

PSYCHOPATH
Psychopath
RUNE-CHAN
Rune-chan

fault – milestone one

“A Flight of Fancy or Perhaps Just a Dream”

Psychopath Rune--chan



PSYCHOPATH
Psychopath
RUNE-CHAN
Rune-chan

fault – milestone one

“A Flight of Fancy or Perhaps Just a Dream”

Introduction

What if.

I know, I know. Few things are as pointless as dwelling on the could haves and might haves of the past. The pen of history never stops writing, and the pages only flip one way. Whether personal detail or world event, once it's authored, it can never be changed again.

But, if you would be so kind, bear with me for a moment—just a moment—so that we may entertain the possibility of a small story that begins with those two silly words.

What if... my mother, worn to the bone by the burden of raising a hellish child like me, had gone to bed one night... and simply stopped losing sleep?

What if I'd never seen that bird on my way back from school?

What if my father and brother had stopped hiding my condition from me and told me all they know?

This is a story about those small and idle musings—a world that begins with a *what if.*

ADVISORY

This content is more enjoyable after playing the main game.

Psychopath Rune—Chan

I've always been a little different. When I was young, people said I was emotionally deficient. That I lacked empathy. That I understood the concepts of kindness and compassion but didn't feel any myself.

"That girl's missing something on the inside."

That's how they spoke about me. They said I was an empty husk of a girl with a hole where my heart should have been. To them, I was little more than a puppet pretending to be human. All I was missing were the strings.

But even a mind as young as my own could tell that was just plain wrong. After all, when I read books or listened to conversations, I could feel myself agreeing or objecting to their contents. The extent of that feeling varied, and at times, it stirred with such strength that I felt like there was a thing in me. A thing overwhelmingly red, but at the same time, ominously black. When it flared up, it coated my mind like varnish, viscous and unrelenting. Once it took hold, there was no stopping it.

A thing lives inside me. I don't know what it is or why it's there, but it's a part of me, and it has needs. The only way to placate it—to satisfy its deep hunger—is to witness the moment when something that was moving, suddenly stops. It derives fulfilment when potential is snuffed out. When something filled with endless possibilities is irreparably destroyed. And when the thing emerges, the rest of me recedes, leaving me to roam my home and city in a half-conscious reverie until something "stops."

A girl with destructive impulses.

A wicked girl. A girl devoid of human emotions.

Despicable.

Frightening.

A damn nuisance.

Go away.

Stigmatized by the townspeople, word of my infamy quickly spread. I became the Zhevitz family's little demon, who could explode at a moment's notice. When people looked at me, they saw a murder waiting to happen. To them, the only question was when. For a long while, that was my identity.

*M*y family, of course, struggled to cope with my existence.

How come my older brother was a kindhearted boy, yet I ended up so violent and erratic?

Psychopath Rune—Chan

How were they supposed to interact with me, and if they got it wrong, would I get worse?

Was this a temporary condition that would improve as I grew older? Mired in questions and lacking answers, they tried everything—from patient discourse to stern punishment. And when all their attempts at instruction and remediation failed, my family found themselves at a loss.

Then, one day, my father resolved to take me to Lab 9. I kicked and screamed and fought him the whole way, but he didn't relent. When we got there, he forced me into the Zhevitz Enterprise's invention—the MRI machine—and in doing so, brought an undeniable fact to light.

There was indeed something wrong with my brain.

All those people with their hushed aversion and silent disdain... They were right. Like they'd suspected, my brain was missing the part that governed emotions.

I don't know why, but my father kept this discovery hidden from my family for a long time afterward.

One day, I had a bit of a falling-out with an acquaintance, and the thing reared its head again. Unable to suppress its violent impulse, I ended up destroying a roadside generator. It was a new model that was essential for keeping the lighting equipment powered for a section of Kadia City. With its intricate arrangement of wires, plugs, and sediment stones filled with high-quality mana destroyed, a silent darkness fell upon a once-bustling corner of the city. At the same time, I felt a strange sensation, and the thing, which normally wouldn't nearly be satisfied by an act like this, receded from my consciousness. After that, I did my best to hide any evidence of my destructive behavior and fled the scene.

A few days later, my father told me to see him in his room. His expression was solemn. I thought at once that he must have found out about the generator. I was used to impulsively destroying something and hiding it afterward, but a broken generator must have been too serious an incident to cover up.

As usual, there would be the scolding. The troubled frowns of my parents. The lack of any understanding between me and them. It was all rote by now. So, I walked with reluctant steps toward my father's room to subject myself to the impending bout of habitual futility.

“All right, Rune. Come over here and sit down for a minute, will you?”

As soon as I stepped in, I noticed that something was off. This wasn't the father I expected to see. There was none of his usual reproachful grumbling.



Instead, he looked positively cheerful.

“Tell me something. Up until a little while ago, you’ve been killing birds in the park over there, haven’t you?”

“!!”

I froze, caught completely off guard by the sudden and unexpected question, and my mind went blank.

“There was a stench that got reported, probably because you kept digging holes in the same place and burying them faster than they could decompose.”

“...”

I said nothing. He looked straight into my eyes. I looked back, feigning ignorance.

“You... did good, Rune. I’m proud of you.”

I frowned. Again, he said something I didn’t expect.

“Proud of me... because of what? I don’t understand what I’m being praised for.”

He chewed on his lip for a moment before his expression softened and he shifted in his seat.

“Look, Rune. Here’s the thing.”

I recognized that look and tone of voice. It was his pretend-to-be-casual routine—the one he employed when he was deeply troubled and was trying to stop his eyes from welling up with tears.

“I don’t know what you’re feeling. I don’t know what you’re thinking. I don’t have a damn clue what’s going on with you.”

“...”

“I can’t imagine what it’s like to live life being constantly assaulted by emotional eruptions so intense they make you want to kill something. I just can’t. But... Then again, I guess that goes without saying. You’re not wired the same way as me. Of course I can’t understand you.”

Psychopath Rune—Chan

At the time, I didn't understand what he meant. To me...

"Do you mean there's a fault in how I'm designed?"

...It sounded like he was saying I was defective.

"No, that's not it. If there's a fault in all of this, it's got to be with the way we perceive things. Concepts like *normal* and *natural*, those are what's faulty. I used to think that if we've all got four limbs and a head, then we're all equal, but that's probably wrong... You can't take the thought patterns of someone who's wired differently and try to shoehorn it into what most people consider "normal." There's no way that'll end well."

He let out a deep sigh and leaned back in his chair before continuing in an almost mortified tone.

"How... How did I not realize something so simple. It was right in front of me. I even had physical proof."

"..."

He was making less and less sense. Physical proof? What was he talking about?

It would be a little longer before I came to understand the meaning of my father's words.

"You know the generator near the park? You were the one who smashed it up, right? You were always killing birds and little critters. What made you go after an inanimate object this time?"

"...I don't know. I'm not even sure there is a reason. I don't understand it myself."

"I see. And did you kill any animals after that? Did the urge to take something's life go away?"

"Yes. The urge went away this time without killing anything."

"Then that's reason enough to praise you."

"Huh?"

"You always used to vent that rage of yours on living things, but this time, you managed to redirect it toward something inanimate. This... should be considered a welcome change..." he said, his words directed as much at himself as her. As he spoke, the slight tremble in his voice faded, and a deep conviction took its place.

"Heck, this is cause for optimism. It means... there might be a way to keep it in check. To *control* it. Do you see where I'm going with this, Rune?"

I chewed on his words for a while.

"Yes. To the extent that you have described it so far, what you're saying is very understandable."

"Is it? Good. That's good to hear."

Psychopath Rune—Chan

Then, he smiled. It was a child's smile, and it adorned the expression of a scientist who'd tasted success for the first time in communicating with a foreign being.

"Listen, Rune. You were born with the curse to be forever loved by people who don't understand you. I know how hard this must be. You probably can't stand us. But we're family. And we'll keep trying to understand you, so don't give up on us, all right?"

"..."

Some time later, my father told the rest of my family about the MRI results that he'd kept hidden. It caused some discord, and he apparently got into an argument with my mother, but in the end, they settled their differences and got together to speak to me. My brother Rudo was, of course, there as well.

What became clear in the ensuing conversation was that all the "mischief" my *thing* and I had partaken in had been an open secret. The many things we destroyed. The many animals we killed. All of it.

In hindsight, it was obvious. How hard could it possibly have been for the head of the Zhevitz family, who was connected to the Peacekeepers, to keep tabs on what one little girl was up to?

From that day on, my father... No, my whole family stopped treating the *thing* inside me as something wrong, and began accepting me for who I was.

"Your disposition is going to stay that way, so you might as well take advantage of it. Consider it a special power of yours," said my father.

"Just know that no matter how you are, I'll always love you," said my mother.

"I'll be there for you, Rune. Wherever and whenever," said my brother.

I was loved.

No matter the circumstances, no matter what happened, my family refused to abandon me. My father and brother were both intelligent, and my mother had a strength of heart that allowed her to ensure great adversity. Fortune, I realized, was on my side. I was an incredibly blessed person.

There were still days after that when I would succumb to my urges and kill more animals. I've gone so far as to ruin a project my father had spent many years developing. But even then, none of them—not my father, mother, nor brother—would treat me with disdain or fear.



Psychopath Rune—Chan

They engaged with me earnestly, shared in my frustration, and helped me find solutions.

Then, one day, a switch clicked in my head—a miracle, perhaps, brought about by their steadfast efforts—and I figured it out.

These people have poured so much love into me. I have to give something back. Otherwise, it's just not right.

There was an equilibrium to giving and taking. Do only the latter, and it would ruin the balance. The *parity*. That's what I've been doing. And it was wrong.

It was wrong.

Why did it take me so long to understand something so simple?

As someone who couldn't understand emotions, I kept asking, "Why can't I do that?" People, in response, kept telling me, "Because you should have sympathy for it."

"Wouldn't you feel sad if someone did the same to you?"

But those answers made no sense, because things like sympathy and sadness meant nothing to me. But parity...

Parity, I could understand.

I don't hurt you. Why? Because you didn't hurt me.

I don't take anything from you. Why? Because you didn't take anything from me.

That was all it took. That one simple insight ushered in a wealth of understanding, and suddenly, I could see the world as my family had always described it. I could see their reality. What my father had said about how we were wired finally made sense to me.

When this newfound concept established itself as the core of all my motivations, I was ready to start pretending—to step out onto the stage of the world and play the part of a normal person. It gave me the crucial hint I needed to blend into society.

"When you're together with family, you should smile."

Maintain parity.

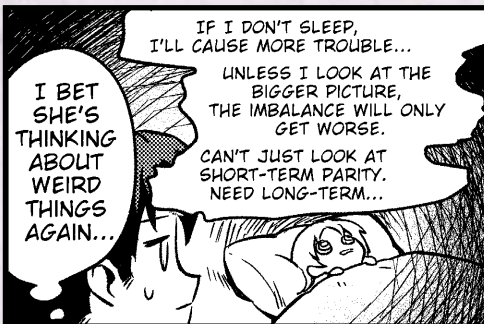
"Look people in the eye when you're talking to them. But don't stare for too long. Study the people around you and learn their natural rhythms."

It was such a simple concept. Nothing could be easier to understand.

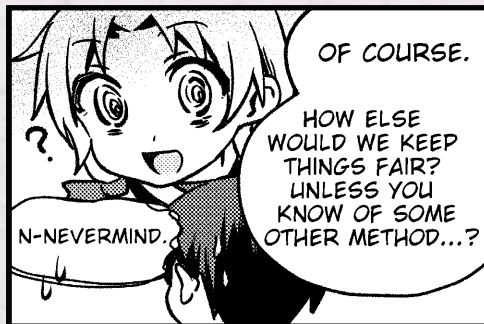
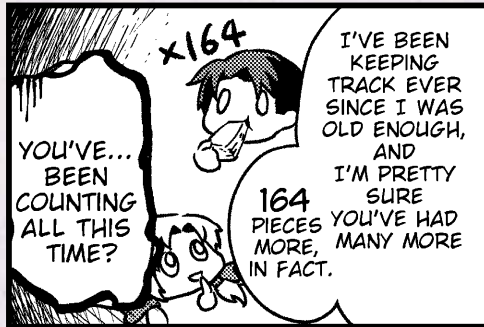
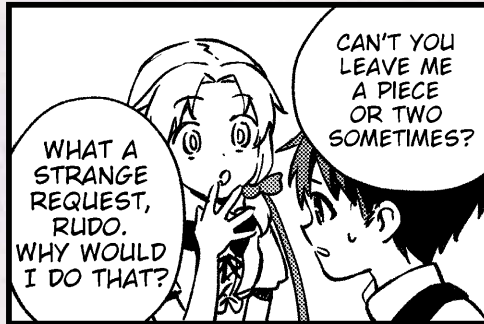
"Even if you feel you're being treated unfairly, don't make a scene! Come and tell your brother about it. That's what I'm here for."

All that remained was to throw myself into society and experience its workings, so that I could learn one by one the biases and etiquettes that made up its frame.

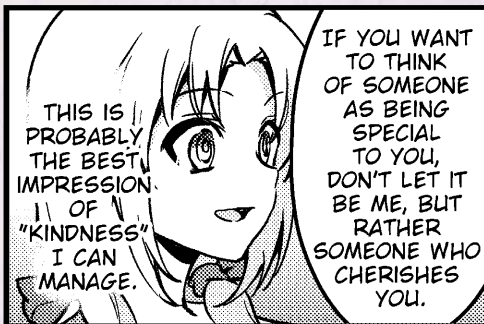
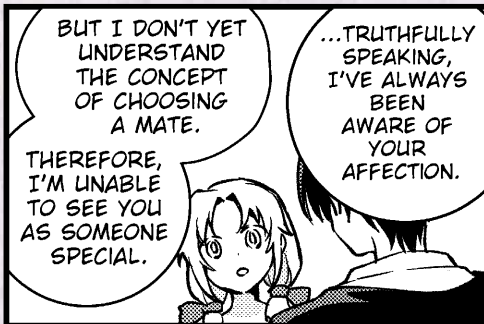
Numbers, The Bigger Picture, and Parity



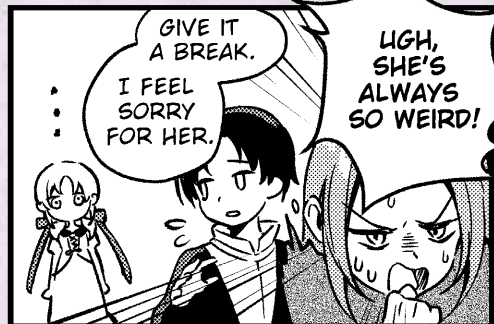
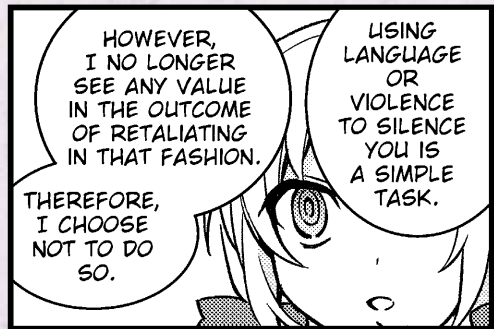
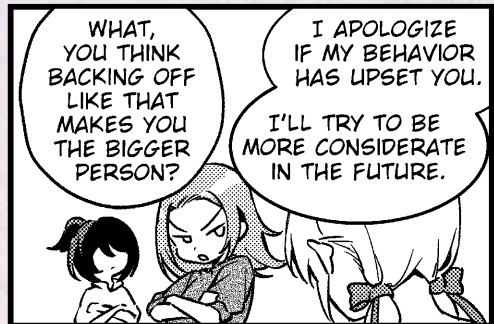
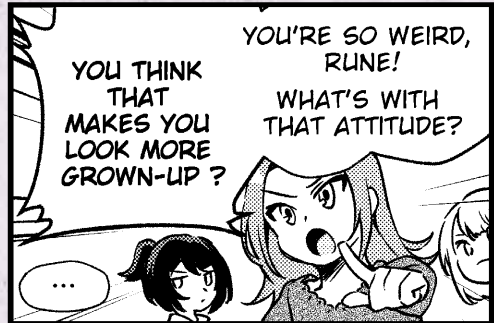
The Last Piece




Confession



Bullying







WAS THAT REALLY A GOOD WAY TO DEAL WITH THE SITUATION?



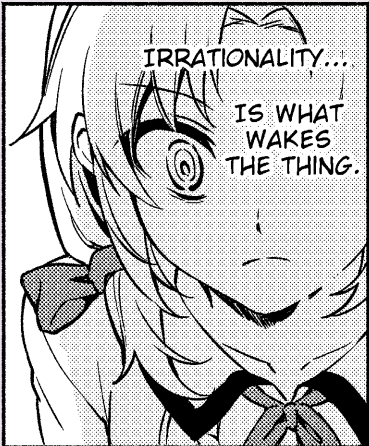
BUT EVEN SO, THE EXCHANGE LEFT A BITTER AFTERTASTE IN MY MOUTH.

A CONFESSION, HUH...
I FIGURED I'D HAVE TO DEAL WITH ONE SOONER OR LATER, SO I THINK I HANDLED IT WELL.

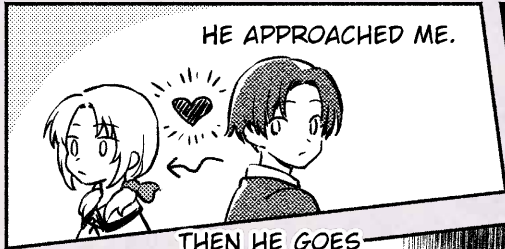
BUT TURNING HIM DOWN STILL REQUIRED ME TO PAY HIM SOME AMOUNT OF RESPECT.
BECAUSE MORALITY STATES THAT THE BLUNT REJECTION OF SOMEONE WHO LAID HIMSELF BARE IS UNACCEPTABLE.



HIS APPROACH WAS ONE-SIDED. HE JUST CAME AND MADE HIS FEELINGS KNOWN. I HAD NO OBLIGATION TO RECIPROCATE.



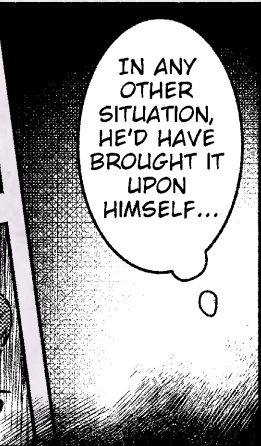
IRRATIONALITY... IS WHAT WAKES THE THING.



HE APPROACHED ME.
THEN HE GOES OFF FEELING HURT.



IT'S ALL HIM. WHERE'S THE PARITY?



IN ANY OTHER SITUATION, HE'D HAVE BROUGHT IT UPON HIMSELF...



OR I'LL LOSE CONTROL—

I NEED TO SORT OUT THE LOGIC...

Psychopath Rune—Chan

*W*hen was the last time I almost lost myself to the urge?

Right... It was during my childhood when I was being homeschooled by Albas. During the lecture, I discovered that there exists literature describing the world outside of Outer-Pole.

“Literature... about the outside world. What does outside mean? Is there more of the world out there? Does it keep going beyond this place?”

Albas took a moment to consider the question before answering.

“You see, Rune, this place we inhabit called Outer-Pole is actually...”

If there exists in this world an epitome of injustice, I found it that day.

There is no outside. Not for me. Not for anyone here.

Because no one from Outer-Pole... can ever leave.

We’re doomed to live inside this invisible cage until the day we die.

That’s so outrageously unfair. I can still remember the roar of the thing, how it raged, and how I let it consume me.

*T*ime passed, and one day, my brother received official notice that he would be employed at Lab 9. It was his childhood dream to work as a researcher there, and he’d been constantly striving toward that goal. Now that his wish was finally granted, I figured the correct course of action for this occasion was to give him a special gift. As for what the special gift would be, I discussed it with my family, and we decided to make something for him.

“Greetings again. How have you been?”

“Hey, if it ain’t the young lady Rune. I’m good. Come in, girl.” The pawnbroker gave me a lively welcome as he came to the counter. “Also, the thing you ordered is here.”

“I see. It arrived exactly when you said it would.”

“Hah, it sure did. Can’t be running a pawnshop if you’re loose with time. The business doesn’t work like that.”

He waved me to the back of the shop, where an assortment of items were arranged on shelves. One of them was a small wooden box, which he promptly picked up.

“I gotta say though,” he said as he held out the box to me. “I definitely lifted an eyebrow when you first came to me. The last thing you’d expect running a shabby pawnshop like this is for the young lady of the Zhevitz family to show up.”

He paused for a moment, his lips pursed as I took the box from him, before continuing.

Psychopath Rune—Chan

“Say, what do you plan to do with that dalkinium alloy? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“My brother is officially becoming a Lab 9 researcher next month. I plan to make a small amulet for him to celebrate the occasion.”

That earned me a puzzled frown from the pawnbroker.

“It’s said that if you keep a piece of dalkinium alloy on you all the time,” I explained, “a small portion of your purified mana will be imprinted onto it.”

“True, but dalkinium alloy ain’t no sediment stone. You can hold onto it for the rest of your life, and it still won’t have enough mana in it to get anything done.”

“I don’t plan to use the mana as an energy source. My mother, my father, and I will each take turns holding onto it for ten days. That way, in about a month, all three of us will have imprinted a tiny bit of our purified mana onto the alloy, which I will then craft into an amulet and give to my brother as a gift.”

Upon hearing my reasoning, his expression immediately brightened.

“Damn, girl! You put some thought into this, didn’t you? Now that’s what I call a fine present! Your brother’s gonna treasure that for the rest of this life.”

He sounded deeply impressed by what I described.

“Did you come up with that idea yourself?”

“Yes. I couldn’t do it myself though, so I discussed it with my family.”

“What a girl. You’re a genius, Rune. I swear, what’s the deal with you Zhevitz people? Do your heads just work better than the rest of us?”

Before he could continue, the door to the shop creaked open.

“Pardon the intrusion. Is anyone there?”

“Hold that thought. Looks like we got customers. You can wait here, but if it takes too long, just come back and pay some other day. I’ve got a tavern date with Cid pretty soon anyway,” he said before heading over to the front counter.

I looked down at the wooden box, appreciating how quickly he’d acquired the material. Dalkinium alloy was difficult to find in Outer-Pole. Had I asked my own family to get some, even with all of Zhevitz’s clout and connections, it still might have taken a while. The pawnbroker, meanwhile, made it seem like a walk in the park. He was, I supposed, a professional thing-finder of sorts.

As a matter of fact, I’d once asked him about how he gets all his information. In response, he’d smiled with only half his face before saying, “Some things in this world, you’re better off not knowing.” Then, he’d promptly changed the subject. The way he spoke made it hard for me to tell how much of it was serious and how much of it was a joke. Perhaps the ability to hide one’s true thoughts from others was a necessary skill for running a pawnshop. The owner of this one, at least, was particularly enigmatic to me.

Psychopath Rune-Chan

Unlike most other people I knew, I could never get a good grip on what he was thinking.

As I idly pondered the oddities of the pawnbroker, listening in on his conversation with the customers at the front of the shop, I heard something that made me freeze.

“You people are from the outside, aren’t you?”

His words entered my ears, then coursed through my body like a bolt of lightning.

“Sorry, but I can’t answer that.”

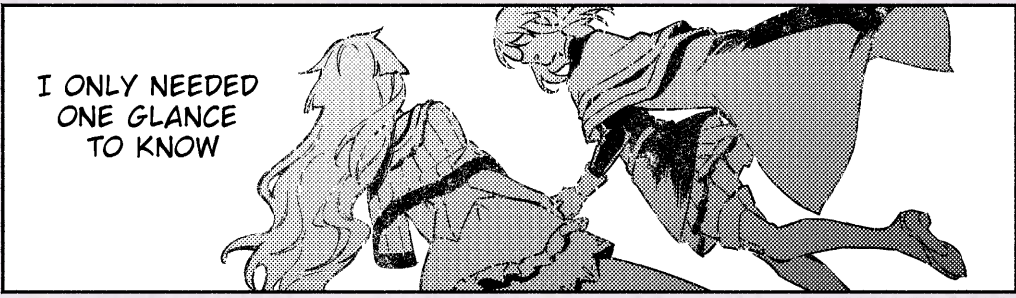
My pulse quickened, and my breath caught in my throat.





THERE WERE TWO OF THEM,
AND THEIR ATTIRE...

WAS STUNNINGLY GORGEOUS,
MORE COSTUME THAN CLOTHES.



I ONLY NEEDED
ONE GLANCE
TO KNOW



THOSE TWO GIRLS
WERE...

THAT
NOT ONLY
WERE
THEY NOT
FROM
KADIA CITY,
THEY
WEREN'T
FROM
THE ISLAND
AT ALL.

人...

OUTSIDERS...

I WANTED TO...
HAD TO KNOW

WHAT PEOPLE
FROM THE OUTSIDE
WERE LIKE.

SEEING THAT
THEY WERE CLEARLY
AT A LOSS,
I OFFERED TO BE
THEIR GUIDE.

They knew nothing. Food and water. Maps. Clothing. Even sediment stones. The two of them understood nothing about the place they were in. They had no idea how to use their money, nor how much each coin was worth. So clueless were they that it was strange they had any money to begin with. They must have pawned something at the shop earlier. Which only added to the mystery, considering how much money they'd gotten for something they apparently sold on a whim.

The food and water they procured was of the highest quality. When looking for maps, they pointed to the priciest, most detailed one and bought it without a second thought. While shopping, they were constantly concerned about their attire, so I brought them to Gkrouwlies Clothing Store, figuring I should recommend high quality clothes to them as well. Despite it being business hours, however, we found the store closed and the young owner absent. Presumably, he was drinking up a storm in the tavern. With no other choice, we had to leave the clothing for later. As we neared the end of our shopping spree, they hesitantly came to me with one last request—sediment stones.

Sediment stones were a type of mineral that could store mana, and they were an extremely rare resource in Outer-Pole—hardly the kind of thing you could buy at a pawnshop or general store.

These two people really didn't know anything. They really were... from the outside.

Outsiders.



Ritona and Selphine Dialogue

Selphine: Ritona... The way that girl behaves... Gosh, what was it called again?

Ritona: Idiophrenia.

Selphine: Right. Those people with mental aberrations. So you realized too.

Ritona: I'm your guardian, after all. Aside from direct combat, I've been trained to handle most forms of interpersonal interactions.

Ritona: I wasn't sure at first, but now that we've spent the day with her, I'm certain.

Ritona: I'm surprised you realized though, Selphine.

Selphine: Same here. For most of the day, it was a suspicion at best. When we were leaving though, I touched her during the Vilserio, and that's when I felt it... Her mana rhythm is totally different from normal people.

Ritona: Huh... You can sense that kind of thing in people from Outer-Pole too?

Selphine: Well, yeah. I mean, they're humans too, right? So mana has to be flowing through them. Granted, I can sense the flow, but I can't do much else.

Ritona: Nevertheless, it's a skill unique to royalty... And if you say so as well, then we can be sure it's true.

Selphine: What should we do tomorrow? She said she'd bring the sediment stones at noon, but...

Ritona: ...

Ritona: I've been keeping a close eye on her behavior the whole day, and never once did she let her guard down.

Ritona: Not only that, she also seemed very accustomed to both being watched and pretending she doesn't know she's being watched.

Ritona: It's a pattern frequently seen in idiophrenics who successfully adapt to society.

Selphine: Yeah, I know. She kept trying to probe us for information, didn't she? It felt like there was some sort of silent subtext to the conversation the whole time.

Ritona: I can't imagine anyone giving us sediment stones for free. There must be some ulterior motive. It seems wisest to disregard our promise to meet her tomorrow and head straight to the harbor.

Selphine: ...

Ritona: That looks like the face of someone who's not on board. Even if the girl was only feigning friendliness, does the thought of breaking a promise to her bother you?

Selphine: Yeah... But I mean, if she's an idiophrenic, then... it changes things, I guess.

Ritona: Good. At least she has enough prudence to see the danger here.



Ritona: The problem is that we have no way of predicting her behavior. Idiophrenics often behave erratically, driven by motivations that are beyond our understanding.

Selphine: Ritona, if you have to fight that girl, do you think you'll win?

Ritona: What kind of question is that? Of course I will. Why ask the obvious?

Selphine: Ahaha... That was rather blunt.

Ritona: It's because we're in Outer-Pole. That might be the one silver lining to this whole mess.

Ritona: If that girl was a manakravter, her constant wariness would be cause for concern. But she's not, and there's no way a kravter like me would lose to an ordinary person.

Selphine: Then why don't we try meeting her again?

Selphine: Even if was all an act, she was still nice to us today.

Ritona: I... understand your wish to make good on your promise, but it's best not to do so.

Ritona: We're outsiders here, and she was extremely interested in us... Who knows what she's up to?

Ritona: I can handle her if she's alone, but there's no guarantee she'll come to the meeting spot by herself tomorrow.

Ritona: I don't know how many people I can fight at once in a manaless land like this, even if they're not kravters.

Selphine: You're... right, of course. I'm sorry. I got a little too sentimental.

Selphine: We can't afford to have you risking a battle in a place like this. I need to keep it together.

Ritona: It's all right. Handling difficult situations is part of my job.

Selphine: I feel sorry for Rune, but you're right. We'll leave the inn early tomorrow and go straight to the harbor.



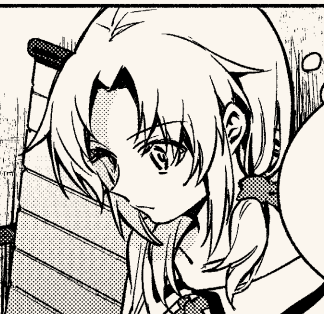
JUDGING BY
HER ATTIRE,
SHE'S PROBABLY
A BODYGUARD
FOR
THE OTHER GIRL,
SELPHINE.

SHE
OBSOLESY
NOTICED
THAT
I WAS
STUDYING
THE TWO
OF THEM.

THAT GIRL
WITH
THE PURPLE
HAIR,
RITONA...

EVEN AT A GLANCE,
IT WAS CLEAR THAT
SHE WASN'T
A NORMAL PERSON.

THROUGHOUT
THE ENTIRE DAY,
SHE NEVER TURNED
HER BACK
TO ME.
NOT EVEN ONCE.



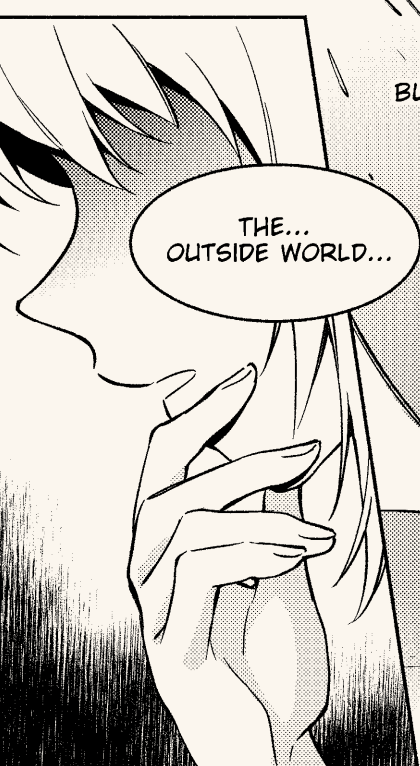
HOW CAN A PAIR
OF PEOPLE
JUST END UP
IN OUTER-POLE
WITHOUT
ANY KNOWLEDGE
OF THE PLACE
WHATSOEVER?

BUT THEIR
SITUATION...

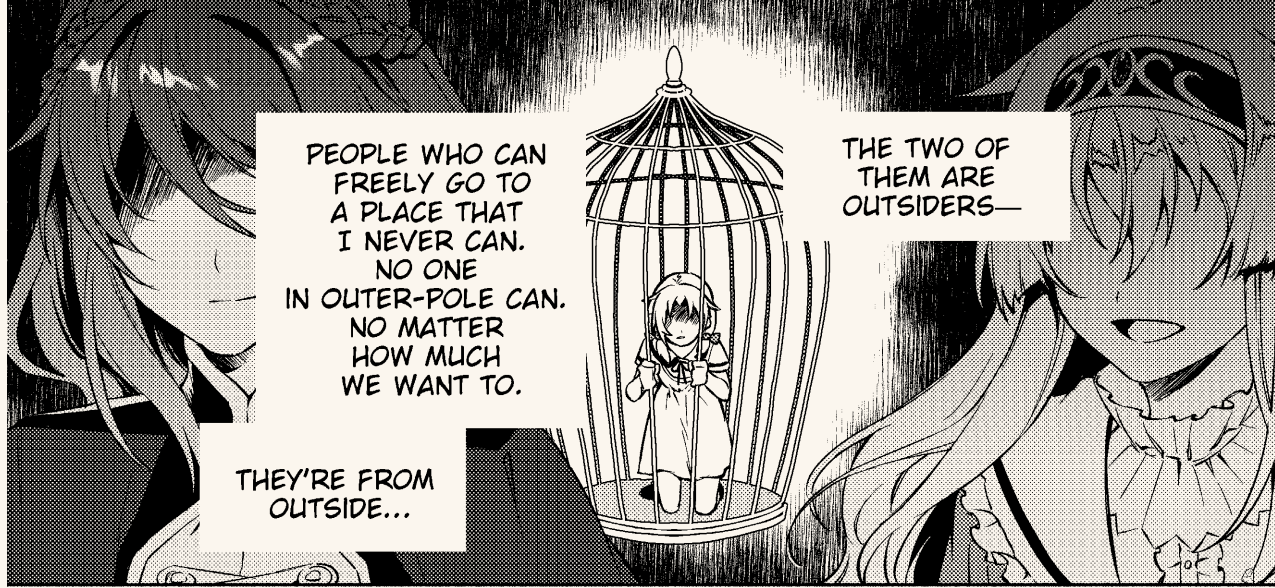
IT DOESN'T MAKE
ANY SENSE.
WHAT DID THEY DO
TO GET HERE?

UNLESS THEY TELEPORTED
HERE/SOMEHOW,
IT JUST DOESN'T ADD UP.

IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE,
BUT MAYBE IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD,
TECHNOLOGY LIKE THAT
DOES ACTUALLY EXIST?



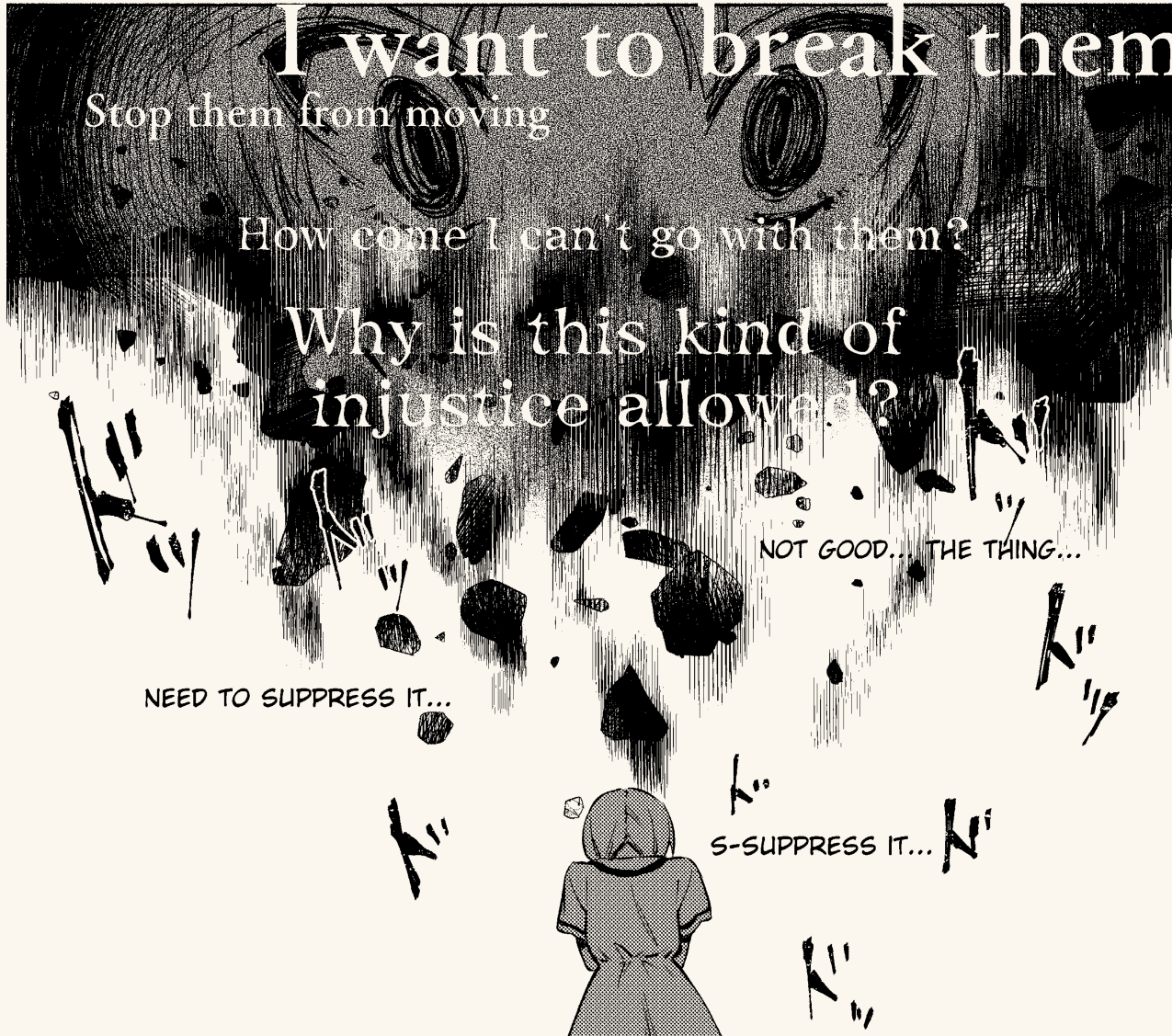
THE...
OUTSIDE WORLD...



PEOPLE WHO CAN
FREELY GO TO
A PLACE THAT
I NEVER CAN.
NO ONE
IN OUTER-POLE CAN.
NO MATTER
HOW MUCH
WE WANT TO.

THE TWO OF
THEM ARE
OUTSIDERS—

THEY'RE FROM
OUTSIDE...



I want to break them

Stop them from moving

How come I can't go with them?

Why is this kind of
injustice allowed?

NOT GOOD... THE THING...

NEED TO SUPPRESS IT...

S-SUPPRESS IT...

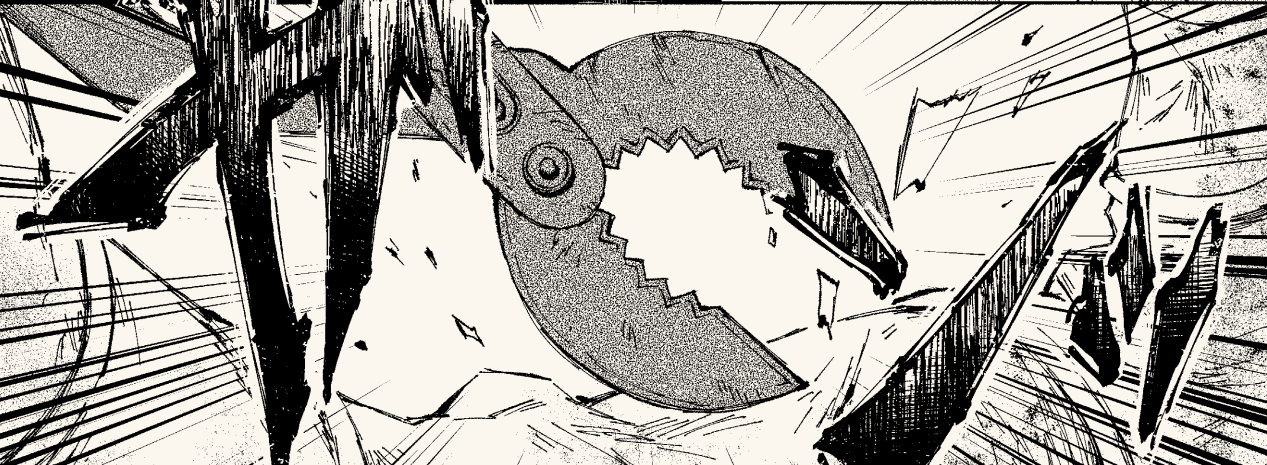


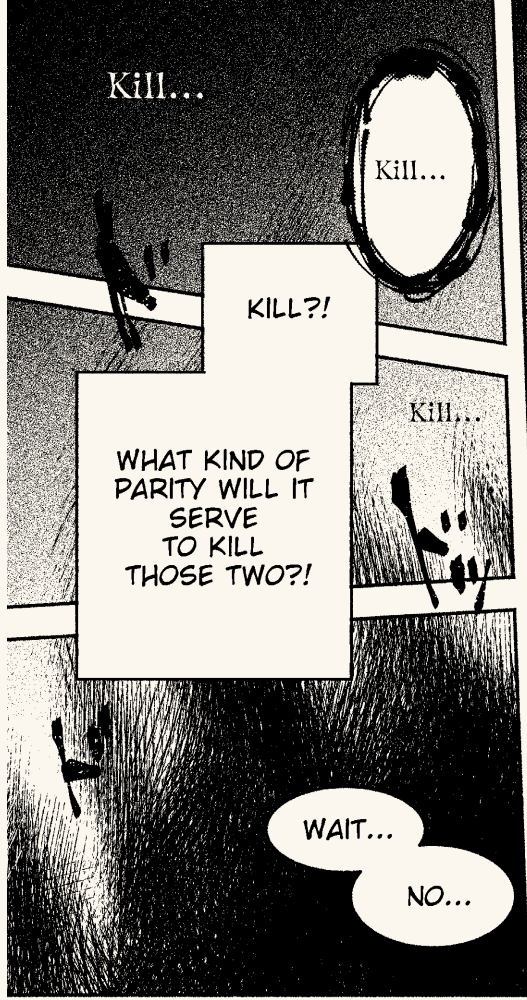
RUNE?
YOU'RE
HEADING OUT?
AT THIS TIME?

WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?

YES,
AT THIS TIME.
A PLACE.
IT'S NOT FAR.

HEY CID
APPARENTLY,
ALL THE LIGHTS
IN GRID 7
WENT OUT...





Kill...

Kill...

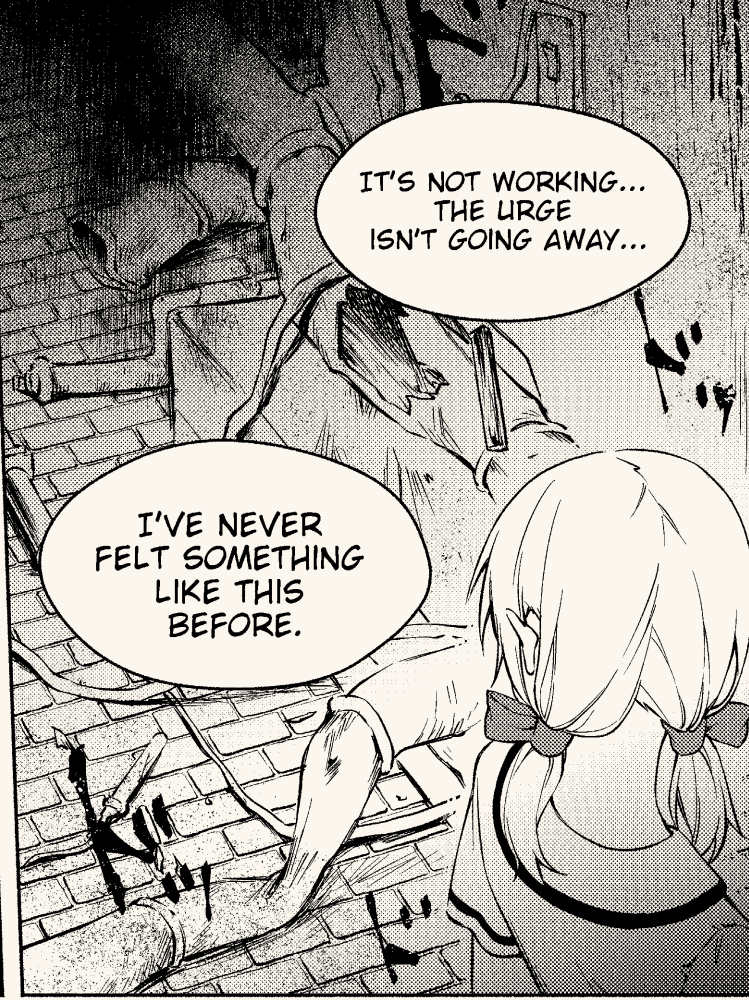
KILL?!

WHAT KIND OF
PARITY WILL IT
SERVE
TO KILL
THOSE TWO?!

Kill...

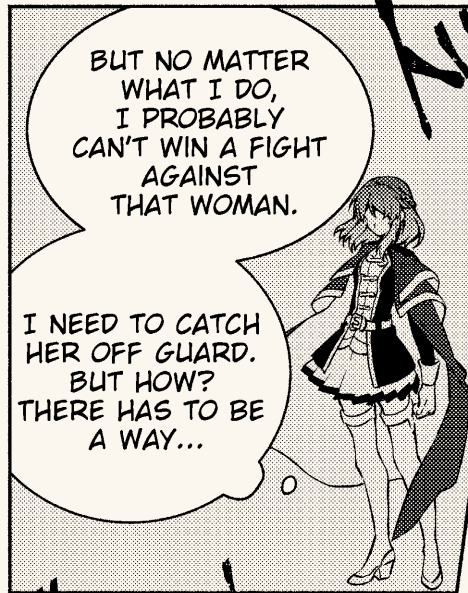
WAIT...

NO...



IT'S NOT WORKING...
THE URGE
ISN'T GOING AWAY...

I'VE NEVER
FELT SOMETHING
LIKE THIS
BEFORE.



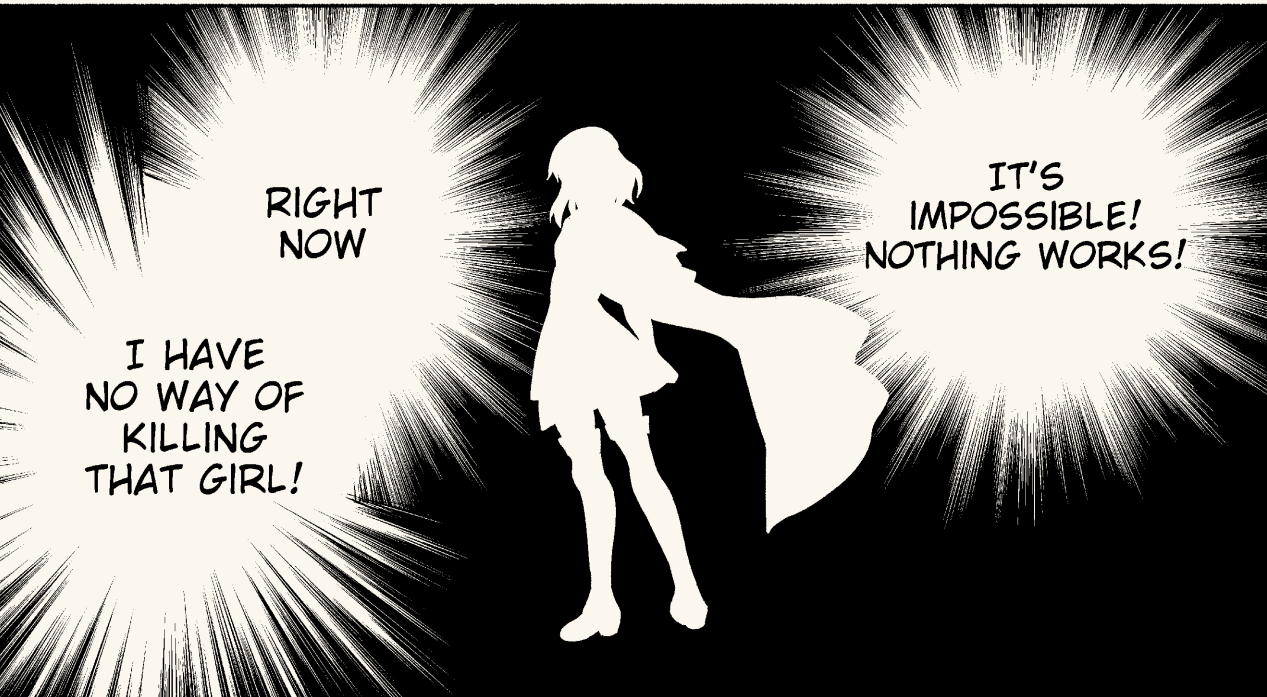
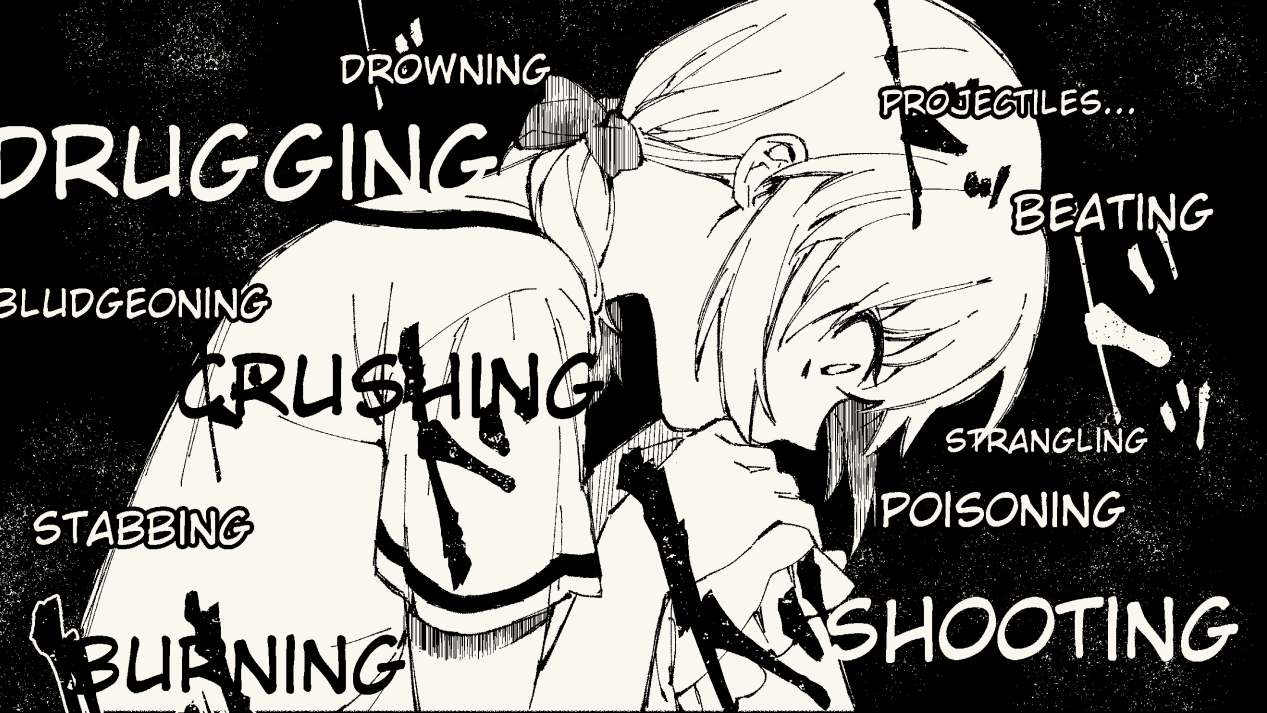
BUT NO MATTER
WHAT I DO,
I PROBABLY
CAN'T WIN A FIGHT
AGAINST
THAT WOMAN.

I NEED TO CATCH
HER OFF GUARD.
BUT HOW?
THERE HAS TO BE
A WAY...



THE TWO
OF THEM
ARE
SYMBOLS OF
INJUSTICE.

THEIR VERY
EXISTENCE
IS UNFAIR!



RIGHT
NOW

IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
NOTHING WORKS!

I HAVE
NO WAY OF
KILLING
THAT GIRL!

I'm so jealous

ARE THEY GOING TO LEAVE?
JUST LIKE THAT?

HOW COME I HAD TO BE BORN
IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?!

IS THAT IT?
DO I HAVE NO MORE OPTIONS?

DO I HAVE NO CHOICE
BUT TO WATCH THE TWO OF THEM GO?

NO CHOICE...

I WANT TO LEAVE TOO!
I WANT TO SEE
THE OUTSIDE WORLD!

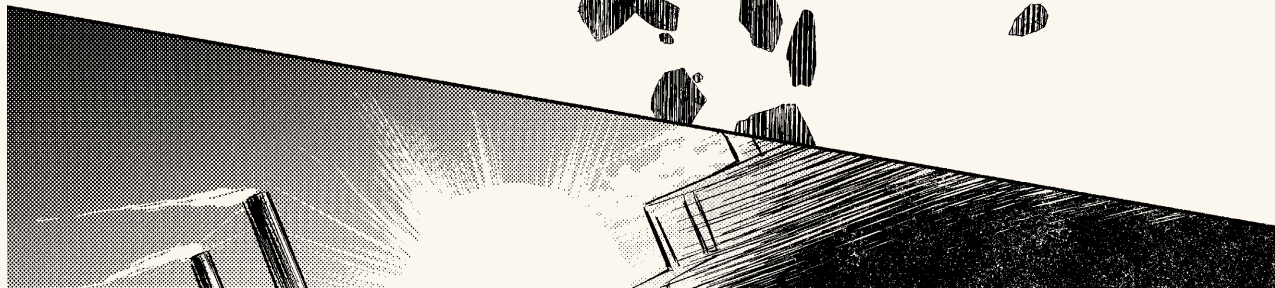
THE WALLS...

THE WALLS ARE CLOSING IN...

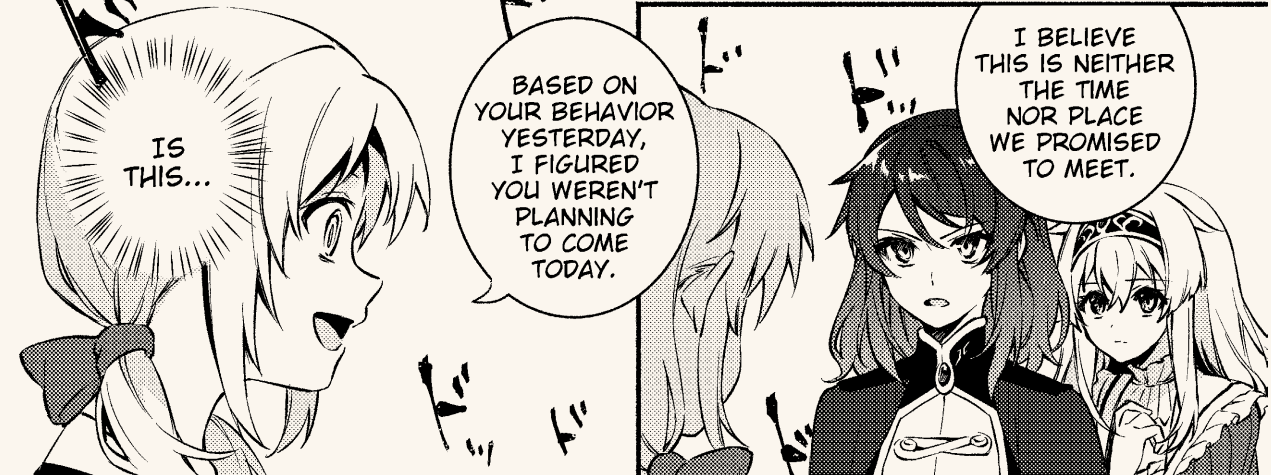
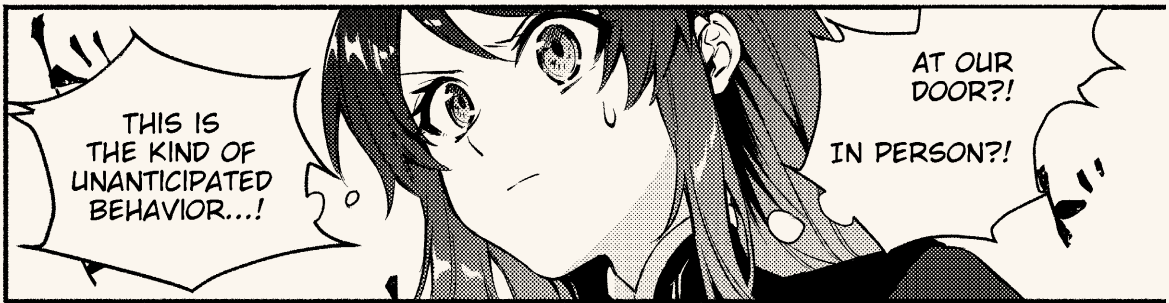
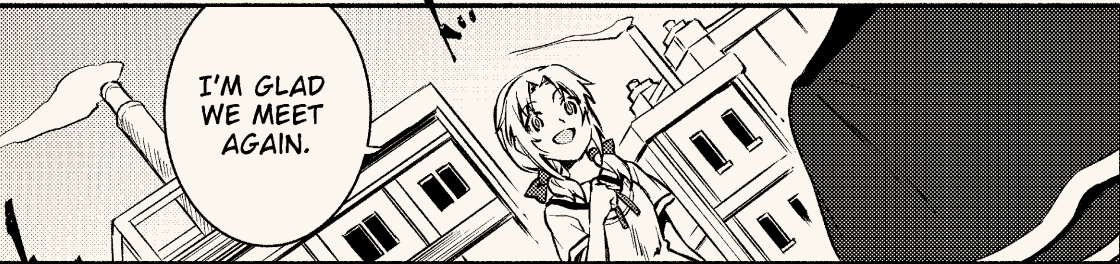
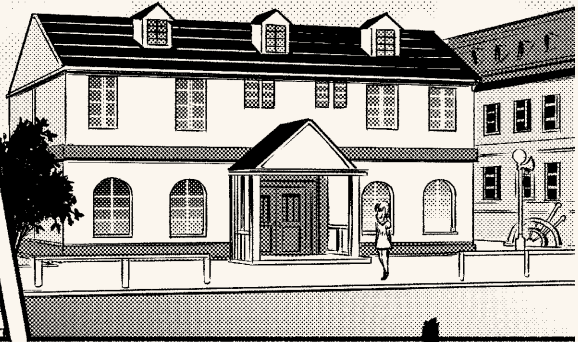
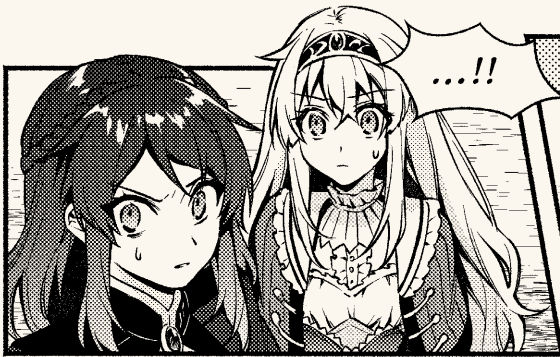
TIME'S RUNNING OUT...

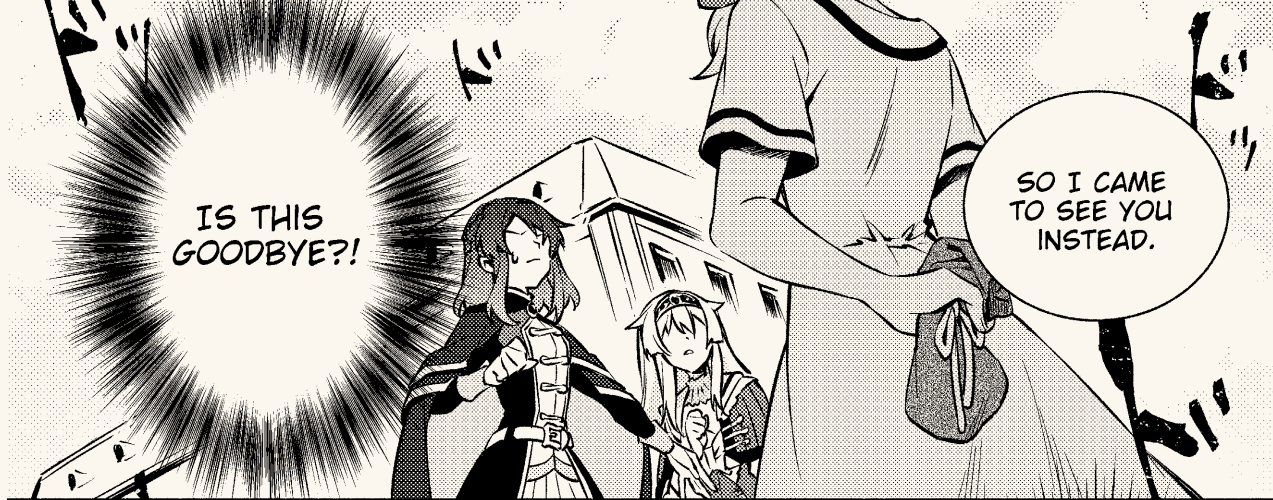
WHY?

so jealous



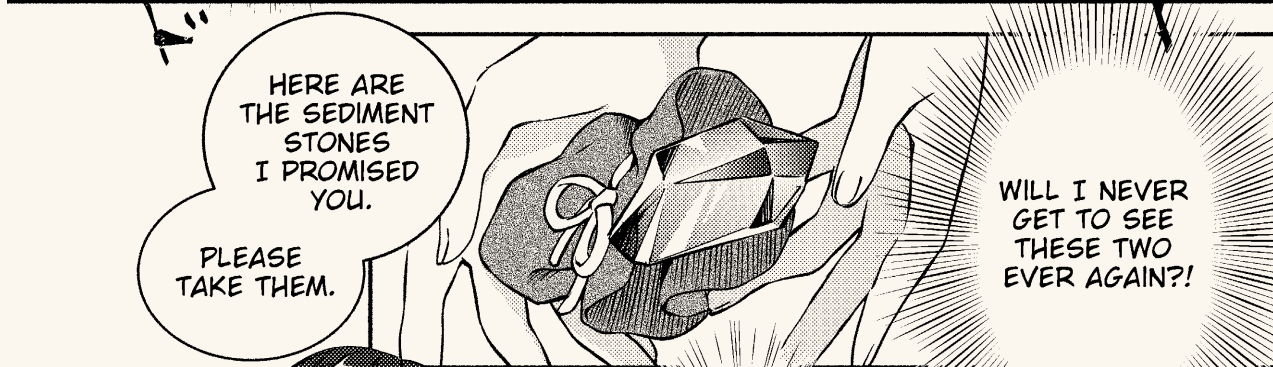
NEXT MORNING





IS THIS
GOODBYE?!

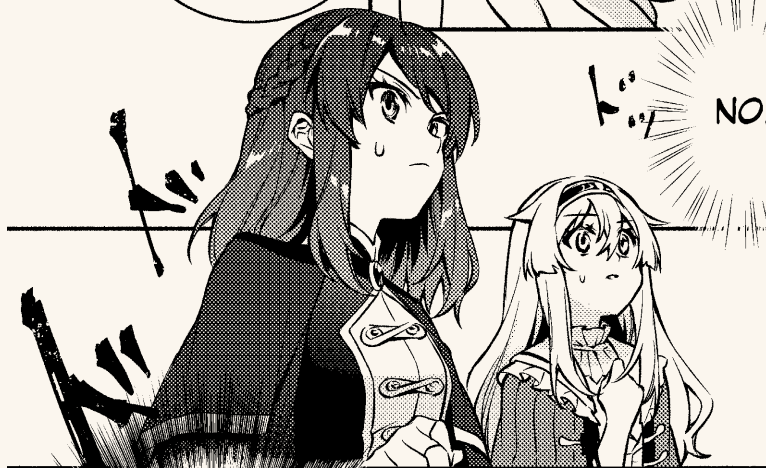
SO I CAME
TO SEE YOU
INSTEAD.



HERE ARE
THE SEDIMENT
STONES
I PROMISED
YOU.

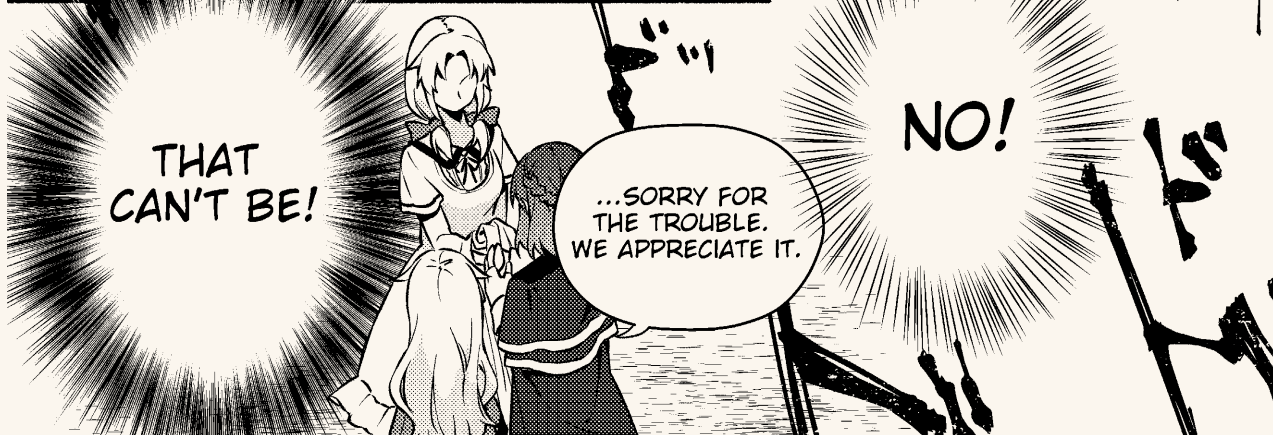
PLEASE
TAKE THEM.

WILL I NEVER
GET TO SEE
THESE TWO
EVER AGAIN?!



NO!

NO!



THAT
CAN'T BE!

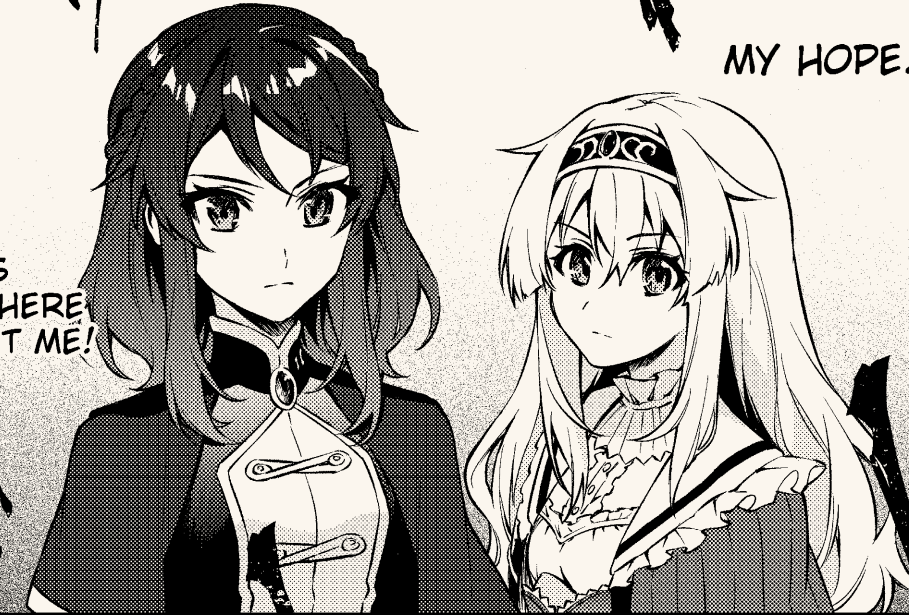
...SORRY FOR
THE TROUBLE.
WE APPRECIATE IT.

NO!

MY DREAM...

MY HOPE...

IT'S
RIGHT THERE
IN FRONT ME!



PLEASE...

ISTA VILSERIO,
RUNE.

KEEP WELL.



TAKE ME...

VILSERIO,
RUNE.



me

ME TOO...

ME TOO...

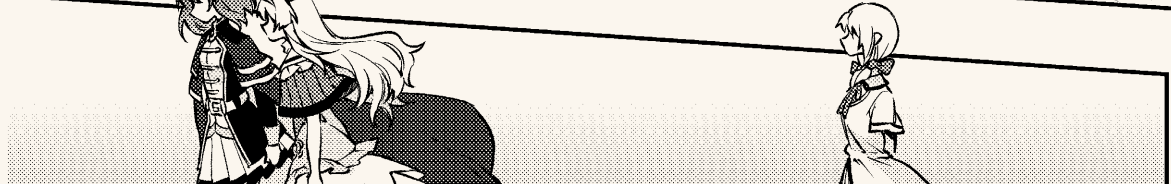
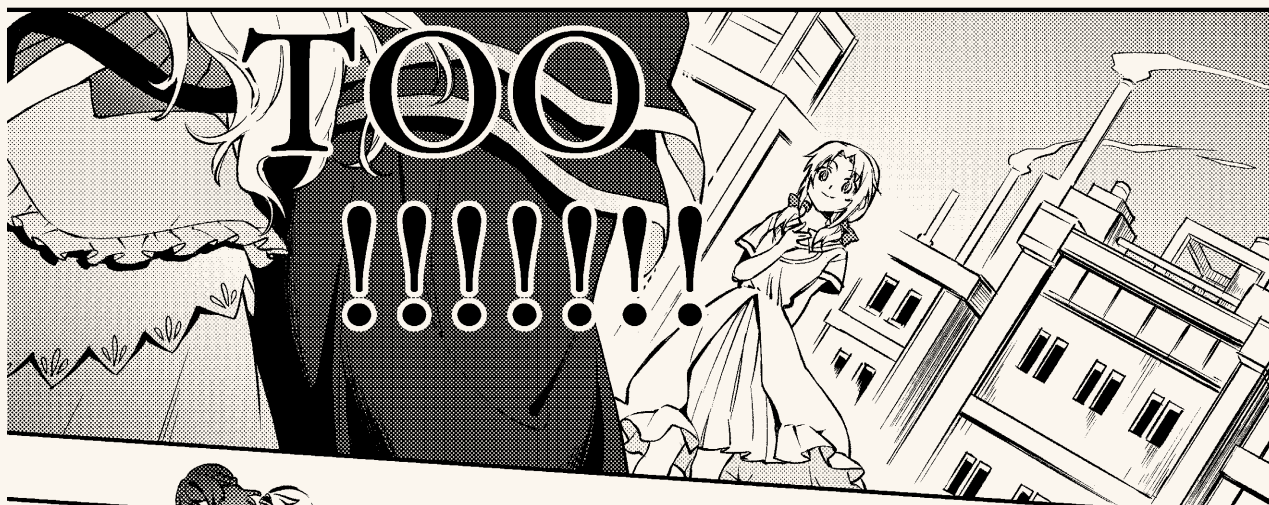
ME

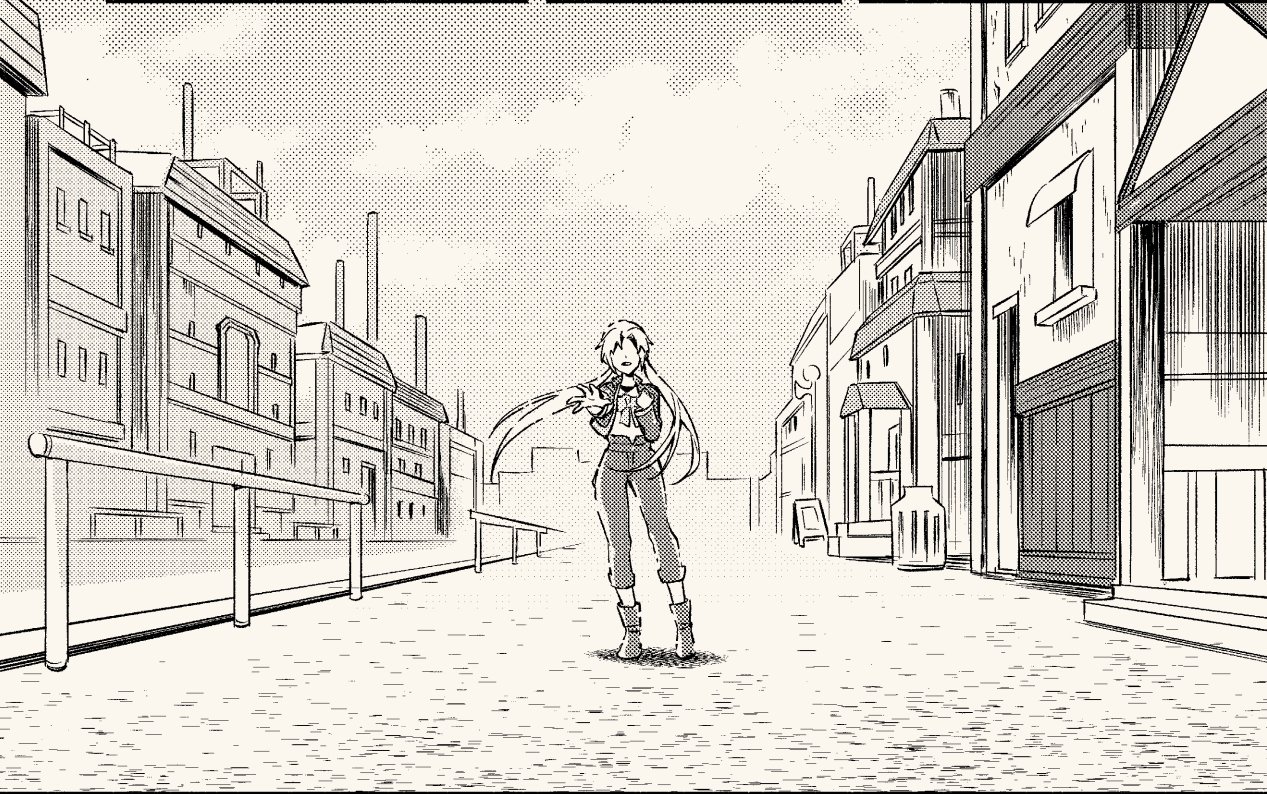
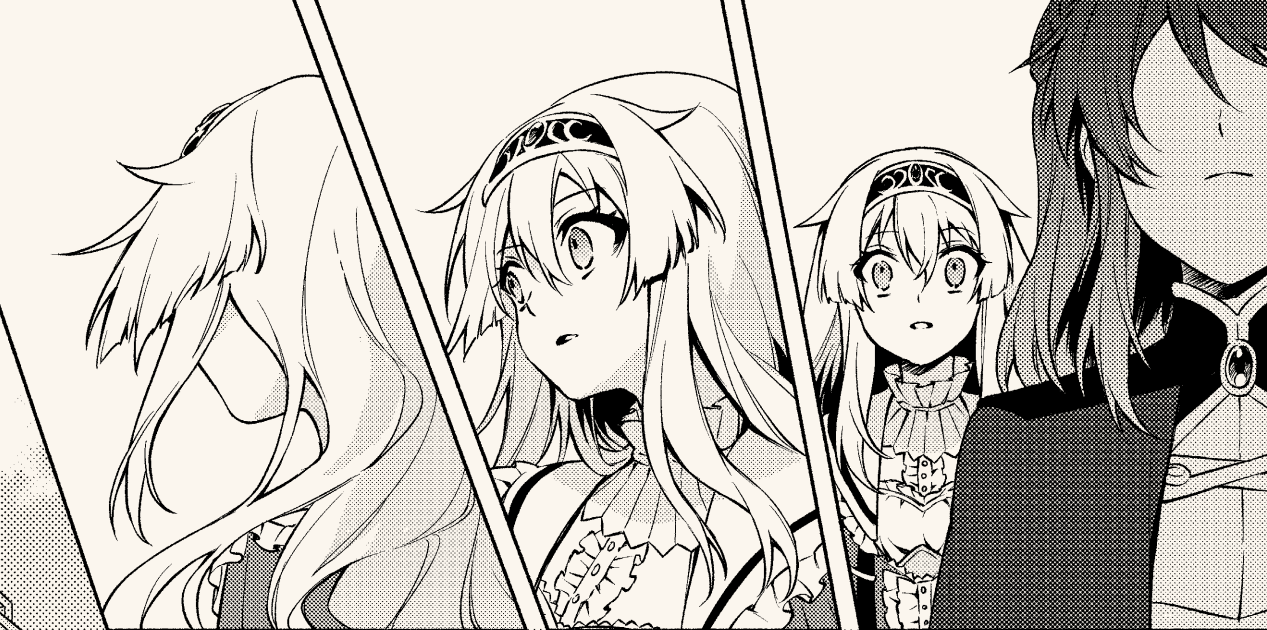
MAY YOUR JOURNEY BE BLESSED WITH FORTUNE.

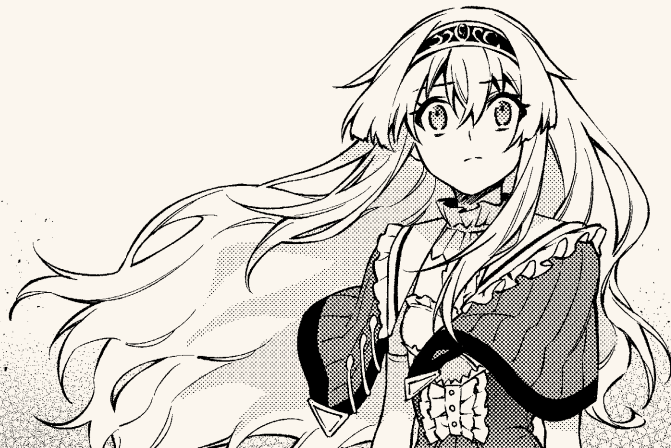
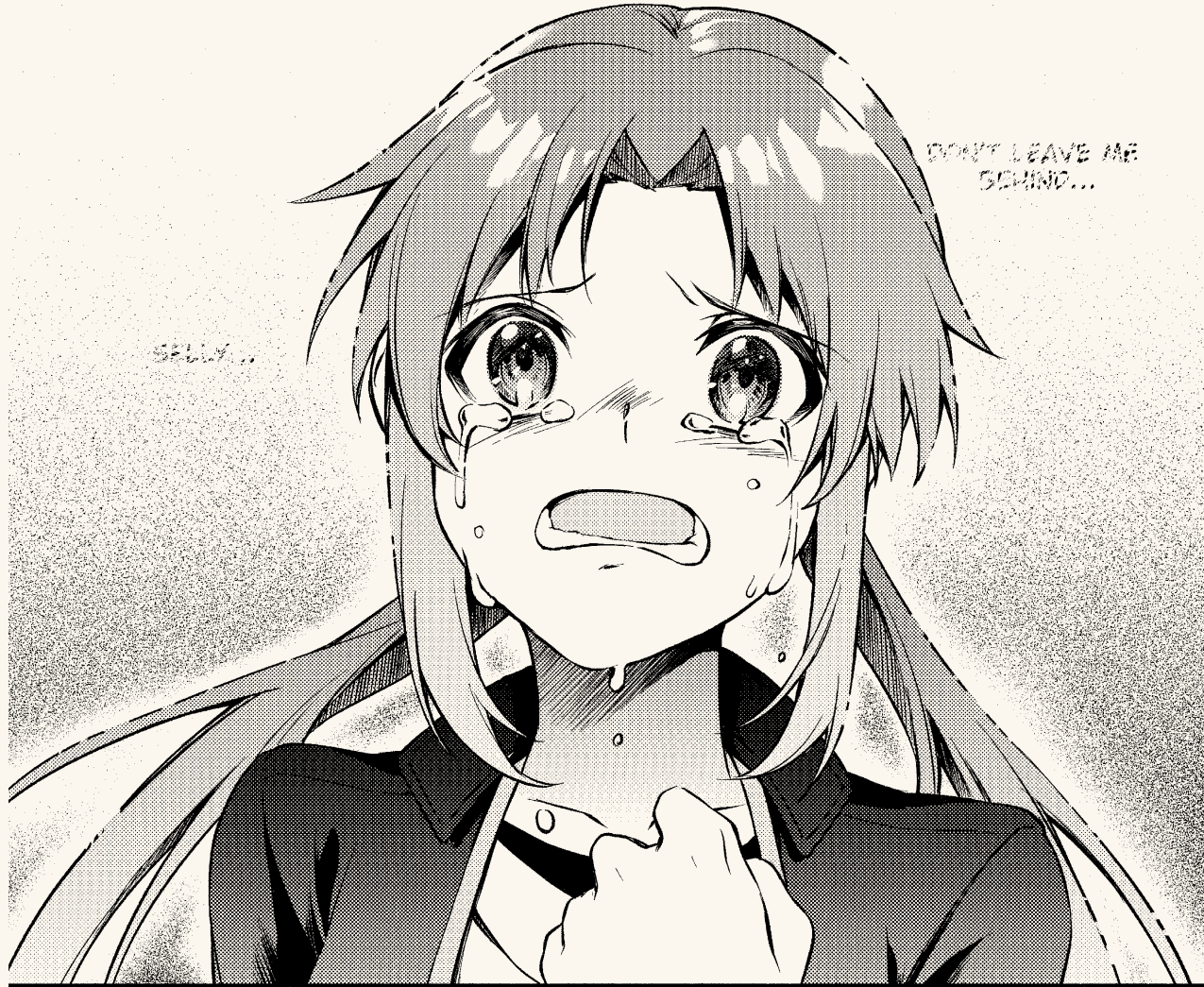
TAKE ME

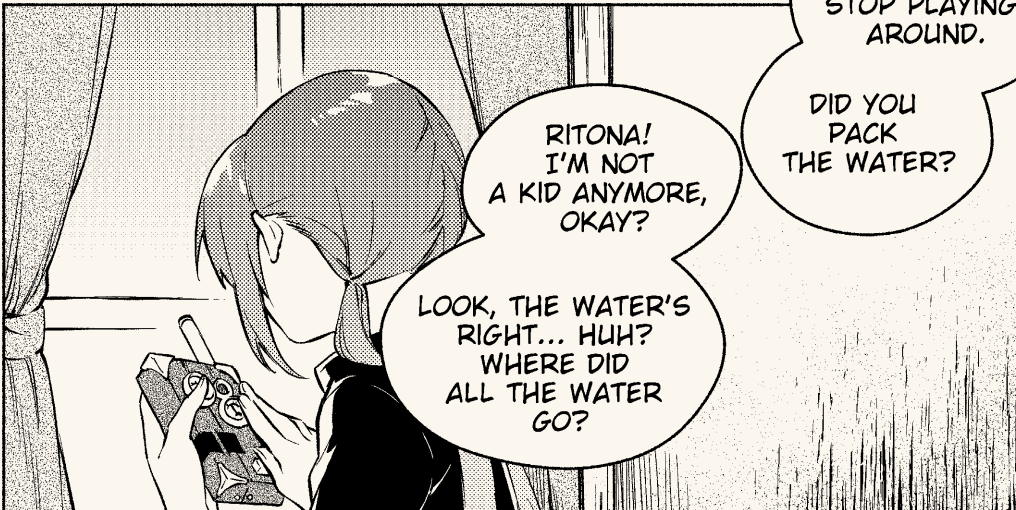
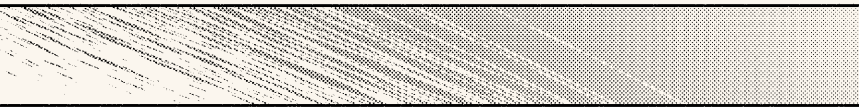
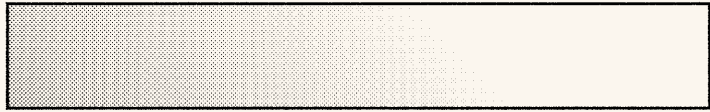
ME TOO...

ME TOO...







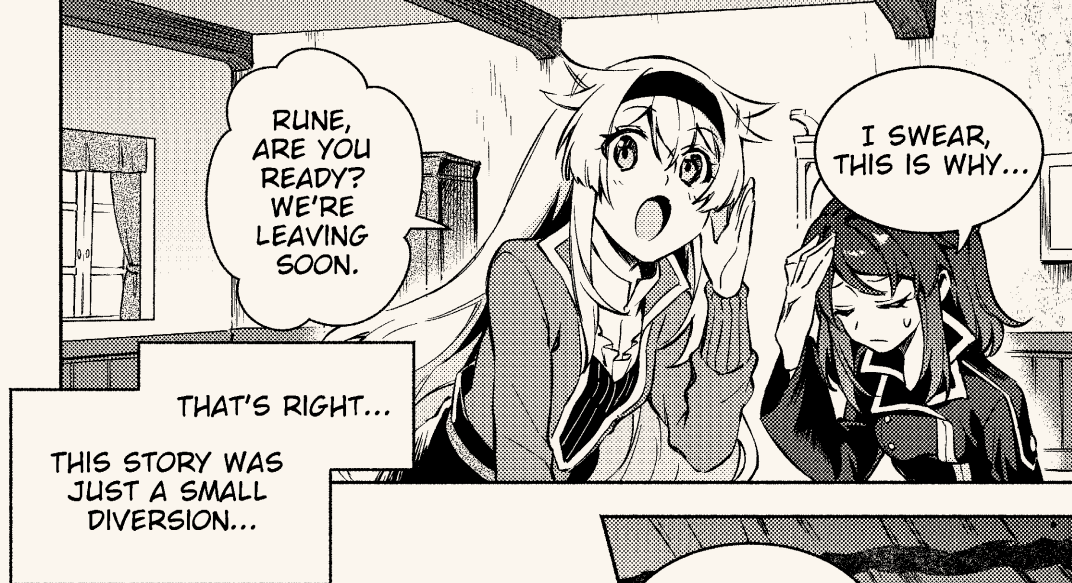


COME ON,
STOP PLAYING
AROUND.

DID YOU
PACK
THE WATER?

RITONA!
I'M NOT
A KID ANYMORE,
OKAY?

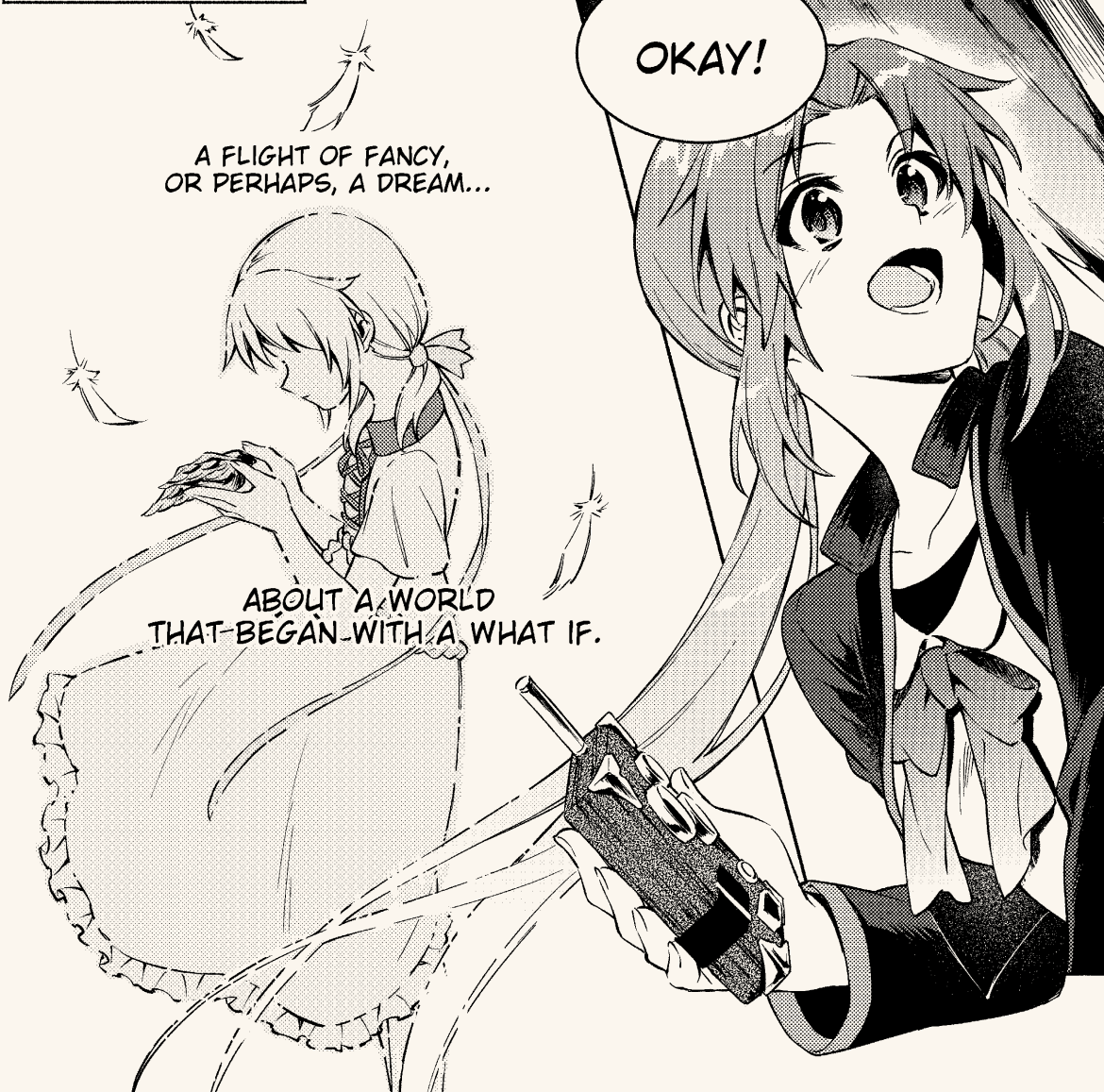
LOOK, THE WATER'S
RIGHT... HUH?
WHERE DID
ALL THE WATER
GO?



RUNE,
ARE YOU
READY?
WE'RE
LEAVING
SOON.

I SWEAR,
THIS IS WHY...

THAT'S RIGHT...
THIS STORY WAS
JUST A SMALL
DIVERSION...



OKAY!

A FLIGHT OF FANCY,
OR PERHAPS, A DREAM...

ABOUT A WORLD
THAT BEGAN WITH A WHAT IF.



PSYCHOPATH
Psychopath
RUNE-CHAN
Rune-chan

fault – milestone one

“A Flight of Fancy or Perhaps Just a Dream”

Psychopath Rune–chan

Produced by

ALICE IN DISSONANCE

Scenario and Direction by Munisix

Illustration by Hare Konatsu

Translation by David Teng

Design by Sho Takeda

2020 October



fault – milestone one

Psychopath Rune–chan