



*My
Girlfriend's a*
GEEK

v1.0

Pentabu

My Girlfriend's a Geek, Vol. 1

A Novel

Pentabu





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My girlfriend is two years older than me...
and she's a fujoshi.

This blog is a record of battle as dictated by a man with
a fujoshi girlfriend.

Okay, that was a lie. I'm not fighting at all.

The war is purely one-sided. Each day I am dragged
farther and farther into
the world of otaku.



I cannot be held responsible for any damages incurred
by reading this blog and falling into the same
predicament.

There is much otaku talk contained within, so please
follow your directions carefully and do not exceed your
recommended dosage.

Greetings.

2005/11/08 22:14

Greetings.

My name is Pentabu.

One year ago, I began a relationship with my girlfriend.

I had always wanted to go out with an older woman. It was all very thrilling.

The problem is...

... she was a fujoshi.

A serious one on top of that!!

... Every ongoing day is a battle.

In this blog, I hope to track the many trials and travails of our relationship.

About me.

2005/11/08 22:28

Well, I'd better start telling you about my girlfriend!!

The girlfriend that I met at a part-time job and worked hard enough to get romantically involved with!!

... She's a big-time fujoshi...

Huh? "As long as she's cute," you say? Yes, you've got a point there.

But you see... there's just one problem.

Through some sequence of events that I have yet to understand...

I'm...

being forced to write a *SEED* novel... (*Seed = *Gundam SEED*) And even worse,

I'm starting to enjoy it.

... So, um, where is my life headed?

My girlfriend.

2005/11/10 15:35

My girlfriend is one of those popular (?) fujoshi.

And she's not just any fujoshi.

She's a very high-level specimen, a spectacular example of otaku-ology.

She will quite often blurt out unbelievable things.

For example, when we went out on a double date with another couple, we had rented a car and were on our way to the beach.

As we sat at a traffic light, we saw a red truck (one of those shipping company vehicles) pass by.

FRIEND A: So why are all delivery vehicles, even the post office's, painted red?

FRIEND B: So that they stand out?

As I sat half-listening to their conversation, my girlfriend spoke up from right next to me.

Y-KO: **The red ones go three times faster.**

The car was absolutely silent for a moment.

You know what to say next, everyone.

Ready, set...

You mean Char's Zaku?!

*Char's Zaku: A vehicle that appeared in *Mobile Suit Gundam*. It was known as Char's personal mobile suit. Painted bright red, it was said to move three times

as fast as the unit it was based upon. By the way, this anime series was originally aired...

in 1979 and 1980.

That's right, **before we were born.**

Where did you learn *that* one?

My friend was desperately trying to contain his laughter.

His hands were trembling on the steering wheel.

My friend's girlfriend appeared to have no idea what it meant.

She sat in the passenger seat, looking puzzled.

They already knew the dirty secret that my girlfriend was a fujoshi, by the way, so they probably decided that they didn't need to ask.

Next, my girlfriend said this.

Y-KO: Oh wait, ** [*friend's GF*] doesn't know about Gundam, does she? Well, the next time you come over...

you can borrow it!!



... Please, it's one thing to drag *me* into your world, but leave my friend's girlfriend out of this.

Don't do it.

Fujoshi @ maid café.

2005/11/11 02:23

Before maid cafés were known and open to the general public, when they were only frequented by real-life otaku, I visited one with some college friends.

Or should I say, overwhelmed by the incredible line and the procession of bespectacled, backpack-hauling warriors, we were intimidated and left before ever setting foot inside the building.

When I regaled my girlfriend with this tale, she blithely replied—

Y-KO: Too bad. **They're fun.**

You mean...

You've been to one before?!

Y-KO: Hmm? Yeah, they say, **"Welcome home, mistress."**

So, uh, what's your point?

Y-KO: Yeah, I thought it was **really moe.**

ME: What?! Girls are allowed to get moe over other girls!?

... There is something seriously wrong with this lady.

But I just can't bring myself to care anymore...

I must be reaching the end.

Y-KO: Hey, would you want to go together?

ME: ... Huh? Where?

Y-KO:

A totally over-the-top maid café. You'd think it was really moe. **I guarantee it.**

Uh, Y-ko...

The following question has several different meanings:

Where are you trying to take me?

Fujoshi-ish lines.

2005/11/12 01:00

My girlfriend occasionally... no, *frequently*, acts in strange ways.

Let's call it... fujoshi-itis.

I think she's coming down with another bad bout of it.

Y-KO: Hey, try saying a line like something out of a manga.

ME: Like what?

Y-KO: Umm, like something that will make that *speed wagon* guy want to call you **IDIOT** and slap you upside the head.

As usual, a **completely absurd and impossible request** out of the blue.

Despite my better judgment, however, I decided to ask.

It wouldn't do to upset my girlfriend, after all.

ME: Errr... Can you give me an example?

Y-KO: Okay... Like something from this manga.

"This" manga turned out to be *Love Celeb*.

**Love Celeb*: Gin's grandfather is the prime minister of Japan, and his father is the head of an elite business conglomerate. Gin himself is the heir to the Fujiwara group. Instead of following his predetermined fate, however, he falls in love with the unsuccessful teen idol Kirara in this shōjo manga full of sexy hooks and twists. It also has that, uh, whatchamacallit (great, so much for this definition!), where characters from Mayu Shinjo's other series *Sensual Phrase* show up. Anyway, if you're interested, you should borrow it from a friend or go

read it at a manga café. By the way, it's apparently quite successful and has even been popular in several other countries around the world.

Great. **Mayu Shinjo!!**

So...

Uhh...

... **Why am I being punished this way?**

It's like **my world is coming to an end.**

I just want to cry.

Eroge.

2005/11/15 17:56

So, I got a package the other day.

It was from Amazon.

I don't remember ordering anything,

but the package is clearly addressed to me from Amazon.

I scrawled off a hasty signature like a celebrity and took the box back into my room.

I looked multiple times to confirm that it was indeed *my* name on the package, but I still couldn't remember buying anything.

In this case, there could be only one answer...

It was clearly **my girlfriend's doing.**

I hesitantly approached my girlfriend,

who was lying in my room, reading *Love Celeb*

and wearing a grin, the type of which no human being should ever sport.

ME: Y-ko, did you buy anything from Amazon using my computer?

Y-KO: Oh yeah, I did.

I knew it.

And with an "Oh, it arrived," she grabbed the package from my hands.

She began tearing directly through the cardboard.

Most people would neatly cut through or rip off the tape on the lid, but my girlfriend does not bother herself with methods that involve more than one step.

And what should emerge from the shattered, torn carcass of this cardboard box, but...

A smaller box. Judging from the packaging, it was some kind of game.

And it didn't look like a PlayStation game.

Therefore, it was most likely a game to be played on the PC.

A sudden possibility popped into my head, and I asked my girlfriend a question.

ME: I hate to even consider this possibility...
but that wouldn't happen to be what they call an **eroge**,
would it?

I really hope it's not the case.

That is another world that I really don't want to get involved in, for entirely different reasons.

Not least of which is the fact that she's buying it under *my* name.

This was her answer.

Y-KO: No!! It's not an eroge!!

ME: Oh, then that's okay. But you don't need to shout about...

Y-KO: It's a **world-famous** eroge!!

Ah, I see. It must be *very* erotic, then.

ME: So **it is an eroge, then!!**

It was a scream emitted from my entire body and soul.

I don't know why she denied it the first time.

At any rate, it was one hell of a roar.

I'm sure it must have upset the neighbors.

And, of course, it just had to be "it is an eroge" that I screamed so loud.

I can practically see the neighbors pointing at the back of my head tomorrow.

... Someone, anyone, **save me**.

... Whew. Well, that earthshaking bellow helped calm me down.

I'm okay. I'm still hanging in there. I can still fight.

I got into a boxing stance within my mind,

and I delivered a withering smack down to local fujoshi, Y-ko.

ME: Ahem. And why, pray tell, did you buy this erogé?

I couldn't help but frame the question politely. You are *so* weak, me!

But I just can't help it. She's older than me.

It's my personal motto to always speak politely to my elders.

Y-KO: Huh? Because I wanted it.

... Well, that makes sense.

However, I can't back down yet.

I've got to get answers to *all* of my questions.

ME: And why did you have to use *my* account? Why not use your own?

Y-KO: What? Because it would be **embarrassing** to buy an erogé with mine.

She looked at me with an expression like *can't you even understand that?*

Yes, yes, I do.

It is indeed embarrassing.

I know because I am feeling it in real time...

... I know it so well it hurts.

I mean...

... there are limits to injustice.

Apparently, this game has been turned into an anime.

Apparently, it's not really that erotic...

Apparently, it's actually very popular...

I have learned something today.

Eroge 2.

2005/11/17 22:25

I can see that my site has reached ten thousand hits.

It's been half a month since I started it.

I really didn't expect to hit this milestone so quickly.

This is thanks directly to all you visitors.

I feel like there's no turning back at this point.

... I mean, not that I would ever dream of running away, you know?

Please trust in me and continue visiting for months and years to come.

The other day, my girlfriend, Y-ko the fujoshi, just so happened to buy an eroge under my name.

It is called *Fate/hollow ataraxia*.

I'm told that it is the sequel to the hit game *Fate/stay night*.

ME: ... So is this *Fate* game good?

Y-KO: Hell yeah, it is!! It's like a super-hit.

ME: Huh. Well, what's your opinion of it?

Y-KO: Me? I don't know. I haven't played it yet.

"Of course, I haven't played it—the game only arrived just now," she says.

Yes, I understand that.

I just signed for it and brought it into the room this minute.

ME: No, I'm talking about the first game, not this one.

If you're buying the sequel, it must be because the first game was pretty darn

good, right?

And she responded—

Y-KO: **I don't know. I haven't played it.**

I see. You haven't played it.

ME: **... Pardon?!**

Wait a moment.

My girlfriend bought *Fate/hollow ataraxia*.

It's the sequel, meaning the continuation of the first game.

But she claims that she hasn't played the first.

... I have a very bad feeling about this.

I don't want to know.

I can feel that there's a terrible sucker punch waiting for me ahead.

But I have to make sure.

There are lots of things in this world that you simply can't ignore.

And now is the time to face this fear!!

Come on, me!

ME: So, um... You decided to buy the second one, despite the fact that you haven't yet played the first?

And still with the politeness!!

I am such a coward!!

Y-KO: Yep. Oh, but don't worry.

ME: ... Huh?

..... Don't worry?

... What does that mean?

Does it mean, “Don’t worry, I haven’t bought the first game”?

Or does it mean, “Don’t worry, I ordered the first game to go with it”?

... The former! “Don’t worry, I haven’t bought the first game” is my final answer!!

ME: Does that mean you haven’t bought the first game?

Y-KO: Yeah. Amazon said the first one was out of stock.

ME: Ah. I see. Well, that’s too bad.

Yes!! Yes!!

I know I’ve got a smile on my face now!!

The smile of a man who just survived a battle!!

I’m as smiley as Yon-sama right now!!

Y-KO: So I ordered it from **Sofmap.com** instead.

ME: Ah, I see, you ordered it from Sofmap—

That’s grea... grea... uh...

ME: **Under whose name?**

Y-KO: Why, under y—[**DING-DONG**]
—ah, there it is.

C’mon, isn’t this your house? Don’t just stand there, answer the door.

“Here,” she said, handing me the intercom.

“Okay,” I said, accepting the intercom.

I slowly raised it to my ear...

ME: ... Hello, who is this?

Yamato Delivery Service. I have a package from **Sofmap** for

VOICE: you.

..... Yes, that's right. I knew this was coming.

I just wanted to believe that it wasn't the case.

Sigh.....

... What is this that I'm feeling?

This futility that makes me want to cry.

The day the fujoshi was let out of the bag.

2005/11/19 00:09

I'm good friends with a classmate from college. Let's call him S.

S moved to Tokyo with his high school girlfriend, and they're still going strong.

By the way, he's listed as "living with his father, who is on a business assignment,"

but that's a complete and total fabrication. He actually lives with his girlfriend.

To be honest, **I'm jealous.**

The "S couple" and the "Me and fujoshi Y-ko couple" get along well.

We often find ourselves eating out and doing things together.

Back when they didn't know about Y-ko's secret identity yet, we went out for drinks.

We heard them talk about their high school, and we told them about the place we worked.

A fun time was had by all.

By the way, within the relationship between S and his girlfriend (let's call her her **), she is the one who wields the power.

From an outside perspective, she's like a fire-breathing wife.

While we sat listening to their still very lovey-dovey conversation, my own secret weapon, the now solidly drunk fujoshi Y-ko, decided to drop a bombshell.

Y-KO: ** is a total **tsundere**, you know?

**:

Huh?

S:

Tsundere?

Yes, you can tell these people live together.

They are on the same wavelength.

But this is terrible!

If they ask, “What’s a tsundere?” the only possible result is disaster!!

Must change topic... must change topic!!

I need something, *anything* I can use to change the topic!

ME: Whoa! This fried chicken is great! You’ve gotta try it, Y-ko! Here!

S: What’s a tsundere?

.....

... Don’t just sidestep me like that, S-kun.

Don’t you realize the spot you sidestepped onto is a land mine?

Are you sure about this? Do you really want that?

Well, there’s no stopping at this point.

My girlfriend didn’t come equipped with brakes.

Y-KO: Well, you see, a tsundere is ♪.

Oh dear. Y-ko-san looks so happy about this.

Please, just stop yourself before they get totally freaked out.

Y-KO: It’s a person who normally acts all touchy and angry around someone.

 But then when they’re alone together, she gets all sappy and lovey-dovey.

 Just like **!

Right there! Stop right there!

But alas, what did wishes ever accomplish?

I've got to stop her... with action!!

Give me your strength, fried chicken—

ME: Whoa! This fried chicken is like—

**:

What? Am I really like that? A tsundere, huh? I don't really get it...

Who's an example of one?

Don't just sidestep me like that, **.

Don't you realize the spot you sidestepped onto is terrible, uncharted wilderness?

Are you sure about this? Do you really want that?

Well, there's no stopping at this point.

My girlfriend's got the pedal to the metal.

And here she comes.

Y-KO:

Well, for example, Asuka from *Eva*, right?

And Kaoru from *Rurouni Kenshin*, too, I guess.

Usagi Tsukino from *Sailor Moon*, too.

Oh, but—also—[omitted]—!!

... and—plus—like that. Get it?

... No, I don't get it.

S and ** sat there in stunned silence.

I don't know what to say. Other than that I'm sorry.



I'm sorry you had to get riddled with otaku terminology like machine-gun rounds.

ME:

Um... well... Sh-she's pretty drunk right now, you know!

She's not *usually* like this—okay, never mind, she *is*,
but she usually hides it better in front of other people!

So... so...

Please, let me pick up the check. I insist.

To buy your silence.

Regional dialects are the new big thing.

2005/11/21 09:37

Good morning.

Almost done with November, the month of bustling around for the school festival.

I looked around and saw a whole lot of different clubs' presentations...

And I can see that the maid fad is booming this year.

When I saw a high school girl at a college festival screaming

“Moeeee!”

and I found that very sight to be very “moe” myself... Yes, the end must be near.

... Let's change the topic.

I just can't keep up with teenage girls these days.

Apparently, regional dialects are the big thing lately.

Give back all the effort I spent desperately trying to correct my accent after I moved to Tokyo.

Three years.

If only the dialect fad had come three years earlier!!

I would have been a hero with the ladies!!

... Let's try to settle down, me.

Now, about my fujoshi Y-ko.

She has the meaningless ability to read a manga and **completely master** a

character's way of speaking.

For example, *Love ★ Com*, which features a ton of really thick Kansai Japanese.

When she picks up the book, my goodness.

In no time at all...

we have an imposter Kansaian in the house.

ME: Okay, the food's ready.

Y-KO: **Whaddaya mean?!**

ME: ...

... At least wait until I say something stupid to lay the smack down.

ME: Want the soy sauce?

Y-KO: **Whaddaya mean?!**

ME: ...

... Well, excuse me for thinking you might want some soy sauce with your eggs.

ME: Oh—

Y-KO: **Whaddaya mean?!**

Not only did I not set up a joke for her, I haven't even *said* anything yet.

... Since I started to feel sorry for her constant attempts, I decided to be nice for a change and lob her an easy slow ball.

I finished eating my meal and set down my chopsticks.

ME: Let's eat.

And then with a grin on her face like *about time!* my girlfriend turned to me and said...

Y-KO: **... Huh? What are you talking about?**

.....

.....

...

—Whaddaya mean?

Fushigi Yûgi.

2005/11/23 03:21

Are you familiar with the shōjo manga called *Fushigi Yûgi*?

It's over a decade old at this point but still very popular.

I doubt that there's a woman from my generation who hasn't heard of it.

Now, I've got something I want you to hear about this...

The other day, when I returned home after being out, I found a large pile of something stacked in my apartment.

Fushigi Yûgi Genbu Kaiden.

Well, well.

It's a shōjo manga as evidenced by the flowery, fantastic cover art.

Now, if one of my friends was to come over to hang out and see these objects, it would be a life crisis of various sorts, so I decided to have their rightful owner, Y-ko, come and retrieve them at once.

Me.: Um, will you come take these home?

Y-KO: Huh? What, those? No way.

Oh, you don't want to take them... Huh?

ME: Uh, did I just hear you say "no way"?

Y-KO: Yeah, no way. Leave them here.

ME: ... Uh, well. Gosh. It's kind of a problem.

Y-KO: No, it'll be totally fine. You're fine, you're fine.

ME: It must be an incredibly fine reason for you to repeat that three times.

Y-KO:

I mean, the main character is a **futanari**.

ME: Oh, cool. Well, in that case—

Well, in that case... Since it's just a futanari... Uh...

That is not fine at all!!

ME: No, that is definitely not fine!

Y-KO: What? Why not? It just means she's a hermaphrodite.

ME: But if any of my friends come over and see that, they'll be totally freaked out!!

Y-KO: Hmm, actually, I'm not really sure if you'd call the main character a futanari after all.

It's a bit more subtle...

ME: I don't care if it's subtle or not, don't just ignore my side of the conversation!!

A conversation is like playing catch—you have to aim and toss at the other person's glove!

This is a problem that could completely erode the friendships I have built in my life!

Perhaps my desperate pleas broke through, because she finally gave a sigh of acceptance.

Finally, she began to reveal the truth...

Y-KO: Okay, fine. You've seen the covers for this manga. They're like, *really* shōjo-y, right?

ME: Uh, yeah. That much pink is like poison for guys. What about it?

She looked at me like *You still don't get it?* and said—

Y-KO: **I just think it's kind of weird to have that lying around a twentysomething woman's room, you**

know?

...

Oh yes. Yes, I do understand.

I understand this very well.

ME: Okay. I see what you're saying. **But—**

Using that logic,

leaving them in a **twentysomething man's room...**

is many times worse.

Okay, so I admit... Personally, I was a fan of Tasuki from the original series.

And I very nearly cried at the scene where Nuriko dies...

Yes, this is a secret I keep from all my friends.

It's not something I'd bring up out of the blue.

Drunken otaku, fujoshi Y-ko.

2005/11/25 16:37

Well, it pains me somewhat to say this, especially when my blog is in the top rankings for the category of anime and manga, but...

I basically don't watch anime.

The only series I've ever watched in its entirety is *Mobile Suit Gundam SEED*.

Even *Mobile Suit Gundam SEED Destiny*, of which I am supposed to be writing a novel, I've only seen about half of.

Also, maybe some parts of *Mobile Suit Gundam Wing*...

Oh, but I also watched *Slam Dunk* and *Dragon Ball*!! (I'm pretty sure.) I'm not really good at being in the same place at the same time every week for a year.

..... Ow! I'm sorry! Stop throwing rocks at me, please!!

I *am* writing a novel, which makes me technically an otaku when it comes to *Gundam SEED*!!

So...

I don't watch anime,

but I have this anime otaku girlfriend.

We were drinking at home.

Y-KO: Hey, what's your favorite *Gundam*?

ME: Um, *SEED*, I guess.

Y-KO: What? I thought that guys were supposed to love the UC* series.

*UC: All the works that take place in the Universal Century between *Mobile Suit Gundam* and *Mobile Suit Victory Gundam*. *SEED* belongs in the CE (Cosmic

Era).

ME: Um, sorry. The oldest one I've ever seen is *Wing*.

Y-KO: Are you kidding?! If you're into *Gundam*, you should be all about Amuro!!

ME: ... I don't even know what you mean by UC. I basically don't watch anime...

The only other shows I've watched like that are *Slam Dunk* and *Dragon Ball*.

Y-KO: You know what? You're really **wasting your life**.

Open your eyes! Wake up and feel the moe of Roy x Ed!!

ME: Roy x Ed?

Y-KO: It's a **wonderful pairing** from *Hagaren*. (* *Hagaren: Fullmetal Alchemist*)

And she giggled, "**fu-fu-fu-fu-fu**."

My brain was busy translating each fu into the *fu* from *fujoshi*.

... It's a land mine.

It has to be a land mine.

In fact, *you're* the one who needs to wake up.

I can't keep this conversation going.

I have to ignore it. Play it off.

Be cool. Pretend to be cool here, me—

ME: —Oh, yes. *Hagaren* is very good, isn't it.

Y-KO: Isn't it? Isn't it? So why don't you watch anime?

ME: I'm not good at watching shows every week for an entire year...

That's why I don't watch drama shows either, you know.

If I can't handle a three-month seasonal show, how will I do it for a year?

Y-KO: No... **Say it ain't so, Bernie...**

ME: Huh? Did you call me Bunny?... Like a rabbit?

Crunch!! (sound effect)

ME: Aagh... Huh? Huh?

Y-KO: **A-a-a-a-apologize!!**

Apologize to the gunota all over the world, right now!!

(*Gunota: *Gundam* otaku.)

Oh, er... I'm sorry...?

But softly or not...

you probably shouldn't be punching a man in the face.

No more alcohol for you.

**Mobile Suit Gundam 0080: War in the Pocket, Episode 5, "Say It Ain't So, Bernie!"*



Twelve Kingdoms.

2005/11/27 15:44

I don't watch anime and I don't really read manga, but I *do* read a lot of books.

Nonfiction, novels, essays—

I don't think I can count the number of books I've read.

And one of my favorites in this category is the entire *Twelve Kingdoms* series of novels.

It's quite a well-known series with anime and game adaptations left and right.

The setting is intricately detailed,

and the plot carefully but surely draws the reader in!

It's a masterpiece, and there's no two ways about it.

Now then, my girlfriend, Y-ko the fujoshi, has a rather bourgeois (?) habit of

spending two hours in the bath on her days off, reading.

With the soap and all that in the water.

Apparently, it makes her skin smooth.

Normally, she reads things like fashion magazines, so on this particular day I was preparing breakfast like normal.

However, *this particular day* was not like normal.

As I made eggs sunny-side up, I heard a shout from Y-ko in the bath.

Y-KO: Hey, come here!

I figured she was out of shampoo or something, and when I went into the bathroom, I saw Y-ko half-submerged in the bath—

reading my copy of *Twelve Kingdoms*.

ME: Wh-wh-wh-what are you doing?!

Y-KO: Hmm? I'm taking a bath.

ME: I can see that! I want to know what you're doing with *Twelve Kingdoms*!

Y-KO: Oh, I'm borrowing it.

ME: Aren't you worried about moisture if you read it in the bath?!

Y-KO: ... Eww, you nasty boy.

ME: **That's not what I mean!!**

Y-KO: Anyways, look!

Y-ko points at a particular page.

Her finger lay next to a particular word.

ME: What about it?

Y-KO: How do you pronounce that?

ME: ... It's *gyoukou*.

Y-KO: What does it mean?

ME: Godsend or windfall. Something fortunate.

Y-KO: Also, do you smell something burning?

ME: Huh?..... Aaah! My eggs!!

I ran out of the bathroom in a panic.

I could hear Y-ko's voice echoing after me.

Y-KO: **Oh, and I'm thirsty, so make me some iced cocoa!**

—I can feel the rage building.

And even after that...

Y-KO:

Hey, **I can't read this word!!**

ME: Yes, dear. Coming, dear.

Y-KO: Hey, **I'm thirsty!!**

ME: Yes, dear. Almost ready, dear.

Y-KO: Hey, I think the best pairing is **Gyousou x Taiki**,* you know?

ME: Yes, yes, **WHAT?!**

*Gyousou x Taiki: A pairing of two *Twelve Kingdoms* characters, the apparently “seme” Gyousou and “uke” Taiki. Naturally (?), they're both males.

—Don't call me in for that!!

As I sat watching TV and feeling particularly exhausted, I heard a shriek from the bath.

Y-KO: **Blaargh!!**

W-what's that? What happened?!

Is it Nodame?! Is it Nodame Cantabile?!

Perhaps something black and scuttling, with the initial R?!

I grabbed my bottle of roach-killing suds and rushed to the bathroom!!

Baaaaang!! (The sound of the door slamming open)

ME: Wh-wh-wh-what's wrong?!

I saw a shocked-looking Y-ko, her hair drenched.

Y-KO: Okay, so, um, the water was getting cold, right? I wanted to put more hot water back in, right? When I turned it back on, it was set on the showerhead!

And it was so cold, I got startled, and...

Her words trailed off, and she beckoned me closer.

She seemed to want me to look down into the tub.

What could it be? As I peered down into the water, I saw—

my copy of *Twelve Kingdoms*, completely submerged.

... Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go cry... just a bit.

Butler café.

2005/11/29 02:31

So, maid cafés are all the rage these days.

They're being featured in the news and TV shows all the time.

It seems like the rest of society is ready to welcome their existence.

But for some reason, it seems that my girlfriend has a problem with them.

Y-KO: It's not fair that only the maids get all the attention.

ME: ... Pardon?

Y-KO: I mean, don't get me wrong! They're sexy! They're moe! I want to rip their clothes off!

And I want to touch them!!

ME: Um, please don't do that. Settle down before you start disturbing the peace...

Y-KO: Oh, but wait! It's not that moe if you take *all* their clothes off! What should we do?!

Make them half-naked? Is that the answer?!

ME: I don't know! And don't include me in your weirdo fantasies! So, uh, what exactly is your point?

Y-KO: Well, I mean, guys are the only ones who can enjoy maid cafés!

ME: But you just said you liked them...

Y-KO: *Guys* might like undressing the maids and touching them all over, but—!

ME: What kind of maid café allows you to do that?! It would be illegal!

Y-KO: And sure, I'd probably have a lot of fun undressing and touching them, too, but—

ME: Are you just ignoring me? And you're admitting that you would enjoy it, too!

Where am I supposed to fit in this conversation?!

Y-KO: But enough of the jokes.

ME: What?! Is this for real?! You're only joking?!

Y-KO: Would you settle down? You're getting awfully excited about these maids.

ME: What is your problem? Are you picking a fight with me? You are, aren't you?

What's with this shabby treatment?

I'm getting a bit depressed...

Y-KO: So, guys are supposed to go crazy with moe lust at maid cafés, right?

ME: They go crazy?

Y-KO: They do. But what about the girls?

Why not have **butler cafés** for them?

... Um,

I don't know why you're asking me.

Y-KO: Yes! Butler cafés! **With refined and old-fashioned decorations!**

Ah. (Inner monologue)

Y-KO: The moment you open the door, it's a **lengthy line of butlers!!**

I'll pass, thanks. (Inner monologue)

Y-KO:

And in unison, they say, **“Welcome home, young mistress”!!**

You’re not much of a “young” mistress anymore. (Inner monologue)

Y-KO: Not to mention, all the bases are covered. **From Shota to Sebastian!!**

Ah, Shota and... and... **Sebastian?!** (Inner monologue)

ME: Wait, what’s a Sebastian?!

Y-KO: When you talk about butlers, you’re talking about Sebastian!

ME: Oh no, I hate the fact that I feel like I know what you’re talking about!

Y-KO: And **Sebastian is seme!!**

ME: Now *that* I really don’t care about!!

Y-KO: What? Why? You’d rather have Sebas be an uke?

No way! Ha-ha-ha.

Sebas has always been the seme. It was decided ages ago. Too bad!

ME: I don’t care! What do you mean, “decided ages ago”?!

And it’s not “too bad” or *anything* to me!

Also, don’t shorten it to Sebas like it’s a nickname or something!!

What the hell? What’s the big idea?

I’m getting so tired of this, Patrasche...

Y-KO: And the Shota would have to be ***, of course!!

ME: I... see...

Y-KO:

Nobody **over five feet** would be accepted for the job!

ME: I wouldn't accept *you*.

Y-KO: **The pairing has to be Sebas x Shota, right?!**

ME: Why are you asking me? And what do you mean by pairing?

Y-KO: **Thirteen is the juiciest age** for the Shota, right?

ME: I said, why are you asking... Oh, never mind. Yes, I'm sure it is.

Y-KO: Oh, wait! But **if he's thirteen, there might be some legal issues!!**

ME: I imagine there would be.

Y-KO: Dammit!! So my enemy **is the law!!**

Indeed.

In which case—

my enemy is you.

... Oh, and for the record? This conversation occurred **at a friend's house.**

There's a limit to how fearless one person can be.

I'm sure that every Wednesday at the butler café would be Glasses Day.

BL maidens.

2005/12/03 23:26

The other day on Fuji TV, they were airing a special report on **BL maidens**. (*BL = Boy's Love) They introduced a place called Otome Road.

It's an area in which many fujoshi-centric businesses are concentrated, and many fujoshi gather to spend money every day.

But why is it that despite the many "rotten" ladies and businesses there, it's called **Otome Road**? "Maiden" Road?

When I think of maidens, I get a more pure and innocent image in my head...

.....

Thinking about this means I'm losing valuable brain cells.

Just after we finished watching this program.

Y-KO: **I lose...**

Well, I suppose that's only a natural reaction to that.

Those people have way more experience than you. Their levels are higher.

Their stats and equipment are better. They live in an entirely different world from you.

So don't feel bad about...

Y-KO: **Okay! I've got to visit Otome Road!!**

Please don't say that.

Okay, personally, I've got no problem if you want to go alone.

Please, do go out and enjoy yourself.

Y-KO: **So, where should we meet?**

... Huh?

ME: What do you mean, meet?

Y-KO: Isn't it obvious? You're going to Otome Road, too.

ME: Why?!

Y-KO: Why... **to hold my bags?**

... In other words...

ME: **You're going to buy so much stuff there
that you need me to hold your bags?**

Y-KO: Yep, you bet.

ME: No way! I'm not going!!

Absolute refusal! Denied with all body and soul!

Y-KO: Hmph. Fine, then.

I don't care what you say, I'm not...

Huh? I don't have to go?

Oh, good.

Y-KO: **I'll just invite O instead, and get her to bring S
along.**

Please, no... Anything but that.

Don't you hurt them!! (inner scream of pain)

ME: ... I'm sorry. I'll go. Please let me go with you.

Y-KO: Oh, you want to go? Well, okay.

And she grinned widely at me.

You conniving devil...

Now, if you'll excuse me.

I've got to get going.

Otome Road~Episode I~

2005/12/05 10:41

In December, the temperature drops to where it feels like the air is stabbing your skin.

Perhaps due to this, I could feel prickling pains all over.

... No, actually, I don't think that's the temperature.

I feel like it's actually hundreds of stares jabbing me all over.

... Am I just imagining things?

No, I'm not imagining things.

... It hurts.

..... The stares hurt.

..... And if I don't meet those stares, my heart hurts.

The first couple walked through my line of sight.

They looked to be about college age. The girl seemed excited while the boy, a step behind her, had his head drooped down.

Oops, our eyes met.

I don't know him.

We're just passing strangers.

However, for some reason, the instant we passed, I could see a message in his eyes.

You, too?

Why is this? It's like I can feel his heart in the palm of my hand.

Oh, you're only starting out... Hang tough.

Strange. Is that look in his eyes... pity?

Come back alive.

... I could feel the message pouring out of that gaze.

Aw, crap. I feel like—

we could be friends...

Y-KO: Come on! Walk quickly!

ME: Aw! I just felt like I was going to make friends within enemy territory!

Y-KO: I have no idea what you're talking about... Ooh, here we go! 🎵

That's right. I'm on Otome Road.

And I desperately want to go home.

In accordance with my girlfriend's schemes, I've been dragged along as bag holder, but I have to be honest—it's rough.

This is hostile territory. It's an away game.

To be honest, I feel like a Giants fan who just got caught in a big pack of Tigers fans.

Or some poor dumb salaryman who wandered onto the ladies-only car of the train.

If you give up now, it's "game over" already.

Aha! I can see that jiggly-necked basketball coach now!

But Anzai-sensei...

ME: Anzai-Sensei... **the stares, they hurt.**

*Coach Anzai: A character from *Slam Dunk*. The coach of Shohoku High School's basketball team. A former All-Japan player and a ferocious college hoops instructor. He played a rather mild role in the story, but the legendary scene in which Mitsui tearfully says, "Anzai-sensei... I want to play basketball...", put his name into the annals of manga history.

Y-KO: Huh?

ME: ... Uh, nothing. Let's just go.

I'm ready. I'm going to fight.

I walked ahead of my girlfriend, who was equipped with a two-wheeled cart for ferrying goods, and attempted to enter the store, but she called out after me.

Y-KO: Hang on. You wait here.

ME: ... Huh?

Y-KO: Look, I'm not going to be *that* cruel. You can wait for me out here.

See you in a bit! ♪

Roll, roll, roll, roll...

And she disappeared into the building.

... Yes, that was very nice.

I appreciate the gesture.

But if you were going to be nice, I wish you had done that from the beginning

and not dragged me along at all.

... Hmm?

What's this? I feel more stares.

Counter to my expectations, I had seen guys here and there, so my presence shouldn't be attracting *that* much attention.

... But wait.

Yes, I did come here with my girlfriend.

But she just entered that cave of monsters alone.

Which means...

I'm all alone.

A lone man.

Otome Road.

In front of a store.

What am I gonna do?

(Like Odagiri in the card CM.) ... No, wait.

I've got enough otaku in me to write a *SEED* novel.

There's no reason I should feel timid around these people!

Yes, I have a right to be here!! (People call this emotion defiance.)

Fujoshi attacks.

You feel stares.

Critical hit!

You take fifty damage.

Fight, spell

defend, escape.

You escaped.

... I'm sorry. I can't do this.

The stares are hurting me.

I can't defend against them wearing these traveler's clothes for armor.

Not to mention being left out in front of the store.

I don't like this kinky humiliation stuff.

I run into the nearby convenience store with teary eyes.

What is this feeling?

It's the rush of relief when you finally reach a town in *Dragon Quest* with just four hit points left.

I'm in town!! Woohoo!!

I made it back safely!!

That kind of feeling.

And just then...

a phone ringtone echoed throughout the store.

♪ **M—M—nurse, M—M—nurse...**

All eyes gathered on me again.

They stabbed right through me.

Why?

Didn't I change it?

Didn't I set it back to the usual pop song?

Why am I hearing "M—M—nurse" coming from my jacket pocket?

"Tell me, Grandpa!" (in *Heidi, Girl of the Alps*' voice) **It must be Y-ko's doing.** (in Grandpa's voice) ... Enough anime references.

... As I felt the rage against the sadistic terrorist Y-ko building within me, I checked the screen to see what text I had received.

Oh, and I immediately changed my ringtone, of course.

The message was from Y-ko, deep within the bowels of that hell forbidden to male-kind.

FROM: Y-ko
TITLE: **oh crap, it's a treasure trove**

I see.

She didn't even have time to put in a smiley emoticon.

Well, at least she seems to be enjoying herself.

As far as I'm concerned, her happiness is the main point of this excursion...

... Hmm? Wait, there's text in the body.

FROM: Y-ko
TITLE: oh crap, it's a treasure trove
BODY: **but the stares from the people around me are painful**

Well, dear, you *are* somewhat fashionable, which would set you apart from everyone else here.

I'm sure that will lead to some painful glares.

But, see... Don't you see?

It's more painful for me, as a guy.

In a lot of ways.

Fujoshi diagnosis.

2005/12/06 22:23

In recent years, the number of **secret fujoshi** has risen.

My very own girlfriend, Y-ko, is a fujoshi to the core.

But many fujoshi keep their hobby firmly hidden, and if desperate enough, their disguise is virtually perfect.

As a matter of fact, Y-ko herself appears to be a normal, sharp-tongued lady

so many people are not immediately aware of her identity.

—But.

There is a simple way to unmask these **secret fujoshi**.

Very, extremely simple, in fact.

You don't even need to know anything about Kira as an uke or anything.

(*Kira: Kira Yamato, protagonist of *Gundam SEED*.) You, too, can attempt Y-ko's famed **"Easy Fujoshi Diagnosis"** method.

Easy Fujoshi Diagnosis: Y-ko Method

Step 1. Identify target

First, identify the target whose fujoshi-ness (or lack of) you wish to determine.

It can be a potential hookup, a friend, family member, or even your girlfriend.

However—

Please steel yourself to accept the results you receive, no matter what they might be.

No matter what the result, no matter if it should mean the end of years of

love, this is a test that requires strong responsibility. Stand up for your actions.

Step 2. Introduction

Have you picked out your target? Then please tell her the following:

“I’m going to give you an IQ test.”

You can’t tell them you are administering a Fujoshi diagnosis, as this will put them on guard.

Sell it as an IQ test to set your target at ease.

Step 3. Begin test

Now, we’re getting somewhere.

As an example, I will demonstrate this test with Y-ko.

ME: I want to you to say the **opposite** of each word that I say.

Whether or not you match it properly is important, but even more crucial is **speed. Speak rapidly.**

The speed at which you answer measures your IQ.

Y-KO: Okay, c’mon! Recognize my towering intellect!!

ME: Uh... right. Here we go... Up.

Y-KO: Down!

ME: ... Right.

Y-KO: Left!!

ME: ... North.

Y-KO: South!!

ME: East.

Y-KO: West!!

... Give them a series of very simple terms that can be answered instantly.

Once they are replying in rapid succession, you are going to give them the test’s only *real* question.

ME: **Seme.**

Y-KO: **Uke!!**

..... An instant, unthinking answer!

If the test subject answers immediately and without hesitation,

you've got a fujoshi.

For contrast, let's see some examples of different answers.

The opposite of *seme* ("attack") is...

"Mamori!!" (or "defend")

This is a healthy answer. Please give your subject a gentle hug.

Whisper your love to her.

"... Mamori!"

She will probably be all right.

A toast to her for clamping down and choosing correctly.

"Uh... mamori."

Borderline case. Don't push her too hard.

If you try to dig too deep, you might regret the results.

"Uk... mamori!"

Slightly fujoshi. Your reaction to this news will determine your level of compassion and forgiveness.

"Uke!!"

She's a fujoshi.



Welcome to the other side!!

If she happens to *shriek* “**uke!!**”

Please, don’t panic.

Imagine that by sharing this secret, your bonds have just grown stronger.

In fact, *convince* yourself of it.

Please don’t cast your eyes away from the rigors of the truth.

You’re not alone.

You are not alone.

So please... please!

Hang in there, me.

When I tried this out at a party the other day, about half of my answers were “uke.”

What is wrong with you, Japan?

Note: In certain areas such as karate, *uke* is the proper contrast to *seme*. Use this test as a general guideline only.

Are you all aware of the word *uke*?

If you’re unfamiliar with the term, please stay just the way you are now.

However, for the sake of those not in the know, *uke* is a yaoi term that refers to the “receiving” end of a homosexual relationship, which is similar but not identical to the term *bottom* within the gay community. (The opposite is *seme*.)

Big news.

2005/12/09 01:23

While I was putting together an extremely taxing and annoying report, I got a phone call from Y-ko, who was supposed to be hanging out with her fujoshi friends.

Oh, and in case you're wondering, no, my ringtone isn't "M—M—nurse" anymore. Fortunately.

ME: Yeah? What's u—

Y-KO: **Bonjour!! Listen, listen, listen!!**

Ringggg.

C-could you turn down the volume?

ME: Sorry, could you tone it down? You're really hurting my ea—

Y-KO: Big news!! Oh, and when I greet you in Italian, I want an Italian response!!

ME: ... I'm sorry. Are you drunk? You're drunk, aren't you?

Plus, *bonjour* is French, not Italian.

Y-KO: So what? Anyways...

I hear they're going to open a butler café!!

... What?

Really?

ME: Um, really?

Y-KO:

Really!!

ME: Your source?

Y-KO: It's this one blog called ****!!

ME: Okay, uh... Hang on a minute. I'll check it out.

Tappity, tap, tap...

Yep.

... Really.

ME: That's incredible!! It's going to be a smash success!!

Y-KO: I know, I know, I know!! Yes!! This weekend's plans are set!!

... Now you're getting ahead of yourself.

This place probably isn't even open for business yet.

Y-KO: Oh my goodness, it's going to be a festival!!

We're going to open that bottle of wine we've been saving, Sebas.

.....

Um...

Who are you calling Sebas?

ME: Come on! We don't even *have* a bottle of wine.

Y-KO: Yes we do! I'll go and pick one up!!

ME: That's not the same as "saving" a bottle...

Y-KO: Hey, what was it called? That one bottle that was really good...

Oh, right! I remember!

Moe Moe Chandon?

What kind of name is that?

They might be able to sell a few bottles by riding that fad, but I certainly don't want to drink it.

ME: Nice try, but not quite. You're thinking of **Moët & Chandon**.

Y-KO: Oh, who cares? It's only one letter. **Don't be so fussy, Sebas!!**

I think I just got scolded!

And she called me Sebas again!

ME: ... Um, I'm sorry.

Would you stop calling me Sebas?

Y-KO: Huh? Why?

Great.

The vaunted "why?" defense.

ME: Well, because my name is—

Y-KO: Oh, sorry. **Did you want to be Shota?**

I wasn't done with the sentence!

And why are those my only two choices?!

Plus, Shota isn't even **a name!!**

Y-KO: Yeah, of course...

You're more the uke type.

...!!

Um... I'm sorry...

Is that how you've seen me all this time?

Host club.

2005/12/10 00:01

One of Y-ko's favorite manga series, *Ouran High School Host Club*, is being turned into an animated series.

You can probably guess what it's about based on the title...

But it's actually rather interesting. How should I describe it?

It's like a **reverse-harem** story.

If you haven't read it before, I highly recommend that you try it out.

So.

This manga is about the host club of an ultra-rich, elite academy.

Y-ko and I were having a discussion about how the eating utensils in the story must be extremely fancy and expensive.

ME: Wasn't there an expensive cup in *Densha Otoko* that helped the guy and girl meet, too?

Y-KO: Yeah, the Hermès cup? I wish I could use one of them.

ME: Of course, there's no point to having an expensive cup if you're drinking the same old cheap tea.

Y-KO: Come on, don't be so boring.

I bet the illusion of elegance would make the tea taste a whole lot better.

ME: I'm not so sure.

Y-KO: Well, it would. Like that one brand with the really fancy porcelain.

ME: You mean Hermès?

Y-KO:

No, it's like... B... B... B...

... B?

What brand starts with a B?

Y-KO: Come on! It's a foreign word, starts with a B... B...

Foreign word... Maybe she's thinking of...

Y-KO: Oh! I remember! It's **Buruse**—

ME: **You mean Meissen?**

What were you about to say? Burusera?

I would never drink from that cup.

Y-KO: Oh yeah. Meissen, Meissen. I was so close.

ME: You weren't close at all! The part you got right was "**se**"!!

Y-KO: Oh, you always freak out about the tiniest things. You're a small man, know that?

This is your major problem, Sebas...

And she sighed with a look on her face like *Oh, brother*.

Um, excuse me?

They're not tiny things, and my name is not Sebas.

Y-KO: Besides, I'm not any good at remembering foreign words.

Are you kidding me?!

They're still written in your native language!!

It's such a short word!!

And what it *Buruse* supposed to be, anyway?!

ME:

Please get a grip on yourself. Do you seriously think you can get by in this world by acting like this?!

Y-KO:

Yes, I can!! In my world, as long as I have

me, BL, and other stuff, I've got everything I need!!

That is not an excuse!!

What kind of a list is that, anyway?!

And rolling up “other stuff” all in one item is a pretty convenient cop-out, lady!!

.....

... Wait...

Huh? Sorry...

ME: Y-ko...

Y-KO: Hmm? What is it, Sebas?

Don't call me Sebas.

ME: Er, well... You just said you would be happy with “you, BL, and other stuff,” correct?

Y-KO: ...? Yeah, that's what I said.

Ah.

Meaning...

ME: **I'm included in “other stuff”?**

That kind of makes me want to cry, y'know.

What boyfriend *wouldn't* be a bit depressed at being labeled “other stuff”?

At these words, she turned and smiled sweetly at me.

Y-KO: Okay, uh... meaning...
you would rather be included in “BL”?

... Ah.

.....

... Um...



I’m sorry. I’m perfectly happy to be included in “other stuff,” thank you.

Otome Road~Episode II~

2005/12/13 00:12

Ikebukuro.

As a citizen of more rural lands, this single word conjures many images into my head.

Images of fashion and coolness.

A neighborhood full of young people.

Perhaps it's only just a giant business park.

Then there was that guy on *Ainori* who called himself “the wolf of 'Bukuro.”

And something about a king in the West Gate Park.

I never actually watched that drama, though.

But,

on the other hand...

I never knew there was actually a real Otome Road.

I'm sitting in a family restaurant on the way home from Otome Road now.

I was forced to carry Y-ko's numerous purchases —and it was a pain.

More to the point—

the cart was unbelievably heavy.

I can only assume the bags are full of BL books and magazines.

How much did she sink into this trip?

I hope she doesn't leave them all at my place.

These things floated through my head as I carried the cart up the stairs.

The restaurant is mostly empty.

Hang in there, manager.

Don't let the recession get you down.

We were guided to the nonsmoking section by the waiter and finally got off our feet.

ME: So, was it fun? Was Otome Road worth it?

Y-KO: Yep. It was great. It was a real battlefield in there... Oh, you want to see?

See? See what?!

Y-KO: Look, my spoils of war! ♪ And here they are!

Y-ko proudly began to show off bits and pieces of the stuff she had in the absolutely packed cart.

What's with all the titillating, suggestive, can-you-see-it-or-not art?

... No, no! You don't need to show me. I'm perfectly fine!

I really don't want to be looking at these gaudy illustrations in a diner, and *especially* not before I eat!!

Plus, you bought wayyyy too much, lady.

ME: Look at all of this! No wonder it seemed heavy; you bought a metric ton of the stuff!!

Y-KO: I sure did. It was really hard!

ME: ... Hard?

Y-KO: Yep. Like, you know how these books are hard to check out because they're always kept in plastic bags?

ME: Is that right?

Y-KO: It is. I mean, when they do that with the newest books from *Shōnen Jump*, it's not a big deal, because you've been reading the stories week to week in the magazine, and you know what they're like.

So, Y-ko-san, you're saying that you read *Jump* every week and *also* buy the volumes?

I mean, that's cool and all. I think *Death Note* is pretty good, too.

Y-KO: So it means you have to judge the whole thing based on the cover.

Ah, yes, I understand.

That's how I feel when I buy porno magazines.

Of course, what she's buying are essentially porno mags, too.

Y-KO: So what you really need in this case is **the ability to judge a book by its cover.**

ME: I see.

Y-KO: What do you call that? You know what I mean. **The skill of an artisan.**

ME: Uh, what makes you an artisan?

Y-KO: **You have to make sure they can't fool you by putting all their effort into the cover!!**

H-hey! Don't shout!

Hold it in... Don't let it out!!

Y-KO: **Gaze upon the truth with unclouded eye and make your decision!!**

With unclouded eye? Uh...

Didn't the guy from the movie *Princess Mononoke* say something like that? (← trying to escape my immediate reality)

Y-KO: Some call this skill the **mind's eye**.

I'm not going to respond.

I'm going to ignore her and drink my water.

Y-KO: It's like, um, how did that go...

Thiiink... don't feeeel...

Right?

ME: ... Bfft! (I snorted my water)

Y-KO: Ewww, gross! Don't blow your water on me!!

ME: ... Sorry.

But it should be against the rules to make **Bruce Lee facial impressions**.

ME: I think you actually have that **backward**.

It's supposed to be "Don't think, feel," not "Think, don't feel."

Y-KO: Oh, dang! I was so close!!

No, you weren't! You were completely 180 degrees wrong!!

This is not doing Bruce Lee any kind of justice!!

ME: Okay, I can see that you are indeed a professional in the ways of judging BL publications.

Y-KO: Huh? What are you talking about?

... Pardon?

Y-KO: Of course I don't have any skills that fancy. I mean, the number of times you get burned in this hobby is incredible in the first place.

..... Errr...

ME: What in the world were you just expounding on, then?

Y-KO: Oh, that?

Just a kind of ideal fujoshi state of mind that I wish I could pull off.

What the hell do you mean by that?

... Hmm?

... Which would mean...

ME: I'm sorry, what criteria were you using to buy them, then?

Y-KO: Huh? What do you mean?

ME: Well, you weren't judging them by the cover, right?

How do you decide which ones to buy, then?

Y-KO: Oh, that's easy.

The lottery ticket method. Buy as many as you can, and you're bound to strike gold once in a while.

... Unbelievable.

Dream collaboration.

2005/12/14 21:51

My girlfriend has the flu. Her fever is 100 degrees.

I figured it would be better for her to get some rest, so I forced her to stay in bed.

Y-KO: Ugh... I feel terrible...

ME: Are you okay?

Y-KO: Yeah... but I can't let this stop me. The dōjinshi are waiting for me...

A little cold like this isn't gonna keep me down...

Ah, yes, that's right. She bought all of those things, but she hasn't finished reading them, has she?

But no, this is a day for exhibiting restraint.

ME: Please, just stay in bed and relax.

Don't worry. The dōjinshi aren't going anywhere...

Y-KO: ... Really?

ME: Yes, really.

... What are we talking about?

Y-KO: They won't get stolen?

ME: ... By whom?

Y-KO: By you.

ME: **I wouldn't steal those even if someone paid me to!!**

No, really, what in the world are we talking about?

Y-KO: Urrgh... But I want to read themmmmm...

ME: Look, there's no use growling with hatred about it.

Y-KO: ... Baby?

ME: Yes?

Maybe it was the fever, but the way she spoke softly with those tears in her eyes, it was almost kind of sexy...

Definitely different from her usual demeanor.

Y-KO: **Read the rest out loud for me.**

—Never mind, she's even worse than usual!!

ME: Pardon?!

Y-KO: **Put all your emotion into it and play both roles.**

...

.....

.....

ME: **I am not doing that.**

Are you crazy?

Y-ko pouted.

Adding a little cherry on top is not going to help me swallow this poison!!

ME: Besides, you know I can't make those anime voices!!

Y-KO: Well, yeah, but...

ME:

Isn't the voice actor for this character a woman?
At least ask one of your other fujoshi friends if you need a reader.

My voice is low.

I can't pull this off.

It's completely against all of my principles.

You're trying to take me to a place I never want to go.

I must refuse with all of my strength.

Y-KO: Hmm... You've got a point... Your voice is **contrabass**.

ME: ... Huh? Contra-what...?

...

.....

... Contrabass...

... Does she mean *bass*...?

ME: ... I'm sorry, **the contrabass is an instrument**.

If you're talking about a vocal range, I think you're referring to just *bass*.

Y-KO: ... Oh yeah! That's what I meant! Bass.

ME: Plus, my voice isn't that deep...

Y-KO: I really like the ring that *bass* has to it.

ME: ... You're ignoring me.

Y-KO: It almost seems like *bass* and **Sebas** should be brothers.

ME: No, it doesn't seem that way at all...

Y-KO: ... Cousins, then?

ME: No, not cousins! Where do you *get* this stuff?!

Y-KO: Like... Bass the elder brother and Sebas the younger. Forbidden

incestual love?

ME: Okay, okay... Let's lie back down and get some much-needed rest...

Y-KO: Ew! You're cheeky for being a Sebas. You're supposed to be the younger one.

Since when was I a younger brother? I'm the eldest son.

ME: Didn't I tell you to stop saying "Sebas"?

Y-KO: But your voice is either a Bass or a Sebas... It's like a bargain!!

... Aaah! I know, I know!

Does that make you...

... a Contrasebas?!

ME: **... Just go to sleep.**

Christmas.

2005/12/16 19:54

Less than ten days remaining until Christmas.

This will be the second Christmas we've shared as a couple.

We will be exchanging presents, of course.

Our style is to ask the other person what they would like beforehand.

After all, if I let Y-ko pick out anything she wants, who knows what I might get?

... But I'm only kidding... not. It's a fairly serious concern of mine, plus it always feels great to receive something that you really, really wanted.

So I decided to ask Y-ko what she would like for a present.

ME: Hey, what kind of Christmas present would you like?

Y-KO: Hmm? Anything I want?

ME: I've got a budget set aside for it.

Y-KO: Okay, then. You know what it is.

ME: ... I do?

Y-KO: Yeah, you do...

Tansu Ni Gon.

ME: ... Tansu Ni Gon?

Y-KO: Yes, Tansu Ni Gon.

ME: I'm not sure that I'm following your meaning.

Is there some new brand of handbag that uses that name?

Y-KO: When a fujoshi wants Tansu Ni Gon for Christmas... what does

that mean?!

Don't answer a question with another question!!

ME: Um...

Y-KO: 10... 9... 8...

I only get ten seconds to answer?

Y-KO: 7... 6... 5... *bzz!!* Time's up!!

... Five?! You're only giving me five seconds? Why not start the countdown from five, then?

Y-KO: Bwa-ha-ha... So naive, we are!

ME: Haah...

Y-KO: So, curious about the answer?! Curious?!

ME: Not really...

Y-KO:

Okay, I'm sorry. Don't stare at me with those sorrowful eyes.

ME: ... But I'm finding my interest growing by the second!!

Y-KO: I know, right?! Heh-heh-heh-heh! I've been thinking about this one for days!

What a worthwhile use of your time...

ME: ... So, when a fujoshi wants Tansu Ni Gon for Christmas, what does that mean?

Y-KO: It means **“to not get any more rotten.”**

... Huh?

... Huh?

..... What does that even have to do with Christmas?

Y-KO: You're looking like you understand. I'm very pleased, young man.

No, I'm not looking like that.

ME: Er, may I have an explanation?

Y-KO: Okay. Well, you know how *fujoshi* means “**rotten girl**”?

ME: Yes.

Y-KO: Then what it is that I would want? Ta-daa!!

ME:

Y-KO: A **preservative** to make sure I don't get any more **rotten!!**

... Preservative...?

Y-KO: That's why I want **Tansu Ni Gon**, see?

Preservative. Tansu Ni Gon, a preservative...

ME: ... I see. And you want a can of that?

Y-KO: ... Huh?

ME: One can of Tansu Ni Gon for Christmas?

Y-KO: Huh? No, I—

ME: It's fine. I think you can get at least a year's use out of one. In fact, if it can help get your “rotteness” under control, I'd buy two or three, just in case.

Y-KO: Um, hello...

ME: Well, I'll go and buy one. Watch the house while I'm out.

Y-KO: Hey! No!

ME: Oh, and I forgot to mention something...

**Tansu Ni Gon isn't a preservative—
it's an insecticide.**

Y-KO:

ME:

Y-KO:

ME:

Y-KO: A handbag.

ME: Very good, ma'am.

Cosplay.

2005/12/23 00:02

—“A miniskirt Santa... would be so great.”

It all began with this comment from Y-ko, as she sat eating a mandarin orange.

ME: ... Huh?

Y-KO: I mean, everything in town is all decked out in Santas, right?

ME: Yep.

Y-KO: So what if on Christmas Eve...

Ah, yes, I can see where we're heading with this.

Y-KO: ... you had lady Santas dressed up in miniskirts? Wouldn't that be totally moe?

Yes, very moe.

Ridiculously so.

It's too bad that written words can't convey sarcasm of the type I'm using now.

ME: Yes, quite moe, indeed.

Y-KO: I know, right?! Okay, honey! I'm gonna do this for you!

ME: Oooh!

Y-KO: I mean, hell, I want to wear that outfit!

ME: Oh, so it's all about *you*, is it?!

I thought you just said it was for my sake.

And why would you *want* to wear that?

Y-KO: And that means you'll have to wear the **reindeer costume**.

ME: Oh, sure. If that's what miniskirt Santa wants, that's what miniskirt Santa ge—

...

.....

.....

ME: **—No, wait. I can't do that.**

What the hell do you mean, reindeer costume?

Like full-body tights with hair stuck to them, the kind you'd see in a comedy show?

Y-KO: Aw! Cheapskate.

ME: I'm not being a cheapskate. I'm giving you a perfectly ordinary reaction.

Besides, what's so fun about seeing a guy wearing full-body tights?

Y-KO: I was gonna take a picture and send it to everyone...

ME: I see. Yes, that does sound like f—

What in the world are you thinking?!

Am I supposed to be turned into a laughingstock for doing this?!

Y-KO: What am I thinking of? **The ten best ways to spend your Christmas?**

ME: ... Uh... I see...

Is this really something I should be yelling at her for?

I mean, it *is* an event that only comes once a year...

She just wants to enjoy it.

Y-KO: Either that, or **the best way to drag you into the ways of the fujoshi before Winter Comiket.**

ME: Wint... **Com...**

...

.....

.....

I take the preceding statement back!

I also avoid confronting the truth—that I’m already being dragged there efficiently enough as it is.

ME: I’m not going.

Y-KO: You can’t do this! I’m not going to wear my miniskirt Santa outfit if you don’t!

ME: No skin off my back.

Y-KO: What?! But you *have* to!

ME: ... I do?

Y-KO: I want to wear it!!

ME: **Are you getting your goal and your means of achieving it mixed up?**

Y-KO: Argh.

ME: Besides, Santa is something you can only enjoy at this time of year.

If you think I can be lured by something so temporary, you’re sadly mistaken.

... I’m ignoring the fact that I’m already half-lured at the moment.

I’m also ignoring the fact that you *can* dress up like Santa at any time of year.

Hang in there, reason.

Y-KO: Okay, a nurse outfit.
ME: ... Uh, that's not the issue—
Y-KO: ... Your favorite. A **pink nurse** outfit.

Arrrgh—I should have realized that Y-ko would know my secret favorite—

ME: Wait a minute. How did you know that I had a thing for pink nurse outfits?
Y-KO: **Because of your secret computer folder...**
ME: Excuse me?!

Did she see it?! Did she look inside?!

Y-KO: You have such a wonderful girlfriend... but you've got this thing for **pink nurses...**
Heh-heh-heh...
ME: Eek!

She's holding this against me!

Y-KO: So, what's it going to be?
ME: I, er... I'll think about it...

Not Comiket...

... I just can't...

Y-KO: Argh! Make up your mind! Be a man! Decide right here and now!!
ME: Um...
Y-KO: **Are you going to buy the cosplay suit or not?!**
ME: ... Huh?

You were talking about *that*?

I guess she doesn't even care about the Comiket part.

Well, that's better for me...

Y-KO: ... Well... Okay, fine!

ME: ... What do you mean?

Y-KO: **I'll even throw in some neko-mimi, too!!**

ME: Cat... ears...

Y-KO: **Pink nurse uniform with neko-mimi!!**

Pink nurse with cat ears.

Pink nurse with cat ears.

Pink nurse with cat ears.

... (Imagining)

..... (Fantasizing)

..... (Agonizing)

What a ridiculously tantalizing combination!!

Y-KO: ♪ Neko-mimi nurse! Neko-mimi nurse! Nama-mugi nama-gome
neko-mimi nurse!

ME: Hey... no...

No fair putting it into that song!!

A man's sense of reason is as flimsy as a single sheet of paper...

Merry neko-mimi nurse!

2005/12/26 16:52

How did you spend your Christmas, everyone?

I'm sure that some of you had an enjoyable time, some of you had a lonely time, and others had experiences that fell in between.

... What? How was *my* holiday?

Well, I went to see the Tokyo Millenario street illumination and ate at fancy restaurants; you know, the type of stuff that couples usually do during the holiday season.

However.

I am confident that the readers of this blog are not visiting to hear sappy, lovey-dovey anecdotes.

We are a secret otaku and a secret fujoshi.

To the rest of society, we present, **for the most part**, the picture of a normal couple.

We're so normal that any stories about us would be too boring to share.

Therefore.

I will instead choose to share—

how we spent our holy night at home.

Meaning,

the story of the neko-mimi nurse.

Yes.

... Please don't get freaked out.

Christmas eve.

The town is overrun with loving couples.

As we were buffeted by the crowd at the Millenario, clinging to each other's hands, even as we ate in the very fancy and expensive restaurant at which we had reserved a table, my mind was dominated by one single thought.

Neko-mimi nurse. Pink colored.

On a night in which most couples around the world would choose to "dress up" in a Santa miniskirt...

Neko-mimi nurse. Pink colored.

A nurse uniform colored bright pink, only instead of the usual nurse's hat, a pair of soft, fluffy cat ears.

In other words,

neko-mimi nurse. Pink colored.

... Crap. We haven't even come close to showtime yet, **and I'm almost completely moe'd out.**

Just as I was agonizing over the possible ramifications of this statement, the changing room door opened, and— *Clunk*.

Y-KO: **Ta-daaa!**

ME: Yesss! About... time...

... H-holy crap...

This is way more powerful than I had expected...

Y-KO: **Meowry Christmas!**

"Meowry"?!

My sense of reason is flying out the window!

In fact...

ME: ... Uh, are you sure that isn't *too* short? I can kind of see under it.

Yes, the nurse uniform was too short.

I could kind of see stuff.

Like what was underneath it, the limits of my own control, even the truth behind the universe...

Y-KO: Hmm? Well, the costume I bought was just too long.



ME: ...?

Y-KO: So I got my friend, who's really into cosplay, to trim it for me.

ME: I see.

It's very nice work. I am moved by it.

Socks that go up over the knee.

Lithe, thin thighs.

No. Settle down, me.

The night has only just begun.

ME: Well, I love the shortness, but we've still got to exchange presents and eat the cake...

Y-KO: Huh? What do you mean?

ME: Well, if I can see all that stuff underneath, it might make it hard to concentrate.

I'm afraid that I won't be able to take my eyes off it.

Y-KO: So you're saying that you can't keep your eyes off me because you're too horny?

ME: Well, if you want to get directly to the point, yes.

Y-KO: Oh, don't worry about that. Look—

deploying AT field!

ME: Uh... A... T...?

Flip.

With this strange call, she opened her nurse uniform.

And there, I saw...

ME: ... B... **Bloomers?! Those tiny gym shorts...?!**

Y-KO: Bwa-ha-ha! Yes!
It's the magic item that shuts out the lewd glances of horny little boys, **the bloomers we call an AT field!**

Wrong! I think you mean **“the AT field we call bloomers.”**

... But on the other hand,

Neko-mimi + Nurse (pink) + Bloomers

.....

.....

..... A three-piece combo.

Merry Christmas, me.



Merry neko-mimi nurse 2.

2005/12/26 20:36

Y-KO: ... What's wrong? Okay, fine, you want me to take the AT field off?

ME: No, don't!

Y-KO: ... Huh?

ME: Er, please don't... What is an AT field anyway?

Y-KO: You know, the barrier from *Evangelion*. It blocks enemy attacks.

ME: So I'm supposed to be an enemy?

And my glances are an attack?

And you're talking about *Evangelion*?

I don't think they ever aired that show in my hometown, so I never saw it...

But meanwhile, I had noticed something very important.

Rather than acting as a barrier—

the bloomers were raising my attack power.

I made Y-ko cover up her AT field, and I pulled the cake I had bought earlier out of the fridge.

It was a convenient little pastry I had bought in the department store basement, a perfect serving for two.

The only light in the room came from the candle.

Its small, wavering light illuminated the pair of us.

A pair of cups with tea bags steeping inside sat on the table.

The pleasant scent of the tea drifted throughout the room.

The mood was perfect—

Y-KO: You know the term *tea bag*...

ME: Yes?

Y-KO: It sounds kinda sexy, doesn't it?

ME: ... I don't know why you're bringing this up at this particular moment...

It's ruining the mood.

... Okay, the mood was ruined from the moment she put on the neko-mimi nurse outfit.

Y-KO: Plus, if you're going to **call yourself Sebas**, you need to prepare some real tea.

What kind of butler uses tea bags?!

Don't we have any tea leaves in here, Sebas?

ME: I don't call myself Sebas, and this is *your* apartment.

Y-KO: You're getting a fresh mouth, know that? I never raised you to be that way!

ME: You never raised me at all. Come on, let's eat.

The repartee ended.

We began to eat the cake.

Y-KO: Ooh! It's good!

It is? I'm glad you like it.

Y-KO: How would you describe this? In English, you might call it **tres bieeeen!**

ME: That's actually French.

Y-KO: Or was it... **trombooone?**

ME: That's an instrument.

Y-KO:

... **Umbreeellaaaa**.

ME: That's the thing you carry when it rains.

Y-KO:

ME:

Y-KO: Is it just me, or are you being really cold today?
Your usual snide put-downs are really sharp and mean-spirited this time...

ME: Ha-ha-ha. Whatever do you mean, my dear?
My put-downs are always done half out of love and kindness.

Y-KO: No way! Usually, when I say something like **"umbreeellaaaa,"**
you come back with
"Yes, yes, that's right, umbreeellaaaa—not! That's what you
carry when it rains!"
You know, real playful, like you're going along with my joke...

Since when did I ever do that?

... Sigh. I don't have a choice.

I'll have to be honest...

ME: Okay, look... You know the outfit you're wearing right now?

Y-KO: Hmm? The neko-mimi nurse?

ME: Yeah. It's, well...

I'm pretty nervous at the moment.

I don't think I can even taste the cake.

Y-KO: Aha... Say no more. I understand.

ME: ...?

Y-KO: You're feeling shy because of my costume!

ME: ... Well, if you want to be perfectly blunt, yes.

Y-KO: And to be perfectly blunt, you want to cosplay, too!

ME: To be perfectly blunt, no!

Y-KO: Don't worry! My present is a suit!
ME: Wha... Are you listening to me?!
Y-KO: It's got a nice, crisp shirt and a slightly loose necktie...
ME: Um... Y-ko?

Y-KO: **... Suit... moe!**

ME: ... Can we at least talk *to* each other rather than over each other?

Y-KO: I don't think you'll ever find another present—

**that combines my interests with
practical benefit in a better way...**

... But *I* was the one who asked for it.

I was the one who told you that I wanted a suit.

This display of open excitement is starting to frighten me, dear.

Y-KO: Go ahead! Put it on!!

ME: But... the cake's only half-eaten...

Y-KO: Suits are more important than cake.

ME: Why do you say that like it's a well-known adage?

Y-KO: Okay, fine. Wear half of it!

ME: Half?! What do you mean, wear half?!

Y-KO: Isn't it perfectly obvious?

You will be half-naked. I just love collarbones.

... And that was how our Christmas eve unfolded...

Me, my girlfriend, and two fujoshi.

2005/12/30 09:36

So, it seems that Comiket has begun.

Unfortunately, I was unable to attend.

When I say “unfortunately,” I am neglecting to mention that I slept with great relief last night.

Not yet... I’m just not ready yet.

Some of you blog readers may have gotten your hopes up, but I am still a chicken. Forgive me, dear readers.

Y-ko, on the other hand...

Y-ko went to Comiket with some of her fujoshi friends.

I don’t have any reason to sneer at the hobbies of other people, of course.

I really don’t, but...

these two friends of yours, dear.

Why did you have to bring them to my house?

Now you get to see what my nightmares are made of.

Ding-dong—

ME: Coming, coming...

Y-KO: It’s me!

ME: Oh hi. Come on... in...

All: **Pardon us, coming through!**

There were two women standing behind Y-ko.

And who would these delightful ladies be?

And from the sound of it, they seem to think they are coming inside.

ME: Um... Y-ko?

Y-KO: Oh, these are my friends.

ME: Yes.

Y-KO: I was telling them about you, and they wanted to meet you. So here they are. Tee-hee!

Tee-hee?

Think of your age.

And at least send me a message about it first...

ME: Er, well, let's not stand around. Come on in—

Fujoshi A: **So, is this the Sebas you told us about?!**

ME:



I'd like to scream out my protestations.

No, scratch that—

I want them to leave.

But I am a chicken. I hold my tongue.

In fact, I am a shy person.

I don't know how to act around strangers.

Especially not older women.

I'm scared off my ass right now.

FUJOSHI A: So, you were on the baseball team in school, right?
ME: Er, yes.
FUJOSHI B: Right-handed?
ME: Yes.
FUJOSHI A: Throwing and hitting?
ME: Correct.
Y-KO: **But for some reason, his thing is curved to the left!**
ME:?!
All: **Da-ha-ha-ha-ha!**

What kind of nonsense gossip is this?

Fujoshi A: So, you basically speak politely by default, huh?
ME: ... Well, Y-ko *is* older than me.
Fujoshi B: How old are you?
ME: I'm twenty-one.
All: **He's so young!**

... If you're both the same age as Y-ko, then I'm not all that much younger, really.

FUJOSHI A: You're not very macho for a former baseball player, are you?
ME: Our school's team wasn't very good. They weren't very strict about muscle training.
FUJOSHI B: So that's why you're so skinny.
ME: I suppose.
FUJOSHI A: **But that means you've still got plenty of uke characteristics!**
FUJOSHI B: **Go on, strip off your clothes!**
ME: ...?!

I made desperate, tearful eye contact with Y-ko.

My gaze screamed out one single, heartfelt statement: "Help!"

Y-KO: Da-ha-ha-ha! Striii-ip! Striii-ip! Striii-ip!

Whaaaaaaaaaat?!

You should be *stopping* them, not egging me on!

The calls of “striii-ip” echoed throughout the area.

I’m very sorry, neighbors.

I’m sure the female chorus of “striii-ip” must be confusing the hell out of you by now.

I feel the same way right now.

And then the shocking truth is revealed.

FUJOSHI A: **You know, I think he really *is* sort of uke!**

FUJOSHI B: **Yeah... even though he’s a Sebas.**

Don’t call me that.

Fujoshi A: What’s the deal, Y-ko?

Fujoshi B: Isn’t a Sebas supposed to be seme?

Y-KO: Hmm... Yeah, I know what you mean, but...

Can it be? Will the terrible stigma of Sebas finally be lifted from my shoulders?!

Alas, but the thought of it disappearing forever is almost... sad.

Even without Sebas, I must be strong.

Thank you for everything, Sebas... and good-bye.

Y-KO: Think of it this way...

Couldn’t an uke-Sebas work just as well?

... Hello, new title: Uke-Sebas.

No, no, no, no!

ME: Uh, I don't...

FUJOSHI A: **Ooooooh!!**

FUJOSHI B: **What a fresh, new idea!!**

ME:

... Their faces are sparkling.

There's nothing I can do to stop them now...

Y-KO: I know, right?!

FUJOSHI A: You know what it's like? One of those **fish broth value packs!**

FUJOSHI B: We're having a **limited campaign** for our **Sebas** line, ladies!

ALL: **Act now and get extra uke features** for free!!

ME: [*Practically crying*]

And of all things, I get compared to a value pack of fish broth...

When does the limited campaign end, I wonder?

But now I'm wondering...

ME: Is it just me, or was that a really **domestic** example?

Y-KO: Huh? Well, sure. I mean...

both of these girls are housewives.

One of them even had a kid.

2006.

2006/01/01 10:40

This is Pentabu, fresh into the new year and writing my *Gundam* novel.

I can't help but feel that it's a harbinger of things to come in this year.

I hope to blast my way straight through the otaku world safely and without incident.

I'm about to visit the temple with my friends from college.

New Year's Day.

My girlfriend went home to see her parents, so I spent the evening alone.

It was very, very lonely.

Identical voice.

2006/01/04 22:52

What is the most nerve-racking event in a person's life?

College exams? First date? Wedding?

There are many things you could name.

This month, I experienced the single most nerve-racking event of my life thus far.

It actually doesn't have much to do with fujoshi or otaku...

But I hope you will hear me out.

January 3rd.

After a late night partying with my friends, I slept in until well into the day.

I'll be honest—it was a hangover.



That's my phone. Y-ko?

Y-KO: Hello!

ME: ... Hello... Y-ko? What is it?

Y-KO: OO, are you at your parents? (OO = my name)

ME: ...? No, I'm in Tokyo.

Y-KO: So you really *didn't* go back home.

ME: ...? What's going on? Are you bored over there?

Y-KO: A little bit. So what did you eat yesterday?

ME: Well, I went to a New Year's party, so it was mostly just deep-fried snacks.

Y-KO: I see... In that case...

ME:

Yes?

Y-KO: **Would you like to come over for a holiday feast?**

ME: Pardon?!

Y-KO: Come on over! You can't go through this season without a traditional New Year's feast!

So it's settled!!

ME: Wha... I'm sorry? I can't!

Y-KO: ...? Why not?

ME: I mean... isn't your *family* going to be there?!

I'll be super-duper nervous!

Y-KO: Oh, no sweat. No problem at all!

ME: ... Why is that?

Y-KO: **My parents are really mischievous.**

ME: Uh, mischievous? What does that have to do with...

Y-KO: How mischievous, you might ask?

ME: ...?

Y-MOM: **Mischievous enough to talk to Y-ko's boyfriend on the phone like this, I guess!**

ME: ...?.....?!.....!!

Huh? No...! Can it be...?!

Y-MOM: **Nice to meet you! I'm Y-ko's mother!**

I should have known!!

Mother, there are limits to mischievousness!

Home visit~Act I~

2006/01/06 15:57

Right off the bat in the new year, I was invited over by Y-ko's mom for a traditional holiday feast.

Since it was my first visit to her parents' home, I decided to wear my suit.

... Something tells me I'm doing this wrong, but I'm going to go with it.

Dressing casually probably isn't the way to succeed here.

I ran through some quick mental dress rehearsals as I sat on the gently swaying train.

I have plenty of possible situations and scenarios accounted for.

The midboss, Y-ko's mother, seemed friendly enough. No problem there.

The real issue is the final boss, her father...

I don't have any intelligence on him, so I just have to go in light on my feet.

Since the entire family will be there, I can probably rule out any screaming or beatings.

At any rate, Y-ko will be picking me up from the station in the car, so we can come up with a game plan on the way there.

Know your enemy and know yourself and you can survive any battle, or so the saying goes.

The final result will come down to how much information I can gather on the final boss during the car ride.

Hang in there, me.

There is no strategy guide for this fight.

All you can rely on are your own instincts and Y-ko's backup.

It's time for a battle of the generations—

?: Er, is that OO?

ME: Huh? Yes, that's me...

...?

It was an unfamiliar man who called out to me.

What's the deal? I've got bigger things to deal with.

I need to start coming up with a plan before Y-ko arrives to pick me up!

This is really important! I *have* to leave a good impression on the final boss, her exalted father!

ME: Umm... May I ask who this is?

?: Oh, it's nice to meet you...

... Nice to meet you?

If he's never met me before, how does he know my name?

... Uh-oh. I'm getting an extremely bad feeling about this.

Y-DAD: **—I am Y-ko's father.**

ME: Oh, I see! It's a pleasure to meet you, sir...

Why is the final boss himself coming to greet me?!

This is moving too fast!

The final boss is supposed to come at the *end*!!

I introduced myself, already having a minor anxiety attack on the inside.

Wait. Chill out. Settle down.

This is an accident, but an accident that can be conquered easily with a cool head.

He must have simply been the driver on the way here.

When we reach the car, Y-ko will be sitting in the passenger seat, monitoring the situation.

She'll be laughing at me, all freaked out about running into her father so suddenly.

... Which means we need to get to the car so I can rendezvous with Y-ko as soon as possible!!

Y-DAD: Thank you for traveling such a long way to see us. Please, do get in.

ME: Ah, th-thank you... very... much?

Why are you opening the passenger side door, sir?

All that we're going to see is a maniacally laughing Y-ko...

... Y-ko...

..... who is *not* in the seat...

Nor, for that matter, is she in the backseat...

But **why?**

ME: Er, what happened to Y-ko...?

Y-DAD: Well, I told her to go and pick you up, but...

But...?

Y-DAD: She asked me to go instead, because **she wanted to watch *Satomi Hakkenden...***

ME: Aha-ha-ha, yes, I see...

When your boyfriend is making his first visit to see your parents,

that's about the last thing you would ever say.

Y-DAD: And I told her that I had recorded the show, so she could watch it whenever she wants.

ME: Aha-ha-ha. That sounds like her.

I mean, it was only just aired last night.

There's absolutely no need to watch it at this particular moment.

ME: So how far away is the house?

Y-DAD: About thirty minutes.

Yikes!!

Y-DAD: The closest station to our house is actually two stops ahead.

ME: Really? But Y-ko told me to get off at this one...

Y-DAD: Yes, well, the plan was originally to come and pick you up herself, I think.

She probably had plenty of stuff to talk with you about.

ME: Ha-ha-ha... Well, that was very thoughtful of her...

But in that case... In that case...

Make damn sure that you come and pick me up yourself like you planned!

Thanks to this, I got to have a long conversation with her father.

Home visit~Act II~

2006/01/08 16:51

The car speeds along.

Speeding toward Y-ko's house.

Y-ko's father is behind the wheel.

Sitting in the passenger seat, clad in a nice suit, is me.

We are the only two souls in the car.

I am alone with my girlfriend's dad.

This is a time of tribulation for a man.

But I was keeping the conversation moving, saying things like, "Isn't it cold?"

Small talk, safe little pleasantries.

Even though I felt on the verge of tears.

Suddenly, he expressed an interest in the paper bags I was holding.

I had two large paper bags cradled on my knees.

He probably assumed that I had brought some kind of present or offering.

Y-DAD:	What's in the bags? Snacks of some sort?
ME:	Ah, yes. I didn't want to show up empty-handed, so I got something at the store.
Y-DAD:	Well, that's very thoughtful of you. And two large bags' worth, at that.

... Actually, not quite.

ME: Well, one of them is, yes... But the other one...

Y-DAD: ...? What's the other one? If it's not some kind of snack... liquor?

ME: Er, not exactly.

Y-DAD: Not snacks, not liquor... Which means... what?

ME: ... Do you want to know?

Y-DAD: Well, I am rather curious now.

ME: It's a bag full of shōjo manga that Y-ko left in my apartment.

Y-DAD: Huh?

ME: ... I gathered them all up while cleaning and figured I would give them back to her.

Y-DAD: That many?

ME: ... Yes. She comes over and leaves them with me, because she says she doesn't have any room for them. I was hoping there might be space for them back at your house.

Y-DAD:

ME:

Y-DAD:

ME:

Y-DAD: I'm sorry about this.

ME: ... No problem.

Well, I assumed it would be Y-ko who came to get me...

Then I could have handed them directly over to her.

After this bit of conversation, we had made it to the house.

I thanked her father and got out of the car.

As we walked in the front door, there was Y-ko—

Y-KO: **You're late!**

... Absolute injustice.

It's your fault for not telling me which station was actually closest.

ME: ... Happy new year.

Y-KO: Happy all that. Hey, you're in the suit! You didn't really need to wear it...

ME: I thought it would be proper to present myself in the best light.

Y-KO: Hmm? What's that?

Her eyes swiveled to the bags I was carrying.

ME: A little souvenir, and—

Y-KO: What is it?

Before I could finish my sentence, Y-ko had grabbed both bags away.

Y-KO: This is heavy! What's *in* here?!

ME: ... A little souvenir and all the manga you left in my apartment. I gathered them all up while I was cleaning, and I brought them here.

Y-KO: Why did you do that?!

ME: You can't just leave these huge stacks of shōjo manga lying around my place.

A lot of my friends from school come over all the time.

What if they get freaked out by it?

I mean, I'm already freaked out enough.

It's how I'd feel if I saw piles of shōjo manga at my friend's house.

Y-KO: Who cares? Let them! Let it blow their minds!

ME: I can see the new year hasn't improved your temperament...

As we stood talking, her mother came down the hallway.

I delivered the greeting that I had practiced numerous times on the train ride.

ME: It's nice to meet you, ma'am. I'm Y-ko's boyfriend—

Y-MOM: Yes, dear. Come in, come in.

I was guided to the living room, and Y-ko's father returned from parking the car.

Y-KO: You haven't eaten yet, have you?

Y-MOM: We've got a nice big home-cooked feast ready!

Y-DAD: Living alone tends to narrow the range of one's nutrition.

ME: Thank you so much...!

Wow, they're really nice.

The food was brought out in a huge, fashionable pot.

ME: That's a gorgeous pot.

Yes, very colorful and cute.

I can see that Y-ko's mother picks her kitchenware carefully.

Y-MOM: You think so, too? Isn't it nice?

ME: Yes, it's very attractive.

And then she let slip a bombshell.

Y-MOM: **It's a Le Creuset.**

ME: ...?!

... Pardon?

Le Creuset?

That sounds so familiar for some reason.

As a matter of fact, the first thing that popped into my head was this man:
*Rau Le Creuset, ZAFT commander from *Mobile Suit Gundam SEED*. The lineage

of *Gundam* characters wearing masks or sunglasses proceeds as follows: Char and Kycilia (*Gundam*) → Quattro (*Zeta*) → Haman (*ZZ*) → Carozzo (*F91*) → Chronicle (*Victory*) → Schwartz (*G*) → Zechs (*Wing*) → Jamil (*X*) → Harry (*Turn A*), and lastly, Le Creuset of *Gundam SEED*.

As I stood in shock, she began to describe her Le Creuset to me.

Y-MOM:

It's really quite incredible.

It won't overcook the vegetables, and the curry it makes is just fantastic.

As she spoke, I could hear Le Creuset ranting within my head.



CREUSET:

Hah... As if I would ever let vegetables overcook!

CREUSET:

Curry? Couldn't be easier... for someone like *me*, of course!

Y-MOM:

And the heat goes right to the vegetables, so cooking is a snap. It's a housewife's best friend.

CREUSET:

Boils like a charm, cooks curry with its eyes closed, better than any other!

There is no stopping it!

This is every housewife's dream!

Every housewife's desire!!

Every housewife's ultimate fate!!!

ME:

Pfft.

Y-MOM:

...? What's wrong?

ME:

Coff... Kff... Ah, ahem. Sorry, nothing.

I couldn't contain my laughter, so I stifled it with a hasty cough.

This is truly the work of a supervillain.

He's even got unsuspecting housewives on his side.

Y-MOM: ...? Well, all right, then—

And she grinned, for some reason.

Y-MOM:

**And it has nothing to do with Rau Le
Creuset, understand?**

It seems that Y-ko and her *Gundam* otaku brother had the same reaction to the pot that I did...



Home visit~Act III~

2006/01/10 20:33

Early in the new year—my first visit to Y-ko's parents' house.

First her mother's ambush invitation,

then Y-ko's unbelievable refusal to pick me up, followed by her father grabbing me on the rebound, and ending with her mother's aggressive Le Creuset jab—I was reeling in the ring.

Not only was I nervous as hell, my welcoming party had taken several abrupt turns.

The meal was a storm of questions about me.

To be honest, I was exhausted.

After Y-ko's elder brother had shown up and we had shared a very awkward conversation, I was finally allowed to escape to the safety of Y-ko's room.

ME: So, this is your room, huh?

Y-KO: Yep. Whaddaya think of the place I spent my youth?

ME: It's, uh... unique. Or perhaps *novel* is the word I'm looking for...

There could not possibly be more manga in here.

It's a whole wall full of manga.

Y-KO: Well, thanks for the compliment.

ME: It wasn't a compliment.

Y-KO: ... Oh. Hey, look! This is my high school uniform!

She pulled a sailor uniform out of the closet.

... Why are you grinning like that?

Y-KO: Well? What do you think? Want me to wear it? Want me to wear it?!

ME: ... You seem fairly excited at the prospect...

Y-KO: If you ask very nicely, I might even take it back to Tokyo with me. Hmm?

ME: Um... May I make a quick comment first?

Y-KO: Yeah, sure.

ME: I think you should probably consider your age before
—**“Gatotsu!!”**—gffh!

In an unbelievably quick movement, Y-ko used the hanger upon which her uniform was displayed to unleash a killer “Gatotsu” against me. (*Gatotsu = an attack used by Hajime Saito in *Rurouni Kenshin*.) Her eyes flashed with murder!

This was the look of someone driven to kill!!

She caught me right in the solar plexus.

... That really, really hurts...

Y-KO: Phew... Once again, I have cut a worthless object...

ME: That’s a different character...

Y-KO: Hey, speaking of Hajime Saito, the new Shinsengumi special is nearly on! Better watch it!

ME: Are you listening to me? Besides...
I thought you were watching *Satomi Hakkenden*.

Yes.

Y-ko had abandoned her duty to pick me up at the train station, because she had to watch the recording of the first half of *Satomi Hakkenden*.

If there was a choice between Shinsengumi and *Satomi Hakkenden*, she ought to be choosing the latter.

Y-KO: Huh? Yeah, but I just can’t miss seeing Toshizo Hijikata.

ME:

Sigh... Well, I suppose you can always just record the second half of *Hakkenden*.

Y-KO: Huh?

... What is so confusing about that?

Y-KO: **No, the show I need to record is *Furuhata*, obviously!**

Obviously. How silly of me.

I agree. *Ninzaburo Furuhata* is a great show, of course.

Ain't that right... Y-kooo? (twitching my eyebrows, like Furuhata) Tra-la-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la (that's supposed to be the *Furuhata* theme).

... Okay, me, settle down.

ME: So, uh... What about *Hakkenden*?

What happened to *Hakkenden*, the show so important that you couldn't come get me because of it?

Y-KO: Oh,

I wasn't really all that interested in it.

So, to sum it all up...

***Furuhata* > Shinsengumi > *Satomi Hakkenden* > boyfriend's first visit home.**

So the final boss was Y-ko, after all...

I don't think I'll ever beat her.

Home visit~Epilogue~

2006/01/12 19:04

Well, I was planning to wrap up the “Home Visit” saga with the last entry, but since it left such a terrible last impression of Y-ko, I’m composing an epilogue with the full truth.

Warning: I nearly decided to completely omit this part of the story.

The following should only be read by the stout of heart.

The car is heading back to the station with me inside.

Y-ko is driving, and I am in the passenger seat.

ME: The Shinsengumi show was pretty good, huh?

Y-KO: Yeah. That boy running at the end was pretty cute, too.

ME: ... You mean Tetsunosuke Ichimura?

Y-KO: Yeah, Tetsunosuke. How do you remember that stuff?

ME: It’s fairly common info...

Y-KO: Was he your **type**?

ME:

I shot back a silent, chilling glare.

But Y-ko, concentrating on the road, didn’t notice.

Y-KO: The Shinsengumi were a really interesting group, weren’t they?

ME: Well, you have to understand, there were a lot of liberties taken with that show.

Y-KO: Really?

ME: They say that Soji Okita was actually rather dark skinned and wide faced.

Y-KO: Would you mind not crushing a young maiden's dreams like that?

ME: You're not a "young maiden" anym—okay, I'm sorry! Just watch the road!

Don't take your eyes off it just to glare at me!

ME: I mean, it makes for an interesting story.
But I always wonder what the *real* Shinsengumi were like in person.

Y-KO: You do?

ME: Yeah. Like, I imagine the real Toshizo Hijikata was much fiercer and probably came across much more savage than even in the TV show...

Y-KO: Ah.

Y-ko gripped the steering wheel, making sounds of agreement.

ME: Of course, the show was pretty good overall. The casting sure was deluxe.

Y-KO: Yeah, totally.

ME: And by the way, did you know this?
The Shinsengumi were actually—*[omitted]*—not to mention—*[omitted]*—like that.
Also—*[omitted]*—was—*[omitted]*—and—*[omitted]*—in fact—*[omitted]*—put to death.
Interesting, isn't it? (← endless reams of trivia)

... Whoops. Did I go a little overboard?

Y-KO: I see... So to sum up all of that...

Tetsunosuke was really cute.

... Um...

ME: **Were you listening to me at all?**

Y-KO: Oh, look over there! That restaurant is really good.

ME:

I could have cried.

Y-KO: I'm just kidding. Of course I was listening; don't cry.

ME: I'm not crying...

I'm *almost* crying. There's a difference.

Y-KO: You know, it's really hard to listen to a bunch of trivia that you don't give a crap about.

"Hard"... "Don't give a crap about"...

The words are stabbing me. Painfully.

Y-KO: But you know, after that whole speech...

I'm thinking maybe I should cut back on giving you lectures about BL this year.

It was such an **apologetic** admission, a statement of actual empathy for what I've had to go through.

What a strange state of mind to be in...!

For some reason, Y-ko pulled the car off the road and into the darkness.

ME: Um... What's the matter?

Y-KO: Here's your question! Why didn't I come to pick you up earlier today?

ME: Uh, because...

Y-KO: (A) I was watching *Satomi Hakkenden*.

That's the answer.

Y-KO: (B) It's been so long since we met, I was feeling shy.

... What?

Y-KO: (C) Because if I came to pick you up, it would be too hard to resist making out.

... Uh...

Y-KO: (D) I told my parents that after I drop you off, I'm going to return some DVDs.

... Meaning that you have extra time to burn during this trip?

Y-KO: (E) Can I kiss you?

... Why are you taking off your seat belt?

Y-KO: What is the correct answer?

.....

ME: (A) You were watching *Satomi Hakkenden*.

Y-KO: Is that your final answer?

ME: That's my final answer.

Y-KO: **... That is correct! You win!!**

I was right?!

Y-KO: It was a trick question. Answer A was wrong, and all the others are right.

So you picked the right one.

ME: ... That doesn't make any sense.

Y-KO: Now, you deserve your prize... What do you think it is?

...

.....

.....

I'll let you imagine what the prize was. Go on, use your imagination.

She bought one...

2006/02/21 19:35

Lately, I find that my closet is becoming more and more otaku-ized (cat ears, nurse uniforms, etc.).

I've been quite busy recently.

I leave the house, and I don't get back until after midnight.

I climb the stairs to my apartment, walk down the narrow hallway, and finally reach the door.

Put the key in the lock, turn the doorknob, open the door, and—

ME: I'm home... **Bwagh!**

Y-KO: **Welcome home, master...** What kind of reaction was that?!

ME: Wh-wh-what *is* that?!

Y-KO: What do you mean? It's a maid outfit, master.

ME: You bought one?!

Y-KO: I bought one, master.

ME: ... Would you stop calling me "master"?

Y-KO: How come?! A maid *always* says "master"!

ME: I don't know... It's just weird.

Y-KO: By the way, master?

ME: You're just going to ignore me, then.



Y-KO: Hey...

ME: What?

Y-KO: This outfit is *really* chilly.

ME: I see.

True, the fabric looked thin.

Y-KO: So help warm me up already, master.

ME: Is that how you usually ask things of your master?

Why am I playing along with this?

I hope it's just because I'm so exhausted that my brain can't put up a fight anymore.

Y-KO: ... I'm cold. Warm me up, master.

ME: Yep. Sounds like it's getting worse.

Y-KO: Oh, shut up with the comments. I'm freezing! Master.

Even in her terrible mood, she never forgets the "master."

ME: Okay, in that case, let's hear your typical maid act. I believe it goes,

"Would you like dinner, master? Or would you like to take a bath? Orrr..."

Ready? Go!

Y-KO: Gross!

ME:

.....

This is not how a maid acts.

Welcome home, master.

2006/03/14 21:09

So Y-ko had finally bought herself a maid outfit, and within days, *this* happened.

This is my first update in a while; sorry about the wait.

Ever since my closet welcomed the newest member of its family (a maid outfit) several days ago, I've been opening my front door to the greetings of a somewhat surly maid.

Y-KO: Welcome home.

ME: Yeah, it's nice to be back.

Y-KO: Would you like dinner, master? Or would you like a bath? Or...
me?

ME: Uh, dinner, please. I'm starving.

Y-KO: Very good, master. I am in the mood for stew today, master.

ME: Huh? What you mean, *you're* in the mood?

Y-KO: I haven't had stew in a while. It sounds really good tonight.

ME: Okay. And?

Y-KO: I've got all the ingredients here. So make some, master. I'm cold, so I'm staying under the covers.

ME: Huh?!

Y-KO: Well, good luck.

ME: What?! Y-ko!

Yes.

This is how it's been.

It doesn't make sense, does it?

She thinks that all she has to do is wear the outfit and call me “master.”

That’s wrong. That’s not how it works.

This is the same thing as always. I’m still the one who’s doing all the work!

Plus, I honestly think the maid outfit is pretty bulky and annoying.

It really puts the dampers on any kind of romantic mood.

If my answer to the three-part question above was “me,” it’s really a hell of a task to get the thing off.

This time, I’m on my way home with my heart steeled and my mind firm.

I am going to give this willful young lady a stern talking-to. It’s time to force her to wake up and smell the roses.

Yes.

When I set my mind to it, I can do anything. (Baseless self-confidence.) Plus, in the event of an emergency, I do have the most salient points jotted down on a cheat sheet in my pocket.

I am fully prepared.

Time to take down Miss Willful.

I marched down my street, heavyhearted but determined, a protagonist ready to face his tragic fate!

Then I was standing at the door of my apartment.

I took a deep breath and grabbed the doorknob!

Pentabu is ready for the battle of his life!

Click!!

Welcome home, master.

ME: I’m ho...

They're multiplying.



And this one has cat ears.

... Wh-who is she?!

What's going on?!

And what eroge is that on the computer?!

My mind was reeling so fiercely, the next words out of my mouth were in English!

ME: *Wh-wh-who are you?*

And Y-ko answered in the same!

Y-KO: *I'm fine, thank you!*

ME: No! That's not what I asked!

O-E: **I'm Y-ko's friend. My name is O-e. Nice to meet you, Uke-Sebas.**

ME: I'm not Uke-Sebas! And what the hell are you doing?!

Y-KO: Practicing our wedding presentation. We're going to sing and dance in maid costumes!

ME: I see. And why are you practicing this *here*?

Y-KO: My maid outfit was left here.

ME: Well, why didn't you just take it out and go to, uh... O-e's house, then?

O-E: Oh, sorry. I asked her not to do that.

ME: ... Huh?

O-E: I have friends over all the time. I don't want them to see the maid costumes there...

Y-KO: Yeah, sorry. So you'll let her keep *her* costume here, too, right?

ME: ... Huh?

O-E: **Sorry about all this, Uke-Sebas.**

ME: Okay, first of all, I'm not Uke-Sebas.

How should I put this?

This makes it even harder for me to have friends over.

One of my classmates from college even lives on the same floor of this building.

This is much too dangerous!

The moment he opens my closet door, my social life at school is essentially over!!

Simple is best.

2006/03/19 20:15

The maid costume.

This outfit has been a cornerstone of the recent “moe” boom, but I have my misgivings.

Sure, the maid outfit might be tops in terms of image.

And hearing someone say, “**Welcome home, master,**” is indeed rather moe.

However.

It doesn’t work that way when Y-ko is wearing it.

All it means is that she ends more sentences with “master” than before, and nothing else is different.

There is no attempt to serve or please. She believes that she can toss in a “master” here and there and can otherwise say whatever the hell she wants.

“I want to eat stew, master.”

“I want a new BL game, master.”

“Roy x Ed, haah, haah... master.”

It’s constantly like this.

That’s not moe.

There’s no way to find that moe.

In the last case, there’s nothing even remotely moe-possible about it.

But that’s not all.

My biggest problem is this...

A maid outfit is like a huge overcoat!

Not only that, but it has way too many buttons.

If I'm trying to undo them all with one hand, I'd get a cramp before I finished.

Don't ask what the other hand is doing; I'll leave that to your imagination.

Even if I use both hands, there are still way too many.

Even if I did them in chunks with short breaks in between, there are still way too many.

Don't ask what we'd be doing during those breaks; I'll leave that to your imagination.

That's right.

The maid outfit has many challenges associated with it.

Y-KO: ... Okay, how about if I just don't take it off at all?

Like, we could do it with the costume on.

ME: Yes, I see!

Y-KO: What? You like that?! Haah. Forget it! I'm gonna take a bath.

ME: Okay, have a nice one.

Many minutes later...

Y-KO: **Bwa-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!**

She came back from the bathroom, oddly excited.

She had a huge bath towel wrapped tightly around her body.

ME: ... What's up?

Y-KO: I forgot that my pajamas were in the wash!

ME: Oh. And?

Y-KO: I was considering just going naked, but it's too cold for that.

ME: It *is* still March, after all.

Y-KO: So...

Flap!

She ripped the towel right off!

And underneath—

Y-KO: What do you think?!

A huge, loose dress shirt (light pink)!!

ME:!!

Yes, the dress shirt that I left behind last time, when I wore my new suit!

The light pink color was a perfect match for the fresh-out-of-the-bath look—very sexy!

Not only that, but a sheerness you can't get with a thick, bulky maid costume!

Because of the height difference between us, her hands didn't even reach the sleeves!

And not only that, the shirt is just barely transparent (this is the most important part)!

Well done, Y-ko! You know exactly where my tastes run!!

Pranks.

2006/03/21 17:14

Y-ko simply loves BL games, novels, and manga.

It's almost shameful how much she loves them.

For a time, she even brought large quantities of her BL materials to keep at my house, along with her usual assortment of shōjo manga.

But.

I am still a college student.

It's quite normal for my friends to gather over at my place.

What would my college friends think if they saw these BL goods stacked around the place?



“Y-you read this stuff, dude...?”

I can see it already.

Terrified of this horrifying prospect, I enacted a **ban on any BL-related materials** within the apartment and carried out a stringent eradication of the same.

As a result, I was able to avoid the possibility of having my personal reputation ruined in the eyes of my friends, and the peace of my household was upheld.

Since then,

none of Y-ko's BL goods have infiltrated my domicile.

I was able to invite company into my home without the fear of slander or

insult.

... For a time.

But I was naive.

I was so naive.

And you cannot be naive with Y-ko.

Y-ko uses my computer freely and without supervision.

Since I had forbid her to bring in BL stuff, she began the habit of using my computer to surf the Web whenever she was bored.

By failing to monitor her habits, I soon discovered that she left a trail of ridiculous search results.

“-uke”

“-seme”

And that was only the beginning.

When things got really bad...

“bleeeep”

“blee-bleeep”

And not only that,

but the kind of results that would typically be **not only bleeped out, but struck through.**

Therefore,

I’ve gotten into a habit of

checking my Internet history whenever I boot up my computer and start up the Internet browser.

I also have to check my favorites listing once a week.

The list usually starts off with the weather forecast, but sometimes when I visit

the first link in the list, I find myself being greeted by a **topless young man** instead.

When I saw that a site labeled “cake recipes” was added to my favorites, I opened it thinking, “Are you actually going to bake me a cake, Y-ko?”

Instead, I was treated to **men locked in a writhing embrace.**

I’ll never forget the despair I felt at that moment.

You get the idea.

My concentration was entirely focused on my computer.

But.

Just recently, when I was doing some studying for class, I needed to check something within the Six Codes of Japanese law.

Normally, when studying, I go to my large textbooks, but on a whim, I decided to pull out my pocket edition instead.

For a pocket edition, it’s actually rather large—not a size you could actually fit into your pocket.

The books come in a case, too.

I walked over to the bookshelf and pulled out the pocket edition of the Six Codes.

Nice and light. So much more handy to carry.

As I turned the case over to shake the contents out...

Roy x Ed

Boy’s School Love

Academy Heaven

BE x BOY GOLD

... Yes, I see.

And what happened to what *actually* belongs in there?

Trivial battles.

2006/03/27 15:57

The other day at Y-ko's place

when I saw yet another of her BL publications sitting on the table, I asked something that had been weighing on my mind rather persistently.

ME: Don't you ever get bored of always reading these pornographic comics?

Y-KO: What? Don't call them that!

ME: ... But that's basically what they are.

Y-KO: No, they're not! You idiot! You colossal idiot!

ME: Idiot...?

You don't need to go that far...

Y-KO: Besides, you read that stuff, too, don't you?!



ME: Not in the least.

Y-KO: ... What about ero-games?

ME: Never even played one before.

Y-KO: ... M-moe anime!

ME: Nope.

Y-KO: ... Come on, can't you at least *try* to be a normal otaku?

ME: Huh?

What exactly *is* a “normal otaku,” anyway?

Y-KO: You’re not getting the proper intake if all you watch is *Gundam*!

ME: It’s entertainment, not nutrition!

Y-KO: Oh, fine... I’m going to buy you some erotic manga that will suit your tastes! Just wait!

ME: You don’t have to bother!

Y-KO: Let’s see, I’m guessing you would be into... **cosplay-style?**

ME: I don’t want any!

Y-KO: ...? But you like cosplay, don’t you? Turns you on?

Don’t be shy now. Let the nice lady show you how it works.

I get the feeling that if I let this nice lady show me “how it works,” it’s going to end up with a lecture on BL...

ME: ... Look, I’m just not into two-dimensional characters. There’s nothing sexy about it.

Y-KO: So, no ero-manga, no ero-games, no ero-anime... What the hell *do* you find to be moe?

ME: What kind of question is that?

.....

If I was forced to say one thing, I guess it would be “Y-ko moe.”

I mean, the only reason I “like” cosplay is because you’re the one wearing it.

... But I can’t. I can’t say it.

It’s too embarrassing to say with a straight face!

Y-KO: ...? Cat got your tongue?

What in the world do you find moe? What pushes your buttons?

Ummm...

ME: If I had to say something...

Y-KO: If you had to say something?

ME: **Three-dimensional moe.**

There.

The perfect answer for me.

That includes Y-ko, of course.

Y-KO: ... Th... three-dimensional moe...?

ME: Yep. Three-dimensional moe.

Y-KO:

ME:?

Y-KO: You...

ME: You?

Y-KO: **... heretic!!**

She denied herself as an answer...

ME: What do you mean, heretic? What's the proper answer, then?

Y-KO: Two-dimensional, of course!!

ME: ... Is that a fact?

Y-KO: I know what to do!

ME: What?

Y-KO: **I'll show you what's so good about two dimensions!**

... I told you, two-dimensional women don't have any appeal to me.

..... Is there *anything* I can say that will get through to her?

ME: All right. But in return—

Y-KO: ... Huh? What will you do?

ME:

I will show you what's so good about three dimensions.

Y-KO: ... Huh?

ME: **With a bodily demonstration.**

Y-KO: What?!

On the bed... mostly.



Trivial battles 2.

2006/04/02 21:52

Now, then.

In response to Y-ko's question of what pushes my buttons, my answer, "three-dimensional women," was instantly and definitively cut down, but I'm not giving up yet.

... So, the question proceeds, what now?

Hmm.

Well, in response to her challenge, I did announce that I would teach her the benefits of three-dimensional love.

Since I had deftly (and surprisingly) seized the reins, it was my turn to be on the attack for once.

Y-KO: Th-the benefits of three dimensions?

ME: Well, I prefer to skip the lecture and go straight to the hands-on part of the lesson.

Y-KO: ... Huh? Wait!

ME: So, will you be taking your clothes off yourself, or do I need to do it for you?

Proceeding straight to the main course, the event par excellence of three-dimensional love!

But of course, there is always that third option "with the clothes on." Ha-ha-ha!

Y-KO: Taking them—? What?!

ME: ... I'm only kidding.

Y-KO: You're getting too used to this. No more whispering in my ear from now on.

ME: Why, thank you. I'm blushing.

Y-KO: That wasn't a compliment, Sebas.

ME: My name isn't Sebas.

Y-KO: Of course, Uke-Sebas.

ME: Not Uke-Sebas, either.

If anything, I'm in a "seme" mood. The S side of S and M, if you will.

There are days when even I am in that kind of mood. Days my native warrior's blood threatens to reawaken.

Y-KO: Now you're just changing the subject! We're supposed to be talking about two-dimensional characters!

ME: We were, and then I told you how I don't care about them in the least.

Y-KO: Starting off: *Evangelion*!

ME: No, listen to me.

Y-KO: You *have* to find Rei hot! It's a prerequisite!

ME: Listen.

Y-KO: Or wait. Is *Pretty Cure* a better starting point? How about Sakura from *Cardcaptor Sakura*?!

What can I do?! said the frantic gaze that Y-ko set on me.

... Actually, I was just wondering the same thing about you, my dear.

..... Really. What's to be done?

Aha... Got it.

In the words of some ancient person (I think)...

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

Change of plans.

ME: ... All right. Let's start with *Pretty Cure*.

Y-KO: ... Huh?

ME: Then we can move on to *Sakura*, followed by *Evangelion*.

Y-KO: Okay...

ME: Then I will have awakened to the lure of Rei Ayanami, and by extension, all 2-D girls.

Y-KO: ... Yeah.

ME: Ultimately, I will go on a shopping spree of ero-games and girly anime DVDs, culminating with a flood of cute little figurines that I will display on every flat surface of my room.

Ah, the delights of two-dimensional moe. ★

Just saying this stuff is creeping me out!

ME: And once I've fully converted to the side of two-dimensional girls, I will, naturally, lose all interest in you, my dear.

Y-KO: ... No way.

ME: Huh? You don't like that?

Y-KO: Not at all. That's really creepy.

ME: What a funny thing to say! You were the one recommending this course of action!

Y-KO: Shut up! I don't want that, okay?!

ME: Even though two-dimensional moe is the norm, and three-dimensional moe is heretical?

Y-KO: Stop making things so confusing! **A maiden's heart is conflicted and complicated!**

Maiden?

ME: That's funny, because after your birthday, you're going to be twent—**gff!!**

...?!

She hit me!

Talking to an older girl about her age is taboo.

Alas, Y-ko, I think the time has passed when you are allowed to call yourself a maidbkjasfhrkqwel.



Cheating.

2006/04/09 21:23

That's right, "cheating."

In your relationships,

where do you draw the line in your definition of *cheating*?

Going on a blind date.

Hanging out alone with another girl.

Kissing another girl.

There are many places where you could draw the line.

... Not that I would do that, you know?

I've never cheated on Y-ko, nor do I ever plan to do so.

However.

Listen to this.

It happened to me a few days ago.

I'm in my senior year of college as of this spring.

With the new year comes the usual headache of choosing new classes to take.

Plus, there are courses held over spring break, and I found that I was often spending the night at a friend's house from one of my classes.

Let's call this friend Koji (not his real name).

I've known him since our first year at school, and we've both done favors for each other, standing in for the other during roll call, *etc.*

One day...

ME: I'm going to stay over at Koji's place so we can talk about our course loads.

Y-KO: Yeah? Okay.

Another day...

ME: I'm gonna go over to Koji's to do some work.

Y-KO: Sure thing.

And another...

Y-KO: Do you have anything planned tomorrow?

ME: Tomorrow? I was gonna go over and eat dinner with Koji.

Y-KO: ... Hmm... You've been over with Koji an awful lot lately...

ME: Huh? I have?

Y-KO: Yeah... Gasp! Are you... getting bored with me?!

ME: Of course not!

Y-KO: I mean... I mean...

... You mean what?

She looks like she has something to say.

Y-KO: Every single day, Koji this, Koji that...

ME: Uh, it's not every day...

Y-KO: Do you really love Koji that much?!

You philanderer!!

ME: Wh-what do you mean, philanderer?!

Y-KO: Shut up! You're cheating on me!

ME: What do you mean...? Besides, Koji's a **guy, you know...**

Y-KO: Which is **exactly why** I'm worried!

ME: You don't look like you're worried. In fact, **you look like you're enjoying this.**

What do you think of school uniforms?

2006/05/11 21:28

Smack in the middle of Golden Week.

After extolling the virtues of the high-collar, stuffy male uniform we call a gakuran, Y-ko announced that she would later wear her own high school uniform.

I, of course, have no course of action but to declare my excitement at the prospect.

However,

Y-ko is not the sort of girl to be satisfied by this alone.

In fact, I think that the following was her true purpose.

Enjoy this conversation with Y-ko.

Y-KO: So, did you have a gakuran for your school uniform?

ME: Hmm? Yes, I did.

Y-KO: ... Well, I'm bringing my girl's sailor uniform.

ME: Huh?

Y-KO: Doesn't that mean you should be doing something in return?

ME: Uh...

Y-KO: I'm going back home at the next vacation, so you ought to bring your own uniform!!

ME:

... I should have figured.

In fact, I think I've already gotten rid of it.

It's been four years since then, you know?

Of course, if we're going by age, Y-ko's uniform has another * years on mine, and she still kept it...

ME: I think I already threw it away...

Y-KO: Wh-what? Why?! You're supposed to keep them, remember?!

ME: Why would I do that?

Y-KO: Because as long as you have your uniform, you can *always* be a high schooler! You'll be a perpetual eighteen-year-old!!

ME: ... No, I think you can only pull that off for another two years, max...

No ma'am, I didn't say anything.

I have said nothing that would warrant being jabbed with a high heel again.
It hurts.

So do the glances of the people around us.

Y-KO: Well, I was only kidding.

ME: So you stabbed my foot as a joke?

Y-KO: Why, did you want me to insult you and call you names, too?

ME: Please, no...

Y-KO: **"You Sebas!!"**

ME: Seb...?! And you intend that to be an insult?!

Does that mean you've always been insulting me?!

Y-KO: **Oh!** Look, here come two more gakurans!

ME: Don't change the subject or look away from me.

Y-KO: **The one on the right is the uke**, huh?

ME: Please don't plead for my agreement.

Y-KO: ... The right one is the uke?

ME: I'm not the one you should be asking!!

Y-KO: So selfish... And you just changed the subject.

ME: ... No, the one who is being selfish and changing the subject is

you.

Y-KO: Shut up. The problem is whether you still have your gakuran or not!

ME: You think *that's* the problem?!

Okay, fine. I get it.

I pulled out my phone and called home.

My mom is a housewife, so she's bound to be home at this hour.

I'll crush Y-ko's hopes right here and now.

Of course my old school uniform is gone.

One ring, two rings.

Three and a half, and she picked up.

It's been ages since I heard her voice.

I'm sorry that this is the best excuse I could find to call, Mom.

ME: Uh, hello? It's me.

Mom: Hmm? What's up? You rarely ever call.

ME: Actually, I wanted to ask you something.

Mom: What?

ME: You threw away my gakuran, didn't you? Like right after graduation?

Mom: Gakuran... Oh, your uniform?

ME: Yes, my uniform.

Mom: No, I haven't. I've kept it nice and safe in the dresser.

..... Huh? You *haven't* gotten rid of it?

ME: No, wait... What do you mean, you haven't thrown it away?

Oh, crap. Y-ko just heard me say that and pumped her fist.

Mom: Well, I was going to throw it away, but when I think of those

three years you wore it, I just get so emotional...

ME: Emotional?! What...? I don't understand what you mean!

Mom: Well, I mean... Oh, sorry! Pot's boili—**[Click.]**

Beep... beep... beep...

ME: Pot?! What was that about a pot?! Hello?!

Mom?!... **Mooom!!**

..... She hung up.

.....

Okay, look on the bright side.

Just because it's still there doesn't mean I have to bring it.

... So I won't.

Yes, as long as I don't bring it here, everything is fine.

Gotta say it.

Gotta tell her I won't bring it back.

How would I explain to Mom what I plan to do with it, anyway?

"I'm not bringing it back."

There.

That's perfect.

I turned to Y-ko with purpose.

Fantasizing (Rated R)

... I can't do it. I can't tell her that I refuse to bring it back.

What's with this aura of ecstasy around her?!



I just know she's imagining something terrible!!

In fact, she just might be thinking about *me*!!

No, I know for a *fact* that she's imagining me!!

What can I do?

And she looks so damn happy...

With it on.

2006/05/19 22:42

“I’m using it for my club at school.”

With that simple excuse as my weapon, I went home and extracted my old uniform.

Working on explicit orders to retrieve the outfit, I packed my Febrezed and air-dried uniform in my bag and headed to Y-ko’s place.

Sigh.

To think that I would have to put on this high school gakuran again in my fourth year of college.

Come on. It’s not like I’m joining a male cheerleader squad or anything.

.....

... Okay, I’m not going to lie. It doesn’t feel that bad.

And I won’t deny that I’m feeling a bit of nostalgia.

Ding-dong.

I rang the doorbell and stepped into the apartment.

ME: Hi, I’m ba—

Y-KO: **The gakuran!! Where’s the gakuran?!**

ME:

What a shock.

A bit hasty, are we?

Not a “welcome back” or even a “nice to see you”?

And have you been waiting in the entranceway this entire time?

Y-KO: Come on!! **The g-a-k-u-r-a-n!!**

ME: Okay, settle down. I've got it here.

I gestured with my right arm, which had the gakuran-stuffed bag slung over it.

Y-KO: Yahooooo!! C'mon! Get it on! Wear it now!!

ME: Hold your horses. Oh, and here's a souvenir from my hometown
—

Y-KO: I want the gakuran, not the souvenir! Get out that damn
gakuran!!

She seized the bag, pulling it right off my arm like a purse snatcher.

... So you don't even care about the souvenir I spent money on, just for you?

Fear the fatal attraction of the gakuran.

Y-KO: Aha... So this is the gakuran you wore in school...

She pulled the outfit out of the bag and stared at it closely.

"Hey, it's ripped a bit here." She grinned.

Well, how should I put this?

It was enough to make it worth bringing the thing back here.

.....

Which doesn't change the fact that it'll be embarrassing to put on, once she demands it.

ME: ... Oh, by the way, did you already bring **your high school sailor uniform** from home?

Y-KO: What? Oh, you **nasty, perverted** boy. Of course I've got it!
Not to worry.

ME: Huh? Why am I the nasty, perverted one?!

Y-KO: Ta-daa! Here's my high school uniform!

ME:

Answer my question, please...

Y-KO: Well, I guess I'd better put it on! Just hang on a minute...

ME: Right.

Y-KO: Go on. Take a shower and get changed yourself!!

ME: Yes, ma'am...

I grabbed the outfit and plodded off to the bathroom.

Alas... So weak.

The weakest of wills.

I worked quickly and carefully,

washing only my body and then turning off the showerhead.

I wiped myself off with the towel I had prepared and looked into the laundry basket to put on the gakuran.

.....

It's gone.

I put the thing in the basket just minutes ago.

But all that I see are my underwear and shirt.

... Why?

It didn't take more than an instant to determine that it was Y-ko's fault.

Damn her.

I wrapped the towel around my waist.

I could have gone out just wearing my shirt, but I felt it would just be inviting pity, so I decided against it.

ME: Y-ko, please give me my gakuran ba... ck... **Why are you wearing it?!**

And there she stood,

Y-ko wearing my old school uniform.

Because of our height difference, the sleeves extended past her hands.

She was also stepping on the hem of the pants.

Y-KO: Hmm? Oh, sorry. I was just curious.

ME: You couldn't have waited just ten minutes...?

Y-KO: Oh, who cares?

 If there's a cosplay outfit around, **it's my job to put it on.**

ME: That uniform isn't cosplay... And Y-ko?

Y-KO: **Hmm?**

ME: You wouldn't happen to be wearing... nothing under that, would you?

Y-ko was wearing the gakuran.

The top button was still unfastened... but I couldn't see any signs of a shirt on underneath.

All I saw was bare skin.

... Yes, it was damn sexy.

I was in trouble. I had nothing but a bath towel fastened around my waist.

Y-KO: Hmm? Maybe I am, maybe I ain't.

She shot me a supremely mischievous grin and put her hand on the second button.

... No, Y-ko.

Stop laughing and peeking at my bath towel.

No!

..... It's time for my counterattack.

ME: Y-ko.

Y-KO: Hmm? What?

ME: Didn't you just say that **"it's my job to put it on"**?

Y-KO: Yeah, I did.

ME: I guess that means it's my job **to take it off**, then.

Y-KO: Huh? Uh, what?

And as I said that, I stretched my hands out to the buttons of the uniform.
For an instant, she stood dumbfounded.

Got her.

My counterattack was a success.

With this masterstroke, I will seize control of the situation.

I moved on to the third button.

Y-KO:

ME: Hmm?

She grabbed the hand I had extended to the button.

What is this?

Y-KO: **Baby...**

She released her hand from my arm

... and reached up to stroke my ear.

Y-KO: **Baby...** Do you have to take it off?

.....

Um.

... You would prefer to do it with it on?

In that case, it is my job to see your wishes fulfilled.



Looking back...

2006/09/04 22:42

Autumn, two years ago.

I began a part-time job at an agency to which an acquaintance had introduced me.

According to him, the work was easy enough, and the pay was good for what I had to do.

Living as a student, I didn't have the wherewithal to refuse the offer.

My first day of work.

Wearing an uncomfortable suit,

I headed to the desk at which I would be sitting.

Inside the office were several other people who had shown up to work before I arrived.

As I was mulling over how I ought to introduce myself, a young woman slightly older than I was called out to me.

WORKER: What's wrong?

... Whoa, an older lady.

And she's rather pretty.

I was nervous.

WORKER: Oh, you're the new boy who came in for temp work... Um, **, was it?

ME: That's me.

WORKER: I see. You're going to be working for me, then.

I guess you can call me—
yes, how about **Y-ko**?

And she smiled kindly at me.

ME: Miss... Y-ko, then.

It's kind of pathetic to admit,
but by this point,
I had probably fallen head over heels in love with her.

And so...

I began my temp job working for Y-ko—

Y-KO: Guess what? I'm not letting you go home or get any sleep tonight...

ME: Yes, I know. By the way...

Y-KO: What?

ME: Do we get overtime pay?

Y-KO: This is voluntary overtime.

ME: As I feared...

—We would share these conversations as we worked all night, composing documents.

Y-KO: Hey, why do boys love girls with big boobs so much?

ME: Don't ask me...

Y-KO: Well, I wish they wouldn't leave those men's magazines with the pinups lying around the break room.

ME: Yeah, that's kind of... uncalled for, isn't it?

Y-KO: Exactly. I wish they'd have some consideration for me and my tiny boobs. It hurts...

ME: Don't let it bother you.

Personally, I value the overall aesthetic and beauty of the breast rather than the size.

Y-KO: Okay, I know that I just described them as “tiny,” but you *could* be nice and deny it!

ME: ... Beauty over size is what I say.

Y-KO: Don't look away!!

—We would share these silly, pointless exchanges.

ME: Wow, what *is* this place, Y-ko? It seems really fancy...

Y-KO: Oh, don't be so nervous. It's just a restaurant.

ME: I've never been to a restaurant that serves liquor before you get the food!

Plus, I don't know anything about elegant table manners!

Y-KO: Don't worry, let the nice lady show you how it's done.

ME: Y-you could have shown me *before* we came here!

Y-KO: Ha-ha-ha! Your hands are trembling.

ME: Don't laugh at me...

Anyway, how do you use these napkins?

Y-KO: Don't worry, I'll give you a hands-on demonstration.

ME:

Y-KO: ... What's with the furious blush?

—Sometimes she would even take me out for meals.

... As sad as it is to admit, I was so nervous that I don't even remember how the food was.

Our relationship as friendly office worker and temp eventually ended, on a late night with a stunning full moon, as we left work.

Y-KO: Wow, what a beautiful moon.

ME: It really is...

Er, Y-ko?

Y-KO: Hmm? What?

ME: May I hold your hand?

Y-KO: Huh?... My hand?

She seemed stunned for a moment.

ME: Yes, your hand. May I?

Y-KO: ... All right.

She hesitantly offered her little hand.

Our fingers crossed and tangled tightly.

Y-KO: ... This makes me feel nervous.

ME: Me, too.

Y-KO: ... Do you like holding hands?

ME: Yes, I do.

Y-KO: I see.

ME: But more than that...

I stopped still.

She also came to a stop, one step behind me.

I turned around, and she looked up.

Our eyes met.

Y-KO: ... Hmm?

ME: ... I like *you*.

Y-KO: ... Huh?

ME: May I kiss you?

I lifted my other hand to trace her cheek.

—She closed her eyes.

Several moments later,

after our lips broke contact, we looked into each other's eyes again.

Y-KO: ... I just want to tell you one thing first.

ME: ... What is it?

Y-KO: **I'm an otaku. Is that okay with you?**

ME: ... Huh?

Y-KO: ... Actually, in my case,
I'm what's known as a **fujoshi**... so... are you weirded out?

ME: Uh, no. I'm just surprised. I would never have thought you were...

Y-KO: Well, I keep it a secret from other people...

ME: ... So, what about it?

Y-KO: Huh?

ME: What's the connection between me liking you,
and the fact that you're an otaku or a fujoshi or whatever?

Y-KO: Um...

ME: I like you a lot, and it has nothing to do with what you call yourself.

And it was true.

It didn't matter to me whether she was an otaku or not.

Y-KO: ... Um, thanks.

ME: Would you be my girlfriend?

Y-KO: ... Sure. I'd love to.

And that is how...

... Y-ko and I came to be a couple.

Later, I would be amazed at the amount of manga in her room.

I would attempt to put her idea for a *Gundam SEED* story into a novel.

I would be shocked by her words and actions on a consistent basis, but we

continue to live and love in a full and happy relationship.

Sometimes my friends ask,

“How come you talk so politely to her when the two of you are going out?”

I still speak in polite language when I converse with Y-ko.

I do have some good reasons, like the fact that she is older than me and the fact that I first knew her as my boss at work.

But I think the biggest part is her fierce insistence that **“Polite speech is moe!!”**

When my girlfriend is happy, I am happy.

However, Miss Y-ko...

When I first announced my attraction to you...

And you gave me that disclaimer...

I had absolutely no idea what *fujoshi* meant at the time.

But.

I’m still glad that I said I loved you anyway.

And I always will be.

And thus, my everyday life...

2006/10/01 23:01

And thus, my everyday life is full of shock at Y-ko's words and actions, and I am constantly used and abused.

It's almost hard to believe that it's been a full two years since we started this journey.

Looking back, there are so many different memories that stand out.

... But why is it that the ones I want to remember the least are the ones that show up the clearest?

The fact that rather than the usual bittersweet memories of being young and in love, I only remember the downright painful memories of being manipulated by my girlfriend makes me feel kind of depressed inside.

But I'm also surprised that her crazy demands and ideas are bothering me less and less as time goes on.

It's frightening what experience does to a person...

... Hmm?

What if they're bothering me less, not because I'm getting used to them,

but because I am slowly but surely traveling down her "path" in life...?

... **No!** I don't think I should bother pondering this too deeply.

I'll cut myself off at the pass right here and now.

Now, as you have clearly seen, Y-ko continues to wreak havoc in my everyday life, and her fujoshi streak runs as deep as ever, with no signs of abating or weakening.

She still flaunts her fujoshi nature safely in private.

Even as I type this, she is sitting behind me, grinning and giggling over some BL manga...

... Ah, I see.

Now I realize why Y-ko's words and actions no longer bother me so much.

It's quite simple, really.

Being at Y-ko's side and getting harassed by her crazy demands

has become the everyday life I experience.

My beloved girlfriend is at my side.

That's a pretty wonderful thing to have.

I hope that this blissful life will continue on from here.

I can't deny that I still feel manipulated...

... but even that is a happy thing to me.

Well, everyone...

... I hope that you'll continue to read about my **geek of a girlfriend**.

Pentabu

* Read the continuation of this story at Pentabu's blog "Fujoshi Kanojo Part 2." (Japanese only.) <http://pentabutabu.blog35.fc2.com/>

Epilogue Conversation

♥ What can I do to go out with a fujoshi?

Recently, I've been seeing some questions in my mail folder along the lines of
“What can I do to go out with a fujoshi?”

So I'll give you an answer here, but...

Remember that fujoshi are still girls,

and you can get close to them by treating them like any other girl.

Invite them to movies or out for dinner, have nice conversations with them, and I can't see why you wouldn't have success.

ME: ... Plus, if you really love someone, you won't really care about that stuff.

Y-KO: Not to mention, normally the girl would prefer to hide her “**rotten**” hobbies from her boyfriend, you know?

ME: ... Strange, I thought I just heard you say something *really* hard to believe...

Anyway, anything you'd want to warn about *after* you become an official couple?

Y-KO: Like... **accepting her fujoshi thoughts and finding out all of the things that turn her on**, maybe?

ME: I see. So what would those things be for *you*, for instance?

Y-KO: Hmm? Well, obviously **suits, glasses**, all kinds of stuff.

ME: What else?

Y-KO: What else? Hmm... Maybe... **cigarettes**.

ME: Cigarettes.

So typical...

Let me guess, next she'll probably say "the sight of a man backing the car up."

Y-KO: I think I really have a thing for people who hold their cigarettes very elegantly. Even better if they take good care of their fingers and nails.

ME: Aha...

... Better write that down so I can practice it later.

Wait—huh?



ME: Uh, Y-ko, you know that I don't smoke.

Y-KO: Hmm? Yeah, I know.

ME: ... Can you love me even if I don't smoke?

Y-KO: Yeah. I hate the smell of it, anyway.

ME: Pardon?

Y-KO: **I like people who hold cigarettes fashionably, but I hate people who smoke them.**

ME:

Is this selfishness or just ludicrousness?

What are you supposed to do?

Sit around and eat cigarette-shaped chocolates like you're really cool?

... Hmm?

ME: Why did you decide you wanted to go out with me, then?

Y-KO: Huh?

ME: I mean, you've never even seen me holding a cigarette. Was there anything else that factored into the decision?

Y-KO: ... These are really embarrassing questions you're asking...

ME: Oh, what's the big deal? Just answer!

Y-KO: Well, if I had to list something...

ME: It would be...?

Y-KO: **You put bookmarks in your books.**

... Pardon?

ME: Uh... bookmarks?

Y-KO: Yeah. I thought that was really moe.

You found that to be really moe?

What a totally arbitrary thing!

So I tried to do all these things to make you like me, and they were for absolutely nothing?

I'm sort of shocked right now!!

... And I can't stand the fact that I feel relieved that I *did* put those bookmarks in!!

♥ [Conclusion](#)

We've explained about various moe points that people might have, such as bookmarks, invitations out to movies, glasses without lenses, and suits, but does executing these things properly guarantee that you can successfully woo a fujoshi?

Unfortunately, I cannot give you a nice and easy nod of the head in response to this.

To be perfectly honest, I think that Y-ko is a special case, and isn't useful for comparisons.

ME: Y-ko, I'm getting more questions about how to seduce a fujoshi...

Y-KO:

What? Put bookmarks in your book, wear a suit and glasses, and ask her to a movie!

ME: That's a very random suggestion...



Y-KO: Look, different people will have different moe points, all right? Just because you know what makes *me* tick doesn't mean it'll necessarily work on other fujoshi!

ME: That is a good point... But that still leaves the question...

Y-KO: Why not teach them tactics to get women in general, not just how to get *me* in particular?

ME: I see.

Y-KO: By the way, what do *you* do when you try to get with a girl?

ME: Go on the attack. Simple as that.

Y-KO: Of course, the **same** approach. You nasty sadist!

ME: **That's not what I meant!**

Y-KO: Don't try this at home, kids!

ME: **Who are you talking to?!**

Y-KO: We match up well since I'm a masochist at heart, but more normal people might be freaked out, so take care with this!

ME: Seriously, who are you talking to? More importantly, **you know you're a complete and total sadist, woman!**

.....

In conclusion...

don't use this blog for romantic advice.

Notes/Glossary

Ainori A long-running reality show in which a group of young men and women ride around the world in a pink van called the Love Wagon. The goal of the show is to eventually fall in love with one of the other members. If the love is requited, the couple return to Japan.

Amuro Amuro Ray, the hero of the original *Mobile Suit Gundam*.

AT field A special protective barrier that appears in the sci-fi anime/manga *Neon Genesis Evangelion*.

BL “Boy’s Love.” A recent term synonymous with *yaoi* whose usage has largely replaced the other within Japan. Unlike *yaoi*, which could refer strictly to self-published manga parodies (*dōjinshi*), placing heterosexual characters from established stories in homosexual relationships, BL is considered more of a catchall term encompassing original and commercial works as well.

bloomers The Japanese term for girls’ gym shorts, which are quite small, often not much larger than panties themselves. Because of their ever-present use within schools, bloomers are strongly associated with young teen or preteen girls, making them fetish items for some men.

burusera The business of selling used girls’ panties. The word is an abbreviation of the terms *bloomers* and *sailor* (as in the sailor uniforms that Japanese high school girls wear).

Comiket The largest convention for buying and selling *dōjinshi* in Japan, held once in the summer and once in the winter.

Death Note A megahit manga series that was published in *Weekly Shōnen Jump*. The story of an otherworldly notebook that would kill the person whose name was written on its pages, it also spawned an anime series and live-action film.

Densha Otoko “Train Man.” A sensationally popular media franchise based on actual Japanese message board posts, in which a lonely otaku salesman sticks up

for a pretty, non-otaku woman on the train. Later, with the helpful advice of others posting on the message board, he manages to “get the girl,” despite his geeky interests.

dōjinshi Self-published manga (or sometimes prose) that are widely bought and sold at conventions such as Comiket. Most dōjinshi are sexual in nature, and most are parodies based on existing series, though exceptions to both of these categories exist.

Dragon Quest The most popular and long-running role-playing game series in Japan. The release of a new title in the series causes such a rush of activity and absences from work or school nationwide that the government has pressured the game’s makers to release them during holidays.

Dwango A Japanese IT and entertainment company known for its TV commercials utilizing Internet memes.

eroge A Japanese abbreviation for “erotic game,” referring to computer games with erotic content. These usually take the form of adventure games with still illustrations for graphics and simple text dialogue, but some can have quite elaborate and literary stories. Some of the most popular eroge have been adapted for consoles like the PlayStation and even made into anime series (usually with the explicit sexual content removed).

fujoshi A self-deprecating term referring to female fans of yaoi (or BL). The word is a homophone of the Japanese word for “respectable lady,” but the character for “woman” is replaced with the character for “rotten,” thus forming a word that means “rotten girl.” This refers to the supposedly “rotten” thoughts and fantasies that fujoshi have about characters or people in gay relationships, which would not normally occur. In recent years, the term’s definition has been loosened slightly to sometimes include female otaku without a strong predilection for BL. For example, some real-life self-identified fujoshi may claim that despite her fujoshi labeling, Y-ko shares more characteristics with regular female otaku than fujoshi.

futanari A term for hermaphrodite characters in anime or manga.

gakuran A heavy, high-collared school uniform for boys. It consists of a distinctive single-color buttoned jacket worn with straight-cut pants of the same

color. Because Japanese summers are so hot and muggy, most schools have a “uniform-changing period” during which the gakuran is traded out for a more comfortable dress shirt and slacks outfit.

Giants The Tokyo Yomiuri Giants baseball club. By far the most popular and successful professional baseball team in Japan, they are the domestic equivalent of the New York Yankees.

Hagaren The abbreviation of *Hagane no Renkinjutsushi*, the Japanese title of *Fullmetal Alchemist*.

harem An adjective describing a manga or anime series in which one male character attempts to balance the advances of several different girls.

host club A type of bar in which women pay not only for drinks but also for the attention and conversation of attractive “host” employees. Similarly, a “hostess club” offers men the chance to speak with hostesses over drinks.

Ikebukuro West Gate Park A hit live-action drama series about gangs of youth delinquents in West Gate Park within the Tokyo neighborhood of Ikebukuro. The leader of one such gang, Takashi, is known as the “king” of the park.

Kansai The area of western Japan encompassing the cities of Osaka, Kyoto, and Kobe. Because of its historical and economic significance, this area features the most prominent regional culture (dialect, food, attitude) in Japan, outside of Tokyo itself. One of the biggest exports of the Kansai area is its two-man comedy style, *manzai*, which consists of a goofball who makes silly statements and a straight man who yells at him.

moe A slang word that describes a particular emotion (pronounced “mo-eh,” not like the Stooge). In its original slang usage, the word *moe* describes a character or characteristic that elicits a desire to cherish or protect. For that reason, traditional moe characters are often cute, young, or fragile. In wider usage, the term simply refers to things or characters that produce arousal or excitement; in other words, what turns you on. Most uses of the word *moe* within this book are of the latter definition.

nekomimi Cat ears. A fairly commonplace fetish within anime fandom.

Ninzaburo Furuhashi A popular, long-running police detective drama series

about the eccentric titular character and his bumbling sidekick.

“Once again...” The catchphrase of the samurai character Goemon Ishikawa XIII, from *Lupin III*. He quotes this line every time he performs a superhuman feat with his sword, such as cutting a helicopter in half.

otaku An obsessive fan of anime and manga. The term can be affixed to any subject in which a person shows a powerful, geeky interest, such as cosplay, computers, trains, cooking, *etc.* On its own, however, *otaku* generally refers to members of anime and manga fandom or culture.

Patrasche The name of the dog in the novel *A Dog of Flanders*, which was made into a popular anime series in the 1970s.

Princess Mononoke An anime film directed by Hayao Miyazaki. It depicts the struggle of man against the environment using the backdrop of medieval Japan.

Satomi Hakkenden An epic novel written in the nineteenth century about eight samurai brothers. It has been adapted into different media a great number of times. The TV show edition mentioned in this text was a two-part special production created in 2006 for TV Tokyo’s fiftieth anniversary.

Sebastian A popular, stereotypical name for butler characters in anime or manga. The trend largely stems from the butler character Sebastian in the classic 1970s anime series, *Heidi, Girl of the Alps*.

seme The “attacker,” or dominant member of a homosexual relationship in BL.

Shinsengumi A special police force in the late shogunate era, created to protect the shogun from forces loyal to the emperor seeking to overthrow the shogun system. Due to their unusual and prominent position, many chief officers of the Shinsengumi, such as Hajime Saito and Toshizo Hijikata, became notable historical figures, and fictional stories directly about or featuring members of the Shinsengumi have been made in a variety of media. The Shinsengumi show mentioned in the text was a special epilogue that aired over the New Year’s break in 2006 to a yearlong drama series from 2004.

Shota A character archetype within anime and manga (particularly erotic publications) that refers to young, boyish types. Its usage is analogous to the female Lolita complex.

Six Codes The six main legal codes that make up Japanese law. They are the Civil Code, the Commercial Code, the Criminal Code, the Constitution of Japan, the Code of Criminal Procedure, and the Code of Civil Procedure.

Tansu Ni Gon A brand of insecticide, similar to mothballs, meant to be placed in closets or dressers (*tansu* means “dresser”) to keep away bugs that might eat away at clothes in storage.

Tigers The Hanshin Tigers baseball club based in the Kansai area. With their rabid following, relatively lean accomplishments and über-successful rival (the Giants), the Tigers are the Japanese equivalent of the Boston Red Sox.

tsundere A character archetype referring to people who are normally cold or hostile, but who become markedly warmer or loving in intimate settings. The word is a combination of the adjectives *tsun-tsun* (aloof or combative) and *dere-dere* (love struck).

uke The “receiver,” or submissive member of a homosexual relationship in BL.

yaoi Media focusing around male-male homosexual relationships for a largely female audience. Within yaoi, the two members of a partnership are referred to as “seme” (attacker) and “uke” (receiver). When characters from an existing story are placed into a piece of yaoi as a romantic pairing, the pairing is labeled with the characters’ names separated by a multiplication sign; e.g., Roy × Ed from *Fullmetal Alchemist*.

Y-ko A popular and slightly jokey method of providing a slight degree of privacy is to replace the bulk of one’s name with the initial in the English alphabet, leaving only the last character in place. In this case, “Y-ko” could be a replacement for women’s names like Yuko, Yoko, Yaeko, *etc.* The method is seen often in Japanese because many names—both given and family—end with one of a small number of characters, such as *-ko* for women or *-ta/-da* for surnames.

Yon-sama The Japanese nickname for Korean actor Bae Yong Joon, who starred in the megahit TV series *Winter Sonata*. His character, who was handsome, bespectacled and always grinning benignly, was a huge hit with Japanese women, in particular middle-aged housewives.

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My Girlfriend's a Geek Vol. 1

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