to the Prime Minister among the younger generation.

It cannot be that they just happened to be at the same restaurant at the same time.

Because it is customary for the restaurant to privately arrange things so as not to create a clash in schedules.

Could it be that Naoe-sensei has already begun to make moves towards the next term's election?

## Part 2

It was about two hours after Naoe-sensei entered the private room when the meeting ended. After seeing Parliament Member Asama off, Kamogawa and I were called to the private room.

Parliament Member Kijima must have been in this room after all, as the number of bowls were the same, but there were three sake cups.

However, seeing that there was no trace of the chopsticks being used, it wasn't as if he was enjoying the meal and the conversation seemed to be over. It seems that he just drank one or two cups of sake and listened.

"Is there something on your mind?"

Thinking he's read my faint gaze, a sense of nervousness runs through me as if grasping my heart.

"No, it's nothing."

"Who was here?" It is not as if I can speak of such a thing.

It is only natural that he sensed what was in my mind, but, Naoe-sensei did not particularly press further.

"Ayanokoji, how long have you been working under me?"

"I have been humbly studying under you for 4 years now."

"That's right. There are only a handful of people who can become a politician in their 20s. There's no mistaking it, I can say that among the have-nots, you've climbed up the stages of success in life faster than any-one else."

The have-nots. A word created by Naoe-sensei, indicating the people other than the second or third generations that I hate, i.e. other than the people who are born in a blessed environment or whose parents are from the business world and have strong backing. So 'Have-nots' basically being the people who did not have a blessed environment with rich parents and strong backing.

It is a word that is mainly used with factions, but it would not be too much to say that in truth, whether you succeed as a politician or not depends on these two categories of "the haves" and "the have-nots".

In simpler terms, it is like a company that is owned and operated by a family member.



No matter how excellent they are, an outsider is an outsider. Unless you have a surplus of true ability and fortune, the peaks which you can aim for are limited.

There is no bright future awaiting the have-nots.

In other words, for people like me, the highest point we can reach stops at the world of politics.

To aim higher than that, I would have to connect to a second generation and leave it to my child. After choosing the best option in this way, I will be allowed to encroach onto a high position somewhere in the world.

However, since there are already many second and third generation politicians vying for the few seats available, even if I send my descendant into the world of politics in the future, it will not be easy for him to rise up.

The ones who had been sitting in the seats before will then be connected to the even stronger fourth and fifth generations.

"I am really grateful to you, Naoe-sensei. For picking up someone like me."

"You owe everything to your competency. In truth, I'm being helped by you in various ways as well."

There is no meaning in flattery.

However, it is a path you cannot avoid as a politician.

Rather, when Naoe-sensei praises someone, there is something you cannot welcome so easily awaiting afterwards.

"However, among the party, your true ability is not yet acknowledged."

"Of course. I am very aware of that."

No matter big or small, all of my achievements are being taken by Naoe-sensei.

It is only Naoe-sensei in front of my eyes who understands that they are my achievements. I'm sure that I am nameless for the opposing party too.

"I'm sure you've guessed what it was about, but, today, we were talking about Isomaru."

Isomaru Youkou has been in the world of politics for a long time as the number 3 of the Citizens Party.

"He's grown older too, just like me. There aren't that many chances to attach yourself to the prime minister's seat, so..."

It must have been a discussion to oppose Isomaru, who is a rival presence for Naoe-sensei.

"The guys in the faction are very wary of Isomaru. He really is a foe that cannot be underestimated, but, if I was asked, I would say he is an easy man to understand. He's a guy who uses nothing but stale methods."

After decades of friendly rivalry, I'm sure that they know each other like the palms of their hands.

"I think that the foe we really have to be wary of is not Isomaru."

"In other words..."

"Ayanokouj, have you ever met Kijima?"

Maybe because I saw a back that looked like Parliament Member Kijima's, my body reacted without my noticing it.

I'm hearing nothing but the names of the big-shots today, including Asama-sensei who had a meeting with Naoe-sensei in the first place.

Naoe-sensei's usual, sharp eyes are gazing at me.

"I have seen him many times, but I have not had the pleasure of a direct conversation with him."

"I think that he's actually our greatest enemy, the one that we must be wary of."

Despite being in the same political party, he calls him "enemy" without hesitation.

It is proof that Naoe-sensei, who wants authority, is strongly wary of Kijima-sensei.

If Naoe-sensei and Isomaru-sensei are the Citizens Party's shadows, then he is the opposite. Kijima-sensei is a young influential man sold as the signboard of the Citizens Party, a person who stands under the light and pushes clean policies into the front.

Naturally, as the number of party members supporting him have been increasing, I have thought that it would be a bit further ahead when he would threaten Naoe-sensei and his allies.

However, it seemed that he was evaluating Kijima-sensei higher than I expected.

This means that before I could notice, he's grown to the point of threatening Naoe-sensei.

Naoe-sensei, number 2, Isomaru-sensei, number 3, and Kijima-sensei, number 4 are gathered under Prime Minister Miyako.

These are the people who will struggle over the seat of the next Prime Minister.

"Do you know what is the biggest factor that has brought Kijima up to his present post?"

"I think he has many achievements, but the eye-catcher has to be the "*High*", right?"

Advanced Nurturing High School. A facility established to nurture young people for the immediate future of the government. Not much has been achieved yet, but a lot is being expected. No, it's better to say that the government is pressing them.

"There is an inseparable relationship between the education of children and the development of the country. It is also well received by our supporters. While he is an enemy, I am impressed that he came up with such an interesting idea."

Without being able to break into the conversation, Kamogawa listened while sweating from his forehead. The air conditioner in the room is not too hot, but from the contents of the conversation, it is understandable.

"Somehow, young party members have a blind dedication to him."

There is a lot of media exposure, and there are many people who have the image of the Citizens Party = Kijima.

"I thought I'd make sure if you're one of them or not."

"You must be joking. You will always be the only one I will study under, Naoe-sensei."

This is at least not a lie.

In the first place, once you start the path to the Naoe faction, you are not allowed to get off the ship.

Even if Isomaru-sensei and Kijima-sensei's factions make great strides in the next election and Naoe-sensei loses his position, they will have to share the fate of the sinking ship.

But what was the purpose of having dinner with Kijima-sensei, who is such a wary opponent?

I'm curious, but I don't have time to pay attention to that right now.

"Actually, today we decided to officially launch a project that we were considering behind the scenes."

Naoe-sensei threw a brown A4 size envelope on the table.

"This project is a serious one that could change my political life. Now that not only Isomaru but also Kijima, and the opposition parties are slowly rising, it's finally time to move with it."

As the sake cup became empty, I quickly poured in hot sake. Naoe, who was living a life where things would be filled up when emptied, drank it down in one gulp.

"The existence of the project will undoubtedly have a significant impact on the election."

That's why the contents of the envelope in front of me are an important matter.

"Most of my aides leave in less than six months. I don't know if it is a pure lack of competence, or an inability to keep up with unimaginable hard work. But even though it has been four years, you are gaining momentum day by day, rather than faltering. It reminds me of my old self."

"Thank you very much."

"I'll ask you. What kind of politician is an extremely good politician? Kamogawa, answer me."

Naoe-sensei asked such a question, perhaps as a side-dish for his sake.

"What!?"

It's a situation where you can't be silent, but you can't just give a random answer either.

A very good politician will vary greatly from the point of view of the viewer.

"He who can answer the wishes of the people... or such, right?"

It's a straightforward answer, but it is an answer, I suppose.

Only from the public's point of view, though. It's an answer that even a child could think of, but Naoe-sensei nodded once and then looked at me this time.

"What do you think?" Ayanokoji.

Excellent or not, the answer.

"I am inexperienced, but I think people like you are the best politicians, Naoe-sensei."

Naoe-sensei turned his mouth into a smirk, but I quickly continued.

"Bad politicians offer tempura to customers who want to eat sushi."

"C-customers? What do you mean..?"

"Customers are customers. Sometimes it's the people, sometimes it's politicians, sometimes it's something else."

Politicians do not deal with one particular kind of person. Politicians who cannot respond to requests from an unspecified number of customers are a nonsensical existence.

"Now that's interesting. So, continue."

"A good politician makes sure that customers who want to eat sushi eat good sushi. Most likely, 30% of politicians can do this...no, I should say 20%."

Politicians who are supported by many people naturally fall into this category.

"Isn't that an extremely good politician? Because you serve the sushi that customers want, and you serve delicious ones, right?"

Certainly, this is the limit of what a good politician an ordinary person can reach. However, I don't think this is an excellent politician in the true meaning.

"If you claim to be an extremely good politician, you need more than that. I think he is the one who can induce customers who want to eat sushi to be as satisfied as possible by serving curry or beef bowls."

Politicians are not people who just respond honestly to requests.

Sometimes, even if you can't answer a request, there are many situations where you have to avoid causing the other person to complain. Even with a single bill, there are only two choices, of passing it, or not.

The ones who couldn't get their bill passed will be dissatisfied. That is why you prepare a third option that is neither, and suppress both support and opposition. Naoe-sensei in front of me has shown such skills many times.

"I see. That's a pretty good expression."

"Thank you very much."

At this point, Naoe-sensei's eyes change to an even more intense and sharp one.

"I hope, that one day, you can put that idea into practice with your own hands."

One day. One day, huh? It's been four years now, but it's a very short time for the world of politics. I wonder how many more years I have to continue to build up this foundation before that one day will come.

"Don't look so dejected. You are capable. After watching you for four years, I can understand that. That's why I'm looking for a tangible achievement from a young man like you."

He took a bite of his side-dish with his chopsticks, and when he had it in his mouth, he pointed the tip of the chopsticks toward the envelope.

"I don't think it's been 'only 4 years'. It's been 4 years already. Isn't it about time you got some credit for growing so much?"



"...does this mean that you are giving me that opportunity?"

Many times, I have repeatedly set things up for Naoe-sensei.

The credit goes only to Naoe-sensei, and the misconduct goes only to me. It's not because of simple charity that I repeated this irrational absurdity.

The fist resting on my lap naturally clenched strongly.

"You can see it that way. But, I must have you succeed. Are you ready?"

Can I wait to see what's inside? Of course, I can't say anything like that.

"Shortly after I started studying under you, you said something to me. All human behaviour is determined by their goals..."

I didn't know it at the time, but they were the words left by a great man. If I fail, my last four years will probably be erased in an instant.

"I will serve with all my heart."

Bowing deeply, I readily agreed to accept.

"If you succeed in this project, fame will naturally follow."

I don't trust him at all, but he has never even made such insinuations before. It is reality that at least it is a different project than the ones before, and an important one.

This is a chance I've gained, precisely because I've gained his trust. I won't miss it.

"Look it over."

"Excuse me."

I picked up the brown envelope on the table and pulled out a stack of papers about 5 mm thick.

The title of the first page is "Human Resource Development Plan (temporary)".

"Japan's education levels are declining. In today's Japan, it is necessary to provide education with an eye on the next 5 or 10 years, not the next 20 or 30 years."

"It is my first time hearing that you were so passionate about education, Sensei."

"Politicians put a lot of effort into education. Even if you are not interested in the slightest, it will lead to votes at home and abroad."

This man doesn't really want to change Japan's education. He's just coming up with a strategy to strengthen his power and gain more support.

The idiot next to me is fidgeting and worrying about the details of the project.

"You can participate too, Kamogawa. Do it together with Ayanokoji."

"T-thank you very much!"

A happy smile broke out on his face, and Kamogawa peeked in somewhat forcefully.

There's no need for someone like this to help me, but if Naoe-sensei decided so, then it can't be helped.

The human resource development plan, briefly summarized, was to provide education for gifted children as soon as they were born. After reading everything, I had Kamogawa read the text over again.

"How about it? Do you understand, Kamogawa?"

"An educational institution under the direct control of the government... and it's from infancy, right? I've never heard of it."

The questions that spring up from the head of Kamogawa are meaningless.

"We can't call it a special program if you had heard of it, right?"

Without needing me to correct him, Naoe-sensei readily dismissed him. That's not the problem with this project.

"You need to have a little more flexible mind, Kamogawa."

"I-I'm sorry..."

"However, there is something I would like to ask you, because you are such a rookie. How did this project look to you?"

"How... how did it look?"

Glared at by the snake, no, without even having his eyes turned towards him, Kamogawa stiffened. He looked like he was about to cry and asked me for help.

"Sensei wants to know what you thought when you saw this project. He is not looking for a superficial approval, just answer whatever you want."

If he were to make a comment that would make Naoe-sensei look bad, it would only spoil his good mood.

"Well, then... I was just wondering... are there really any parents who want to leave their children in institutions to educate them? Unless it's a kidnapping... it doesn't seem like a feasible story, does it?"

Hearing this, Naoe-sensei looked at me, as if testing me.

"It's a valid question. Can you answer that question? Ayanokoji."

Dumb answers that might be acceptable from a newcomer are not acceptable from me. Once I adjusted my breathing, I turned to Kamogawa.

"That will be handled somehow. Every year, there are hundreds of children who are abandoned by their parents immediately after birth."

Procuring a baby is no trouble.

"Abandoned children are not at risk for their lives, receive generous support from the government, and receive appropriate education. It's a project that makes it easy to go to high school or college."

"No doubt about that. Yes, the answer may be the same, but if the steps leading to it are not, they will look very different. You have to study hard under Ayanokoji."

"Y-yes!"

"Depending on how things unfold, this could lead to an approach to mothers. In this Japan, where fertility is decreasing, more than 100,000 abortions are performed annually. It could be a satire for a society that doesn't readily allow childbearing, and also a receptacle for it."

Naoe-sensei nodded with a smile and carried the sake into his mouth again.

"And if this plan works, of course, the political community will be very interested."

"Apart from the lives that we throw away, there are many other lives that cannot be treated justly. Especially for the wealthy."

"Hidden children, unrecognized children, right?"

"Yes. There are many celebrities who make children in secret. However, they can't provide proper education because they can't support them publicly. If the government was to support them secretly, I'm sure their eyes would light up."

Little by little, I was able to see the full extent of this project.

"And, eventually, there will be people who want to give their loved ones the best education."

So this is the human resource development plan project that Naoe-sensei is thinking about.

Receive funds from the wealthy and educate the children whose identities are to be hidden.

Eventually, when the children reach adulthood, they will be thoroughly trained to become a member of the Naoe faction, and sent to the political world.

Obedient servants with special education. Moreover, the children will have the blood of the wealthy. Is this the beginning of a forward-looking plan? It may seem like a rather dangerous plan, but if it succeeds, the payoff is immeasurable.

If I refuse to accept the offer, I will be immediately removed from the ladder by Naoe-sensei.

"The people on this list are..."

"They are geniuses banished from their paths. They're hard to handle, but..."

There were about 10 documents, each one with a biography like a resume.

"They were the best in economics, psychology, and other fields in Japan and the world, but they left the stage because of some problems."

I see. This human resource development project incorporates various risks.

When it comes to providing semi-mandatory education to children, there will naturally be some budding objections.

In that sense, it is unlikely that an authoritative celebrity will move forward and cooperate.

On the other hand, those who have problems but are proven to be competent are more likely to agree to the project if they are given money.

They seem to have many problems with their personalities, but they certainly seem to have the right skills. Without knowledge and experience, education can only be done vaguely.

However, it would not be realistic to take a group of people like private tutors and turn them into representatives of Japan.

This is by no means an easy job.

"Do you remember? Soon after you came under me, you said something about education."

"Of course. My philosophy of education is to get kids interested in politics, to get them to learn about it, and to develop a strong political mindset. That will lead to the future of Japan, so I asked to study under you, Naoe-sensei."

"I thought it was just a clever little nonsense from a rookie parliament member right after I heard it, but it eventually gave me an idea of my own. In other words, you deserve to participate. Will you do it? Ayanokoji."

This is not a word of confirmation.

It is no different from any kind of coercion or order.

Then the minimum requirement is still the same this time, which is to accept the offer with two words of encouragement.

Above all, it is the best project that sublimates and embodies my philosophy of education.

"Of course, I will take this on."

"This is a top-secret project. Not only the opposition parties, but we are also not at the stage of informing the ruling party. Further, there are ethical issues involved. If you expose yourself to criticism at the halfway point, your political life will be over."

It will only end my political life, not that of Naoe-sensei, who conceived this project.

No, to be precise, it will result in several people hanging themselves, including Kamogawa II beside him.

"We will do our best. However, I have a favour to ask, Naoe-sensei."

"What is it?"

I know this might sound stupid, but I want to speak up now.

"This project seems difficult for me and Kamogawa alone. Could you bring in someone we can trust?"

"That is my intent, of course. There is a man named Sakayanagi who has a good face in the political and financial world. He is a young man, not much older than you, but he has a tight mouth and is trustworthy. We can try him."

I've heard that name before, but I'm sure it was an old man who was entrusted with high school education...

But either way, I suspect he is a man with the support of Kijima-sensei.

"I was a little short of words. The Sakayanagi you're thinking of has a son. It's him."

I see. Is he not a person directly connected to Kijima-sensei?

"Understood."

"Then I'll tell you what's important, but don't expect any financial help from me."

"Huuuh? Such a project would cost a lot of money-"

I grabbed the shoulder of Kamogawa, who spoke superfluously, and stopped him.

"I know it requires a certain amount of recklessness, but... may I borrow your name, Naoe-sensei?"

"That's not possible right now either. It's not a good idea to divulge what I'm involved with."

Realizing we will not get any support, Kamogawa's complexion turned pale.

"Well, good luck, Ayanokoji."

He speaks very selfishly. But if we do not swallow this absurdity, we will not be able to move forwards.

"We are sincerely committed to this project."

"Right."

Even if this was just an idea, and a plan to throw away tomorrow... If this is what Naoe-sensei wants now, I will have to respond to it.

Then, after a few moments of equally gratifying words to no avail, the meeting was closed. In order to see Naoe-sensei off, I took the initiative to open the door of the room. At the end of the hallway, the new bodyguard was waiting for Naoe-sensei to return.

"Oh, right. Was it your first time meeting this man, Ayanokoji?"

"It's exhausting work to be your bodyguard, so I thought that it is not unusual that they are being replaced."

The man in front of him is constantly looking at us with a smile on his face.

"May I introduce myself?"

When I showed no particular interest, the bodyguard said so.

Normally bodyguards are not allowed to make such comments, but Naoe-sensei did not seem offended.

He sounded thin-lined, but Naoe-sensei, seemed to value him. It's not just anybody.

"He's called Ayanokoji, he's a promising parliament member. There's no harm in greeting each other."

A man with a straight, beautiful posture stepped up to me and held out his hand.

"My name is Tsukishiro Tokinari. I'm afraid I'm not a bodyguard, but I'm happy to make your acquaintance."



I grasped back the offered hand.

"So you are not a body guard... Then who are you?"

"Well, this guy is... He's a jack-of-all-trades, to put it simply. If you have any trouble, you can rely on Tsukishiro. He's not much older than you, but he's a pretty useful man."

"Jack-of-all-trades?"

As if he had been waiting for me, the man who introduced himself as Tsukishiro offered me his business card.

"I will do whatever is necessary, from personal protection to information gathering."

So that's what he means by jack-of-all-trades. He's a shady man.

However, if Naoe-sensei is walking with him like this, there is no mistaking the fact that he has the talent.

"I am Ayanokoji, I have the honour of being trained by Naoe-sensei. If there are any problems, I will definitely ask you to lend me your strength."

"He has a certain amount of clout not only in the Citizens' Party, but also in the Peace Party."

Peace Party, the first opposition party.

It is an organization that is always hostile to the Citizens' Party.

Just before I became a politician, they even almost won an upset election against the Citizens' Party. If it hadn't been for Naoe-sensei's conciliation with the Peace Party, the regime might have been turned upside down.

If you belong to one side, you are hostile to the other side.

Whether politician or not, it is universal.

But, he's saying he has influence on both sides?

Tsukishiro walked out with Naoe-sensei, with an eerie smile on his face the whole time. I put Naoe-sensei in the taxi that he had been waiting for, and kept my head down until I couldn't see the car.

"Wow, it's cold. I don't think anyone's looking anymore, but..?"

"Still, I keep my head down for at least a minute after I can't see the car. And don't let up and look tired after the bowing is over. You can't know where there are eyes."

Even the people in the restaurant spy on us. After Naoe-sensei leaves, if it was spread around that one was using abusive language and such, that would be the end.

"But why was Naoe-sensei in a taxi today? And he was in the taxi, so openly getting close with a girl, right? Before even the age difference, it's an affair, isn't it?"

"I guess that's why he's called a jack-of-all-trades."

"Eh?"

Of course, I don't know the specifics either. However, if one dares to think of a reason, it is because Naoe-sensei himself is acting as a decoy to lure something out. I can think of something like that.

"That's not what we should care about. Let's Face the human resource development project."

It is always the case that things are unfolding horribly behind the scenes that we know nothing about.

"It's a great project, but... it's all getting a bit crazy, isn't it?"

It is true that it is an outrageous project. However, it seems like a blunder for Naoe-sensei to let Kamogawa talk to him as well.

This man is light-mouthed and has no convictions whatsoever. He thinks I should see this guy by my side?

I'm sure it'll be fine while the plan works, but, when it doesn't...

No, Naoe-sensei isn't a man who can't see that kind of thing.

Should I see this man as being by my side in case I fail?

Details are scarce, but it appears I have no choice but to start off in troublesome shackles.

With this the Chapter 1 of Classroom of the Elite Volume 0 has been completely translated into English. Hope you Enjoyed it !  
**Chapter 2** will be soon released [here](#).  
Look forward to it !