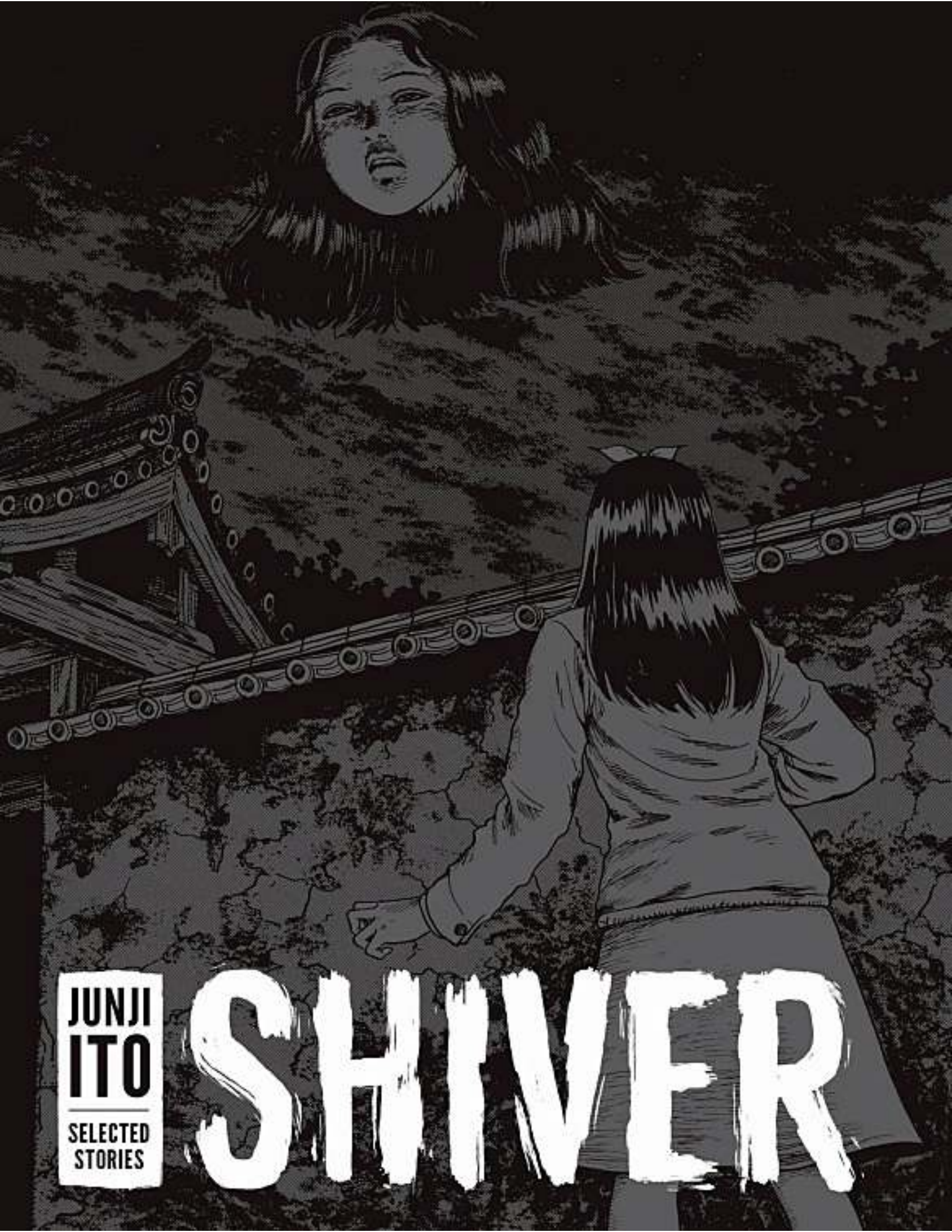


JUNJI
ITO

SELECTED
STORIES

SHIVER



**JUNJI
ITO**

SELECTED
STORIES

SHIVER

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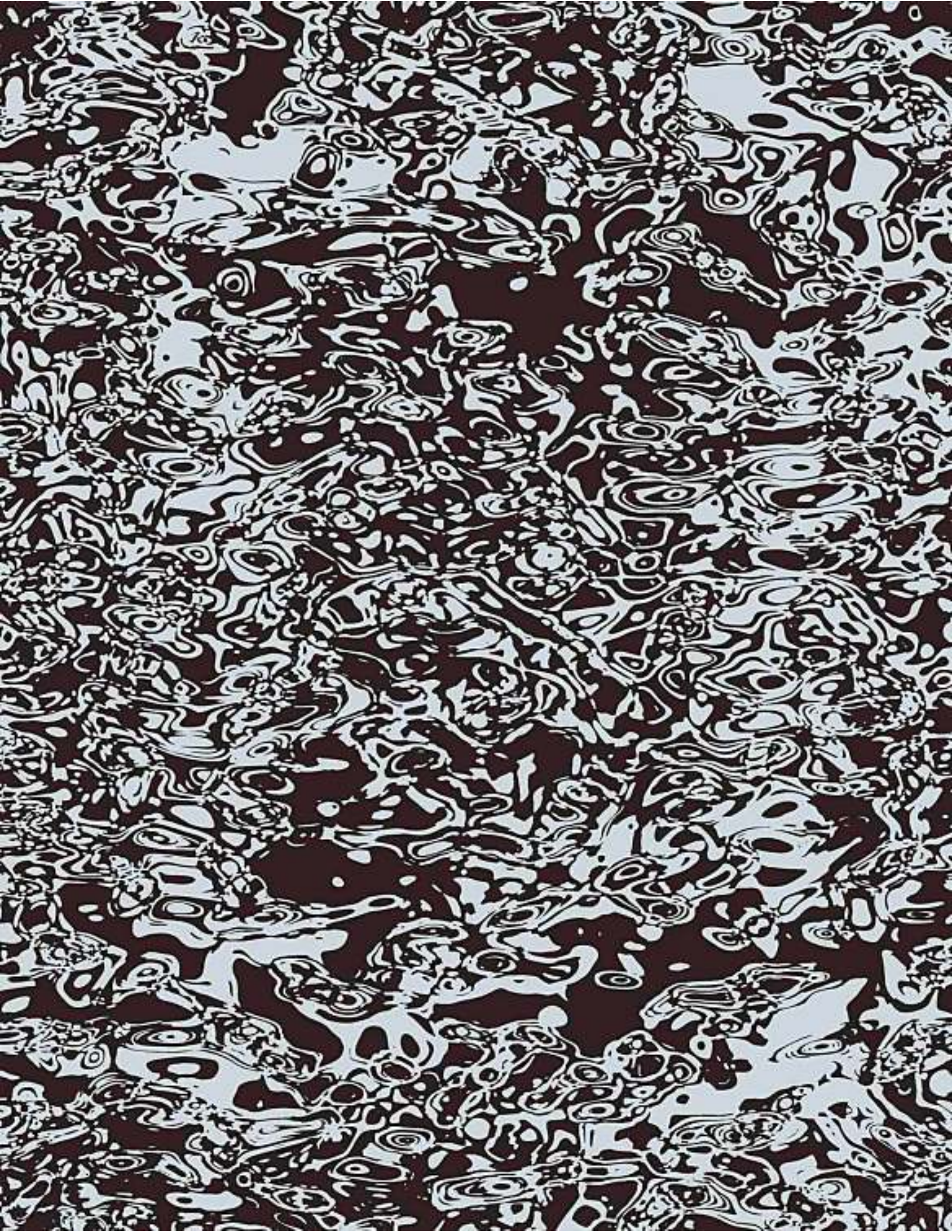
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USED RECORD

中古レコード





"HOW?
GOD GAVE IT TO
ME. AN ANGEL
DROPPED IT
ON DOWN. YOU
WANT TO LISTEN
TO IT AGAIN?"

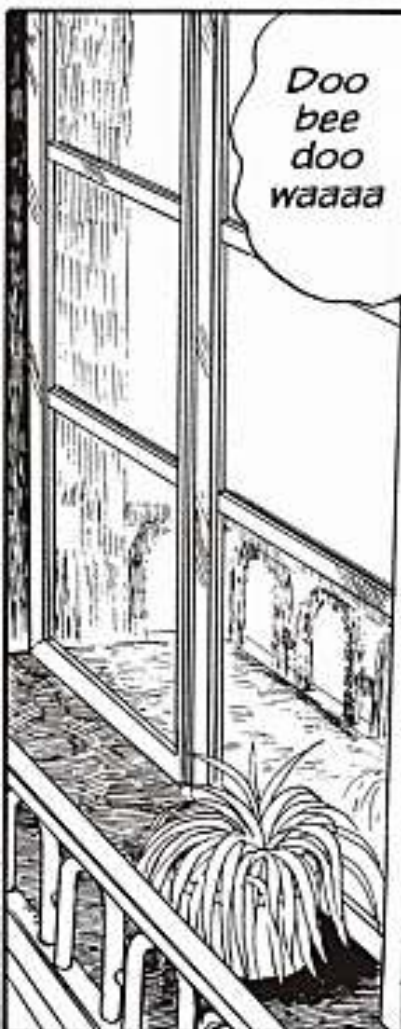
"WOW...
SO THIS
IS IT, HUH?
WHERE—
HOW DID YOU
GET AHOLD
OF IT?"

Dabba
dabba
dabba da
dabba
doo bee
aaah



Dabba
dabba
dabba
daaa

Doo
bee
doo
waaaa

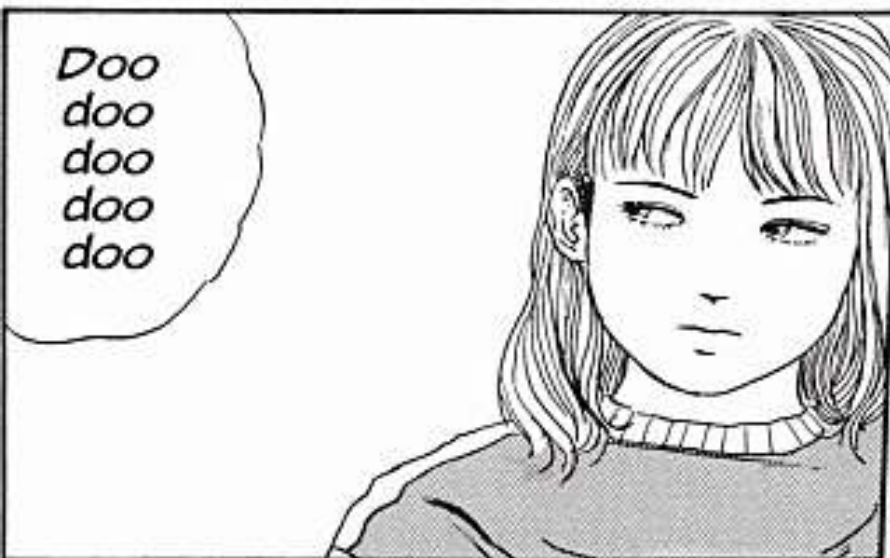


La la la
doo bee
doo waa



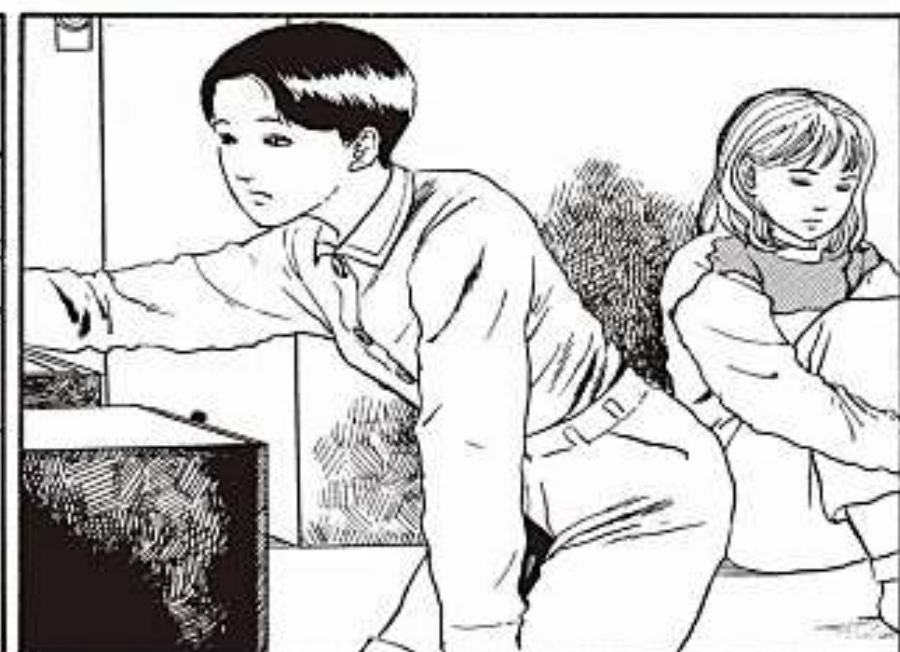
La la
la la
la la
la

Doo
doo
doo
doo
doo



La
la
la
la
la







THAT'S
NOT THE
ONLY
REASON.

YOU BARELY HAVE ANY
FRIENDS EITHER!
AND YOU ONLY COME
OVER BECAUSE YOU
WANT TO LISTEN TO
THIS RECORD!

I'M THE
ONLY ONE
WHO EVER
COMES
OVER HERE!

COME ON!
YOU'RE
JUST
BEING
MEAN ON
PURPOSE
NOW.

THIS IS
WHY YOU
DON'T
HAVE ANY
FRIENDS!

WHO
WOULD
EVEN
LEND YOU
ANYTHING
?!

IN
THE
ERA
OF
THE
CD.

I ALSO
COME
OVER
TO STARE
AT THE
WEIRDO
WHO STILL
LISTENS TO
RECORDS
IN THIS
DAY
AND AGE.

JUST
GO HOME
ALREADY!

I WILL!
AND I
WON'T
COME
BACK!

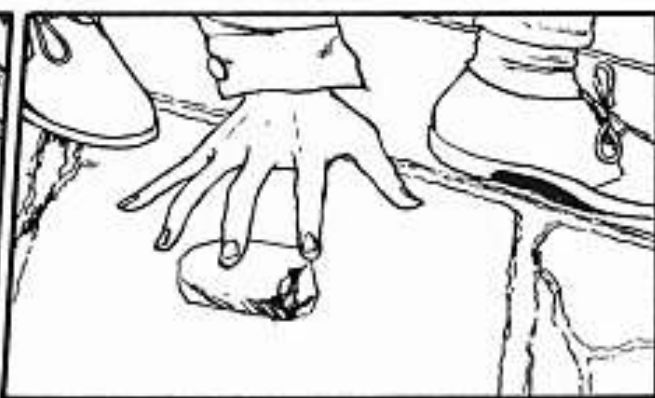
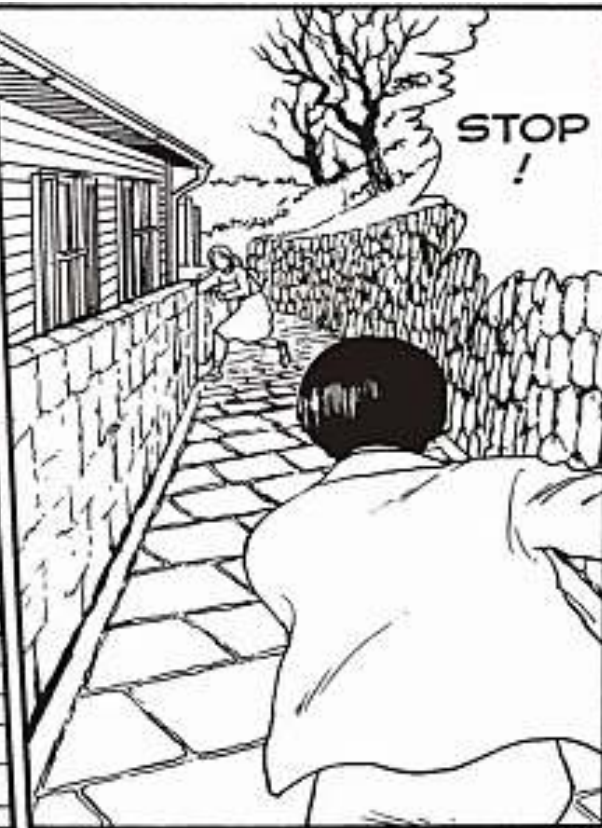
HUH?!
IT'S
GONE!

I MEAN,
THIS
RECORD
MEANS
MORE TO
ME THAN
MY OWN
LIFE.

NAKA-
YAMA
STOLE
IT!

SHE
WON'T
GET
AWAY
WITH
THIS!

AH!
STOP,
THIEF!





BUT
THERE
MIGHT BE
A RUMOR
AT
SCHOOL.



NOW
GIVE IT
BACK.
I WON'T
SAY ANY-
THING
TO THE
POLICE.



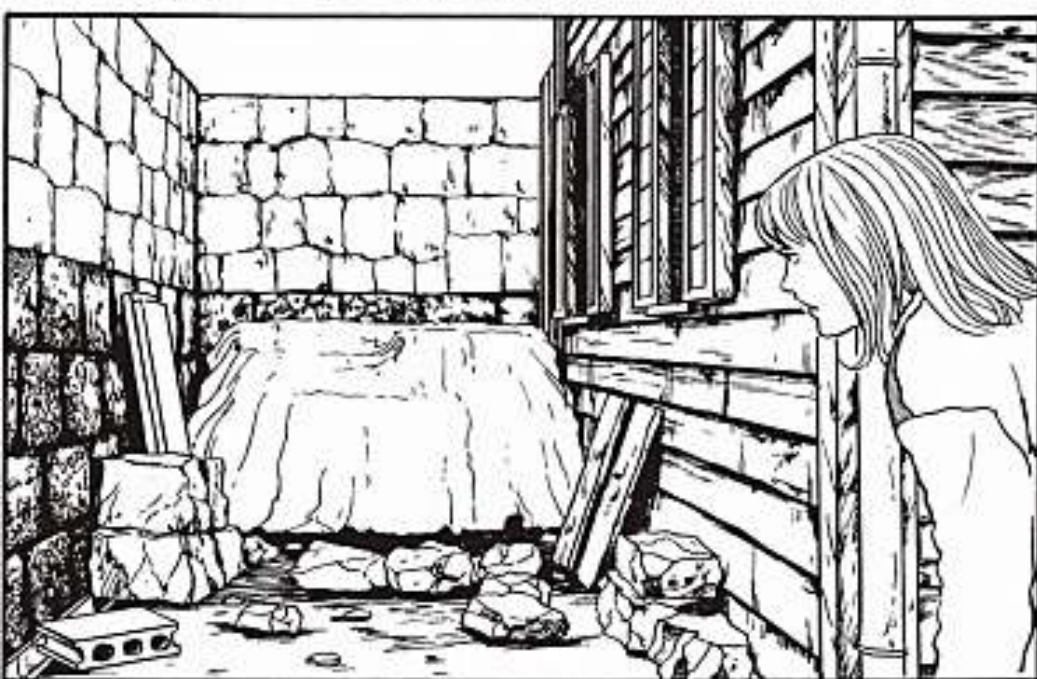
SO WHEN YOU
WANT SOMETHING,
YOU JUST STEAL IT?
YOU'RE THAT KIND
OF PERSON, HUH?
SO PATHETIC!

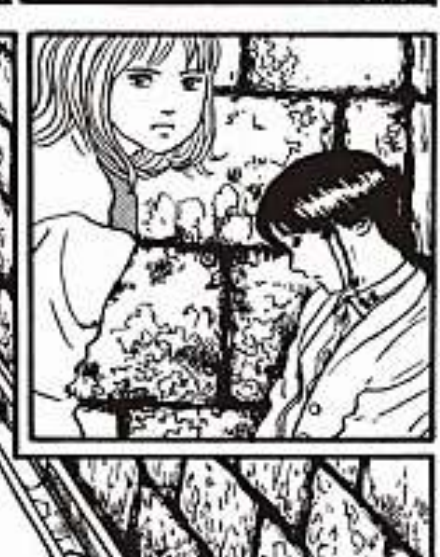
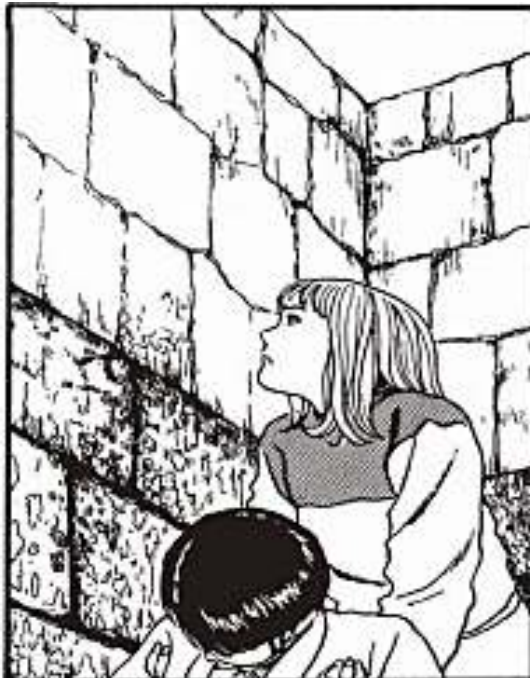


NOW!!
GIVE IT
BACK,
YOU
THIEF!



NOW!









La la la
la, doo
bee doo
waaaa, la
la laaa

La la
laaa,
doo doo
doooo



I
GUESS
I WAS
HEARING
THINGS
...



La la
laaaa



I
WASTED
MY TIME
APOLO-
GIZING.

HUH?
YOU'RE
ALIVE?



I FEEL
BAD FOR
YOU, SO
I'LL GIVE
IT BACK
ONCE I
TAPE IT.

La la la
laaaa,
doo doo
doo doo



HMPH.
YOU DO
WHAT YOU
WANT.



Dabba
dabba daaa,
dabba yaa,
doo bee do
waaa



I DIDN'T KNOW THE SINGER'S NAME, SO I WENT TO RECORD STORES AND HUMMED THE MELODY, BUT THE CLERKS JUST GAVE ME BLANK STARES.

THE SONG JUST SUDDENLY STARTS WITHOUT ANY ACCOMPANIMENT. THERE'S NO LYRICS. AND THEN IT FADES OUT AT THE END, LIKE SHE'S FALLING ASLEEP.

EVER SINCE THE DAY I HEARD IT AT HER PLACE, I CAN'T GET THIS SONG OUT OF MY HEAD.

IT HAS TO BE SOME FORGOTTEN SINGER. MAYBE NO ONE REALIZED HOW GREAT THIS SONG IS.

I STARTED GOING OVER TO OGAWA'S ALL THE TIME. THE MORE I HEARD THE SONG, THE MORE I WANTED THE RECORD.

I'VE NEVER HEARD ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE. THE GIRL'S VOICE SOUNDS DETACHED, BUT THERE'S A STRANGE INTONATION SOMEHOW...

...BUT NOW I DON'T HAVE ANYWHERE TO PLAY IT.

AND NOW I FINALLY HAVE THE RECORD...

USED AND
IMPORTED
RECORDS

10:00
~21:00

TEL.
XXXX-XXXX



NO WAY!
I JUST BUY
AND SELL
RECORDS.

YOU WANT
ME TO
PUT ON A
RECORD
?

RIGHT.
THEY'D
HAVE A
RECORD
PLAYER.

A USED
RECORD
SHOP IN
HERE?

USED AND
IMPORTED
RECORDS

AH!

JAZZ
M

ROCK
A

I
SAID
NO!

PLEASE!
JUST
ONCE!

THERE'S NO
MISTAKE.
AND IT WAS
NOT FOR
SALE.

TH-THAT...
I USED TO
HAVE THAT
RECORD
HERE!!

YOU
STOLE IT,
DID YOU?!

THAT
JACKET.

YOU...
WHERE'D
YOU GET
THAT
RECORD?

I'M
SURE
OF IT...



THAT
RECORD'S
MORE
PRECIOUS
TO ME
THAN MY
LIFE.

THAT
...



STOLE IT?!
NO! IT
WASN'T
ME.

THEN WHY DO
YOU HAVE IT?!
THERE'S ONLY
ONE OF THOSE
IN ALL OF JAPAN.



NOW THAT
I'M THINKING
ABOUT IT,
THE ONLY
CUSTOMER IN
THE STORE
WAS A GIRL.
SO THAT WAS
YOU?

A FEW MONTHS
AGO, WHEN THE
RECORD WAS DONE
PLAYING, I PUT IT
ON TOP OF THE
TURNTABLE, AND
SOMEONE TOOK IT.



STOP!



COME ON,
GIVE IT BACK.
I'LL LET IT
GO IF YOU
GIVE IT BACK.
I WON'T SAY
ANYTHING TO
THE POLICE.



COME
ON!

AAH!
LET GO
OF ME!

HONESTLY,
WHAT
KIND OF
PERSON
IS SHE?

SO THE
REASON SHE
WOULDN'T TELL
ME WHERE SHE
BOUGHT THE
RECORD WAS
BECAUSE SHE
STOLE IT.

SOMEONE
STOP THAT
GIRL!

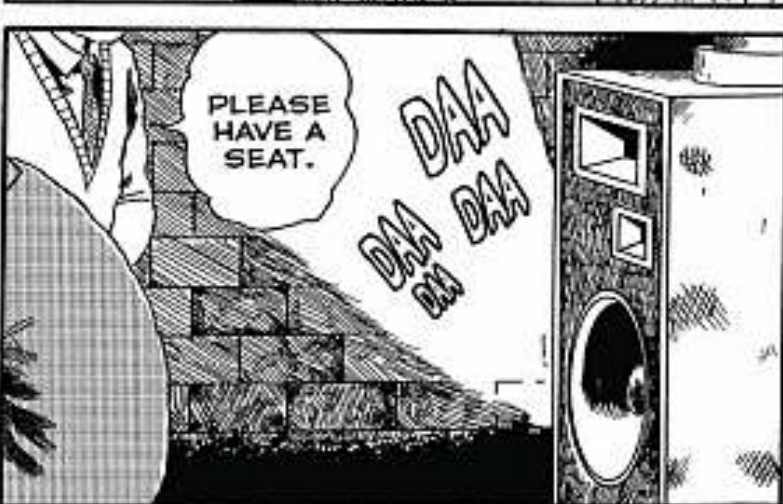
OH!
I'LL HIDE
IN THAT
CAFÉ.

SLAM

HAAH
HAAH!

JING
LE

カギ
カギ





UM...
ACTUALLY
...

...IT
IS?



NO.

IT'S A
RECORD.



OH.



DUM
DAA

IS THIS
THE RADIO
YOU HAVE
ON?



THERE
AREN'T ANY
LYRICS. JUST
VOCALIZATIONS
LIKE "LA LA LA,
DOO DOO DOO."

WHAT
KIND OF
RECORD
IS IT?

DAA
DAA



GO
AHEAD.

THANK
YOU.

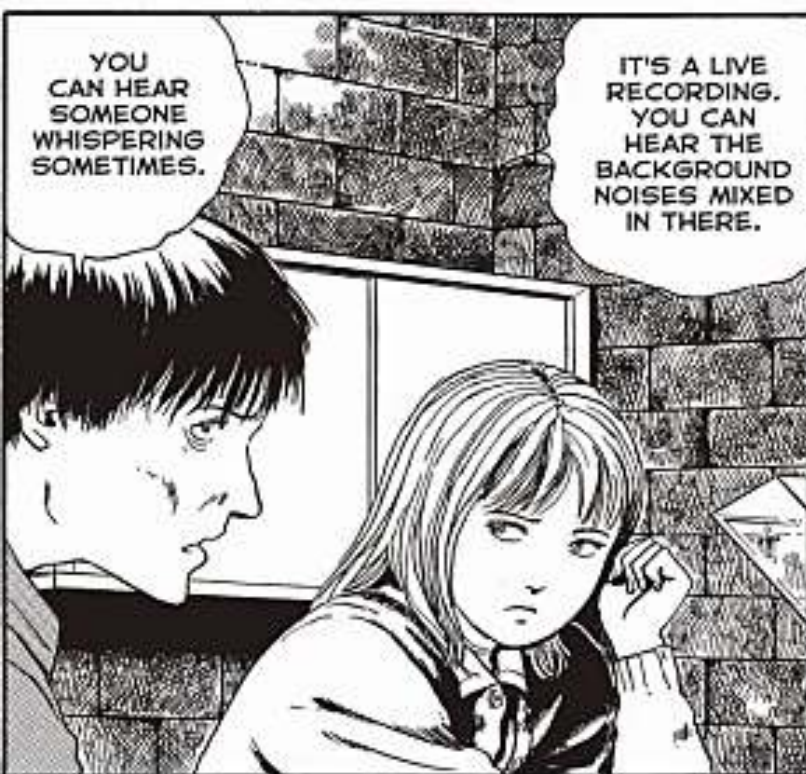


IN THAT
CASE,
SURE.
THIS IS
A JAZZ
CAFÉ,
AFTER
ALL.

DD
DD
DD

OH, SO
IT'S SCAT
THEN.





La la la
la doo
bee doo
waaa



Dabba
shoo bee
dee waa

Hoooo
dabba
dabba
doo bee
dee waaa

THE
BEAUTIFUL,
SAD
MELODY...



La la la
la laaaa

Doo doo
doo doo
dooooo



La
la
la

La la la
la la...

Doo
doo
dooooo

Doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo
doo

La...
la...

La la la
la





YOU DON'T KNOW IT?

THIS, YOU KNOW... THIS IS A SERIOUS RECORD.



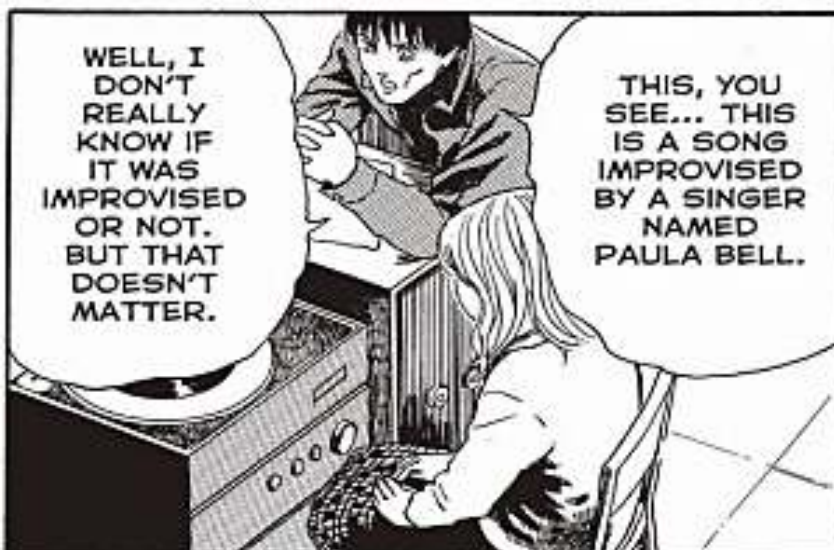
RIGHT, KID? IT IS, ISN'T IT?!



THERE'S NO DOUBT. THIS...

AND THE WAY IT ENDS LIKE THIS...

PEOPLE IN THE KNOW KNOW IT. THE PAULA BELL SCAT!



WELL, I DON'T REALLY KNOW IF IT WAS IMPROVISED OR NOT. BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER.

THIS, YOU SEE... THIS IS A SONG IMPROVISED BY A SINGER NAMED PAULA BELL.



I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M HEARING IT IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.

IT'S A MYTHICAL RECORD. MUSIC ENTHUSIASTS HAVE BEEN SECRETLY WHISPERING ABOUT IT FOR AGES.



THIS RECORD, YOU SEE, IT WAS RECORDED RIGHT AFTER SHE DIED.

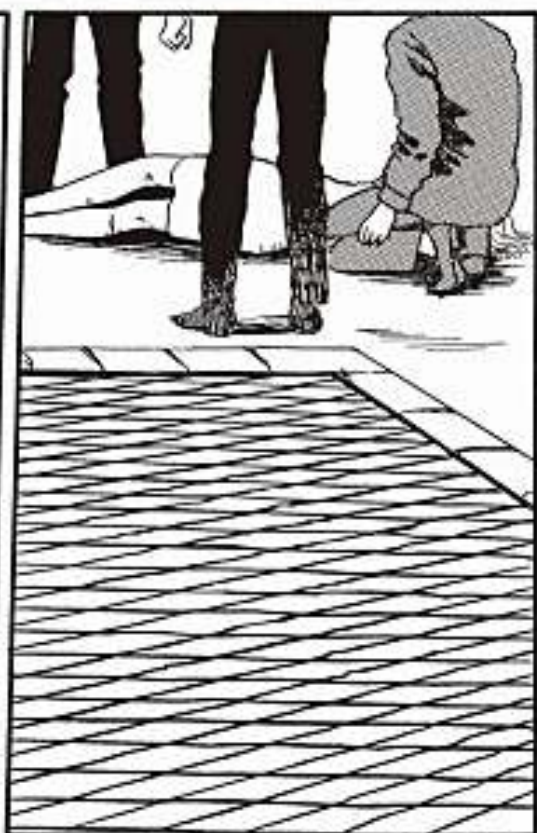
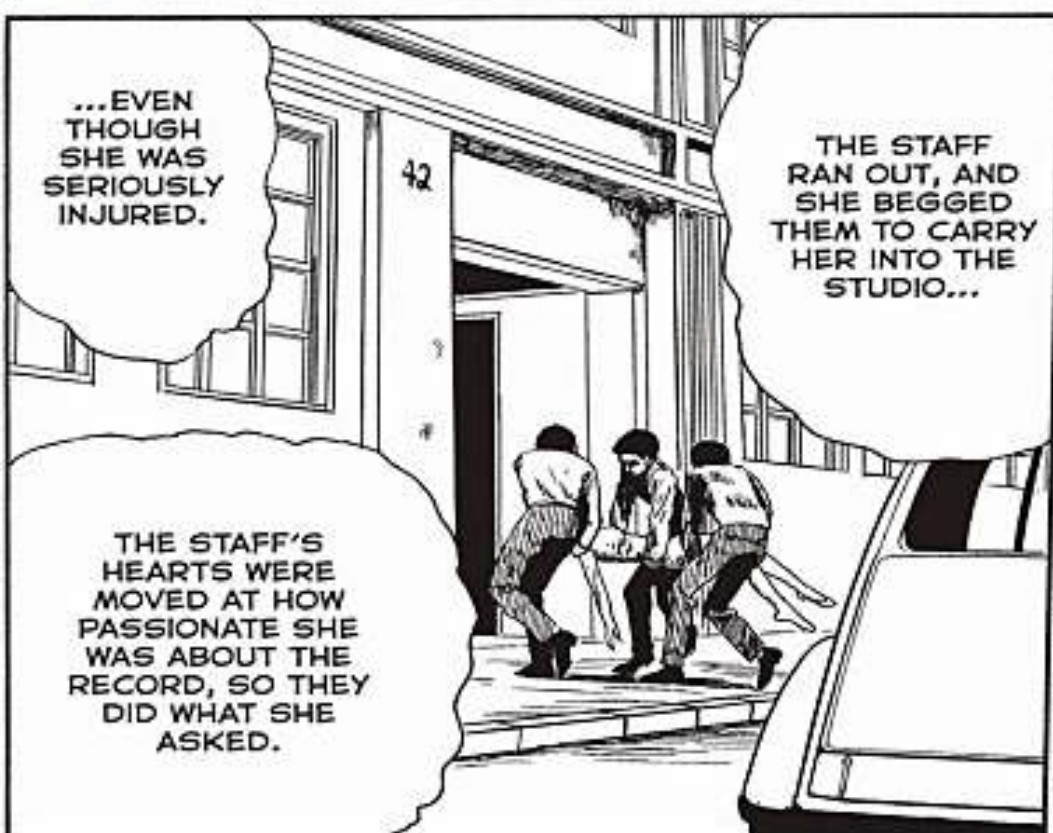
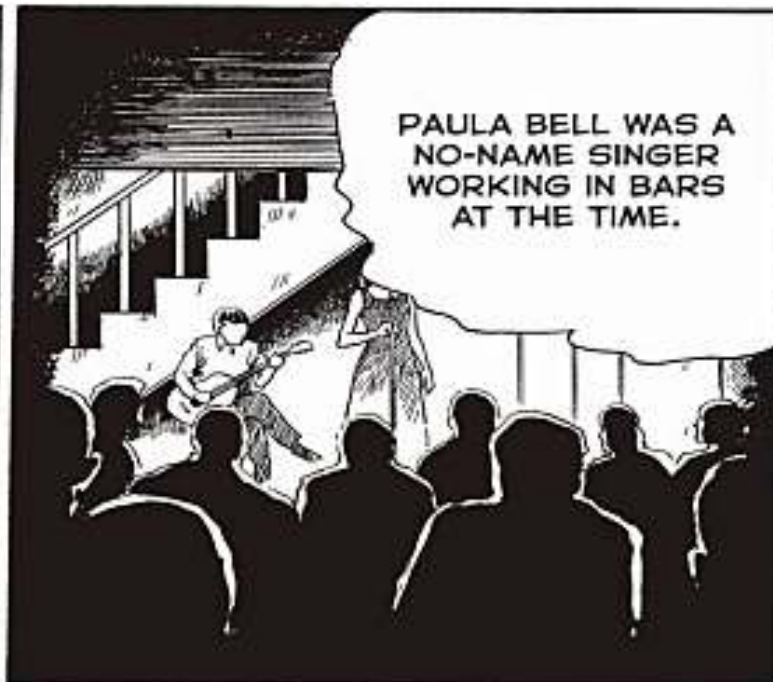
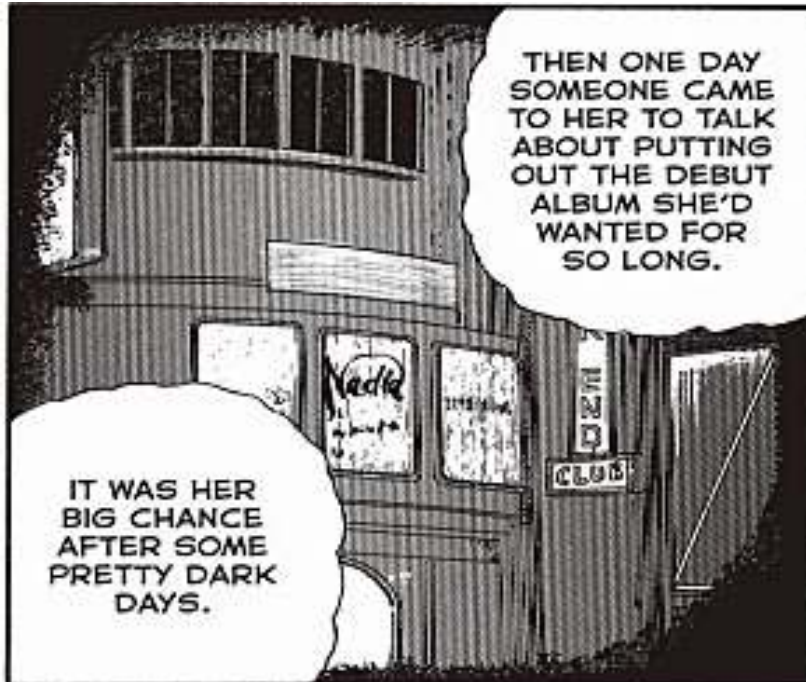


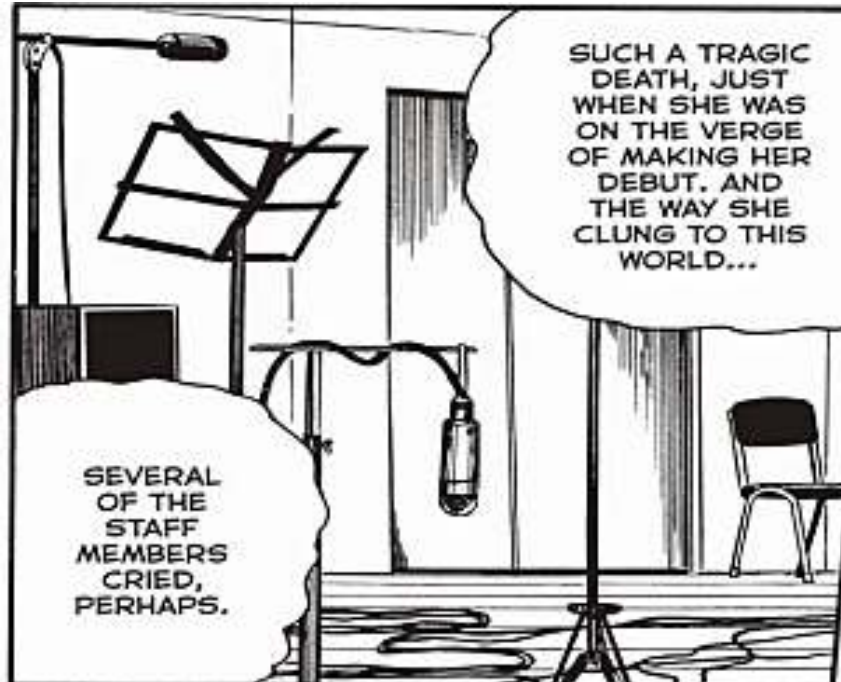
THE IMPORTANT THING IS WHEN IT WAS RECORDED.



LET ME TELL YOU THE STORY. THIS WAS A FEW DECADES AGO.

UNDERSTAND? IT WAS RECORDED AFTER SHE DIED.





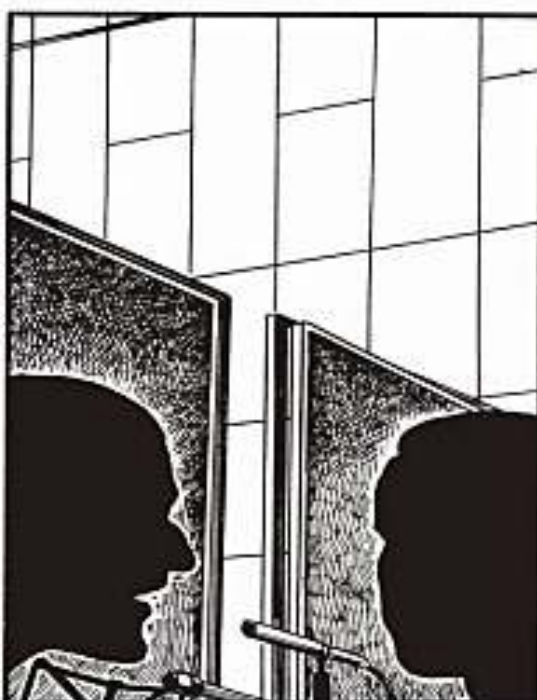
SUCH A TRAGIC DEATH, JUST WHEN SHE WAS ON THE VERGE OF MAKING HER DEBUT. AND THE WAY SHE CLUNG TO THIS WORLD...

SEVERAL OF THE STAFF MEMBERS CRIED, PERHAPS.



BUT ANYONE COULD SEE SHE WAS IN NO CONDITION TO SING.

SHE TOOK HER LAST BREATH AT THE FOOT OF THE MIC.



...SHE STARTED TO SING.



BUT THEN, A FEW MINUTES LATER...



THEY SAY SHE DIDN'T OPEN HER MOUTH AGAIN.

FINALLY, AS THOUGH HER STRENGTH WAS EXHAUSTED, HER VOICE GREW FAINTER...



EVERYONE THOUGHT SHE HAD COME BACK TO LIFE. BUT HER HEART STILL WASN'T BEATING.

AS THEY STOOD THERE, STUNNED. SHE SANG A SONG THEY'D NEVER HEARD BEFORE, NOT THE ONE SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO SING.

THEY NEVER
RELEASED THE
SONG, BUT
APPARENTLY SOME
PEOPLE ON STAFF
HAD RECORDS CUT
FOR THEIR OWN
PERSONAL USE.

THE REASON
IT STARTS SO
SUDDENLY IS
BECAUSE THE
RECORDING
STARTED
PARTWAY
INTO IT.

ONE OF THE
ENGINEERS HURRIEDLY
PRESSED THE RECORD
BUTTON, SO THE SONG
ENDED UP RECORDED.

SO THEN THIS
IS THE KIND
OF THING THAT
WOULD MAKE
A COLLECTOR
DROOL?

I HEARD IT
EXISTED, BUT
NO ONE'S
EVER SEEN IT.

YEAH.
I'M PRETTY
SURE
THERE'S
NO
MISTAKE.

AH!
SO THEN
THIS IS THAT
MYTHICAL
RECORD
YOU WERE
TALKING
ABOUT
BEFORE?

YOU
REALLY
HELPED
ME OUT.

UM,
THANK
YOU VERY
MUCH.



THAT'S...
IT'S A SONG
FROM THE
AFTERLIFE,
YOU KNOW.



YES.
I'LL JUST
LEAVE THE
MONEY
HERE.

OH.
ARE YOU
LEAVING
ALREADY?



WHAT WAS
WITH THAT
CREEPY
GUY?



THANK
YOU!



UGH. I'M
GETTING
OUT OF
HERE...



AH!



HE'S
FOL-
LOWING
ME!!



HE
WANTS
THE
RECORD!



AH!

CRAP!
THE
RECORD
STORE
OWNER!



AH!



TK TK TK



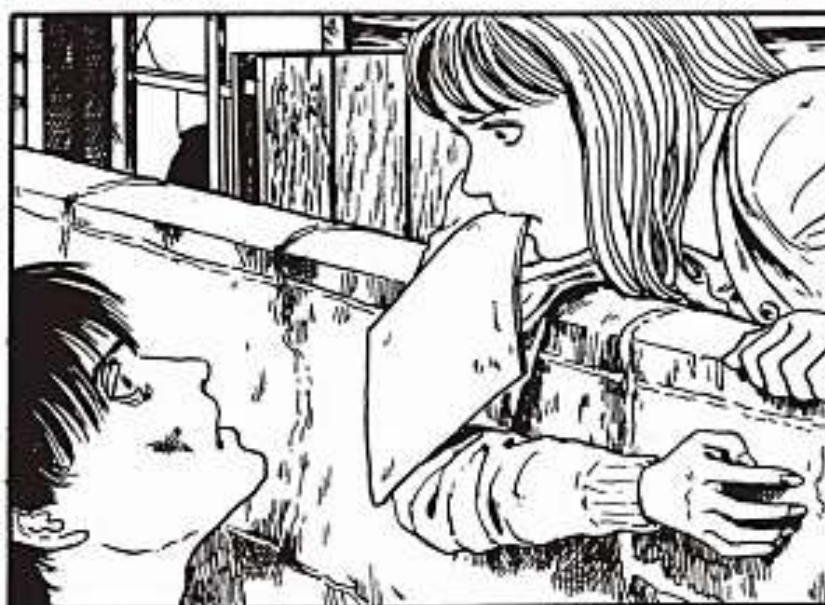


W-
WHAT
THE-
THIS
IS...



NOW!
GIVE ME MY
RECORD
BACK!

FLAP

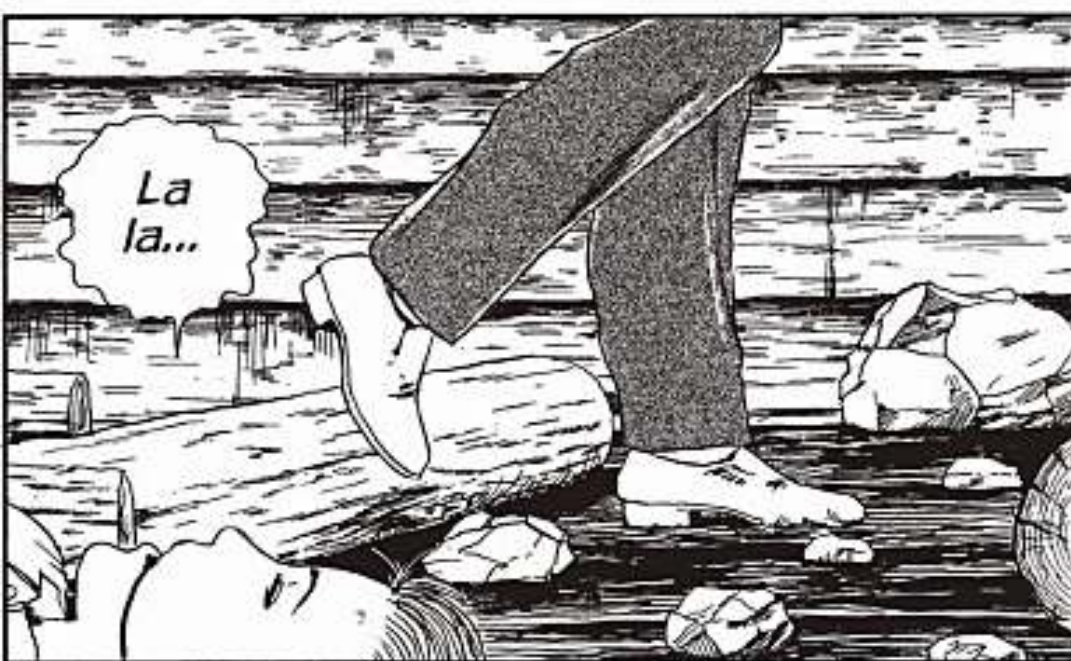
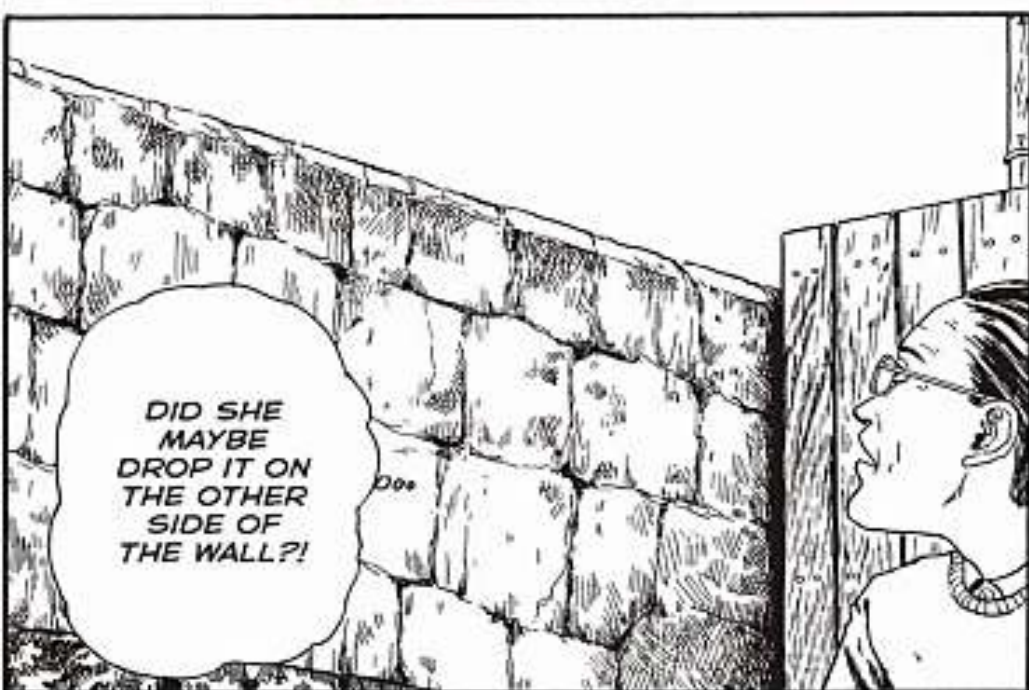


TH-
THIS
IS A
DEAD
BODY!



E E A A H!







AUTHOR COMMENTARY

USED RECORD

At the time, I lived in the Issha area of Meito Ward in Nagoya, and there was a little used record shop near Issha Station. (I don't know if it's still there now.) I was delighted to find an old record there of the Swingle Singers scat-singing Bach, and I wanted to try capturing the mood of a used record store like that in manga. As the next story in the series of one-shots I was doing for the monthly magazine *Halloween*, I still hadn't come up with a story when I drew the preview art. And then, right after that, I took another finished manga work to Tokyo, and I was discussing my next work with my editor Harada-san, when he jumped off from the used record store and made it a story about a Tokyo jazz café. He even said, "I've got a feeling this next story's going to be good."

I also decided to throw in the idea of a record of a singer immediately after she died, an idea I'd been cooking up for a while, so there's a combination of different elements in this story. The scat Paula Bell sings here is music that I imagine would surprise the Swingle Singers (the original members, though) up in Heaven.

Used Record

- Protagonist who frequents a coffee shop (old, always records playing). Then there's this mysterious music, a solo scat record that they play sometimes. The song starts abruptly in the middle, the female singer scats in this dispassionate singing voice with no intonation, there's also no accompaniment. It's sort of like an a cappella concert. Then it fades out at the end of the song. But the fade-out's not from twisting knobs on the recording equipment; the voice of the singer itself seems to be getting quieter. You can tell because her voice gets hoarser toward the end. It's live, but there's no applause. It sounds like it's a live recording because from time to time, you can hear someone murmuring, and the sound isn't very good.

- The protagonist goes ahead and asks the coffee shop owner about the record, but,

Point → In the end, the used record is the focus.

6-102-10E
P157 P261



04-07-08

喫茶店（よく、いつもここは音楽が流れている）

に當う主人公　　そこで時々流れた　　スギヤットの放唱

レコーに
に不忠義の音楽記号。唐突に始まり。

女性歌本がよくよめたりたんとした歌
此の途中

を歌い、伴ともうにもかり。一梅、アカペラで「アハハハハ」

そして曲の終りはフエイドアウトしていく、
「あーん」

「アトしたのゝはなく、歌の白身へ、」

いふ ように、さういふのは、土阿なからして、いくつ

客のくちなどない。

三十一子こえ
子か
とい
うし
時々
ふん
か
ア

音もあまりよくないから

主人公
け思
いきこ
マヌカ
ニイ
ヤ
ミ
ツ
ハ

おん

アイ・ト・し まくで中もフーにかま

C_{2L}

1

(b)
(1)

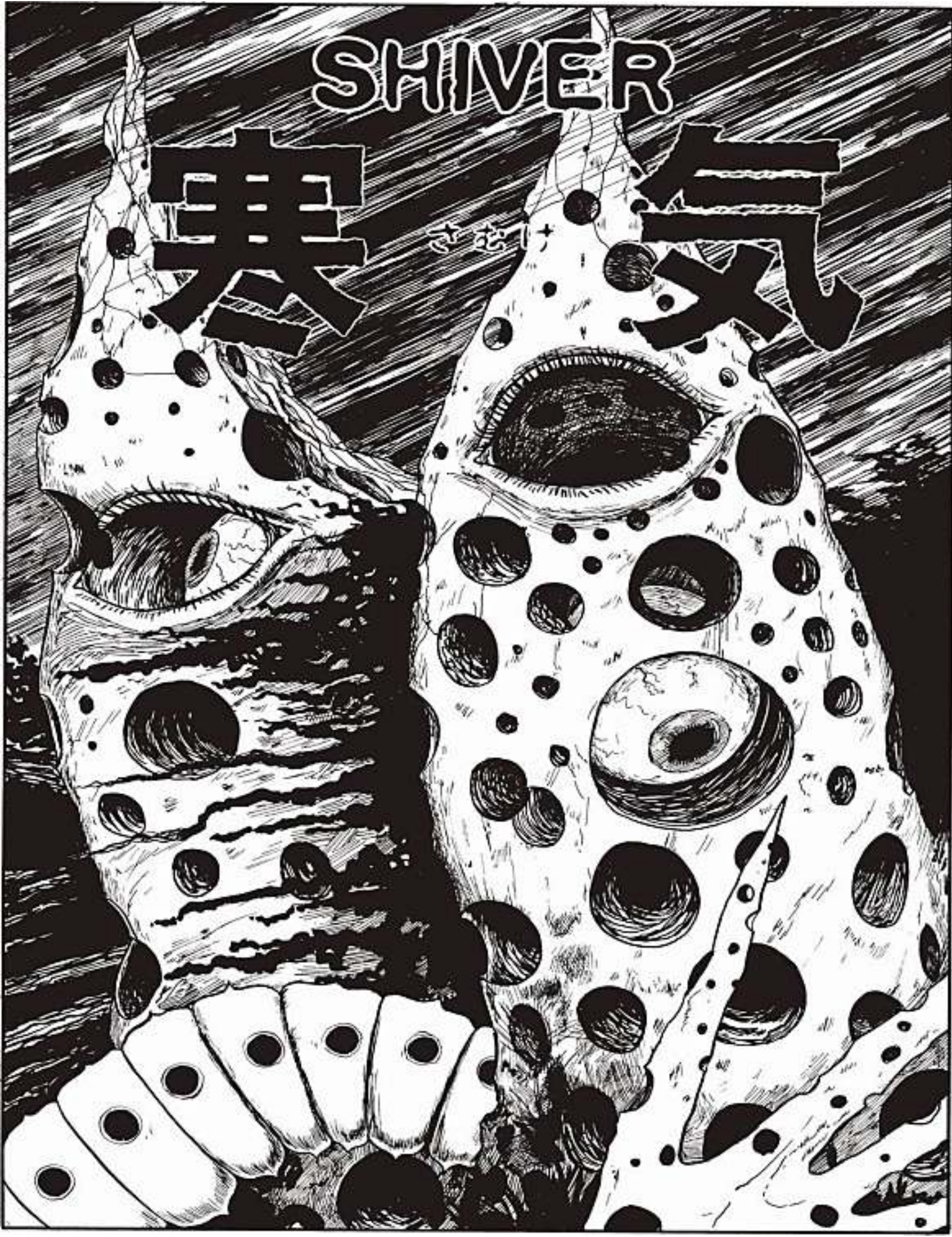


SHIVER

寒

さむけ

気



IT DOESN'T
GET A LOT
OF SUN.

FROM MY
ROOM, I CAN
SEE THE
NEIGHBORS'
BACKYARD.



BUT
SOMETIMES,
I SPOT A
DOCTOR IN A
WHITE COAT
GOING INTO
THEIR HOUSE.

THEY
ALMOST
NEVER
GO OUT
INTO THE
YARD.



THE
PLANTS
AND
TREES
GROW
WILD.



I THINK THE
DOCTOR GOES ALL
THE WAY AROUND
TO THE BACK FOR
RINA'S MEDICAL
EXAM.

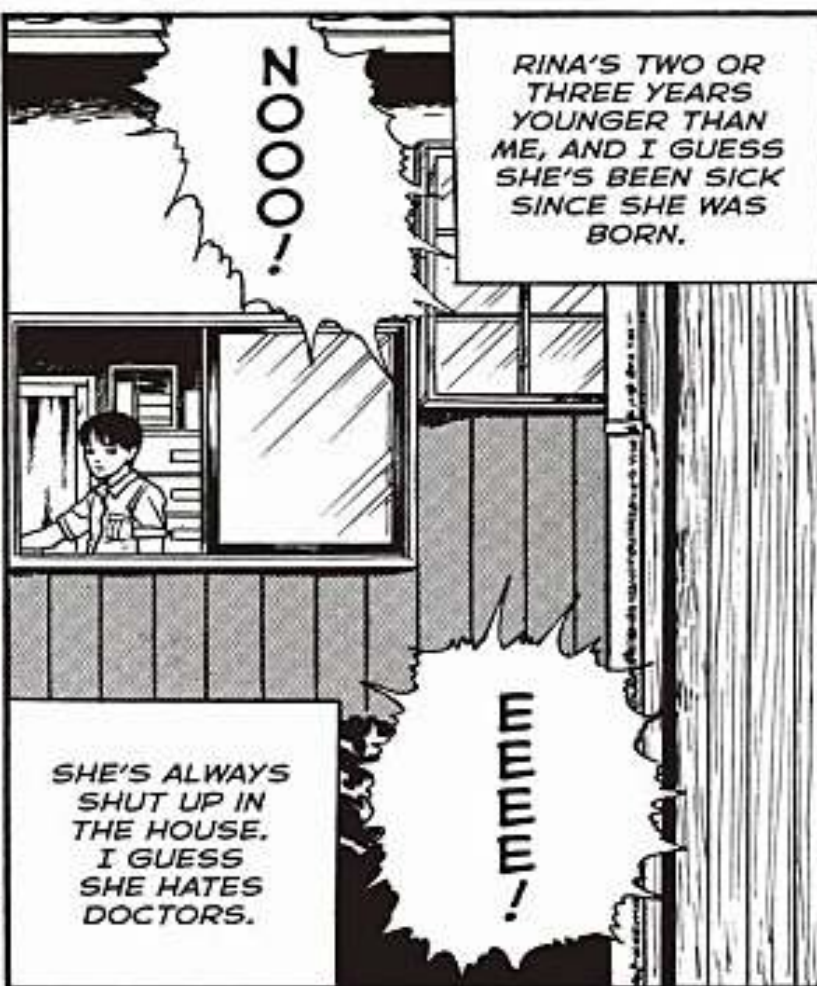


I HEAR HER
SCREAMING
A LOT AT
OTHER
TIMES TOO.



NOOO!

RINA'S TWO OR
THREE YEARS
YOUNGER THAN
ME, AND I GUESS
SHE'S BEEN SICK
SINCE SHE WAS
BORN.

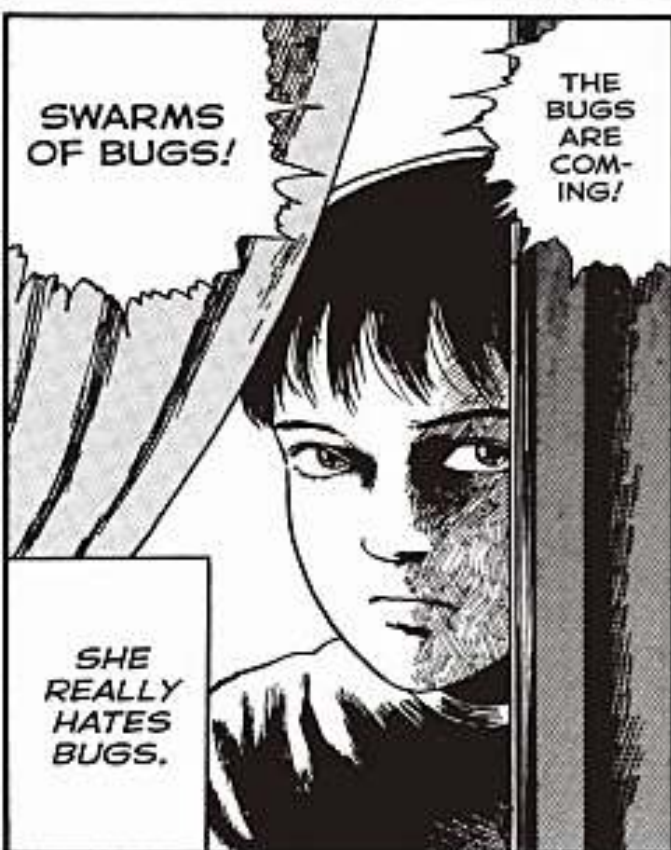


SHE'S ALWAYS
SHUT UP IN
THE HOUSE.
I GUESS
SHE HATES
DOCTORS.

MMM!

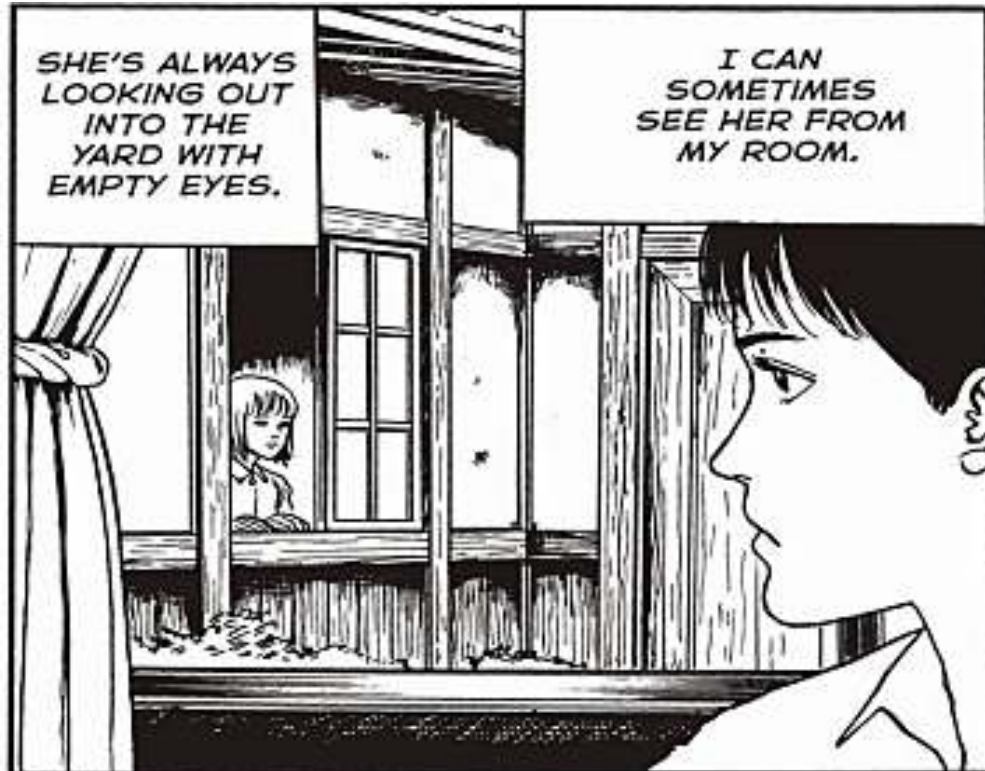
AAAAH!





SHE'S ALWAYS
LOOKING OUT
INTO THE
YARD WITH
EMPTY EYES.

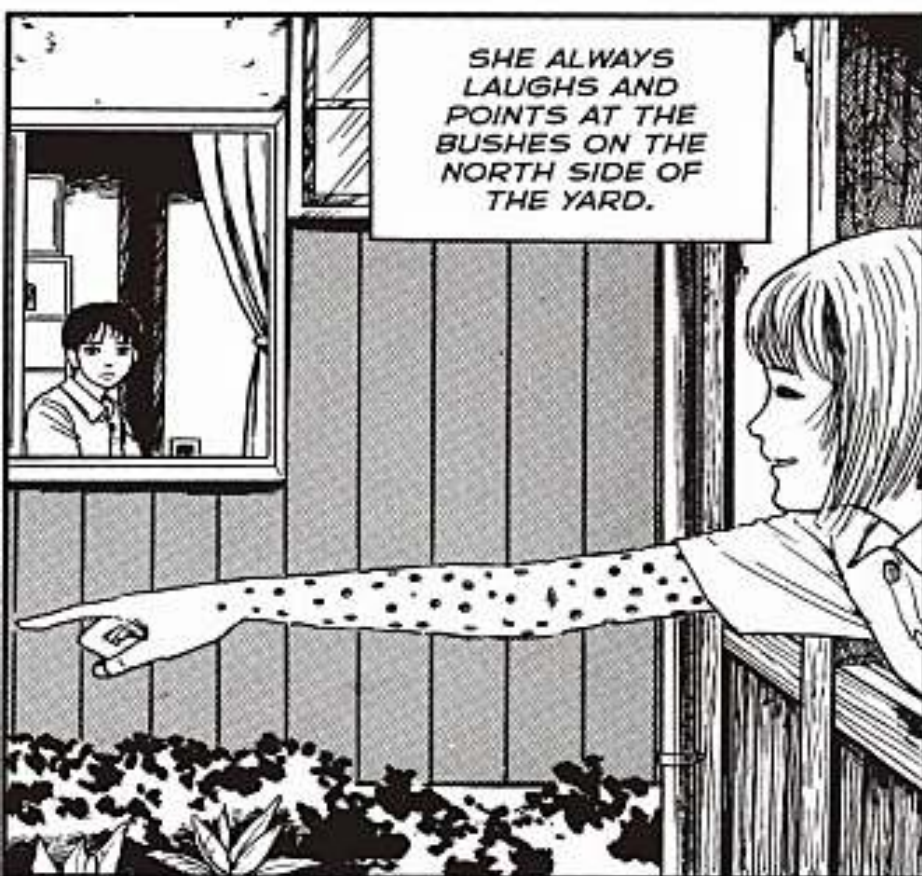
I CAN
SOMETIMES
SEE HER FROM
MY ROOM.



G-R-G



AND
THEN
WHEN
SHE
NOTICES
ME...



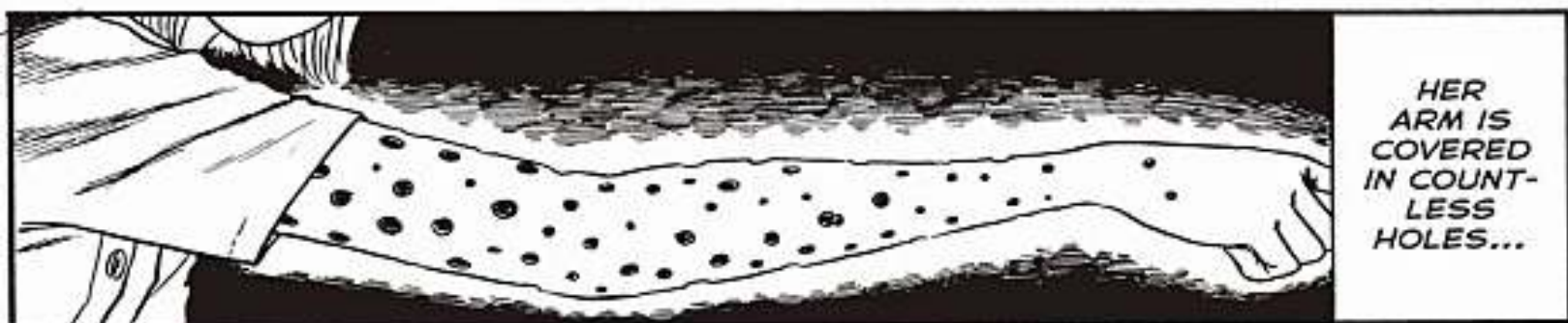
SHE ALWAYS
LAUGHS AND
POINTS AT THE
BUSHES ON THE
NORTH SIDE OF
THE YARD.



HEE HEE
HEE...
HEE HEE
HEE...



HEE HEE
HEE.
HEE HEE
HEE.



HER
ARM IS
COVERED
IN COUNT-
LESS
HOLES...



OF THE
DISTANT
PAST...

A MEMORY
CAME BACK
TO LIFE IN
MY HEAD.

A
MEMORY
THE
COLOR
OF
LEAD.





YUJI!



YOUR
GRAND-
FATHER'S
GOING TO
HEAVEN
SOON.

WHERE'S
GRANDPA,
MOMMA?



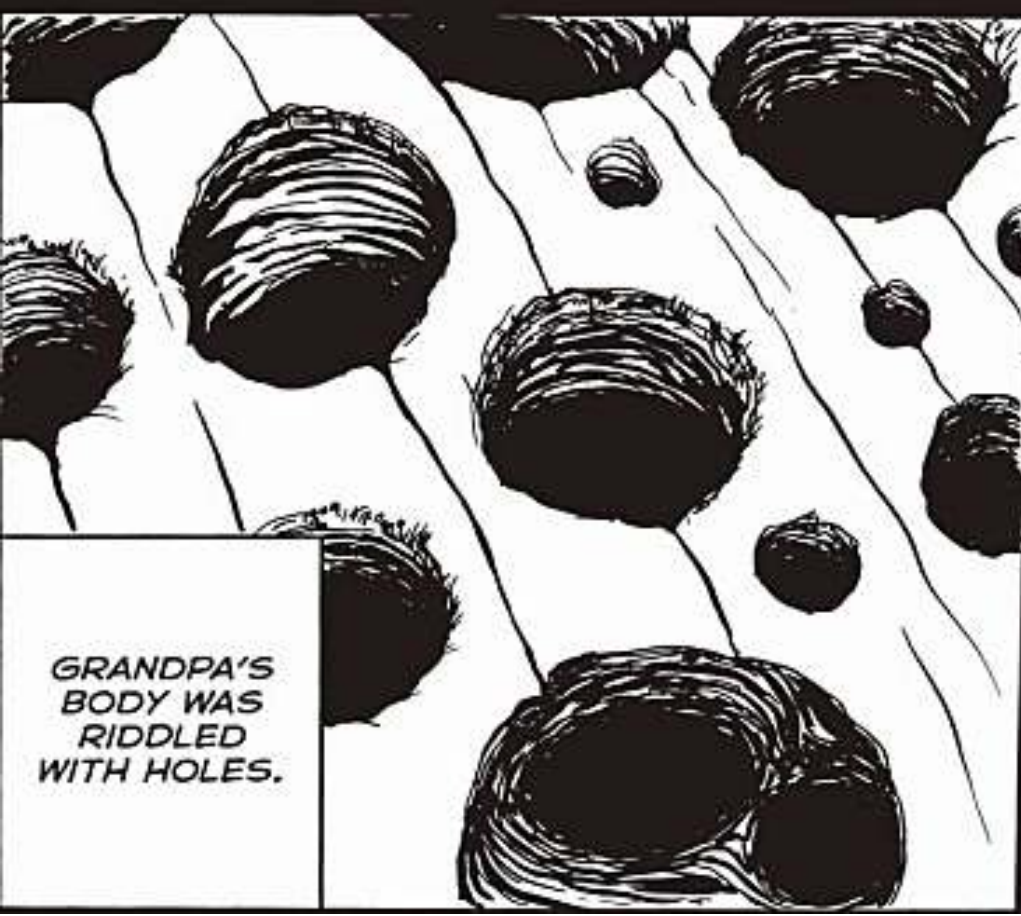
COLD
...

SO
COLD
...



YUJI, NO!
YOU CAN'T
GO IN
THERE!






GRANDPA'S
BODY WAS
RIDDLED
WITH HOLES.









SHE USED TO BE A NURSE, SAID SHE WAS THERE WHEN RINA WAS BORN.


JUST LISTEN. MY MOM KNEW ABOUT HER.



WHAT?! I SAID IT WAS A SECRET, THOUGH.




THAT STUFF YOU TOLD ME ABOUT RINA THE OTHER DAY... SO LIKE, I TOLD MY MOM. AND YOU KNOW—



AND IT'S CREEPY. SHE TOLD ME TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT, BUT I'LL TELL YOU.

SO SHE TOLD ME THE STORY...




NO MATTER HOW MUCH TIME PASSED, SHE JUST DIDN'T BREATHE.

SHE SAID, LIKE, THE BABY DIDN'T CRY WHEN SHE WAS BORN.



MY MOM SAYS THE HOLES WERE, LIKE, BREATHING ...

AND ON TOP OF THAT, AFTER A COUPLE DAYS, ALL THESE HOLES STARTED TO OPEN UP, ALL OVER HER BODY.



NORMALLY YOU'D DIE, RIGHT? BUT MOM SAID SHE WAS ALIVE, Y'KNOW?



...THAT'S
TRUE,
I GUESS...

AL-
THOUGH
I CAN'T
TELL
WHEN
IT'S
FROM.

BUT IF WE READ
THIS JOURNAL, WE
MIGHT LEARN WHY
YOUR GRANDPA
DIED.

IT'S NOT
ON THE
LEVEL
OF AN
ANCIENT
DOCU-
MENT.

SO LIKE, HE KEPT
THE JOURNAL
RIGHT UP UNTIL
HE DIED.

WHAT'S IT
SAY?

DON'T
RUSH
ME.

Septem
12
Today
I had



September
12
Today,

HM. WHAT'S
THIS
PICTURE?

He was pale and wearing a heavy coat, even though it's not winter.

He didn't take it off even after he came inside.



Normally I would have taken his hand and been delighted at the reunion, but he seemed strange.

September 12.
Today, I had an unexpected visitor:
my war buddy, Yonezu.
It's been 30 years
since I've seen him.



I don't know how it happened, but Yonezu said he bought it from an antique shop at a good price.



But for some reason, he wanted to be rid of it.



That was the thing my other fellow soldier, Yoshimura, found in the mountains of Java during the war.

It was a strange carving, so I remember it well.

And Yonezu showed me something surprising.



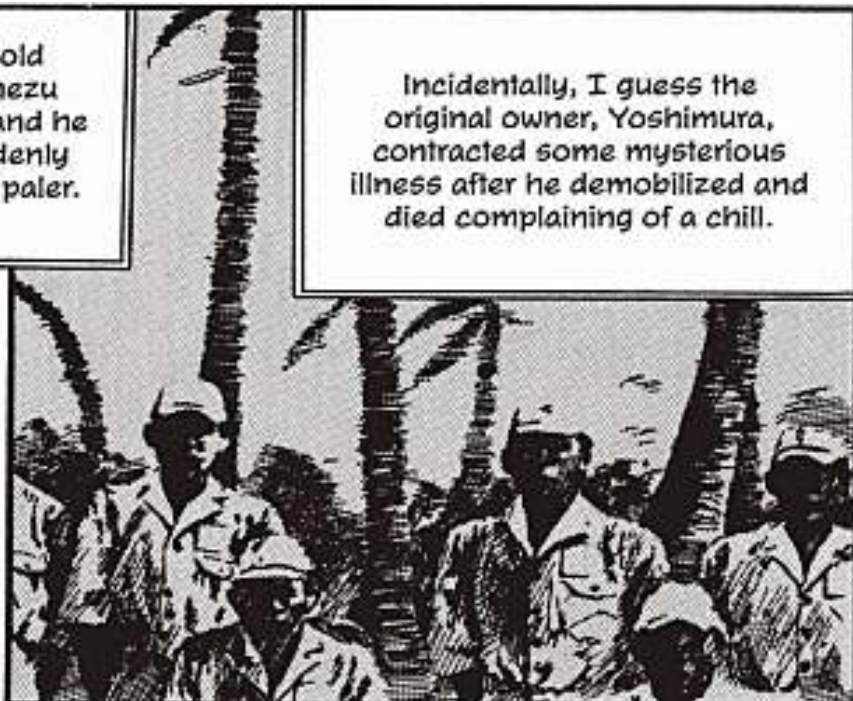
A dark green jade carving.

He left the carving and took off like he was running away.



I told Yonezu this, and he suddenly grew paler.

Incidentally, I guess the original owner, Yoshimura, contracted some mysterious illness after he demobilized and died complaining of a chill.



It seems to be relatively valuable.



September 13.
I spent the entire day staring at the jade.

September 27.
I can't believe it!
There are holes all over my body!



The cause of the chill is the wind getting into my body through these holes.

September 25.



The doctor came by this afternoon without being called and gave me an injection.

September 23.
With the chill not getting any better, I went to the hospital and was diagnosed with a cold. They gave me medication.



September 24.
Such a terrible chill, I shiver constantly. And what are these spots on my skin?

September 21.
I've been shivering all day.

I'm going to bed early.

Insects are crawling around inside of me! I fear I will go mad!

Insects crawled into the holes on my back!

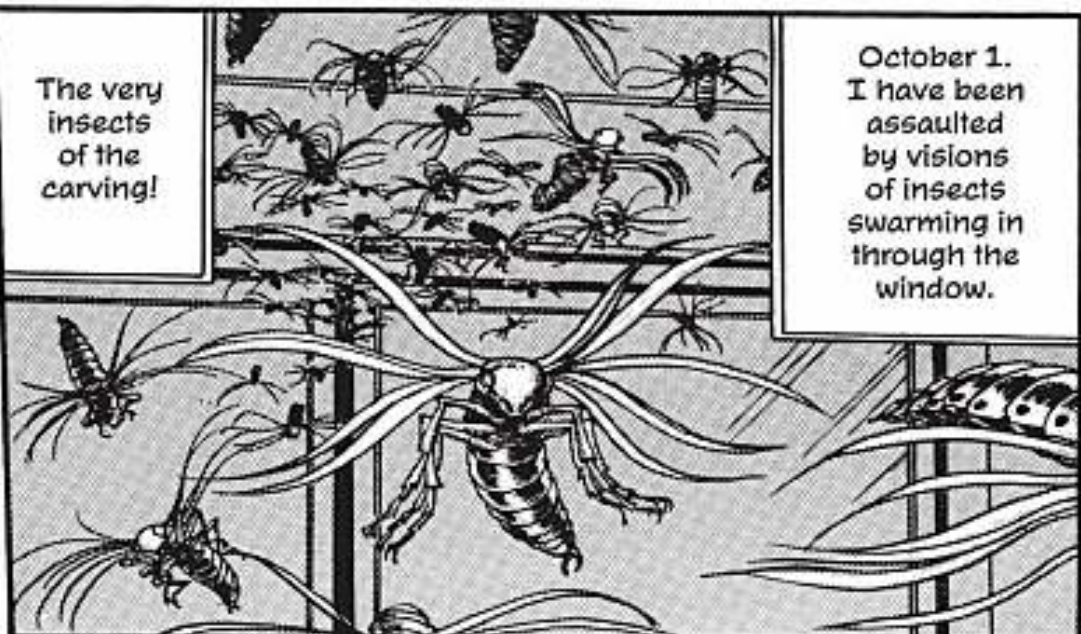
This morning, I awakened to a terrible itching!

September 29.



October 2.
My strength fades, the holes grow in number. I'm cursed. It is the curse of the jade. Anyone who owns it will be cursed!

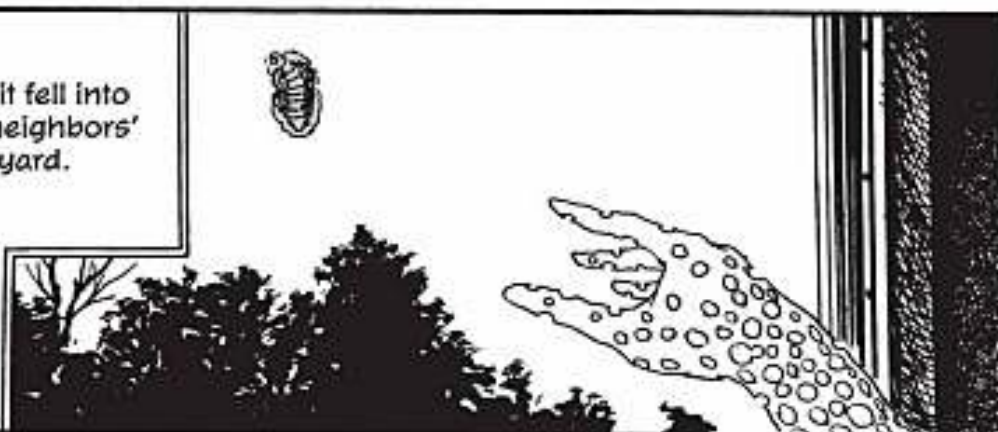
The very insects of the carving!



October 1.
I have been assaulted by visions of insects swarming in through the window.

But it fell into the neighbors' yard.

I do hope the neighbors are not affected by the curse, but...



I mustered up what strength I have left and threw the carving out the window.

That doctor came in the afternoon. He is utterly unknown to me, but it seems he knows about the jade. He might have his sights set on it!

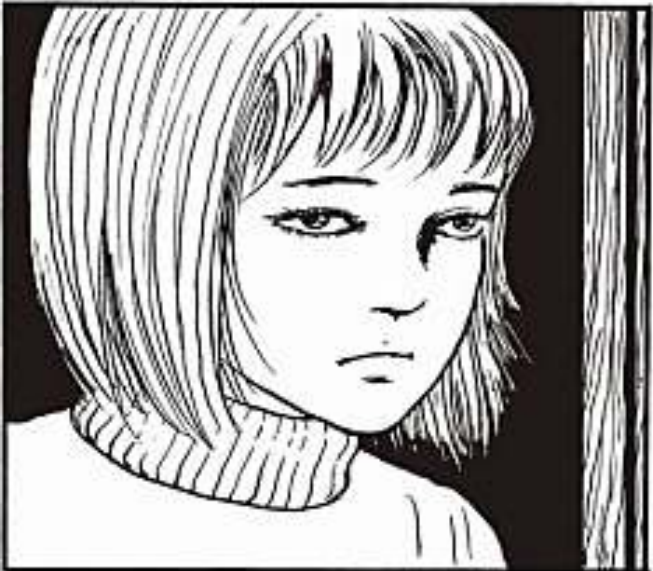


October 4.
My son and his wife won't let me see my grandson.



MY MOM AND DAD KNEW IT, AND THEY DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING TO ME.

SO MY MEMORY'S RIGHT, AFTER ALL.



AND THE CURSE OF THE JADE IS ON RINA NEXT DOOR.

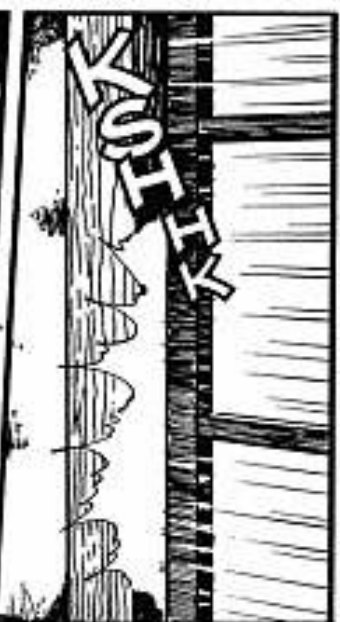
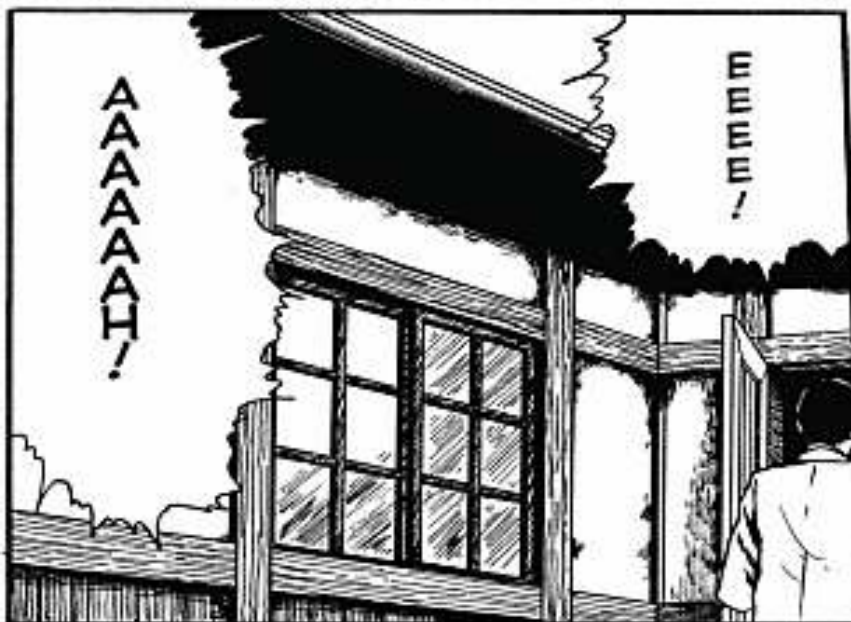
IS IT ACTUALLY TRUE, THOUGH? I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

60











IS
HE THE
SAME
DOCTOR
WHO WAS
WITH
GRANDPA
WHEN HE
DIED?

THIS
MYSTERIOUS
DOCTOR
IN THE
JOURNAL...



EEEEEE!



AAAAH!

SHE KEPT
SCREAMING
THAT DAY
UNTIL
DARK.



HE'S
GONE
...



HIM AND
THE
DOCTOR
NEXT
DOOR...

I FEEL
LIKE
THEY'RE
KINDA
THE
SAME.



RUSTLE
RUSTLE



WHAT IF
THE JADE'S
SOMEWHERE
INSIDE THE
HOUSE...

...AND
HE'S
AFTER
IT?



IT'S THE
DOCTOR.



OH.



FOR
RINA'S
SAKE
TOO.



SHOULD
I TALK
TO THE
NEIGH-
BORS...?



OH,
YUJI?

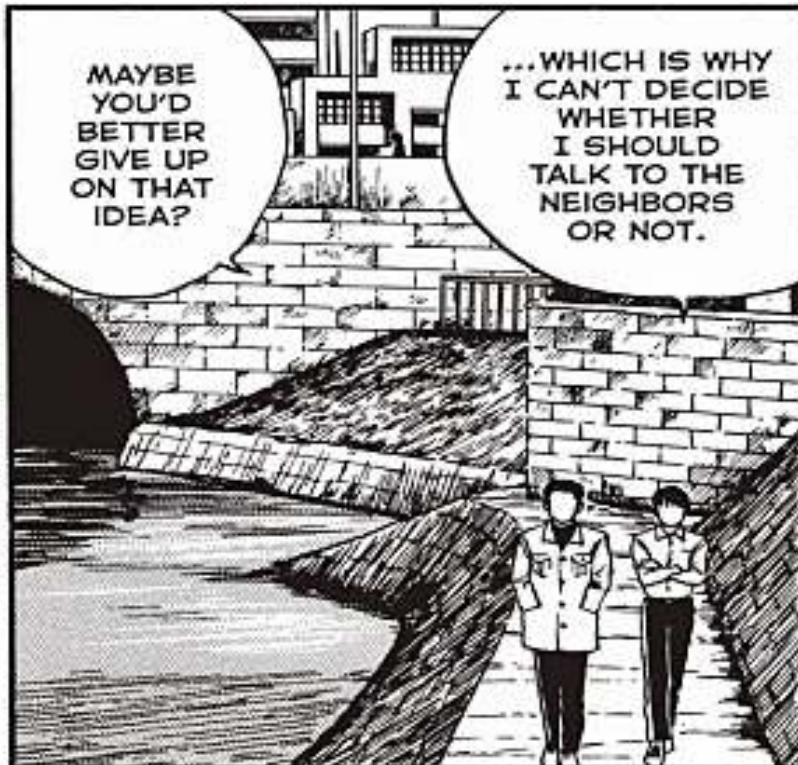
I
HAVEN'T
SEEN
YOU IN
AGES.

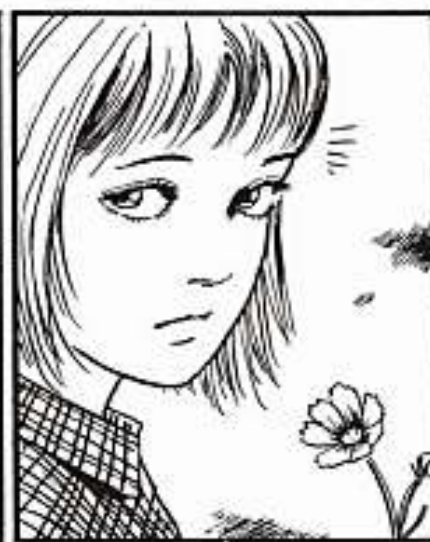
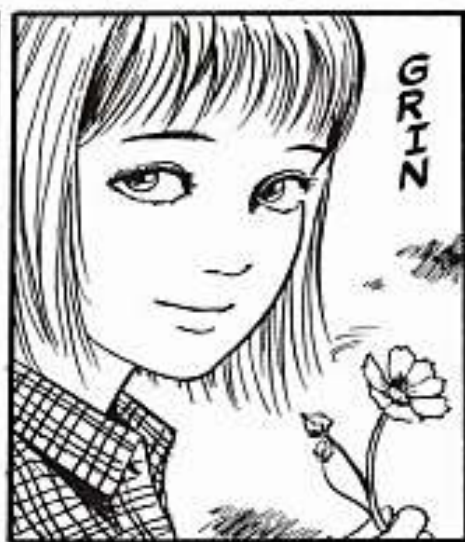
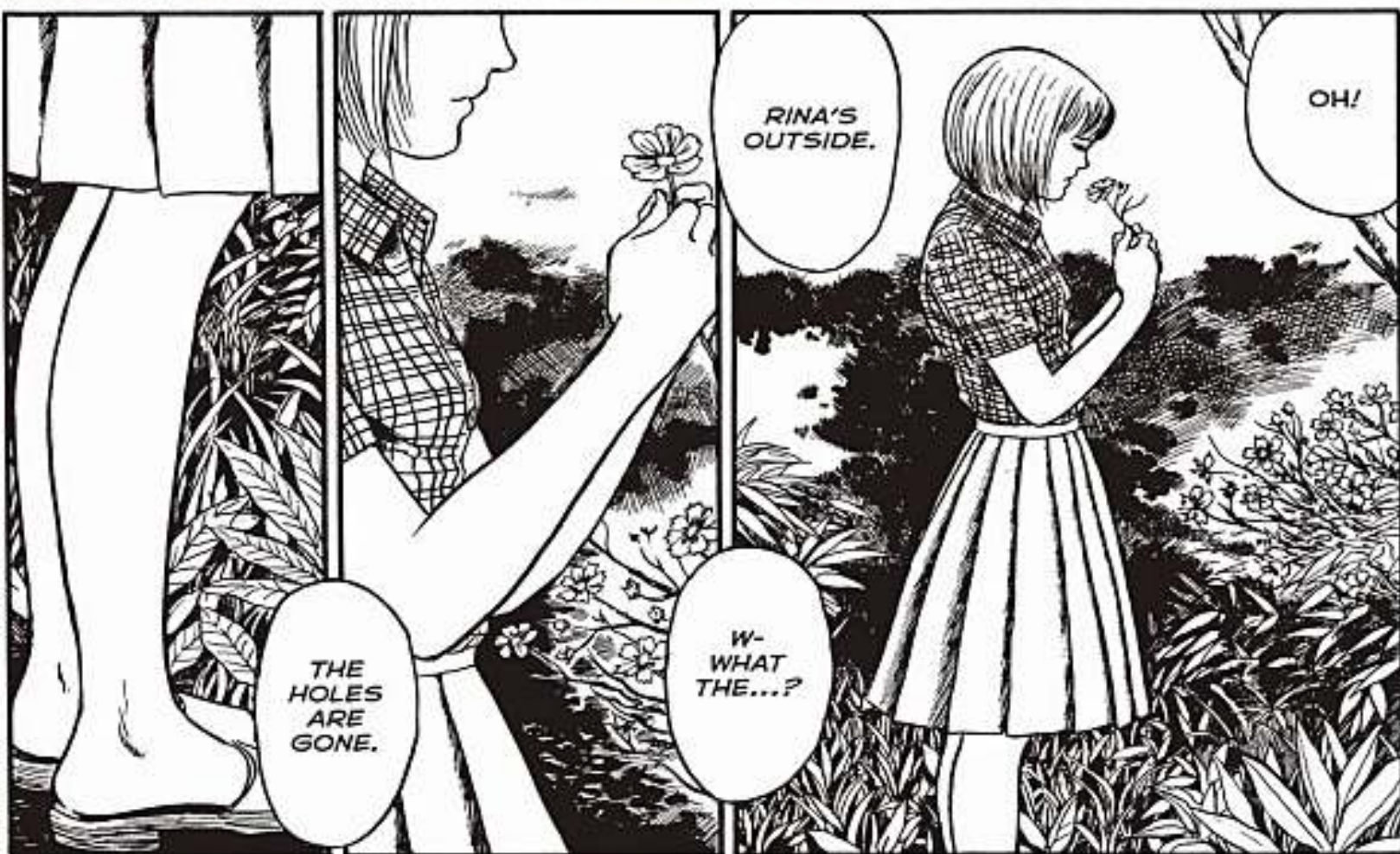


PERFECT
TIMING. I
ACTUALLY
WANTED TO
ASK YOUR
ADVICE,
HIDEO.



HEY,
HIDEO!





HYOOOO



AND THEN
IT WAS THE
NIGHT OF A
STORM.

IT IS...
I'LL GO
LOOK.

YUJI, THE WINDOW
IN YOUR ROOM'S
RATTLING LIKE
CRAZY.
GO CHECK ON IT?

THE
MAXIMUM
SPEED
NEAR THE
CENTER
IS...

THE
LARGE,
POWERFUL
TYPHOON
NUMBER
21 IS
CURRENT-
LY AT THE
SOUTHERN
TIP OF
THE KII
PENINSULA.

KAK
KAK

KAK

KLAK

KLAK

SHFF





I'M
COLD!

O-OPEN
UP.
I-IT'S
ME,
HIDEO.

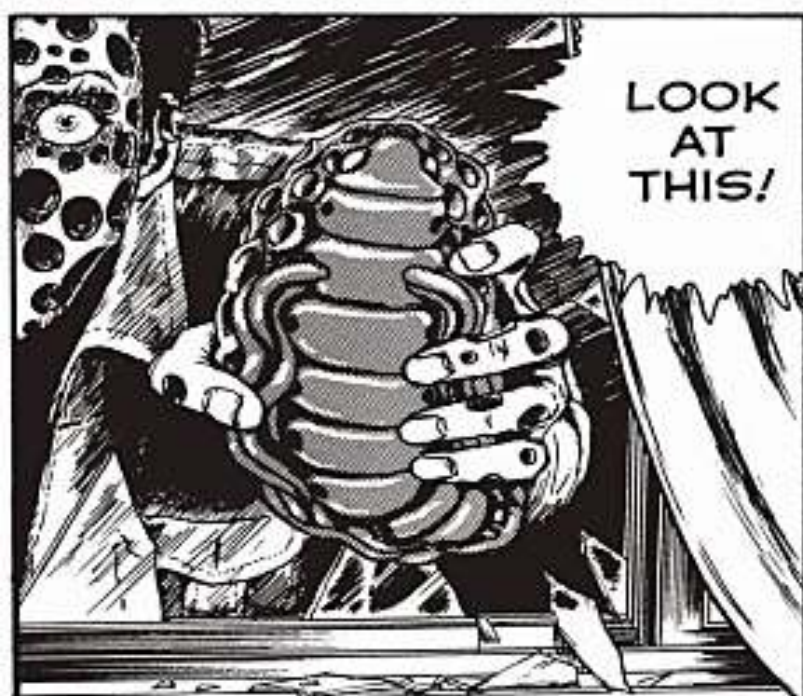


Hyooo-

WH-
WHO
ARE
YOU?!



W-
WHAT
DID
YOU...



LOOK
AT
THIS!





IT WAS
IN THE
PLACE THE
GIRL WAS
POINTING
TOWARD!!

I FOUND
IT. THE
DAY WE
READ
THAT
JOURNAL.



IT'S THE
JADE
CARVING
!!

AH!
THAT'S...



BUT THERE
WAS A CURSE.
HOLES STARTED
POPPING UP ALL
OVER MY BODY,
SO I TRIED TO
GET RID OF IT
SO MANY TIMES.
I WENT TO THE
RIVER, BUT
I COULDN'T
THROW IT IN...

I THOUGHT,
THERE'S NO
SUCH THING AS
A CURSE!
AND I MEAN,
JADE'S A
PRECIOUS
STONE. I WAS
BEWITCHED BY
THIS STONE!



AH!



WHAT'S
GOING
ON,
YUJI?!



AH!
AAH!
HE'S
HERE!
THE
DOCTOR'S
HERE!



HE
APPEARS
WHER-
EVER
THE
JADE IS.

HE'S NOT
HUMAN.
HE'S AN
ENVOY
OF THE
CURSE.



THAT
DOCTOR
CAME...

I RAN
AWAY
JUST
NOW.

HE
INJECTS
YOU
WITH
THIS
GREEN
LIQUID.



HYOOOOOO

E E E A H !!



I DON'T
KNOW
WHERE
THE JADE
WENT.



THE NEXT
DAY, HIDEO'S
BODY WAS
FOUND
ON THE
RIVERBANK.

AUTHOR COMMENTARY

SHIVER

I was looking at an illustrated reference book on insects, and I learned that they have these holes on the sides of their abdomen for breathing, called spiracles, and I wondered if I couldn't use that in a manga. I changed it to people and developed the idea of holes in a person's body, holes through which they seemed to be breathing somehow. The neighbor's backyard in the story is based on the backyard of the people who lived next to my childhood home. The neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Y, once ran a *ryokan* inn, but the couple were already quite elderly back then, and the house was no longer an inn, so the backyard was left unattended, with plants growing all over the place.

Mr. Y had shipped out during WWII, and when I was writing "The House with the Deserting Soldier," I actually talked with him about his experience as a soldier for reference. Given this, perhaps that's why I decided to incorporate WWII elements again here in the process of imagining Mr. Y's backyard.



Fumiaki Miyamoto oboe

Weakness is related to the father.

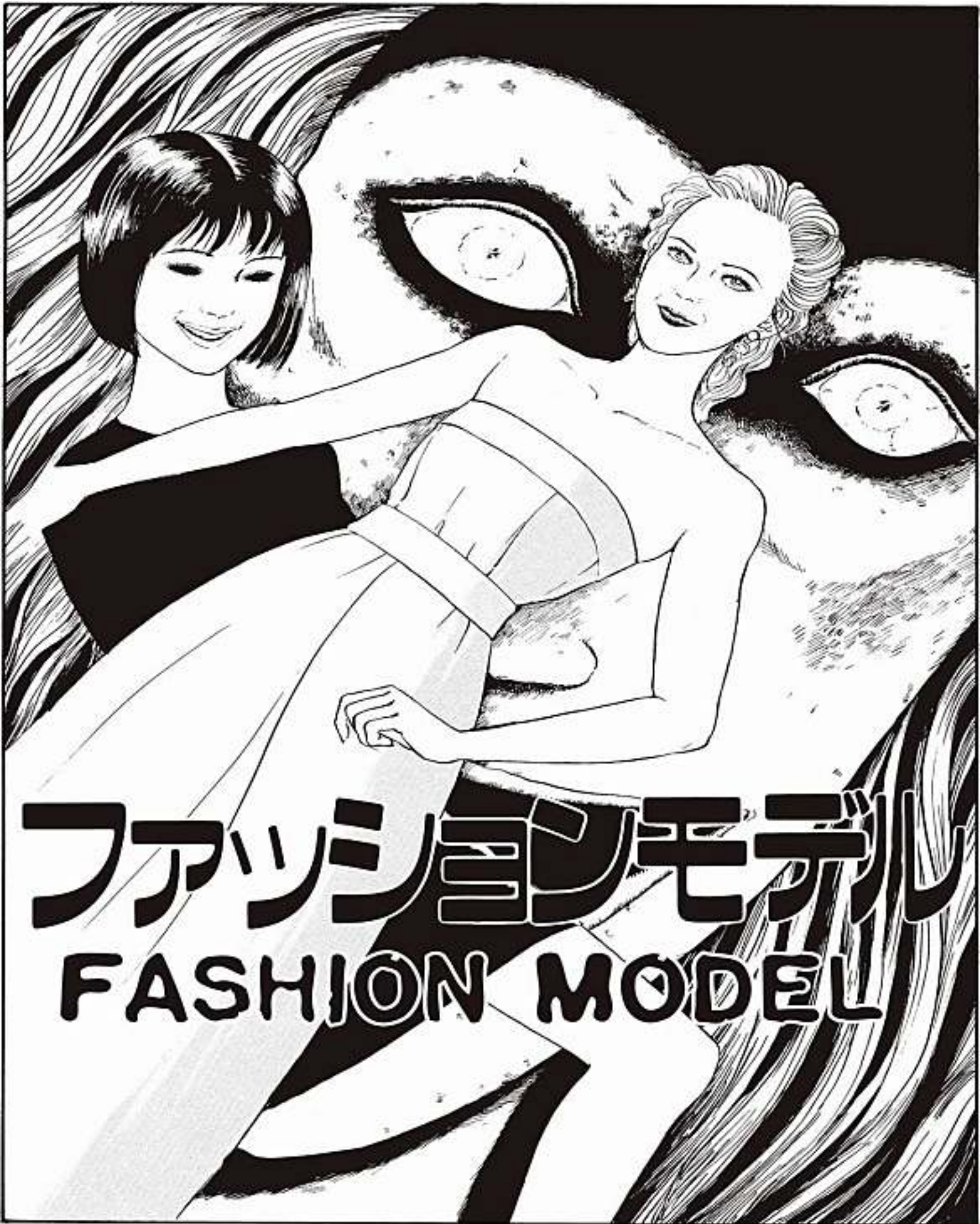
The man can see the strange doctor. (She can see him too.) Other people can't.

Protagonist aggressive man She thoroughly detests him, but the man doesn't care; he drags her out of there. He stops her breathing. She doesn't want to breathe her family's breath either. She gets better, but the man falls ill and dies.

↑
the brother of the protagonist's friend

It's only the beginning of fall, but they have the heat on. The protagonist likes her, so he forces his way in and she's like this. She's not breathing.

See a vision of the doctor. (Because the brain needs the delivery of oxygen.)





FIRST THING
IN THE
MORNING
THAT DAY, I
HAD A BAD
FEELING.

MY
"FEELINGS"
WERE OFTEN
ON THE
MARK.



I DIDN'T
KNOW WHAT,
THOUGH.



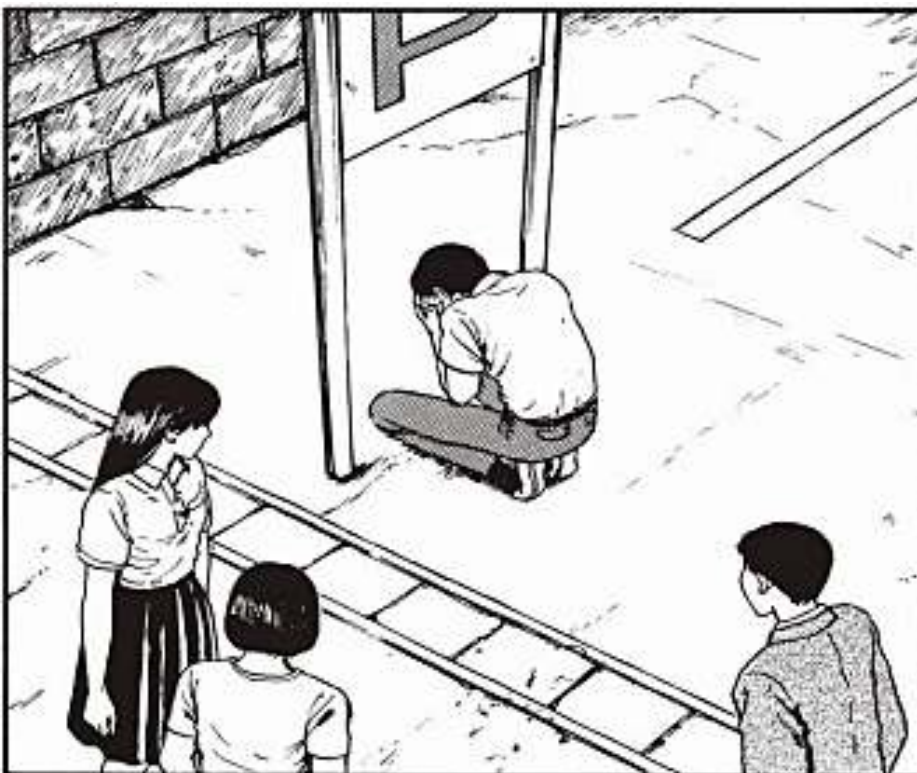
SO IT WAS
BASICALLY A
CERTAINTY THAT
SOMETHING
UNPLEASANT
WAS GOING TO HAPPEN.



TODAY,
I'VE
GOT...

...AN
ESPECIALLY
BAD
FEELING.





...IN THE END
I COULDN'T.
ALL KINDS OF
BAD THINGS
HAPPENED.

I'VE HAD A
FEELING LIKE
THIS SEVERAL
TIMES BEFORE,
AND EACH TIME,
I TRIED AVOIDING
IT, BUT...

IS IT
SOME-
THING
I CAN'T
AVOID?

...

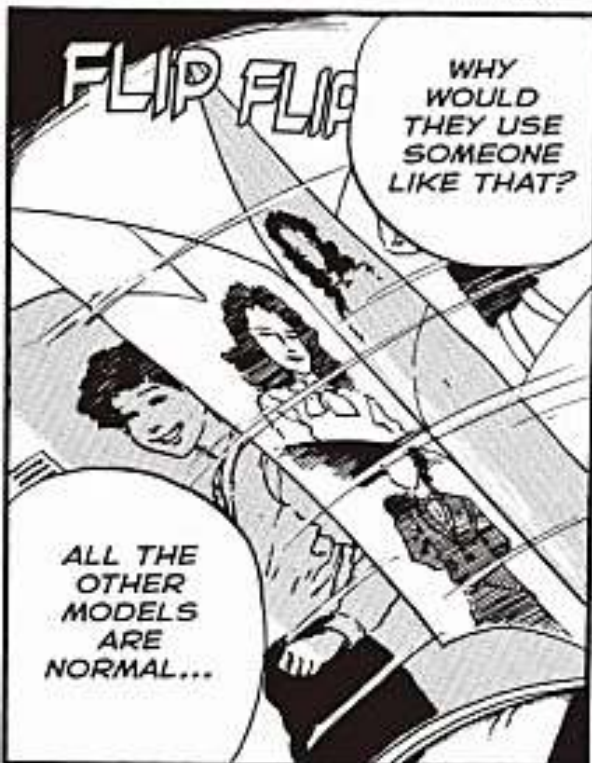


I'M JUST
SITTING IN THIS
CAFÉ, BUT THE
FEELING KEEPS
GETTING WORSE
AND WORSE.

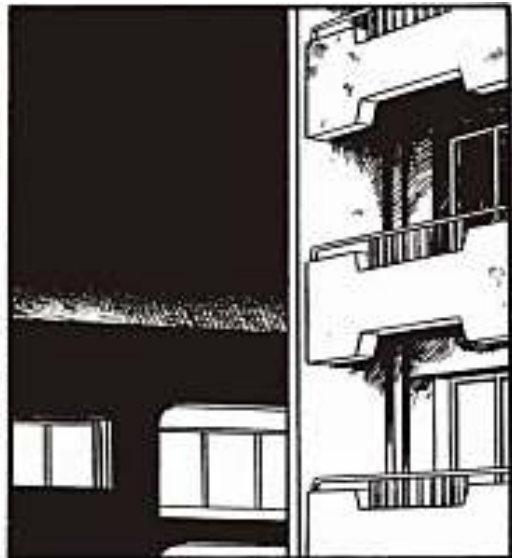


GETTING
HIT BY A
CAR WAS
TERRIBLE,
BUT THIS
FEELING'S
A LOT WORSE
THAN THE
ONE I HAD
THEN.







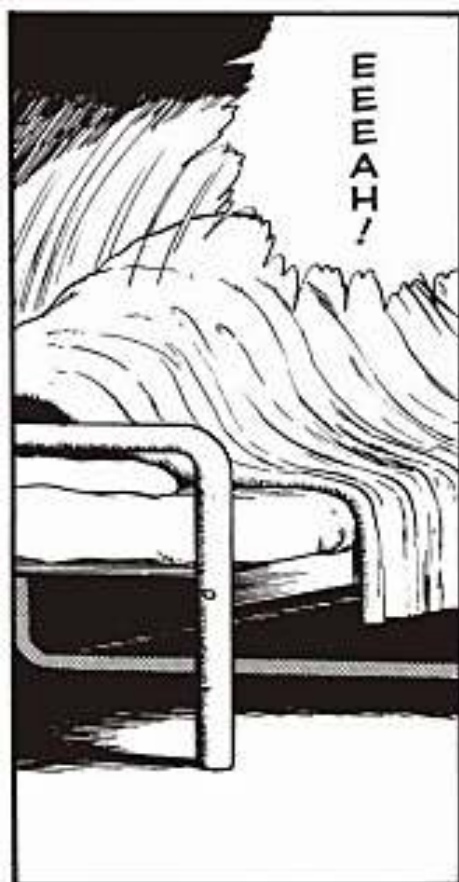


HONESTLY,
I SHOULDN'T
HAVE LOOKED
AT THAT
MAGAZINE.



WHEN I
CLOSE
MY EYES,
THAT FACE
FROM THIS
AFTERNOON
POPS UP IN
MY MIND.

IT'S
NO USE.



EEEAH!



IN FACT, THE
IMPRESSION OF
IT STARTED TO
TRANSFORM IN MY
MEMORY...

...UNTIL
IT FINALLY
BECAME
SOMETHING
I COULD
BARELY
STAND.



FOR SOME
REASON, THE
MODEL'S FACE
WOULDN'T LEAVE
MY MIND, EVEN
AFTER SEVERAL
DAYS.

ARE THERE
ACTUALLY
MODELS THAT
CREEPY? LIKE
MAYBE IT WAS
JUST A BAD
PICTURE.



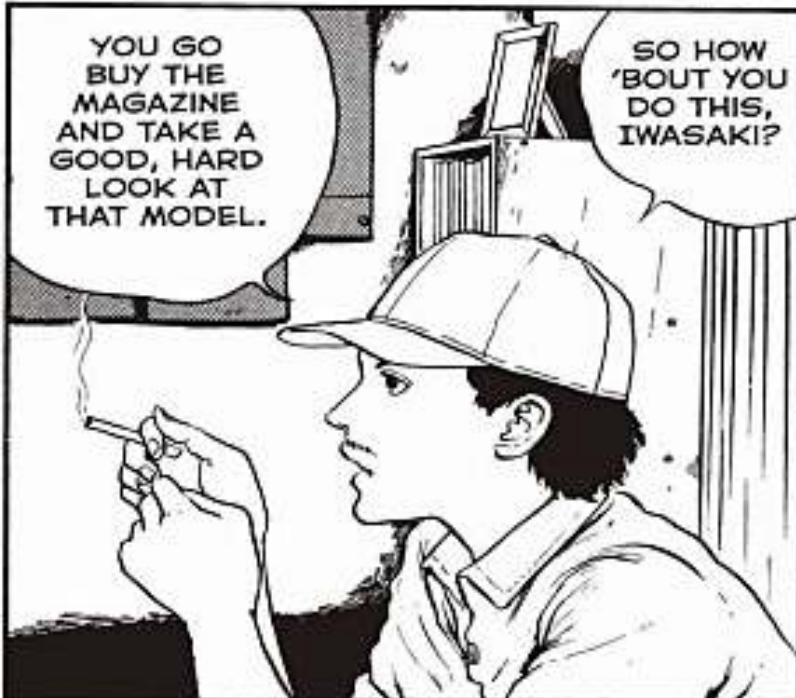
GRANTED,
I DON'T READ
WOMEN'S FASHION
MAGAZINES.
BUT...



I'VE
NEVER
SEEN A
MODEL
LIKE
THAT.



YOU GO
BUY THE
MAGAZINE
AND TAKE A
GOOD, HARD
LOOK AT
THAT MODEL.



SO HOW
'BOUT YOU
DO THIS,
IWASAKI?



BUT, ODA...
SHE'S BEEN
GRADUALLY
TRANSFORMING
IN MY MEMORY,
SO THAT
NOW SHE'S
BASICALLY A
MONSTER.

GET REAL.
I DON'T WANT
TO GET USED TO
THAT FACE.

I'M
WAITING
FOR THE
MEMORY
TO FADE
ALREADY.



YOU DO
THAT, AND
YOU'LL
GRADUALLY
GET USED TO
HER. WON'T
BOTHER YOU
ONCE YOU'RE
USED TO
SEEING HER.

WE CAN'T MAKE
THE MOVIE
WITHOUT THE
SCRIPT. DON'T
SLACK OFF
JUST 'CAUSE
IT'S FOR US.

WHAT? SO
THAT MODEL'S
REALLY
MESSING YOU
UP?

NO, NOT
AT ALL.

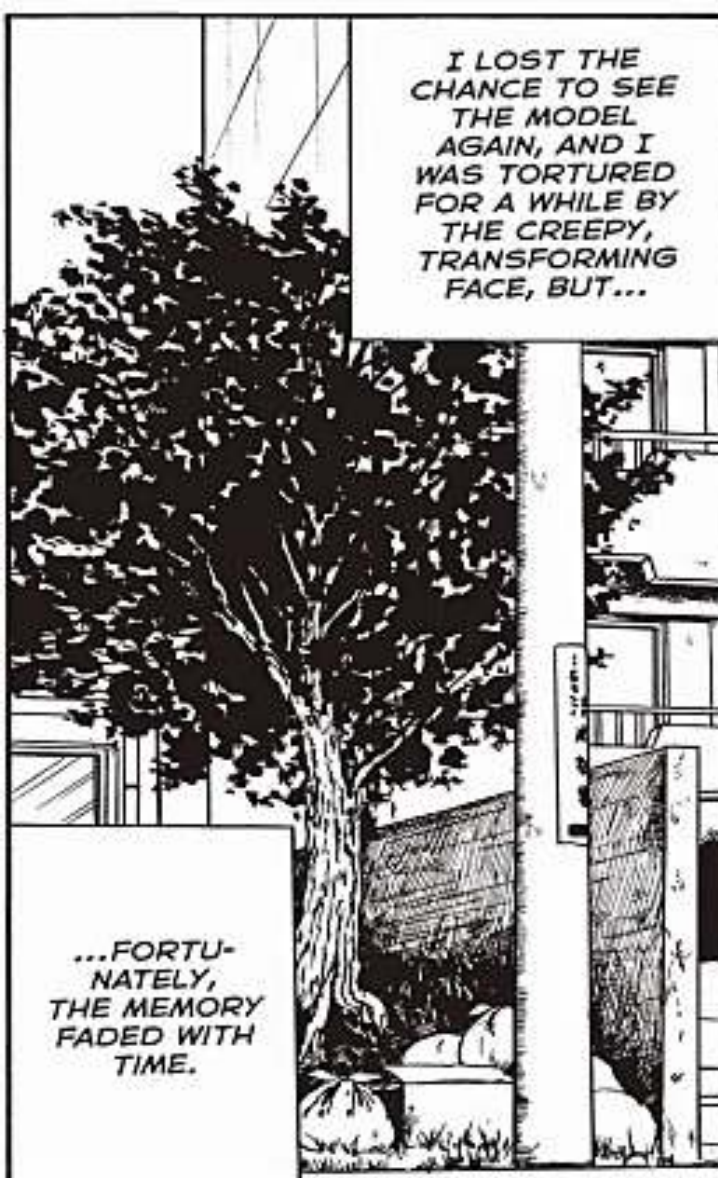
ANYWAY, YOU
HAVEN'T BEEN
COMING TO
SCHOOL LATELY,
BUT YOU'RE STILL
WORKING ON THE
SCRIPT, RIGHT?
MOVING ALONG
ON THAT?

IF YOU'RE
NOT GONNA
DO IT,
I'LL ASK
SOMEONE
ELSE.

NO, I
KNOW.

WE'RE GOING
TO ENTER
THIS ONE IN
A CONTEST,
SO...







HA
HA
HA!

NO, IT
WAS
MY
LIGHT-
ING.



NAH,
IT WAS
YOUR
CAMERA
WORK,
ODA.

THE
SCRIPT
WAS
GOOD.

DON'T
BE SO
HUMBLE,
IWASAKI.



BUT NOW WE'VE
GOT A BIT OF
A NAME IN THE
WORLD OF
AMATEURS.



SERIOUSLY.
IT'S LIKE A
DREAM.

BUT I NEVER
DREAMED WE'D
TAKE THE GRAND
PRIZE.



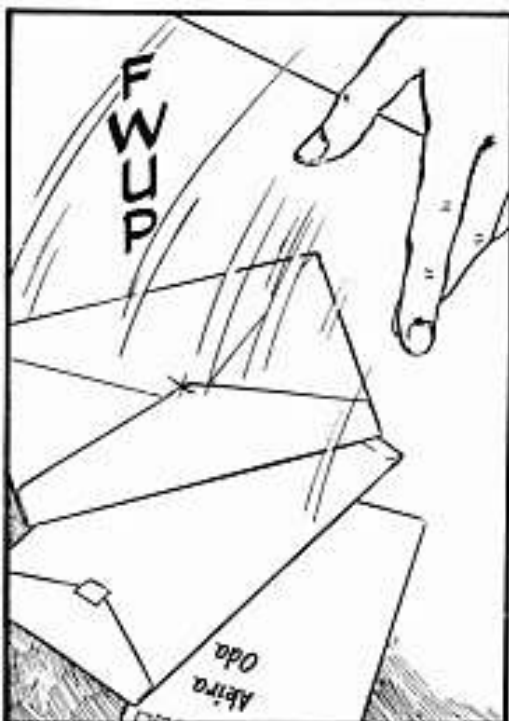
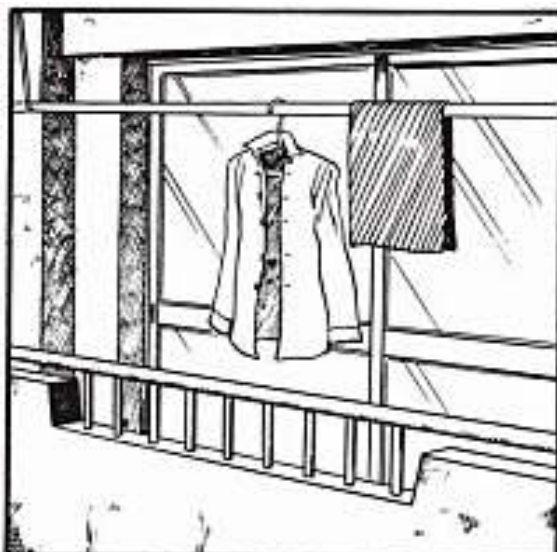
WHY?
WE CAN
JUST FIND
SOMEONE
HERE AT
SCHOOL.

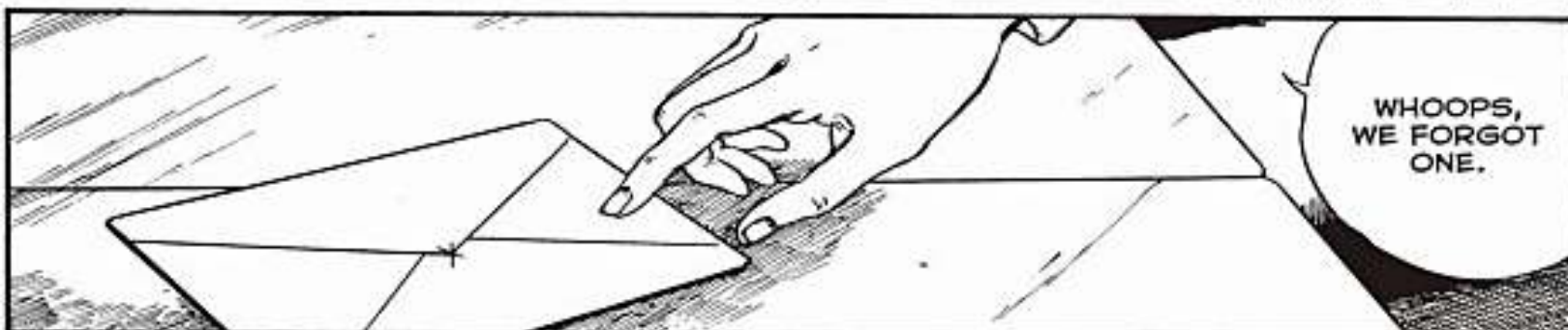
NO, THERE'S
NO GIRL WHO'S
BEAUTIFUL
ENOUGH FOR
OUR FILM
HERE. IF WE
HOLD AN OPEN
CALL, WE CAN
FIND SOMEONE
REALLY
AMAZING. AT
ANY RATE, WE
HAVE A LITTLE
PULL NOW,
Y'KNOW?

HOW ABOUT
WE HAVE AN
OPEN CALL
FOR THE
HEROINE OF
OUR NEXT
ONE?

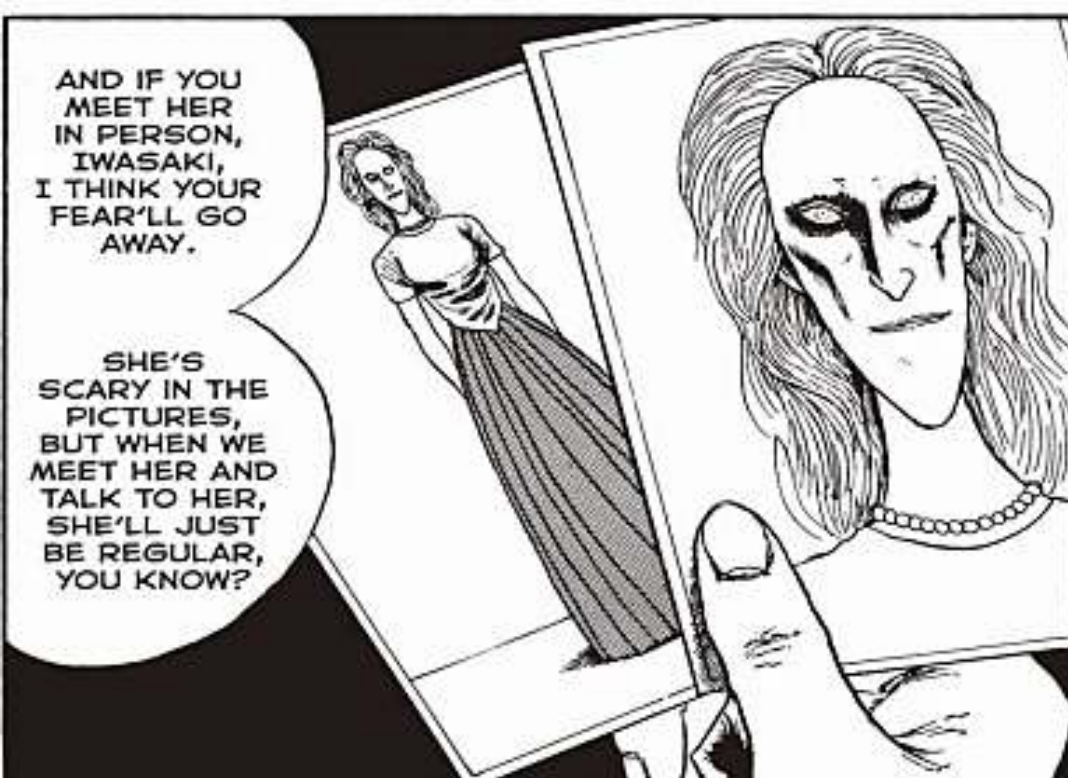


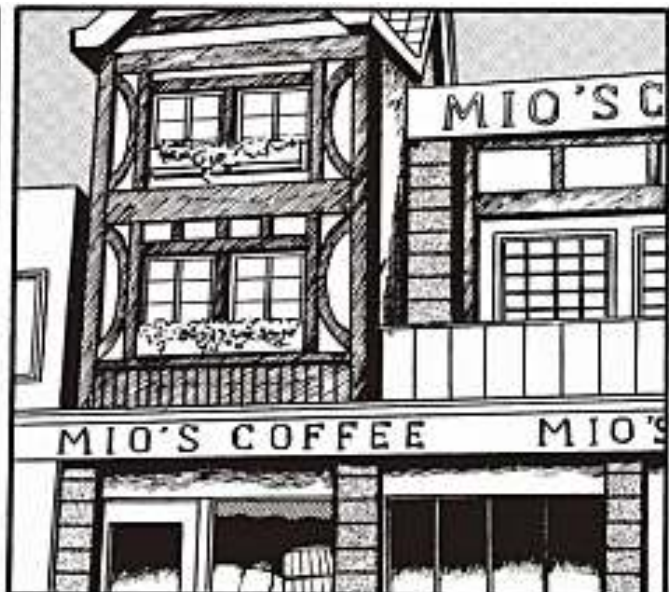
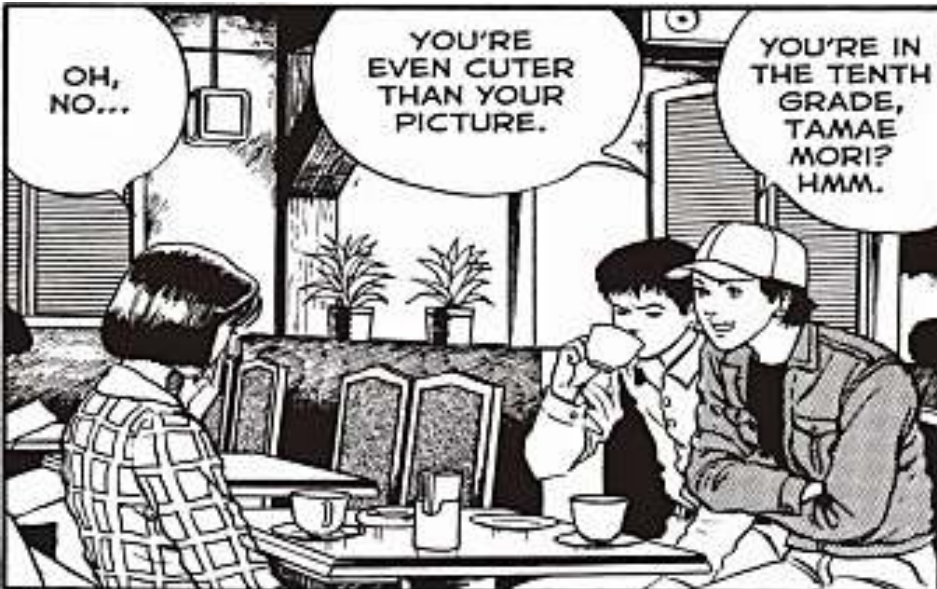
SO I HAVE
A LITTLE
PROPOSAL.













NAH, DON'T WORRY. SHE WAS JUST STIFF MEETING US FOR THE FIRST TIME TOO. SHE'S NOT A BAD SUBJECT WHEN I THINK ABOUT IT.

CAN'T WE JUST MAKE UP AN EXCUSE AND GET RID OF HER, ODA?

BUT SHE REALLY IS CREEPY, HUH?

SORRY, MY BAD.

A FAN?! I MEAN, WHY WOULD YOU EVEN SAY THAT?!

AND I DIDN'T THINK SHE'D BE SO TALL. SHE'LL POKE OUT OF THE FRAME.

IDIOT. WITH THOSE TWO SITTING TOGETHER, IT WAS JUST LIKE HEAVEN AND HELL.

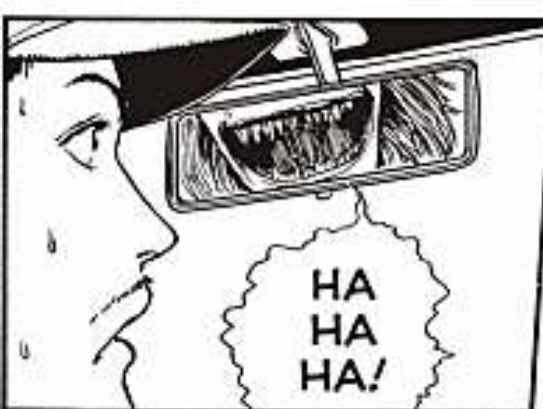
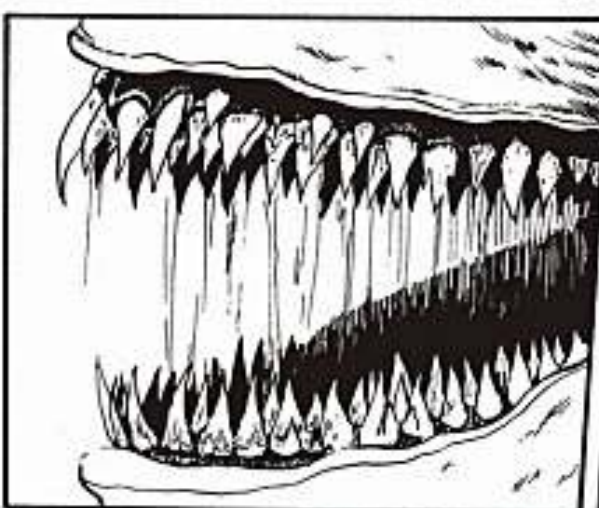
HER SENSE OF PRESENCE OVERWHELMED THE HEROINE, DIDN'T IT? I GUESS THAT'S WHY SHE'S A PRO.

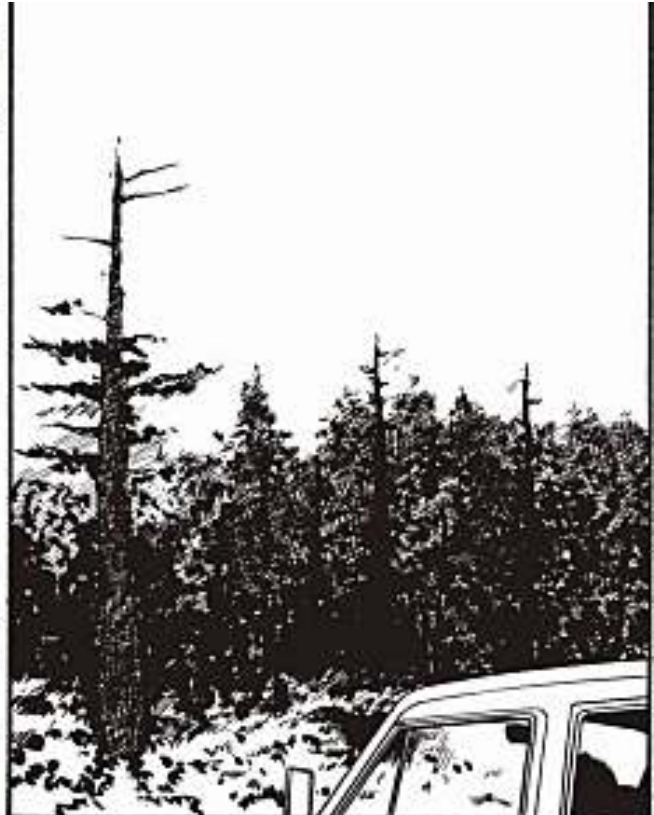
VRRRRR

AND WHAT KIND OF ROLE ARE YOU PLANNING TO GIVE HER EXACTLY?

RIGHT... WHAT ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS FORTUNE-TELLER WHO CHANGES THE FATE OF THE HEROINE?

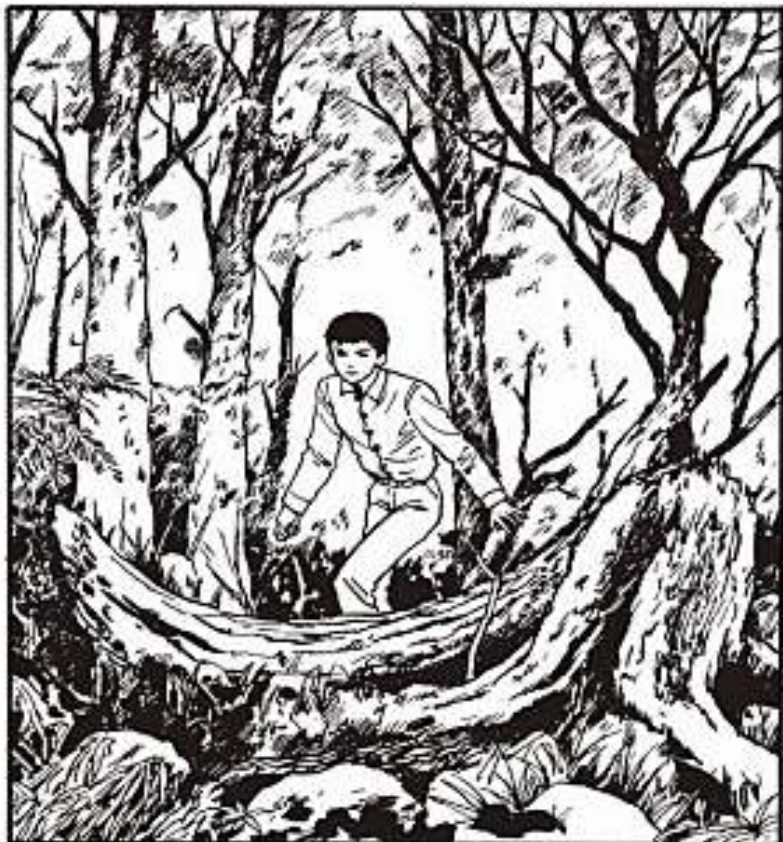








RUSTLE



GAH!



WHOA!



I MEAN,
COME ON.
SERIOUS-
LY?!

KSH KSH KSH

SHE...
SHE CAN'T
ACTUALLY
LIKE ME,
THOUGH,
RIGHT?







HUH?!
WHY...

LET'S JUST
GET OUT
OF HERE
RIGHT NOW.
BEFORE
SHE COMES
BACK.



HOW
SHOULD
I KNOW?!

WHERE'S
THAT
WOMAN?



IS
SOMETHING
WRONG?

YOU'RE
SUPPOSED
TO BE
PLAYING
AGAINST THE
HEROINE.
DON'T JUST
GO-



YEAH, WELL...
I'M NOT TOO
KEEN ON HER
EITHER.

RIGHT? WHAT
DO YOU GUYS
THINK?!



SO
WE'RE
SUPPOSED
TO GO
HOME AND
LEAVE
HERE?

EXACTLY!

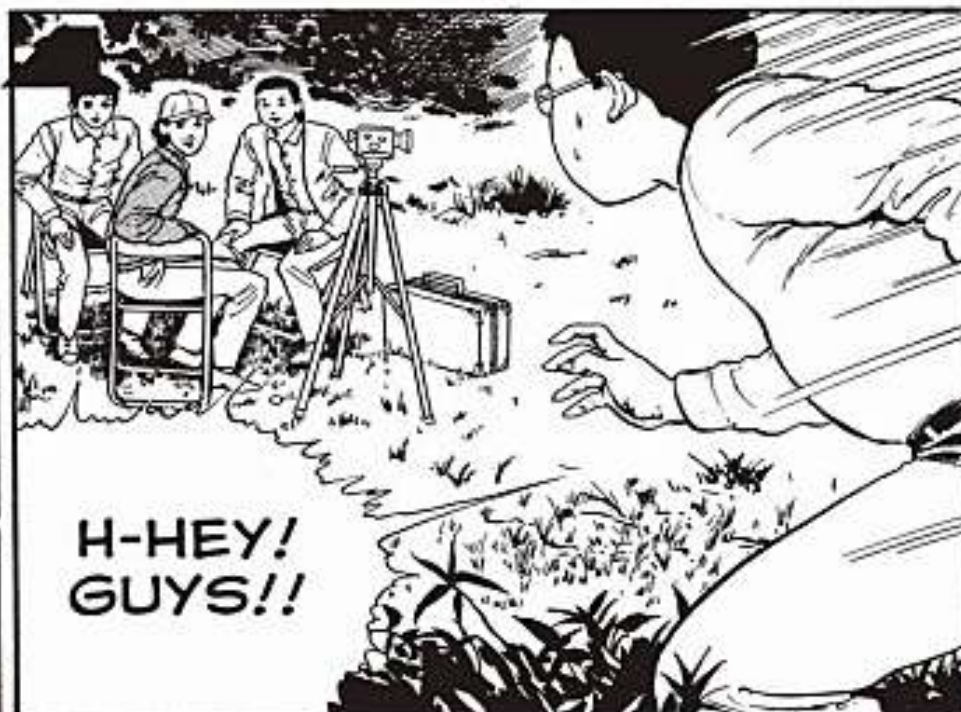
I DON'T
WANT TO
WORK WITH
SOMEONE
LIKE THAT.



BUT, I MEAN,
LEAVING HER
ALL ALONE IN
THE MOUNTAINS
LIKE THIS...

SHH!





FUCHI!!
THAT
FASHION
MODEL
IS...

WHAT
HAP-
PENED
?

MIYAKE.
CALM
DOWN
AND
TELL
US.

SHE'S
EATING
TAMAE!

IN THE
WOODS,
FUCHI
...

...EATING
TAMAE!
CHOMP
CHOMP!

WHAT
?

WE'RE ALL
ONLY PAYING
ATTENTION
TO TAMAE,
SO SHE ATE
HER!

...WHAT
ARE YOU
EVEN
TALKING
ABOUT...

WHA...

I'M
TELLING YOU,
IT'S TRUE!!
IF YOU
THINK I'M
LYING, GO
LOOK FOR
YOURSELF!

MIYAKE,
THIS IS A
PRETTY
SICK
JOKE.

IT'S
TRUE!!

NOW YOU'RE
SPOUTING
THIS STUFF
TOO,
IWASAKI?

I BELIEVE IT...
SHE COULD
EAT A
PERSON.



WE DON'T
KNOW
WHERE
THEY
ARE. YOU
HAVE TO
COME,
MIYAKE.



I DON'T
WANT TO
GO BACK,
THOUGH.

THERE'S
NO ONE
HERE,
THOUGH.



JUST
OVER
THERE.



S-SO
THEN, SHE
REALLY...



LOOK,
GUYS.
THERE'S
BLOOD
EVERY-
WHERE!

THIS IS
BLOOD!



AH!
LOOK!





RUN!

AAAH!

**WAIT
FOR
ME!**

**HO
HO
HO!**

**M-
MIYAKE!**

**HELP ME!
NGAAAAH!**

GANK

AAAH!



AUTHOR COMMENTARY

FASHION MODEL

I often look at fashion magazines for manga reference, and I always notice just how many types of models there are. In this one magazine I happened to look at, there was a photo of a model who was pretty, but emitted this weird aura somehow (or at least, that's what I thought viewing her through my own subjective lens). So I came up with the idea of a fashion model who's actually a monster. Maybe I should have made her more attractive, but this is the face she ended up with.

I also thought of adding an element of the "shark woman" to this monster. But it just so happened that at the time, there was an incident where a shark attacked a fisherman in the Seto Inland Sea, and everyone was talking about that, so I locked that element away.

[Top page]

- That night, the painting stole away from the wall and seemed to be playing.

Story about a model

Flipping through a book of hairstyles, a picture of one seriously creepy model.
Warped face → (He even dreams about it.)

The magazine quits publishing after that. He doesn't see the model anymore.

Later, when they're trying to making an independent film, they recruit performers in the reader column of a magazine, and a strange photo is sent to them. It's the model. "I've seen her before," one of the guys says and brings out a fashion magazine. This guy talks about the bizarre impression he got when he saw it. "The magazine folded after that." One of the guys half-jokes that they should meet her then.

When they do, the woman is surprisingly huge.

One of the guys meets the real star individually, and A arranges for the director and the others to meet this weird girl as a joke.

- Director known in the amateur world. He suggests they do a general casting call.

The terror of this woman.

The woman seems to think she's extremely attractive. But her lips are thin, her eyes are blank, so you never know where she's looking, and her teeth are tapered like fangs.

She's a far cry from a movie heroine, but she herself seems to believe she's perfect for the role.

She carries herself very theatrically.

A lies and says the director's in love with her. She takes him seriously.

[Bottom page]

"You all have eyes that can see.

You have real vision.

The time when a woman like me is deemed an unequalled beauty is finally here.

It's already the truth in my heart."

And then she laughs creepily.

"That woman...She's got a different style."

The woman has a weird manager. He shows up at the shoot location.

"Why would a professional model be in this amateur thing?"

"No particular reason."

With no real choice left to them, they have her act in the film.

Things get pretty unhinged at the shoot.

The crew are talking like, "How about we turn it into a horror film?"

They go up to the shoot location, but the guys ignore her and start filming. She takes offense. They change locations without telling her, but she comes chasing after them. She kills the real star.

"That woman's creepy, man..."

They lie about the time to meet at the location, but she comes chasing up from behind.

As they're fleeing in the car, she suddenly appears before them, and they run her over, killing her. She goes under the van, and they can't pull out. They try to get her out from underneath, but they can't.



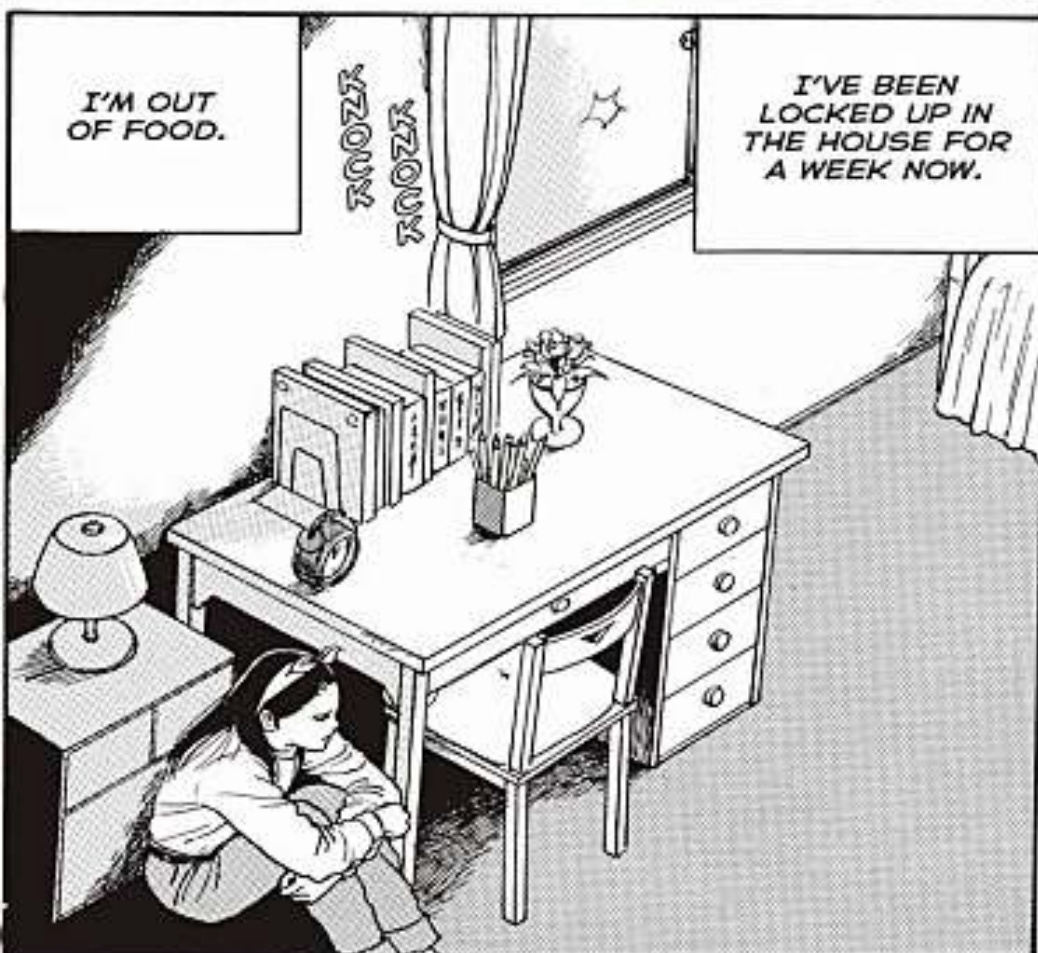
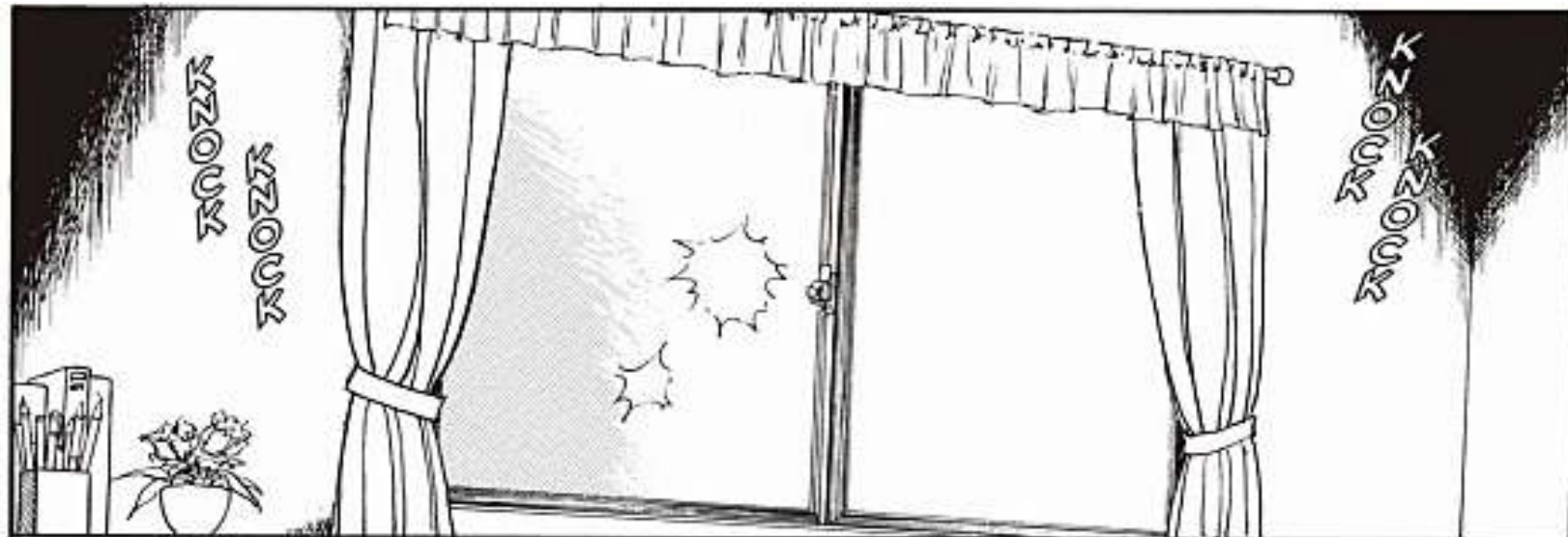
HANGING BLIMP

首吊り気球



FOR
FOR
FOR

FOR
FOR
FOR



KAZUKO!! STOP
BEING LIKE THIS AND
OPEN THE WINDOW
ALREADY!!

KNOCK
KNOCK

BUT I CAN'T
TAKE A
SINGLE STEP
OUTSIDE.

THE
SECOND
I DO,
THEY'LL...

C'MON.
SERIOUSLY,
KAZUKO!

I'LL
DEFI-
NITELY
DIE
IF I
GO
OUT-
SIDE.

NO WAY.
I'M NOT
FALLING
FOR
THAT.

YOU'LL DIE
IF YOU DON'T
COME OUT
AND EAT
SOMETHING.

C'MON.
YOU'RE
HUNGRY,
RIGHT?

MY OWN VOICE...
IS CALLING ME
FROM OUTSIDE
THIS WINDOW
ON THE SECOND
FLOOR.

IT'S NOT A
HALLUCINATION.
THAT THING
IS DEFINITELY
SPEAKING IN MY
VOICE NOW.

AAH, THIS
IS JUST
TERRIFYING.
THAT'S
DEFINITELY
MY VOICE.

I STILL DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT REALLY IS.
THE ONE THING I DO
KNOW IS THAT THING
IS AFTER MY LIFE.
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW,
THIS WHOLE TIME...



BUT THAT IS
DEFINITELY
NOT ME.



HER DEATH
WAS A
SHOCK.

AAH, WHY
IS THIS
HAPPENING...



THE
ACTUAL
START OF
ALL THIS
WAS...
RIGHT.
THE DEATH
OF TERUMI
FUJINO
STARTED
IT ALL...

...ABOUT
A MONTH
AND A HALF
AGO.

THE NOOSE WAS
MADE OF STEEL CABLE
AND WAS SLOPPILY
WRAPPED AROUND
THE TELEPHONE WIRE
OUTSIDE.

WHEN SHE
WAS FIRST
DISCOVERED,
SHE WAS
HANGING
DEAD ON THE
EXTERIOR WALL
OF HER CONDO
AS IF SHE
WANTED
TO BE SEEN.

PERHAPS BECAUSE HER
WEIGHT HAD DROPPED
ON THE NOOSE ALL AT
ONCE, THEY SAID HER
HEAD WAS ALMOST
TORN OFF.



TAKE A LOOK
AT THE
SCENE BEHIND
ME! AFTER
HEARING
ABOUT THE
TRAGEDY, A
HUGE CROWD
OF HER FANS
HAS COME
TOGETHER,
AND THERE'S A
STRANGE AIR
HANGING OVER
THE AREA!

I'M STANDING
IN FRONT OF
THE CONDO OF
IDOL AND TV
PERSONALITY
TERUMI
FUJINO, WHO
DIED LAST
NIGHT.



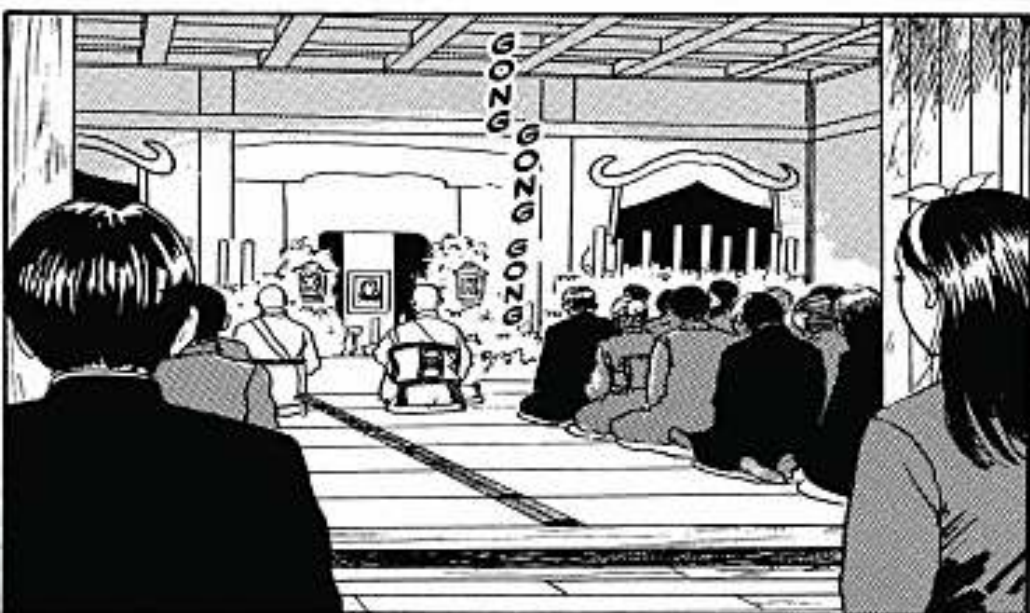
...ACCORD-
ING
TO HER
PARENTS,
SHE HAD
BEEN
STRUG-
GLING
WITH HER
WORK
IN THE
ENTER-
TAINMENT
INDUSTRY.

THERE
WAS NO
NOTE,
BUT...

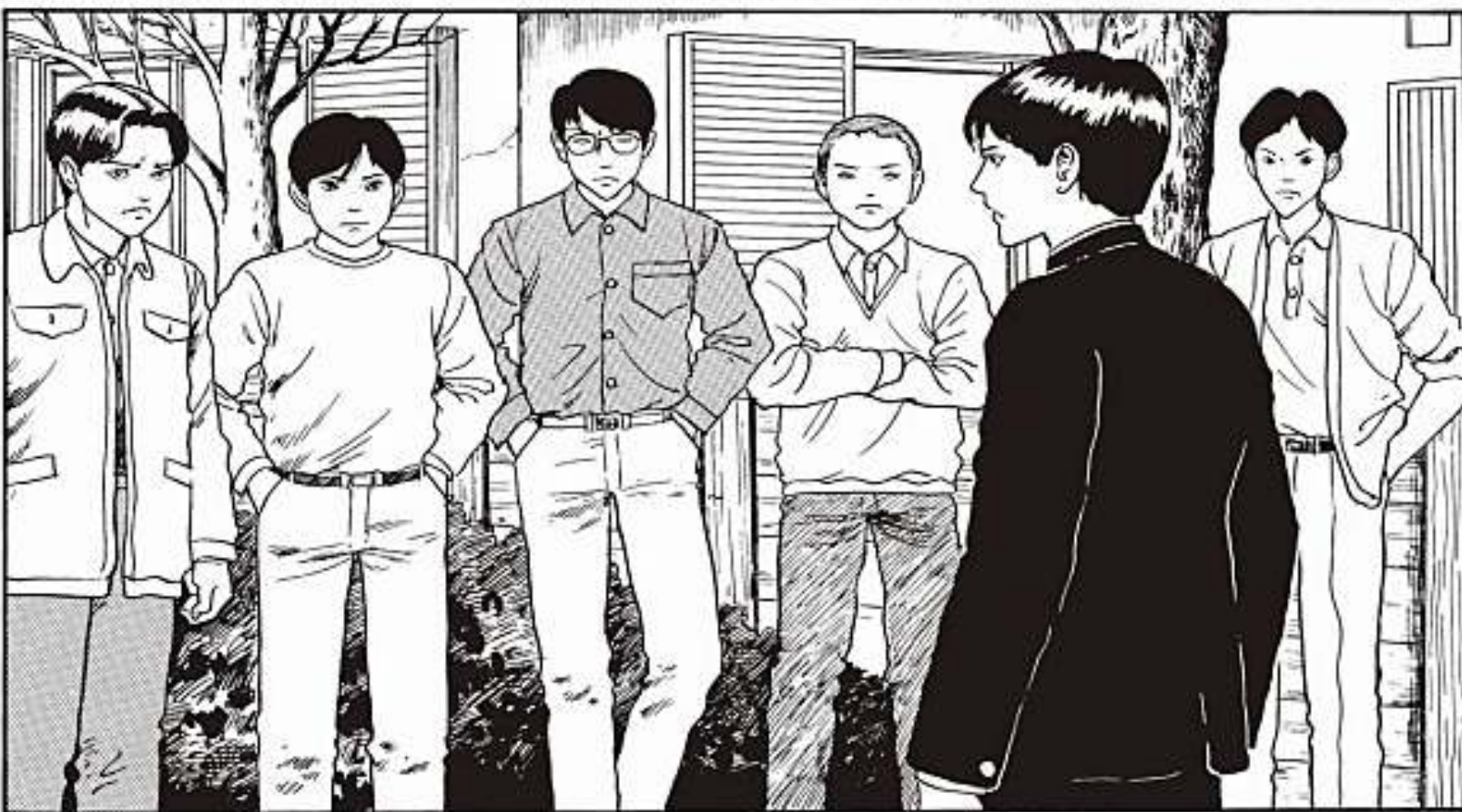


IT'S THOUGHT THAT
SHE LEANED OUT OF
HER OWN APARTMENT
WINDOW AND WOUND
THE CABLE AROUND
THE TELEPHONE
WIRE!











YOU WERE HER
BOYFRIEND, AND
YOU'VE BEEN DATING
SINCE BEFORE
HER DEBUT!

AND YOU WERE
TOTALLY AGAINST
HER DEBUT, SO YOU
JUST COMPLAINED
ABOUT HER SHOW-
BUSINESS WORK!

WE
CHECKED
YOU OUT
PRETTY
CARE-
FULLY!





YOU WANT TO GET IN OUR WAY?!

WHAT THE HELL ?!



SHIRAISHI'S OUR CLASSMATE! LET HIM GO!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, GANGING UP ON HIM?!



THERE'S A TON OF COPS AROUND THE TEMPLE TODAY. IF I YELL, THEY'LL COME RUNNING.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO GET VIOLENT, WE'LL CALL THE POLICE!



DAMMIT! YOU BETTER NOT FORGET THIS...



TCH!

THEY'RE
JUST
ANGRY.

SHIRAISHI,
YOU CAN'T
LET ALL THAT
STUFF THEY
WERE SAYING
GET TO YOU.



SHIRAISHI,
ARE YOU
OKAY?



YEAH
...

MAYBE IT'S JUST
LIKE THEY SAID.
MAYBE I WAS
MAKING THINGS
HARD FOR HER.

NO...



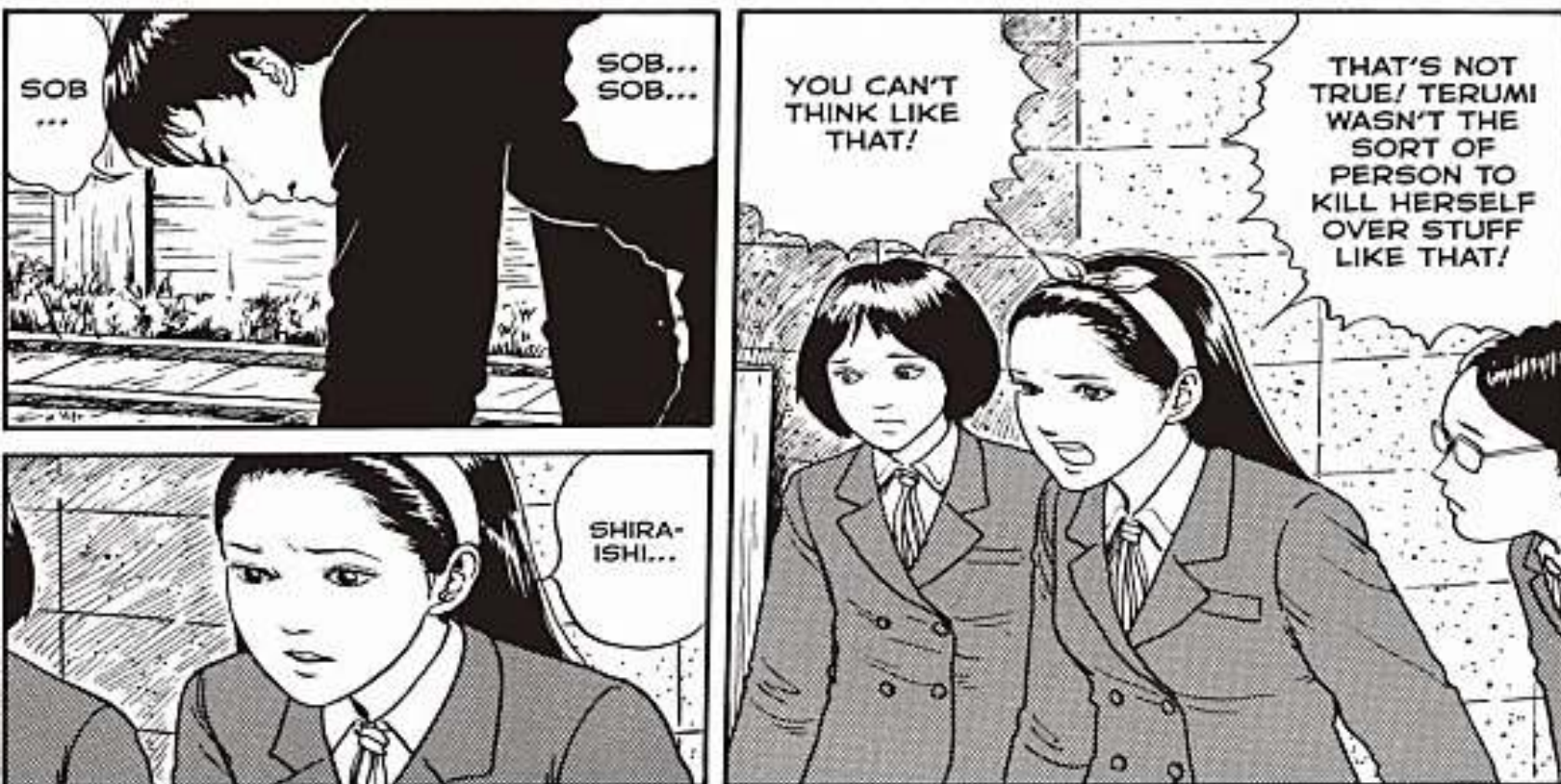
SOB
...

SOB...
SOB...



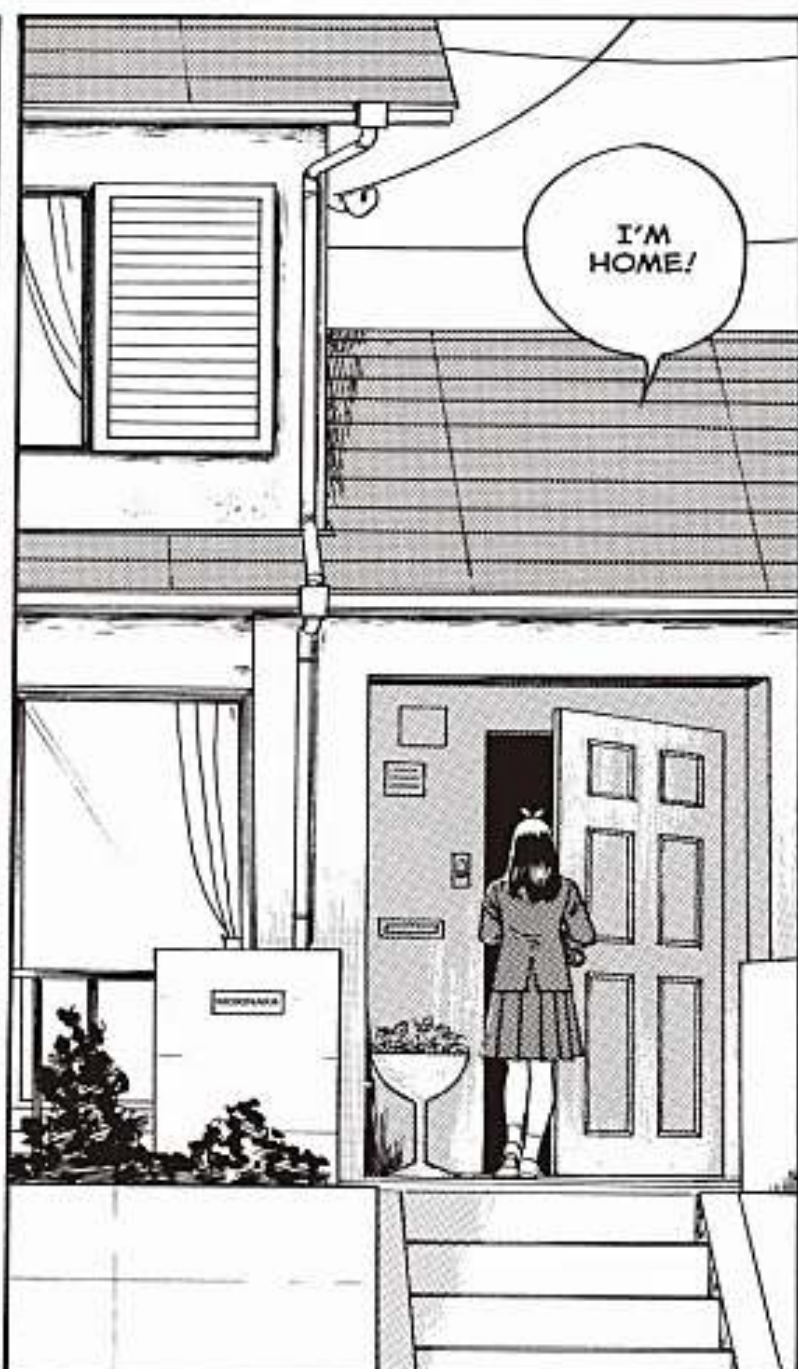
YOU CAN'T
THINK LIKE
THAT!

THAT'S NOT
TRUE! TERUMI
WASN'T THE
SORT OF
PERSON TO
KILL HERSELF
OVER STUFF
LIKE THAT!



SHIRA-
ISHI...





Salt is sprinkled in the entryway after returning home from a funeral so that the spirit doesn't follow you inside.

...RUMORS
OF
TERUMI'S
GHOST
SPREAD.

AND...

THERE WERE
ALSO CASES
OF HER FANS
DISAPPEARING
IN GROUPS,
AND IT WAS
THOUGHT
THAT THEY
MIGHT HAVE
ALSO HANGED
THEMSELVES
SOMEWHERE.

AFTER TERUMI
DIED, A LOT OF
YOUNG PEOPLE
FOLLOWED HER
IN COPYCAT
SUICIDES. THE
MAJORITY HANGED
THEMSELVES.

AS YOU CAN
SEE BEHIND
ME, IT'S A VERY
QUIET PARK
WITH TREES AND
SHRUBS.

I'M
CURRENTLY
STANDING IN
A CERTAIN
PARK.

YES.

THE TWO
OF YOU
WITNESSED
THIS, YES?

WHEN
WAS IT?

BUT IN FACT,
THE GHOST OF
TERUMI FUJINO,
WHO COMMITTED
SUICIDE
RECENTLY, HAS
APPARENTLY
APPEARED
HERE!!

YEAH.
AROUND
MID-
NIGHT.

UM, I
GUESS
IT WAS
A WEEK
AGO.

AFTER A WHILE, IT
DISAPPEARED
TOWARD THE
NORTH.

I SEE.
AND WHAT
HAPPENED
AFTER THAT?

HER
FACE?

HER FACE WAS
HANGING UP
IN THE SKY,
RIGHT ABOVE
THAT TREE
THERE.

YEAH. JUST
HER FROM
THE NECK
UP. IT WAS
FLOATING UP
THERE, HUGE.

THANK
YOU.

...TO TELL THE
TRUTH, THERE
HAVE BEEN
REPORTS OF
SIMILAR SIGHTINGS
ALL OVER THE
PLACE RECENTLY!

AND THESE
TESTIMONIES
ALL MATCH
ON THE POINT
THAT HER HEAD
WAS FLOATING
LARGE IN THE
NIGHT SKY!

WE'VE JUST
HEARD THE
EXPERIENCE
OF THESE TWO
YOUTHS, BUT...

...AND A CERTAIN GROUP OF THOSE FANS WAS CAUGHT UP IN A MASS HYSTERIA IMMEDIATELY AFTER SEEING HER GHOST, LEADING ALL OF THEM TO FAINT.

MANY OF THE WITNESSES ARE CRAZED FANS...

...FROM A PSYCHOLOGICAL STANDPOINT, THERE IS A PERSUASIVE EXPLANATION.

YES, WELL, SETTING ASIDE THE QUESTION OF WHETHER GHOSTS EXIST OR NOT...

DOCTOR, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE SPIRIT DISTURBANCES ROCKING THE WORLD CURRENTLY?

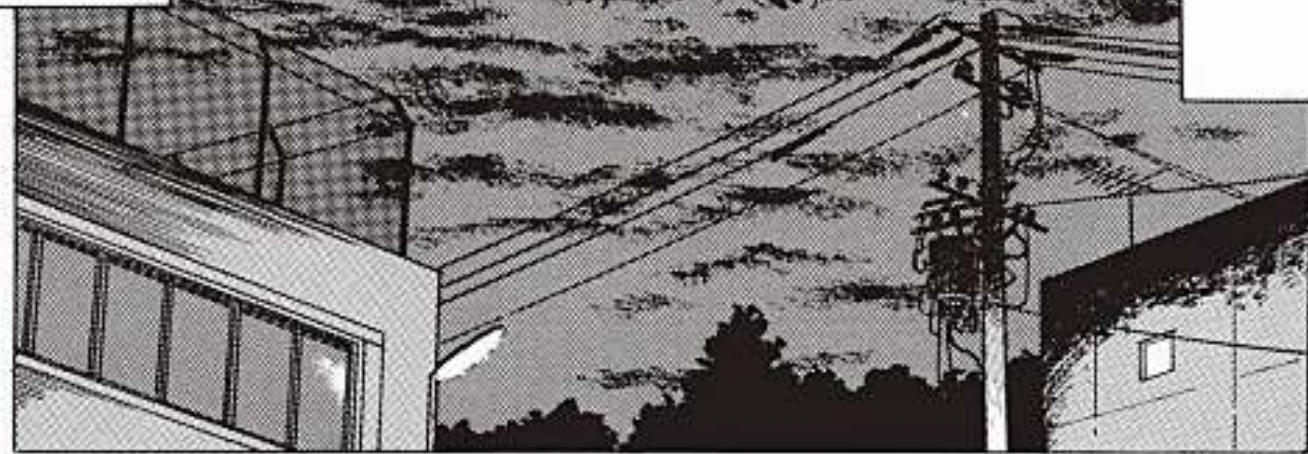
IT'S VERY SYMBOLIC GIVEN THE WAY SHE DIED.

WELL, THAT WOULD BE THAT THE WITNESSES BECAME MENTALLY UNSTABLE DUE TO THEIR GRIEF AT THE LOSS OF THE SINGER AND SAW A MASS HALLUCINATION. AND THE FACT THAT THE GHOST WAS ONLY THE HEAD...

AND WHAT EXACTLY WOULD THAT BE?

...AND WE ALL
SHUDDERED
AT THE
DREADFULLY
STRANGE
VISION.

BUT SOON
ENOUGH,
A PHOTO
TAKEN BY A
WITNESS WAS
RELEASED...



IT
REALLY
IS QUITE
LARGE.

IS IT
REAL?
NOT A
TRICK?

AAH,
IT'S
SCARYYY!

TALK SHOW 2

THIS
IS THE
PHOTO IN
QUESTION.

HMM.
THAT
MIGHT
VERY
WELL BE
TRUE.

I'M PRETTY SURE...
HER HEAD WAS
PRACTICALLY TORN
OFF BY THE ROPE,
RIGHT? MAYBE THE
FACT THAT HER
GHOST IS JUST
THE HEAD HAS
SOMETHING TO DO
WITH THAT?

BUT THE
EXPRESSION
ON IT WAS
EXACTLY WHAT
YOU'D EXPECT
TO SEE ON
A DEAD
PERSON.

THAT FACE
FLOATING UP
IN THE NIGHT
SKY WAS
DEFINITELY
TERUMI'S.

IT DID GIVE
US THE
IMPRESSION
THAT HER HEAD
HAD BEEN
RIPPED FROM
HER TORSO.

AND THERE
WAS AN
UNUSUAL
ZIGZAG
PATTERN
ON THE
NECK.

IDIOT.
LIKE ANYONE
COULD PULL
OFF A TRICK
LIKE THAT.

IT'S A
TRICK.

I
THINK
IT'S
REAL...

YOU
WANNA
BET?

THE
ONLY
THING
I CAN
SAY IS
THAT IT'S
SUPER
SCARY.

IT WAS
THE TALK
OF OUR
SCHOOL.



THE ONLY THING THAT'LL HAPPEN IS YOU'LL GET FREAKED OUT.

I WANNA SEE IT TOO.



SHIRAISHI.



I'VE SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES.

NO, I BELIEVE IT. ALL OF IT.

WHAT ?!



THIS HAS TURNED INTO A BIG DEAL, HUH?

EVERYONE'S SAYING THINGS WITHOUT EVEN THINKING.



YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, DO YOU, SHIRAISHI? I MEAN, GHOSTS...

AND THEN
IT STARED
AT ME...
WITH THESE
EMPTY
EYES...

IT ACTUALLY
POPPED UP
IN MY OWN
YARD.

I DON'T KNOW
HOW MANY TIMES
I WAS ALMOST
DRAWN IN BY
THAT FACE.

THOSE
EYES
WERE
PROBABLY
CALLING
ME.

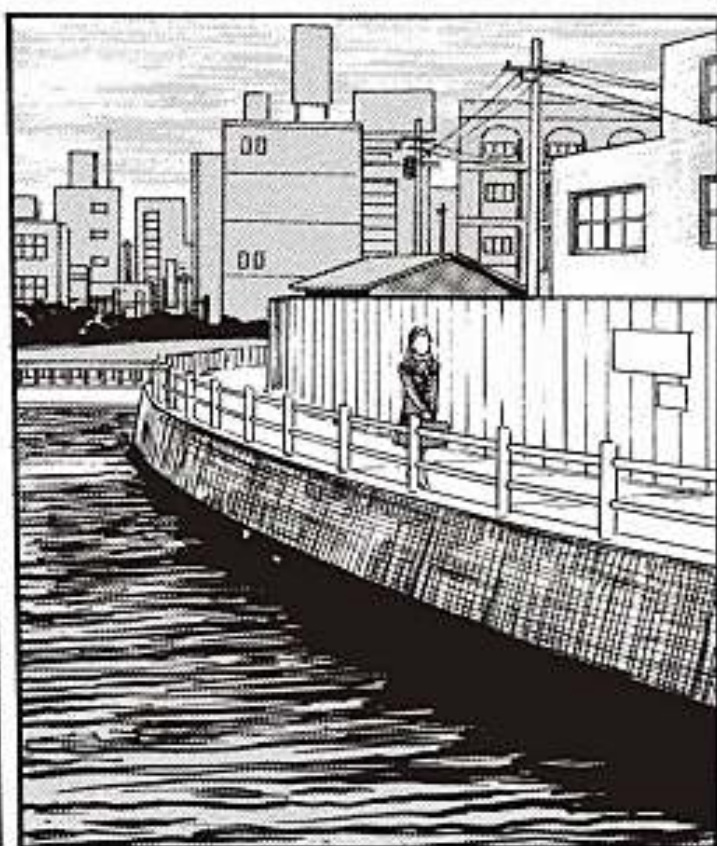
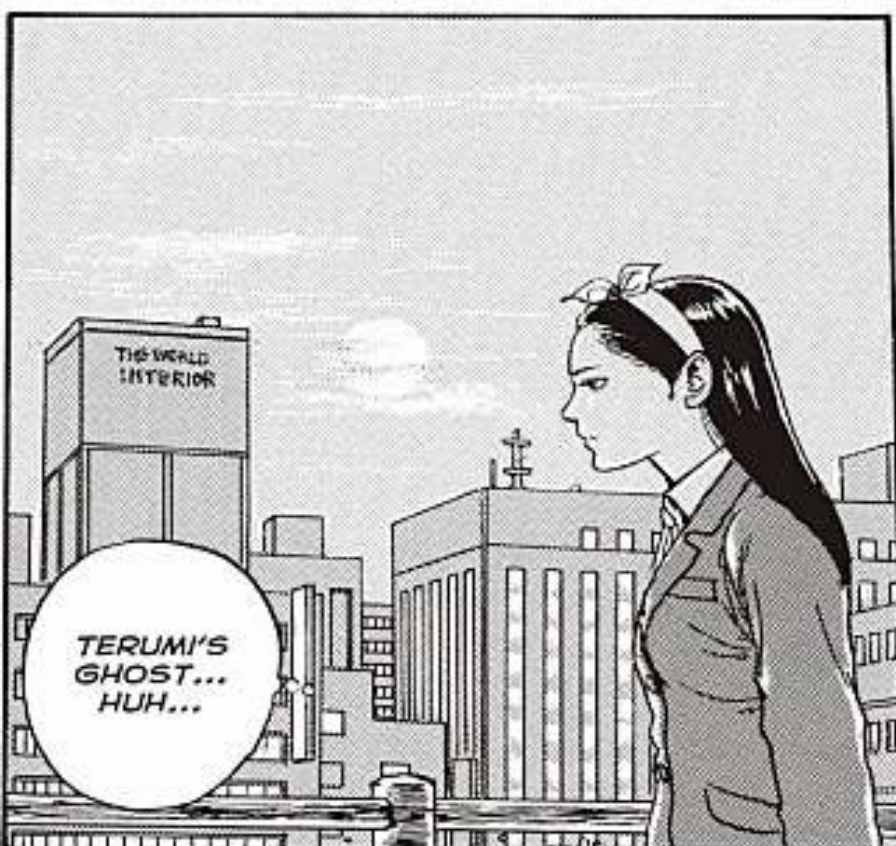
BUT I'VE
MANAGED
TO RESIST IT
SO FAR.

YOU THINK
I'M LYING
TO YOU?

YOU
DON'T
BELIEVE
ME?

NO. I
DIDN'T SAY
YOU WERE
LYING OR
ANYTHING.

SHIRAISHI...
YOU'RE
JUST TIRED.



IT'S TERUMI.
SHE APPEARED.
SHE'S MOVING
SLOWLY
NORTH. IF YOU
COME NOW,
YOU SHOULD
BE ABLE TO
SEE HER TOO.

I'M
CALLING
FROM THE
PAY PHONE
IN FRONT
OF EISHOJI
TEMPLE.
CAN YOU
COME RIGHT
NOW?

OKAY. EISHOJI
TEMPLE, RIGHT?
I'LL BE THERE
SOON.

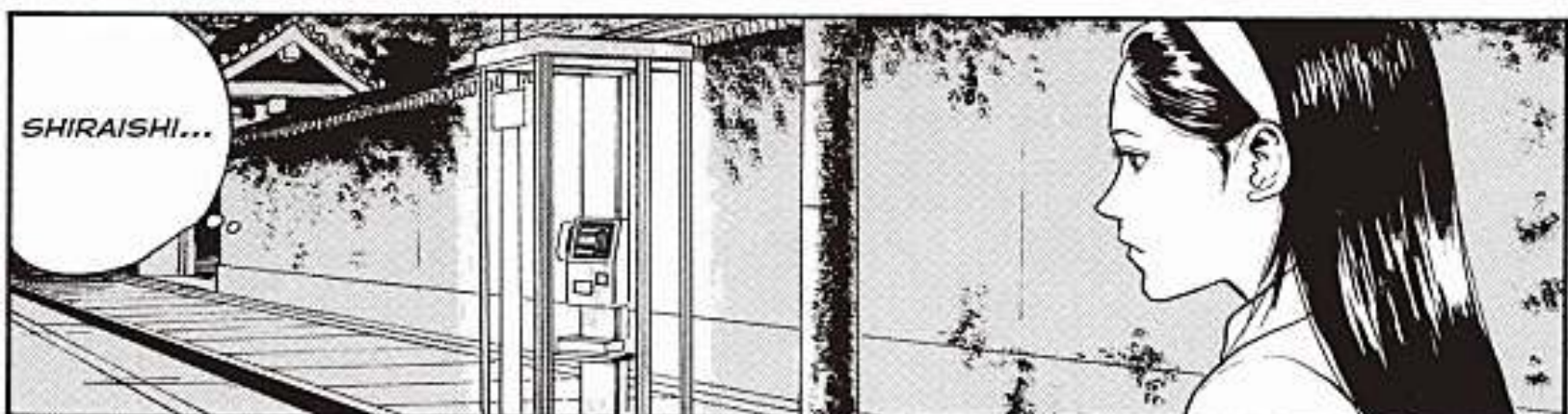
RIGHT
NOW?
BUT...
YEAH.

REALLY
?

SH

SH







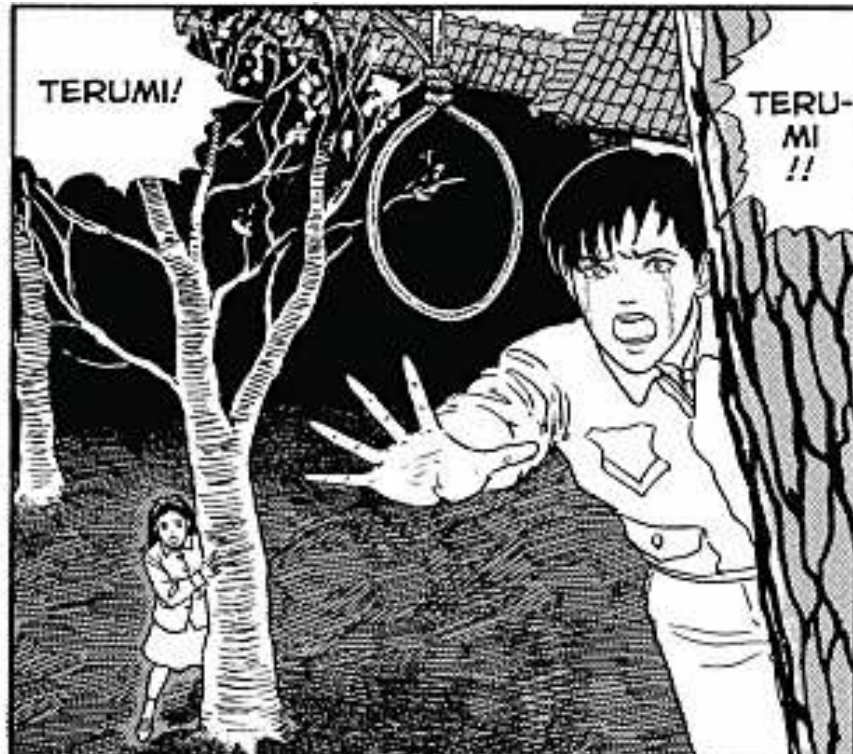


AT THE TIME,
I FELT LIKE IT
WAS A LITTLE
DIFFERENT
THAN HOW
I IMAGINED
GHOSTS.

THERE WAS
A SENSE
OF REALITY
TO IT, LIKE
I COULD
TOUCH IT IF I
REACHED OUT
MY HAND.







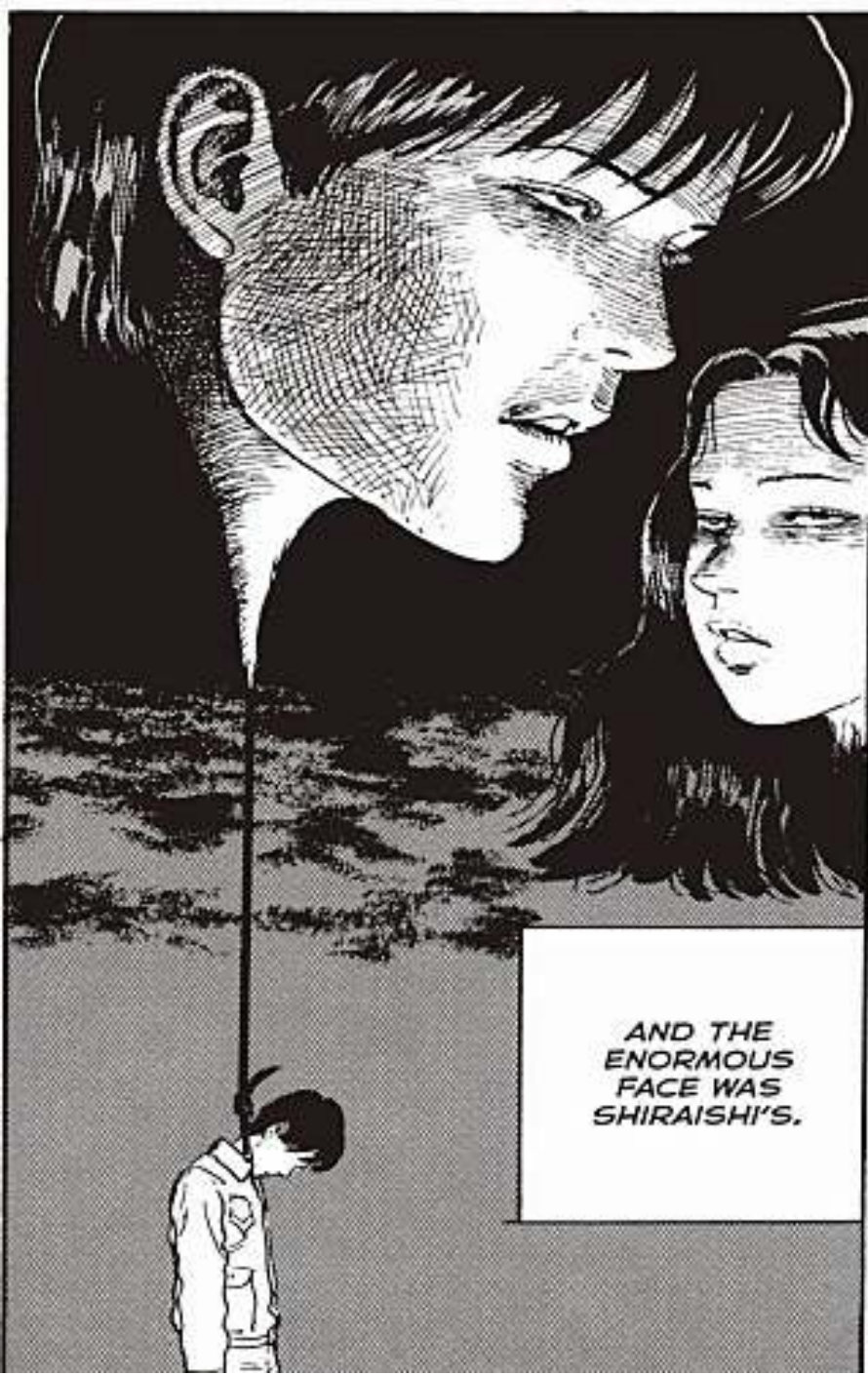






WHAT IS
THAT?!

WHA—



AND THE
ENORMOUS
FACE WAS
SHIRAISHI'S.

THE
CABLE
DANGLING
FROM THE
HEAD WAS
HANGING
SHIRAISHI!

A
SECOND
ENORMOUS
FACE
APPEARED.

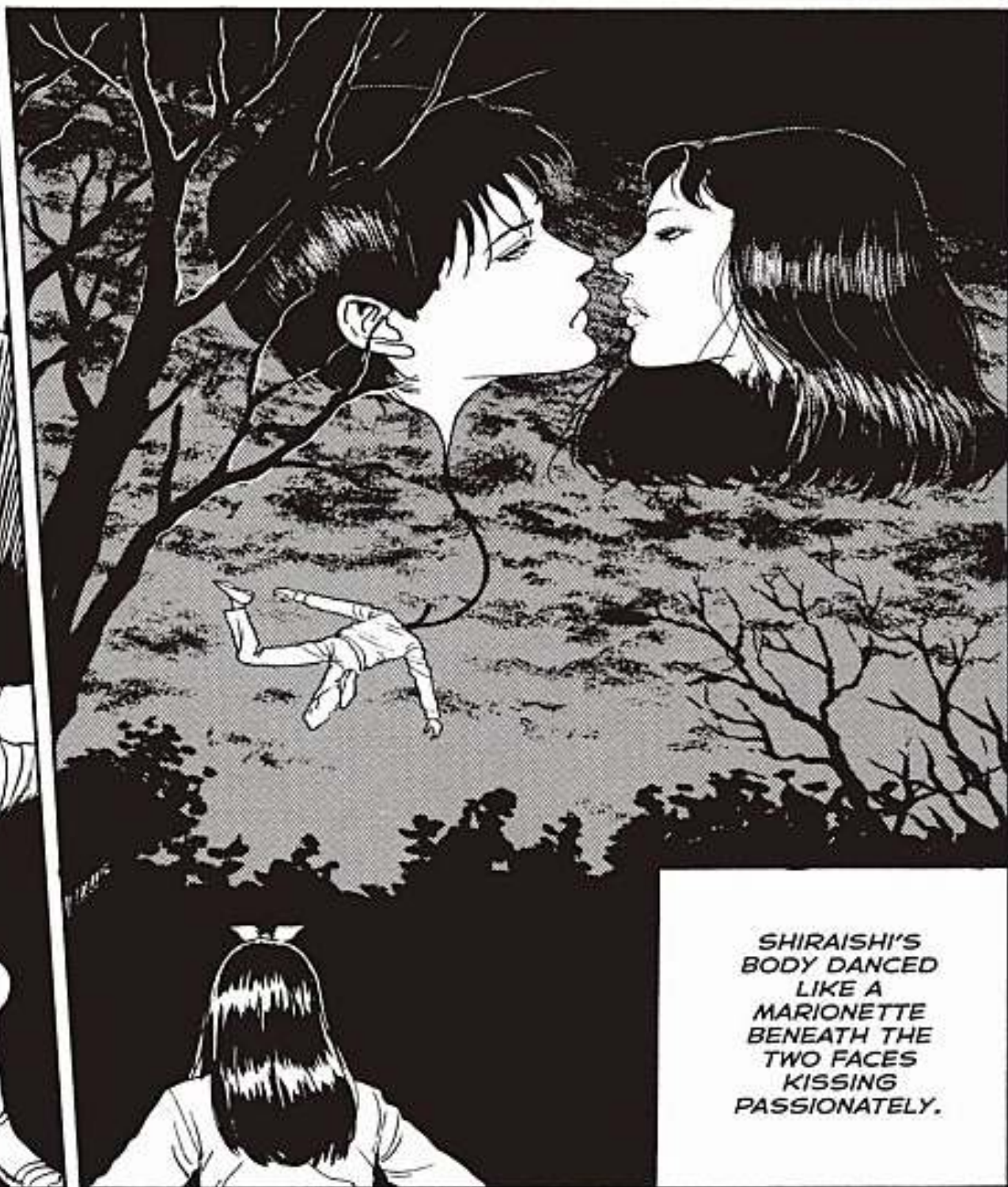




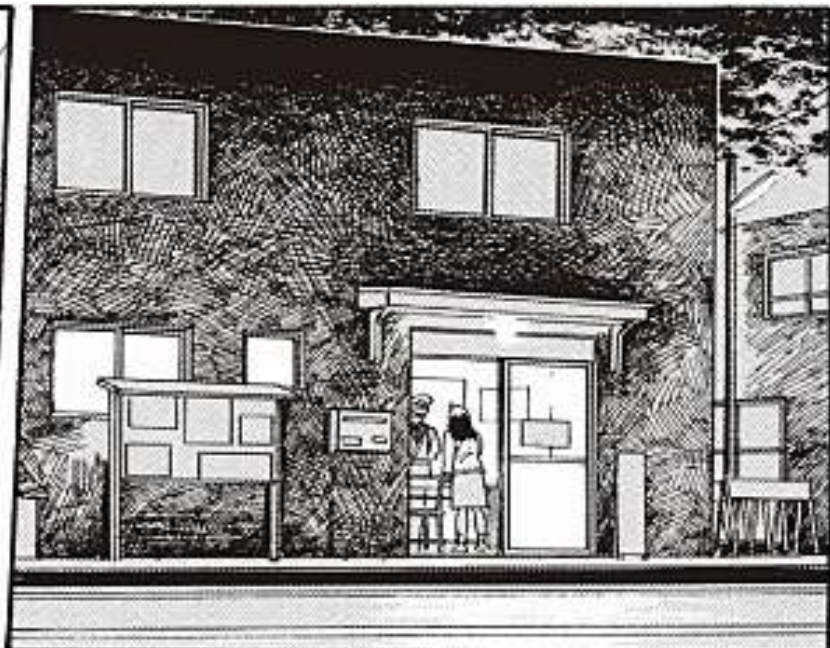
THE SCENE
THAT
UNFOLDED
AFTER THAT
WAS SIMPLY
TOO
STRANGE.



AAAAAH!



SHIRAISHI'S
BODY DANCED
LIKE A
MARIONETTE
BENEATH THE
TWO FACES
KISSING
PASSIONATELY.



AND IT
EVEN-IT
KISSED
THE FACE
OF TERUMI
FUJINO!!
WE HAVE
TO HELP
HIM!!

AND
THAT
GIANT FACE
WAS MY
OTHER
FRIEND'S!!

IT'S TRUE!!
AT THE
TEMPLE
OVER THERE.
MY FRIEND
WAS HANGED
BY A GIANT
FACE!



ANYWAY,
JUST COME
WITH ME,
PLEASE!!

IT LOOKED LIKE MY
FRIEND WAS HANGING
HIMSELF, BUT THEN
A GIANT FACE WAS
HANGING HIM!!
HONESTLY!!



WHAT'S
THIS
ABOUT
A GIANT
FACE?

OKAY.
CALM
DOWN
AND
EXPLAIN.

I'M
TELLING
YOU!!



OVER THERE!

AND WHERE'S YOUR FRIEND?



IT'S HERE!
I SAW IT FROM HERE.



MAYBE YOU JUST HAD A BAD DREAM?

NOW LOOK, YOU. I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD OF WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

IN THE END, THE POLICE DIDN'T BELIEVE ME.



I'M SURE IT'S JUST FLOWN OFF SOMEWHERE.

IT WAS FLOATING UP THERE BEFORE.



BUT
SHIRAISHI IS
ACTUALLY
MISSING!

I DON'T THINK
YOU'RE LYING,
KAZUKO,
BUT...



YOU GUYS
DON'T
BELIEVE
ME
EITHER,
DO YOU?!



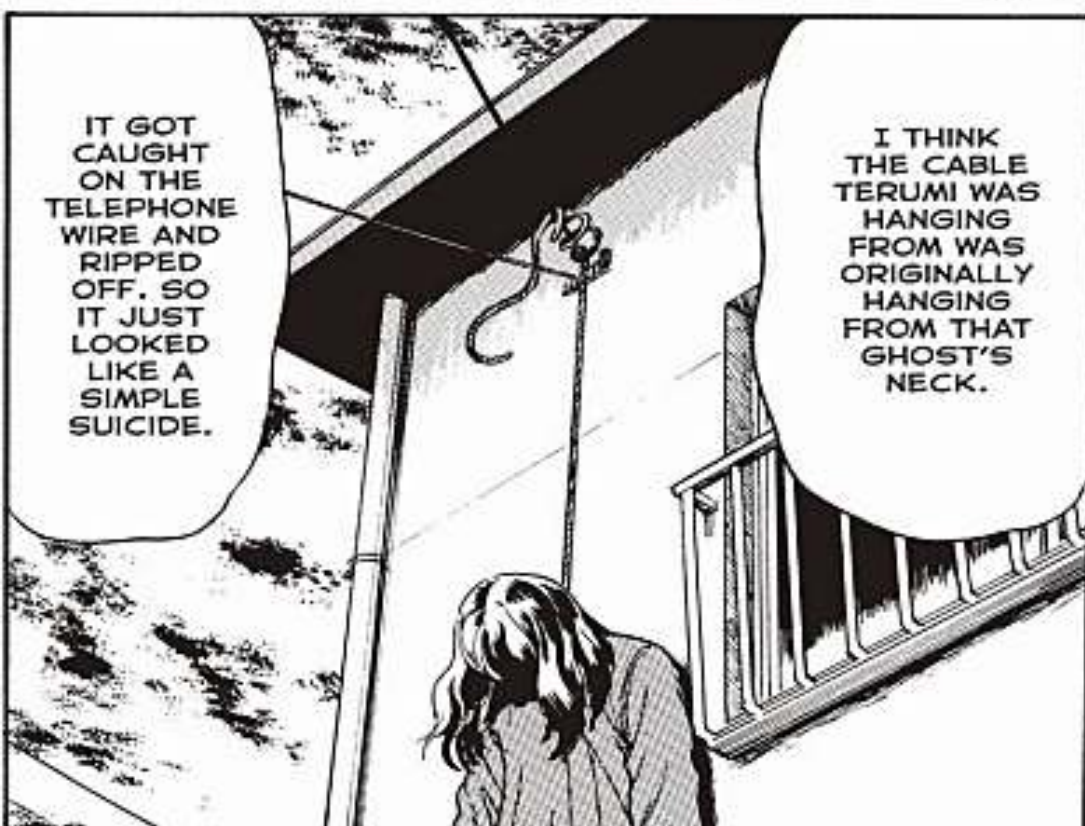
TERUMI TOO.
SHE MUST
HAVE BEEN
STRANGLING
THE SAME
WAY.



BUT I MEAN,
A FACE THAT
LOOKS JUST
LIKE HIS OWN
STRANGLING
HIM, IT'S JUST...

HE
IS.

IT'S A
WEIRD
STORY.



IT GOT
CAUGHT
ON THE
TELEPHONE
WIRE AND
RIPPED
OFF. SO
IT JUST
LOOKED
LIKE A
SIMPLE
SUICIDE.

I THINK
THE CABLE
TERUMI WAS
HANGING
FROM WAS
ORIGINALLY
HANGING
FROM THAT
GHOST'S
NECK.



WHAT?

HEY, KAZUKO.
QUIT IT.
THAT'S TOO
CREEPY.

AND SHIRAI-
SHI'S
DEAD BODY IS
STILL DANGLING
FROM IT,
FLYING AROUND
SOMEWHERE.

AND THAT
FACE THAT
EVERYONE'S
ALL WORKED
UP ABOUT,
THE GHOST,
IS FLOAT-
ING AROUND
SOMEWHERE
RIGHT NOW.

SO IS
SHIRAI-
SHI'S
"FACE."

THERE.

I-IT'S
JUST...

...

I
WONDER
WHAT
THAT
IS?

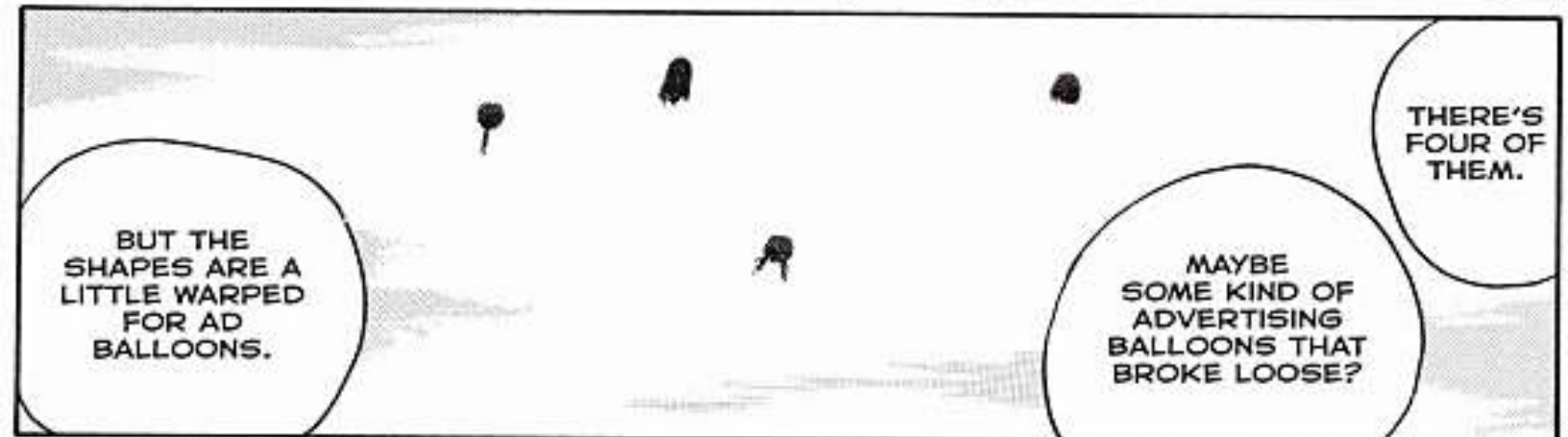
HEY!
LOOK
OVER
THERE.

HUH?
WHAT?



THEY'RE
LIKE
BLIMPS.


YEAH,
WHAT ARE
THEY?
THEY'RE
TOO FAR
AWAY, I
CAN'T
TELL.



BUT THE
SHAPES ARE A
LITTLE WARPED
FOR AD
BALLOONS.

THERE'S
FOUR OF
THEM.


MAYBE
SOME KIND OF
ADVERTISING
BALLOONS THAT
BROKE LOOSE?



ARE
THOSE
MAYBE...



HOLD ON
A SEC.
THOSE...



AND...
THOSE ARE
HUMAN
FACES!!

RIGHT?
LOOK
CLOSELY.
THEY HAVE
ROPES
HANGING
FROM THEM,
RIGHT?!

HUH
?!



HEY,
DON'T YOU
START
TALKING
CRAZY
TOO,
CHIHARU.

AND...
THAT DOES
LOOK LIKE
A HUMAN
FACE.

THEY
DO HAVE
STRINGS
HANGING
FROM THEM.
AND I FEEL
LIKE THE
ENDS ARE IN
A LOOP.



ARE THEY
GRADUALLY
GETTING
CLOSER?

HEY?
MAYBE
IT'S
JUST MY
IMAGINA-
TION,
BUT...



LOOK
AT
THAT!!

...NO...
LOOK
!!



WHY?!
WHY
WOULD
THEY BE
COMING
THIS WAY?!

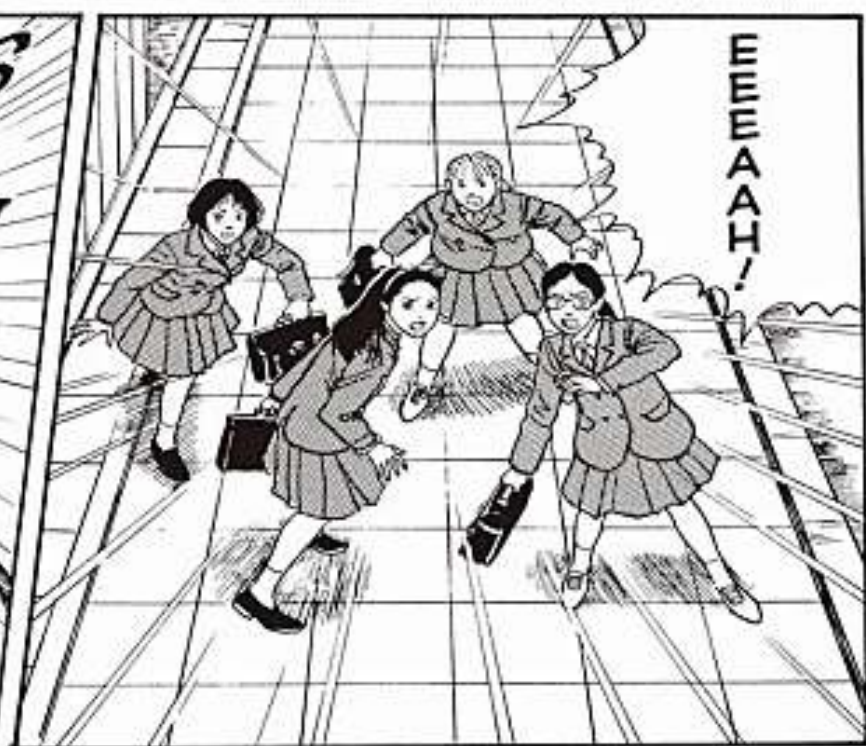
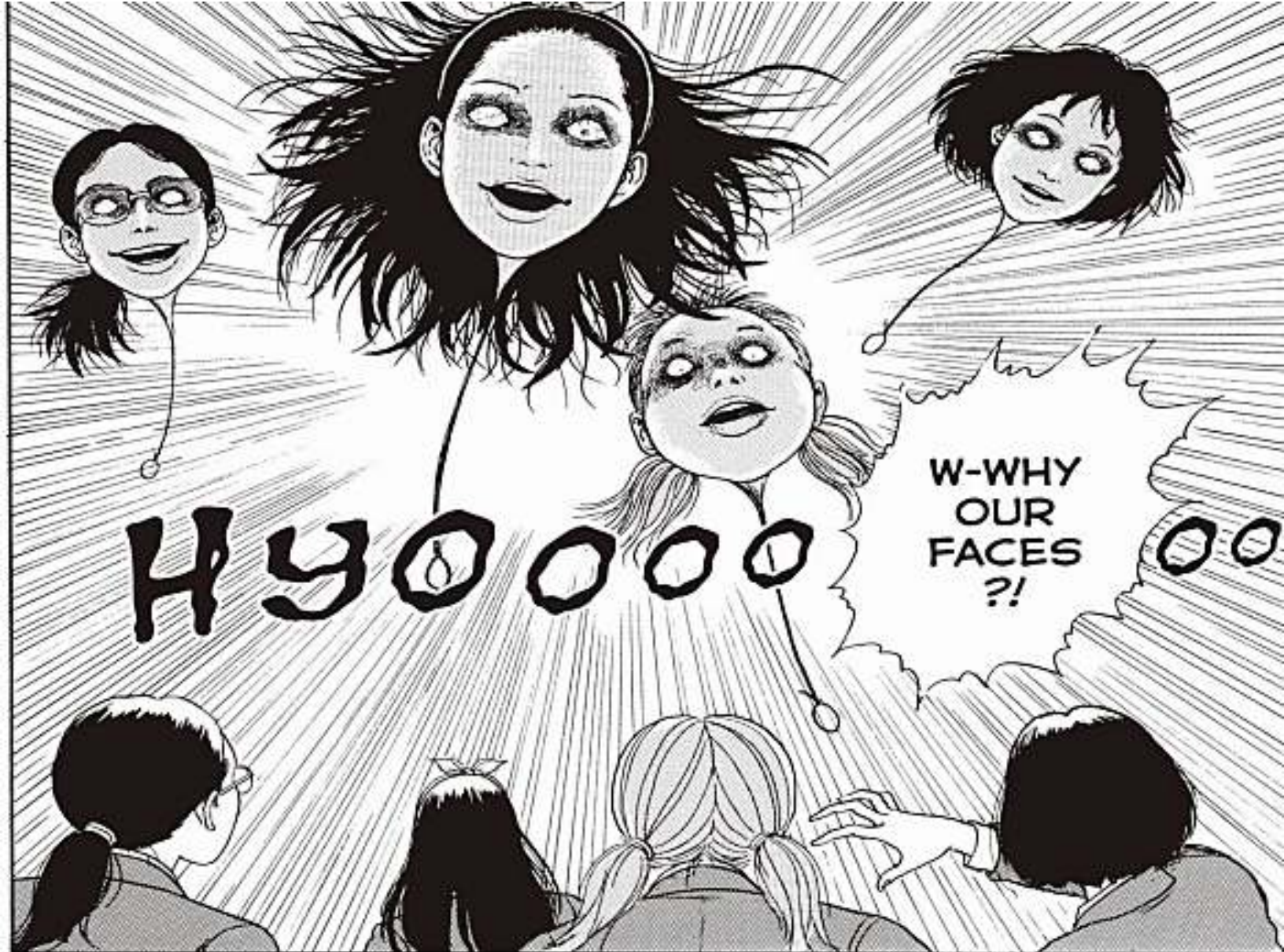
WHAT?!
NO WAY!!

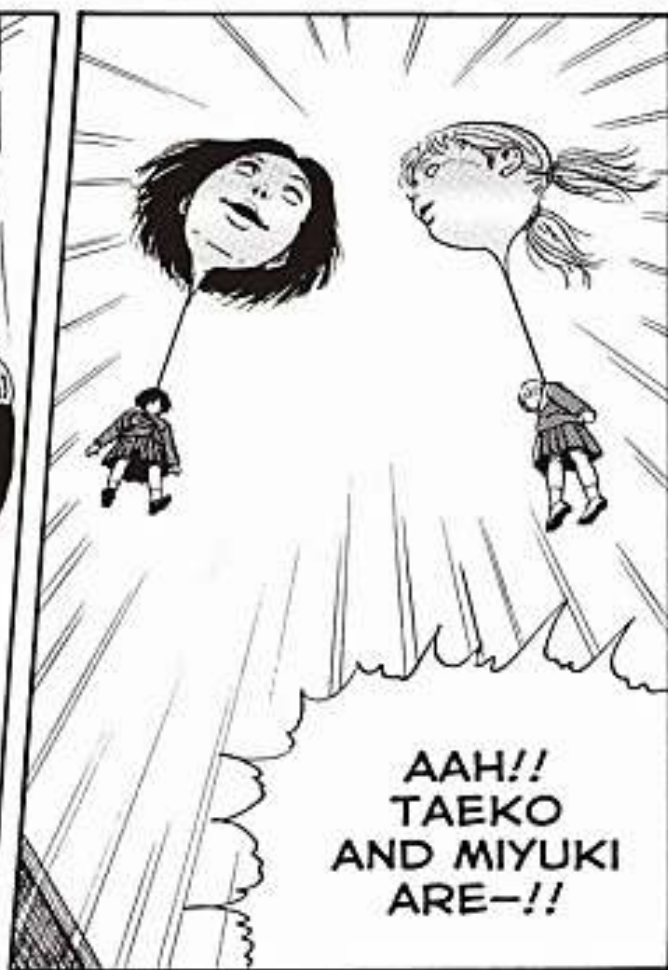
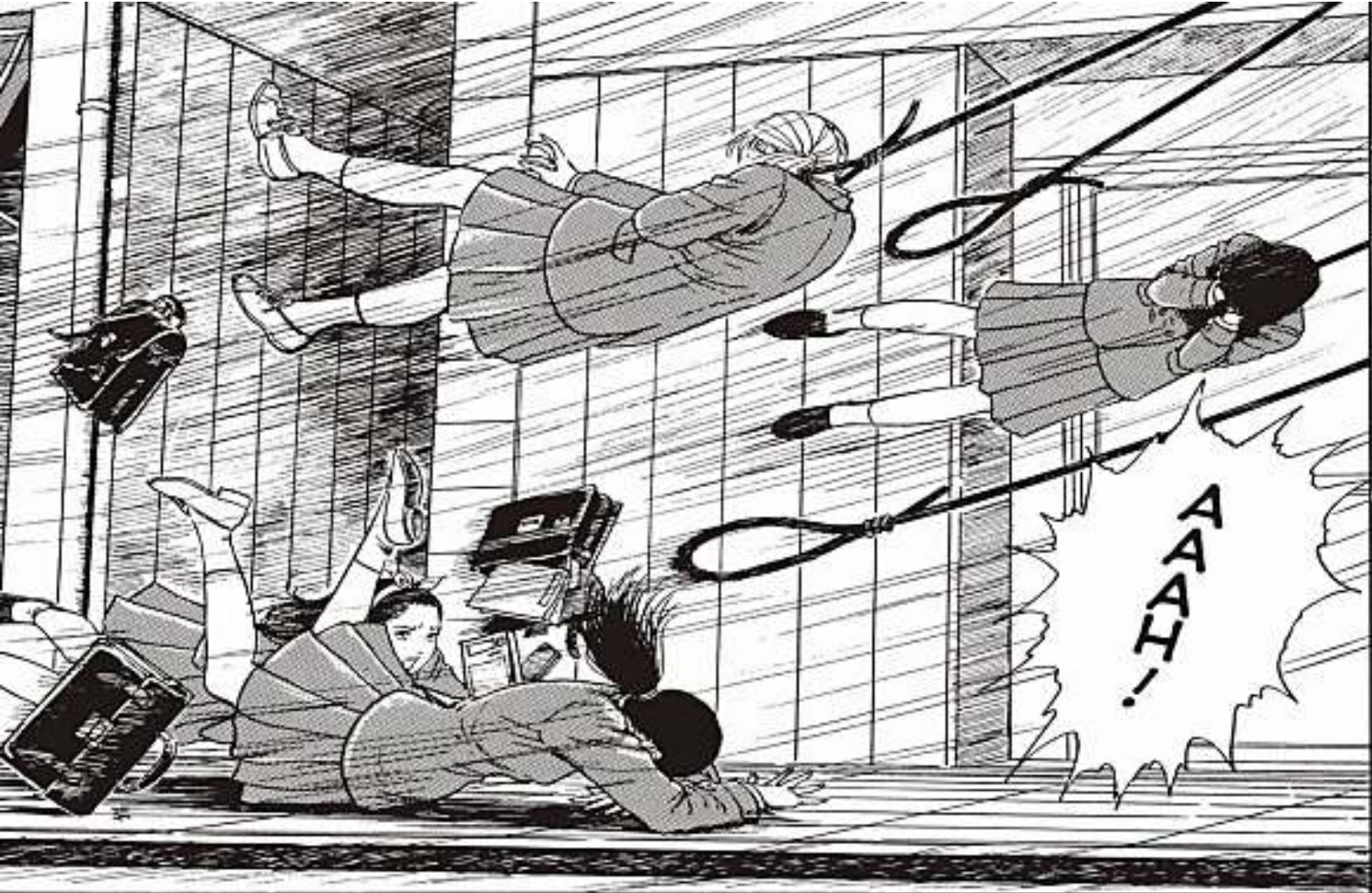
YOU'RE
RIGHT!
THEY'RE
COMING
CLOSER!!



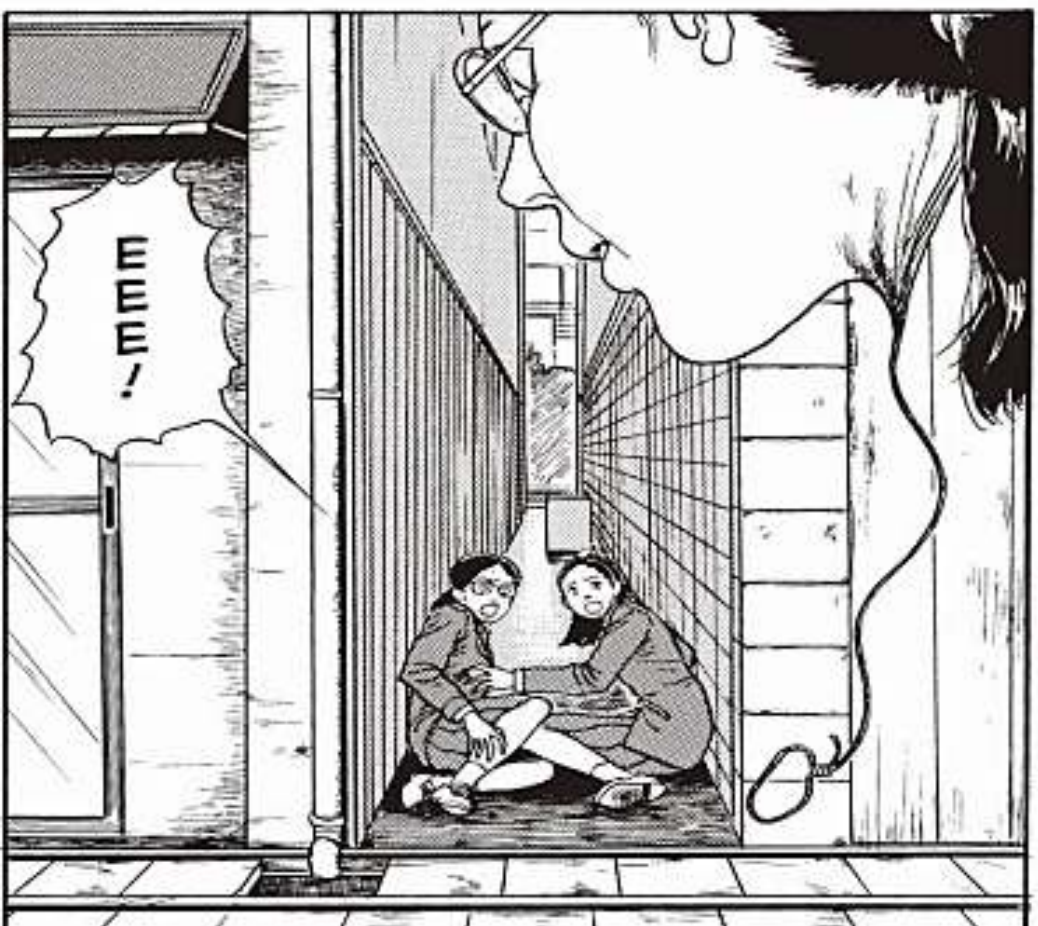
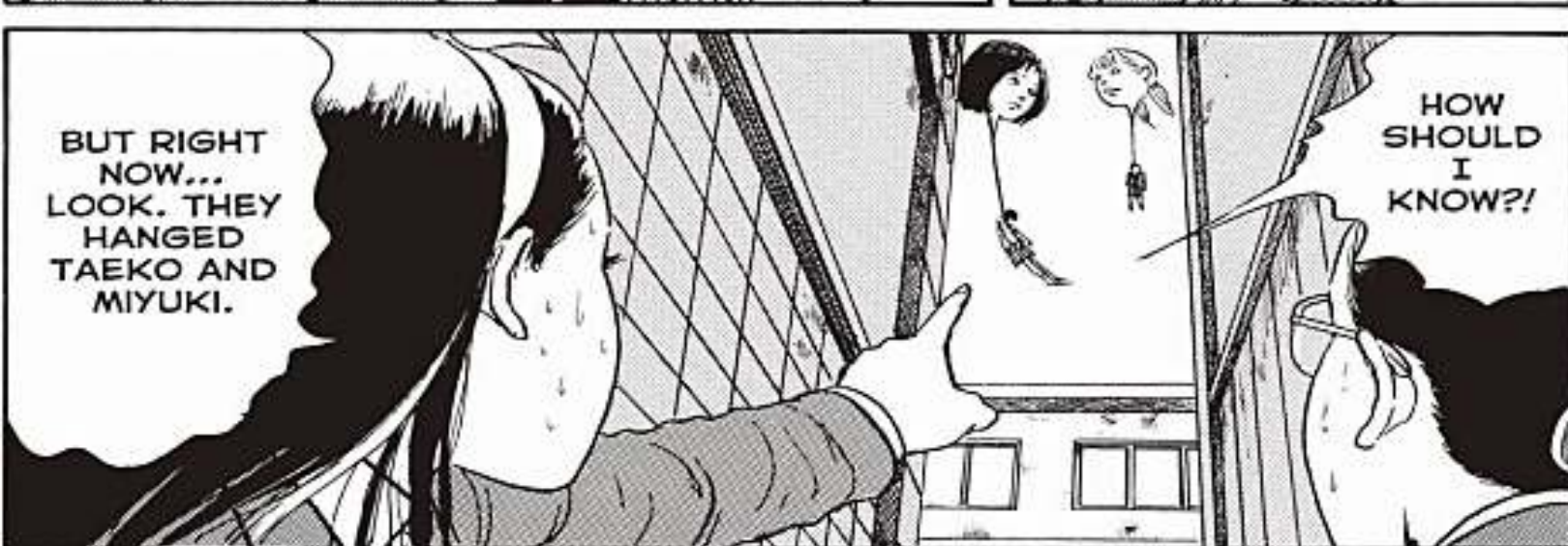
THOSE
ARE
OUR
FACES!!

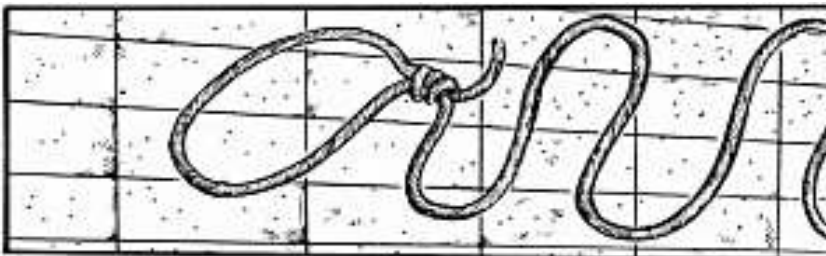
THOSE
...

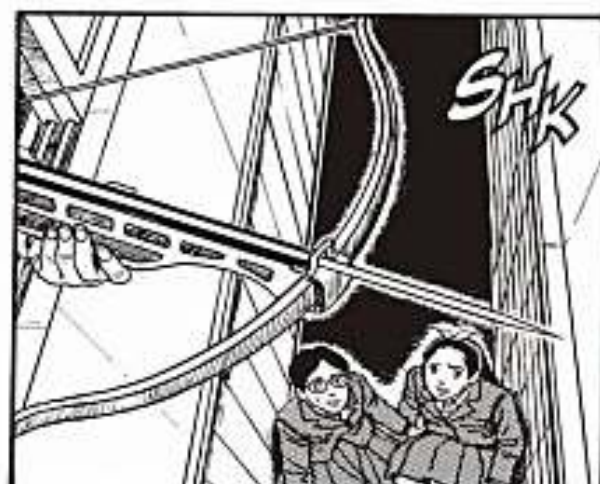




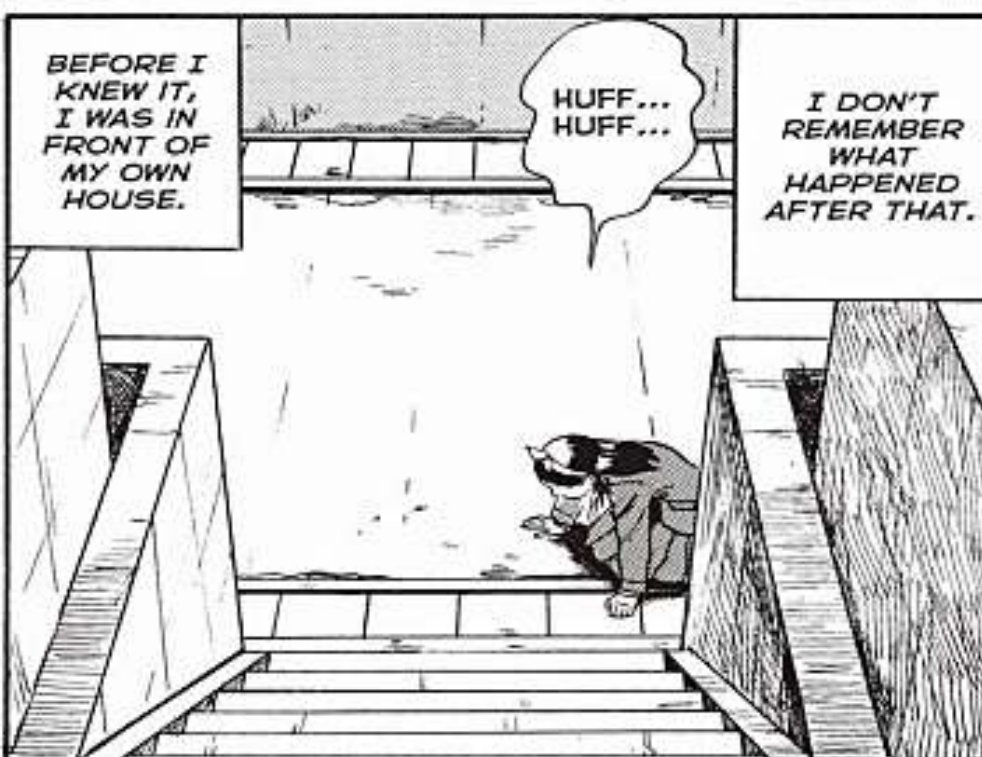














NO!
NO!!



WE CAN
ALREADY
SEE A GREAT
NUMBER
OF VICTIMS
HANGING IN
THE SKY!!



THESE
BIZARRE
FLYING
OBJECTS ARE
ATTACKING
THE WHOLE
COUNTRY AT
THIS VERY
MINUTE!!

EXACTLY
WHAT ARE
THESE
OBJECTS
AND WHERE
DID THEY FLY
HERE FROM?!



IT'S BELIEVED
TO BE AFTER
MY NECK
EVEN AS
I SPEAK,
CIRCLING THE
TV STATION!!



EARLIER,
I MYSELF
CONFIRMED
MY OWN FACE
OUTSIDE THE
WINDOW!

AND
NOW...

ER...



IT'S EXTREMELY
DANGEROUS TO
GO OUTSIDE. IF
YOU MUST GO
OUT, THEN PLEASE
MAKE SURE TO
TRAVEL BY CAR.



EVERYONE
WATCHING
RIGHT NOW,
PLEASE
TRY NOT TO
LEAVE YOUR
HOUSES
IF AT ALL
POSSIBLE.



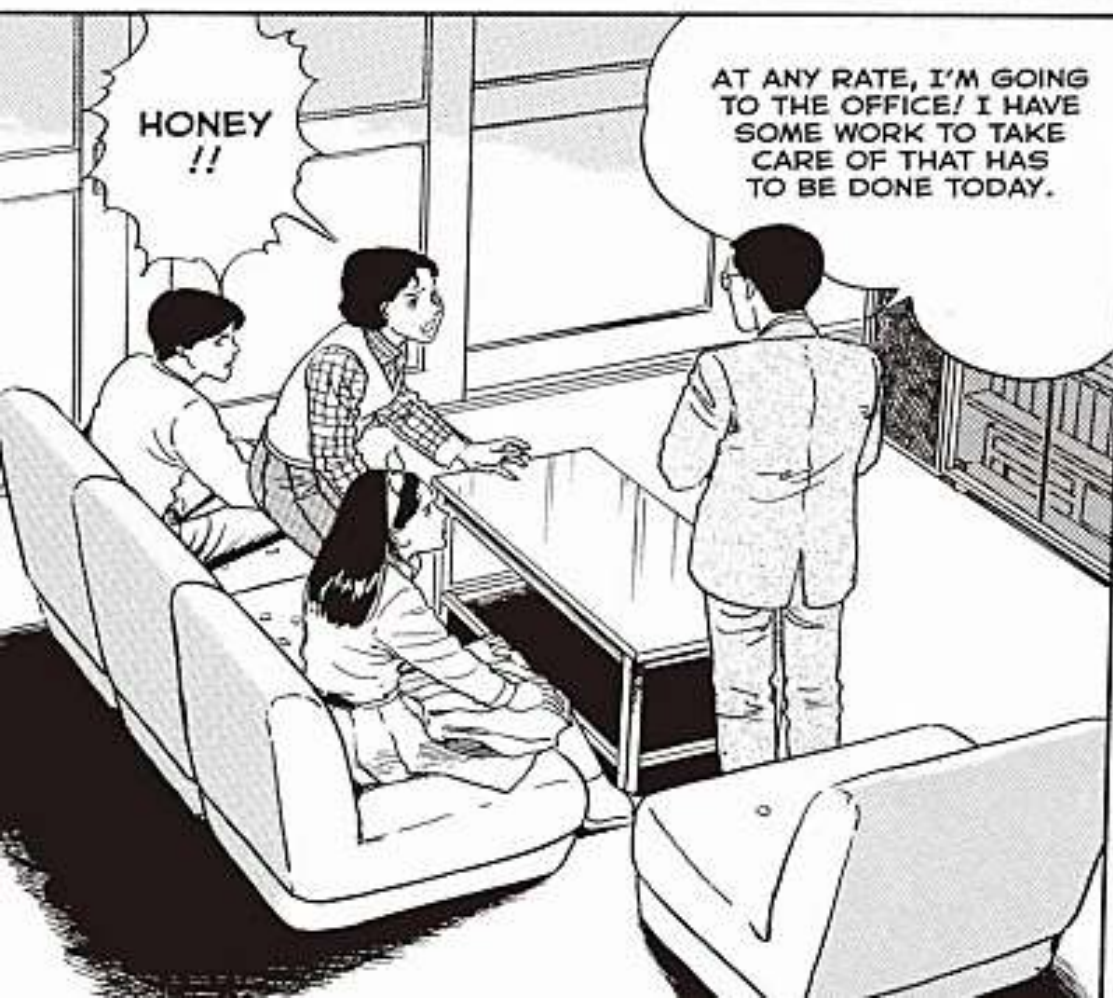
WE'RE SEEING AN INCREDIBLE NUMBER OF UNBELIEVABLE CASES LIKE THIS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!

WHAT ON EARTH CAN WE DO NOW? IF WE CAN'T TOUCH THESE MONSTERS, THEN WHAT ON EARTH...



AND NOW...ER... ER...EVERYONE IN THE COUNTRY, IT'S VITAL THAT YOU DO NOT INJURE OR SET FIRE TO THE MYSTERIOUS FLYING OBJECTS!

IF THEY ARE TORN OR BURNED, THE SAME FATE WILL BEFALL THE OWNER OF THE FACE!



HONEY !!

AT ANY RATE, I'M GOING TO THE OFFICE! I HAVE SOME WORK TO TAKE CARE OF THAT HAS TO BE DONE TODAY.



WHAT IS HAPPENING?!

DAMMIT! I MEAN, COME ON.

I FIGURED
OUT A WAY
TO DO
THAT LAST
NIGHT.

I'LL GUARD
MY NECK
CAREFULLY.



I JUST
HAVE TO
NOT GET
CAUGHT
BETWEEN
LEAVING
THE
HOUSE
AND
JUMPING
IN THE
CAR.

I'LL BE
FINE,
KAZUKO.

DAD,
YOU CAN'T!
IT'S TOO
DANGER-
OUS TO GO
OUTSIDE!



IT'LL BE
FINE.
JUST
WATCH.

BUT-



KA
CHAK



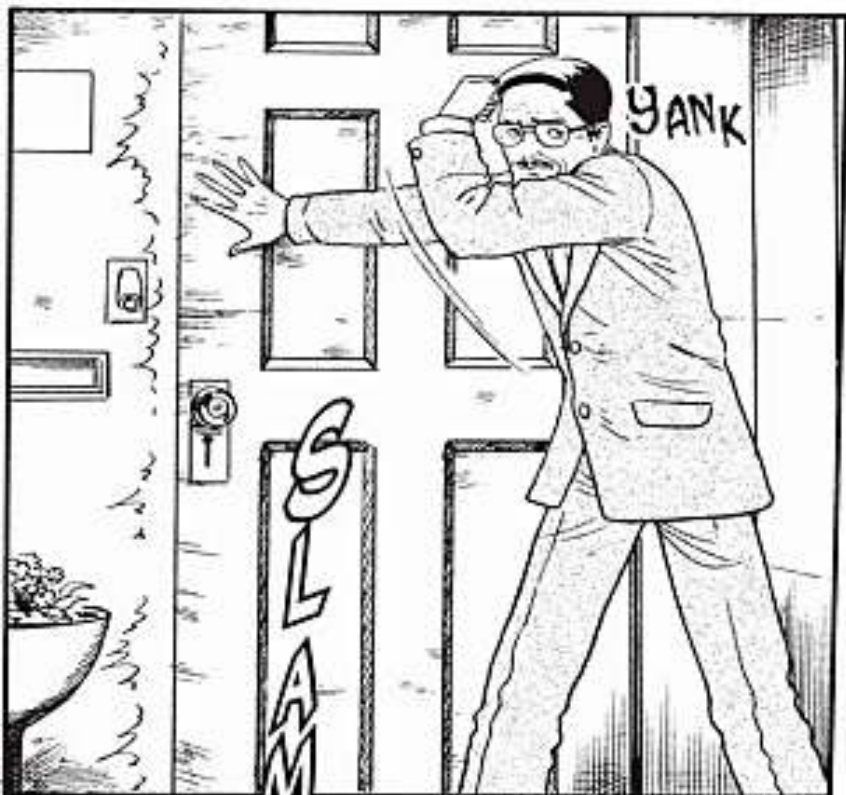
HONEY!!

ALL RIGHT, I'M OFF.
I'LL BE HOME AT SIX,
SO MAKE SURE THE
BATH'S READY.

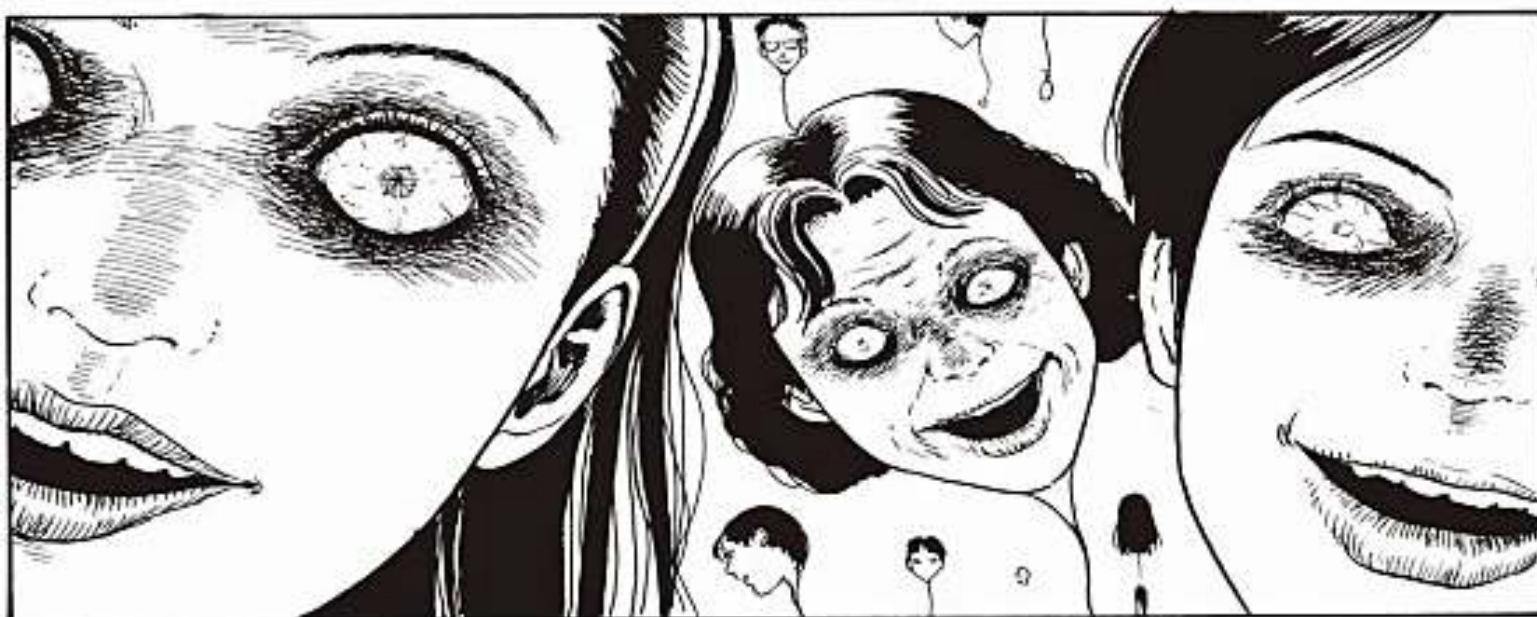


YANK

SLAM









I'LL GET
FOOD AND
COME BACK, I
PROMISE! YOU
LOOK AFTER
MOM UNTIL
I DO!!

DON'T
WORRY, SIS!
I'LL BE OKAY.
I'M NOT
GONNA DIE.

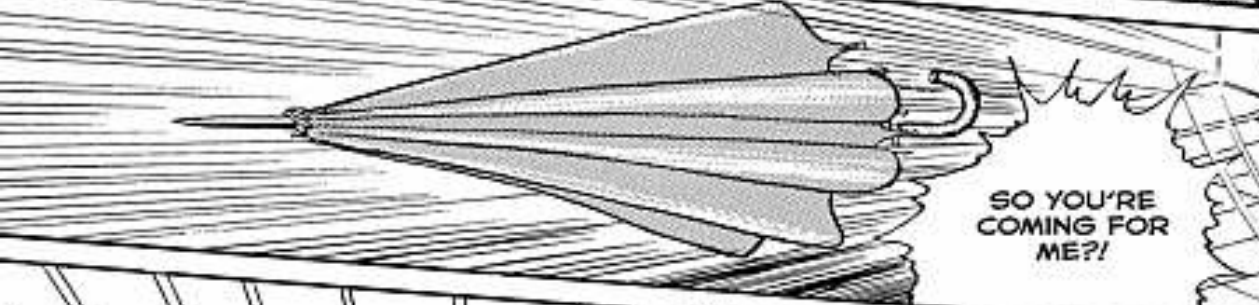
I'LL STAB
IT WITH
THIS
UMBRELLA!

IF IT'S
GONNA GET ME
ANYWAY, IT'S
NOT GONNA
GET ME
FOR FREE.

YOSUKE
!!

YOSUKE
...

YOSUKE





A WEEK
LATER...

...

MY BROTHER
HASN'T COME
BACK. HAS HE
ALREADY BEEN
HANGED?
OR IS HE SAFE
SOMEWHERE?

COUNTLESS
HANGING BLIMPS
FLOAT THROUGH
THE SKY NOW. THE
NUMBER WITH DEAD
BODIES HANGING
FROM THEM
INCREASES WITH
EACH PASSING DAY.

I'M ALL
ALONE.

THREE DAYS
AGO, MY
MOTHER'S
FEAR WON
OUT, AND
SHE BECAME
A HANGING
SACRIFICE.



WHO ARE
YOU TO
BE SO
STUBBORN
EVEN
NOW?!

SERIOUSLY,
KAZUKO!
I MEAN,
COME
ON!!



THE
WEATHER'S
NICE AND
BRISK
OUTSIDE,
YOU KNOW.

C'MON,
KAZUKO.
OPEN UP.



IT SPEAKS
WITH A VOICE
THAT'S JUST
LIKE MINE.

IT DOESN'T
JUST HAVE
THE SAME
FACE AS ME.



SIS!!
YOU
THERE?!

HEY!
SIS!!

SIS
!!

WHAT
?!



SOMEONE...
SOMEONE,
HELP ME...

AAH, I FEEL
LIKE I'M
LOSING MY
MIND.

I'VE JUST
BARELY
ESCAPED IT
SO FAR.

IF YOU DON'T
HURRY, IT—MY
FACE WILL
COME FLYING
OVER.

I
BROUGHT
FOOD!

HEY! SIS!!
ARE YOU IN
THERE?! HURRY
AND OPEN UP
ALREADY!

YOSUKE
!

YEAH!
SORRY
TO TAKE
SO LONG!
IS MOM
OKAY?!

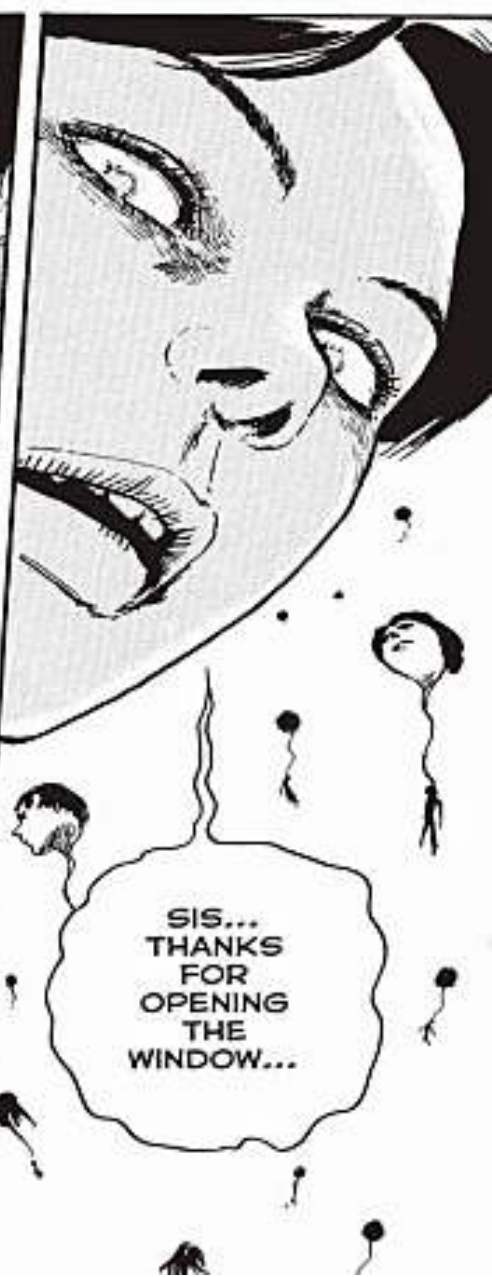
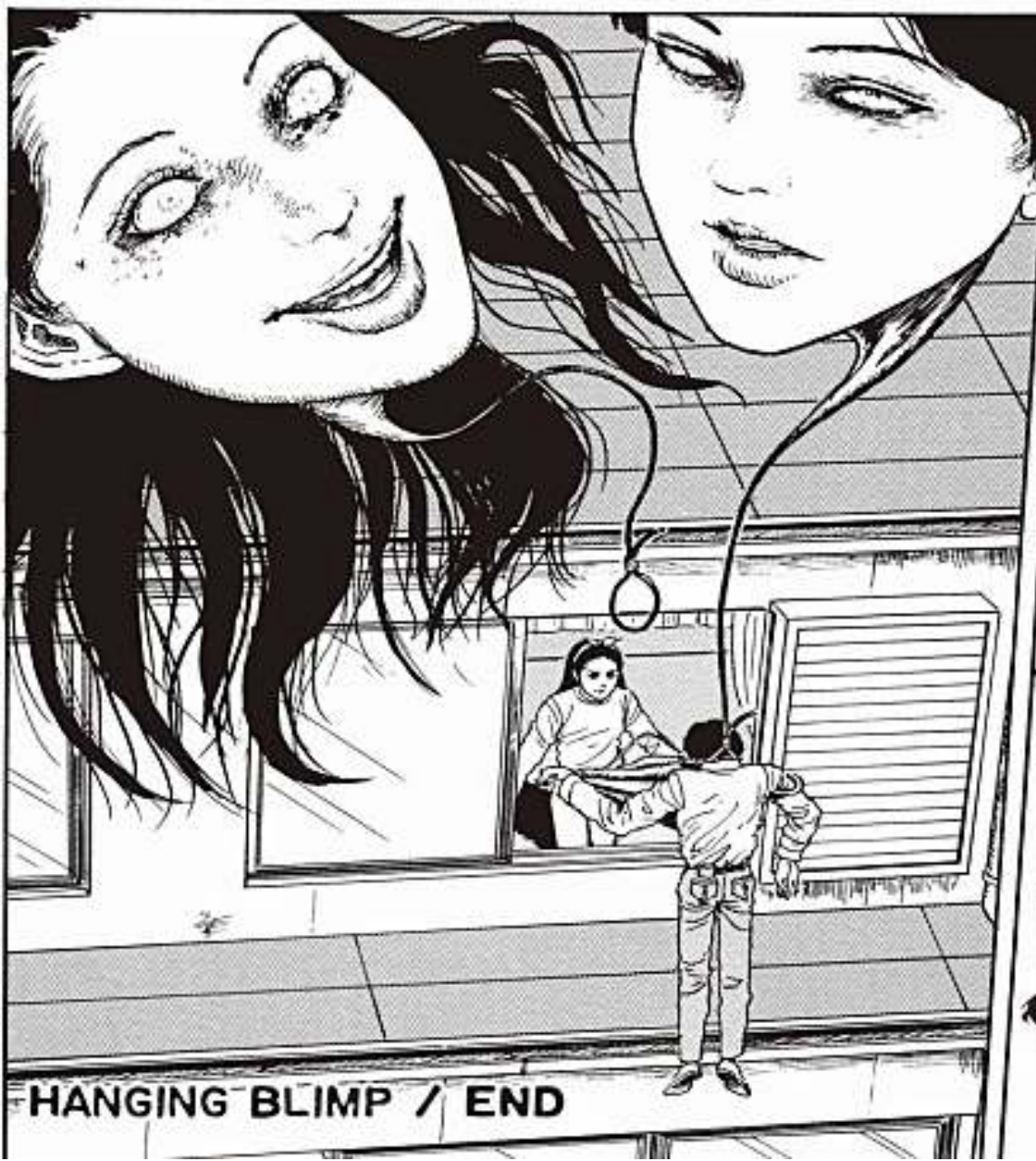
YOSUKE!!
YOU'RE
OKAY?!

KLAK

THAT'S
...

ANYWAY,
I'LL
OPEN
THE
WINDOW
FIRST.

KACHAK



AUTHOR COMMENTARY

HANGING BLIMP

This is based on a dream I originally had when I was little. In the dream, I was somewhere like an airport when a clay figure of a woman's torso with a rope dangling from it came flying down and hanged me by the neck.

And then, after I became a manga artist, I came up with this image of a balloon that had a dead body hanging from it by the neck. When that balloon passed through the sky, something would happen in the town. I was going to draw it as an opener, this ominous harbinger. But I couldn't think of the thing that would happen, the key part. While I was thinking about this and that, I started imagining it would be more interesting to make it a story of blimps actively coming to hang people. But just regular blimps would be boring. So then I continued brainstorming and came up with the idea of a blimp with your face that flies around hunting you, and I drew it, excited the whole time.

For the "Hanging Blimp" included in this collection, I used pages I revised slightly when the story was published in an anthology with another publisher. It's just a few places, so if you're interested, please try and look for those differences.

- The bodies on the hanging blimps are dead, but they attack moving people.

In the beginning, people don't think the hanging people are dead. They think they're just being dangled from the blimps. They wonder if maybe they are threatening people while dangling like that, but after one crashes to the ground, they examine it and find that the person is dead. The rope they hang on from the blimp is wrapped around their neck and digging into their flesh, so it's clear they were hanged to death.

- Gradually, a great number of hanging blimps rise up into the sky.

Because the people can't really collect the blimps, many just continue to drift through the sky. When night falls, they come down to earth to terrorize people.

* These blimps have human faces, and these faces have models; they are the faces of regular people, and when a blimp finds the person with its face, it hangs them.

In other words, when a blimp with your own face appears in the sky, it approaches you so that it can hang you.

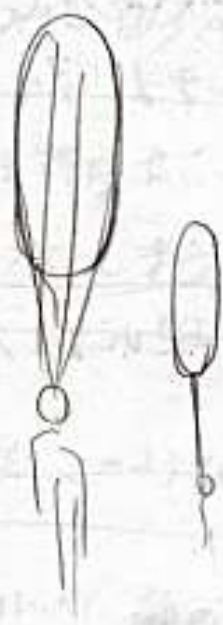
And then it tosses a rope around the person's neck as they try to run away and pulls them up to hang them.

Why do blimps appear that look just like people? And why are they trying to hang people? All of this is a mystery. At any rate, once a blimp that looks just like you appears, the only thing to do is run away so it doesn't hang you. It's also no use trying to shoot it down with a gun or pierce it with a lance. (In the beginning, they rupture, but...)

○首吊り気球の死体は死んでいるが、動いて人々をおどす。
 はじめ人々は首を吊られて死んでいるとは思わなかった。気球に吊られて
 113だけだと思ふ。そしてふとさかリサが人々をおどかしているのを見た
 か、地上におきて調べてみると、気球から下れたロープは、その人々の首
 にまきついてくっこんでおり、
 (その人は死んでおり)
 おどかに首吊られて死んでいた。

○しばらく空に首吊り気球が大量に浮かびまわす

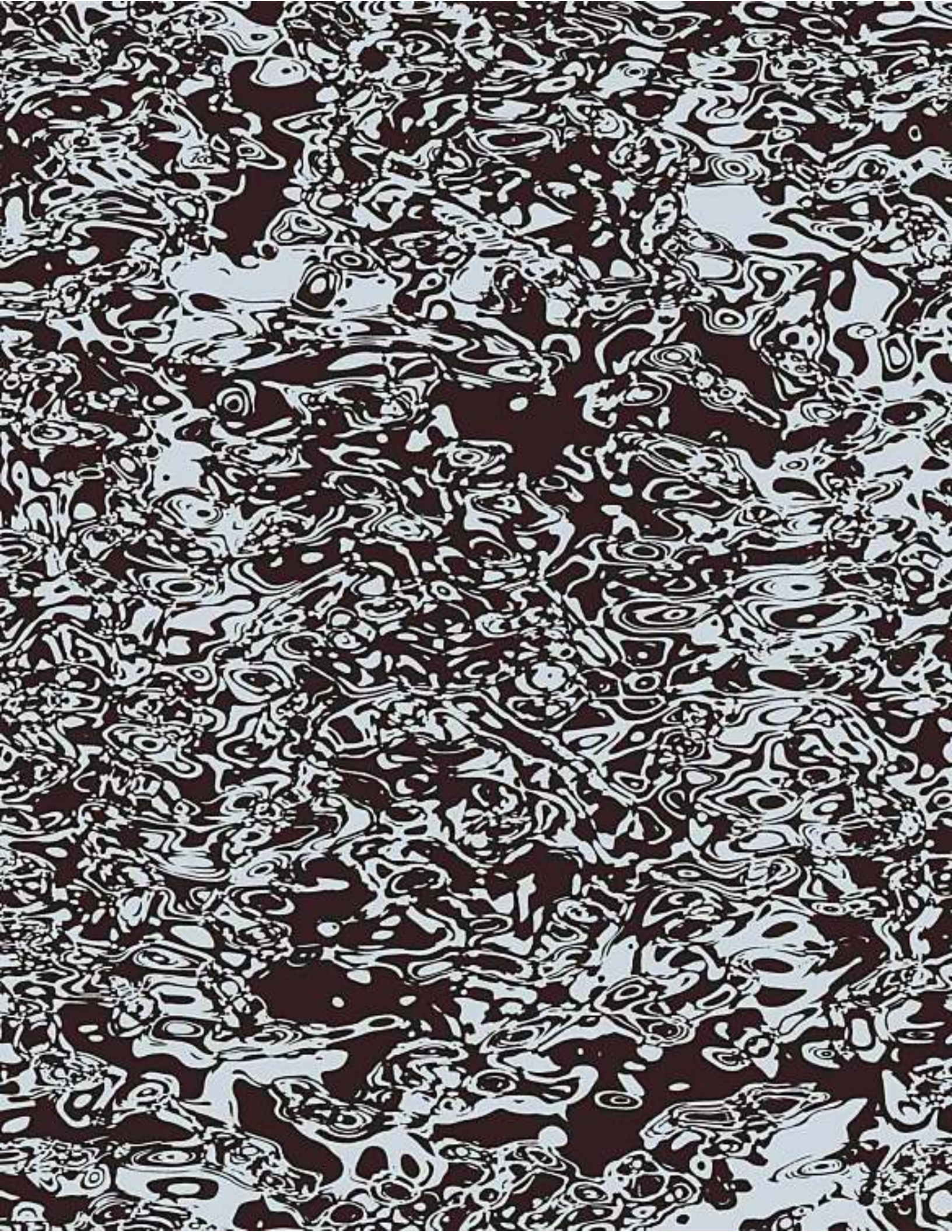
これらの気球はなかなか回収できなかつたが、空にただよ
 つづける
 これらは夜になると地上におびき寄せ、人々を恐怖させる



★この気球は人の顔をしていて、この顔にはモデル
 がおり、それはごく一般の人の顔で、その人を見
 つけるとこの気球は首吊りをさせる。

つまり、自分の顔をした気球が空にお
 められると、それは自分も首吊りするた
 めに自分のところへ近づいてくるのだ
 と、~~い~~にやまどう、当人はロー
 ンにかげ、つりあげてしまふ。

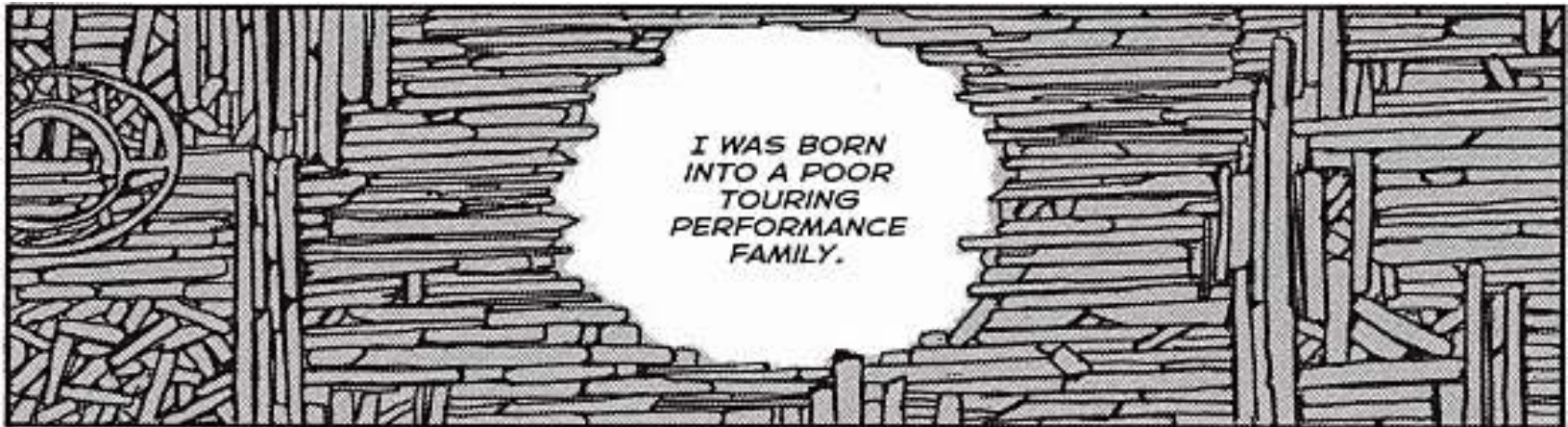
それ、自分の顔、その気球がめめれ、
 しかも自分を首吊りにしようとするか
 らてが謎である。とにかく自分の顔
 の気球がめめれ、たが首吊りされて
 た。うらに逃げろかわい、やだ
 銃でうたおしてやれ、やりやうとしてし
 て、めめれ (はじめのうちははたつたか...)



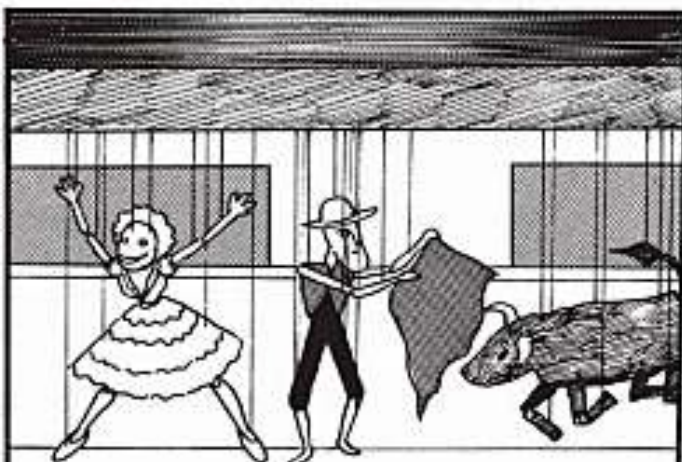


MARIONETTE MANSION

あやとり屋敷




I WAS BORN
INTO A POOR
TOURING
PERFORMANCE
FAMILY.



I'D BEEN
TRAVELING
EVER SINCE
I COULD
REMEMBER.



MY FATHER
WAS THE
TROUPE
LEADER,
AND HIS
CHILDREN
WERE THE
TROUPE
MEMBERS.



THE FATHER
AND THREE
CHILDREN
SHE LEFT
BEHIND...

NOT LONG
AFTER
MY LITTLE
SISTER
NATSUMI
WAS BORN,
OUR MOTHER
RAN OFF
SOMEWHERE.

...KEPT
TRAVELING
LIKE WE
ALWAYS HAD,
REGARDLESS.

HOLD THE
PADDLE
PROPERLY,
HARUHIKO
!!

NOW WE
WON'T BE
READY FOR
OPENING
DAY!

HOW MANY
TIMES DO
I HAVE
TO TELL
YOU?!

IDIOT
!

KITAWAKI PUPPET

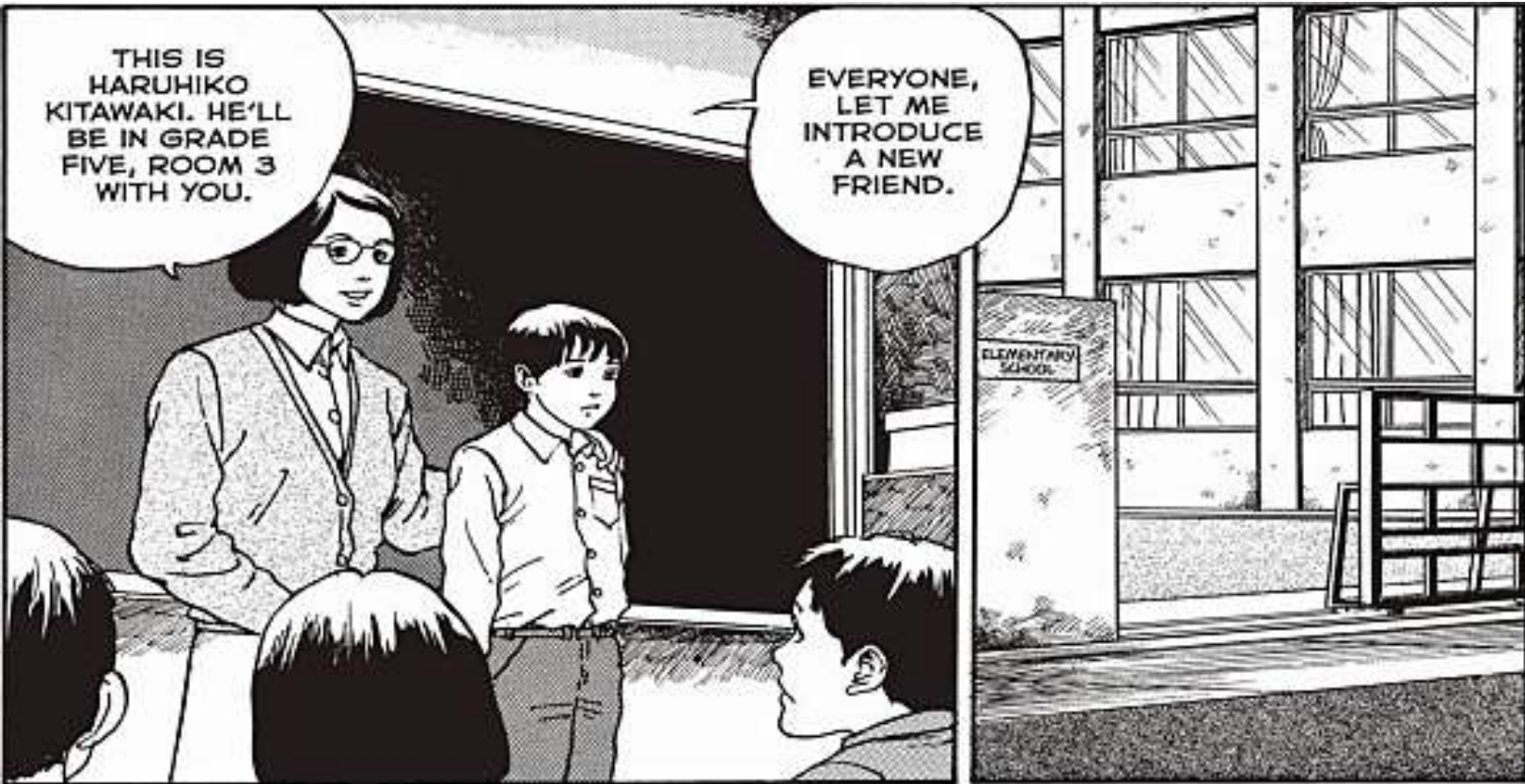
WAAAAAAH!

DON'T CRY,
HARUHIKO!
YOUR BIG
BROTHER
YUKIHIKO
WOULDN'T
CRY OVER
THIS.

WAAA-
AAAH!

THIS IS HARUHIKO KITAWAKI. HE'LL BE IN GRADE FIVE, ROOM 3 WITH YOU.

EVERYONE, LET ME INTRODUCE A NEW FRIEND.

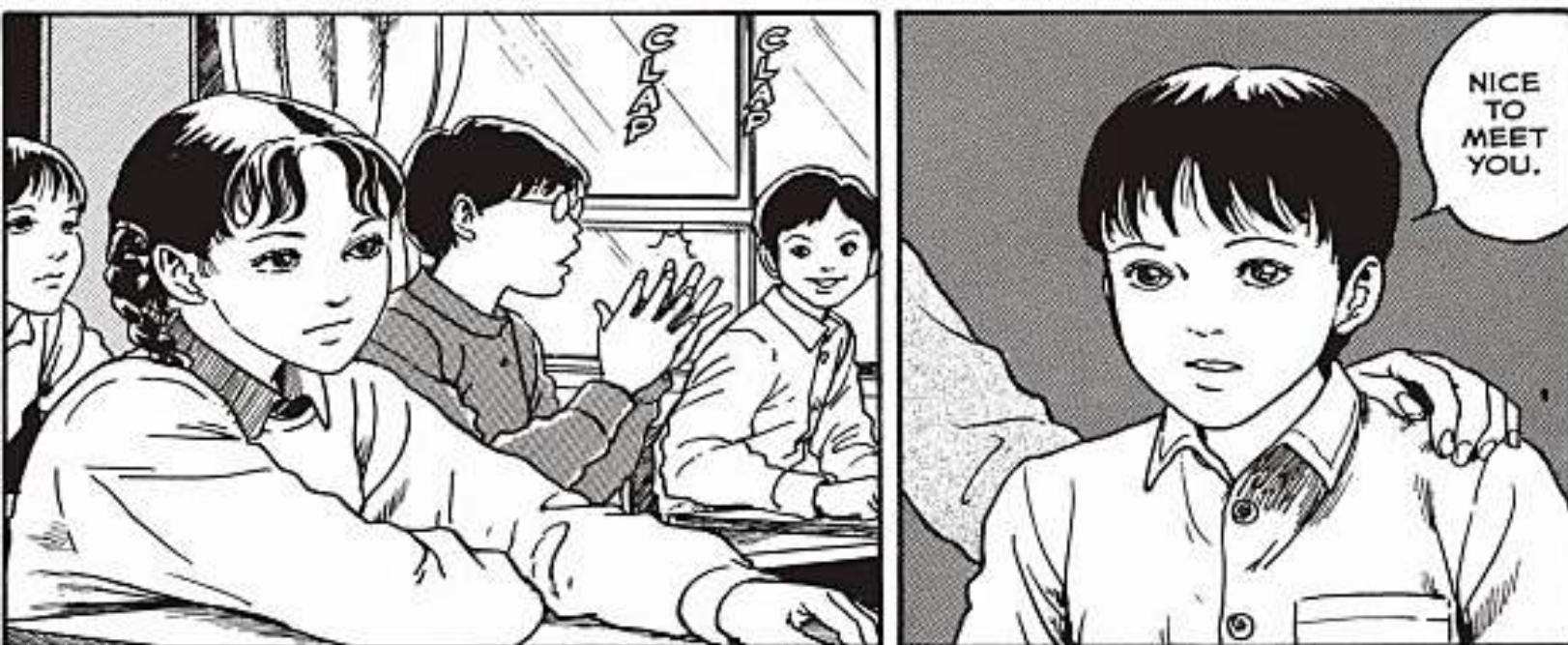


IT'S NOT A LONG TIME, BUT PLEASE, EVERYONE, TRY TO MAKE HIM FEEL WELCOME.

HARUHIKO'S FAMILY TRAVELS ALL OVER JAPAN PUTTING ON PUPPET SHOWS. THEY'LL ONLY BE ABLE TO STAY IN OUR TOWN FOR A MONTH.



NICE TO MEET YOU.





IT'S A TRUCK.
IT'S PARKED
BESIDE
THE PARK.

WHERE'S
YOUR
HOUSE?

HEY
HARUHIKO
?

WHAT?!
YOU
LIVE IN A
TRUCK?

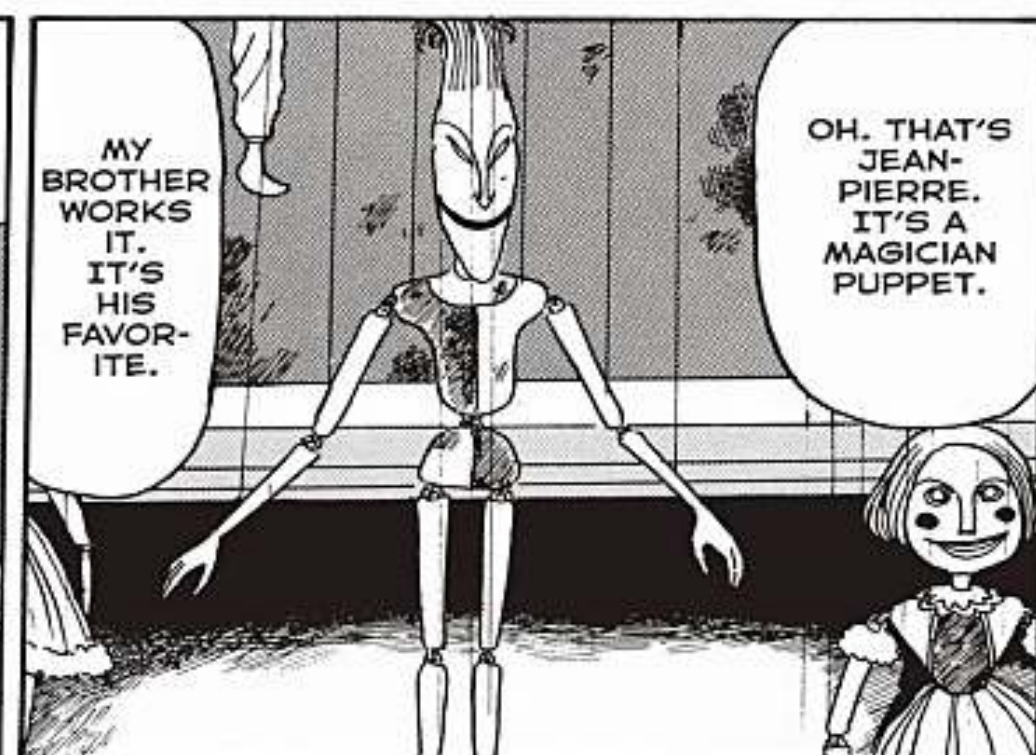
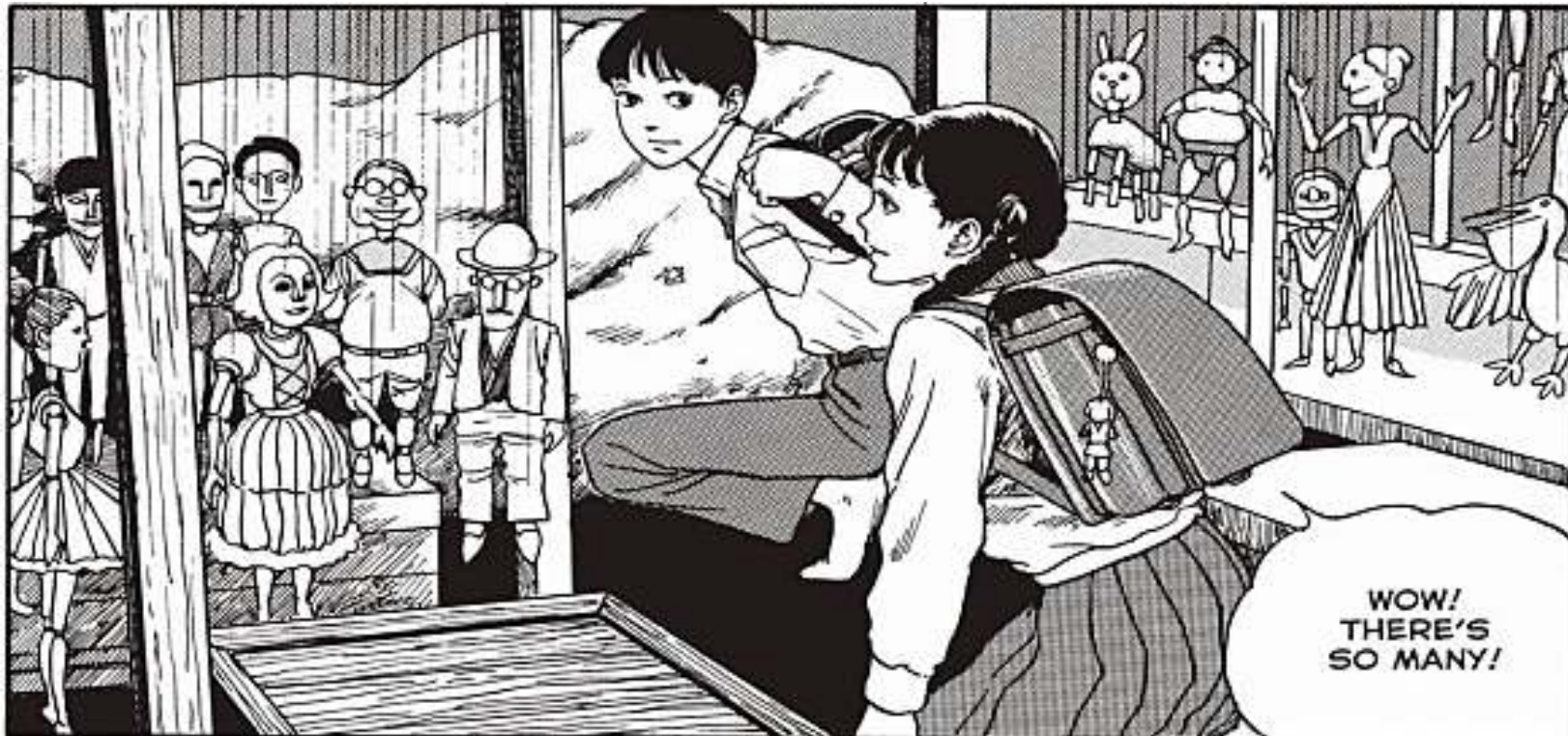


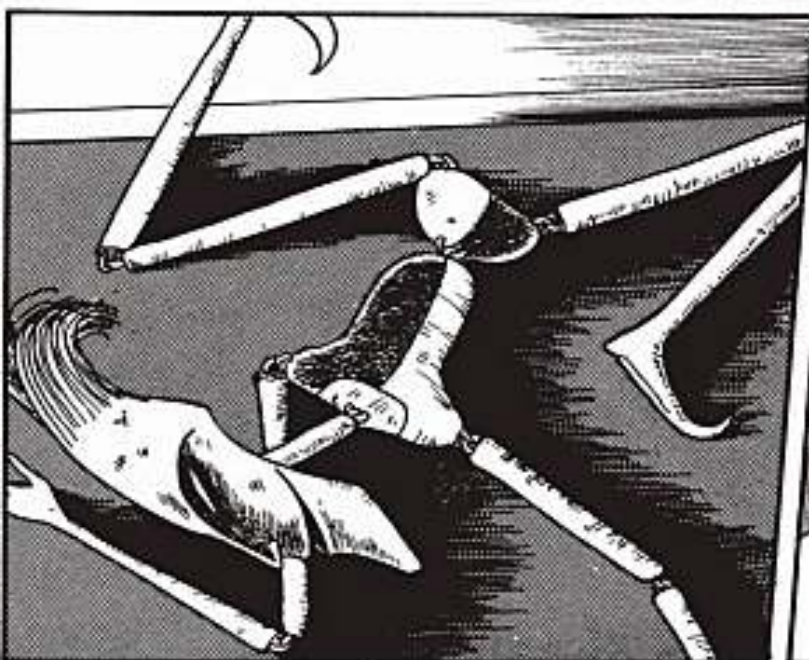
I
GUESS
...

HEY, CAN
I COME
OVER
AND
PLAY?

YEAH. WE'RE POOR,
SO WE CAN'T RENT
AN APARTMENT OR
ANYTHING. AND
ANYWAY, WE'LL LEAVE
FOR THE NEXT TOWN
SOON ENOUGH.

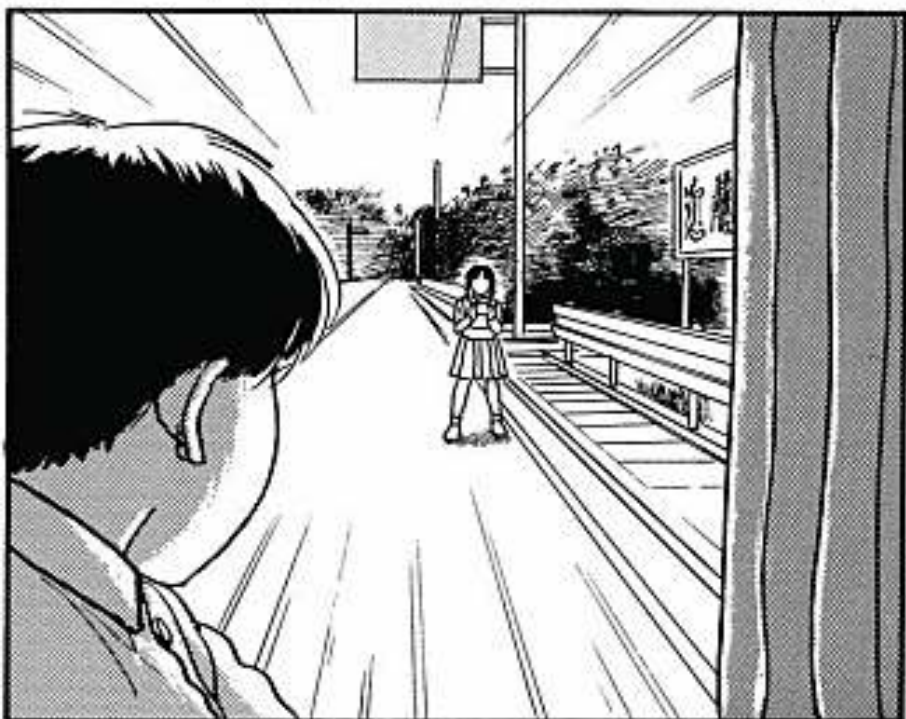
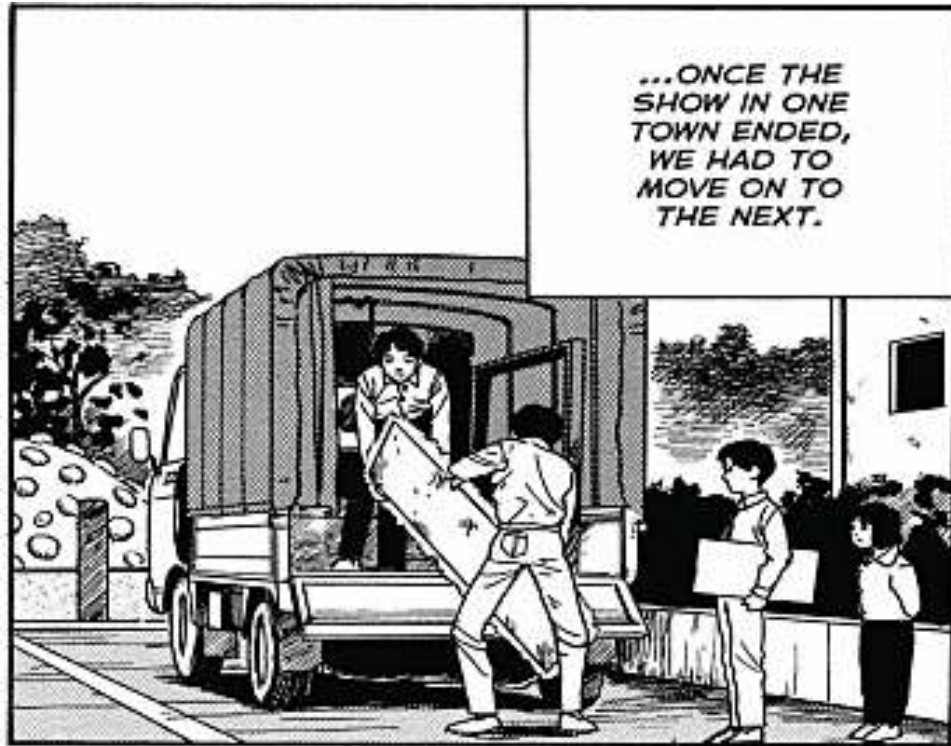






...ONCE THE
SHOW IN ONE
TOWN ENDED,
WE HAD TO
MOVE ON TO
THE NEXT.

I SOMETIMES
MADE REALLY
GOOD
FRIENDS,
BUT...



OOOH...
YOU'RE
EMBAR-
RASSED.

SHUT UP!
JUST SHUT
YOUR MOUTH
AND EAT.

DON'T HIDE IT.
YOU'VE BEEN
A TEENSY BIT
EMOTIONAL THE
LAST WHILE.

HARUHIKO,
THAT GIRL
BEFORE,
SHE YOUR
GIRLFRIEND?

NO...

WE CAN'T
MAKE
FRIENDS
OR
ANYTHING.

DAY AFTER DAY,
WE MAKE THE
PUPPETS MOVE,
GO FROM
THIS TOWN TO
THAT TOWN.

THIS
LIFE IS
ACTUALLY
PRETTY
EMPTY.

BUT,
WELL...

...

...WE'D
QUIT
LIVING
LIKE
THIS,
BUT...

IF DAD
GOT
SICK OR
SOME-
THING...

I MEAN,
I
DUNNO.

THIS IS
THE VERY
DEFINITION
OF ITINERANT
WORK. I
WANT TO
JUST SETTLE
DOWN
ALREADY.

...

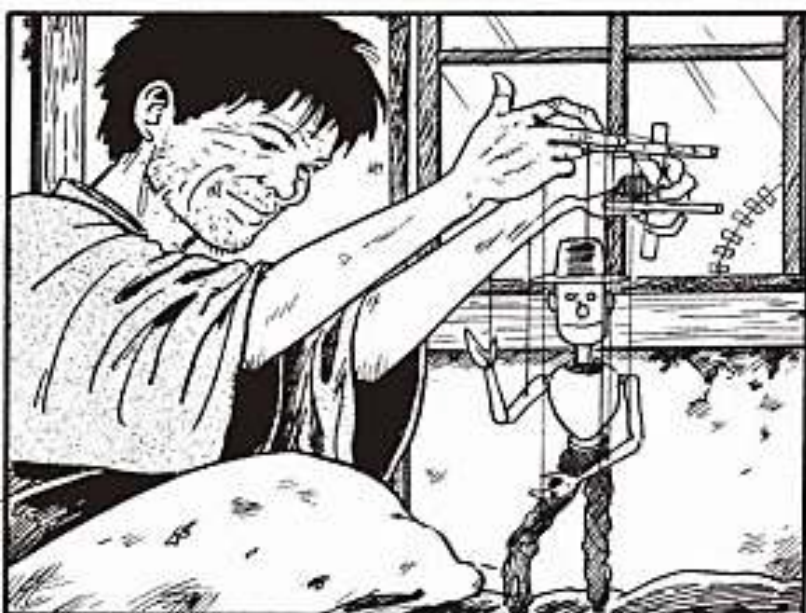
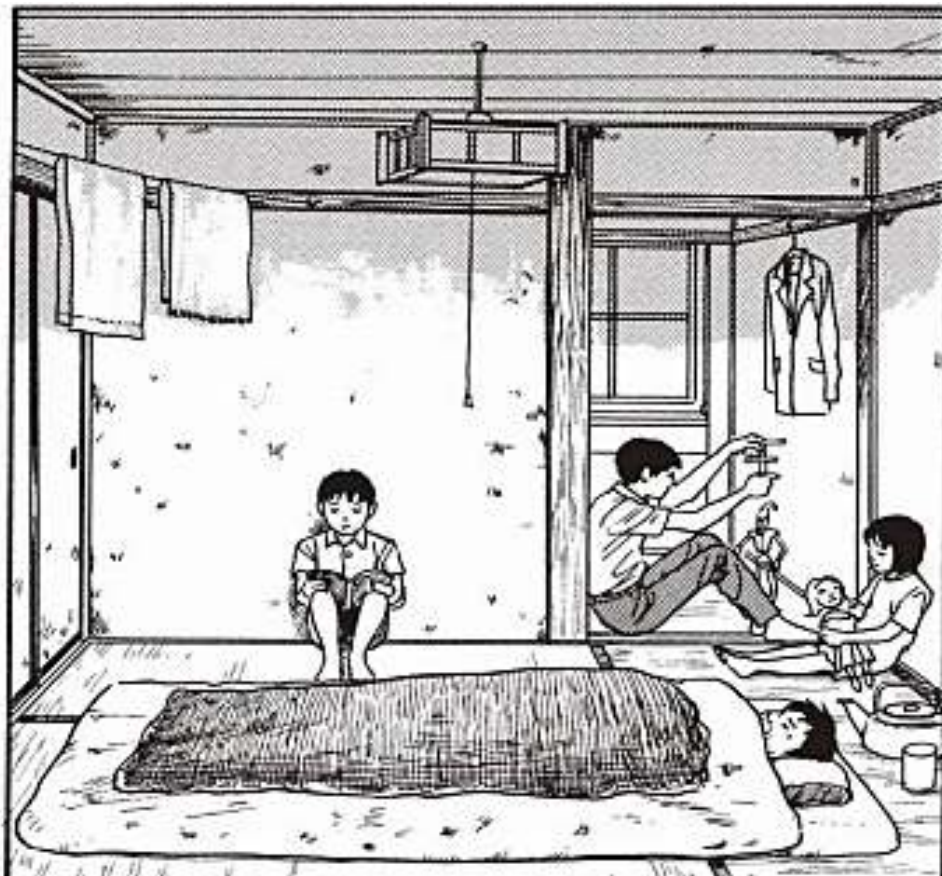
HEY!
WE'RE
LEAVING.

HEY,
HARUHIKO.
DON'T SAY
ANYTHING
ABOUT THIS
TO DAD.

WE SETTLED
INTO A
RUN-DOWN
APARTMENT
IN A CERTAIN
TOWN.

IRONICALLY,
PERHAPS,
MY
BROTHER'S
WISH WAS
GRANTED.

SOON
ENOUGH,
OUR FATHER
FELL ILL.





YOU CAN
EXPRESS
YOURSELF
THROUGH IT.

LISTEN. A
PUPPET,
YOU
SEE...



DON'T YOU
WORRY. YOUR
DAD'S GONNA
BE BETTER
SOON. AND
THEN WE'LL
GO TRAVELING
AGAIN.

IT IS
GOOD
TO WORK
THEM,
HUH?



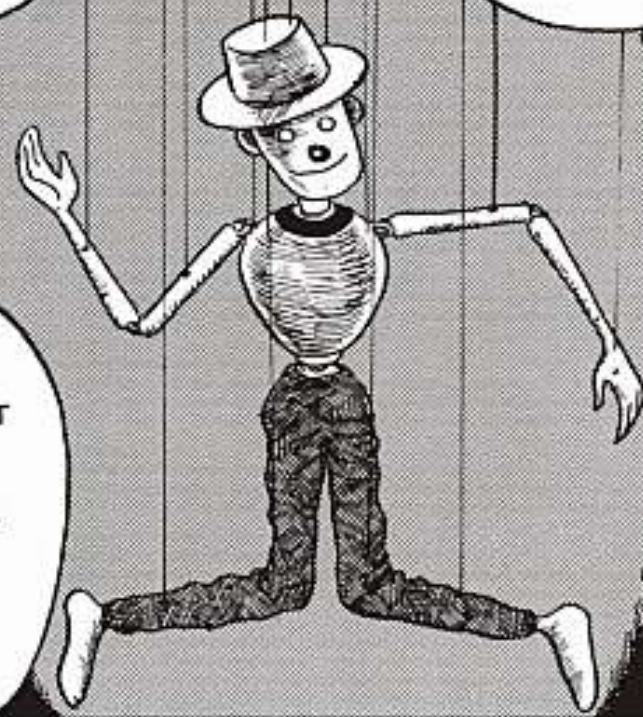
THE
PUPPETS
DO WHAT-
EVER WE
TELL
THEM TO.

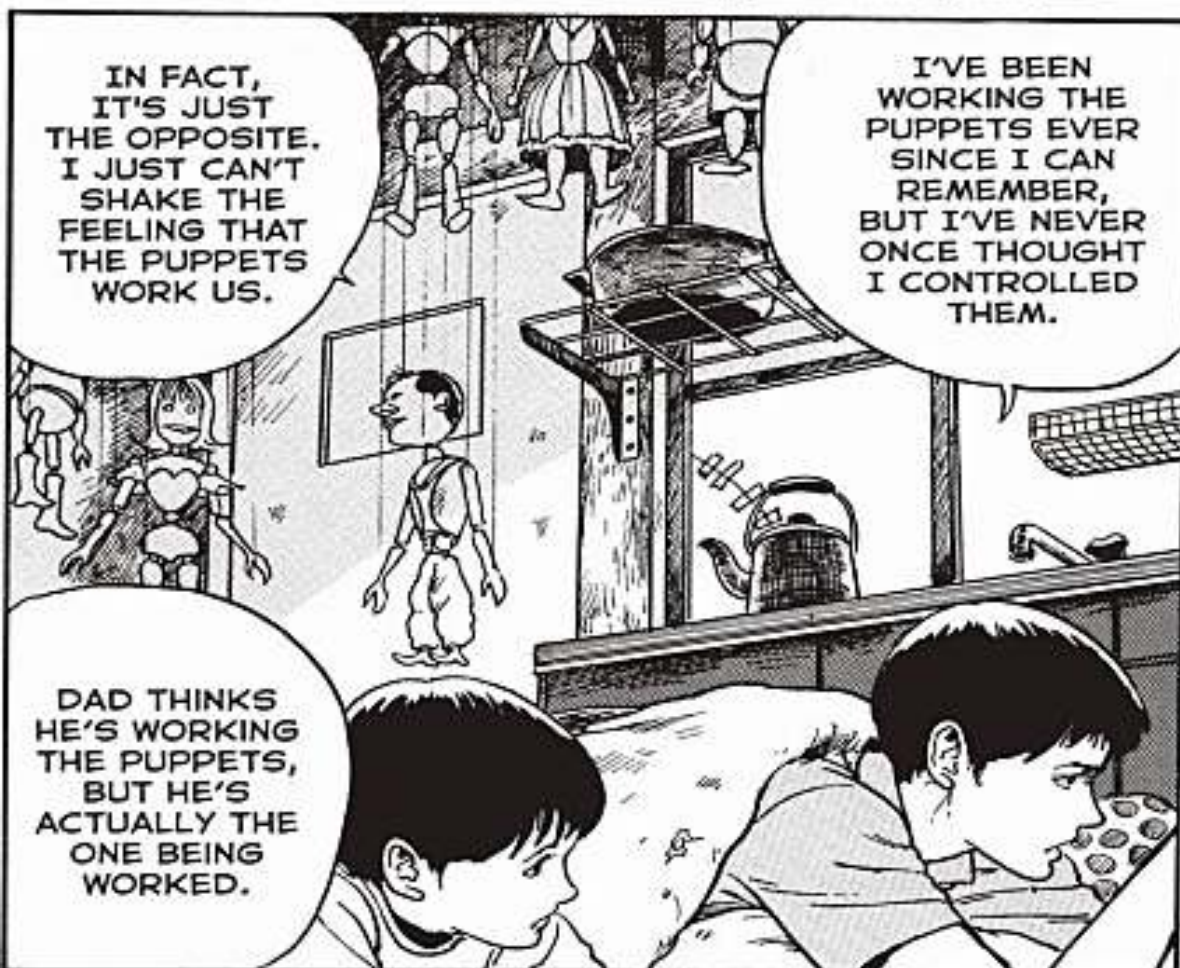
WE EXPOSE
OUR HEARTS
TO OUR
AUDIENCE.
THE PUPPET
IS NOTHING
MORE THAN
A TOOL TO
THAT END.

ITS
MOVE-
MENTS, ITS
EXPRESSION,
THEY'RE
BASICALLY A
MANIFESTA-
TION OF THE
HEART OF
THE PERSON
CONTROLLING
IT.



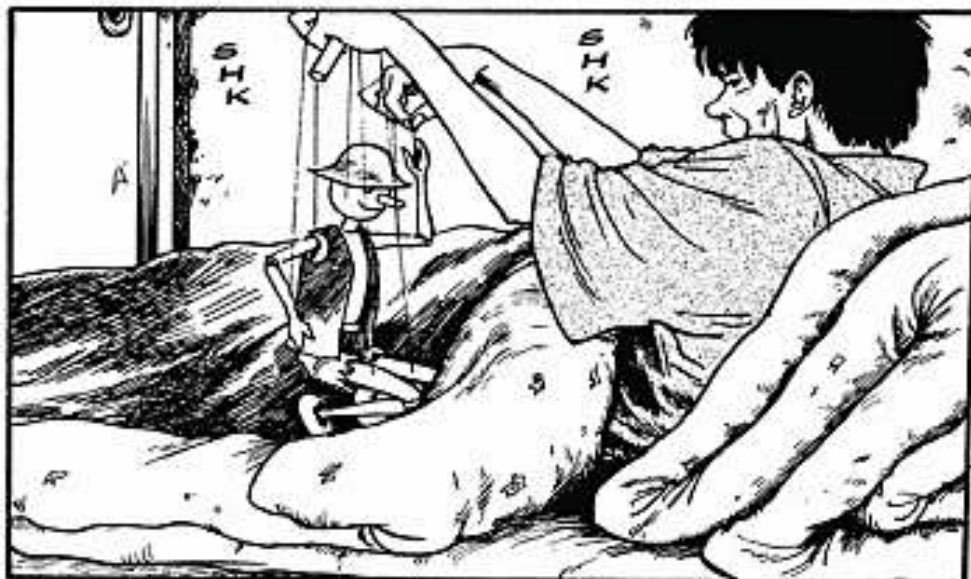
WHETHER
THE PUPPET
LIVES
OR DIES
RELIES ON
THE HEART
OF THE
PERSON
USING IT.





I'M SICK
OF IT. I'M
FED UP
WITH BEING
WORKED
BY THE
PUPPETS!

I'M SURE IT'S
TRUE. IT'S
BECAUSE HE'S
BEING CONTROLLED
BY THE PUPPETS
THAT HE DOESN'T
EVEN THINK ABOUT
GIVING UP THE
THEATER, EVEN
THOUGH WE'RE
SO POOR.



MY
BROTHER
LEFT
HOME
THE NEXT
MORNING.



YEAH.

I'M
GONNA!



SIX
MONTHS
LATER,
DAD WAS
DEAD.



YOU
TWO'LL
GO ALONG
WITH ME,
RIGHT?

SAY, HARUHIKO,
NATSUMI? WE'RE
GONNA GO
TRAVELING AGAIN
ONCE YOUR OLD
DAD'S BETTER,
RIGHT?

IT'S NOT FAIR
THAT YOU'RE
THE ONLY
ONE WHO HAS
TO WORK IN
THE TOWN
FACTORY.

HEY,
HARUHIKO,
I'M GONNA
WORK ONCE
I GRADUATE
FROM
ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL.

AFTER
THAT, SOME
RELATIVES
TOOK ME AND
NATSUMI IN
FOR A WHILE,
BUT...

DON'T BE
STUPID.
YOU STILL
HAVE TO
GO TO
JUNIOR
HIGH.

...ONCE I
GRADUATED
FROM JUNIOR
HIGH, I TOOK
NATSUMI AND
MOVED INTO
AN APARTMENT
IN A CERTAIN
TOWN.

DUM-
MY.

OH,
RIGHT.



BUT
ARE YOU
MAYBE
HARU-
HIKO
KITA-
WAKI?

I'M
SORRY
IF I HAVE
THE
WRONG
PERSON.

EXCUSE
ME.





OH,
I KNEW IT!!
YOU DON'T
REMEMBER ME?!
KINUKO HIDAKA!
WE WERE IN THE
SAME CLASS
FOR A MONTH
IN ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL.

AND
YOU
ARE?

I AM...



BUT I... I
THOUGHT WE
MIGHT MEET
AGAIN SOMEDAY!

WHAT A
COINCIDENCE.
JAPAN IS SO
SMALL, HUH?

I'VE NEVER
FORGOTTEN
ABOUT YOU!

AFTER THAT,
KINUKO
HIDAKA AND
I QUICKLY
GREW VERY
CLOSE.

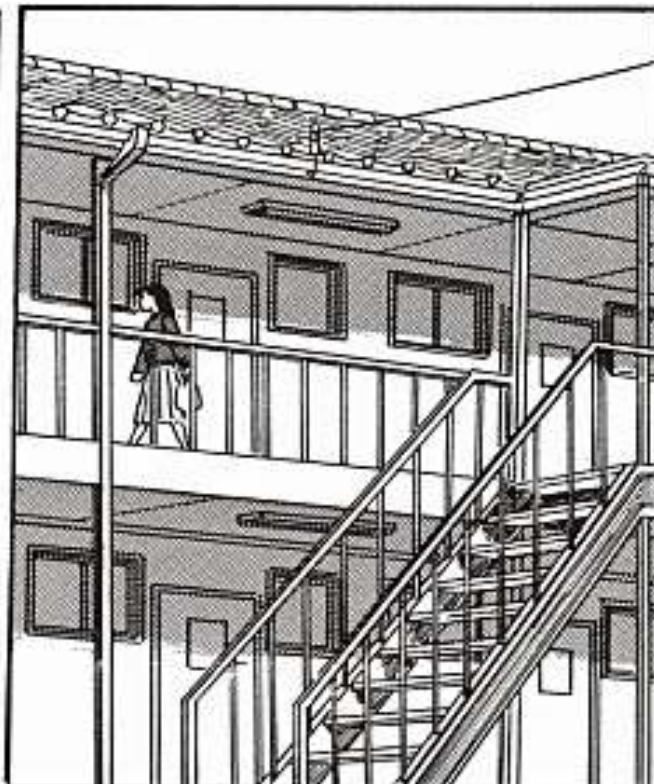
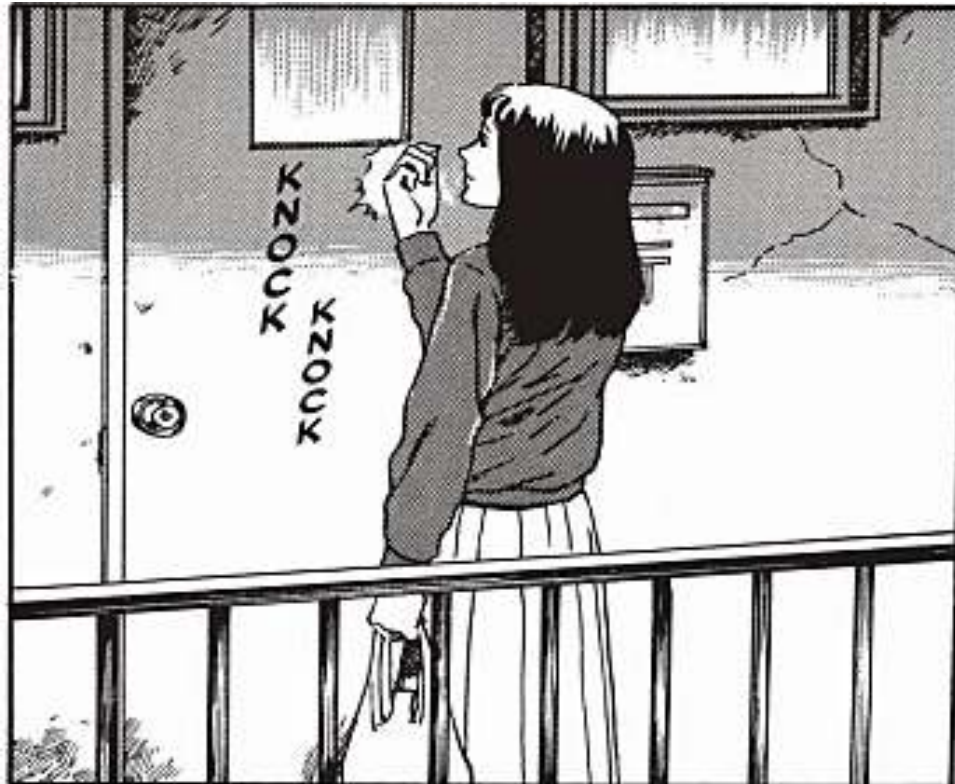
I'M
SURE GOD
BROUGHT US
TOGETHER
AGAIN.



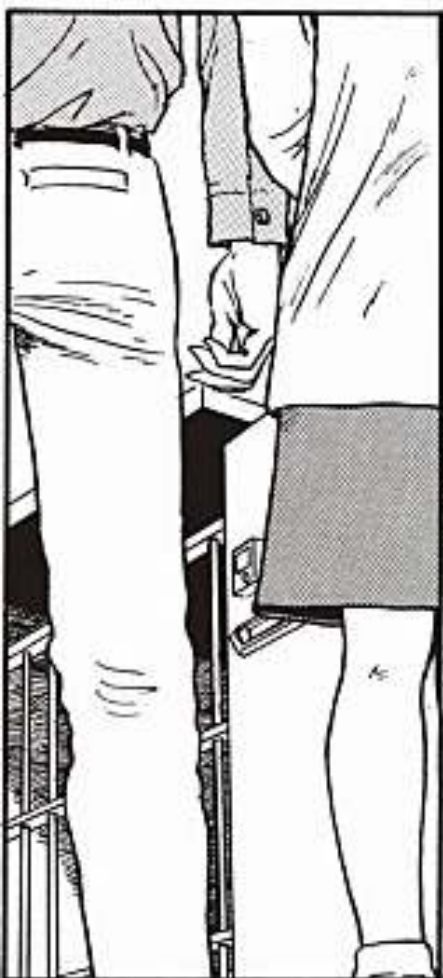
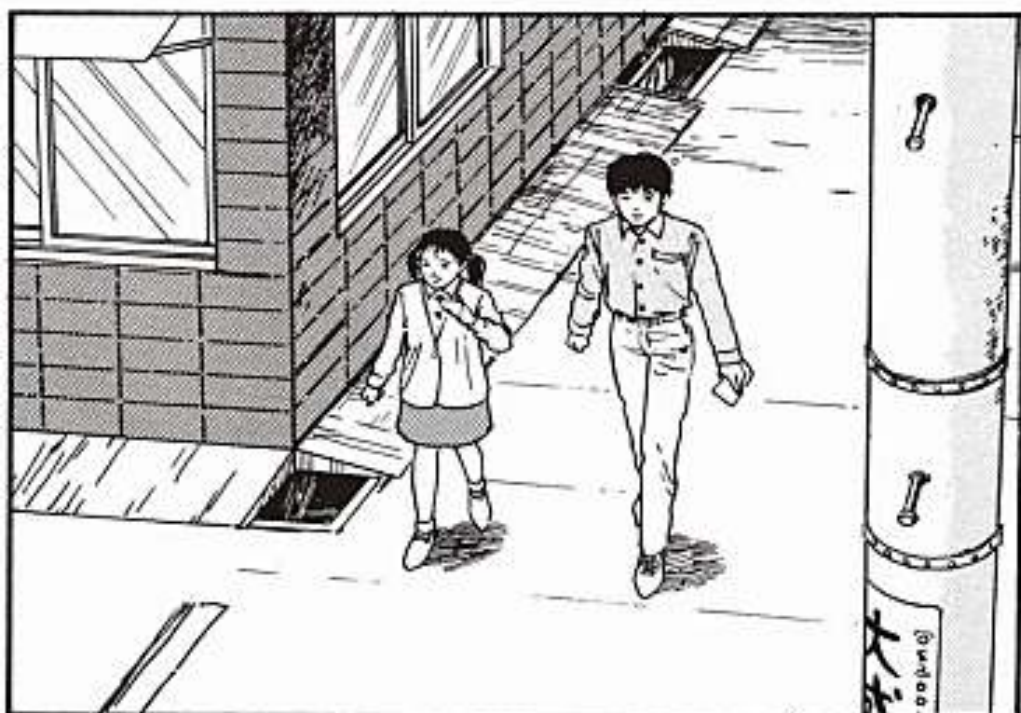
I REMEMBER!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING IN
THIS TOWN?!

OH...
OHH, I
REMEM-
BER.

I GOT A
JOB, SO I'M
WORKING
HERE NOW!!







IT'S
SURPRISINGLY
CLOSE, HUH?
YUKIHIKO'S
HOUSE...

AND HE
EVEN
BUILT
HIS OWN
HOUSE.

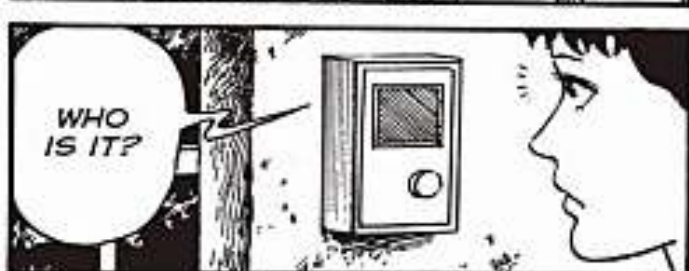


SO HE'S BEEN
LIVING IN THE
SAME TOWN
AS US.

I GUESS HE
REALLY MADE
IT THESE LAST
SEVEN YEARS.



WHO
IS IT?



UM,
THIS IS
HARU-
HIKO
KITA-
WAKI.



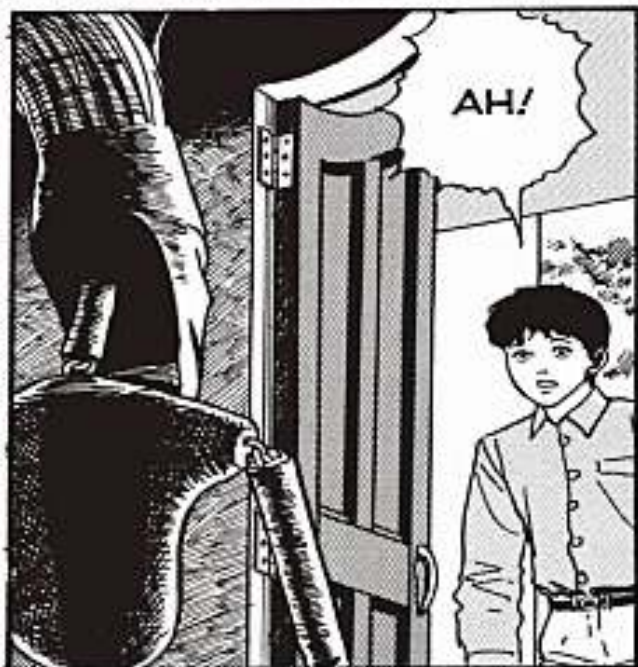
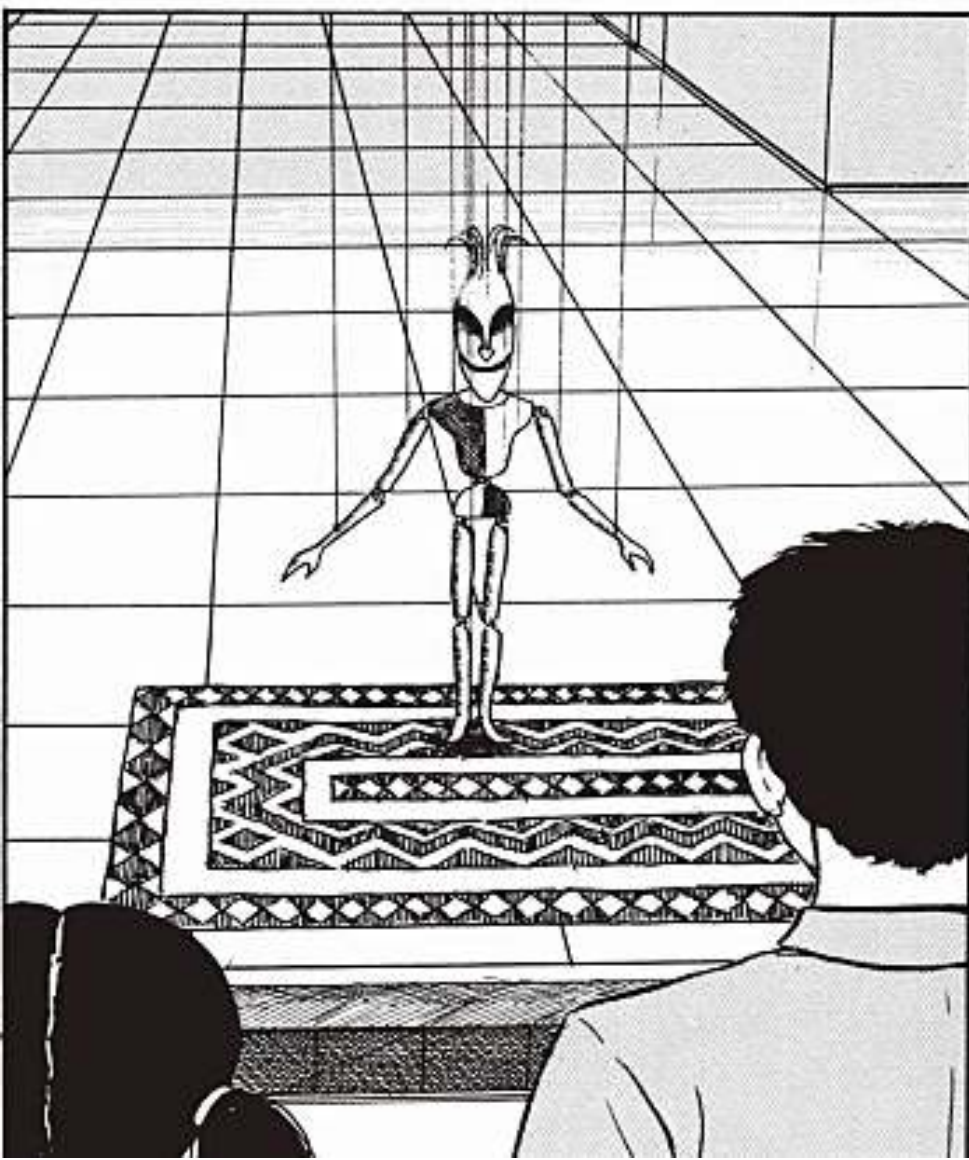
WELCOME.
PLEASE
COME IN.

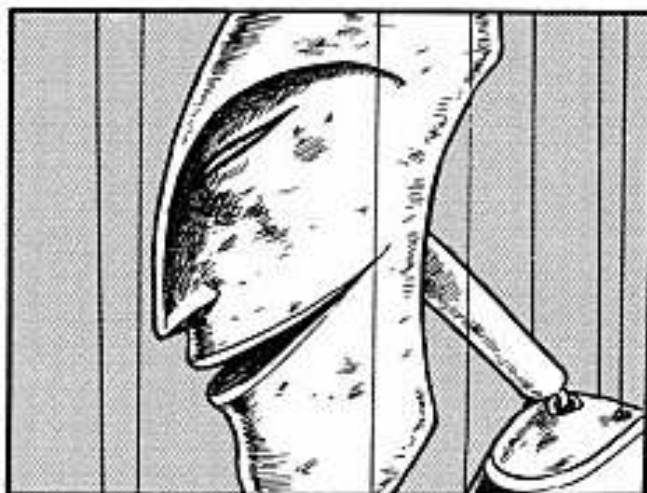
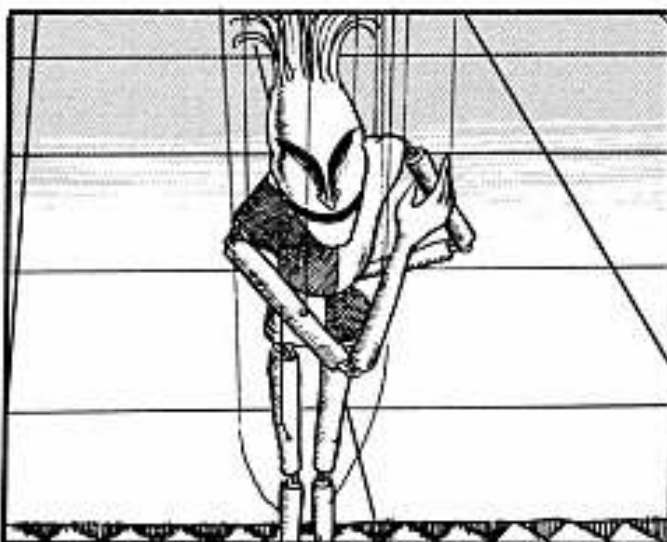
KATUNK
KLAK KLAK



THIS
IS IT.

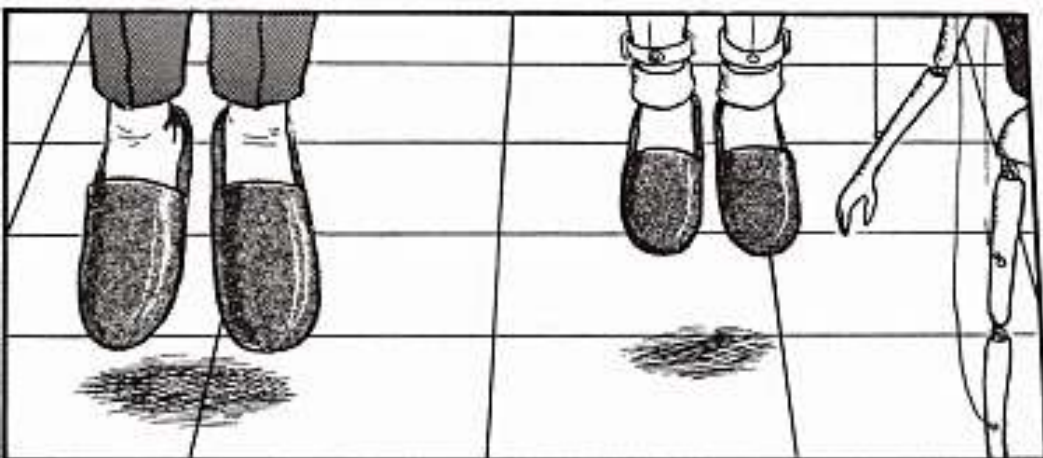






IT'S BEEN A WHILE.
I'VE MISSED YOU.

WELCOME.



THIS IS
OUR SON,
AYAO.
HE'S
THREE.

HEH HEH
HEH. SEEMS
LIKE HE'S
SLEEP-
ING NOW,
THOUGH.

LET ME
INTRODUCE
YOU. THIS
IS MY WIFE,
SUMIRE.

A
PLEA-
SURE
TO MEET
YOU.

NOW THEN.
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?
COME IN.

THE SERVANTS
ARE BUSY IN
THE KITCHEN. I
APOLOGIZE THAT
THERE WAS NO
ONE OUTSIDE TO
GREET YOU.

PLEASE
COME IN.

NOW,
BOTH OF
YOU...



FOR A WHILE I
PERFORMED ON
THE STREET,
AND I MADE
A DECENT
AMOUNT OF
MONEY. THE
REST WAS
LUCK AND
HARD WORK.

ALL I TOOK WITH
ME WHEN I LEFT
HOME WAS SOME
SMALL CHANGE
AND JEAN-PIERRE.
HEH HEH HEH.

IT'S ALL
THANKS
TO JEAN-
PIERRE.

HARUHIKO,
THINGS
JUST WORK
OUT IN
LIFE, HM?

AT
FIRST I
WONDERED
HOW I'D
MAKE IT,
THOUGH.

AND I
DON'T GO
INTO WORK.
PRETTY
CHEEKY, I
KNOW. I DO
EVERYTHING
FROM THE
HOUSE.

HE BROUGHT ME
LUCK. THANKS
TO HIM, I'M THE
PRESIDENT OF A
SMALL COMPANY
IN MY MID-
TWENTIES.

PLEASE GO
AHEAD. EAT
YOUR FILL.



GULP!



YES,
SIR.

YOU.
MUSIC
PLEASE.



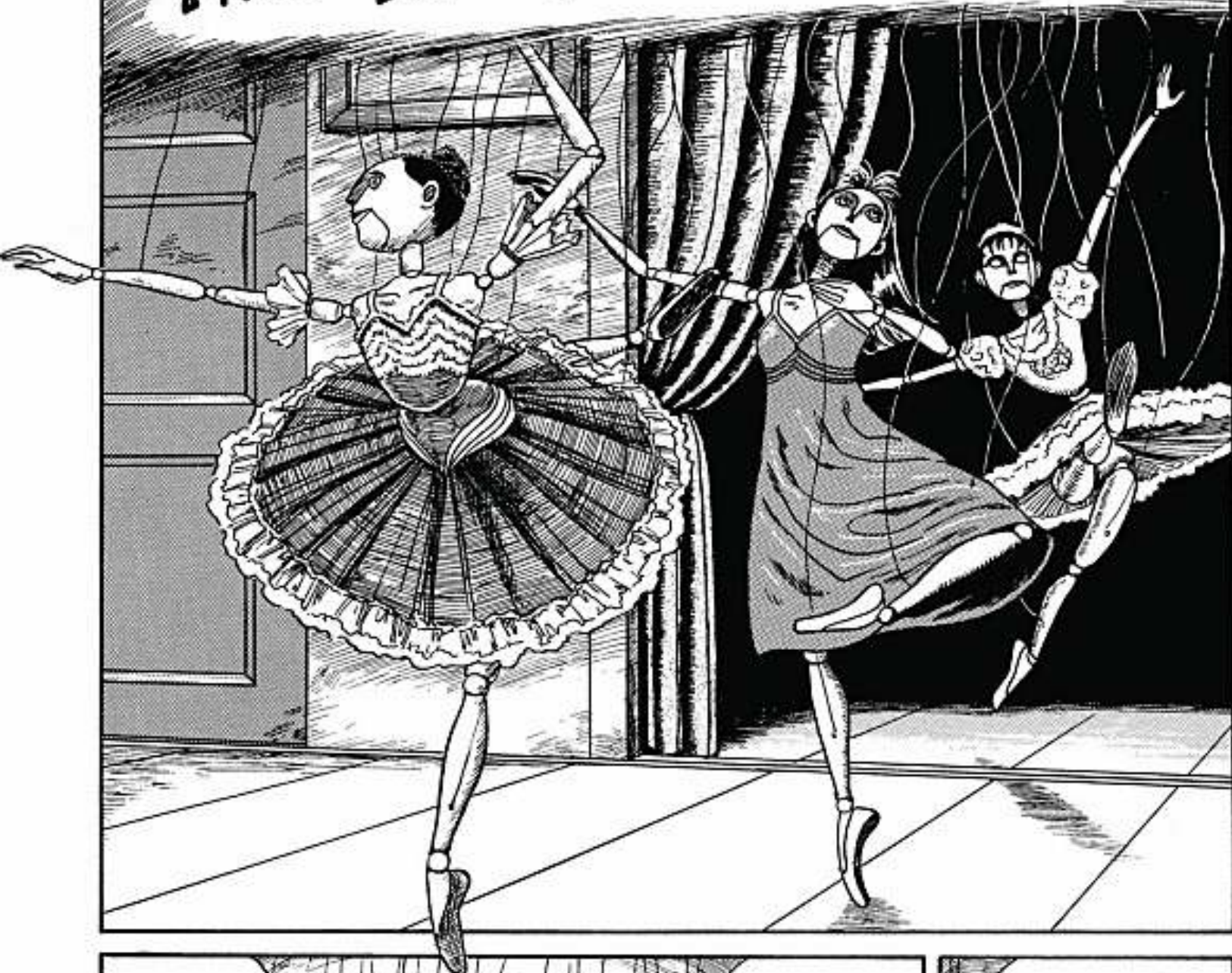
HARUHIKO,
NATSUMI.
PLEASE
ENJOY
YOURSELVES
HERE
TODAY.



DUM DA DA DA DUM DUM DUM
DUM DUUUUM

SHF

TING TING TRILL TING TING TRILL

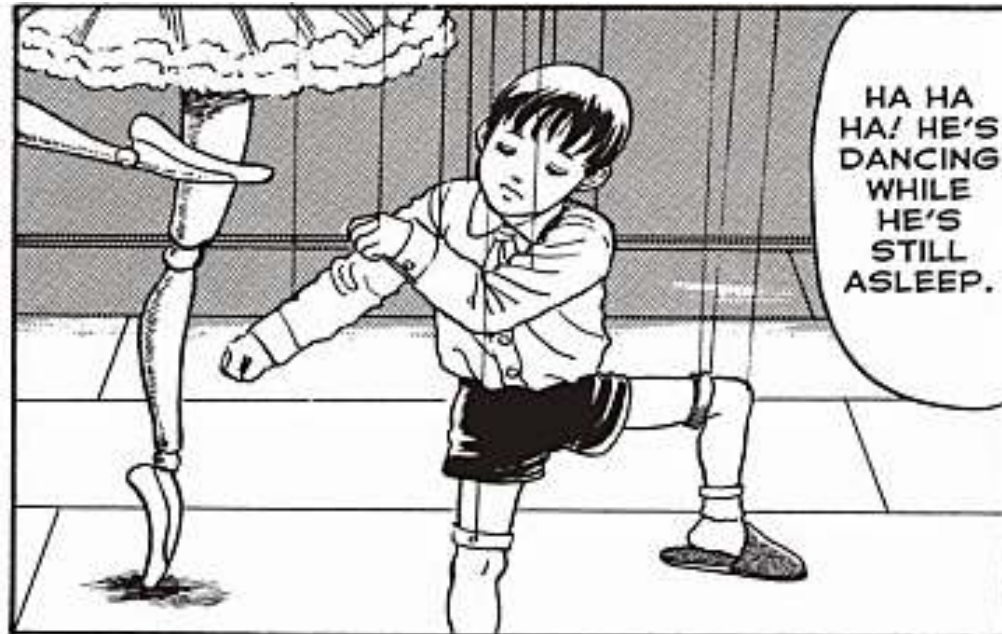


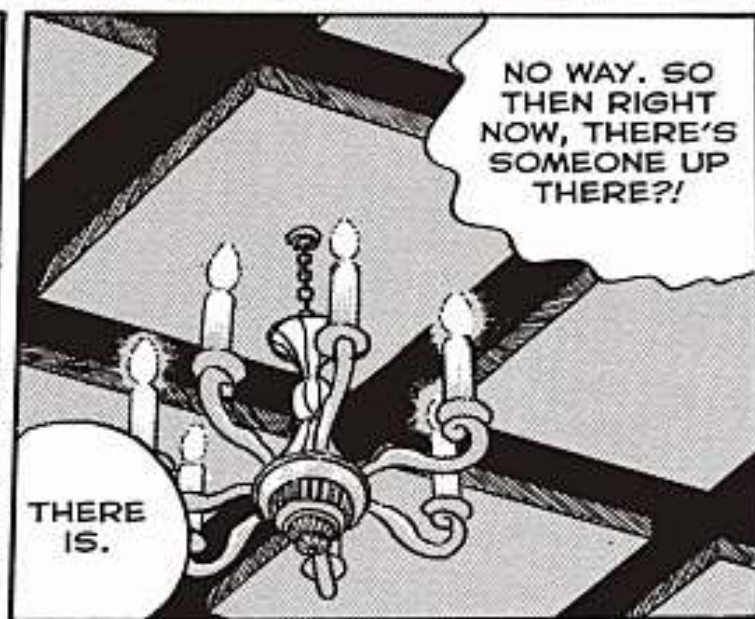
THEY
TURNED
OUT WELL,
HM?

THOSE ARE
LIFE-SIZED
BALLERINA
PUPPETS I
HAD MADE
FOR TODAY.

TCHAIKOVSKY
REALLY
IS BALLET
MUSIC, HM?









I'M
MOVING
EX-
TREMELY
NATU-
RALLY,
YES?

HEH HEH HEH.
HAVE I LOOKED
INCONVENIENCED
SO FAR?



WAIT. SO
THEN YOU
CAN'T
MOVE THE
WAY YOU
WANT TO?



THE
PUPPETEER
MIGHT THINK
THEY'RE
CONTROLLING
THE PUPPET,
BUT IT'S
ACTUALLY
THE PUPPET
DOING THE
CONTROLLING.

EXCEPT FOR
MY FINGERS,
MY BODY'S
COMPLETELY
RELAXED. AND
YET I'M MOVING
EXACTLY AS I
WISH TO.



A MARIONETTE
IS THE TRUE
CONTROLLING
HAND.

DO YOU
UNDER-
STAND?




I STILL
CAN'T BELIEVE
IT...

IT'S
LIKE A
DREAM.



I'M NOT
TALKING
ABOUT THAT.



AND THAT WAS
THE FIRST TIME
I'VE HAD A
FEAST LIKE THAT!
IT'S LIKE
A DREAM.

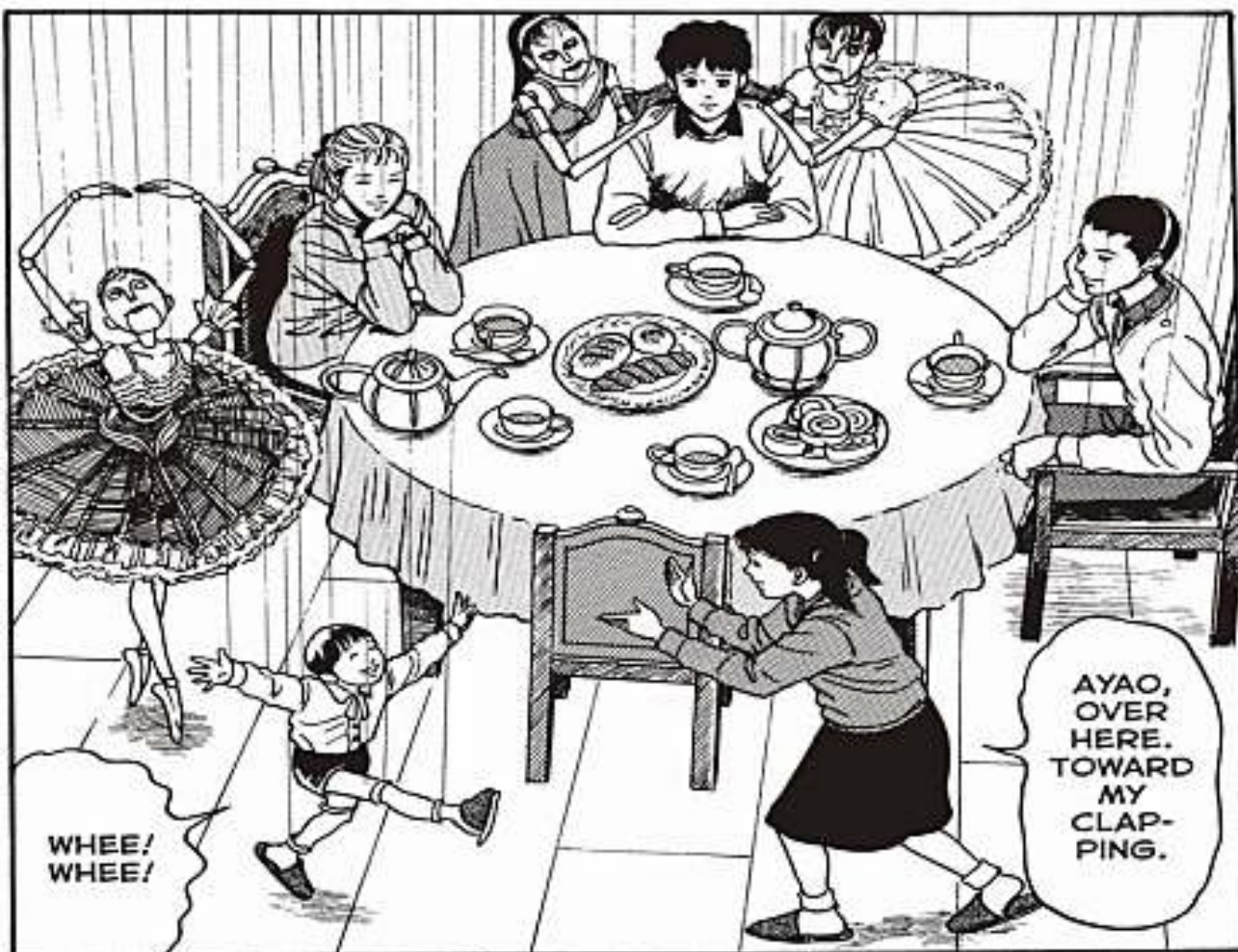
IT'S SO
TRUE.
THOSE
BALLERINA
PUPPETS
WERE
BEAUTIFUL.



HE SAID WE
SHOULD
COME OVER
AGAIN.
C'MON,
LET'S GO!!

HEY, SO,
HARU? LET'S
GO HANG OUT
AT YUKIHIKO'S
HOUSE AGAIN
NEXT SUNDAY.

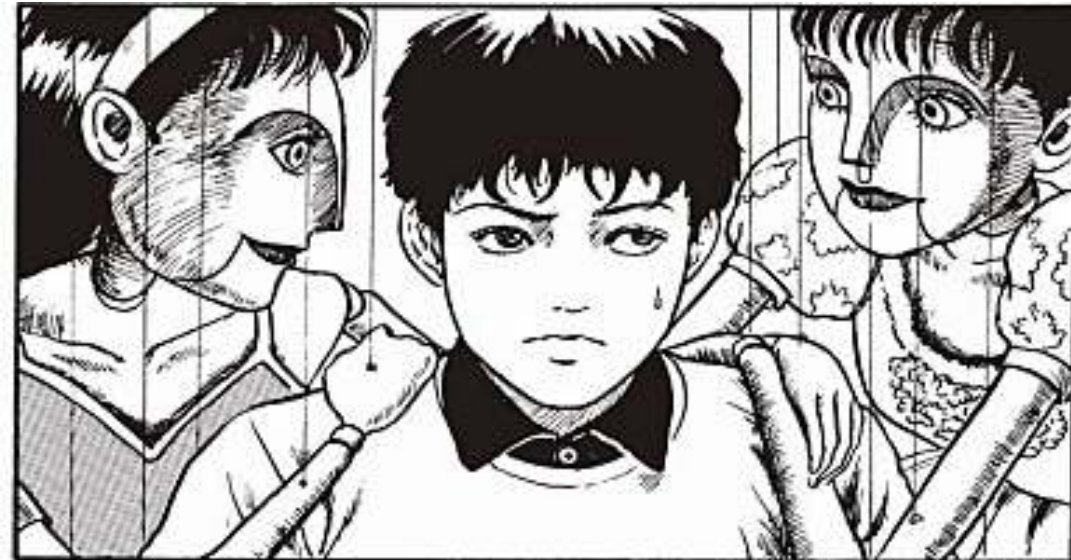
AFTER THAT,
NATSUMI AND I
WOULD VISIT OUR
BROTHER'S HOUSE
FROM TIME TO TIME.



HEH
HEH
HEH
HEH

HA-HA
HA HA
HA









YES,
THAT'S
RIGHT.

YOU
SAID YOU
AND YOUR
FAMILY ARE
LIKE THIS ALL
DAY, RIGHT?

BUT DO YOU
TAKE OFF
THE WIRES
AND GO OUT
SOMETIMES?




YUKI-
HIKO...



...I HAVEN'T
MOVED
MY BODY
MYSELF.

NO. IN THE TWO
YEARS OR SO
SINCE I BUILT THIS
HOUSE, HIRED THE
SERVANTS AND
BEGAN LIVING
THIS WAY...




I MEAN, ASTRONAUTS,
WHEN THEY'RE
WEIGHTLESS FOR
LONG PERIODS,
THEY DO STRENGTH
TRAINING AND STUFF.

YUKIHIKO...
THAT CAN'T BE
GOOD, CAN IT?



NO
NEED
TO
WORRY
ABOUT
THAT.

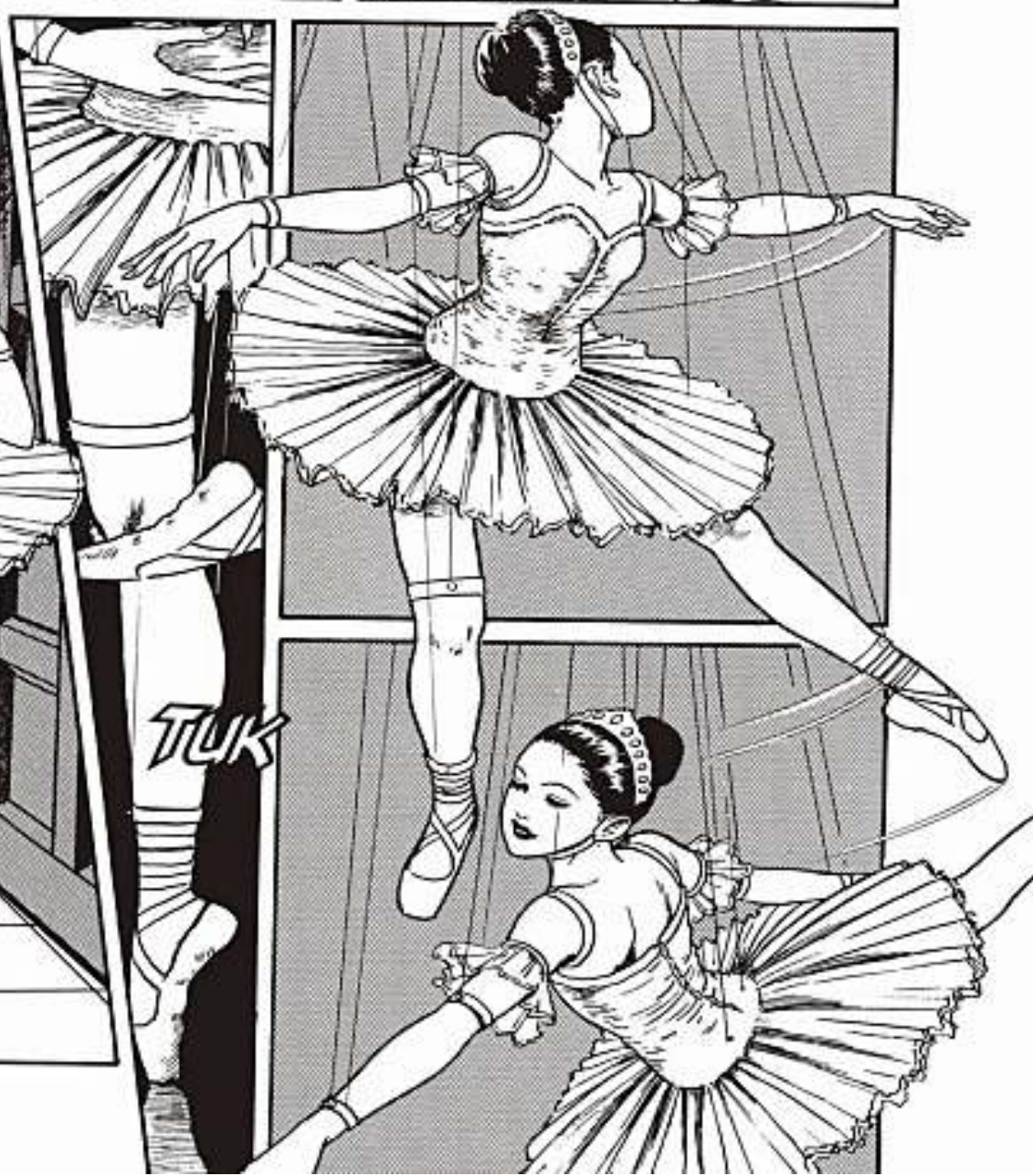
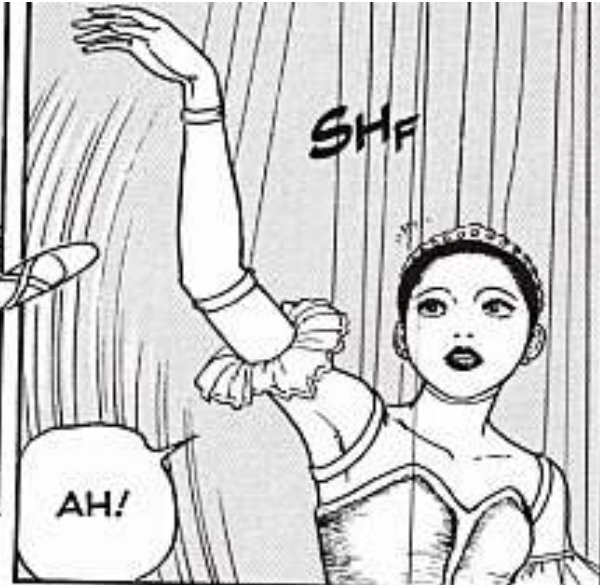
HEH
HEH
HEH.



PRETTY
SOON YOU
WON'T BE
ABLE TO
STAND UP ON
YOUR OWN.
AND THEN
WHAT WILL
YOU DO? I
MEAN, THE
SERVANTS
WON'T
NECESSARILY
BE HERE
FOREVER.

IF
YOU DON'T
USE YOUR
MUSCLES,
THEY
GRADUALLY
DETERIORATE.









HARUHIKO.
HOW WAS
YOUR
BROTHER'S
HOUSE?
C'MON.
YOU DID
SEE HIM,
RIGHT?

WHERE'S
NATSUMI?
DID SHE
GO OUT
SOME-
WHERE?

HARU-
HIKO...

YOU
WON'T
MEET ME
LATELY.
WHY
NOT?

...YOU
DON'T
HAVE A
NEW GIRL-
FRIEND,
DO YOU?

YOU
CAN'T
HAVE
...

HARU-
HIKO...
LAST
SATURDAY
NIGHT...
WHERE
DID YOU
STAY?

C'MON.
WHY
WON'T
YOU SAY
ANY-
THING?

THEN WHY
ARE YOU
IGNORING
ME?!

WHY
WON'T YOU
INTRODUCE
ME TO
YOUR
BROTHER?!

DON'T
BE
STUPID!

THAT'S IT, ISN'T
IT?! YOU LIED
WHEN YOU SAID
YOU DIDN'T
HAVE EYES
FOR ANY GIRL
BESIDES ME,
DIDN'T YOU?!

I EVADED THE QUESTION OF MY BROTHER. I VERY MUCH DIDN'T WANT TO INTRODUCE HER TO HIM.

I'VE JUST BEEN TIRED FROM WORK LATELY.

I-I GET IT. I'M DEFINITELY NOT IGNORING YOU.

NATSUMI'S GOTTEN TOTALLY ACCUSTOMED TO LIFE HERE.

HARUHIKO...

HA
HA
HA
HA

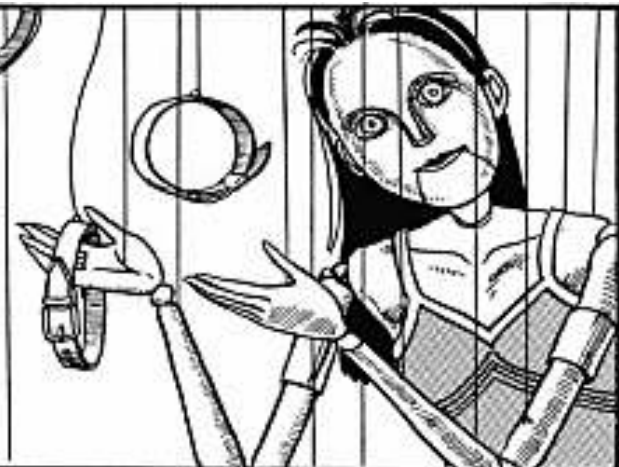
I'M A TOP-RATE BALLERINA, AFTER ALL.

I HAVE.



SO YOU WANT
TO ATTACH
STRINGS TO
ME TOO? YOU
WANT TO MAKE
ME INTO A
MARIONETTE?

HA
HA.



WHAT'S
THAT?

I DON'T
WANT TO
JOIN YOU
GUYS.

POKE
POKE

SORRY,
BUT NO
THANKS.



HE'S
SEEING
ANOTHER
WOMAN,
ISN'T HE?
HE LIED TO
ME! DAMN
HIM!!

I
KNEW
IT...

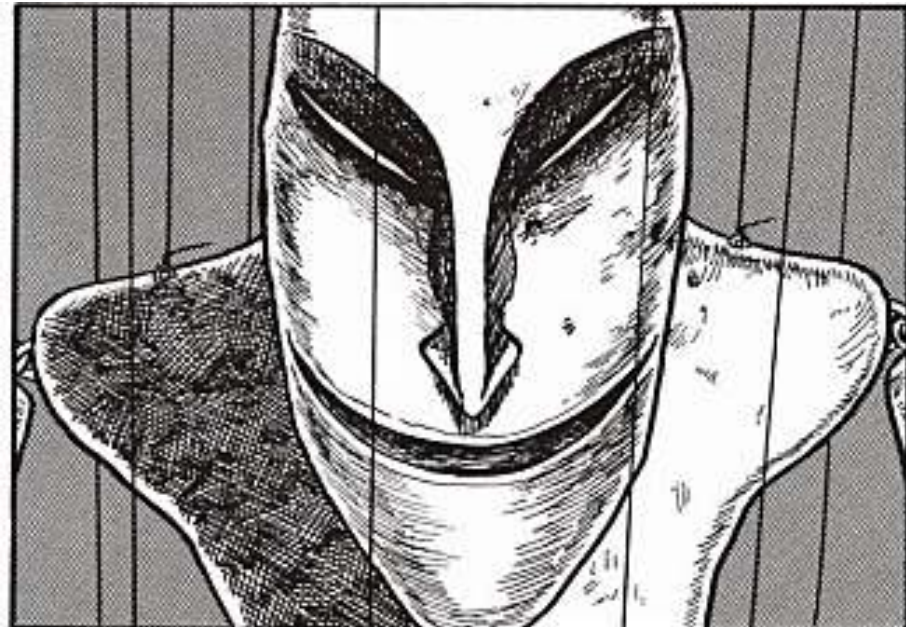
I'LL
SHOW
HIM A
THING
OR
TWO!!

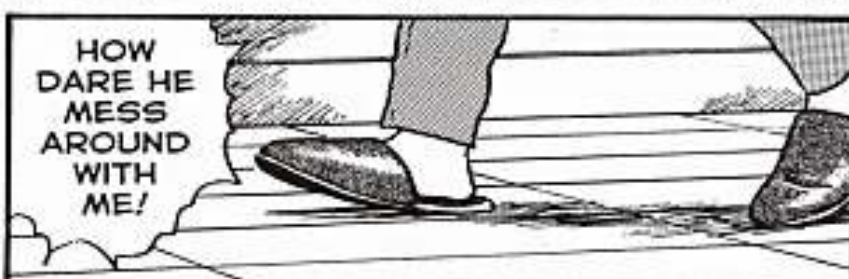
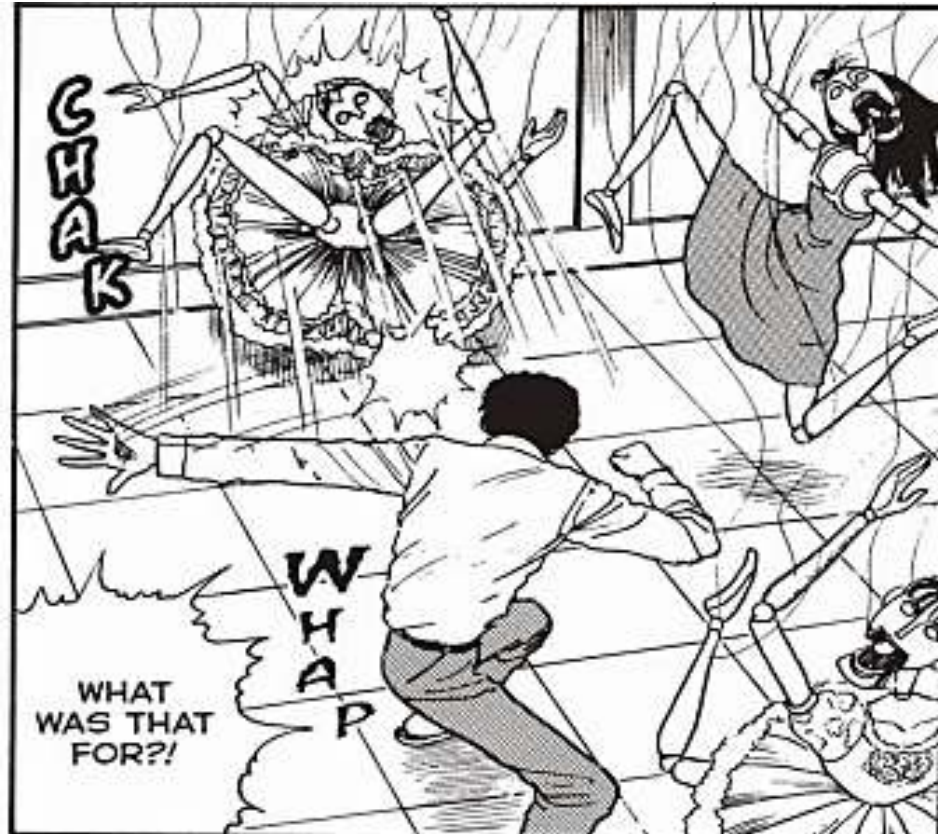
DAMMIT!! IF
HE THINKS
I'LL JUST
LET IT GO,
HE'S GOT
ANOTHER
THINK
COMING!!

THAT
SCARED
ME...

WHAT
...

AH!









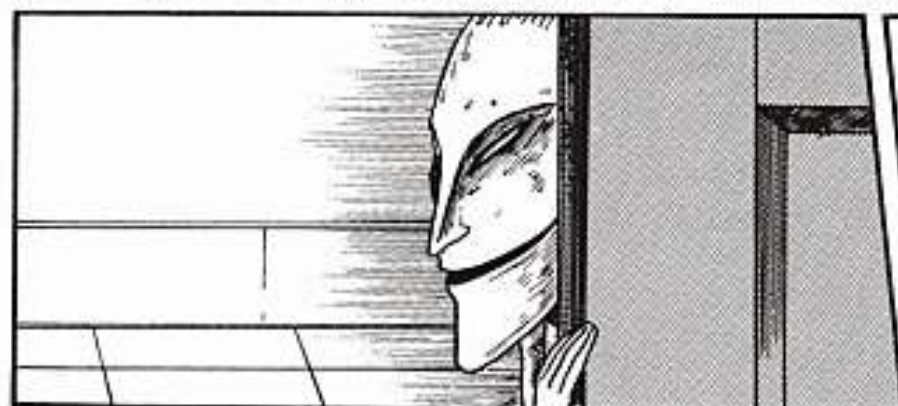
JEAN-PIERRE!

AAAH,
MY
MIND'S
UPSET.
I CAN'T
CONTROL
MYSELF!



THEY'RE
NOT
DOING
WHAT I
WANT.

I-I
CAN'T.



HEY!
PEOPLE
IN THE
CEILING!!

HEY!
STOP
IT!!



QUIT
IT!



QUIT
CONTROL-
LING
THEM!

HEY!
YOU
GUYS!

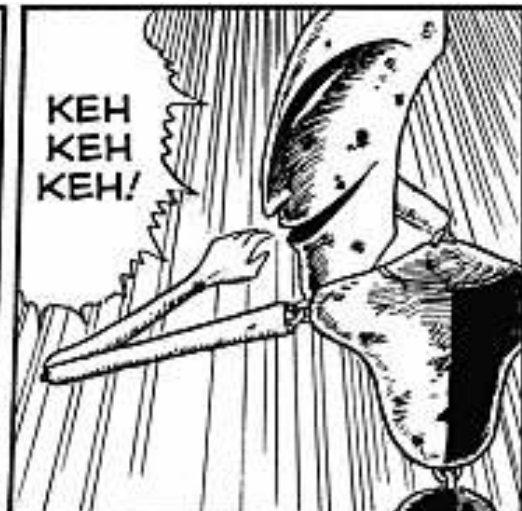
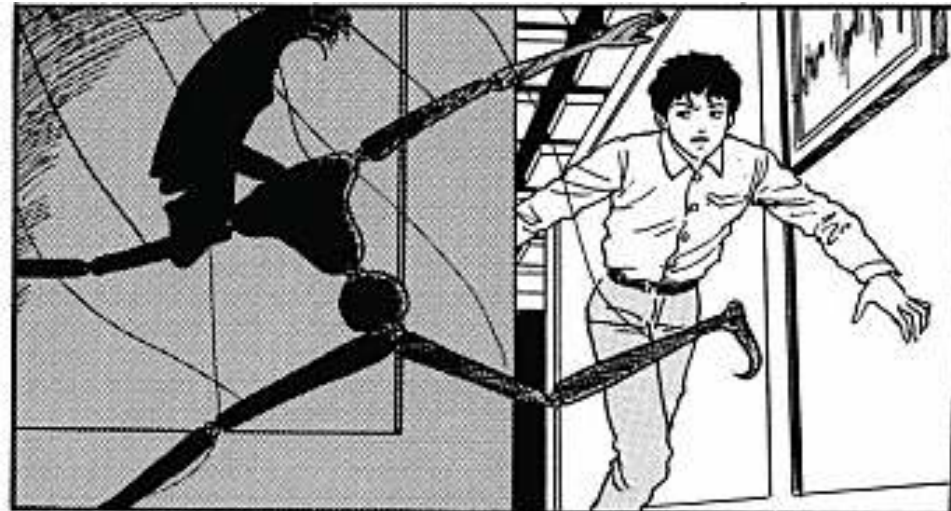


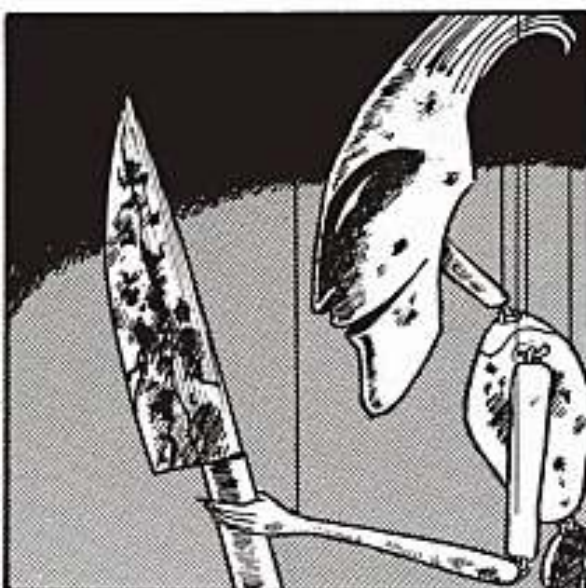
EVEN
NOW,
I'LL
NEVER
FORGET
THEIR
EMPTY
EYES.



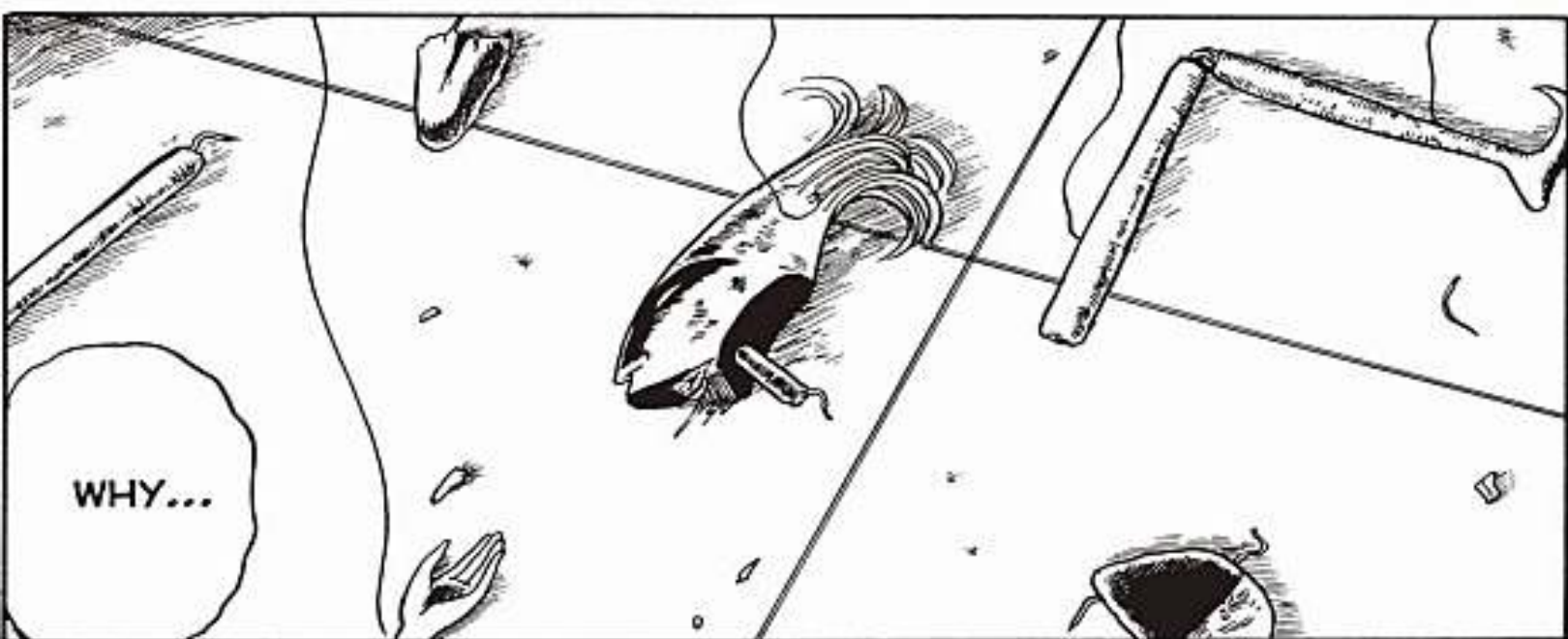
















AH!

...YUKI-
HIKO!

YUKI-
HIKO?
ARE YOU
OKAY?

DID THEY BECOME
REAL PUPPETS
BECAUSE THEY
HAD BEEN
CONTROLLED FOR
TWO YEARS...

MY
BROTHER
AND HIS
FAMILY HAD
TRANS-
FORMED
INTO
PUPPETS.

THIS...

...OR WERE THEY
PUPPETS TO
BEGIN WITH?
I DON'T KNOW.

...IS
A PUP-
PET...

AUTHOR COMMENTARY

MARIONETTE MANSION

Manga artists are ascetics. You sit on a chair all day, leaning over your desk, and make the tip of your pen move over the paper of your manga pages. The fact that the page is longer vertically is hateful because you have to lean even farther forward when you're drawing the top panels. Your back and hips shriek in agony. It would be so much better if the page were longer horizontally. No, better still, I'd like to hang my upper body from the ceiling. How lovely would it be to leave my body like that and get the work done? This story came from thoughts like these. Servants would control me from the ceiling. And then I'd be able to get my work done with ease. At the time, I was interested in ballet, and I checked out the Prix de Lausanne, so I included elements of that too.



人形
人形
人形

① 北脇雪彦

② 弟 治彦



桐井すみれ
資産家の娘



バレリーナⅠ
桐井リヨ



バレリーナⅡ
人形



バレリーナⅢ
人形



治彦の彼女
日高夏美



兄の子供
北脇綾夫



Older brother: Yukihiro Kitawaki

Younger brother: Haruhiko

Puppet: Jean-Pierre

Sumire Kirii
Daughter of
a wealthy family

Ballerina I
Rigo Kirii

Ballerina II
Puppet

Ballerina III
Puppet

Haruhiko's girlfriend
Natsumi Hidaka

Older brother's child
Ayao Kitawaki

が PAINTER が 画家





IT'S MY
MASTERPIECE,
ACTUALLY.
I CALL IT
"TOMIE."

I'M A
PAINTER...
A VERY
TALENTED
PAINTER. SEE
HERE. THIS IS
MY WORK.

BUT ALAS, NO ONE
RECOGNIZES THE
QUALITY OF THIS
PAINTING. AND WITH
MY REPUTATION
IN THE GUTTER,
I DOUBT ANYONE
WILL WITHIN MY
LIFETIME. AND TO
THINK I HAD ONLY
JUST REACHED MY
ARTISTIC PEAK...

WHAT DO
YOU THINK?
GREAT, ISN'T
IT? TOMIE IS
THE BEST
SUBJECT I'VE
EVER COME
ACROSS.
MORE THAN
A SUBJECT,
SHE'S A
THEME.

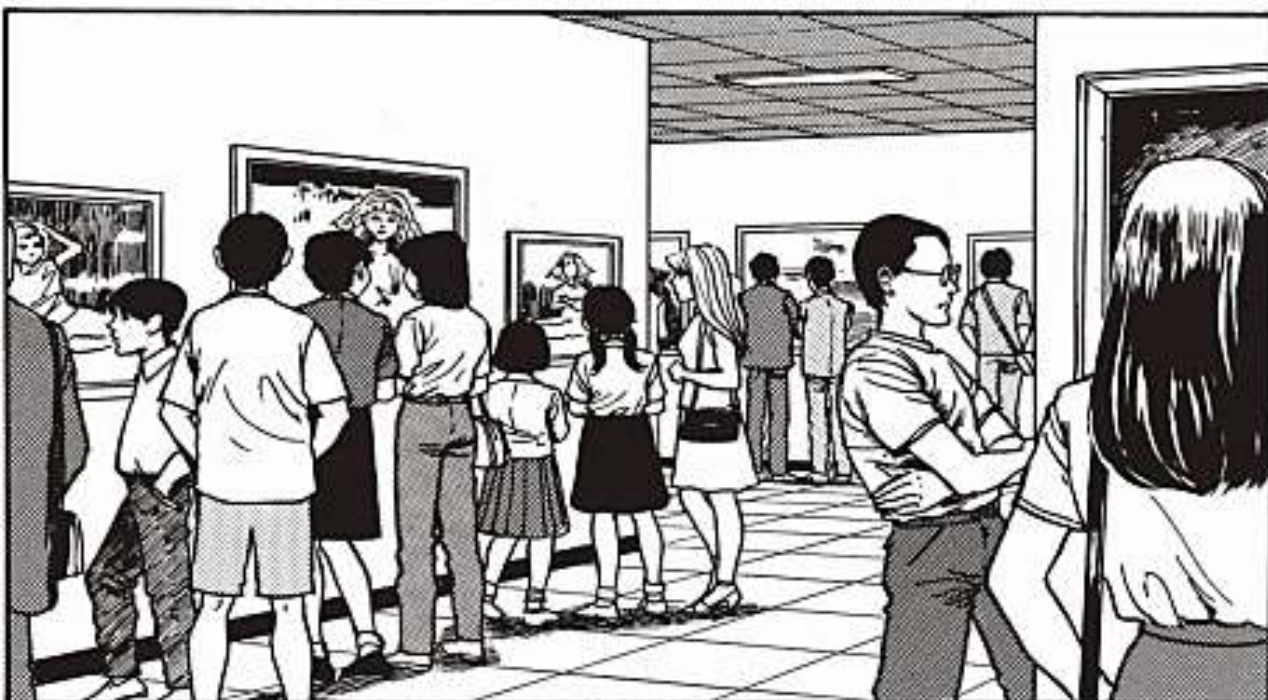


I STILL
REMEMBER.
IT WAS THE
DAY OF
MY THIRD
GALLERY
OPENING...



I BLAME
TOMIE... THAT
DREADFUL
GIRL.

IF I HADN'T
MET HER, I'D
BE WORKING ON
SOME STUPID
COMMISSION
RIGHT NOW,
ENJOYING MY
TIME IN THE
SPOTLIGHT.



**Rising
Artist
Mitsuo
Mori
Exhibi-
tion**

The
Ennui
of
"Nana"





THANKS SO MUCH FOR YOUR HELP. I'M RELIEVED YOU'VE MANAGED TO SELL THEM ALL.

THE DEMAND FOR YOUR "NANA" SERIES IS SIMPLY REMARKABLE.

WELL, MR. MORI, LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE STILL BATTLING A THOUSAND.



I DARE SAY YOUR COLORS ARE QUITE UNUSUAL.

AND YOU ARE POPULAR. AND TALENTED. A VERITABLE PIONEER IN CONTEMPORARY PAINTING.

MODESTY HAS ITS LIMITS, YOU KNOW. WHEN YOUR WORK IS SO POPULAR IT'S USED IN TV COMMERCIALS, THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN ADD.

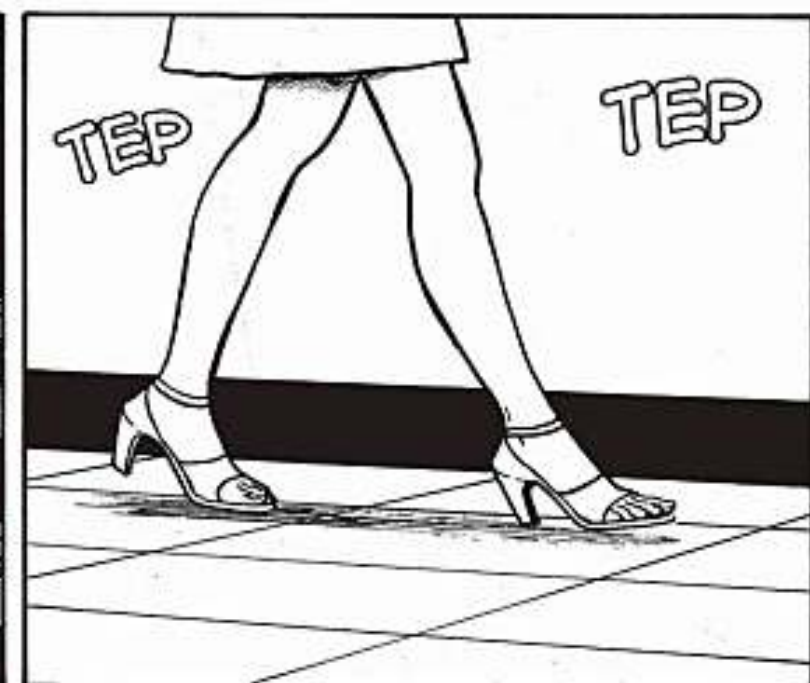
BETTER GET USED TO IT, MR. MITSUO MORI.

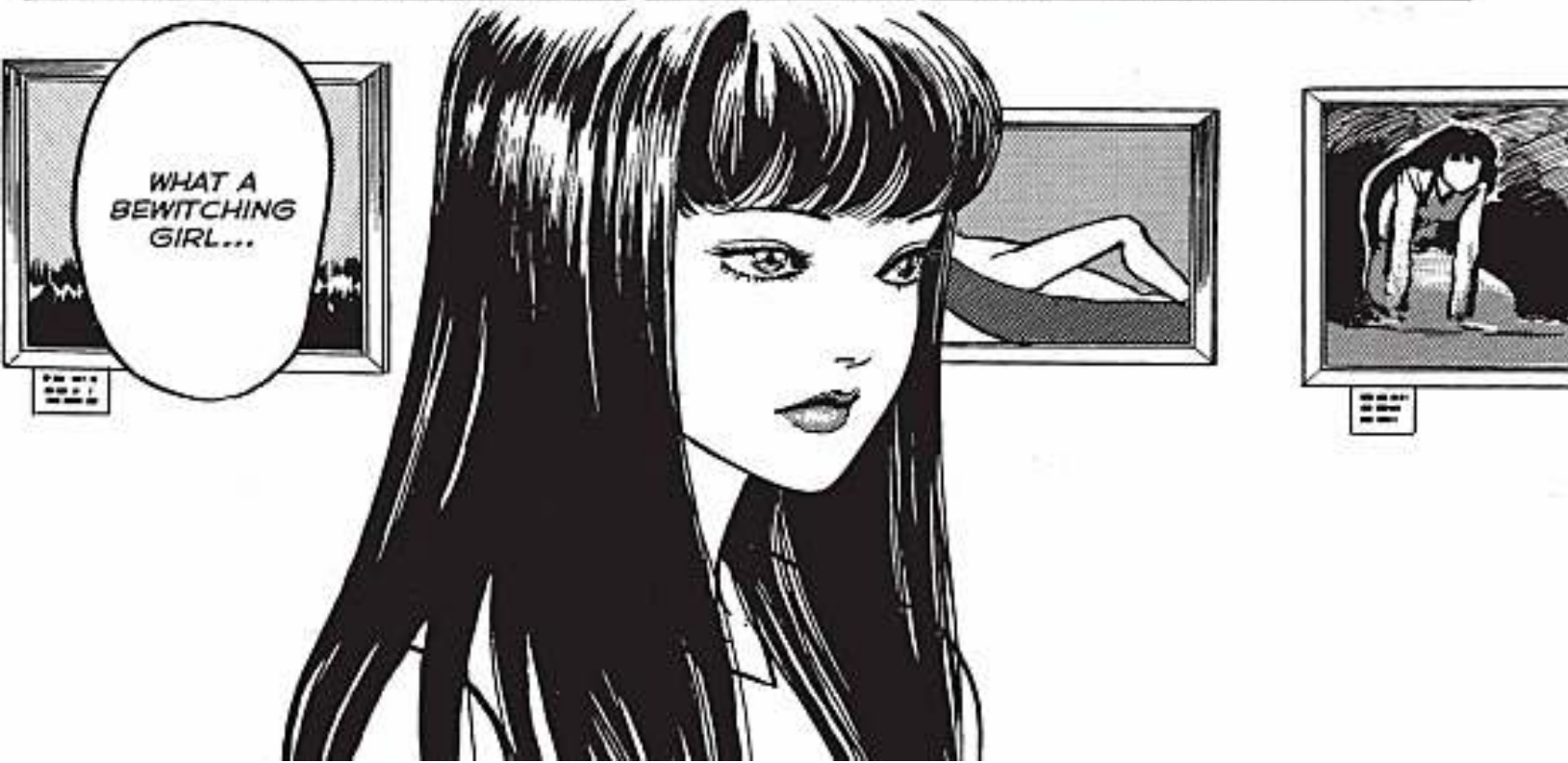


SHE'S INSPIRED ME TREMENDOUSLY. AS LONG AS SHE'S AROUND, I'M SURE I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.

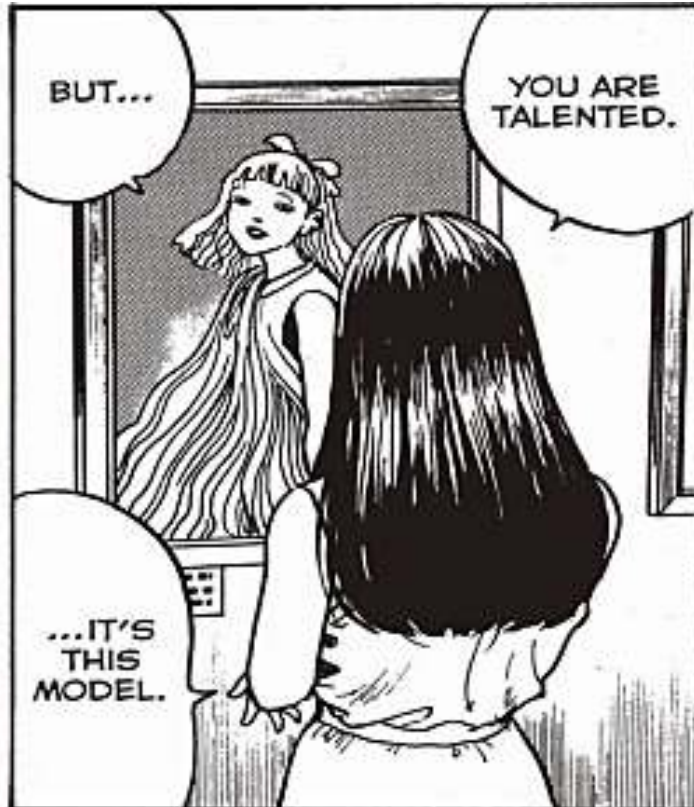


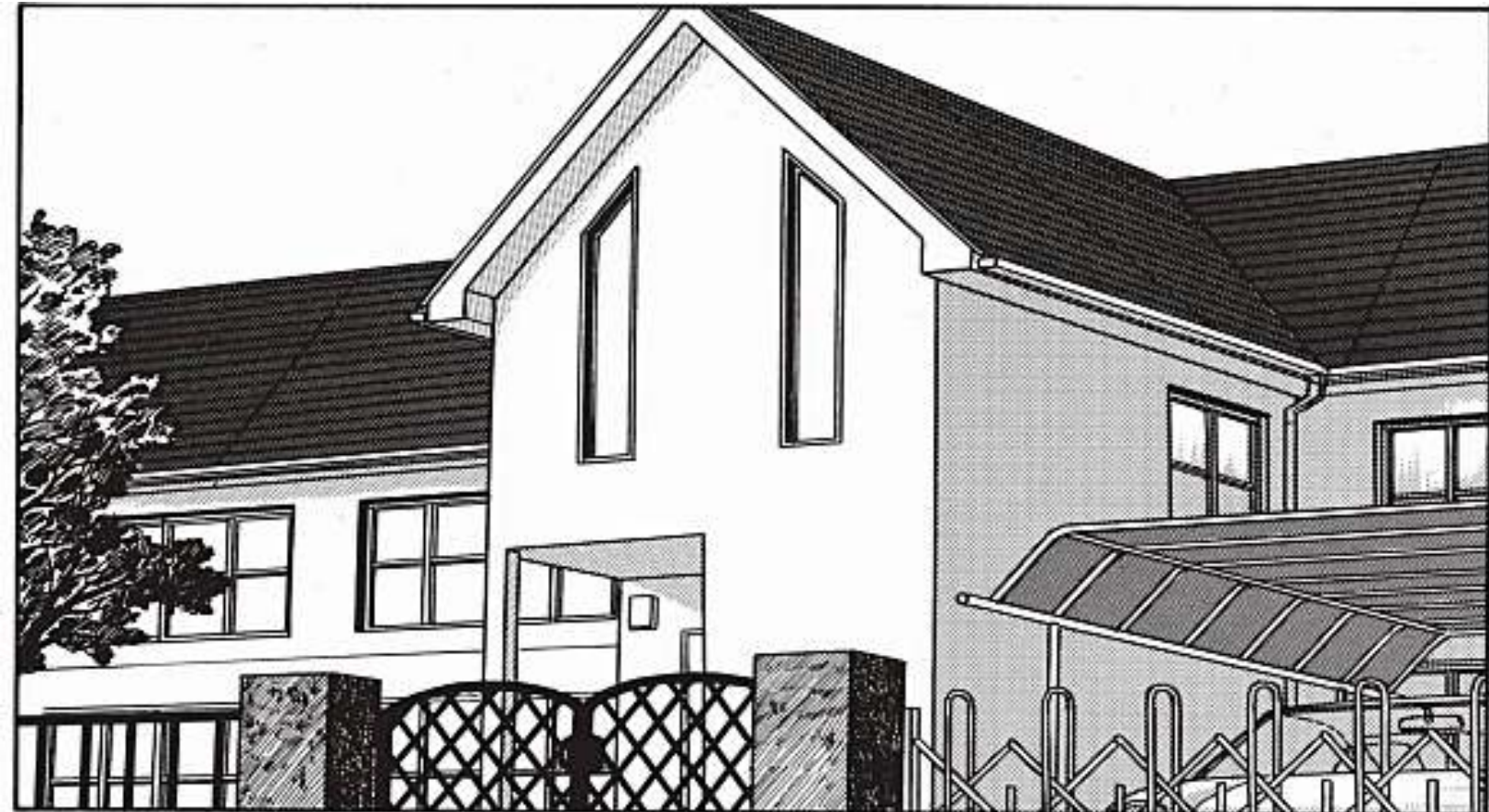
WELL...IT'S REALLY NANA'S DOING THAT I'VE MADE IT THIS FAR. MY SUBJECT, I MEAN. NANA HORIE. SHE'S JUST WONDERFUL.

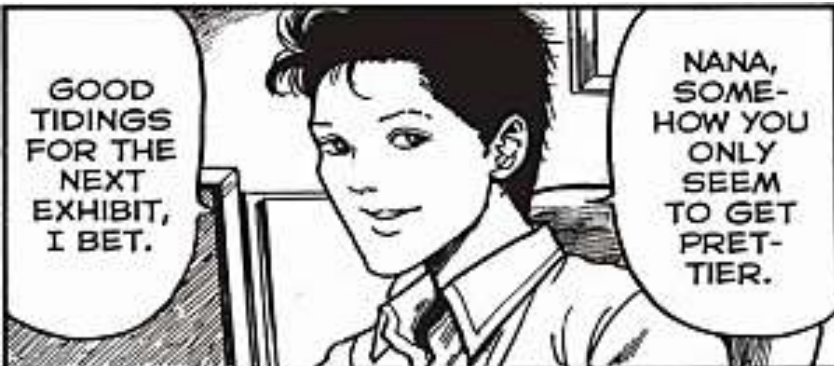


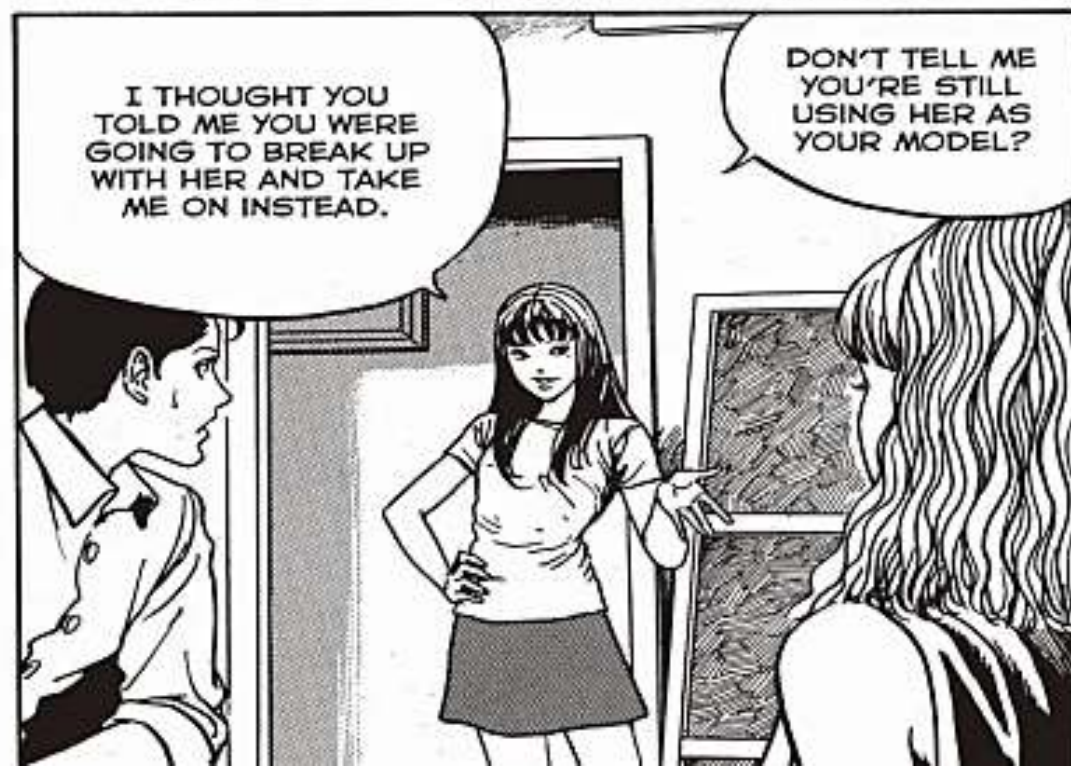


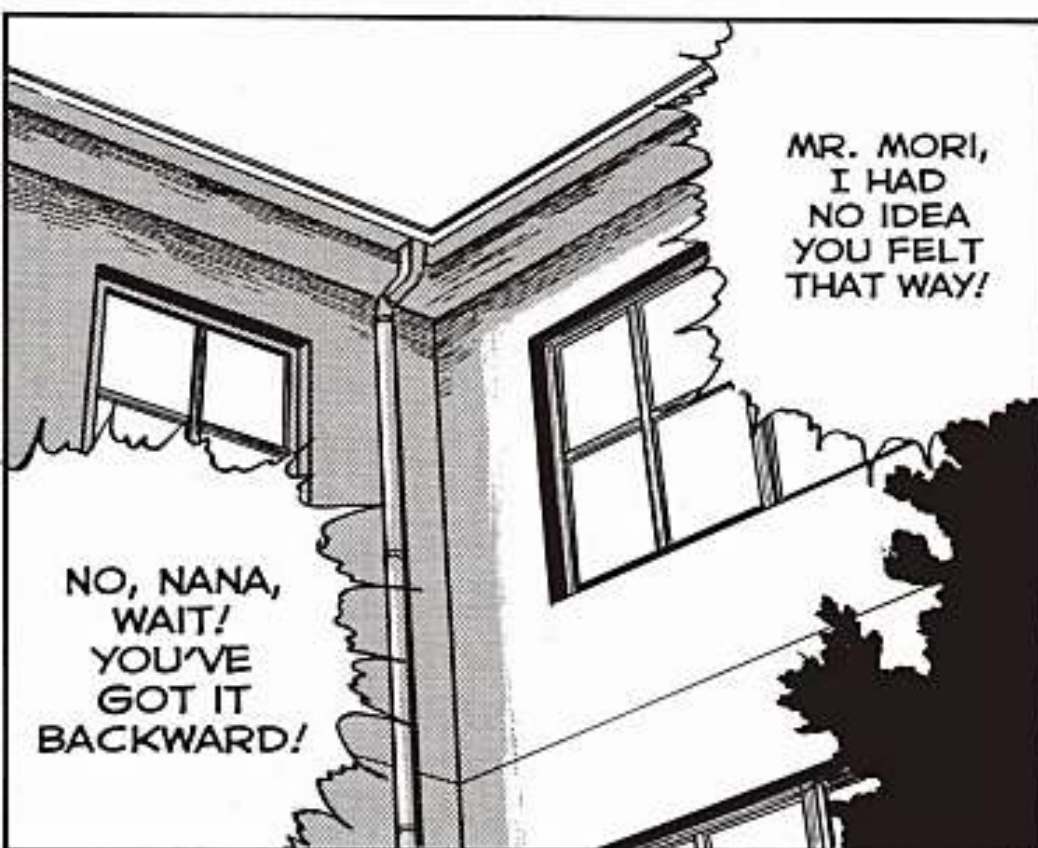
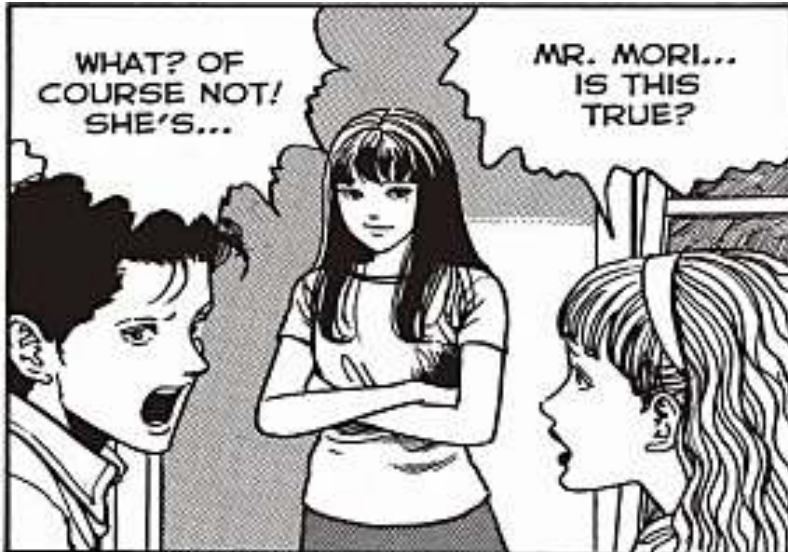


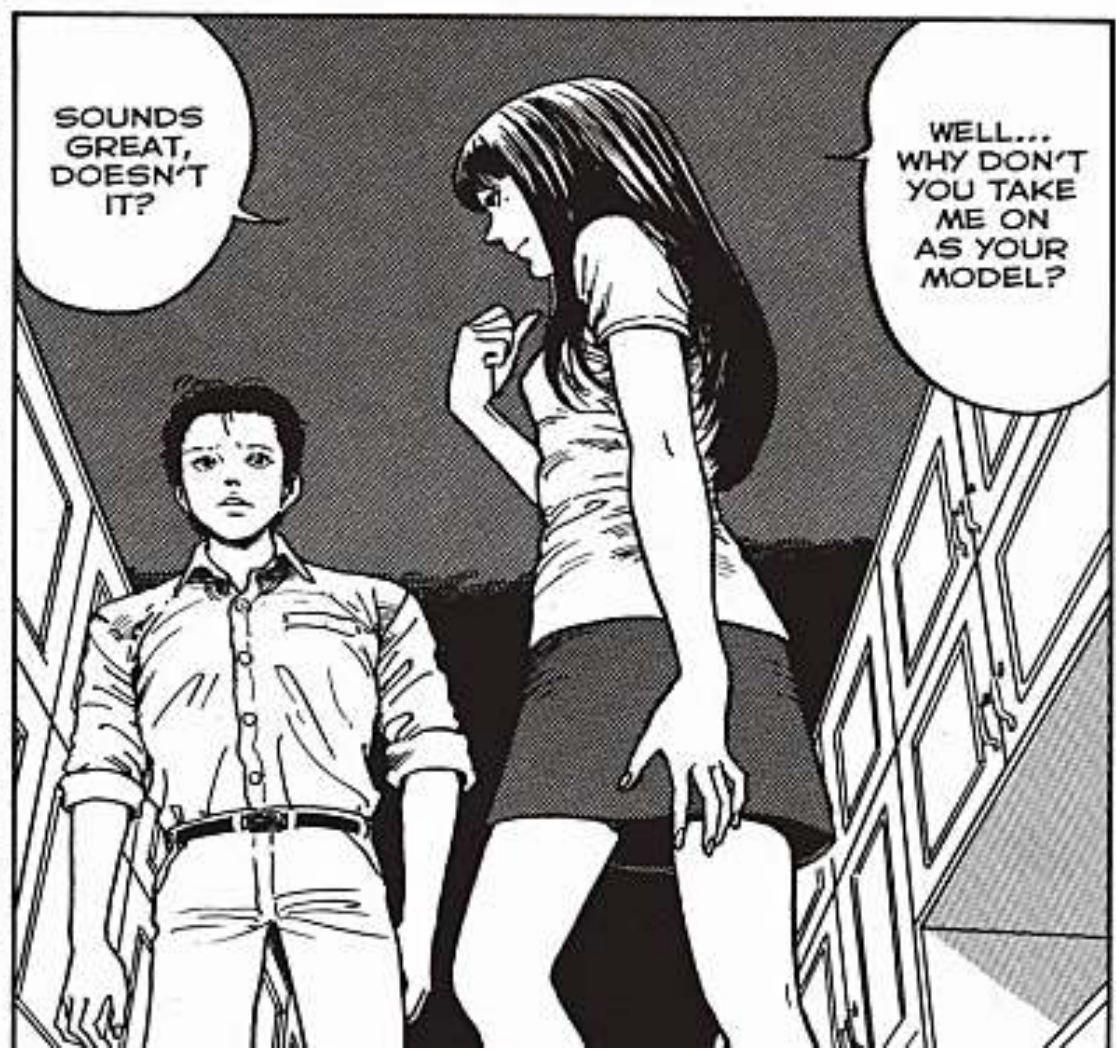


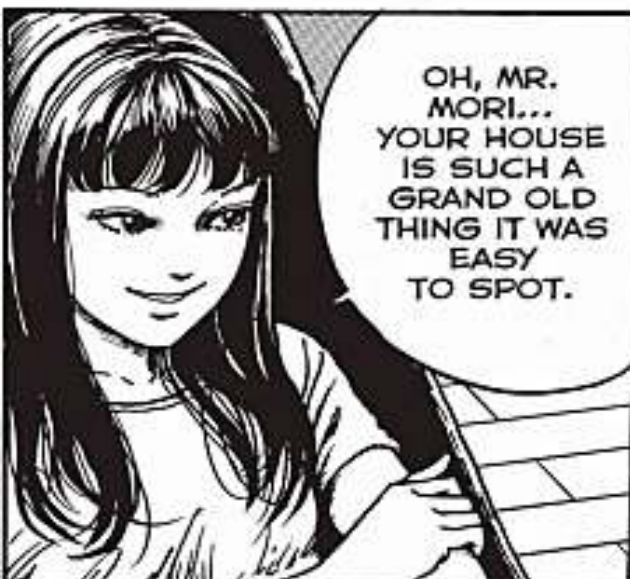















SEARCH TILL
YOU DROP
OR SIT HERE
AND WAIT FOR
HER—EITHER
WAY, YOU'LL
BE WASTING
YOUR TIME.

DO YOU
REALLY
THINK YOU'LL
STUMBLE ON
ANOTHER
GIRL AS
BEAUTIFUL
AS I?




I WONDER
IF YOU
CAN
CAPTURE
MY BEAUTY
ON
CANVAS.

LIKEWISE
WITH THE
PAINTINGS.
YOU ARE A
TALENTED
ARTIST,
AND YET...



YOU
CERTAINLY
ARE
CONFI-
DENT.




THAT'S OUR
DUTY, ISN'T IT?
TO LEAVE OUR
MARK BEFORE
WE DIE?
SURELY THOSE
BLESSED WITH
BEAUTY SUCH
AS MINE HAVE A
RESPONSIBILITY
TO RECORD IT
BEFORE IT
SLIPS AWAY
FOREVER.

CAN YOU
PRESERVE
MY BEAUTY IN
OIL? LEAVE A
RECORD OF MY
PASSING, TO
BE ADMIRIED BY
GENERATIONS
TO COME?

MANY ARTISTS
HAVE PURSUED
IT, BUT AS YET
IT REMAINS
ELUSIVE.



I
WONDER
HOW
YOU'LL
FARE.



THAT'S...
NOT AN
OPTION. I
FIND SNAP-
SHOTS
DON'T
DO ME
JUSTICE.

A
PHOTO-
GRAPH?



CAN'T
GET A
MUCH
BETTER
RECORD
THAN
THAT.

SO WHY
NOT TAKE
A PHOTO?
SIMPLE
ENOUGH.



I THINK
IT'S TIME
TO DROP
THE
SUBJECT.

...



NOT
PHOTO-
GENIC,
EH?

HUH
...



I DO
THIS
ALL THE
TIME.

SINCE YOU ASK
SO NICELY, I
BELIEVE MY BRUSH
IS SUFFICIENT TO
PRESERVE YOUR
ETERNAL BEAUTY.

YOU'RE VERY
DIRECT. SO,
LET ME LAY
IT TO YOU
STRAIGHT.



THE
FIRST POR-
TRAIT I
FINISHED
IN A
WEEK.



WELL,
THAT
SEEMS
LIKE
ABOUT
IT.

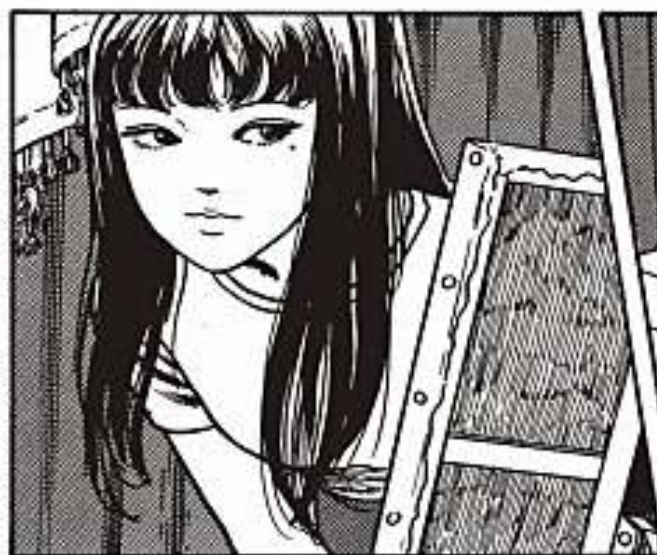


HMM...



IF I WAS
COCKY, I HAD
REASON TO
BE. I KNEW
MY TALENT.
I KNEW IT'S
WHAT HAD
BROUGHT ME
MY WEALTH AND
MY FAME.

SURE, SHE WAS
BEAUTIFUL —
EXCEPTIONALLY SO.
STILL, I THOUGHT
I KNEW WHAT I
WAS UP AGAINST.
ALL I HAD TO DO
WAS TRACK DOWN
HER CHARM — AND
CAPTURE IT.



YOU MEAN
YOU'RE
FINISHED?
LET ME
SEE.



OH NO, MR.
MORI, YOU
MUST BE
JOKING.

HEE...

I DON'T
WANT TO
TOOT
MY OWN
HORN,
BUT IT'S
MARVEL-
LOUS.







BUT IT WAS
OVER. SHE
NO LONGER
GAVE
ME THAT
SPARK SHE
USED TO.

IT WASN'T
LONG
BEFORE
I LURED
BACK NANA
HORIE, AND
RESUMED
WORK ON MY
OLD "NANA"
SERIES.

MR.
MORI?
WHAT'S
WRONG?



YOU'RE
INSULT-
ING
ME!!

MY
GOD!

M-MR.
MORI!!

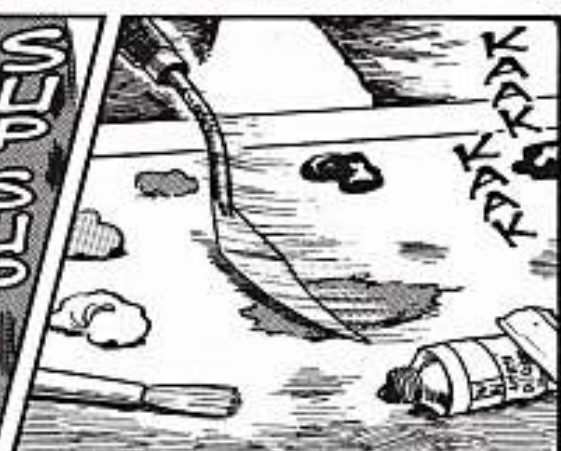
OH, I
GIVE UP!
THIS IS
JUST
STUPID!

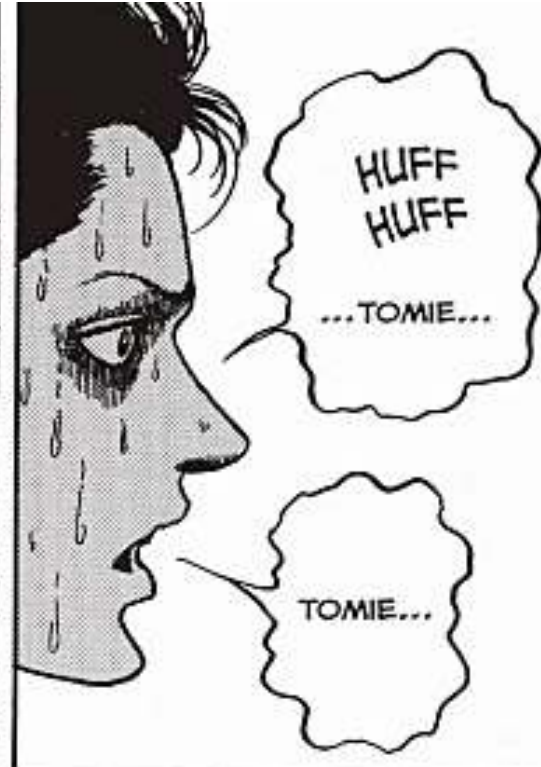
OH, SHUT IT, WILL
YOU? I CAN'T STAND
LOOKING AT A
DIMWIT LIKE YOU ANY
LONGER. GET OUT
OF HERE!

TELL ME,
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?
PLEASE
EXPLAIN!

W-WHAT?!
THAT'S...
TERRIBLE!


HUFF
HUFF








WELL, YOU TAKE GOOD CARE. I LIKE SEEING GUYS LIKE YOU DO WELL. AREN'T TOO MANY SUCCESSFUL ART SCHOOL GRADUATES OUT THERE.



NO...BUT YOU'RE NOT FAR OFF.

YOU SICK? WHAT'S THE DEAL THERE?

OH, BY THE BY, PEOPLE ARE SAYIN' YOUR NEXT SHOW HAS BEEN POSTPONED.



IWATA? WHAT, THE SCULPTOR? TADAO IWATA, WAS IT?


HEY, SPEAKING OF CAPS AND GOWNS—WHAT ABOUT IWATA? YOU HEAR THE BUZZ ABOUT HIM LATELY?




DIDN'T HE USED TO FIXATE ON ORDINARY PEOPLE? NEVER SEEMED LIKE THE GUY WOULD GO ALL TRENDY...

HMPH... DOES HE REALLY.

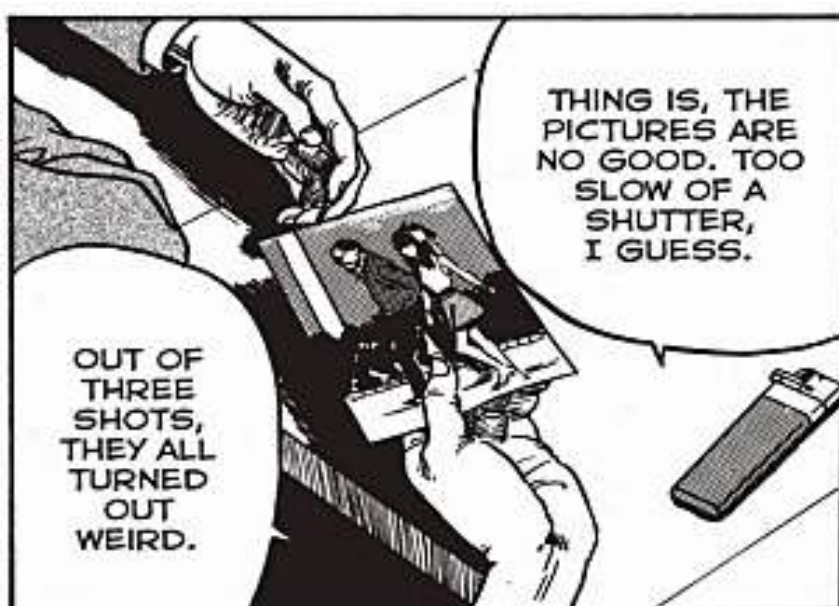
YEAH...HE'S BEEN BUSY AS HELL. HE'S GOT THIS WHOLE NEW LINEUP COMING. DAMN, THE TITLE...? IT'S THE MODEL'S NAME...



AH WELL, WHATEVER. ANYWAY, THE POINT IS, HE'S GOT AN EXCELLENT MODEL.



LIKE I SAID, IT'S HIS MODEL. SHE PROBABLY SHOWED HIM THE LIGHT. HELL, WITH A FIGURE LIKE THAT IN MY STUDIO, EVEN MY STILL LIFE WOULD GET ANIMATED.



THING IS, THE
PICTURES ARE
NO GOOD. TOO
SLOW OF A
SHUTTER,
I GUESS.

OUT OF
THREE
SHOTS,
THEY ALL
TURNED
OUT
WEIRD.



...I WENT ALL
PAPARAZZI
ON 'EM...SEE,
CHECK THIS
OUT.

THE
OTHER
DAY, I
GOT SO
JEAL-
OUS...



STILL.
PRETTY,
AIN'T
SHE?



ALL
BLURRED
AND
BIZARRE.



OH, YOU KNOW
HER, HUH?
YEAH, THAT'S
IT. TOMIE.
THAT'S WHAT
HE CALLS THE
SERIES, TOO.

TOMIE!
HER NAME
IS TOMIE!

THE WAY
THIS "TOMIE"
THING IS
SELLING, I
GUESS HE
DOESN'T
HAVE A LEG
TO STAND ON
ANYMORE. SO
MUCH FOR
SCRUPLES.

SO ANYWAY,
IWATA'S
ROCKETED
UP TO FIRST
CLASS
NOW. HE'S
THE MAN IN
DEMAND. AND
HE ALWAYS
CALLED YOU
COMMERCIAL...

...THEN WHAT
CHANCE
WOULD A
MAN LIKE
HIM HAVE? IT
CAN'T BE...

NO, THAT'S
ABSURD. IF I
COULDN'T CAPTURE
HER BEAUTY, IF I
COULDN'T SATISFY
HER DESIRES...

AND NOW
HE'S THE
STAR
OF THE
MOMENT.
I WONDER.
COULD HE...

SO SHE
LEFT ME
AND WENT
STRAIGHT
TO IWATA.

COULD
HE HAVE
SUCCEEDED
WHERE I
FAILED?

OH, DAMN HIS
ASS. I GUESS I'D
BETTER GO CHECK.
IT'S MY DUTY...AS
AN ARTIST. DID YOU
SUCCEED, IWATA?
DID YOU GET HER
DOWN?

ACTUALLY...
YEAH. I
WOULDN'T
PUT IT PAST
HIM...IF
IT WOULD
DEGRADE ME,
HE'D SEND
HER...

HE SENT HER.
YEAH...HE HAD
HER APPROACH
ME. HAD ME
PAINT HER,
FIXATE ON HER.
THEN SHE'D
INSULT ME
AND BREAK MY
SPIRIT.

HANG ON...
HERE'S A
THOUGHT.

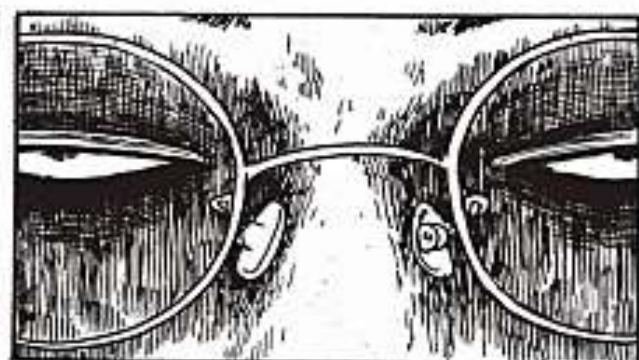
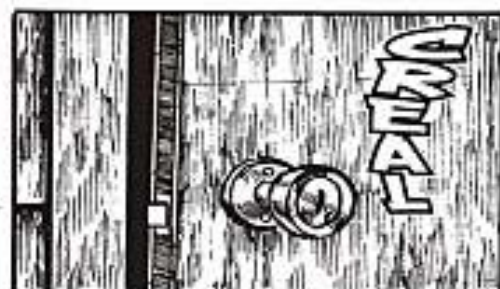
HE ALWAYS
WAS
JEALOUS
OF MY
SUCCESS.

NO TIME
LIKE THE
PRESENT.

COULD THAT
BE...? I
MEAN, A PLOT
OF THAT
SCALE, IS IT
CONCEIVABLE?
IWATA...

HEY!
IWATA!
GET OUT
HERE!

I-
WATA



"TOMIE"
IS MINE.

OH, THE "TOMIE"
SERIES, YOU MEAN.
I...DECIDED THEY
ARE NO LONGER
FOR PUBLIC
VIEWING. THEY'RE
NOT FOR SHOW,
AND NOT
FOR SALE.

IT'S JUST, YOU
KNOW, IWATA, I'VE
HEARD TALES OF THE
SCULPTURES YOU'VE
BEEN PUTTING OUT
LATELY. I'D REALLY
LIKE TO TAKE A
LOOK.

AH...HA...
NO...HA HA...
NOTHING SO
SERIOUS.

IF YOU'RE
JUST HERE
TO FALSELY
ACCUSE ME,
THEN GO
AWAY.

WHAT
ARE
YOU
TALK-
ING
ABOUT
?

THAT'S...STRANGE.
I THOUGHT THE
WHOLE IDEA
BEHIND THE LINE
WAS TO SELL OUT,
FOR FAME AND
FORTUNE.

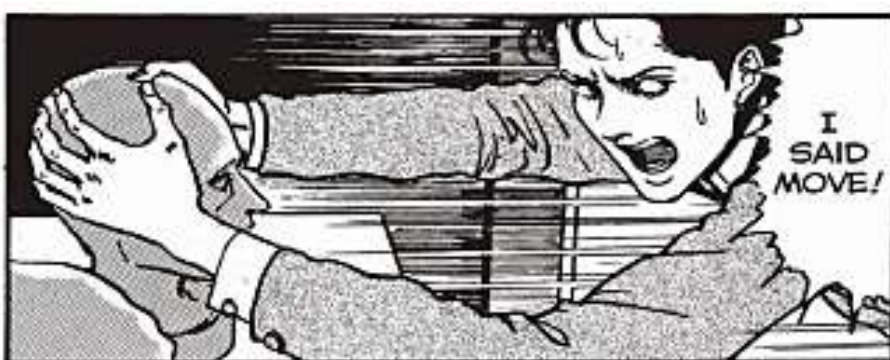
THAT'S
WHY YOU
GOT ME
IN THIS
PICKLE.

NOT
SELLING?
YOU
REALLY...?

LET'S SEE
HOW YOU DID
WITH TOMIE.
YOU GET HER
BEAUTY DOWN
COLD? YOU
GET IT ALL?

I'M NOT
LEAVING TILL
I SEE THEM!
I'LL FORCE
MY WAY IN IF
I HAVE TO!

WHOOPS,
NOT SO
FAST!
YOU'RE
NOT RID
OF ME
YET.







THEN HE
WENT AND
BROKE
THEM ALL!!
WAAHH...
WHAT DO
I DO WITH
MYSELF
NOW?

MR. IWATA
MADE SO MANY
SCULPTURES OF
ME! THEY WERE
SO PERFECT!!
I THOUGHT AT
LAST MY BEAUTY
WOULD BE
ETERNAL...

DON'T BE
SAD...I'LL
MAKE YOUR
WISH COME
TRUE. LET
ME PAINT YOU
AGAIN. THIS
TIME, I'LL BE
SURE TO GET
IT RIGHT...

TOMIE
...

I'M
SO, SO
HAPPY...

AHH...
MR.
MORI!!

OF
COURSE
I DO!

REALLY?
MR.
MORI...
YOU
MEAN IT?



THIS IS
HOW TOMIE
CAME
BACK
TO ME.

THE JOY I
FELT THEN...
THE ELATION...
JUST THE
MEMORY OF
IT MAKES ME
SHIVER.



THAT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME.

YOU KNOW WHAT, MR. MORI ...?

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL.

TOMIE ...

WHY ARE YOU SO BEAUTIFUL?

THAT A MAN HAS TRIED TO KILL ME.

WHA... WHAT WASN'T THE FIRST WHAT?

WHAT WASN'T ...?

TAK

THEY ALL WANT TO DO IT, AND THEY ALL WANT TO CARVE ME INTO LITTLE PIECES.

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS. WHENEVER A MAN FALLS FOR ME, HE LASHES OUT AND TRIES TO TAKE MY LIFE.

THAT'S IT!

STRANGE, ISN'T IT?



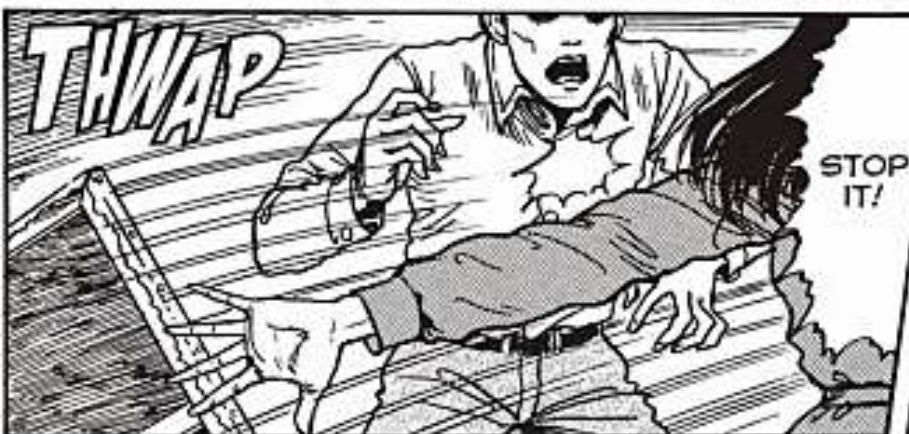
BUT WHY?
IT'S
SUCH A
BEAUTIFUL
PORTRAIT

W-
WHAT?!

WHAT
IS
THIS?

IT'S HORRIBLE!
IT'S THE
WORST! YOU'RE
THE WORST
PAINTER IN THE
WORLD!!

WHAT IS
THAT?!



DON'T YOU MOCK
ME! ARE YOU
CALLING ME A
MONSTER?!



NO, THAT'S
NOT...HERE.
PLEASE,
LOOK MORE
CLOSELY.

TOMIE!!
WHAT'S...
SO...
FUNNY...
TOMIE?!

HA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!

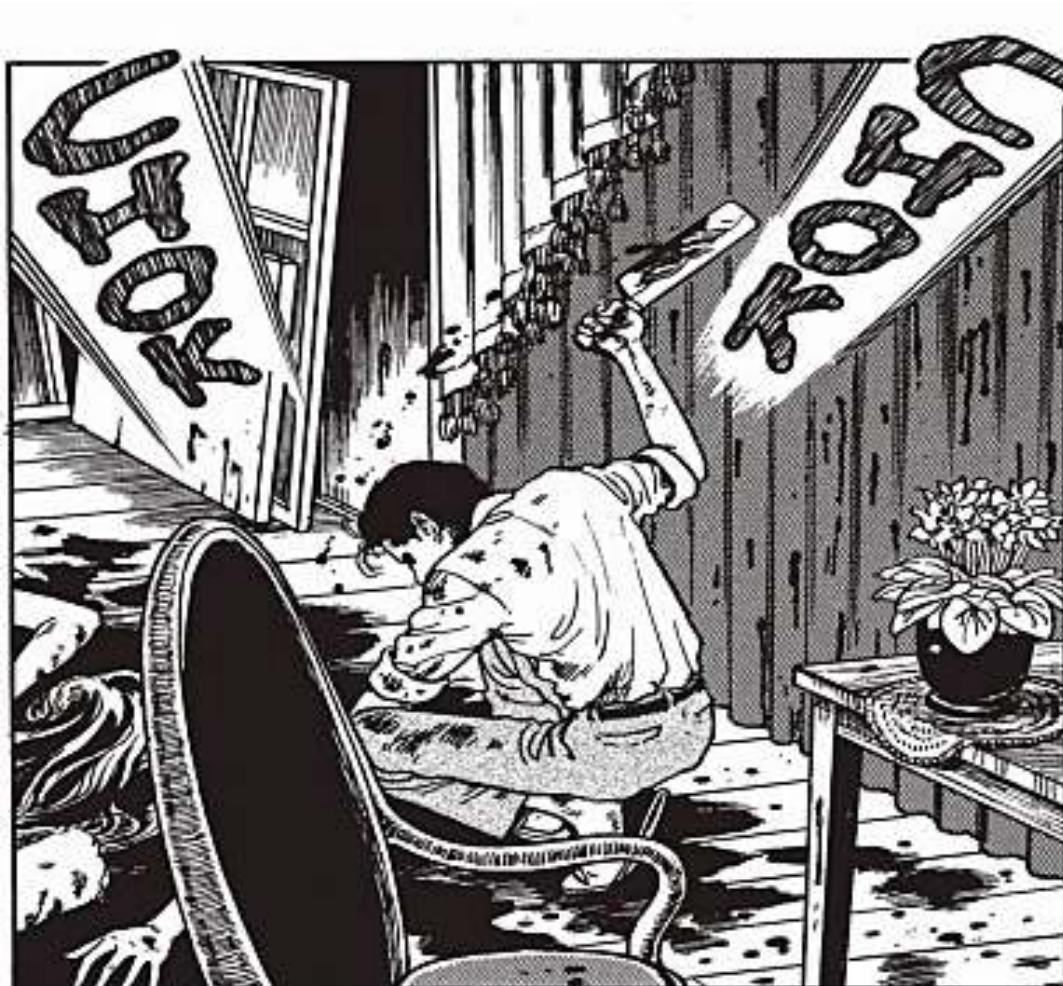
BUT
WHY?
TELL ME,
WHAT'S
SO
WRONG
WITH IT?

HMH...
HEH
HEH...

HA...
HURK...
GCCCK...

AH
HA
HA
HA!

WHY ARE
YOU
LAUGH-
ING?



AND
THAT'S
HOW I
CAME TO
KILL HER.

WHAT DID I
DO TO HER
BODY? NOT
MUCH OF A
QUESTION,
IS IT...

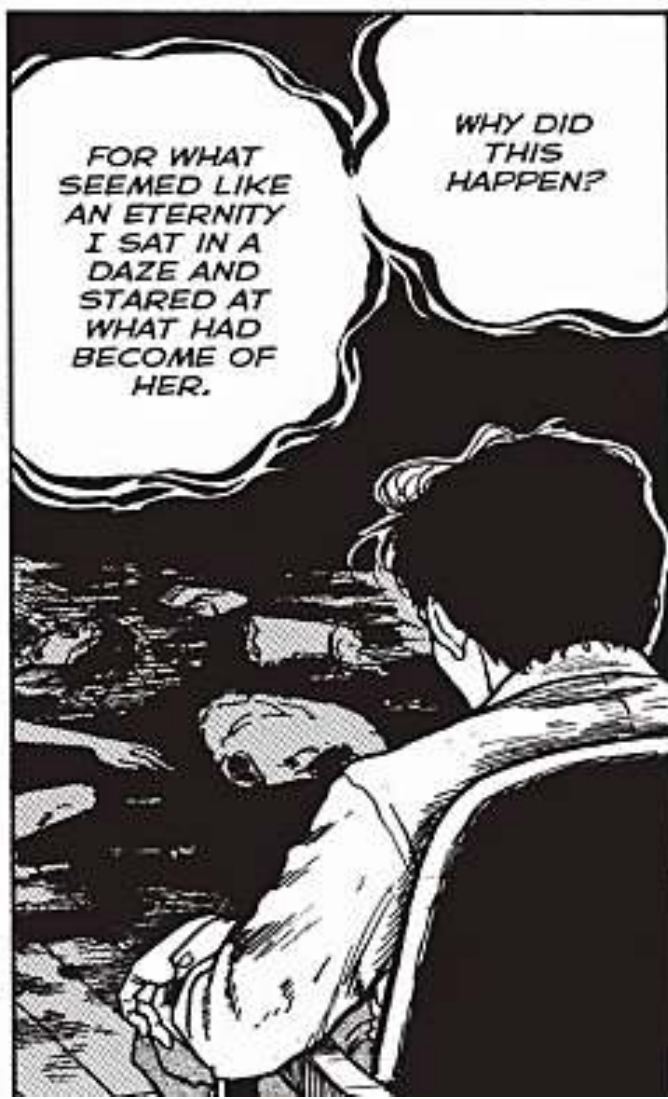


FOR WHAT
SEEMED LIKE
AN ETERNITY
I SAT IN A
DAZE AND
STARED AT
WHAT HAD
BECOME OF
HER.

WHY DID
THIS
HAPPEN?




THEN,
AFTER
MAYBE
FOUR
DAYS...



SLOPP SLIRK SLORP SHLURP SKWIP SLURGE





EVEN AS I SPEAK, HER
FLESH MULTIPLIES
BEFORE ME...HER
TISSUES ARE GROWING
BEFORE MY VERY EYES!
WHAT A CONSTITUTION!
WHAT A HORRIBLE
CONSTITUTION! EACH
PIECE, I HAVE NO
DOUBT, WILL GROW
INTO HER VERY IMAGE.

THEN—AHH,
PLEASE
LISTEN—
THEN EACH
PIECE OF HER
BODY...BEGAN
TO GROW...

I KNOW...I AM
GRATEFUL I WON'T SEE
THE END. WITH EVERY
PASSING DAY, I GROW
THINNER. I CAN NO
LONGER EVEN WALK.
ALL I CAN DO IS SIT...
AND WAIT...AND PRAY
FOR MY DEATH. AHH...
TOMIE...TOMIE...

PAINTER / END

AUTHOR COMMENTARY

PAINTER

I drew the *Tomie* series intermittently after her initial appearance, but then my editor Harada-san asked me if I wouldn't try focusing on it. "Painter" is the first chapter of that series. Tomie wants to record her beautiful form, but for some reason, she is shown as a horrible monster in photos. So she decides to have herself immortalized in painting and sculpture...is the idea. Given that this was the first chapter in a new series, I devoted myself to clearly expressing Tomie's characteristics. I remember working really hard to make her as beautiful as possible.

室に「画家」

その新しい色は

- ・ 若中画家。最近有名になりつつある。
個展をやる。友人がモデルになる。
絵はきれいなが、個性を表現するのには少し足りない。最近の流行に合わせたい。
- ・ 画家の世に友がいて、友人が感化されて、とある。友人は、
「お前、これとこれとを合わせると、もうモデルがうまい。」
友人の絵は、画家の絵と違って、少しだけ違う。
「お前、これとこれとを合わせると、もうモデルがうまい。」
友人の絵は、画家の絵と違って、少しだけ違う。
友人の絵は、画家の絵と違って、少しだけ違う。
- ・ 友人の絵は、画家の絵と違って、少しだけ違う。
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友人の絵は、画家の絵と違って、少しだけ違う。



西尾 光夫



阿部 若男

森 光夫
モデルナツ森の画家仲間
増田

[Left page]

Tomie: Painter

- A young painter. He's recently been getting recognition. → Novel use of color
Has an exhibit. His girlfriend is helping him.
Paintings are mostly of girls. At the exhibition, conversation turns to the sculptor S,
with people saying he's been pretty unimpressive lately.
- Then an extremely beautiful girl comes to take a look.
The painter walks over to her and asks, "What do you think of the work?"
"Right, it's really very good. ...But the model's a little..."
The painting is one the painter's girlfriend modeled for.
"That's her, isn't it?" She points at his girlfriend. "She might have a pretty face, but
if you look closely, you can see the shape of her nose is a little strange. Hee hee hee."
Hearing this, the girlfriend stands stock still, mute with rage.
- That evening, the painter paints the girlfriend to appease her.
He can't get the beautiful girl from that day out of his head.
- And then, at that moment, the girl herself visits his studio.
- A quarrel.
- The girlfriend leaves.

[Right page]

Painter: Mitsuo Mori

Sculptor: Iwata

Mori's girlfriend/model

Mori's colleague

Nana Horie

Masuda

Eyes are far apart.

"A face that's less ennui
and more idiot, hm?"

BUT I'M
GOING
TO DIE
SOON.

AAH, I
DON'T
WANT
TO DIE.

I
DON'T
WANT
TO DIE.

I WON'T...
EXIST
ANY-
MORE...

I'M
GOING TO
DIE SOON
AND BE
NOTHING.

AAAAAAH...
AAAAAAH...
AAAAAAH...

I'M SO
SCARED
!

I'M
SCARED.
I'M SO
SCARED.

AAH...



Whoooo
!TAAAAA

THE LONG DREAM
なが 長い ゆめ 夢





SO YOU HAVE TO HAVE HOPE AND KEEP FIGHTING.

MAMI, WE'RE FIGHTING THIS ILLNESS OF YOURS WITH EVERYTHING WE HAVE.



I DON'T WANT TO BECOME NOTHING!

DOCTOR KURODA!! I DON'T WANT TO DIE!! PLEASE HELP ME!



HE'S A PATIENT HOSPITALIZED IN ANOTHER WARD.

NO, THAT WASN'T— HE'S NOT THE GOD OF DEATH.



I MEAN, THE GOD OF DEATH SHOWED UP LAST NIGHT!

I CAN'T!! I'M GOING TO DIE!

THAT WASN'T A
HUMAN FACE.
THAT WAS
THE FACE OF
SOMEONE WHO
LIVES BEYOND
THE BLACK
DARKNESS! IT
WAS TERRIFYING!

THAT'S A
LIE! AS IF
SOMEONE
LIKE THAT
COULD EXIST
IN THIS
WORLD!

THE FACT
THAT SHE
APPREHENDS
HER OWN ILL-
NESS AND
HER FEAR
OF DEATH IS
TWICE THAT
OF A NOR-
MAL PERSON
IS THE WORK
OF THAT
SENSITIVITY,
NO DOUBT.

YES.

SHE'S A
SENSITIVE
GIRL.

SOME-
ONE WHO
LIVES
BEYOND
THE
DARK-
NESS...



MM.
IT'S
ABOUT
TIME
FOR HIM
TO BE
WAKING
UP.

LET'S
GO
TAKE
A
LOOK.

HOW
WAS THE
PATIENT
AFTER
THAT,
DOCTOR
KURODA
?

BUT HE'S
BEGUN
PROWLING
AROUND THE
HOSPITAL
AT NIGHT,
WHICH IS A
PROBLEM.
MOST LIKELY,
HE'S AFRAID
TO SLEEP.

WELL,
THEN, I'LL
EXPLAIN ON
THE WAY TO
HIS ROOM.

THAT'S
RIGHT,
YOU'VE
ONLY JUST
STARTED
HERE.

IF YOU
DON'T MIND,
COULD YOU
SHARE THE
DETAILS
WITH ME?
I'M VERY
CURIOUS.

INCIDENTALLY,
DOCTOR
KURODA, I
STILL DON'T
REALLY KNOW
MUCH ABOUT
THIS PATIENT.

THESE
PECULIAR
DREAMS
HE'S
HAVING
AND ALL
THAT.

HE CAME
TO THIS
HOSPITAL
ABOUT
TWO
MONTHS
AGO.

HIS
NAME IS
TETSURO
MUKODA.

HE SAID
HE WAS
TROUBLED
BY LONG
DREAMS.

...ONE NIGHT'S DREAM WOULD FEEL LIKE TWO OR THREE DAYS.

IN THE BEGINNING—THIS WAS ABOUT A MONTH AGO...

HOW LONG DO THEY FEEL, EXACTLY?

OH, LONG DREAMS ...

NO. IT FELT LONG IN THE DREAM.

VERY CLEARLY.

I SEE.

SO YOU MEAN IT FELT LONG ONCE YOU WOKE UP?

AND THAT WOULD BE FINE IF THEY WERE ALL GOOD DREAMS, BUT MANY ARE NIGHTMARES.

THEY GET MORE AND MORE UNPLEASANT AND UGLY.

BUT THE DREAMS GRADUALLY GOT LONGER WITH EACH PASSING DAY.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL IN MY HEAD.

THE DREAM LAST NIGHT WAS BASICALLY A YEAR LONG.

ABOUT HOW LONG ARE THEY NOW?

HMM. AND SO...

DOCTOR, IT'S TRUE.

A YEAR...

I SEE.

I JUST BARELY MANAGED NOT TO BURST OUT LAUGHING.

I THOUGHT HE WAS LYING. OR THAT IF HE WASN'T, HE WAS CONVINCED HE WAS HAVING THESE LONG DREAMS DUE TO SOME KIND OF PSYCHOLOGICAL ISSUE.

BECAUSE TO ME, YESTERDAY WAS LAST YEAR.

AS IT IS NOW, MY MEMORIES OF THE DAY BEFORE ARE HAZY, AND IT'S STARTING TO INTERFERE WITH MY LIFE.

THE IDEA THAT A YEAR'S WORTH OF TIME COULD EXIST IN A SINGLE NIGHT'S DREAM WAS RIDICULOUS.

MM-HMM.



AT ANY RATE,
I DECIDED
TO HAVE HIM
ADMITTED SO WE
COULD TAKE A
LOOK AT HOW
HE SLEPT.



SO
THAT
NIGHT
...



BUT IT
DIDN'T
END IN
JUST THAT
MOMENT.

TREMORS
OVER HIS
ENTIRE
BODY AND
VIOLENT EYE
MOVEMENT.

HIS BRAIN
WAVES AT
THAT TIME
INDICATED
THE VERY
DEEPEST
STAGE OF
SLEEP.



UNH...

MUKO-
DA!!

I
IMMEDIATELY
WOKE HIM.



WERE
YOU
DREAM-
ING
JUST
NOW?!

MUKO-
DA!

MUKODA!!
WAKE UP!



...


YOU'RE
IN THE
HOSPITAL.

YOU WERE
ADMITTED
YESTERDAY.

ADMIT-
TED?

...WHERE
AM I?






IT WAS A
TERRIFYING
DREAM. AND
A YEAR AND
A HALF OR
SO PASSED.

YES.
I WAS DREAM-
ING.


RIGHT. I
REMEMBER.
I WAS
ADMITTED
TO THE
HOSPITAL.



I
INSTINCTIVELY
FELT HE
WASN'T LYING.
HE PROBABLY
REALLY WAS
HAVING LONG
DREAMS.

AT THAT
TIME,
SOME-
THING
COLD RAN
UP MY
SPINE.

...




THAT MOMENT
FEELS TO HIM LIKE
HOWEVER MANY
MONTHS OF TIME.
IN OTHER WORDS,
HE HALLUCINATES
A LONG DREAM.

HE
APPARENTLY
HAS THE
DREAMS
IN THAT
INSTANT.

THERE'S
A MOMENT
WHILE HE IS
DEEPLY ASLEEP
WHEN HIS
ENTIRE BODY
CONVULSES.

I OBSERVED
HIM MULTIPLE
TIMES AFTER
THAT, AND I
CAME TO A
SINGLE CON-
CLUSION.




BUT FOR THE MOMENT, I NEED YOU TO BE PATIENT.

MM. I'M RESEARCHING METHODS OF TREATMENT.




MY DREAMS ARE GRADUALLY GETTING LONGER.

DOCTOR, THE DREAM LAST NIGHT WAS TEN YEARS LONG.



BUT I DON'T KNOW THE REASON WHY HE'S HAVING THEM.

DOCTOR. WHEN WILL YOU CURE ME OF THIS ILLNESS?




HOW CONFUSING.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW REAL THEY ARE.


AND HOW TERRIFYING.

HOW LONELY.



IT'S ALL AN ILLUSION. SO THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO BE AFRAID OF THE LENGTH OF THE DREAMS.

LISTEN TO ME, MUKODA. IT'S AN ILLUSION THAT YOU FEEL THE DREAMS ARE LONG. IT'S REALLY JUST AN INSTANT.



YOU CAN SAY THAT BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN MY DREAMS, DOCTOR.



THE DAY
BEFORE
YESTERDAY,
I WAS IN
EXAM HELL.

NINE YEARS
OF ALL-
NIGHTERS
AND MOCK
EXAMS.



THOSE
TEN
YEARS
WERE
SO
LONG.

INCIDENTALLY,
LAST NIGHT,
I DREAMED I
WAS A SOLDIER
FLEEING FROM
ENEMY EYES
AND HIDING IN
THE JUNGLE.



CAN
YOU JUST
HOLD ON
A LITTLE
LONGER?

AND I'M TELLING
YOU, THOSE ARE
ALL ILLUSIONS.
WE'RE WORKING
HARD TO FIND
OUT THE CAUSE.



THEN
THERE WAS
THE PAIN OF
THE
DREAM
WHERE
I WAS
LOOKING
FOR A
RESTROOM
FOR EIGHT
YEARS.



IF THAT
HAPPENS,
I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
I'LL DO!

...




I UNDERSTAND.
BUT PLEASE
DO SOMETHING
SOON.
OTHERWISE, MY
DREAMS MIGHT
GET AS LONG
AS ONE OR
TWO HUNDRED
YEARS.



EVEN WE COULD
SEE IT JUST
LOOKING AT
HIM.

FOR
INSTANCE
...

AS
EXPECTED,
HIS DREAMS
GREW
LONGER AT AN
ACCELERATED
PACE.



LIKE THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
SOMEONE FROM A
HUNDRED YEARS
AGO AND A
PERSON TODAY.

AND AROUND THE TIME
A MONTH HAD PASSED,
EACH TIME HE WOKE
UP HE SPOKE WITH A
DIFFERENT INTONATION
THAN THE DAY BEFORE.



IT WAS
ALMOST LIKE
THERE WAS
A GULF OF
50 YEARS
BETWEEN HIS
YESTERDAY
AND TODAY.

ABOUT 20 DAYS
AFTER HE WAS
ADMITTED, HE
STARTED HAVING VERY
SERIOUS TROUBLE
REMEMBERING THE
EVENTS OF THE
PREVIOUS DAY.




IT WAS AS
THOUGH HIS
THOUGHTS
WERE LOST IN
A DIFFERENT
SPACE-TIME
FROM THE
UNIVERSE WE
LIVE IN.

HIS BRAIN... IT
APPEARED THAT
EXACTLY THAT
MUCH TIME HAD
PASSED.









AH!! YOU'RE THE MAN WHO
TRIED TO TEAR US APART THAT
TIME, AREN'T YOU?!



SEVERAL
THOUSAND
YEARS AGO,
WE MET IN HER
HOSPITAL ROOM,
AND OUR LOVE
BLOSSOMED!!

RIGHT!!
THIS IS THE
HOSPITAL
WHERE I
FIRST MET
MAMI!!



WHERE DID
YOU HIDE
MAMI?!



MAMI!



MAMI!!
WHERE
ARE YOU
?!

HE HAD A
DREAM ABOUT
HER. AND
THEY WERE
MARRIED
IN IT!!

IT'S
BECAUSE HE
SAW HER IN
HER ROOM
LAST NIGHT.

WE HAVE
TO STOP
HIM!!

NO!! HE'S
GOING TO
MAMI'S
ROOM!

MAMI
!!

MAMI
!!

AND THEIR
MARRIED
LIFE
LASTED
SEVERAL
THOUSAND
YEARS!!

HE CAN
NO LONGER
TELL THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN
DREAM AND
REALITY!

I DON'T
WANT
TO...

MAMI,
LUNCH.

YOU
HAVE
TO EAT.

MAMI
TAKESHIMA

MAMI!!!!!! MAMI!!!!!!



I CAN'T
BELIEVE
I'M
GOING
TO DIE
!!



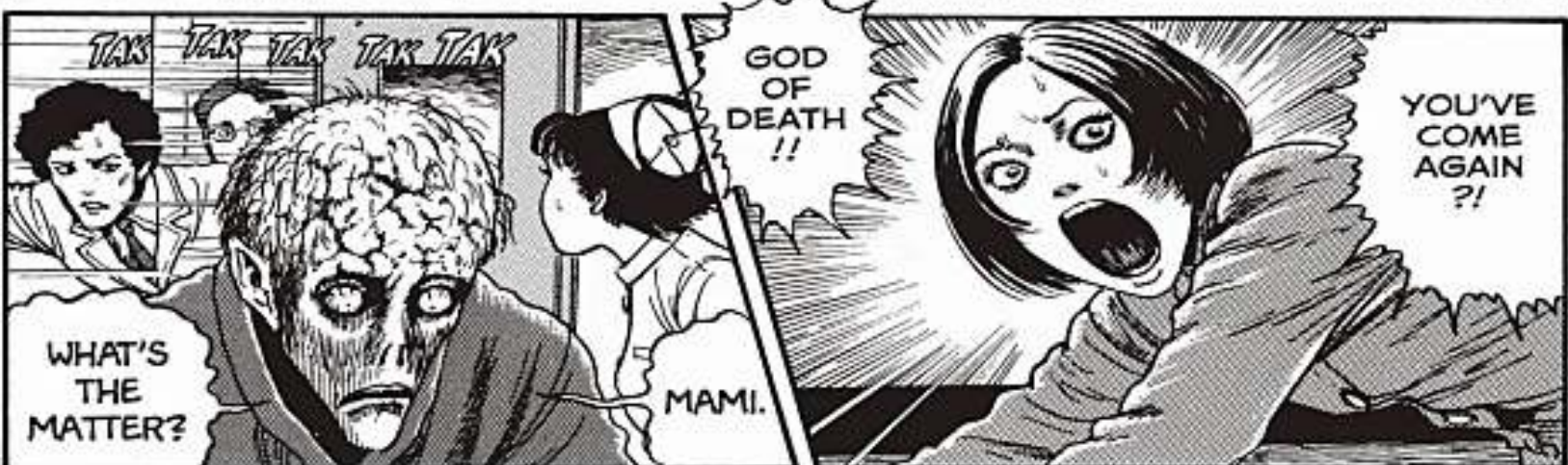
AAAH!



MAMI



NOOOOOOOO!





ALL THOSE
DELIGHTFUL
YEARS I
SPENT WITH
MAMI WERE
A DREAM.

SO IT
WAS A
DREAM.

I SEE.



... MAMI
CALLS ME
THE GOD OF
DEATH.

CURRENTLY,
NOT ONLY
IS SHE NOT
MY WIFE...



... WHAT
WILL I
HAVE
BECOME?

THE
MORNING
AFTER I
HAVE A
DREAM
THAT
NEVER
ENDS...

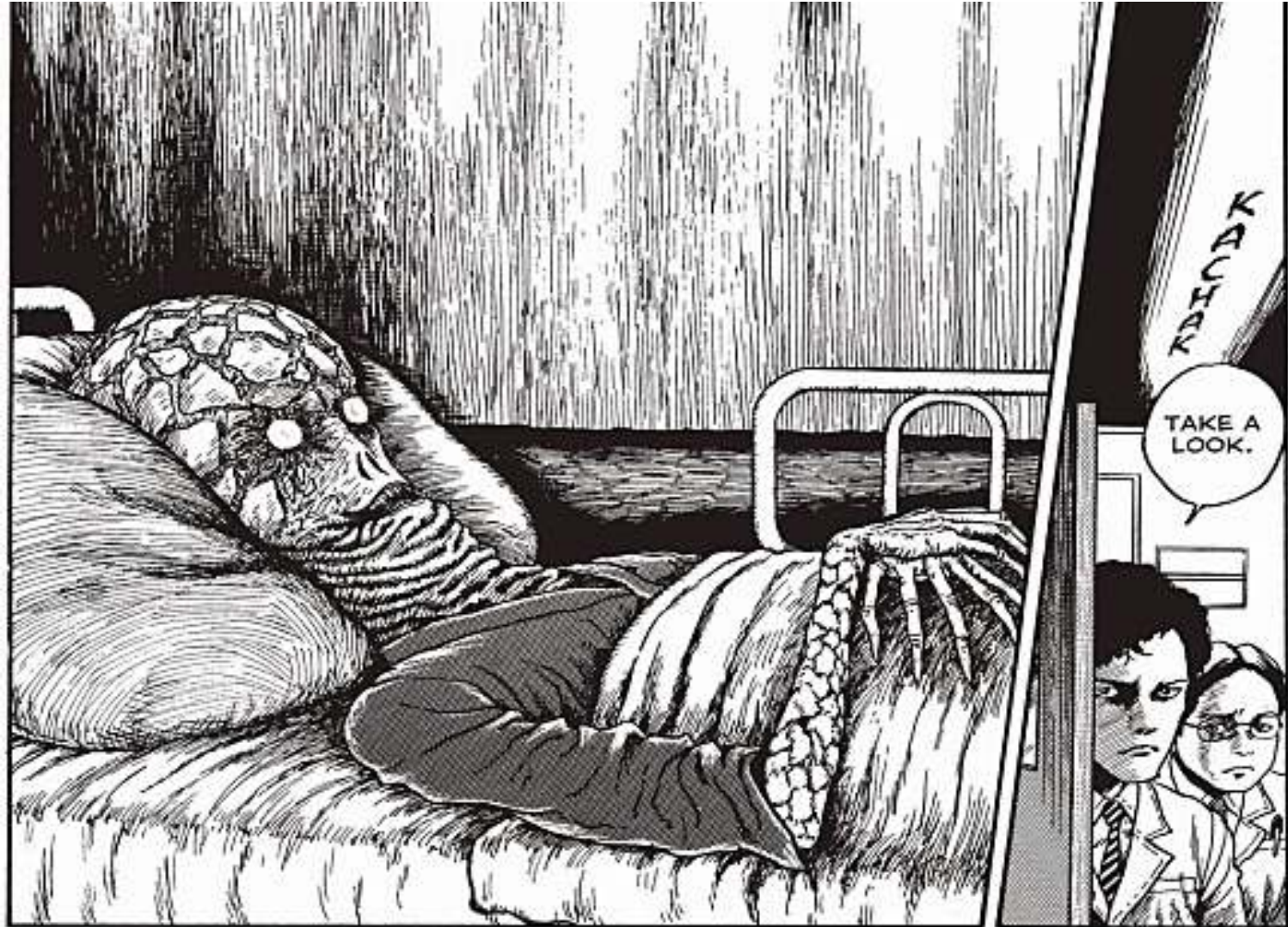
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN TO
ME WHEN
I HAVE AN
ETERNAL
DREAM?

WHAT
IF...

I'M SCARED.
THE DREAMS
JUST KEEP
GETTING
LONGER.

I WORRY
THAT SOON
THEY'LL
NEVER END.





IF HE'D HAD AN ETERNAL DREAM, WHAT ON EARTH WOULD HE BE LIKE WHEN HE WOKE THE NEXT MORNING? WOULD HE EVEN WAKE UP?

THAT NIGHT, I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK AS I WAITED FOR DAWN.

I INSTINCTIVELY FELT THAT THIS WAS THE MOMENT WHEN HE HAD THE ETERNAL DREAM.

ONE NIGHT, I RECORDED THE MAXIMUM LEVEL OF TREMORS AND EYE MOVEMENT IN TETSURO MUKODA.

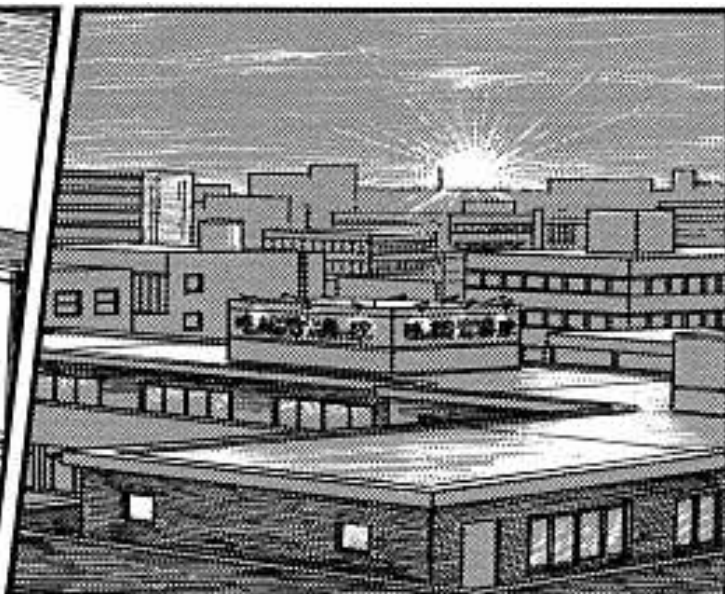
HIS DREAMS TOOK PLACE IN AN INSTANT. DID THAT MEAN THAT AN ETERNITY OF TIME EXISTED IN THAT MOMENT?

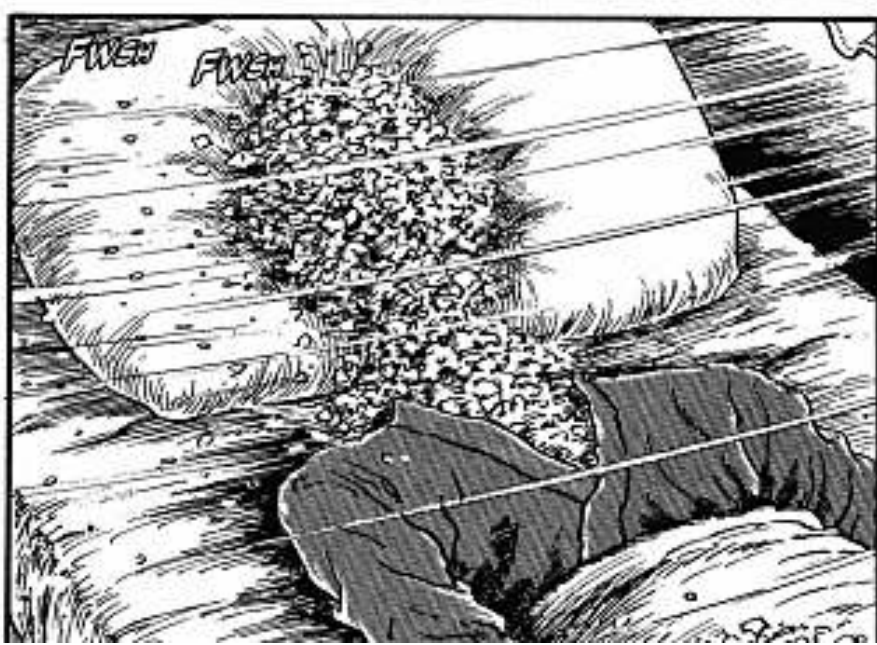
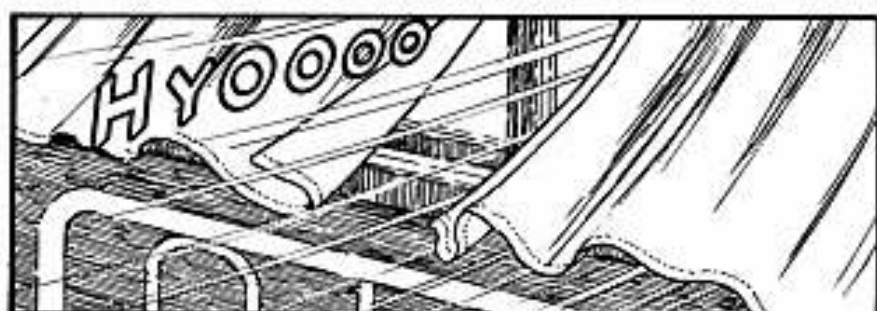
AND TO BEGIN WITH, WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO HAVE AN ETERNAL DREAM?

HIS FIGURE WAS UTTERLY TRANSFORMED.

BUT...

OR PERHAPS IT WAS INDEED NOTHING MORE THAN HIS DELUSION.





...AND
PERHAPS HIS
CONSCIOUSNESS
SET OUT ON A
JOURNEY TOWARD
THE ETERNAL
DREAM.

HE LEFT
BEHIND A
WEATHERED
SHELL...

...STARED
AT THIS
MATERIAL,
THINKING
IT MIGHT
HAVE SOME
CONNECTION
WITH HIS
UNIQUE
DREAMS.

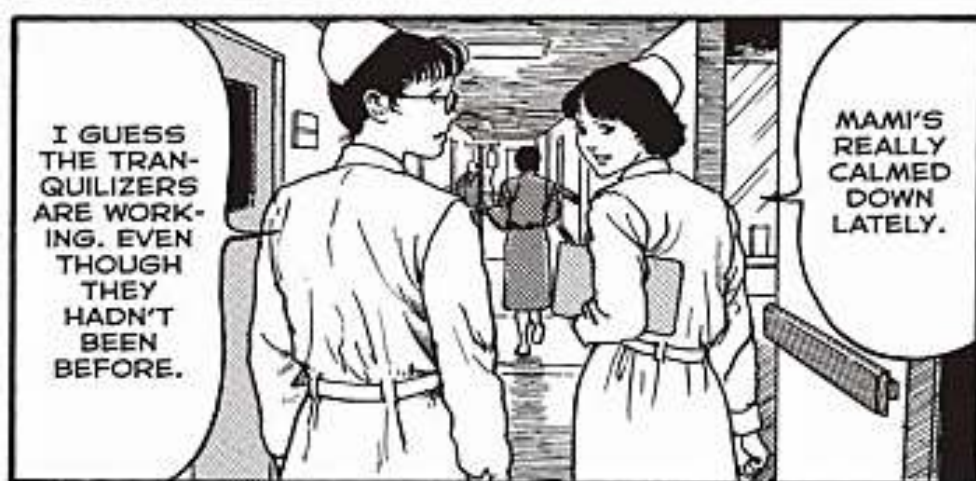
I...

INSIDE
THE
REMAINS
OF THE
BRAIN
OF THE
MAN WHO
CRUMBLED
TO DUST
...

...I DIS-
COVERED
CRYSTALS
OF UNKNOWN
MATERIAL.

NO MATTER
HOW LONG
I STARED
INTO THE
MICROSCOPE,
I LEARNED
NOTHING.

BUT...





IT'S STRANGE.
LATELY, MY
DREAMS HAVE BEEN
INCREDIBLY LONG.

BY THE
WAY,
DOCTOR.

LAST NIGHT
I WAS IN MY
DREAM FOR
ABOUT A
MONTH AND
A HALF.



AND
THEY'RE
GETTING
LONGER
AT AN
ACCELE-
RATING
RATE.

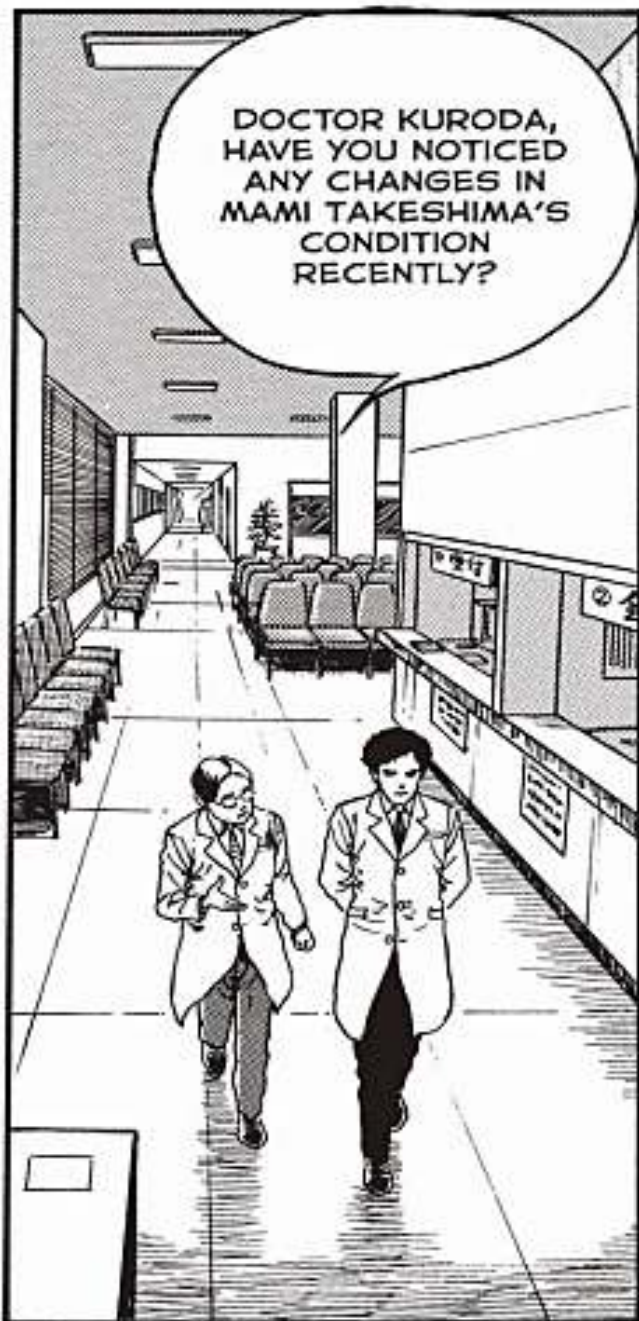
YES,
SHE'S
HAVING
LONG
DREAMS!



...THERE'VE
BEEN
CHANGES
TO HER AP-
PEARANCE
RECENTLY
AS WELL.

...SO YOU
DID NOTICE
IT...

JUST
LIKE
THAT
MAN...



DOCTOR KURODA,
HAVE YOU NOTICED
ANY CHANGES IN
MAMI TAKESHIMA'S
CONDITION
RECENTLY?



I ADMIN-
ISTERED
THE
CRYSTALS
FOUND IN
TETSURO
MUKODA
TO HER.

NO,
ACTUALLY,
I'LL JUST
TELL
YOU.



IS IT
SOME-
THING
CONTA-
GIOUS?

DOCTOR,
WHAT ON
EARTH
IS GOING
ON?




TH-
THAT'S
...SO
THEN
YOU...

IN THE END,
THE ONLY
WAY TO
EXAMINE THE
EFFECTS
OF THE
CRYSTALS
WAS TO TEST
THEM ON
A PERSON.



WHAT
DID
YOU
SAY?!

WHA-



BUT IF SHE
COULD
HAVE AN
ETERNAL
DREAM,
THEN WHAT
WOULD
HAPPEN?!

SHE FEARED
DEATH. MORE
THAN ANYTHING,
SHE FEARED
BECOMING
NOTHING.



CALM
DOWN,
YAMA-
UCHI.

YOU'RE
CONDUCTING
HUMAN TESTING
ON MAMI
TAKESHIMA?!



AUTHOR COMMENTARY

THE LONG DREAM

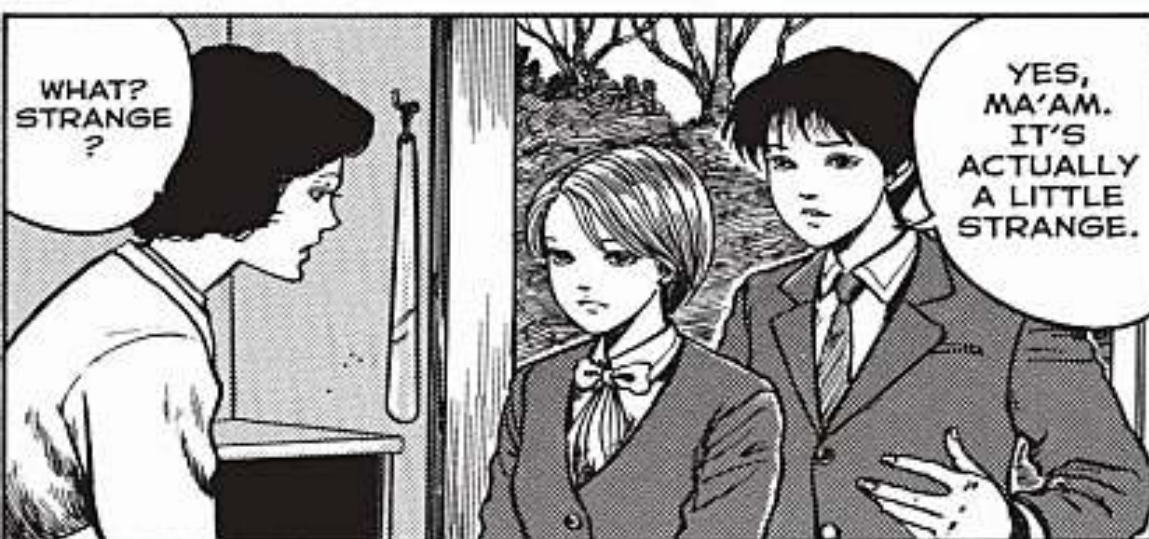
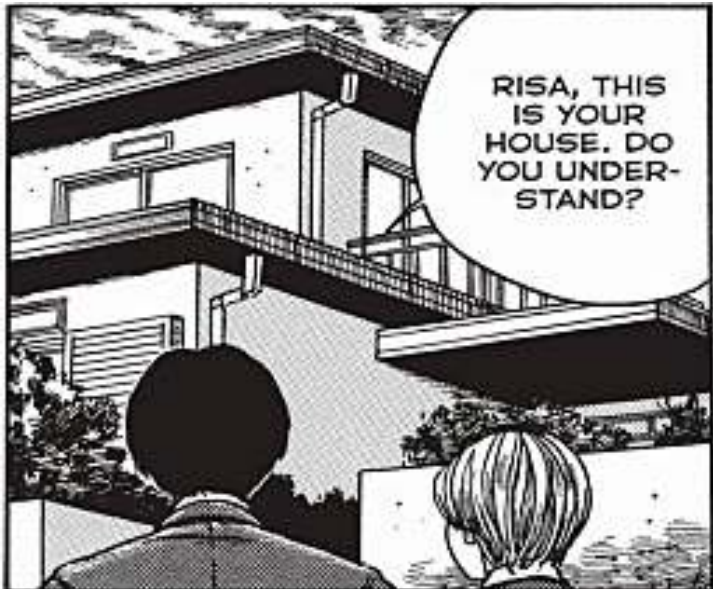
When I was little, my oldest sister once told me this fascinating story she heard from someone. It was the idea that when a person dreams, it's just a moment. That no matter how long the dream might be, objectively, the time you're actually dreaming is a mere instant. I found this interesting, the difference between real time and subjective time, the quantitative (?) strangeness of space and time. With this seed of a story, I wrote half of a novel when I was in junior high or high school. It was about a unique machine that allowed people to have eternal dreams at the moment of death. If you entered a dream right before dying and the dream never ended, wouldn't you have obtained eternal life? That was the idea. I couldn't let it go to waste, so I looked for a chance to reuse it as a horror manga. And then I waited for an opportunity when I had plenty of time, and I drew it. It's thirty pages, but I'm pretty sure it took me two months to do.

The novelist Katsuhiko Takahashi was kind enough to speak very highly of this manga, giving me confidence too. Incidentally, as to the issue of whether or not we have our dreams in an instant, the me of now is of the opinion that we probably don't. And as for whether or not the way we speak changes over a hundred years, I have very little confidence in that.

HONORED ANCESTORS

ご先祖様







IT'S
MOM. DO
YOU REC-
OGNIZE
ME?!

RISA,
WHAT'S
WRONG?!



WHAT?
WHAT
HAPPENED
?!

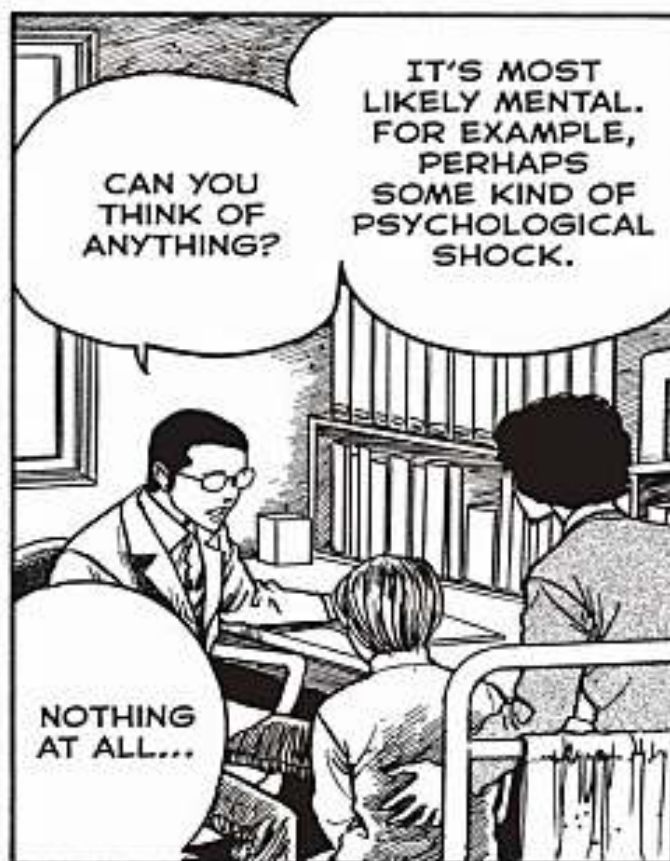
I GUESS
SHE DOESN'T
REMEMBER
WHO I AM.
OR WHERE HER
OWN HOUSE IS.



RISA
!!



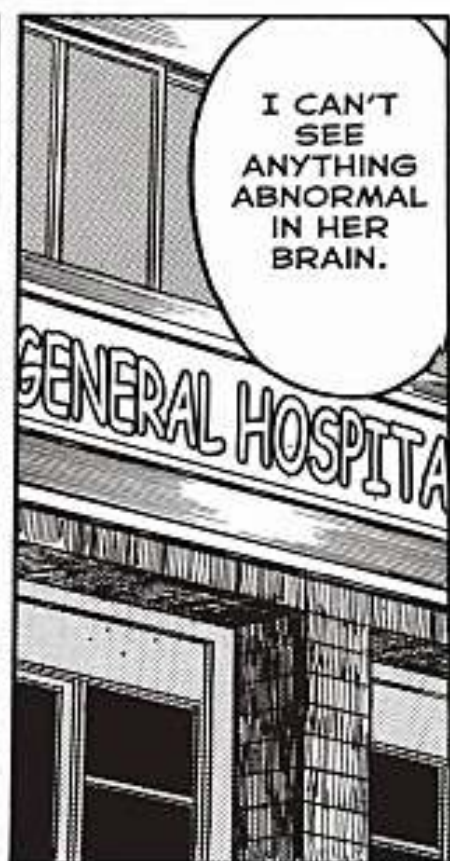
AT ANY RATE,
LET'S TAKE
OUR TIME WITH
TREATMENT.



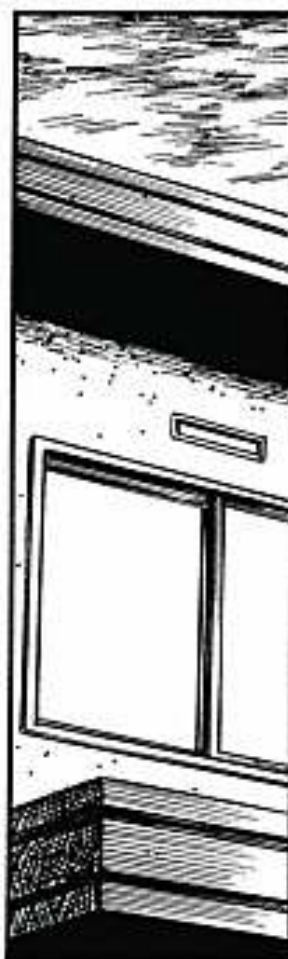
CAN YOU
THINK OF
ANYTHING?

IT'S MOST
LIKELY MENTAL.
FOR EXAMPLE,
PERHAPS
SOME KIND OF
PSYCHOLOGICAL
SHOCK.

NOTHING
AT ALL....



I CAN'T
SEE
ANYTHING
ABNORMAL
IN HER
BRAIN.



A close-up of Makita, a young man with short dark hair, wearing a suit and tie. He is looking slightly to the right with a calm expression.

I MEAN,
WE CAN
START
OVER
AGAIN,
RIGHT?

THAT'S
OKAY.
THIS
WAY'S...

A close-up of Makita, looking down with a slightly apologetic or sad expression. A pen is visible in a cup behind him.


I'M
SORRY.
I STILL
CAN'T
REMEM-
BER
ANY-
THING.

MAKITA,
WASN'T
IT?

A medium shot of Makita and Makita. Makita is on the left, looking towards Makita on the right. Makita is looking back at him.

WHEN I
THINK
ABOUT
GETTING
TO HAVE
ALL THAT
FUN
AGAIN,
I GET
EXCITED.


BASICALLY, YOU
CAN EXPERIENCE
ALL THE FUN
THINGS WE'VE
DONE SINCE
WE MET THE
FIRST TIME ALL
OVER AGAIN
FROM SCRATCH,
RIGHT?

A close-up of Makita, looking slightly to the right with a questioning expression.

START
OVER
?

An exterior shot of a two-story building with a tiled roof and several windows. The building appears to be a school or office building.

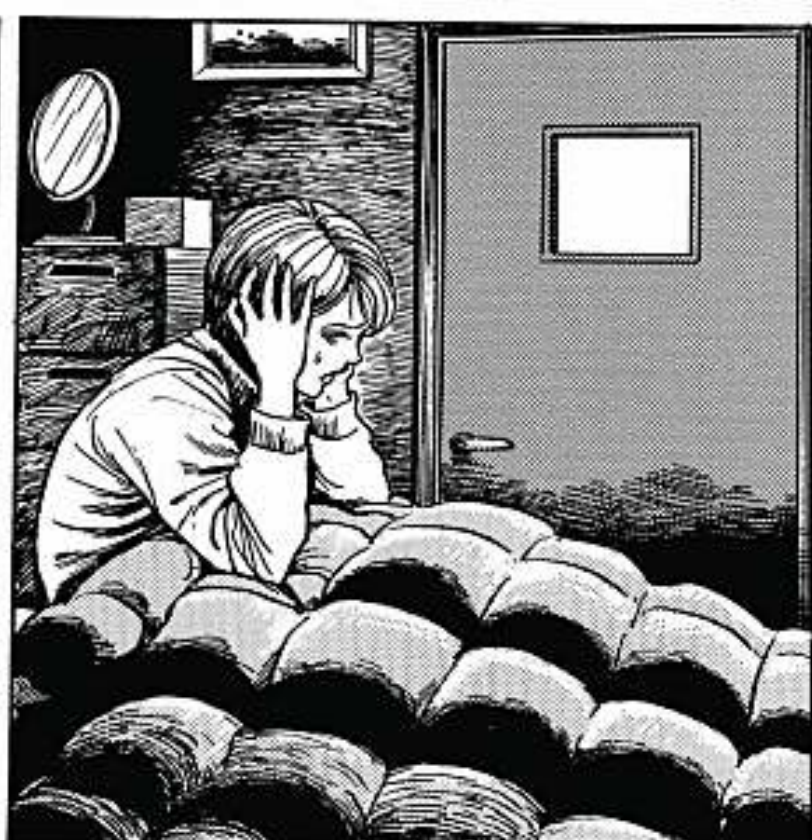
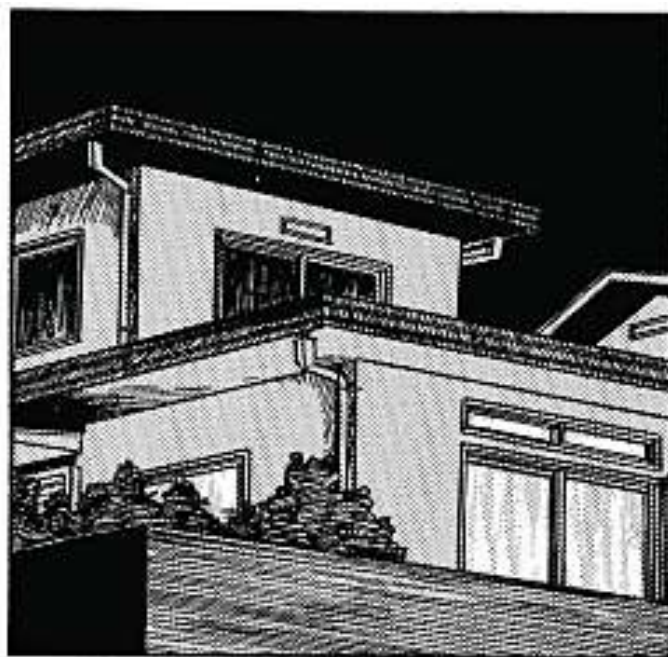
NOT
TELLING.
YOU'RE
GOING TO
EXPERIENCE
THEM FOR
THE FIRST
TIME FROM
NOW ON.

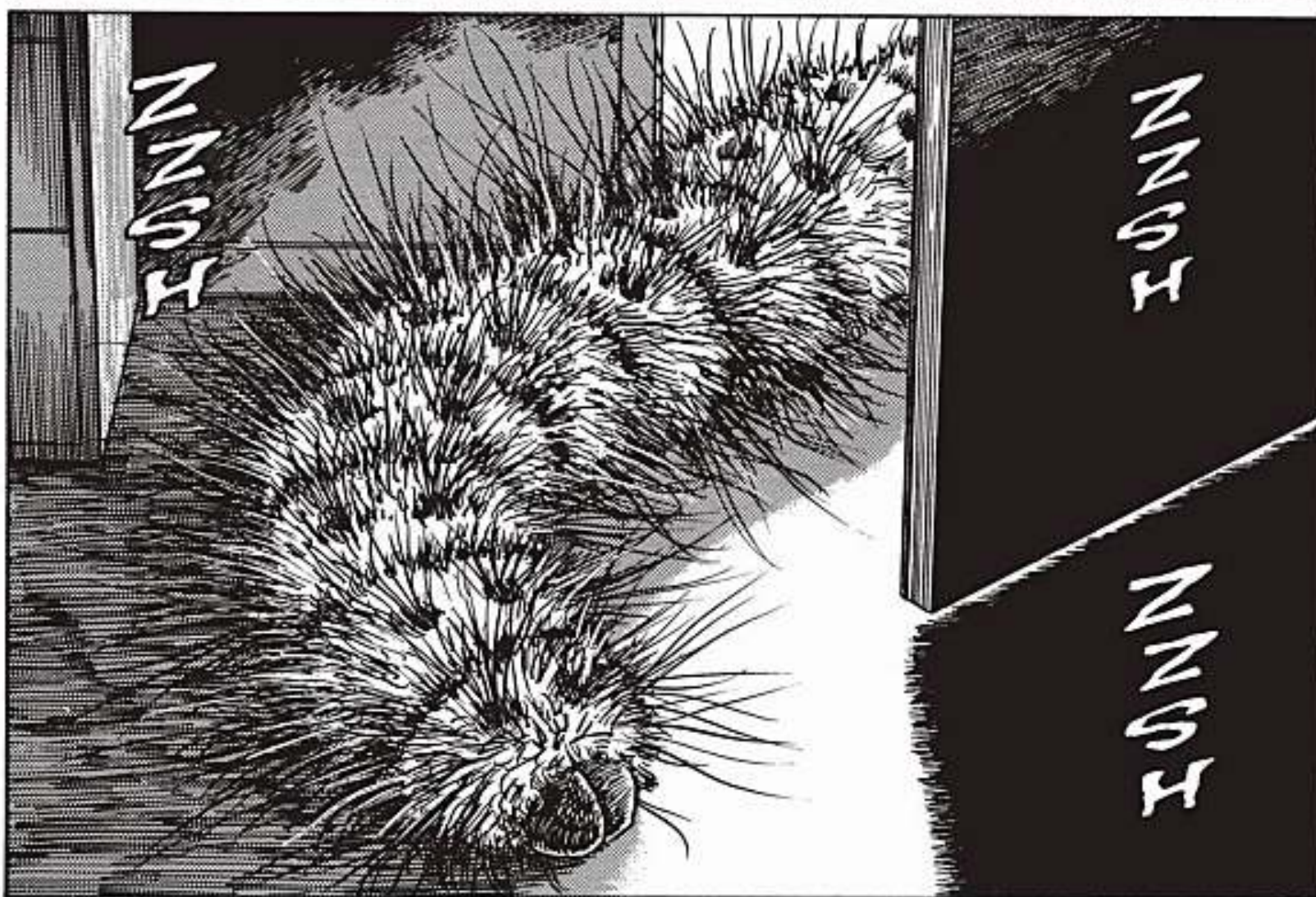
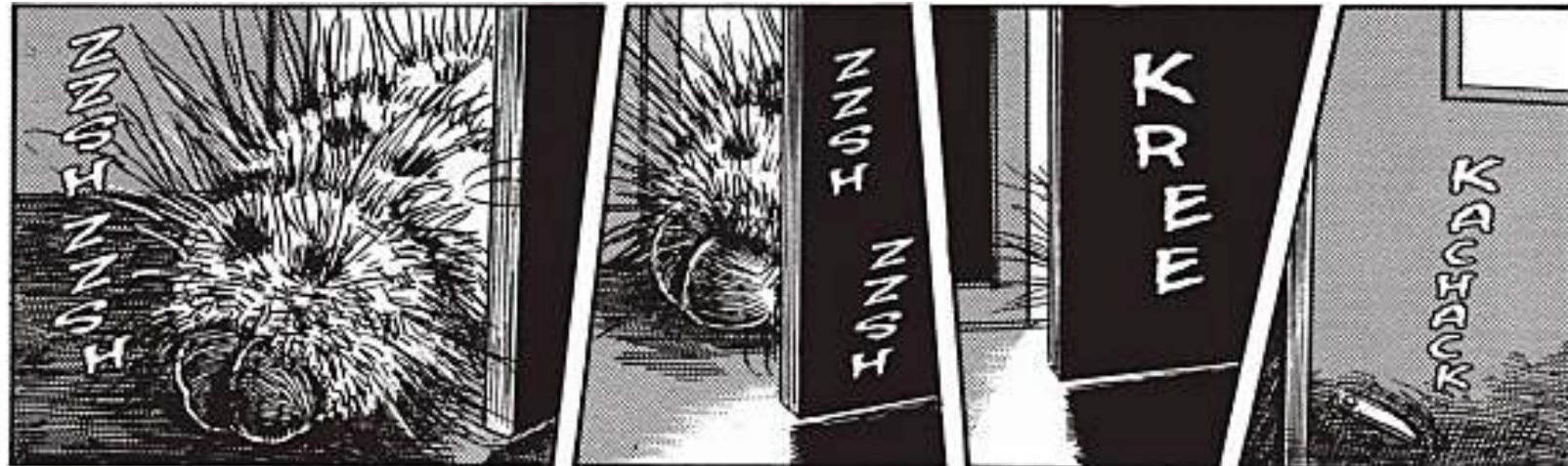
A wide shot of Makita sitting at a desk in an office or classroom. He is looking down at his work. Makita is sitting on the floor in front of him, looking up.

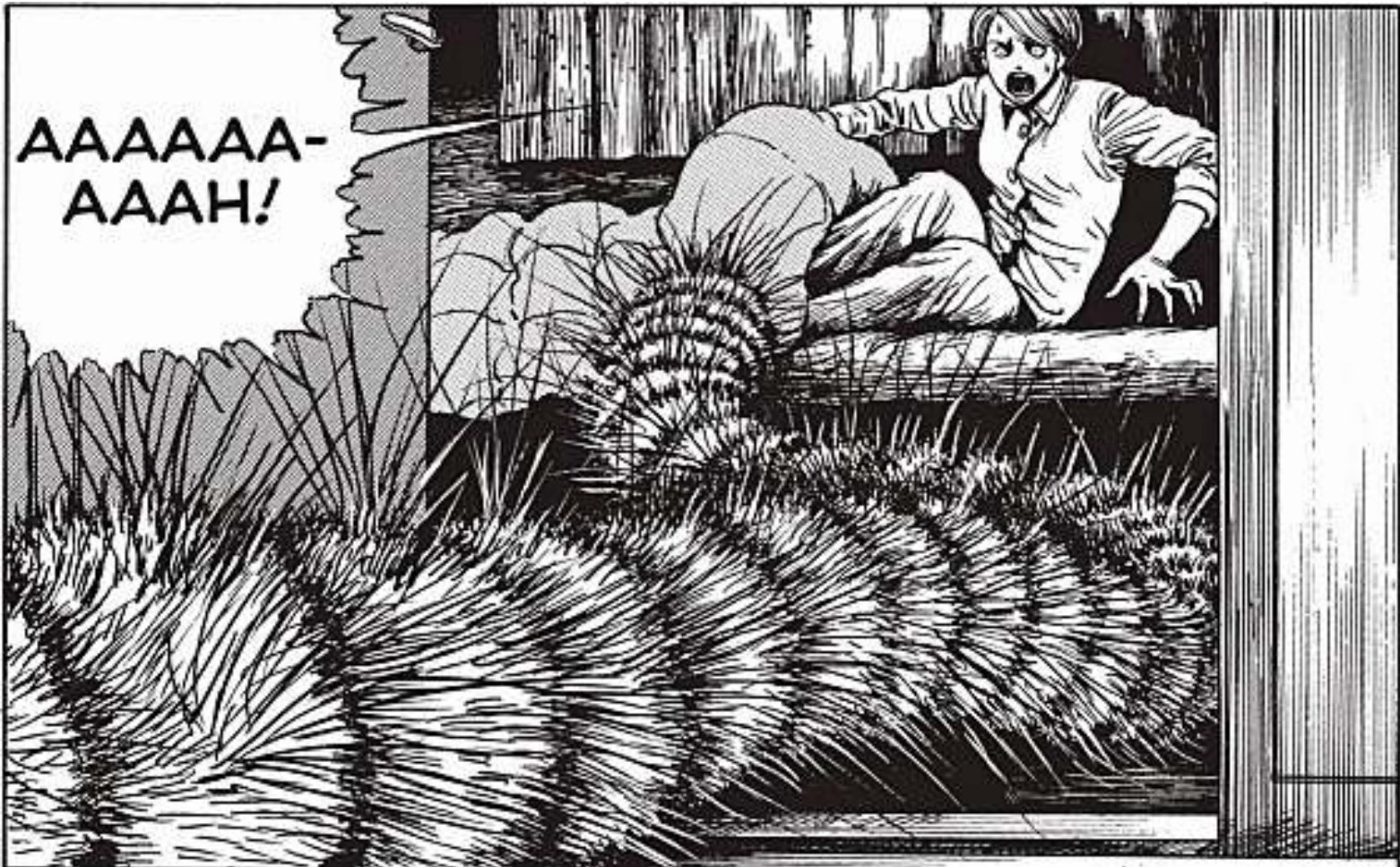
EXACT-
LY.

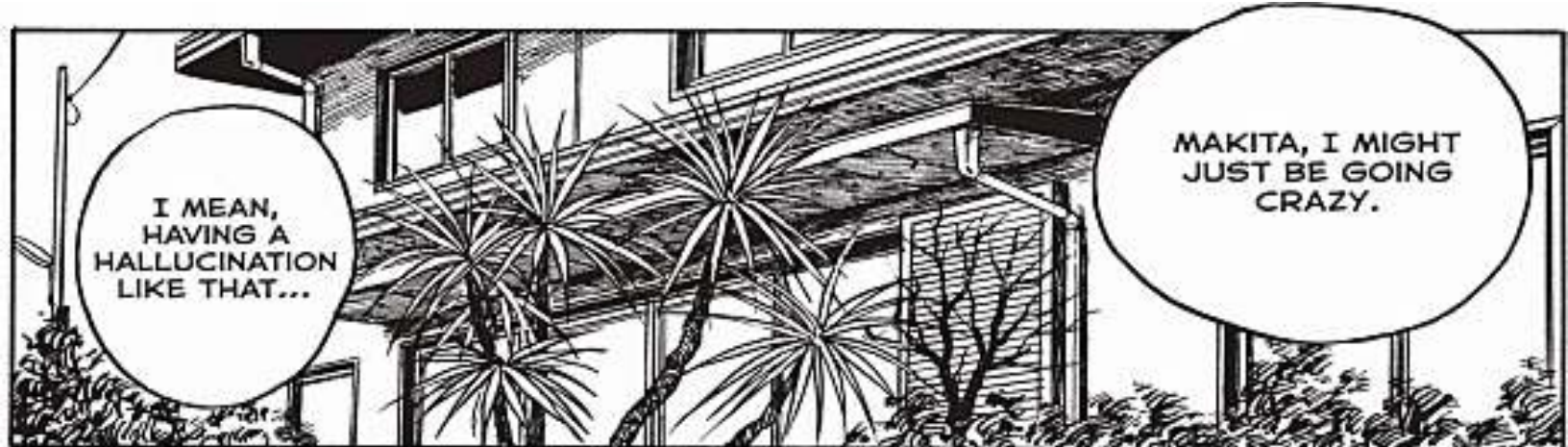
FUN THINGS...
WITH ME AND
YOU?

HMM.
LIKE
WHAT?









I MEAN,
HAVING A
HALLUCINATION
LIKE THAT...

MAKITA, I MIGHT
JUST BE GOING
CRAZY.



WHEN I
THINK
ABOUT IT
SHOWING
UP
AGAIN...

I DON'T
KNOW.
BUT I
WAS
REALLY
SCARED.




I WON'D
DER WHY
YOU'D
SEE
SOME-
THING
LIKE
THAT.

HMM.
A GIANT
CATER-
PILLAR,
HUH?

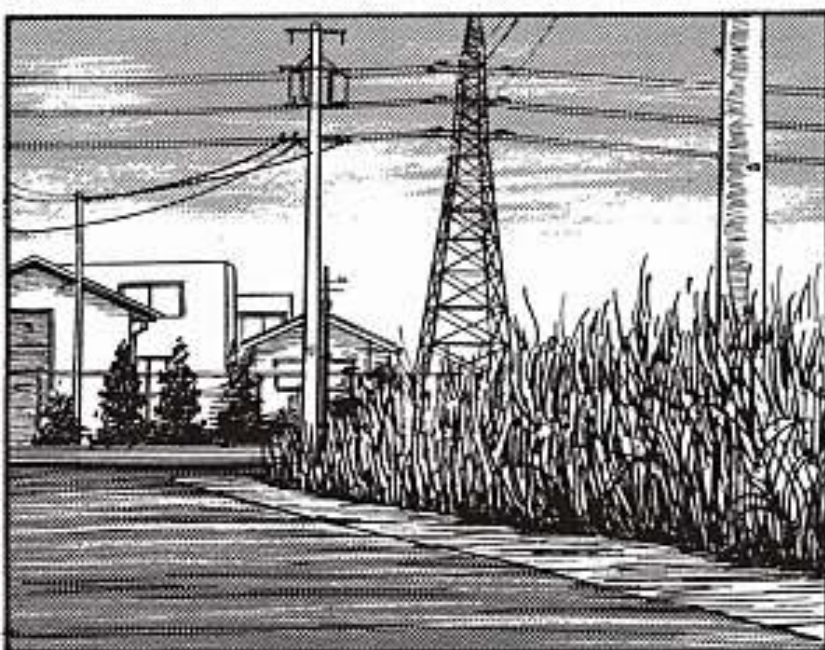


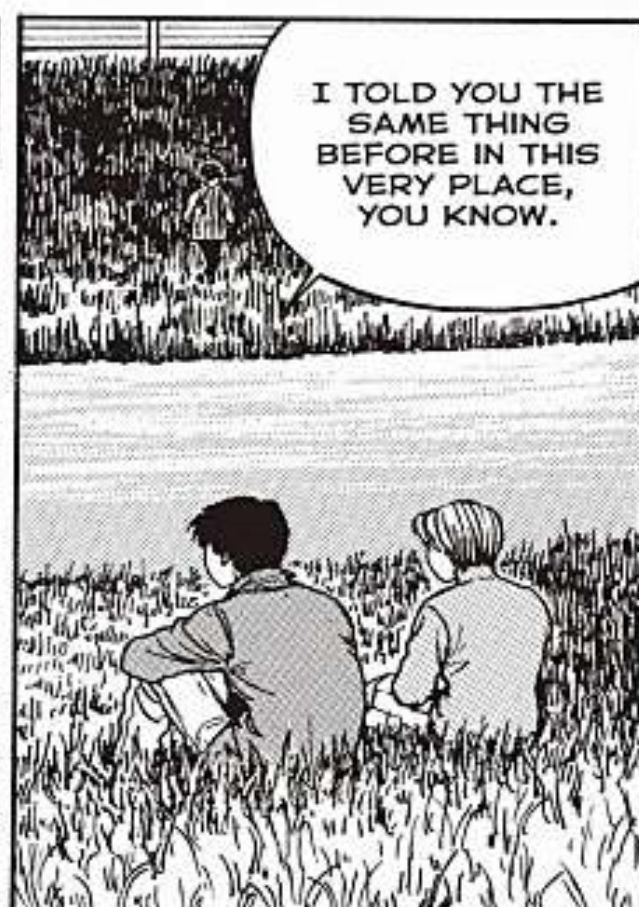
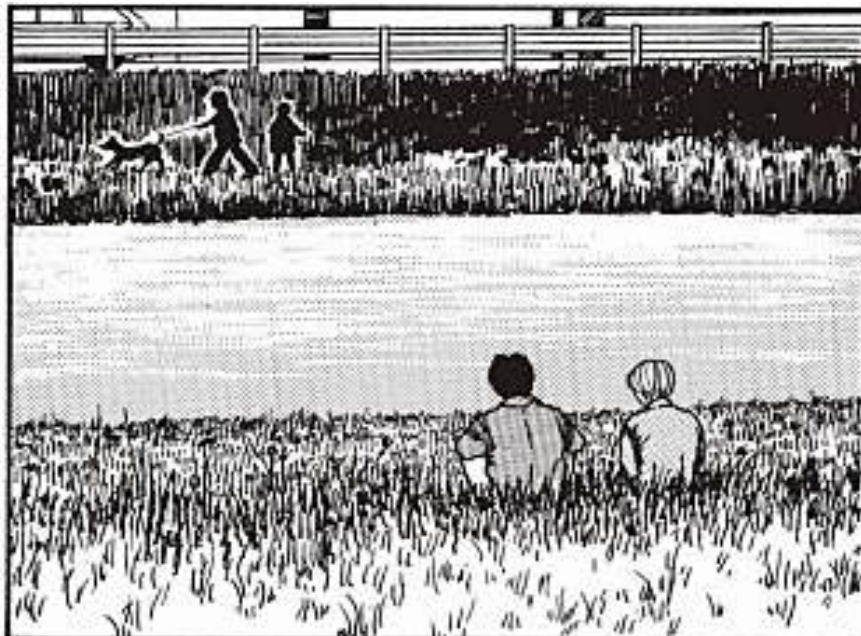
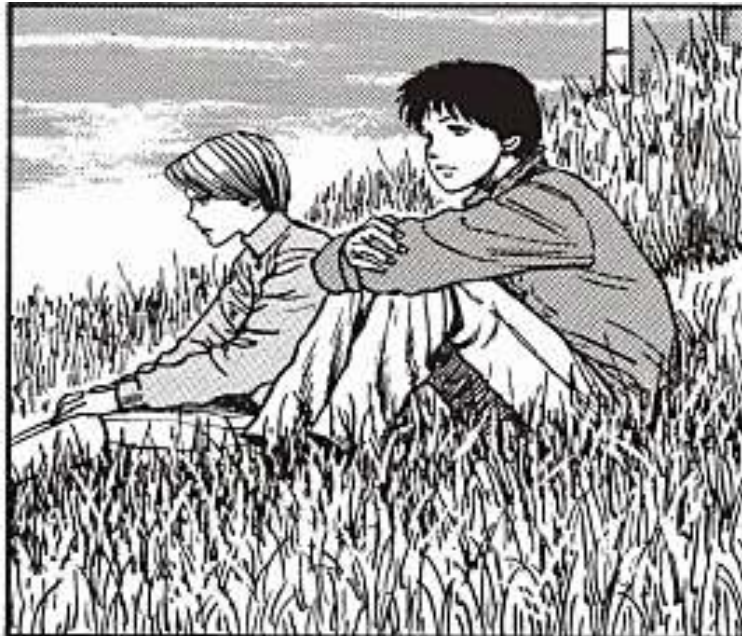
YEAH.
YOU'RE
RIGHT.



YOU'RE SEEING
THESE WEIRD
HALLUCINATIONS
BECAUSE YOU'RE
LOCKED UP IN
THIS GLOOMY
ROOM ALL DAY.

HEY, HOW
ABOUT WE
GO FOR A
WALK FOR A
CHANGE OF
PACE?





OH...BUT, RISA...
DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT. YOU CAN
JUST MAKE NEW
MEMORIES FROM
HERE ON IN.

JUST THINKING
ABOUT IT SCARES
ME. I MEAN,
YOU LOSE ALL
THOSE PRECIOUS
MOMENTS, RIGHT?

IF I
LOST MY
MEMORY...

I
COULDN'T
STAND IT.

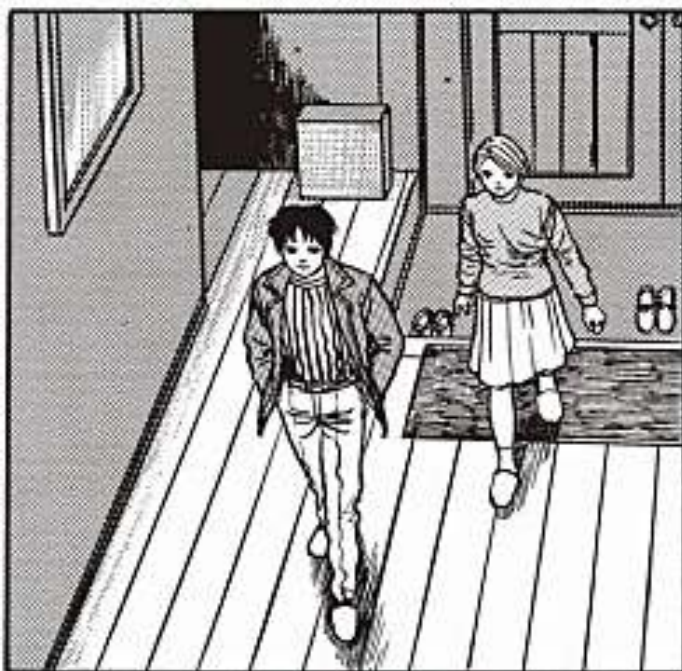


MY DAD'S
HOME, BUT
HE'S SICK IN
BED, SO YOU
DON'T NEED
TO WORRY
ABOUT HIM.

I GOT
IT. YOU
WANT TO
GO OVER
TO MY
PLACE?



C'MON,
LET'S
GO.



BUT YOU'VE
BEEN HERE A
BUNCH OF TIMES
BEFORE.



RIGHT. THIS
MUST FEEL LIKE
YOUR FIRST TIME
AT MY HOUSE.



N-NO...



WHAT'S THE
MATTER?
YOU DON'T
LOOK VERY
COMFORTABLE.

Z
Z
M



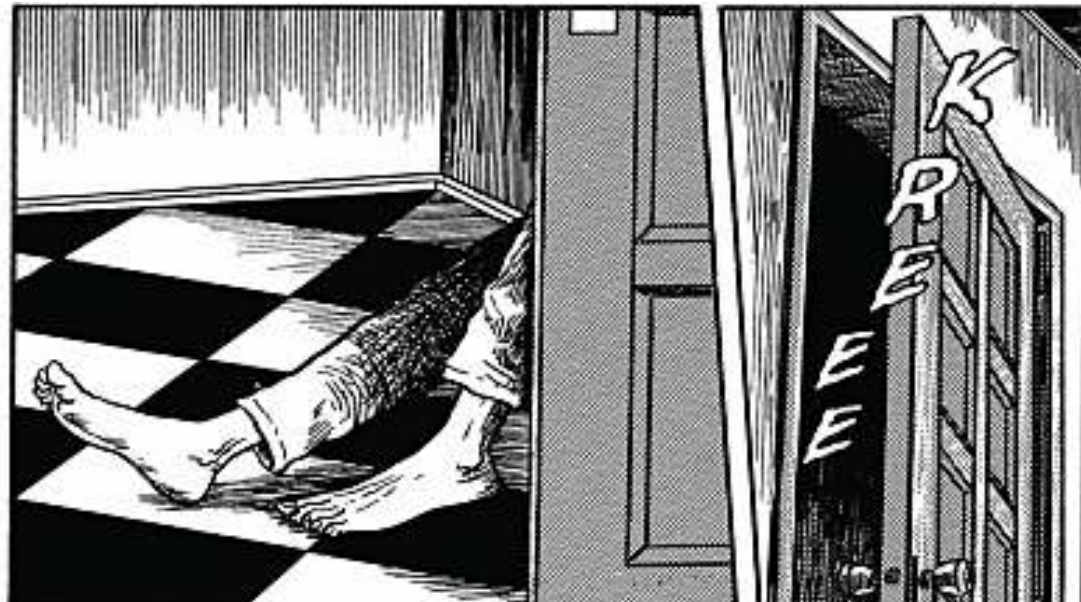
THIS'LL
BE YOUR
SECOND
TIME
MEETING
HIM.

OH.
MY DAD.
I GUESS
HE'S AWAKE.



WHAT'S
THAT
SOUND?





OH, THAT'S
RIGHT. POOR
DEAR. BUT
THAT'LL HEAL
WITH TIME.
DON'T WORRY.

D-DAD! WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT?!
RISA'S LOST HER
MEMORY!

CAN'T DO THAT,
SHUICHI. RISA
HERE MIGHT BE MY
DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
SOMEDAY.

LOOK OUT
FOR SHUICHI
FOR ME
WHEN I'M
GONE, RISA.

MEANWHILE,
I JUST GET
WORSE WITH
TIME. I DON'T
HAVE MUCH
LONGER. HEH
HEH HEH...

SOMETHING
LIKE THAT
OUGHT
TO COME
FROM THE
HORSE'S
MOUTH.

THAT
SO...
SORRY.

HONESTLY!
DON'T GO
SAYING
STUFF LIKE
THAT!

DAD, DON'T SAY SUCH
CREEPY THINGS! AND
RISA'S LOST HER
MEMORY, SO SHE
DOESN'T REMEMBER
SHE PROMISED TO
MARRY ME.

ALL RIGHT
THEN, RISA,
YOU MAKE
YOURSELF AT
HOME.



I'LL WEAR
MYSELF
RIGHT OUT IF
I DON'T GET
BACK INTO
BED.

NOW THEN,
THIS
INTRUDER'LL
BE LEAVING.



WHAT
?



HEH
HEH
HEH.
WELL,
SEE
YOU...

OH.
NO...

REALLY...
REALLY, BE
GOOD TO SHU
FOR ME. SUCH
A CUTE YOUNG
LADY.



SOMETHING
SO SCARY
IT MADE ME
LOSE MY
MEMORY...

I HAD
SOME KIND
OF SCARY
DREAM.

AAH,
THIS
ANXIETY...

I CAN'T
PUT IT
INTO
WORDS.

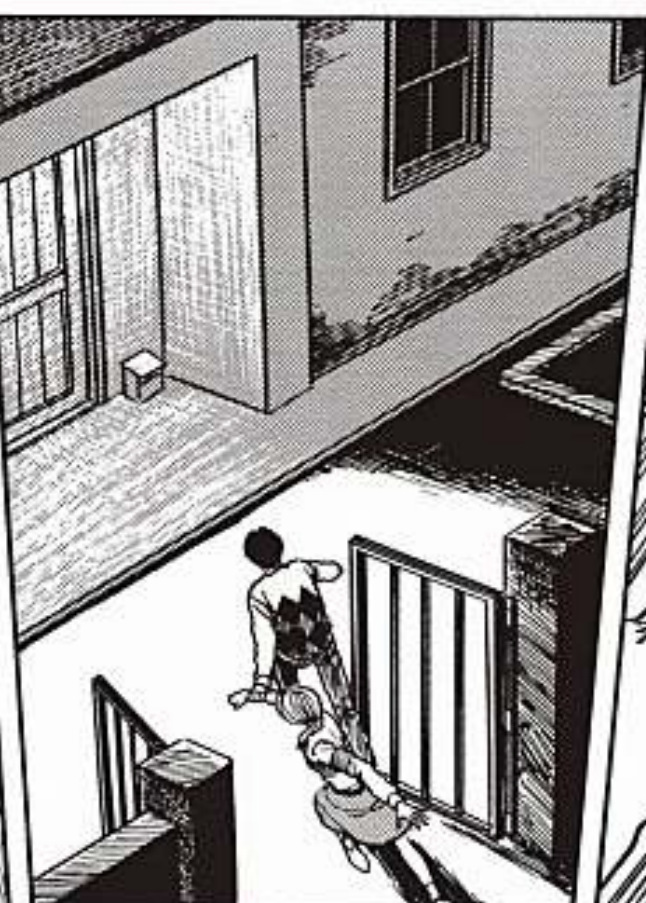
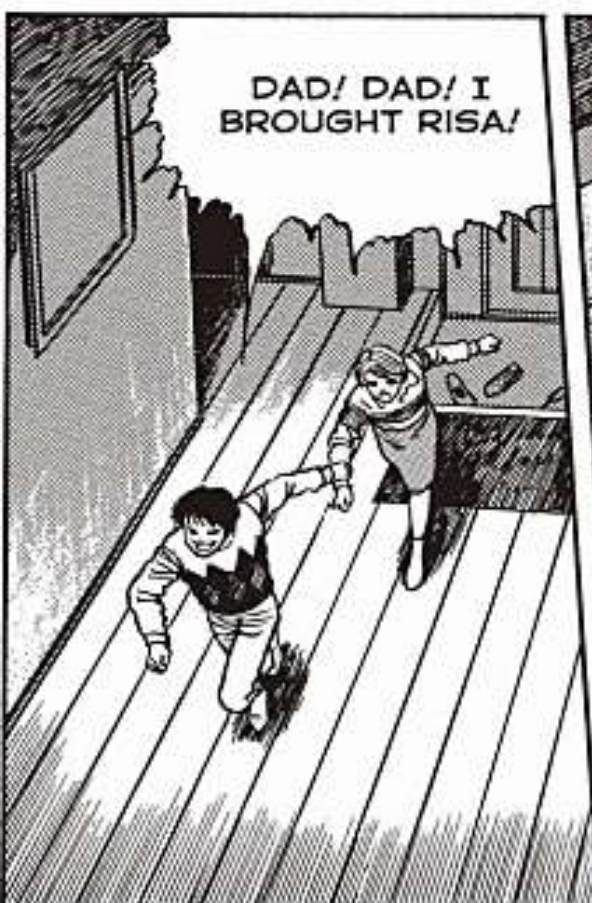
MAYBE THE
REASON I
LOST MY
MEMORY'S IN
THAT HOUSE.

EVER SINCE I
WENT OVER TO
MAKITA'S HOUSE,
THE ANXIETY'S
GROWN SO MUCH
STRONGER.

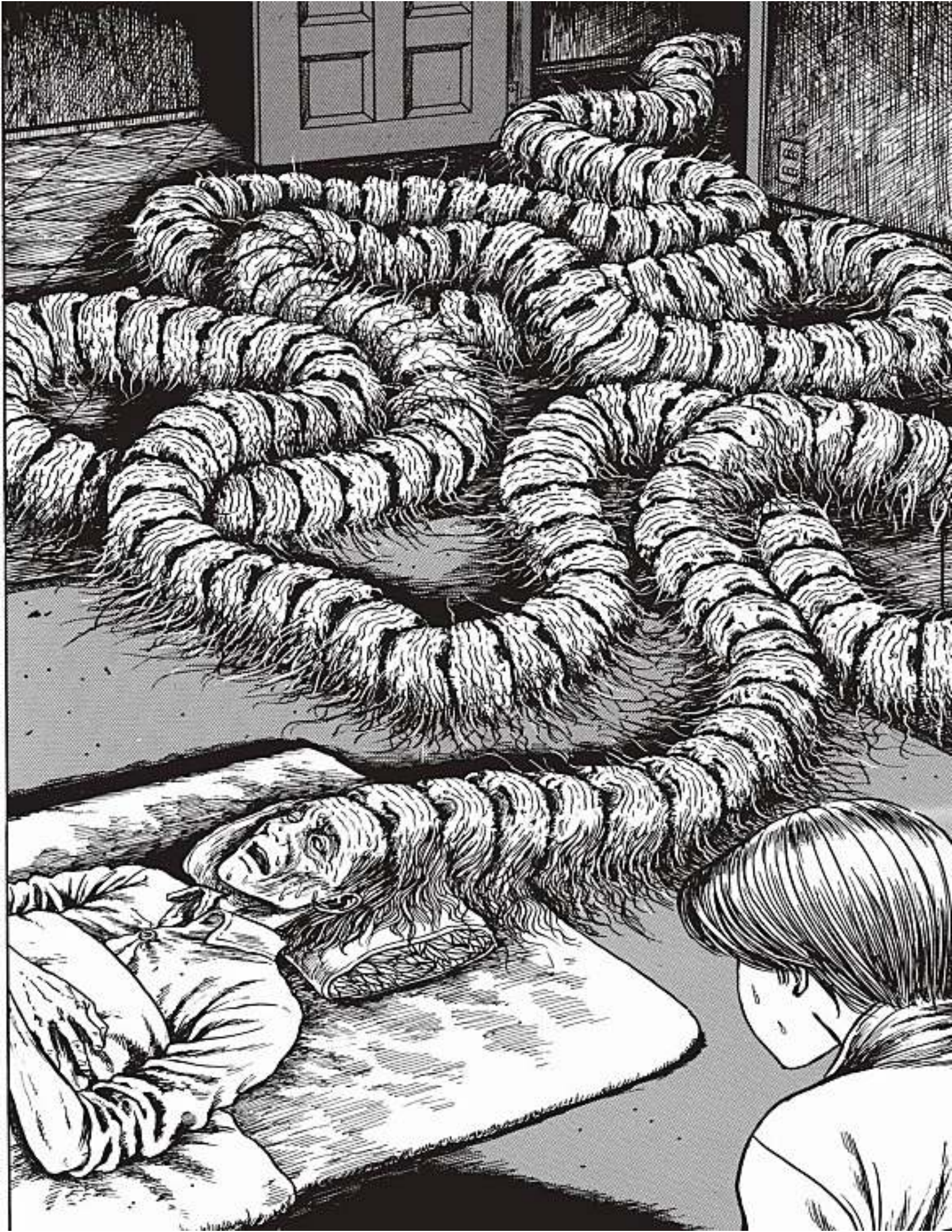
MAKITA'S WAITING
FOR YOU IN
THE ENTRYWAY.
HE SEEMS
LIKE HE'S IN A
HURRY ABOUT
SOMETHING.

RISA! WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?
GET OUT
HERE.

RISA!!
MAKITA'S
HERE.










LAST TIME YOU SAW MY DAD BEFORE IN THIS HOUSE, YOU WERE SO SHOCKED YOU LOST YOUR MEMORY.

RISA, I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING SHOCKED.




EEEEAAAAAH!



BUT THIS ISN'T A CATERPILLAR.

AND THEN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS TURNED THIS INTO AN ENORMOUS CATERPILLAR AND SHOWED YOU THAT HALLUCINATION.



AND THEN MY GREAT UNCLE'S HEAD.

ABOVE THAT'S MY GRANDMA'S.


RIGHT ABOVE DAD'S HEAD IS MY AUNT'S.



IT'S AN ASSEMBLY OF THE SKULLS OF MY ANCESTORS.

ABOVE THAT'S MY GREAT AUNT. ABOVE THAT'S MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS. AND THEN FURTHER UP'S MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

EACH SKULL IS COVERED WITH SKIN, AND OF COURSE, THERE'S A BRAIN INSIDE.




I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW FAR IN THE PAST THE ANCESTOR AT THE TOP OF THIS LONG HEAD IS.

THE BRAINS OF MY ANCESTORS ARE CONNECTED GOING BACK LIKE THIS.




AND MY DAD'S BODY IS FUSED WITH MY ANCESTORS' BRAINS AND SHARING THEIR MEMORIES.

AT ANY RATE, MY ANCESTORS STICK TO THE BODIES OF THEIR DESCENDANTS AND CONTINUE TO LIVE EVEN NOW. THEY'RE EACH THINKING THEIR OWN THOUGHTS INSIDE THOSE SKULLS.



WE NEED A DESCENDANT.


HURRY AND DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.



I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME LEFT.

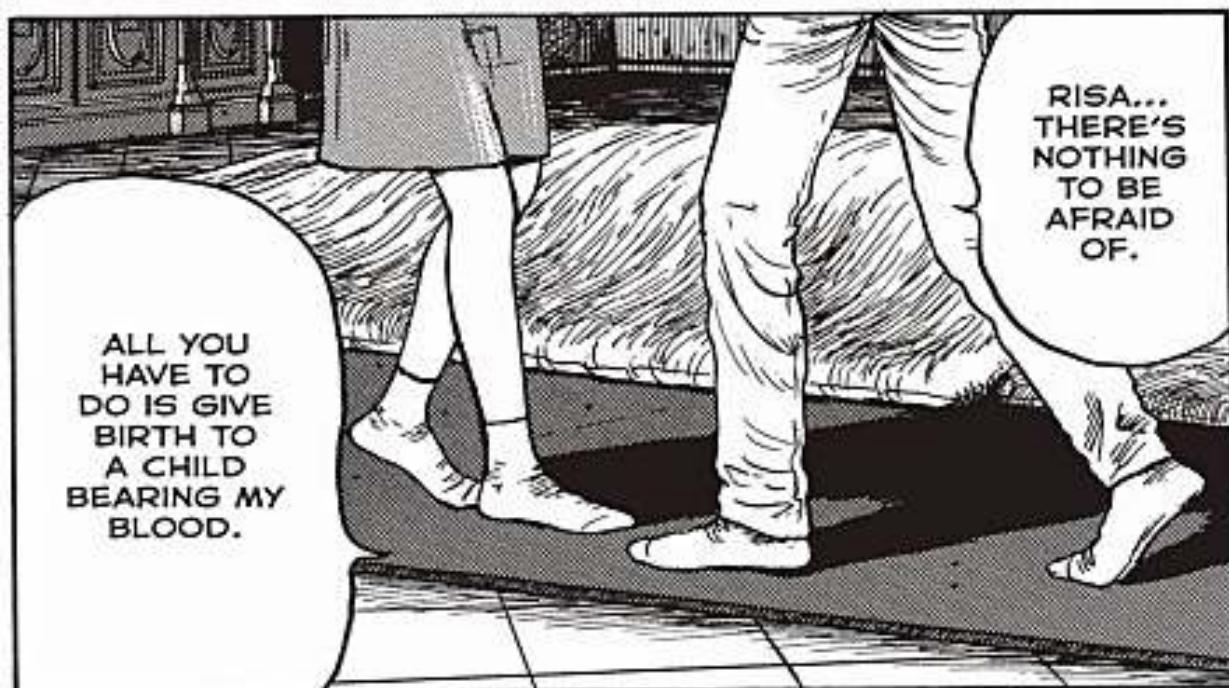
I CAN'T HANG ON ANYMORE.

HUFF, HUFF, SHUICHI.



I'LL FINALLY BE PART OF THE ASSEMBLY, TOO.

YOU'RE RIGHT, DAD. I UNDERSTAND.



IF I DON'T
HAVE A CHILD,
OUR BLOODLINE
WILL INEVITABLY
DIE OUT. THE
MEMORIES WE'VE
PRESERVED FOR
SO MANY YEARS
WILL RETURN TO
NOTHINGNESS.

I'M
THE ONLY
DESCENDANT
OF
THE MAKITA
FAMILY
RIGHT NOW.

NO!
I-I'M
GOING
HOME!

RISA
...

I CAN'T
LET THAT
HAPPEN.

I
CAN'T
MARRY
YOU.

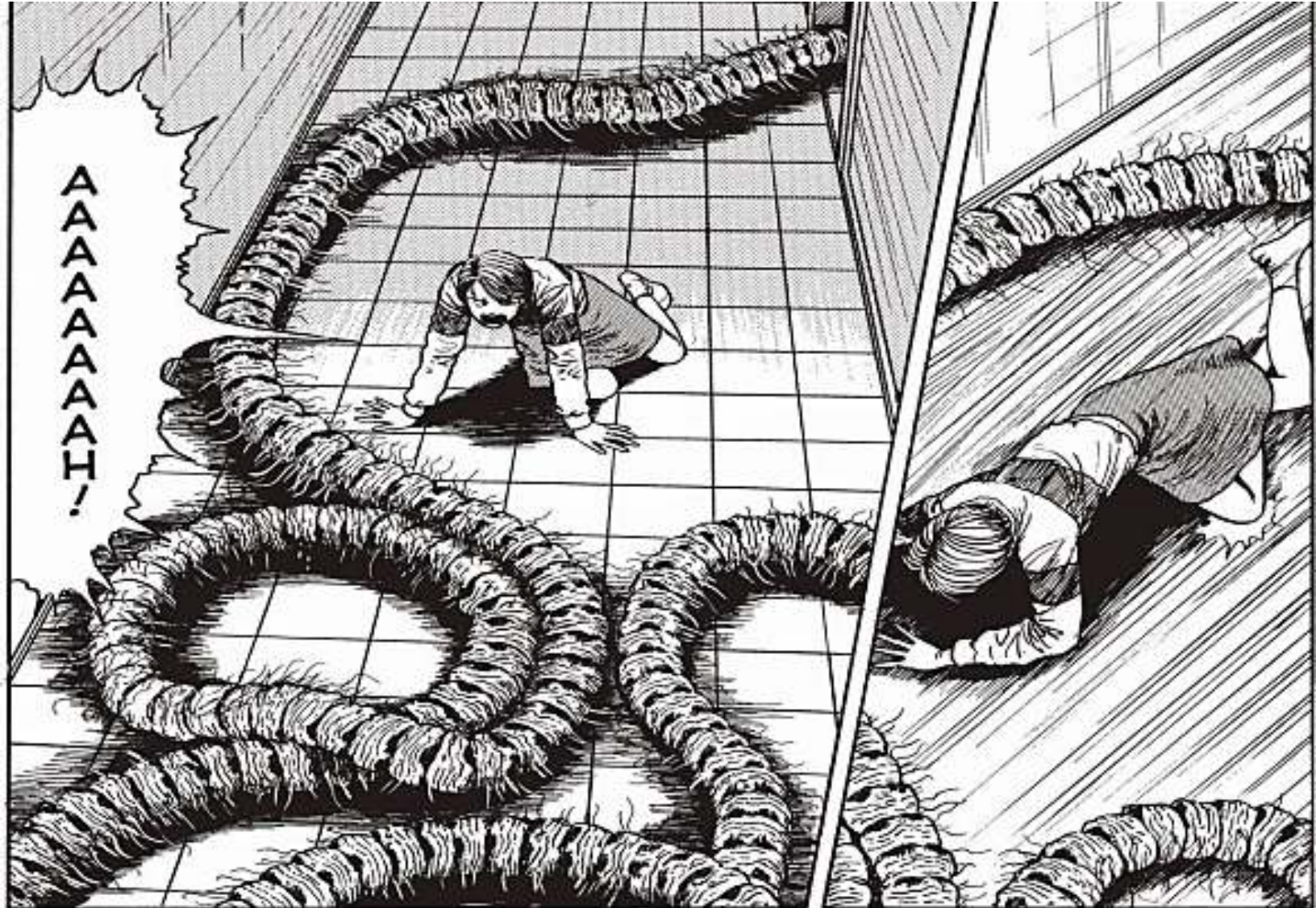
NO...

AH!

THERE'S
NOWHERE TO
RUN! ALL THE
DOORS ARE
LOCKED!

RISA!
WAIT!

THUK



AAAAAAAH!



I'M NOT
LETTING
YOU GO.

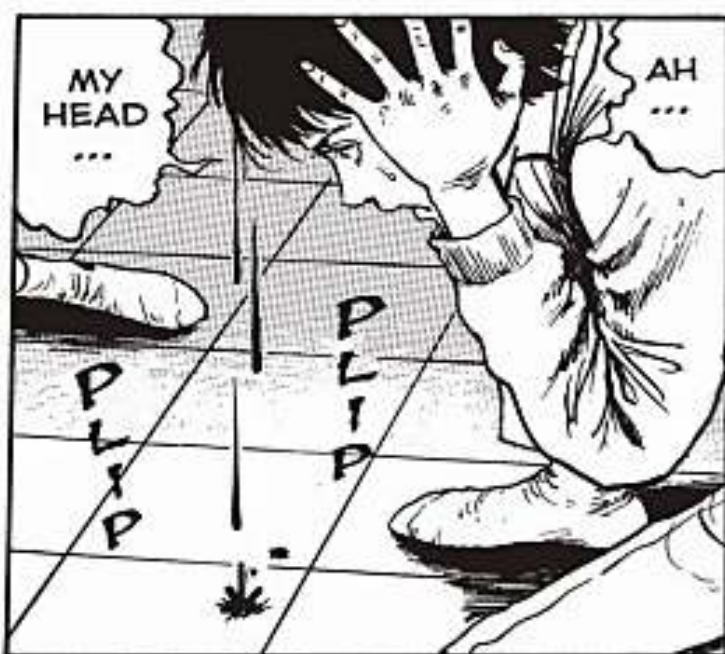
I
DON'T
HAVE
ANY
MORE
TIME.



NO!
STAY
AWAY!

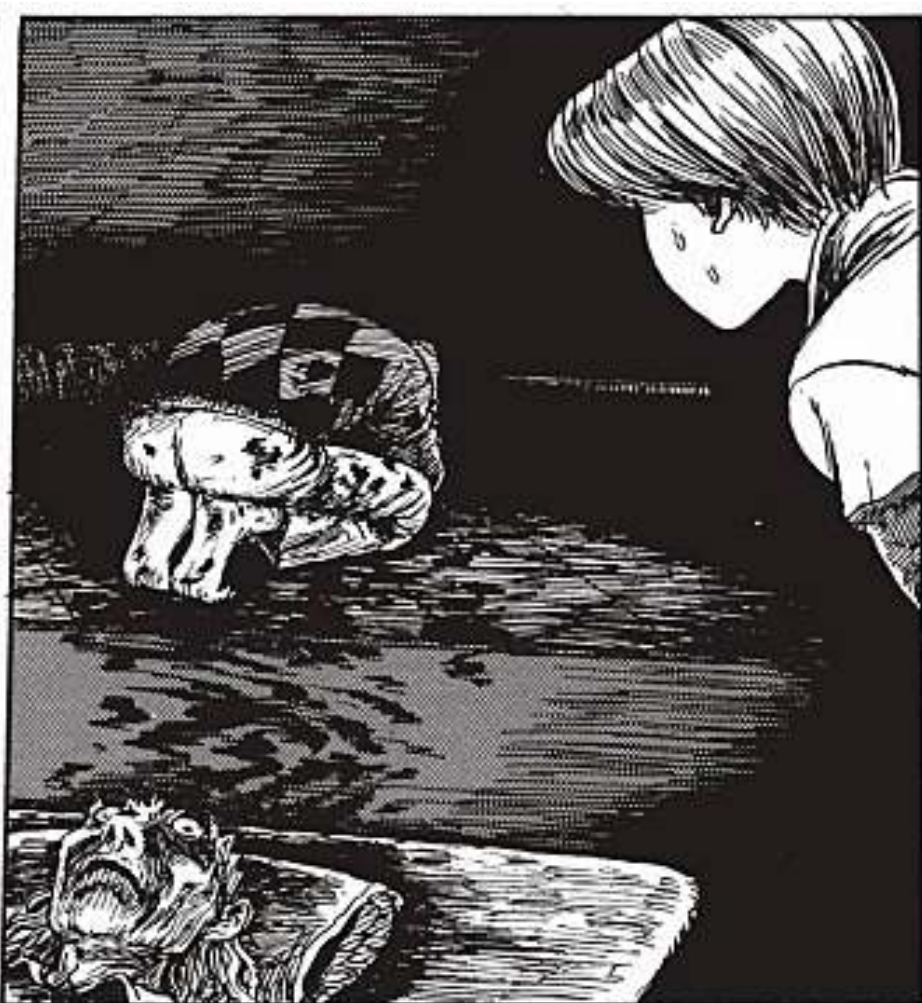


RISA. WHAT YOU
JUST TRIPPED OVER
ARE THE HEADS
OF MY ANCESTORS
STRETCHING OUT
FROM MY FATHER'S
HEAD.







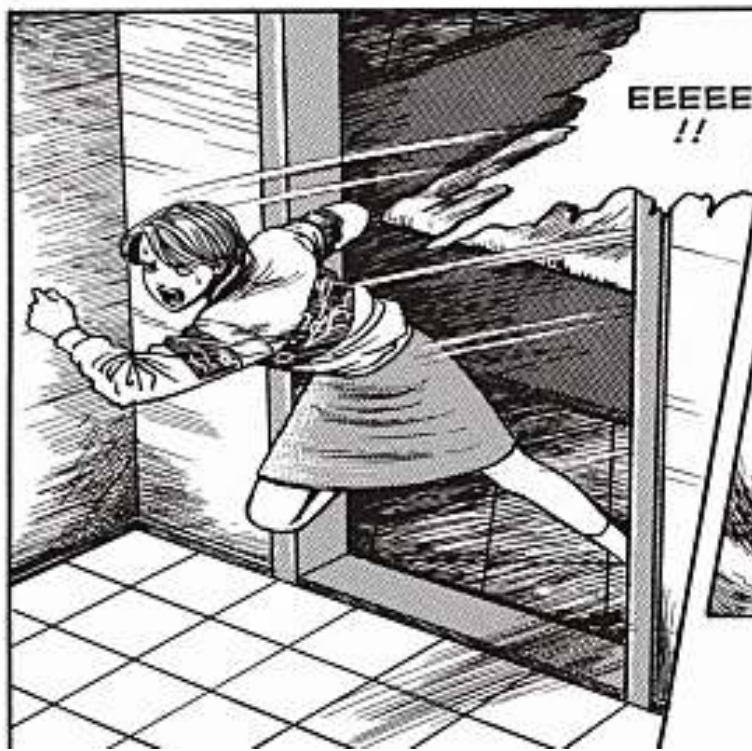




THAT'S RIGHT. GOTTA
BE QUICK!! YOU LET 'ER
GET AWAY, AND YOU'LL
HAVE A FINE TIME FINDING
ANOTHER WIFE!

HURRY. HURRY!
GRAB 'ER!!

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING,
SHU?!
HURRY AND
CATCH THAT
FILLY!!

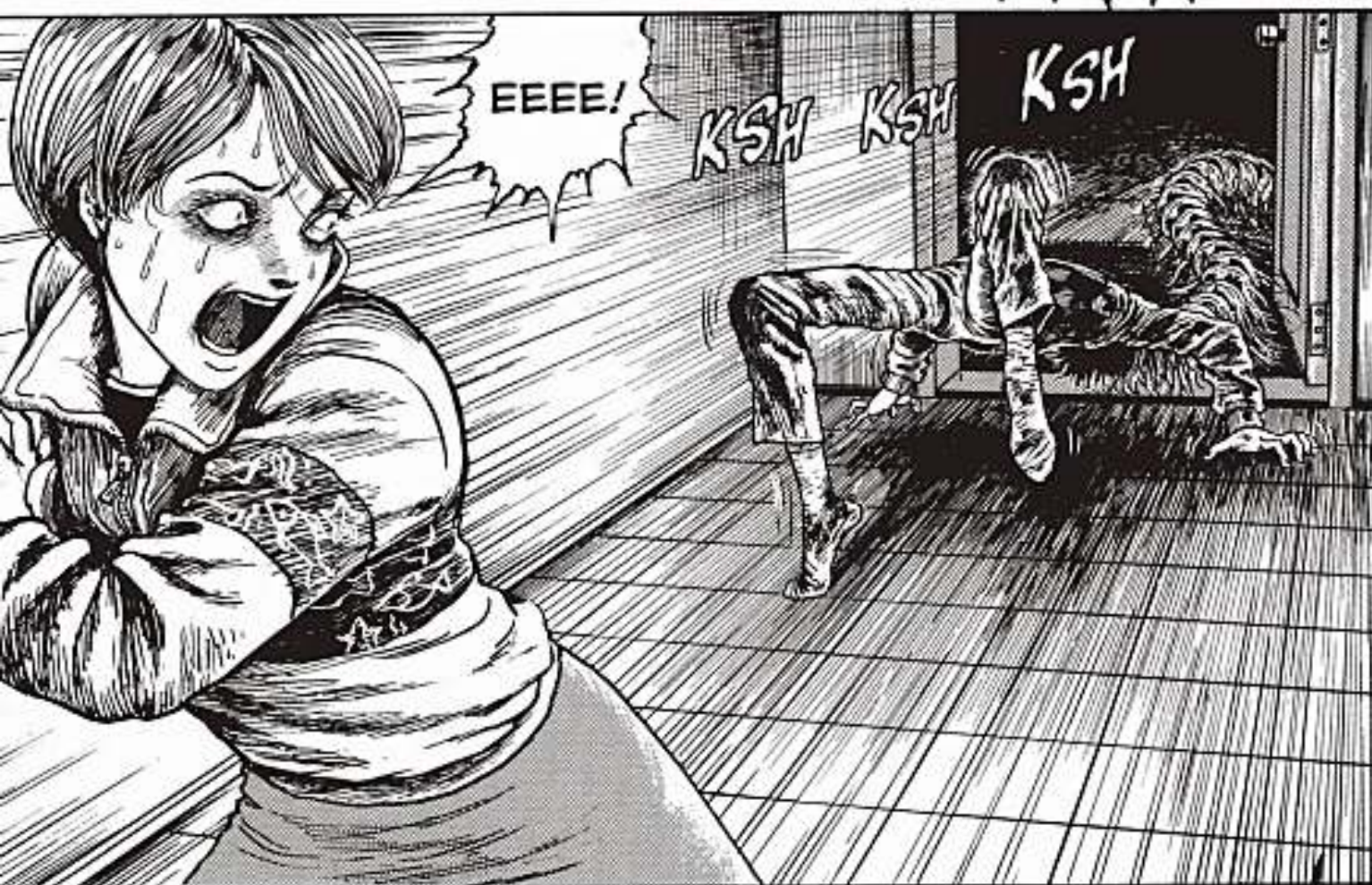


I MEAN, IF I'D
KNOWN DAD'S
BODY WAS GOING
TO DIE SO SOON,
I WOULD HAVE
DONE SOMETHING
SOONER. IT'S
OKAY. I'LL MAKE
RISA MARRY ME.

I KNOW.
I KNOW,
OKAY?
GREAT
AUNTIE,
GREAT
UNCLE,
JUST BE
QUIET A
MINUTE.



WAIT! STOP,
RISA! AS IF
I'D LET YOU
GET AWAY!



RI...
SÄ!

RISAA!



THAT'S FINE,
THOUGH. NOW
LET'S HAVE A
WEDDING FOR
THESE TWO.

LOOKS
LIKE RISA'S
GONE AND
LOST HER
MEMORY
AGAIN.

THANK
GOODNESS.
THE MAKITA
FAMILY'LL
STILL BE
STRONG
FOR THE
TIME BEING.

...
mmm

...
mmm

AUTHOR COMMENTARY

HONORED ANCESTORS

I started with an image of a monster with connected heads. These were the heads of the ancestors, and the ancestors parasitized the bodies of their descendants. When I have this kind of very clear image right from the start, the story is easy to create. All I have to do is think about it inductively moving, toward the image. I used to create like that a lot. As the ideas dry up, a lot of times I'll write the story by forcing some vague image or idea to take shape. In those cases, it really is a lot of work. Lately, it's been nothing but that.

The scene where the descendant carrying all the ancestors is lying on his back running is something I was proud to create, but later when the director's cut of *The Exorcist* was released, I found out there was this thing called the "spider walk," and I was a little disappointed.

ネムキ P32

014

- ・主人公の女友。彼とハッピー。つぎは結婚。
- ・彼女の家に行く。父親が頭を出してアホなことを言う。彼女が（母親が去年死んだ）
- ・父親は時々、妙なことをいって、セクハラしたり、おかしな言葉を発したりする。アホな人種も出る。
- ・父親が死ぬ。
- ・手術や脳移植の話をしている。先祖伝来の秘宝は、脳移植。

あんなに強欲な男は初めて。
 中絶させよう

**[Left page]**

For Nemuki P32

Title

- Protagonist girl. Handsome boy. They start going out.
- They go to his house. His dad greets her, poking just his head out from the other side of the door. (His mother died last year.)
- Father sometimes says weird things. He'll start talking like a woman or use words that are ridiculously old. All kinds of personalities show up.
- The father dies.
- A doctor who carries out an operation? Or a brain transplant using some secret family heirloom tool.

[Right page]

The protagonist is a gloomy high school girl. Personality like the female version of Oshikiri. Amnesia. She loses her memory in a traffic accident or something on the way home from school, and after wandering for a while, she arrives at a certain house.

After the operation, he crawls around on all fours. "Get married. Marry my son," says the father. "A-yup! You gotta get married!," old-fashioned way of speaking.

"An" then our descendant's gotta inherit our brains!"

"And then when my son dies, next, we'll be connected to your head. And when you die, that child will inherit. And then our family can live on through the generations."

She's chased into a small room.

When he comes chasing after her, she slams the door shut and cuts him off. She holds him in her arms in the small room.

↓

Or he chases her out into the road and gets ripped apart by a car.

Calls it strength training.

"Hello, it's nice to meet you."

"My goodness, what a lovely girl!" Suddenly talks like a woman → protagonist shivers

GREASED
-OIL-

グリセリド

あぶら



...FROM
THE TOWN
WHERE
I WAS
BORN AND
RAISED.

YOU
CAN SEE
MOUNT
FUJI...



EVER SINCE I
WAS LITTLE,
I'VE LOVED
TO LOOK OUT
AT MOUNT
FUJI.

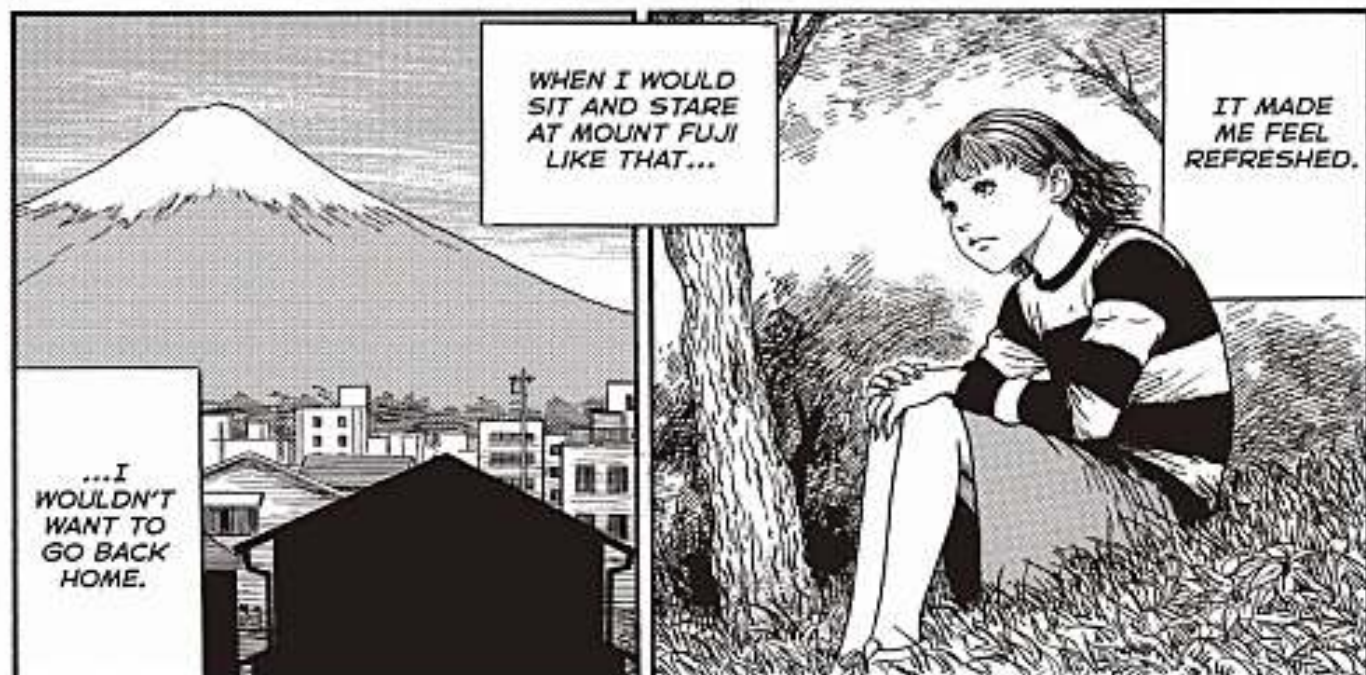
IT
WAS SO
BIG AND
BEAUTIFUL.



WHEN I WOULD
SIT AND STARE
AT MOUNT FUJI
LIKE THAT...

IT MADE
ME FEEL
REFRESHED.

...I
WOULDN'T
WANT TO
GO BACK
HOME.





MY
HOUSE
WAS
GLOOMY
...

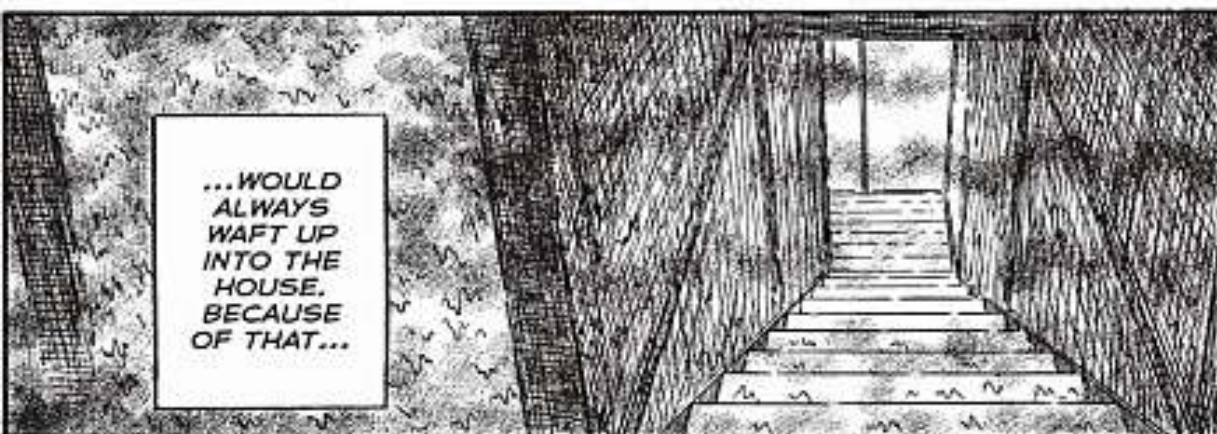
...AND
COVERED
IN
GREASE.



MY
DAD RAN
A SMALL
YAKINIKU
BARBECUE
RESTAURANT
ON THE
FIRST
FLOOR
OF OUR
HOUSE...



BLORTCH




...WOULD
ALWAYS
WAFT
UP
INTO
THE
HOUSE.
BECAUSE
OF THAT...

...BUT THE
VENTILATION
WAS
POOR, AND
THE OILY
SMOKE...



...WERE
STICKY
WITH A
YELLOWISH-
BROWN
GREASE.

...THE
PILLARS
AND WALLS
AND
EVEN THE
FURNITURE
IN OUR
HOUSE...



...AND THE
DAMP OIL
WOULD SOAK
INTO THE
FUTONS IN
THE CLOSET.

AND
BECAUSE
IT WAS
JUST US
AND MY
DAD, THE
HOUSE
NEVER
REALLY
GOT
CLEANED
...



...SO HE
WAS ALWAYS
GREASY AND
HAD THIS
PARTICULAR
SMELL.

ON TOP
OF THAT,
DAD HAD
TERRIBLY
OILY
SKIN...

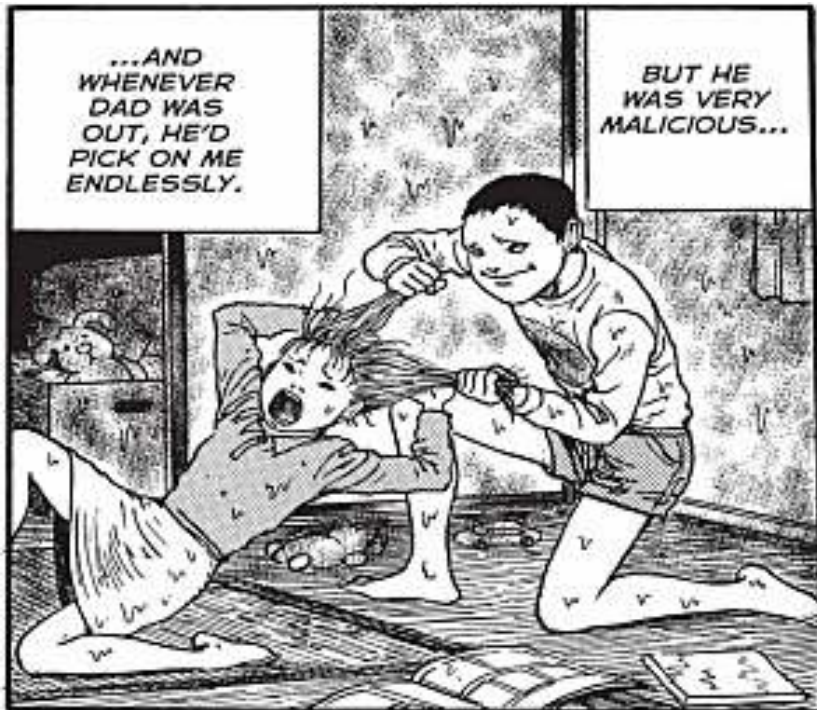


NO MATTER
HOW
MUCH WE
WASHED
OUR
CLOTHES
...

...THE OIL
WOULD
SOAK
INTO THEM
SOON
ENOUGH.

...AND
WHENEVER
DAD WAS
OUT, HE'D
PICK ON ME
ENDLESSLY.

BUT HE
WAS VERY
MALICIOUS...



I HAD A
BROTHER
TWO
YEARS
OLDER
THAN ME.



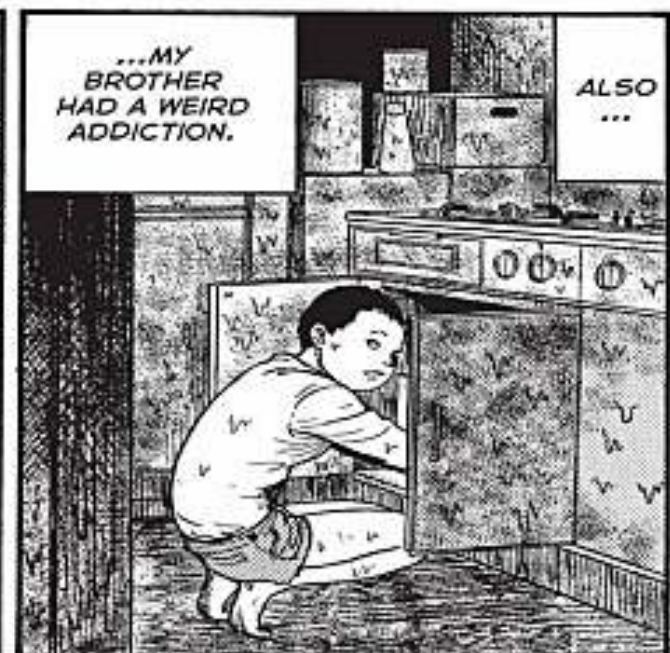
...AND
DRINK
SALAD
OIL LIKE
IT WAS
THE BEST
THING
EVER.



SOME-
TIMES
HE'D
SNEAK
INTO THE
KITCHEN
...

...MY
BROTHER
HAD A WEIRD
ADDICTION.

ALSO
...



YOU
SNITCH
AND THIS
IS WHAT
YOU'LL
GET!

LISTEN, DON'T
TELL DAD!



AH!!

YUI,
YOU SAW
THAT?!



PWAH!



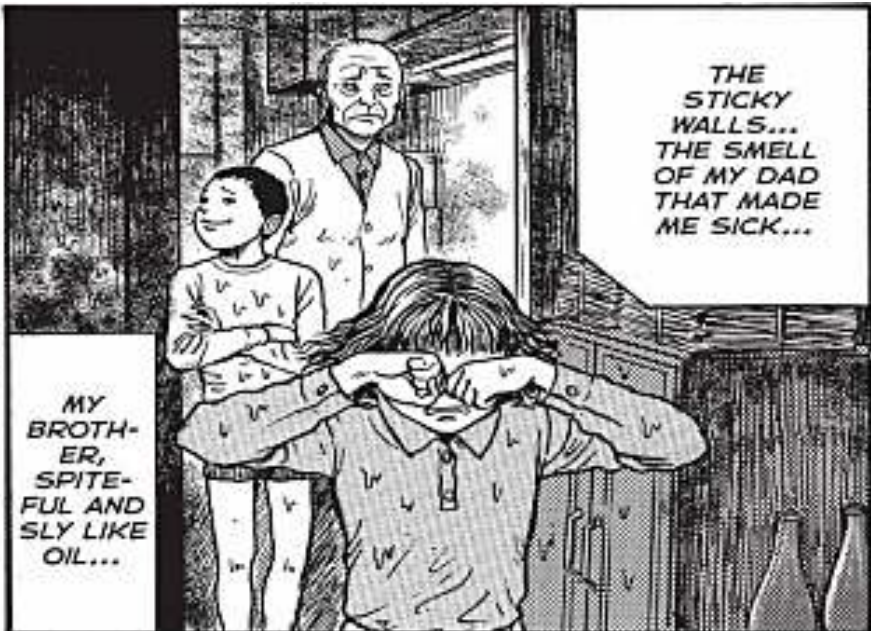
...AND I GRADUALLY GREW SENSITIVE TO IT.

I HATED OIL...



THE STICKY WALLS... THE SMELL OF MY DAD THAT MADE ME SICK...

MY BROTHER, SPITEFUL AND SLY LIKE OIL...



THE OIL INDEX IS 50 PERCENT. PLEASE TAKE CARE WITH ANY OPEN FLAMES.

DING DING BING BONG. THE CURRENT OIL INDEX IN THE ROOM IS...50 PERCENT...



SOON ENOUGH, I BECAME ABLE TO SENSE EVEN...

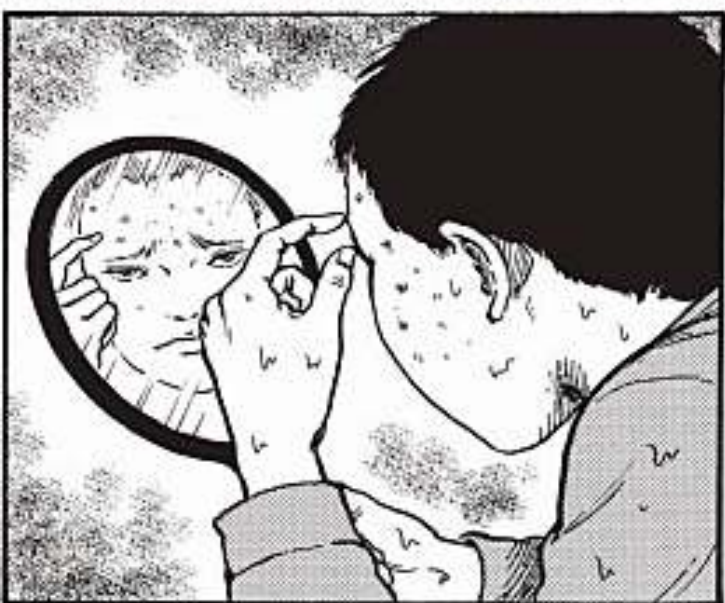
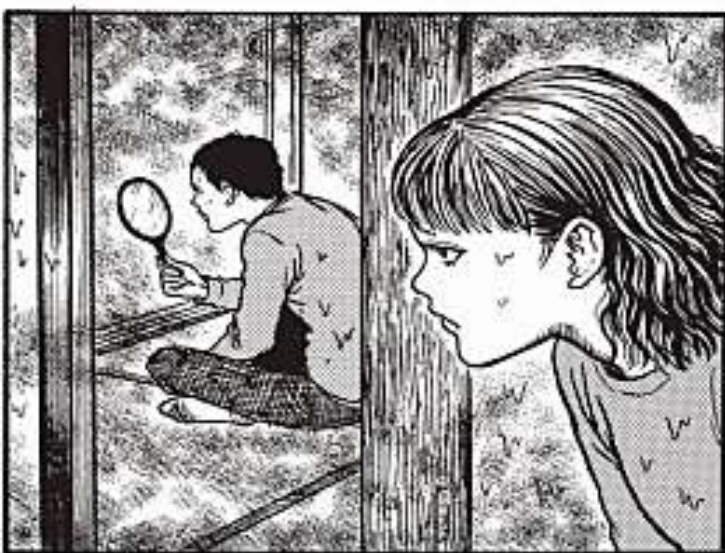
...THE CONCENTRATION OF OIL IN THE AIR OF A ROOM.



I WENT AHEAD AND NAMED THE CONCENTRATION OF OIL IN THE AIR THE "OIL INDEX."

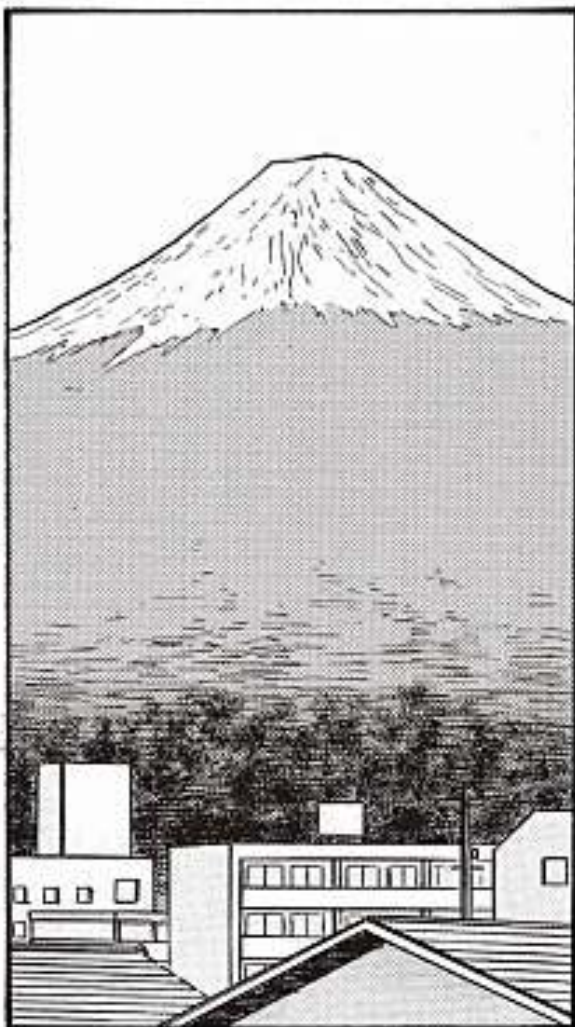
DING DING BING BONG ...







EVENTU-
ALLY, THE
PIMPLES
SPREAD
ACROSS
HIS ENTIRE
FACE.







YOU
THOUGHT
THAT WAS
HILARIOUS,
DIDN'T
YOU?!

HEY, YUI!!
YOU WERE
LAUGHING
AT ME,
WEREN'T
YOU?!



AAAA-
AAH!



LET GO,
OLD
MAN!

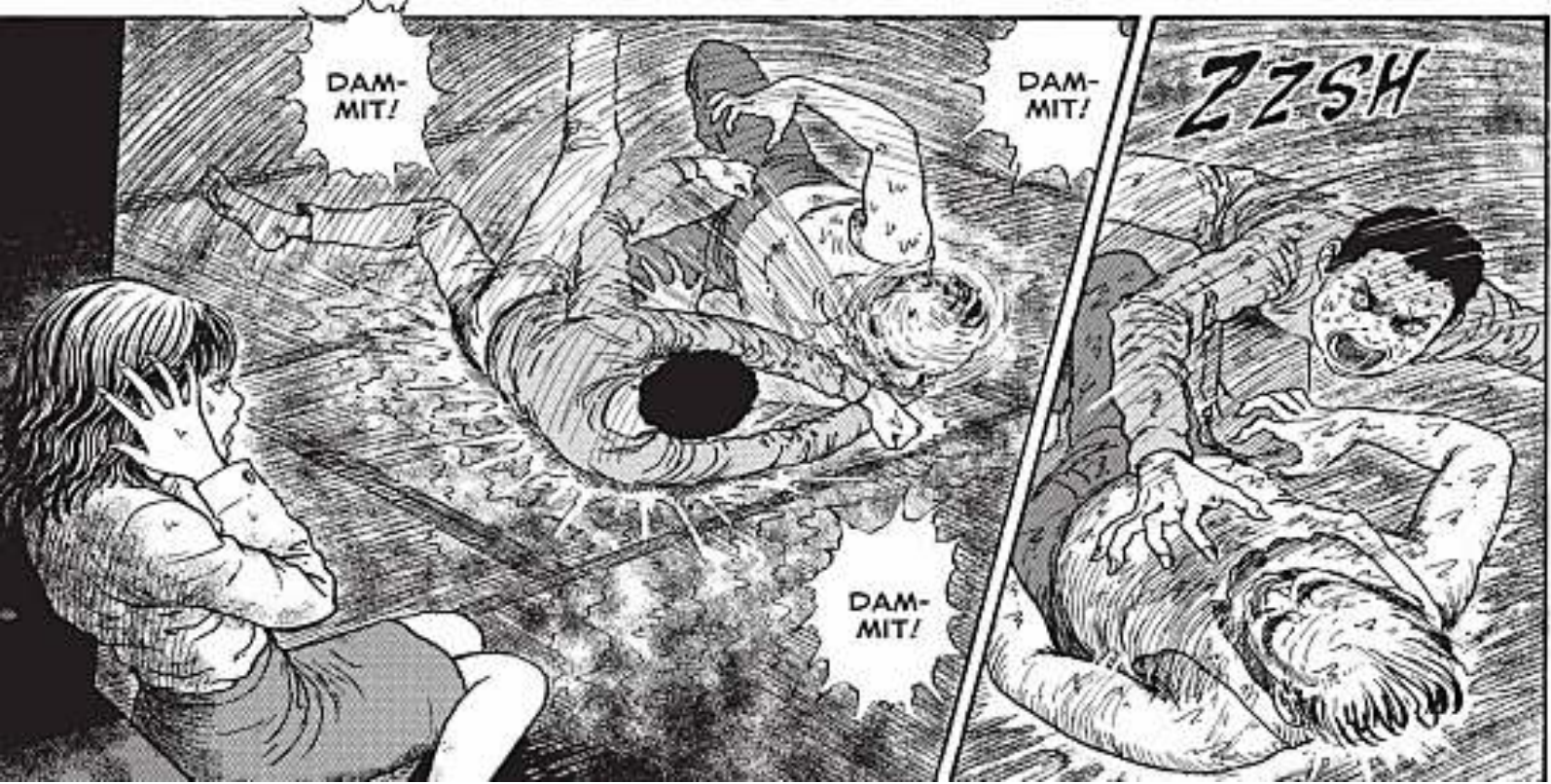
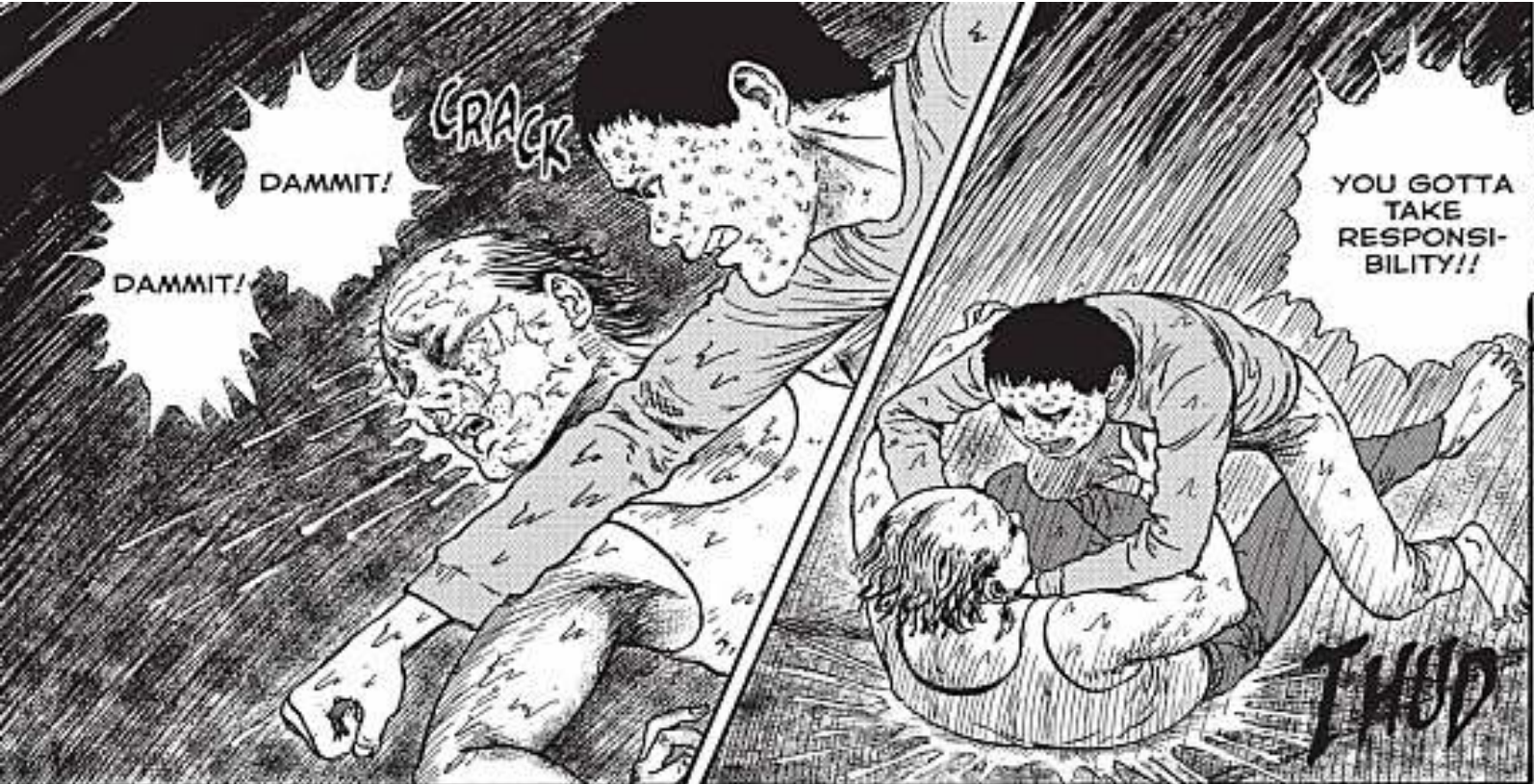


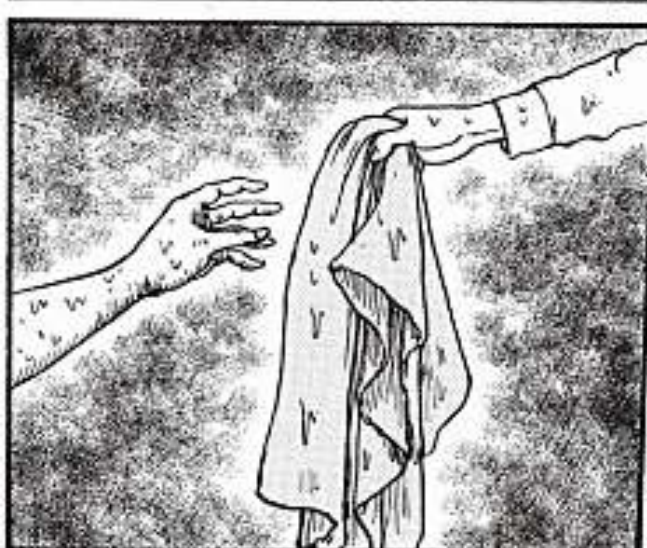
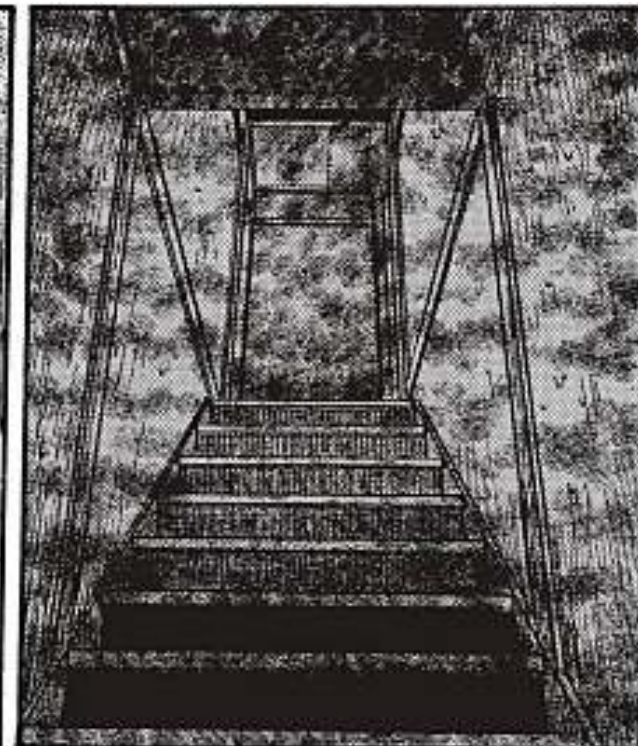
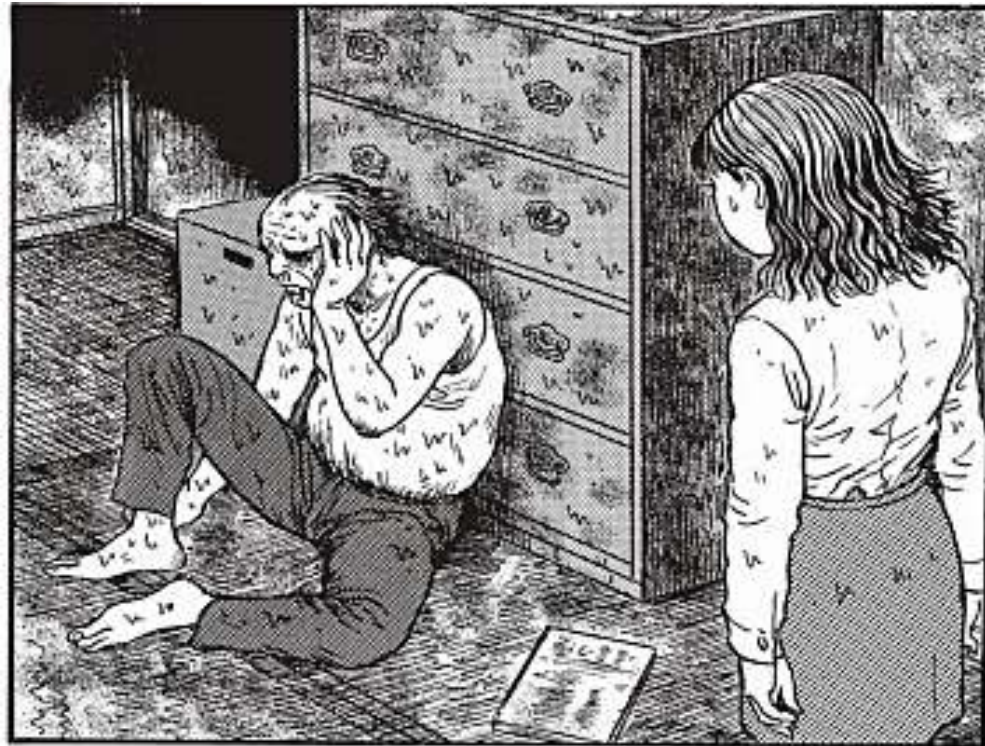
QUIT IT,
GORO!!

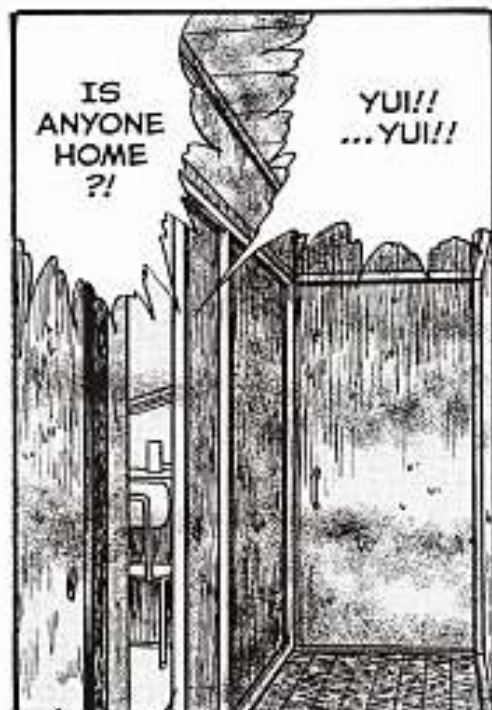


YOU
CONTAMINATED
MY BODY
WITH
YOUR DIRTY
OIL!!

IT'S YOUR
FAULT MY
FACE IS
LIKE THIS!







IS
ANYONE
HOME
?!

YUI!!
...YUI!!



...AND
BEGAN
DRINK-
ING OIL
EVERY
DAY.

AFTER
THAT, MY
BROTHER
SHUT
HIMSELF
UP IN THE
HOUSE...



GO
BUY
SOME
OIL!!

OIL!!



WHAT,
GORO?



THIS
IS SO
ANNOY-
ING!!

AAAH!



THIS
ONE'S
SOGGY.
IT FEELS
GROSS!!



AND A
NEW
FUTON!!



PSSHK



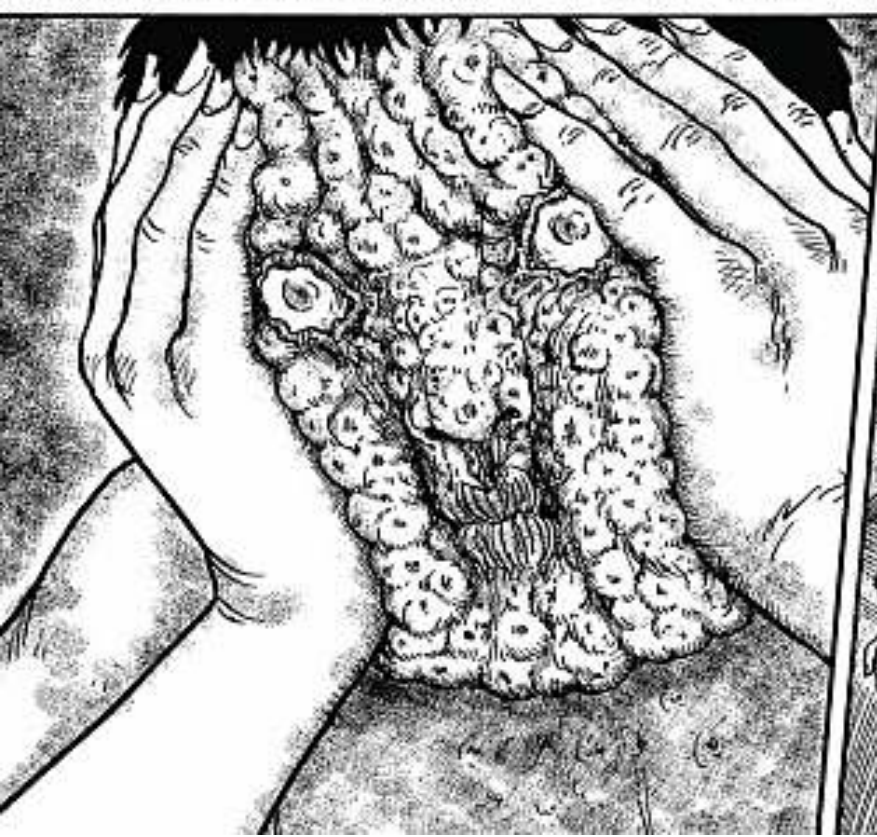
DAMMIT!

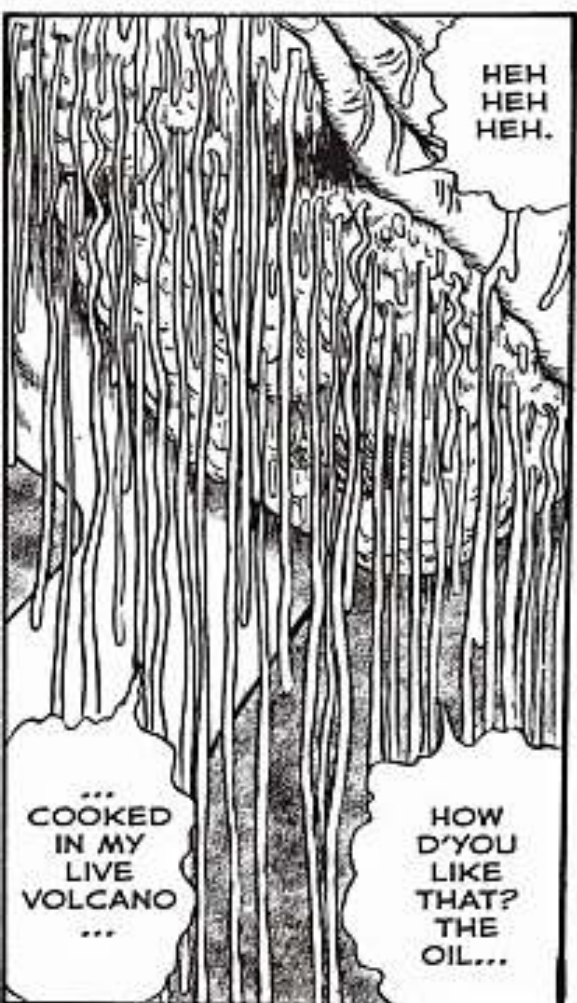
SQUANNE

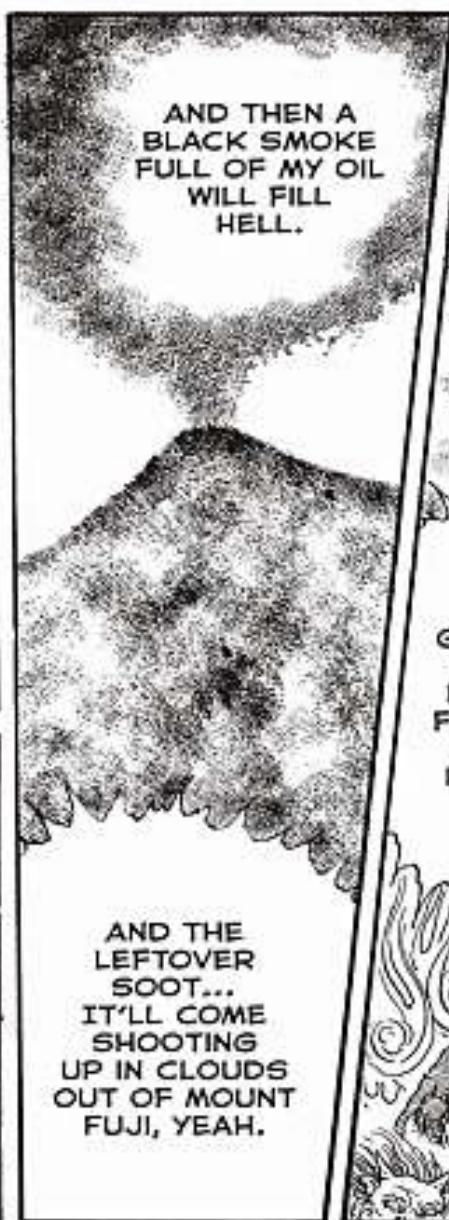


AAAH!!

pyooo











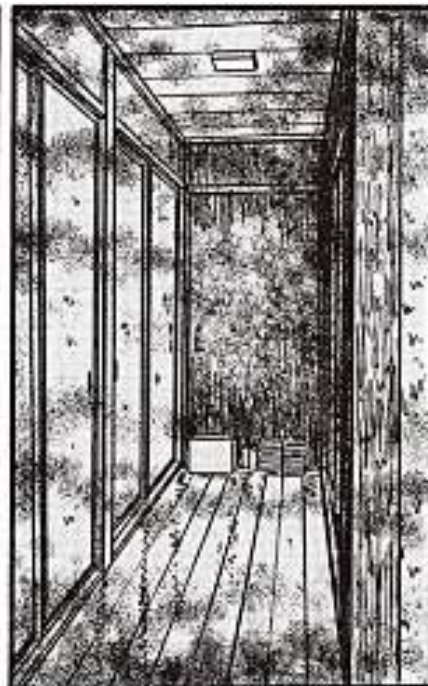
IT WAS AROUND
THAT TIME THAT
I STARTED...

...HAVING
THIS
STRANGE
DREAM.

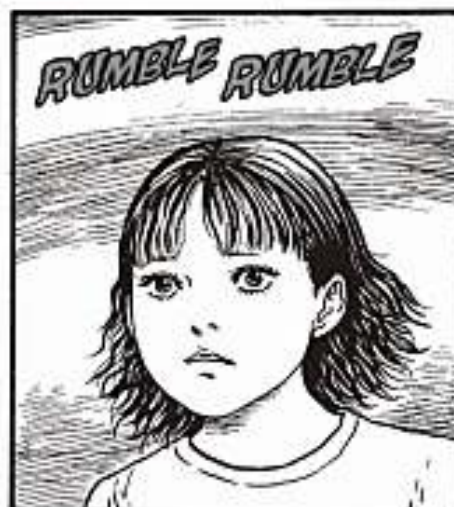


THE OIL
INDEX IS
CURRENTLY
70
PERCENT.

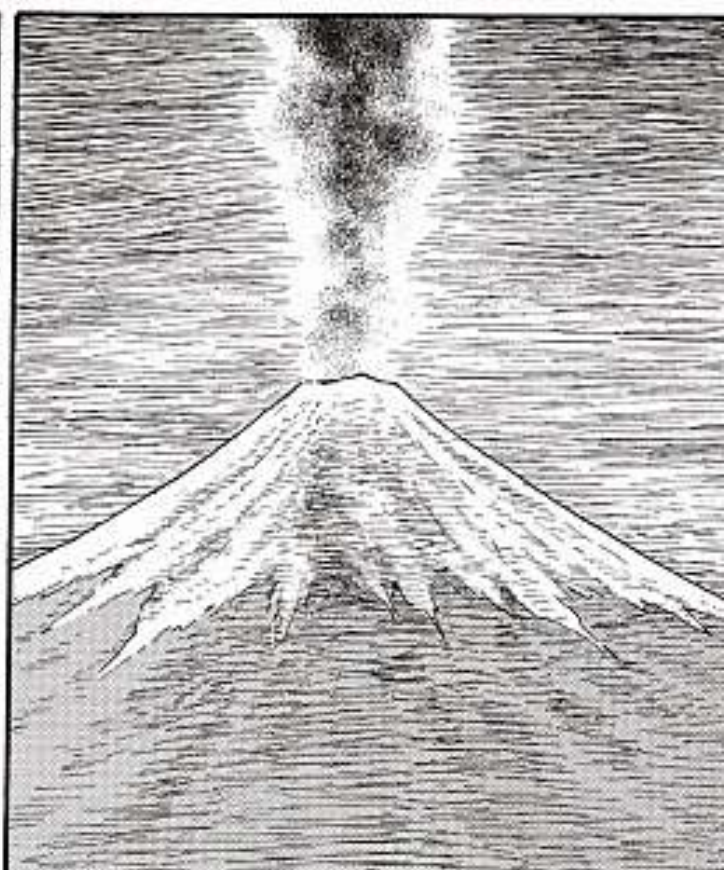
70
PERCENT.



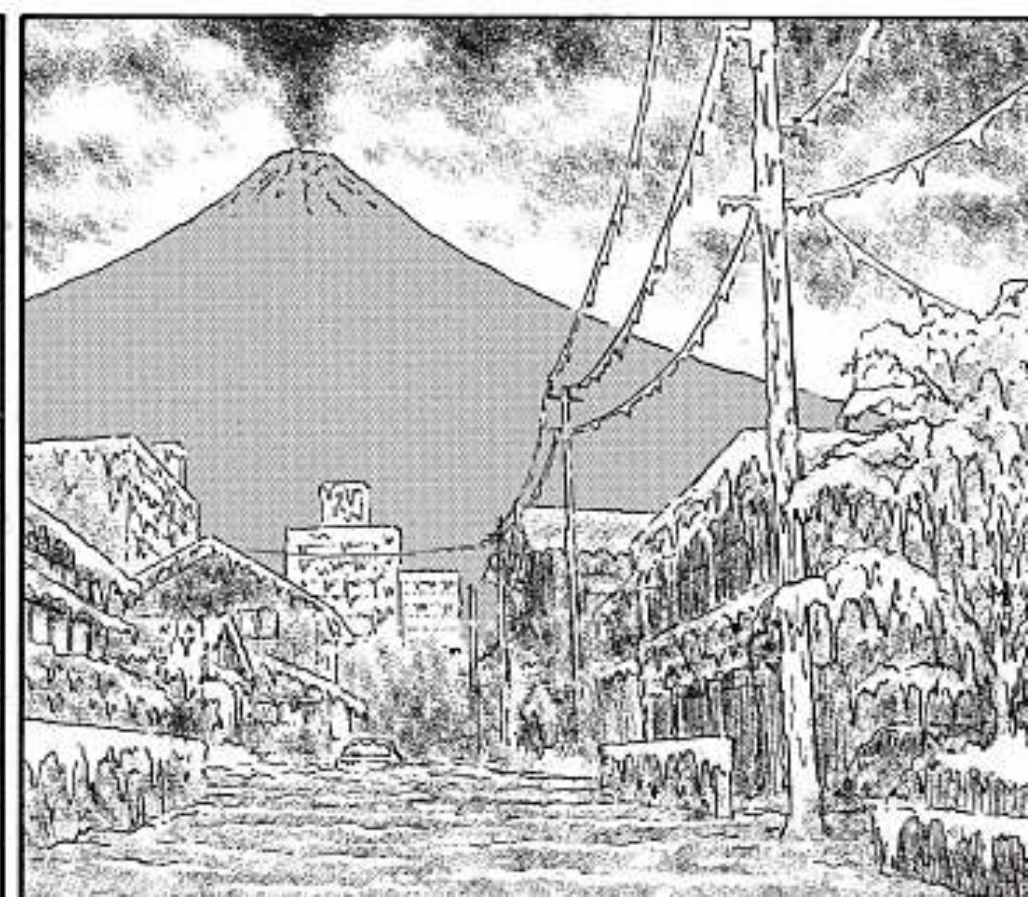
RUMBLE RUMBLE



IN THE
DREAM,
I WAS
LOOKING
AT MOUNT
FUJI.







PLEASE
TAKE
SUFFICIENT
CARE
WITH OPEN
FLAMES.

THE OIL
INDEX IN
THE CITY IS
CURRENTLY
90 PERCENT.
THE OIL
INDEX IS 90
PERCENT.



IT WAS SO
VIVID, I FELT
SICK FOR A
WHILE AFTER
I HAD IT.

IT WAS
ALWAYS
THE SAME
DREAM.
A VIVID
DREAM...



...NO LONGER
MADE ME FEEL
REFRESHED.



AND EVEN
AFTER I WOKE
UP, MOUNT
FUJI, WHICH
HAD BEEN SO
BEAUTIFUL...



AAH...

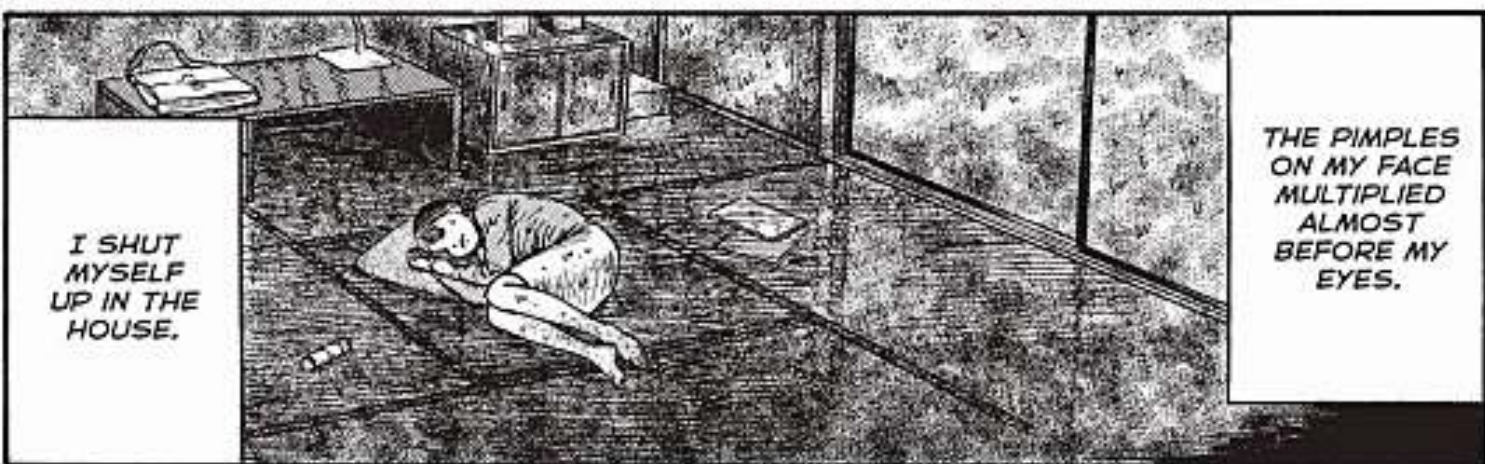
I FEEL
SICK.



UGH.

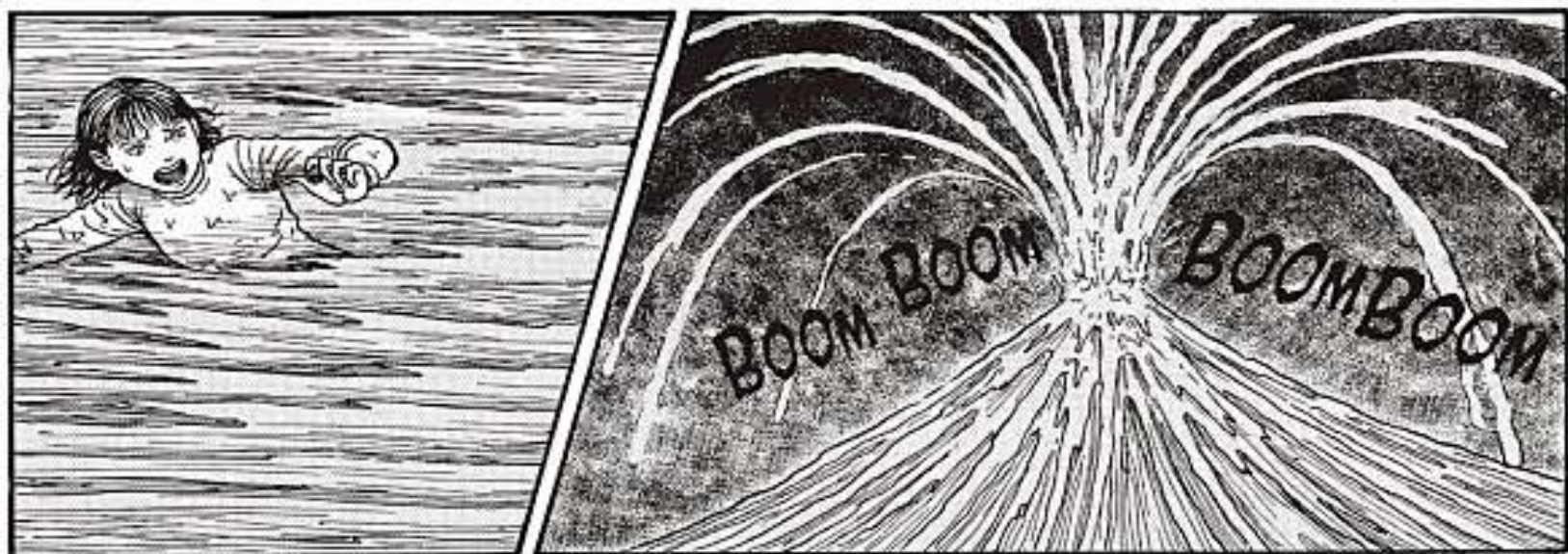
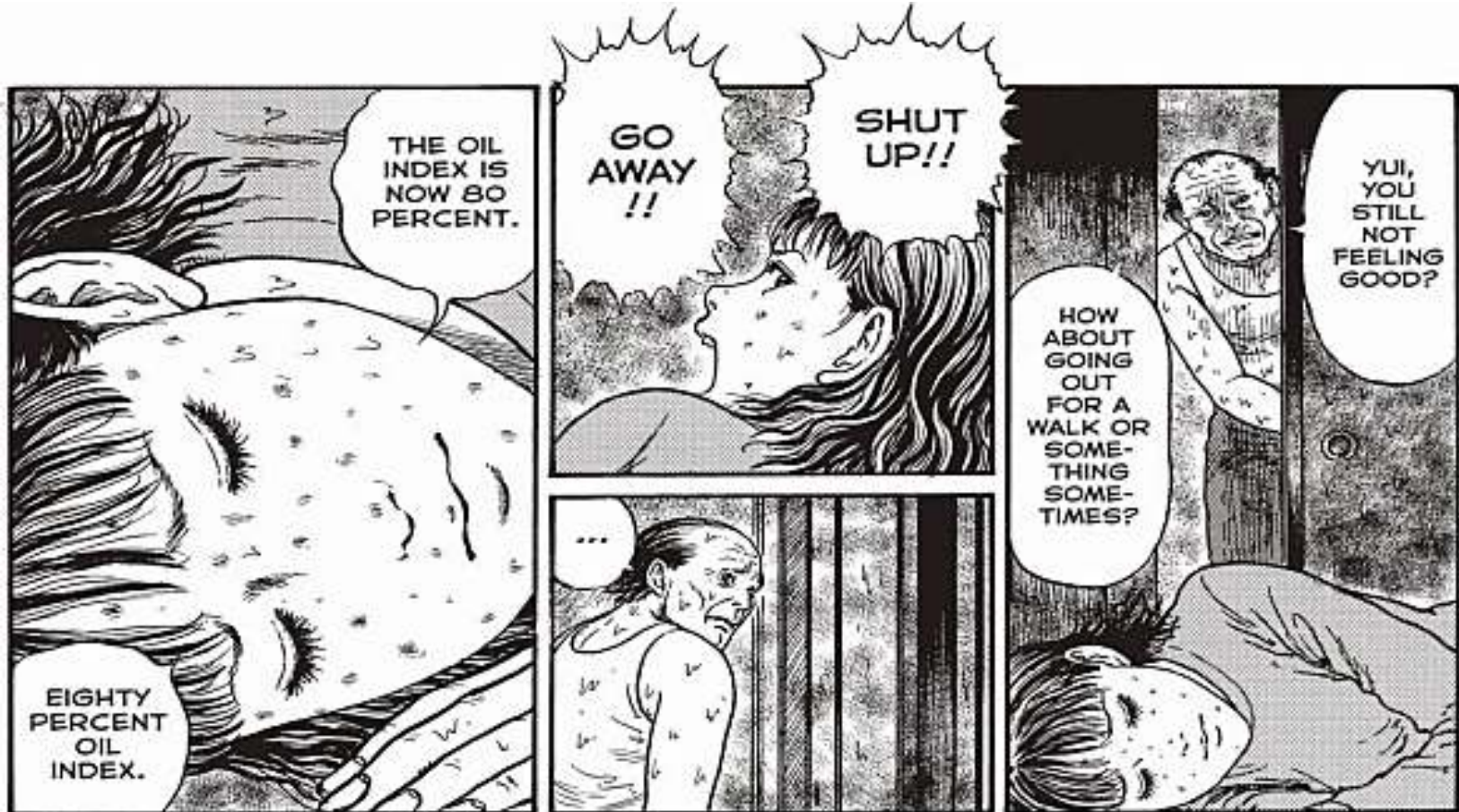


pyoo



I SHUT
MYSELF
UP IN THE
HOUSE.

THE PIMPLES
ON MY FACE
MULTIPLIED
ALMOST
BEFORE MY
EYES.







WHY
ARE YOU
MAKING
ME
DRINK
OIL...

WHAT
?!



OH. SORRY.
IT'S JUST
THE OIL...

YUI...
YOU'RE
AWAKE?



I DON'T
DRINK OIL!
I'M NOT MY
BROTHER!!

I WAS
HUN-
GRY
?!



I
FIGURED
YOU
WERE
MAYBE
HUNGRY.

OH,
NO
REA-
SON.



I
THOUGHT
I FELT
SICK IN
A WEIRD
WAY
LATELY.

HAVE
YOU...
HAVE YOU
BEEN
MAKING
ME DRINK
IT?!



YOU
WEREN'T
THE OIL
DRINKER.

R-
RIGHT.



TO MAKE
ME LIKE
GORO!!

N-NO
WAY.



YOU...
YOU'VE
BEEN
MAKING ME
DRINK THAT
OIL, HAVEN'T
YOU?!
WHY...
WHY?!



I'M
GOING
TO BED
ALREADY
!!



D-DON'T
BE
SILLY.



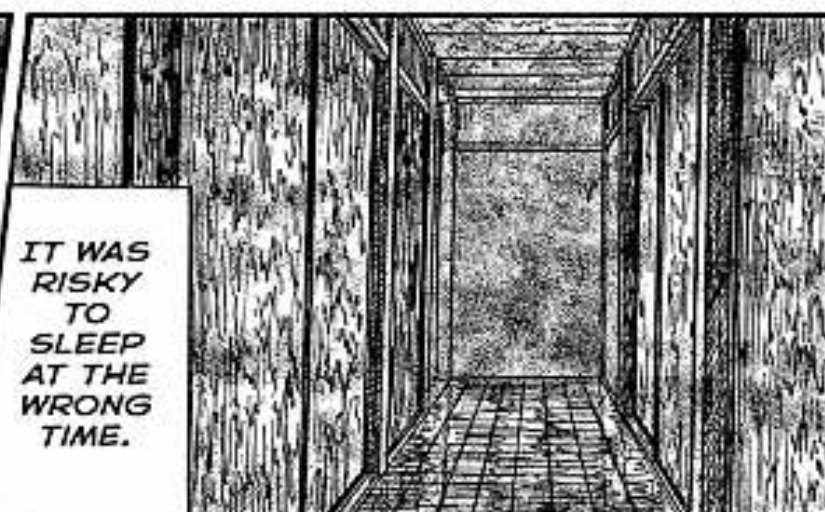
DAD'S
TRYING...
TO MAKE ME
LIKE GORO...



TH-THAT'S
IT. THAT'S
TOTALLY IT.

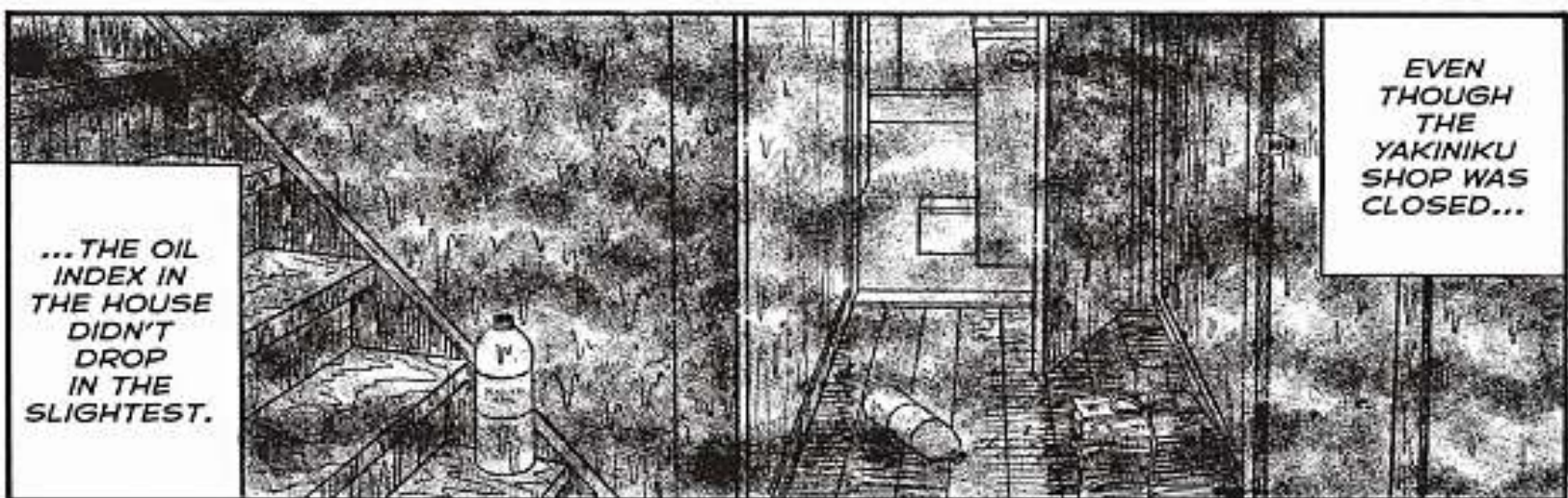


IT WAS
RISKY
TO
SLEEP
AT THE
WRONG
TIME.



I WAS
ON
GUARD
AFTER
THAT.





ANYWHERE
NEAR
HIM...

...THE
OIL INDEX
JUMPED
UP.

MY
FATHER'S
SKIN GOT
OILIER
AND
OILIER.

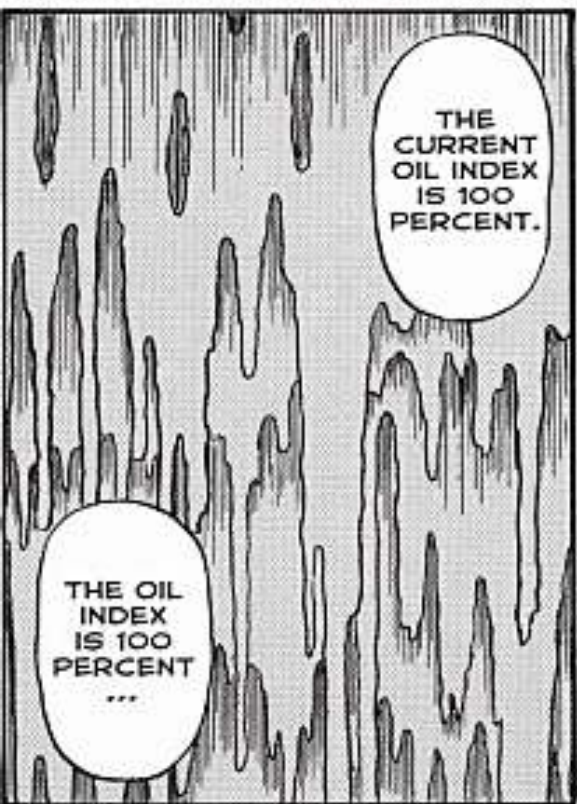
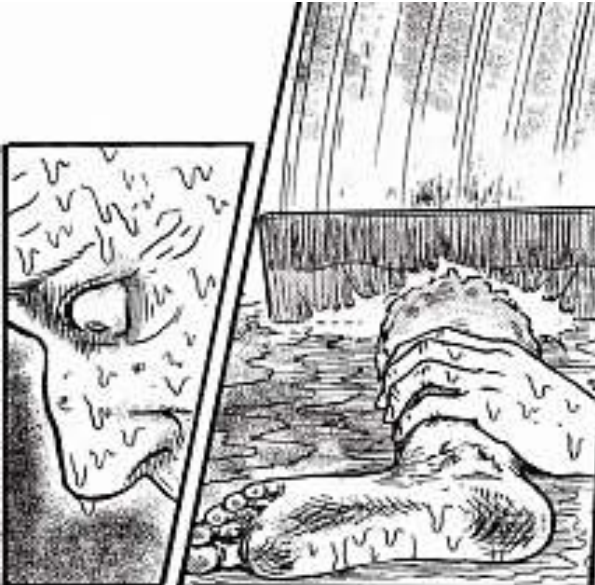
THE OIL
INDEX IN
THE HOUSE
WAS
ALWAYS
90
PERCENT
OR
HIGHER.

AFTER MY
FATHER HAD
BEEN IN THE
BATH, THERE
WAS A THICK
LAYER OF OIL
OVER THE
WATER.

...AND
IT FELL
FROM
THE
CEILING
LIKE
RAIN.

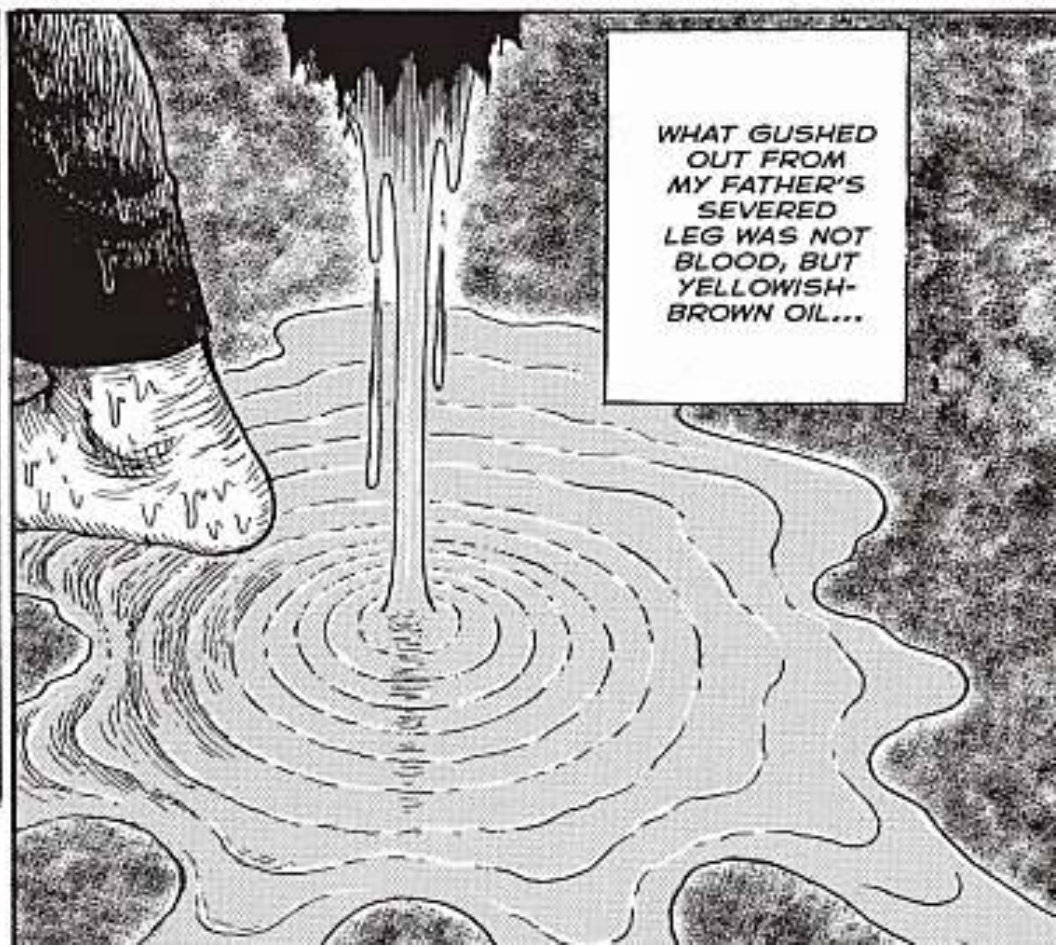
AND THE
FUTONS IN
THE CLOSET
WERE EVEN
MORE
SOAKED
THAN EVER
WITH OIL.





THE
CURRENT
OIL INDEX
IS 100
PERCENT.

THE OIL
INDEX
IS 100
PERCENT



WHAT GUSHED
OUT FROM
MY FATHER'S
SEVERED
LEG WAS NOT
BLOOD, BUT
YELLOWISH-
BROWN OIL...

END

AUTHOR COMMENTARY

GREASED

First, I had as an image the unpleasantness of an oil-soaked futon. The dental technician school I went to in Nagoya was a Buddhist corporation, so there was also Buddhist study. I'm pretty sure it was in Mie prefecture, but in any case, we stayed over at this temple for a few days, did zazen meditation, and chanted prayers while tapping our *mokugyo* temple blocks. Naturally, we also did the cleaning inside the temple and on the temple grounds, but the most difficult thing was when we would go to sleep at night. The futons they had at the temple hadn't been aired out for who knew how many years, like they were fermenting them inside the humid closets, and they were stained a solid brown from the sweat of Buddhist students, and had wrinkles that were hardened in place. Sleeping on that sticky futon on the hot, humid summer nights was really difficult ascetic practice. I wanted to put that discomfort into a manga.

When I took up oil as my subject, other related things came out. Like pimples. When I was a teenager, I had terrible skin, and I squeezed so much out of the super large pimples on my forehead! So then I thought that if we talk about humidity levels to indicate the amount of moisture in the air, then it would be good if there was also something to indicate the amount of oil in the air. I wish I had been able to come up with a better name than "oil index," but I couldn't.

"Greased" is a collection of unpleasant things, and since I'm sure this will cause significant trouble for all you readers, I decided to wrap up this self-absorbed author commentary while reproaching myself and chanting prayers. Hail to the Lotus Sutra!

A story about an oil (humidity) index

At first, it's called the oil humidity index, but eventually, it's abbreviated to oil index.

Oil humidity index

Air quality according to a humidity index called the oil (humidity) index

The people who live in the town are greasy people.

Vegetable

Animal

Petroleum-related

Human fat

Deep breathing

People who long for freshness

New type of oil produced in oil fields. The people who work there.

"Today's oil (humidity) index is 80%."

The whole town is yellowed. If you touch the walls, they're sticky and your fingers don't slide down it.

Thick, heavy people. Greasy love, sticky, refuse to leave your side. Feels gross to be with them.

Stubborn people (Aren't stubborn people spoiled people?)

"Today's oil index is 30%. Today's oil index is 80%. Today's oil index is 100%."

- Oil rain falls at an oil index of 100%.
- Frequent fires

A large oil field is discovered in Japan. Animal oil.

"I want to sleep in a fluffy futon."

- Oil hard to digest/breathe, sits in the stomach heavily
- Ugly pimples

Things get stuck to the sticky, oily wall and pile up.

The number of obese bodies increases. (It's taken into the bodies of the dead.)

- Oil burns (Yellowish-brown or reddish-brown due to oxidation/decomposition of oil, long-term storage. Bitter taste, unpleasant smell
- Electrical appliances soon break.
- Soap is a must-have.

油度、言

油湿度

当初 油湿度と呼ばれたが、やがて油度と簡略化された。



油度 湿度に次ぐ空気の状態。

く、町に住む人々には油、こい人々。

植物性、動物性。石油系。

人間の脂 深呼吸

さめやかえて切望する人々

油田から新鮮な油が産出。ここは即く労働者。

「今日の油度80%」

街中黄ばんでいる。壁にさめてみると、ベトとい。指が壁に

コッテリした人々 脂に恋。粘つく、しつこく離れない。一緒にいたい。頑固な人。(頑固な人、て甘えてる人、なんじゃねえの?)

「今日の油度30%。今日の油度80%。今日の油度100%」

日本に大油田発見。動物性油

油度100%で油の雨が降る。火事多発

「さ、かきか、布団に服いたら」

消化吸収の悪い油。胃もたれ。みじくい吹き出物

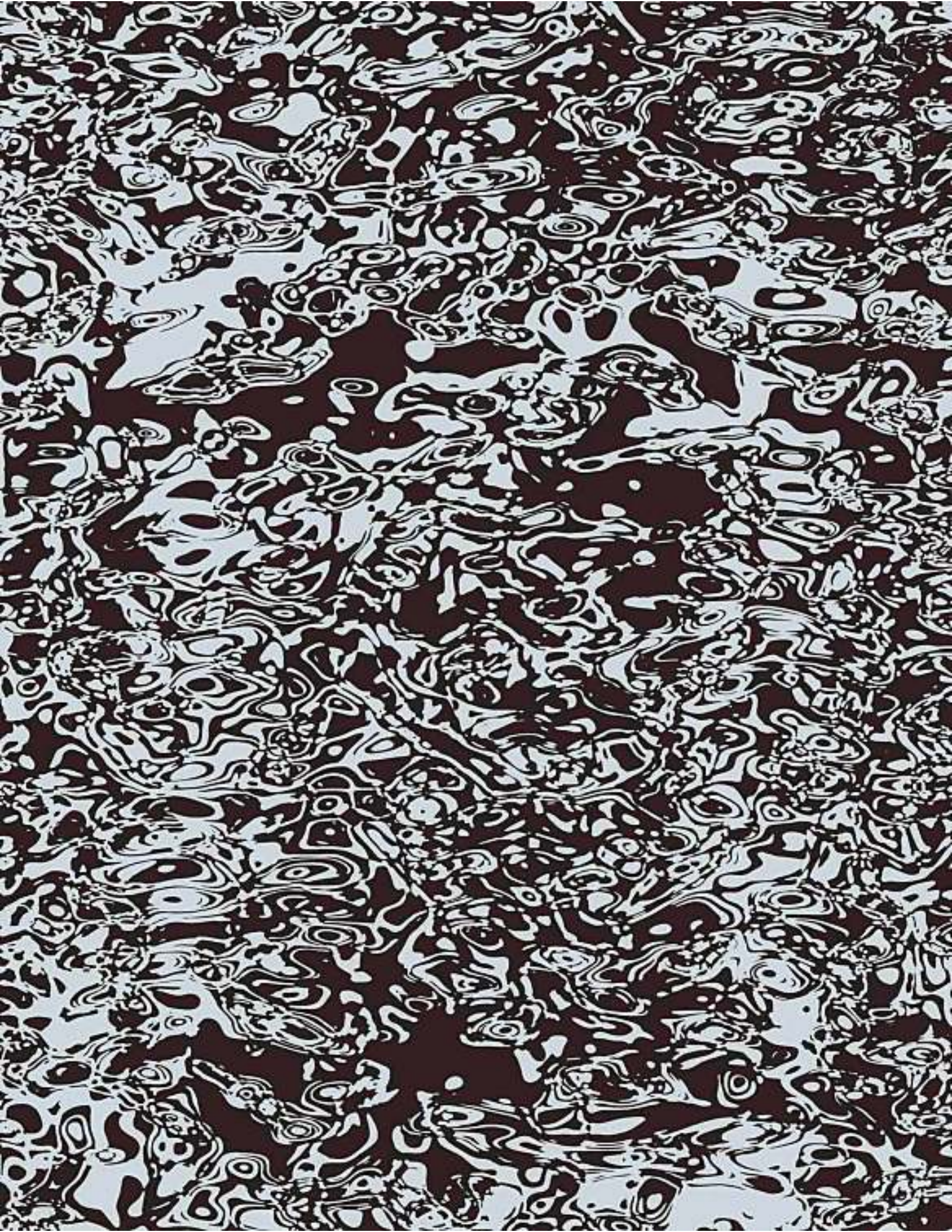
油のぬちこい壁に何かが付着。盛り上がる。

肥満体が増える。(死者が体いヒリこめる)

油やけ (油脂の酸化分解、長期貯蔵により黄か色、赤か色。にがみ、不快臭)

「電家製品がだんだん壊れる」

セッケンが必需品



BONUS STORY

FASHION MODEL: CURSED FRAME





BUT...
PLEASE...

THANK
YOU.



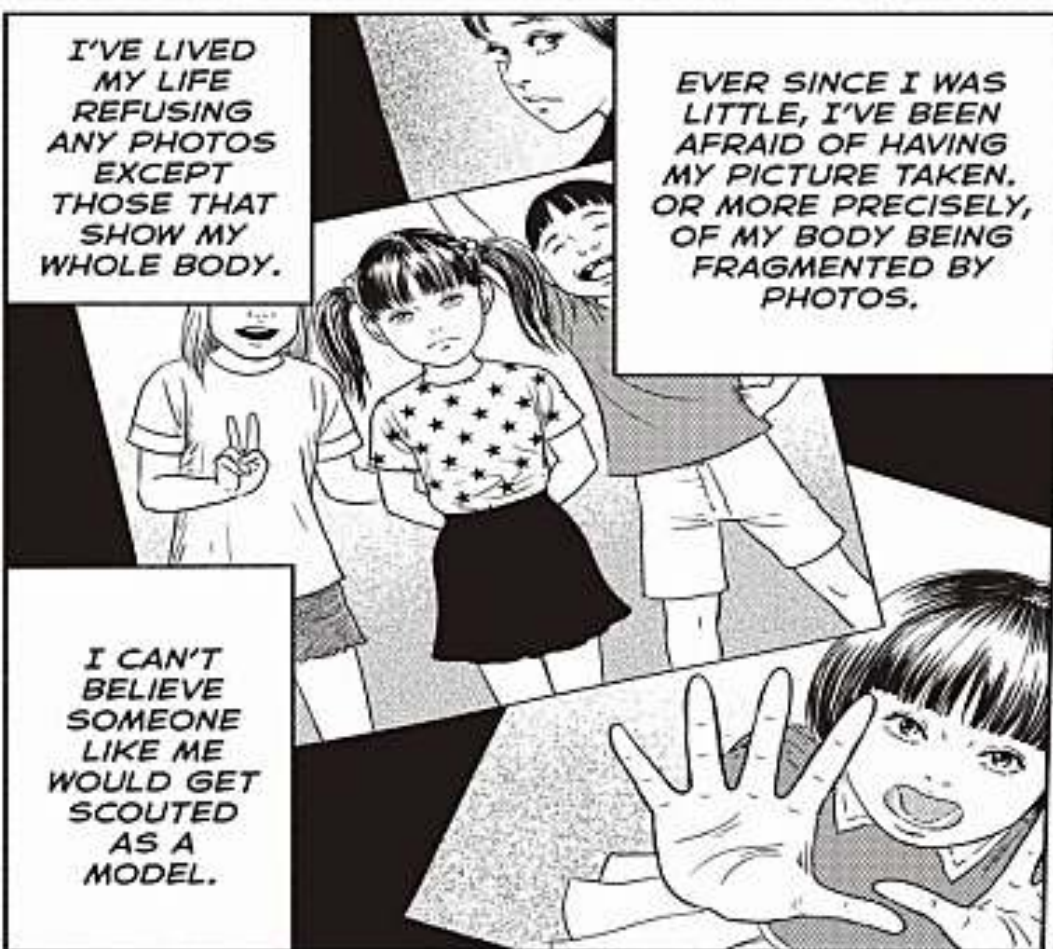
YOU'VE
MADE THE
RIGHT
DECISION,
AMY.

IT WAS
WORTH
SPENDING
ALL THAT
TIME PER-
SUADING
YOU.

MODELING
AGENCY
OFFICE VIVACE



YOU'RE
GOING
TO BE A
HIT AS A
MODEL. I
GUARAN-
TEE IT.



I'VE LIVED
MY LIFE
REFUSING
ANY PHOTOS
EXCEPT
THOSE THAT
SHOW MY
WHOLE BODY.

EVER SINCE I WAS
LITTLE, I'VE BEEN
AFRAID OF HAVING
MY PICTURE TAKEN.
OR MORE PRECISELY,
OF MY BODY BEING
FRAGMENTED BY
PHOTOS.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
SOMEONE
LIKE ME
WOULD GET
SCOUTED
AS A
MODEL.



AND I'LL DO
EVERYTHING
I CAN TO
PROTECT YOU
FROM THE
MEDIA TAKING
PICTURES
HOWEVER
THEY LIKE.

I
UNDERSTAND.
WE ONLY
ALLOW FULL-
BODY SHOTS
IN FASHION
MAGAZINES.



...



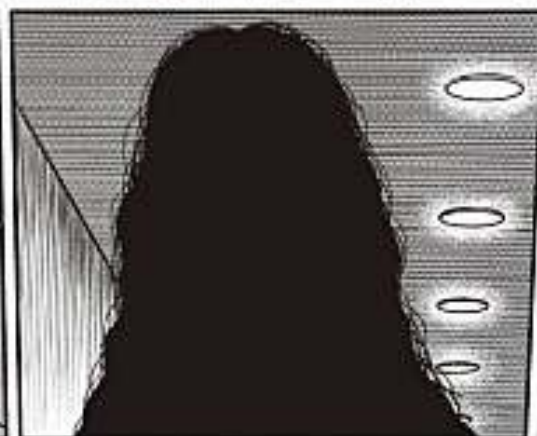
OKAY.

WELL,
I'M SURE
YOU'RE ANXIOUS
ABOUT ALL KINDS
OF THINGS, SO
LET'S GO GET
SOMETHING TO
EAT AND TALK
ABOUT WHAT
WILL HAPPEN
NEXT.



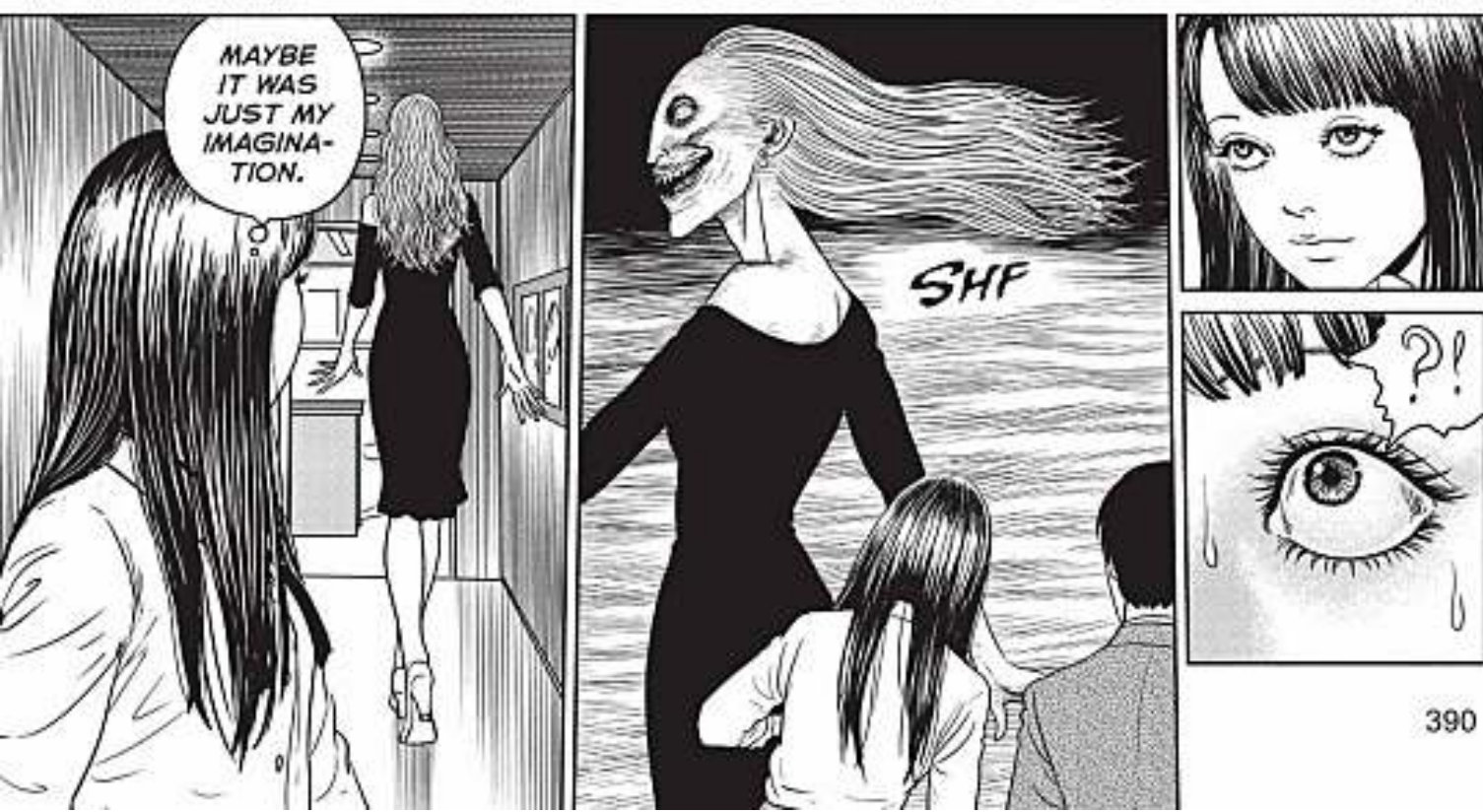
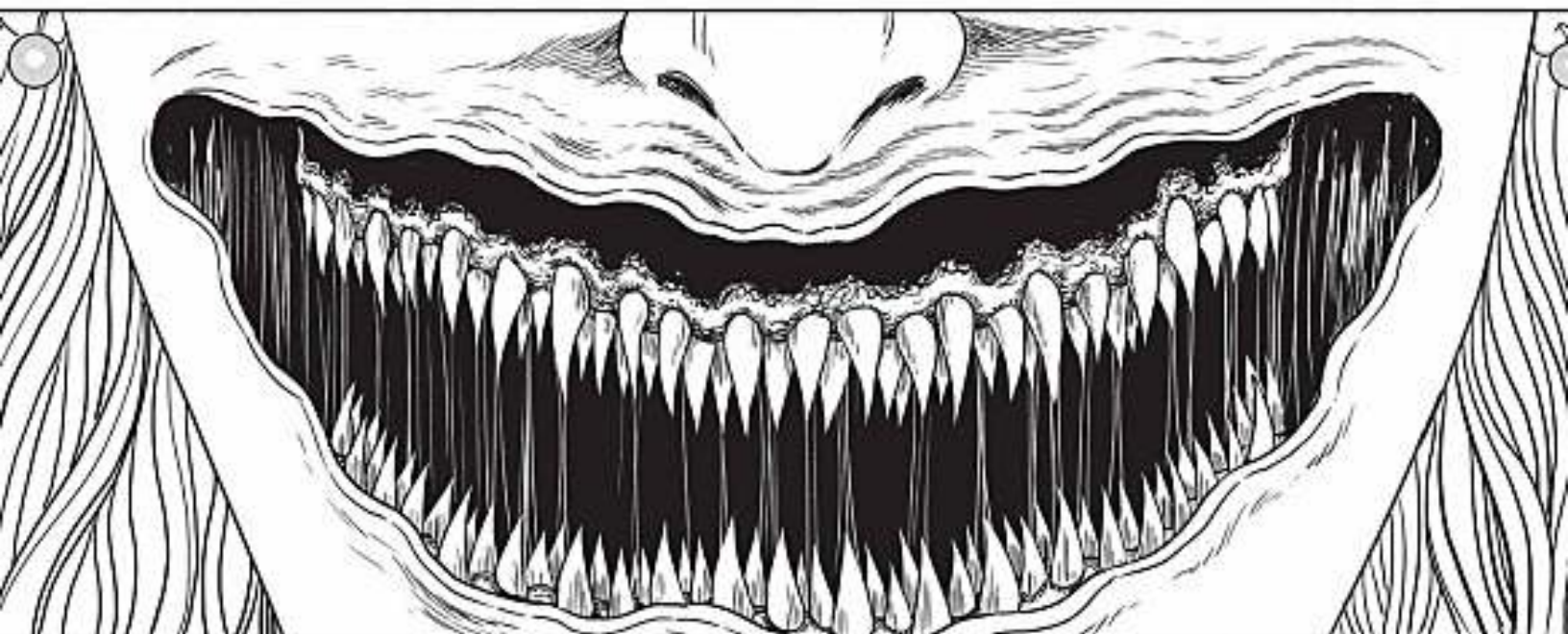
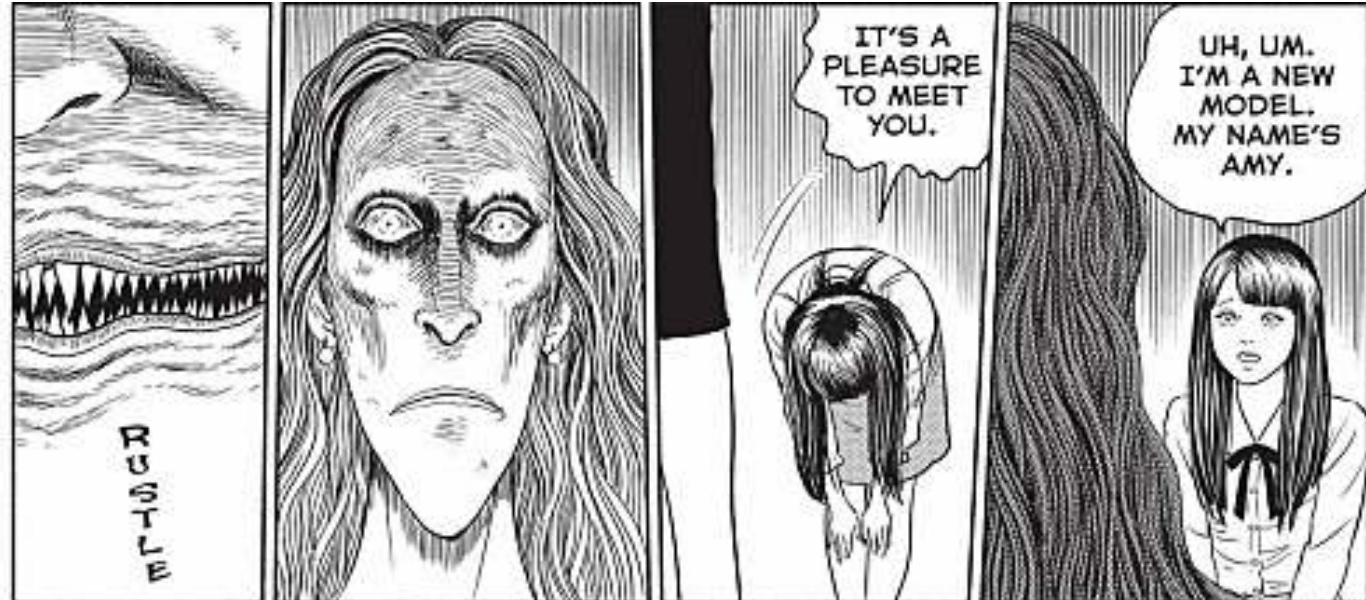
THIS
IS ONE
OF OUR
ESTAB-
LISHED
MODELS.

OH, AMY.
LET ME
INTRODUCE
YOU.



HER NAME
IS FUCHI.





NOOOO!



SHOW BUSINESS IS NOT SUCH A KIND WORLD THAT MY AGENCY WOULD KEEP THE PROMISE TO ONLY TAKE AND PRINT FULL-BODY SHOTS.



ABOUT A MONTH AFTER MY DEBUT, A KNEE SHOT AND A WAIST SHOT WERE PRINTED IN A MAGAZINE I WAS CONTRACTED TO.



WAS I AFRAID OF PART OF MY BODY BEING CUT AWAY?



WHY WAS I AFRAID OF ANYTHING OTHER THAN FULL-BODY SHOTS TO BEGIN WITH?

HE WAS RIGHT. A NEW MODEL COULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO REFUSE ANYTHING EXCEPT FULL-BODY SHOTS.



THAT NIGHT, I STRUGGLED WITH THE CONFLICT.

MR. NOMURA, THIS WASN'T IN THE CONTRACT!



CALM DOWN, AMY. THE WORLD WANTS CLOSE-UPS OF YOU.



I REFUSED
TO BE IN OUR
YEARBOOK,
I HADN'T BEEN
ABLE TO PUT
TOGETHER A
RESUME OR GET
MY PASSPORT,
I'D GOTTEN
INTO FIGHTS
WITH FRIENDS
WHO TOOK
MY PHOTO
ANYWAY...

WHEN I
THOUGHT
ABOUT IT, HOW
MUCH OF A
DISADVANTAGE
HAD I PUT
MYSELF AT
UP TO NOW
BECAUSE OF
THIS PHOBIA?



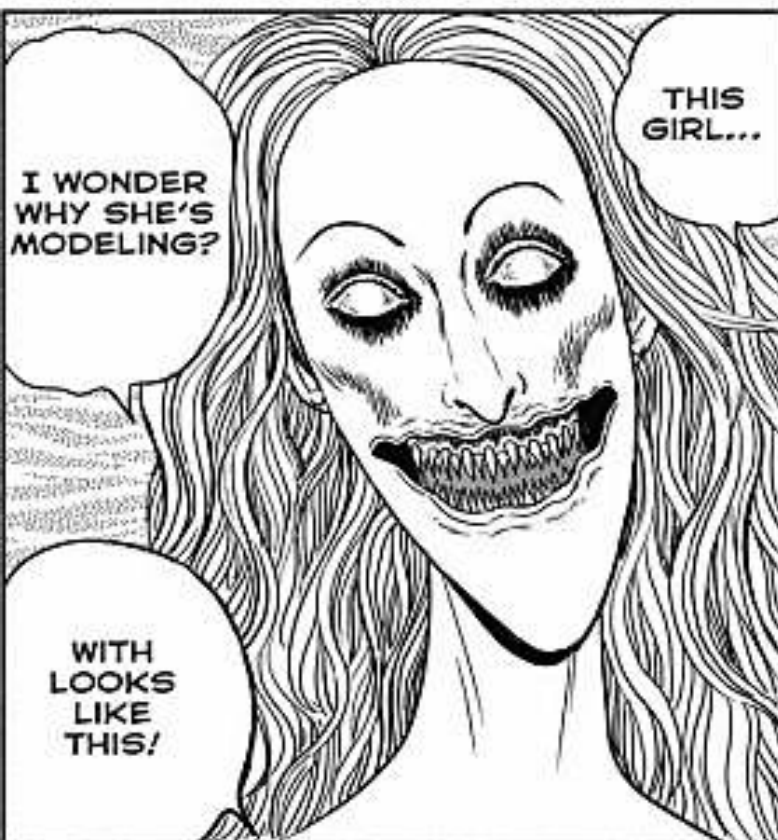
I KNEW IT WAS
RIDICULOUS.
DID I REALLY
WANT TO LOSE
THIS JOB OVER
SOMETHING
LIKE THAT?



RIGHT. THAT'S
RIGHT. I'LL
KEEP DOING
IT. I'LL KEEP
MODELING.



I HAD TO
BREAK FREE.
I HAD TO
OVERCOME
IT!



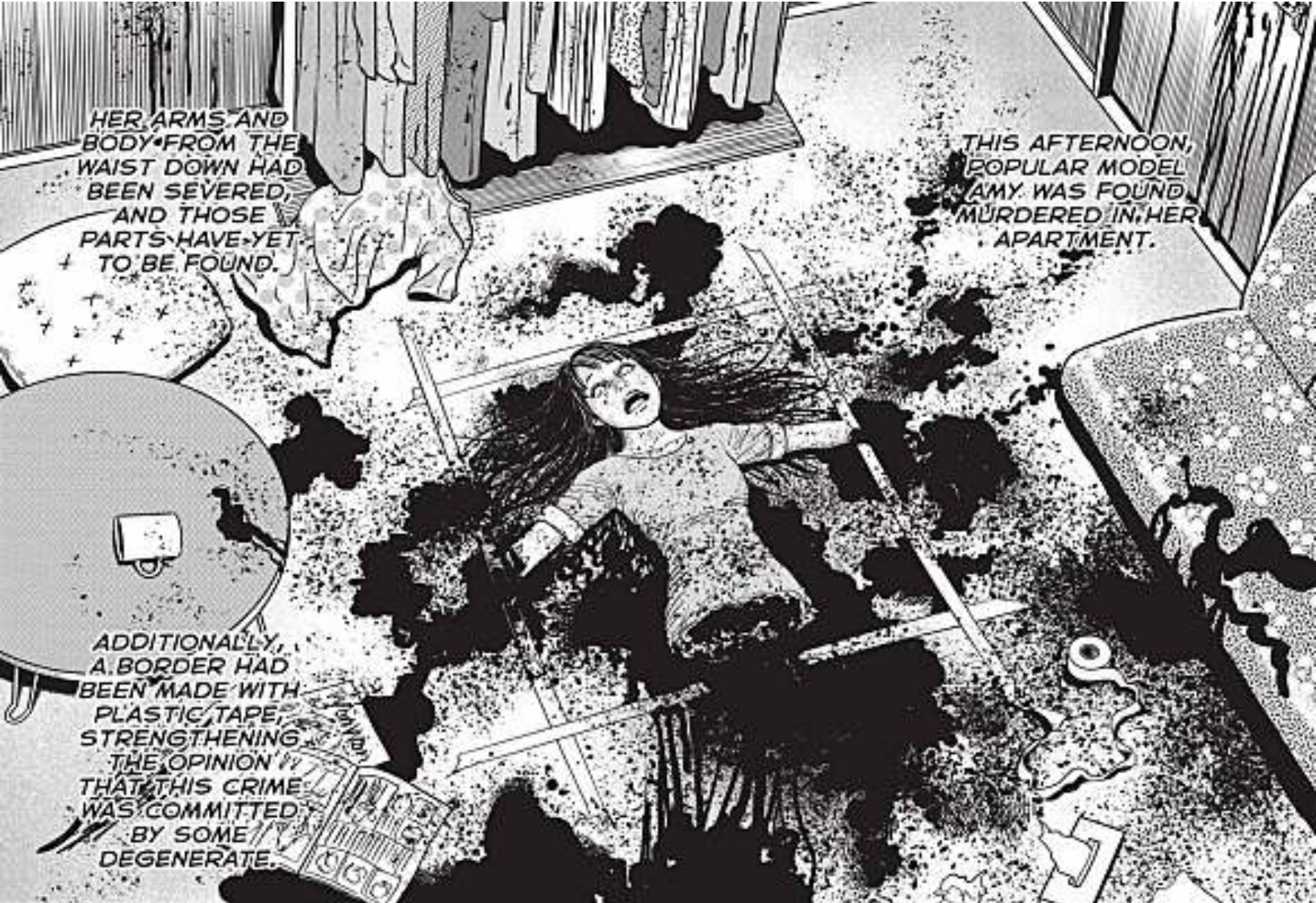
THIS
GIRL...

I WONDER
WHY SHE'S
MODELING?

WITH
LOOKS
LIKE
THIS!







HER ARMS AND
BODY FROM THE
WAIST DOWN HAD
BEEN SEVERED,
AND THOSE
PARTS HAVE YET
TO BE FOUND.

THIS AFTERNOON,
POPULAR MODEL
AMY WAS FOUND
MURDERED IN HER
APARTMENT.

ADDITIONALLY,
A BORDER HAD
BEEN MADE WITH
PLASTIC TAPE,
STRENGTHENING
THE OPINION
THAT THIS CRIME
WAS COMMITTED
BY SOME
DEGENERATE.



BUT WE HAVE
INFORMATION
THAT TEETH
IMPRESSIONS
LIKE THOSE OF
A SHARK WERE
FOUND ON THE
CROSS SECTIONS,
AND FURTHER
INVESTIGATION IS
EXPECTED.

FASHION MODEL: CURSED FRAME // END



SHIVER: JUNJI ITO SELECTED STORIES

AFTERWORD

So we ended up publishing a selected collection of my stories. I've been drawing manga for nearly thirty years, but I'm actually still very attached to my work. Memories from the times I drew them are stuffed into each and every story.

In putting together the stories for this collection and then writing the commentaries for them, all kinds of things came back to life from the period when I wrote them, so it was a very fun bit of work to do. When writing the commentaries, I wanted to imitate the annotations of his own work that Edogawa Ranpo did, but when I reread my comments, the text seemed really arrogant. Ranpo's seemed so much more humble somehow.

I also included concept sketches, so with my terrible handwriting and all my misspellings, I've apparently decided to show you something truly embarrassing. Please be kind.

Finally, for giving me the opportunity to release this collection, I want to offer my sincerest gratitude to Asahi Shimbun Publications comics editor-in-chief Yusuke Hatanaka, and my editors Mikio Yoshida and Makiko Hara, along with everyone else in the editorial department. And I'd especially like to say how eternally grateful I am to my late editor Toshiyasu Harada, who guided me from the time of my debut when I was basically a rank amateur and sometimes also gave me inspiration.

—Junji Ito
August 4, 2015





SHIVER

JUNJI ITO SELECTED STORIES

Story & Art by Junji Ito

Ito Junji Jisen Kessakushu

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PARENTAL ADVISORY

SHIVER is rated T+ for Older Teen and is recommended for ages 16 and up. This volume contains graphic violence and disturbing themes.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Junji Ito made his professional manga debut in 1987 and since then has gone on to be recognized as one of the greatest contemporary artists working in the horror genre. His titles include *Tomie* and *Uzumaki*, which have been adapted into live-action films; *Gyo*, which was adapted into an animated film; and *Fragments of Horror*, all of which are available from VIZ Media. Ito's influences include classic horror manga artists Kazuo Umezu and Hideshi Hino, as well as authors Yasutaka Tsutsui and H.P. Lovecraft.



