



Didn't I Say
to Make My Abilities
Average in the
Next Life?!

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7

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VOLUME 7

An independent request: i.e., a job requested directly of a hunter from a client, without going through the Guild. These were useful for those who did not wish to pay a handling fee to the Guild. It also meant that it was fine for the job to contain provisions that the Guild would disapprove of.

The flipside of this was that the hunters would receive no contribution points from the Guild. It also meant that neither the client nor the hunter received any protections in the case of either side lying or breaching contract—in other words, withholding payment or falsifying job results. Furthermore, neither side had any guarantee that the other was who they said they were, and so forth.

In short, it was possible that the people you hired to be your escort could actually be the bandits themselves, lacking any qualifications as hunters, and you would have no way of knowing.

An independent request could be dangerous if the people with whom you formed the contract were not people with whom you were closely acquainted, in whom you had complete faith. However, as long as you knew the other side and could trust them, they were usually fine.

“I am requesting an independent contract with the C-rank party, the Crimson Vow. The stipulations are as follows: Travel to the lands of Viscount Ascham and rescue anyone associated with our good friend Mile. The payment for the job is one silver piece. Will you accept my request, Miss Party Leader?”

“I humbly accept your request, my beautiful lady...”

“Beau...?!”

Though she was the one who had begun this charade, upon seeing the sincere and serious expression with which Mavis replied, Reina went red in the face. She still had a long road ahead of her in the study of looking cool.

“Y-you guys...”

There were tears in Mile’s eyes.

Pauline looked to her and said warmly, “You’ve saved us so many times, Mile. And several of those times involved the personal affairs of myself, my family, and Mavis’s family, didn’t they? Still, even if that weren’t the case, that

wouldn't change the fact of us accepting this request now. And that's because..."

Pauline, Mavis, and Reina all cried, "As long as the blood flows red through our veins, our friendship is immortal!!!"

Mile clung to Reina, sobbing, while Mavis's shoulders slumped, wondering why she was never the one who got the hugs. Pauline looked on with a shrug.

Side Story: Good Luck, Mariette!

A long time ago, Mile took on a home tutoring request, the goal of which was to prepare a young lady named Mariette, the daughter of the owner of a mid-sized mercantile company, for the scholarship entrance exam of August Academy. She crushed the entrance exam and made a glorious school debut, but what had become of her after that?

Dying to know, Mile slipped away to see for herself one rest day.

“Um, excuse me, are you all students of August Academy?”

The three uniformed girls were surprised to be asked such a question by someone they had never met before, but this stranger was a cute young girl, who seemed to be more or less around their age and had something of a dull look about her. Factoring this in, and seeing as they outnumbered her three-to-one, they did not feel the need to be especially on their guard.

Plus, one could tell fairly easily what school they attended at a glance, based on their uniforms, so there was no real need to conceal the truth.

“Yes, that is correct...”

Whether it was because they were raised well, or because Mile appeared to be older than them, the girls answered her politely.

“I actually wanted to ask you a few things about your school... Oh! I’m not anyone suspicious, though! I’m currently a hunter, but I used to attend an academy in another country, so I was feeling a bit nostalgic... If you don’t mind talking with me for a bit, I’d be happy to treat you to whatever you’d like at that café over there!”

“Huh?”

The girls were a bit shaken. The café that she had pointed to served sweets and cakes that used a lot of sugar and juices made of expensive fruits, meaning that it was out of the budget of most young women. Though their school was one attended by the children of nobles, it was still the lesser of the two

academies in the capital, which meant that the students were neither royals, the upper classes of nobles, nor the children of wealthy merchants, but rather, the lesser sons and daughters of lower nobles and the children of middle-class merchants. Thus, the students who attended their school were not the sort to receive ample allowances.

In truth, Mile had spent the day lurking about town observing the various students of the academy for a while, finally leaping upon the group who seemed like they were the most lacking in funds.

The three girls, who had been so suddenly assailed by this strange girl and offered a deal that was delicious in more than one way, startled to bristle, putting up their guards... *Not*.

The three were young ladies of a middle-class but comfortable nobility, after all.

Were they of a lower class—in other words, normal peasants—they might have been more cautious. And if they were of any higher class, such as wealthy merchants or high-ranking nobles, they would be likewise on their guard, having had a certain amount of self-defense ability and knowledge of their own status drilled into them. Those ranking in the middle had the least sense of the potential danger in such situations.

Plus, there was Mile's appearance to take into account. She was perhaps one or two years older than the three ten-year-olds and had a somewhat vapid, somehow comforting face that seemed to put you at ease. She did not appear to be a bad person.

The girls quickly winked at one another and replied, "Gladly!!!"

Except for the details of the security system, there wasn't really anything about the academy that they couldn't let other people know. There was nothing that the girls themselves needed to hide, and it was not as though there were nondisclosure agreements they had signed or any other privacy regulations they were obligated to comply with.

"...And that's how Crooktail, the 'Cat with Seven Names,' came to live in my dorm!"

“Ahahahaha!”

By now, the girls had already eaten five plates of sweets and downed three glasses of juice each. They listened and laughed as Mile told stories of her academy days. Until...

“Hang on! How come I’m the only one talking heeeeeeeeeere?!?!”

“Ah...”

Finally, Mile realized that there was something a bit off about the whole situation...

As it was the first time they had met, and it seemed a little weird to be drilling the girls for information right off the bat, Mile had begun to give a bit of a dramatized self-introduction in order to put the girls at ease and make the conversation a bit smoother. As the conversation went on, she began giving them advice on the subjects they had trouble with in school, and giving them tips on how to use magic, and before anyone realized it, the topic had shifted to Eckland Academy, with Mile doing all the talking.

“W-well then, I suppose it’s our turn to tell you about our academy, then...”

Sweat began to pour down the backs of the girls’ necks as they spied the mountain of plates and cups piled up on the table. The conversation shifted, and finally Mile got to hear some stories of August Academy. After listening to them talk about this and that for a while, she finally cut to the chase.

“So, I believe that there is a Miss Mariette at your school...”

“You know her, Miss Mile?!” the girls all chimed.

“Ah, y-yes! Only by name, though...” Mile was a bit taken aback at how readily the three replied.

“Ah, the defender of the academy, Lady Mariette...”

“The sacred maiden, Lady Mariette...”

“Lady Mariette, the goddess...”

The three then began to tell Mile the tale of a legend.

Of Lady Mariette, who rescued a freshman who became entangled with an

upperclassman.

Of Lady Mariette, who always corrected the teachers' mistakes.

Of Lady Mariette, who brought someone back from the dead.

Wait! Waitwaitwaitwaitwaitwaitwait!!!

The first two tales were perfectly fine...but what the hell was with that third one?!

Mile was amazed. Yes indeed, it was as usual.

She was amaz-eggs and bacon!

On a weekday the following week, Mile stood near the gates of August Academy, wearing her old Eckland Academy school uniform and using light magic to hide her form.

It sounded weird to say that she had any form while she was hiding it magically, but, nevertheless, she did.

She had donned the academy uniform as a contingency for the off chance that the light magic dissipated and her true form was revealed, figuring that, rather than a geared-out hunter suddenly appearing on the campus of an academy attended by the children of nobles, someone who was clearly a student undertaking a formal education in another country—even if they were not a student of this school—was far less likely to cause alarm. If she were a student of appropriate age from another country, there were plenty of reasons one could think of as to why she might be there, such as that she had been invited, or was someone's friend, or an exchange student. Either way, Mile presumed, she was far less likely to cause a stir in her uniform.

And so, Mile strolled boldly in, right through the front gate.

Now then... It's just a jump to the left and then a step to the right... No, wait, go in through the gate and turn to the right...

Even if she was only speaking to herself, Mile could not neglect the opportunity to make a joke.

Now, I think the first-years' classrooms are in this building?

She followed the instructions she had been given by the three girls she had spoken to the previous week, finally finding the classroom with a nameplate reading, *Year One – Blossom Class*. Mile stared at it silently.

Incidentally, the classroom just beside it read, *Year One – Kitten Class*.

These aren't consistent at all... It seems like they aren't broken up by academic levels the same way Eckland was. Still, class names normally go by letter or number, so I wonder if naming them like this was actually intentional... I mean, I guess I can understand picking a different method, but why are these names all so cute?

It was almost like a kindergarten.

As all the students were not yet assembled in the classrooms, the doors were still wide open, so Mile easily slipped inside.

Now, where is Mariette...? Oh, there she is!

There she sat, in a seat toward the front of the room.

It's been a while, but she's looking well. And as adorable as ever...

Mile's standard suspicious grin spread across her face.

Finally, the teacher arrived, and it was time for class to...

Huh?

For some reason, Mariette stood from her seat and walked up to the chalkboard. The teacher then sat down in the seat where Mariette had been sitting...

"Now then, let us begin our lesson!"

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat?!?!?

Mariette began giving the lesson, the teacher taking notes along with all the other students.



Wh-what the heck is going on heeeeeeeere?!

On Earth, even in the distant past, the study of mathematics was fairly advanced. Thus, it was fair to assume that it would be decently advanced in this world as well. However, that only applied to knowledge shared between the most qualified individuals. Complex math was not something that was typically conveyed by the typical methods of information transfer and teaching methodology, so one would not expect the average layman to be able to solve complex equations. Likewise, one would not expect a teacher in charge of instructing ten to thirteen-year-olds to be a top scholar. Indeed, the sort of person who would be hired as a teacher would likely be the sort of individual who was only slightly more advanced at mathematics than your average citizen, while also being in charge of teaching other subjects concurrently.

Were the math lessons that I drilled into her during those few days too much? Did I overdo it again?!

Sweat began to pour down Mile's forehead.

Now then, next up should be combat lessons...

Mile, still cloaked, observed the students as they moved outside of the building.

Hang on, they've already moved the first-years up from wooden swords to metal practice swords with real blades?!

Indeed, the students appeared to be having real contact matches, though blows to the head and other vital areas were still forbidden.

Still, they're gonna seriously hurt themse—

Just as Mile thought this, one student took a fast and fairly heavy blow to the side. They had almost certainly broken a rib. But then...

"Please take care of that," said the teacher, bowing his head...to Mariette.

"Of course! Broken bones, be as you were! Gather what you need from the body and repair yourself! Torn muscles and bruised organs, return to full form! Heal!"

The injured student, who had been crouching on the ground, stood up, good

as new. None of the other students appeared surprised. In fact, they all seemed to be quite accustomed to this.

“You really are a savior, Lady Mariette. The fact that everyone can have sparring matches with real blows from the very start means that their rate of advancement is well beyond that of their other peers. At this rate, they might even be able to practice with *real* swords, soon.”

Apparently, even the teachers had taken to calling her “Lady.”

Even though the teacher seems like he’s a noble, and Mariette is just a commoner...

Mariette’s day continued, with her peers, the upperclassmen, and the teachers all looking to her in reverence. During their breaks, students from other classes and years came flocking around her.

It seemed like it should be quite the bother, but seeing how happy and full of energy Mariette was, Mile was able to breathe a sigh of relief.

Well, I suppose it’s about time for me to get out of here, Mile thought, taking break time as an opportunity to begin her exit.

Still, I’d love to be able to see her face up close, just one last time. She’s such a lovely girl, it’s sort of puts my mind at ease to watch her...

Mile snuck up right beside Mariette and peered closely at her face, when...

“You creep!” Mariette shouted, thrusting her right hand out into a space where there was nothing.

“Gaaaaaaaaah!” Mile shouted.

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!” the students screamed.

The space that should have been empty began to tremble, and in that spot, a human shape appeared. The students instantly began to panic. One girl swooned in shock.

“H-h-h-how...”

“Teacher?” asked Mariette.

“Teacher???” her classmates echoed.

The whole situation had gotten out of hand. Just as it always did...

“So you came to check in on me because you were worried about how I was doing?”

“Ahaha, well, something like that... Please, don’t report me to the guards!”

“I mean, sure, that’s fine...” Mariette said with a bit of a cringe, though she still appeared happy to see Mile.

“L-Lady Mariette,” said one of her classmates from behind, “What did you mean earlier when you called her ‘Teacher’?”

“Oh! This lady was the one who tutored me so that I could get into this academy. She really taught me a lot.”

“What?! She t-taught *you*? That means that she must be even *more* amazing than...”

“.....”

The classroom fell into silence.

A voice then piped up once more, this time directed to Mile.

“Oh, Miss Mile! Thank you for all the advice you gave us the other day! Thanks to you, I’ve started to get a handle on all the math I couldn’t understand before, and I think I was able to get over a few hurdles with my magic, too! What are you doing here?”

Mile turned toward the voice, only to see the three girls she had spoken with the previous week standing there. They had apparently come over from their own classroom during break time, though it was unclear if this was because of Mariette or merely because they had some other friends they wished to speak to.

“Hm?”

Creeeeeeeeak...

Mariette’s head, which had been directed toward the three girls, turned toward Mile with a certain unmistakable sound.

“Wh-why would you come here and watch me from the shadows when you’re

out there talking to other people and teaching *them* things?! What is the meaning of this?! Huh? What is the meaning of thiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiis?!?!”

Mariette grabbed Mile by the collar and began to shake her.

“Huuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuh?!?!”

It was the first time that the other students had seen such rage from Mariette, a girl who was always calm, collected, and beaming. They couldn't believe it. They looked on, stunned at Mariette's behavior. Moreover, they looked at the mysterious girl, who had apparently taught Mariette so much. If they could get that girl to teach them, then they too could...

Naturally, they all had the same thought at once.

“T-teacher! Won't you come be my private tutor, too?”

“No, tutor me! You have to come teach me! Just name your fee!”

“No, me! Focus just on me...”

“You fools! Obviously I will be the one to hire her!!!”

“Gaaaaaaaah! I knew this would happen! This is why I hid! Mariette, I thought I forbid you to speak of me! No one must speak of me! Farewell!!!”

With that, Mile ran straight to the window and leapt outside.

“Whaaaaaaaaaaaaat?!?!”

The students crowded around the windows in a panic to see...

Nothing. There was nothing there but the blowing winds.

After that, no matter how much her classmates begged and pleaded, Mariette would not speak to them anymore of her mysterious teacher.

All that the other trio of girls knew of Mile was that she was a “graduate of a foreign academy,” and, having heard the gag order that comprised her parting words, they refused to speak further on the subject as well.

Soon after that, Mariette, who was looked up to by everyone but had unfortunately no close friends with whom she was on equal footing, found a sisterhood in those same three girls...

Bonus Story: Mile vs. Reina

“**M**ile, I want you to go out with me.”

“Hm? Oh, um, I’m not really looking for a *soeur* or anything...”

“‘Soo-er’? What language is that? I was saying that I want you to go out and do some shopping with me.”

“Oh. I see...”

Despite Mile’s initial misinterpretation, going shopping was totally fine with her. Still, there was something that bothered her about the proposal. “Reina,” she asked, “you seem to invite me out now and then but never Mavis or Pauline. Why is that?”

“That’s because neither of them make me look good... Oh.”

“What?”

Mavis and Pauline were silent, but both of their faces spoke volumes. *Now she’s done it...*

Mile’s head turned toward Reina, her neck creaking with a certain unmistakable sound. There was a stiff smile upon her face, but her eyes were not smiling at all.

“What did you just say?”

“Oh, um, I didn’t actually say anything?”

Reina hurriedly tried to take back her words, as though she realized how bad they sounded. However, she’d said them far too loudly and clearly to pretend otherwise.

“*I. Said. What. Did. You. Just. Say?!*”

“Oh, j-just shut up! Look, when I’m with you, it’s just that it makes me look a bit bigger! In height and bust!” Realizing that there was no way she could cover this up, Reina explained herself clearly. However, with Mile, that was a bad move.

“I-I can understand the height, but our busts are pretty much the same size! Plus, you’re already sixteen, but I’m only thirteen! That’s like being proud of yourself for having a bigger bust than a five-year-old! That’s just sad!”

“Wh—?! Wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-what?!?!”

“What is it?!”

“Y-you little!!!”

Th-this is bad!!! thought the other two.

Mile, who almost never got angry, was filled with rage. Reina had merely refused to back down after realizing that she was in the wrong, but Mile was well and truly angry. This was turning very quickly into a bad situation. The way things were going, the next step was inevitable.

“I challenge you to a battle!”

“I accept!”

With little other choice, Mavis allowed herself to be designated as the referee.

“Can we not just come to a compromise?”

And so, the battle began.

Naturally, this was not a battle of swords or spells. Were it to come to that, things would not end well for either of the combatants or for their surroundings. Thus, the method of battle was as follows:

“Now then, let the one-round, no-limits, no-holds-barred ‘Roast Battle’ begin!”

With Mavis’s signal, the match was underway. Reina was the first to lob an attack.

“You flat-chested shrimp!”

“Guh... You growth-stunted runt!”

“Gah! You! Y-y-y-you stumpy little bean pole!”

“Gwuh! L-Look, it’s Reina the hag, so ugly even an orc would pass her by!”

“Gwah! Well, there goes Mile the washboard, so flat that when she goes to a public bath, the people tell her, ‘The men’s baths are that way!’”

“Fwah!!”

“Um, it looks like you coughed up some blood... Mile, are you ready to forfeit?” Mavis asked worriedly.

However, Mile shook her head side to side.

“N-not yet! I’m still in this!”

Then she summoned up all her strength, and...

“My, if it isn’t Reina, the woman of sixteen years, who, when she tries to smile and flirt with Ash at the weapons shop, gets scolded, ‘Whoa, settle down there, kiddo!’...”

“Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!”

“Oh, she’s fallen down twitching... Looks like we have a winner! The victory goes to Mile!!!”

Mavis grabbed Mile’s hand and lifted it high in the air.

Pauline, wishing to compliment Mile on her victory, then said, “Congratulations on the win, Mile! Still, it must be nice to have such a small chest. I’m so jealous. I bet it doesn’t even bounce around and get sore when you run. They don’t get sweaty underneath, your shoulders don’t get stiff, you can crawl faster, and you can even talk to guys without them ogling you! I really am jealous of you...”

“Gwaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!”

“Oh, she vomited blood and passed out... The victory goes to Pauline!!!”

“Huh?”

Pauline stared on blankly as Mavis grabbed her hand and hoisted it into the air...

Afterword

Long time no see, everyone. FUNA here.

Welcome to Volume 7. It's been nearly two years since the release of Volume 1.

This time, Faleel was rescued from a mysterious organization!

Mile brought down the wrath of the heavens on the fiends who kidnapped her favorite little catgirl!

Reina proved she has a mind like a steel trap, and Mile has a mind like a swamp.

Mile was granted a small glimpse into the secrets of this world, courtesy of the kidnapping incident. Then there was the continuation of the Leatoria arc and the tale of the bandits. I hope you've enjoyed it.

Then, as I'm sure you may have heard... We're getting an anime! The production planning is underway! Of course, there are plenty of productions that have flopped before they even started. It's too soon to relax! We mustn't set our hopes too high!!!

Even so, an "anime," huh? That has such a nice ring to it, and I can't help but have high hopes...

Of the over 550,000 works published on *Shousetsuka ni Narou*, only a few hundred have made it to publication. Of those, only a few dozen have been made into manga. And of those, only the smallest proportion have been made into an anime.

Of course, I dreamed of something like this, but I never thought I would see the day when it would actually come true...

Even having my work published was a dream come true. Two years and four months ago, I published the very first chapter of my first serialized work, *Saving 80,000 Gold in an Another World for Retirement*, with that dream in my head.

I began publishing *Didn't I Say To Make My Abilities Average in the Next Life?!* on the same day that I concluded my second work, *I Shall Survive Using Potions!*

About eight days later—which was two years and two months ago—I received an offer of publication.

One year and ten months ago, Volume 1 of my first-ever published work was released.

And then, I was contacted about the first stages of planning for an anime version.

These two years have really passed in the blink of an eye.

Well, of course, I spend most of my waking hours in front of a screen now, so even as the days roll by, there really isn't much about those two years that stands out in my memory...

Publication, manga version, anime version... As the beat marches on, I feel as though I've already surpassed the 'Narou Dream,' but please let me keep dreaming just a little while longer.

This wonderful dream of an exciting fantasy world, along with Mile and the others—and you, the readers...

Along with the release of Volume 7 of *Didn't I Say To Make My Abilities Average in the Next Life?!*, Volume 3 of the manga version is now available. Volume 3 of both *80,000 Gold* and *Potions*, along with Volume 2 of both their manga versions, will soon be available from Kodansha's K Light Novel Books imprint.

It's a jet stream attack!

Please enjoy both series from Kodansha alongside the *Average* books.

The manga version of *Abilities* can be read online at Comic Earth Star (<http://comic-earthstar.jp/>), and the manga versions of *80,000 Gold* and *Potions* can likewise be read online at Wednesday Sirius (http://seiga.nicovideo.jp/manga/official/w_sirius/).

Please enjoy these adaptations alongside the novels.

And finally, to the chief editor; to Itsuki Akata, the illustrator; to Yoichi Yamakami, the cover designer; and to everyone involved in the proofreading, editing, printing, binding, distribution, and selling of this book; to all the

reviewers on *Shousetsuka ni Narou* who gave me their impressions, guidance, suggestions, and advice; and most of all, to everyone who's welcomed my stories into their homes, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

I hope we can meet again, in Volume 8, and that we can stay together just a little while longer, for the sake of my hopes and the Crimson Vow's dreams, and for the success of the anime...

Now then, everyone, let's say it all together, softly.

“Just one step closer to our dreams...!”

—FUNA

AFTERWORD?

DIDN'T I SAY TO MAKE MY ABILITIES
AVERAGE IN THE NEXT LIFE?!
IS GOING TO BE AN ANIME!
CONGRATULATIONS!
(AND THANK YOU!)

I'M GOING TO BE SO PUMPED
LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS!

WE ALREADY HAD A SWIMSUIT ILLUSTRATION AT THE
START OF THE BOOK, SO HERE'S A NEW SUIT IN
CELEBRATION? OR SOMETHING...

要乃逸物

ITSUKI
AKATA



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