

# Narcissu Drama CD

Stage-Nana

Kataoka Tomo<sup>1</sup>

<http://stage-nana.sakura.ne.jp/>

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<sup>2</sup>Thanks to Lee Massi for his help.

## **Preface**

### **Brief message from the author, Kataoka Tomo**

This time's Drama CD is the prologue for the Onee-san (Himeko) that appears in Narci2. Even with this single item, I believe that most of the contents would be communicated, and I prepared it to add a greater understanding of Narci2.

That's it about the contents of the CD, but the concept for this time was that I thought about the "space" of nothingness in information that was possible with Drama CDs. (Since the style of Narci1 was to minimize the information presented as much as possible).

Probably, because of the information being passed only through sounds, I think that there would be many places where the meaning and developments would be difficult to grasp. But in the real game, because descriptions of scenery and emotions are inserted, I believe I haven't said this much.

If you would compare this to the real game, and feel some strangeness, I will be happy.

December, 31, 2006

Stage-Nana

Kataoka Tomo

### **Translator's preface**

The original Narcissu was released to the world in the summer of 2005. Now, after a year of waiting, the prequel to the story, Narcissu2, is nearing completion.

This drama CD was released on December 31<sup>st</sup>, 2006, as a doujin release at Comic Market 71 for 500Y. For the lucky few who managed to get there in time, they also could buy a smallish plastic cup with Setsumi painted on it for 800Y. Oh how I want one of those cups.

Luckily, for those who are unable to attend Comiket, a stock of these drama CDs has been sent to various doujin shops to be sold for for 500Y+25Y tax. At the time of this writing (Jan, 19, 2007) there were some still available at places like w-canvas, akibaoo, toranoana, messannoo. For specifics, Stage-Nana's site has more information (<http://stage-nana.sakura.ne.jp/>). The inventories of these shops tend to be unstable, especially for popular items. I have heard w-canvas actually ships overseas, though I have never tried it myself. If you spot one at a good price, do try to get your hands on it. The voice actresses are simply amazing.

## Narcissu Side 2<sup>nd</sup>

### Cast:

Character	Played by
Himeko a.k.a. Onee-san, has a bright, refreshing personality. Age, 22.	Yanase Natsumi
Yuka a bit of the stubborn type, a long-time best friend of Himeko. Age, 22.	Iwai Yukiko
Chihiro Himeko's younger sister, college student. A noble kind of person that is kind to everyone.	Goto Yuuko
Setsumi The heroine of the previous work. At the time of Narci2, Age 16.	Ayakawa Rino

*Chihiro:* Narcissu Side 2<sup>nd</sup> Prologue

[Church bells ring]

*Himeko:* [Narrating] The spreading sound of bells. Since before I could remember, I existed alongside that sound.

*Chihiro:* Onee-chan!

*Himeko:* What's going on, Chihiro? You're all out of breath.

*Chihiro:* Well, if we don't hurry... and you're dressed like that again!

*Himeko:* Something the matter?

*Chihiro:* You're all greasy, and totally black!

*Himeko:* That's fine isn't it? Since they're work overalls, it's natural they'd be dirty.

*Chihiro:* Uuu... I just washed those yesterday...

*Himeko:* Yeah, yeah. Sorry about that.

[Bells ring]

*Chihiro:* Ah, nevermind that, Mass! If we don't hurry, we'll be late!

*Himeko:* Oh, it's that time already.

*Chihiro:* Come, come, hurry and change and let's go to the church, okay?

*Himeko:* Mmm, yeah, I think I really will pass.

*Chihiro:* Eh? Again?

*Himeko:* Un.

*Chihiro:* That's not good. Onee-chan, you not going. At the least, you should go on Sundays.

*Himeko:* Silly Chihiro, it's exactly because it's Sunday that you skip out.

*Chihiro:* Ahh, again with that weak argument.

*Himeko:* Now, now, even God would overlook it, on a day with such beautiful weather.

*Chihiro:* I don't think it's got anything to do with the weather. And either way you're just going to toy with your car-

*Himeko:* So, give my regards to Mom and the others!

*Chihiro:* Hey! Onee-chan!

\* \* \*

[The sound of metal gates closing]

*Himeko:* Alright, shall we get started today?

[The sounds of drills, jackhammers(!), wrenches...]

*Yuka:* Himeko? You around?

*Himeko:* Ah, over here!

*Yuka:* Yo! You look well!

*Himeko:* What's up? Coming all the way here.

*Yuka:* Mm, I just happened to come nearby, so on the way, I came over. Hey, what's with you, you're all black!

*Himeko:* Ah? Yesterday, I changed the oil pan.

*Yuka:* Oil pan?

*Himeko:* Yeah. That turned into a big mess! But then, there aren't that many amateurs who can get this far. Eh-hem!

*Yuka:* I don't know anything about bread<sup>1</sup> or rice or whatever it is...

*Himeko:* Look! This homemade hoist, isn't it great? But figures that without a winch, it's really difficult! Ahaha!

*Yuka:* Ah... \*sigh\* You know, Himeko? It's fine to love cars and all, but a young girl getting all black and being a regular at the garage, what do you think about that?

*Himeko:* Ah? You think that's... strange?

*Yuka:* I don't have to think, it's strange!

*Himeko:* Aha, isn't that okay? You know? Instead of fluttery clothes like yours, I like what I have here.

*Yuka:* \*Sigh\* Yeah, yeah. Since long ago, you've been like this.

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<sup>1</sup>*Pan* in japanese means bread

*Himeko:* [Narrating] She replied in a weary voice. If there were something that could be called a ‘best friend’, to me, she would have been it.

*Yuka:* Still, you quite the eccentric aren’t you? Using your first paycheck on such a beat-up car.

*Himeko:* Hey, don’t call it a beat-up car, call it a Eunos<sup>2</sup>. And even though it’s old and in this condition, it’s quite popular you know?

*Yuka:* Ehh? Really?

*Himeko:* And because of this, all the way until winter bonus time, it’s loan hell!! Sniffle Sniffle.

*Yuka:* Now now, how about you hurry up and fix it and take me for a drive.

*Himeko:* Yeah, I think probably by next week it’d run.

*Yuka:* So it’s decided! Then next week... wait, Sundays are bad for you right?

*Himeko:* Ah, no, not in particular.

*Yuka:* But, don’t you have church?

*Himeko:* It’s fine, I haven’t been going lately anyways. From the start, I was a fake Catholic.

*Yuka:* Hey, hey, is it okay to say that?

*Himeko:* Yeah, it was just a coincidence that my house was next to a church after all.

\* \* \*

*Chihiro:* I’m home.

*Himeko:* Welcome home, you’ve been out quite late, Chihiro.

*Chihiro:* Ah, un,

*Himeko:* Mmm? You seem a bit down. Did you... come back from the 7<sup>th</sup> floor?

*Chihiro:* Un. It was the 3<sup>rd</sup> time for someone I was in charge of... .

*Himeko:* I see. Then, it must have been hard in many ways.

---

<sup>2</sup>A Eunos Roadster, better known in the US as the Mazda MX-5 or Miata

*Chihiro:* Un.

*Himeko:* [Narrating] The 7<sup>th</sup> floor, that is, the hospital's hospice. Since we were Catholic, it was natural for us to work as volunteer helpers. Every day, after college, my sister would head straight to the hospital. That figure of hers, up until a few years ago, had also been mine.

*Himeko:* Here, I made you some coffee

*Chihiro:* Thank you. . . . Say, Onee-chan, you're not going to do it any more?

*Himeko:* 'It'? you mean as a helper?

*Chihiro:* Un. Right now, every hospital doesn't have enough people, so it's been difficult for them.

*Himeko:* I see. But, I'm done. Unlike you, I just went because the group at university wanted me to.

*Chihiro:* Oh, saying that again.

*Himeko:* It's not like it's a lie. Anyways, I'm more worried about you.

*Chihiro:* Me?

*Himeko:* Yes, about how it's not a place for someone like you to work.

*Chihiro:* Ahh. . .

*Himeko:* So, how were things there?

*Chihiro:* Un. It was the first time I've been to the 7<sup>th</sup> floor, so I'm still not used to it. And it's the 3<sup>rd</sup> time for the person I'm in charge of. It. . . doesn't seem far off.

*Himeko:* Yes, no matter how many times they are discharged and return, there shouldn't be a 4<sup>th</sup> time.

*Chihiro:* Un. . . . Say, Onee-chan.

*Himeko:* Mm?

*Chihiro:* What exactly is God doing I wonder. . .

*Himeko:* Who knows, He's probably busy.

\* \* \*

[The sound of cars zooming by, tires screeching]

*Himeko:* Ahaha, it really does run great!

*Yuka:* H-hey, Himeko, don't go so fast!

*Himeko:* Ehh? This is totally safe driving!

[Tires screech]

*Yuka:* That may be true for you. But for a paper driver<sup>3</sup> like me, this is makes my heart jump, this driving!

*Himeko:* Ahhhh! Roadsters are the best!!

*Yuka:* Hey, listen to people when they're talking!

[Zoooom]

*Yuka:* And what's with this car!

*Himeko:* Mmm? What's wrong?

*Yuka:* Why isn't there a roof?

*Himeko:* Well, that's how it is!

*Yuka:* No, not 'how it is!', the wind messes up your hair doesn't it?

*Himeko:* Heh, silly girl, not understanding the joys of an open top.

*Yuka:* Such joys, a young girl does not need. Uuu, and I spent an hour setting it too.

[Vooosh, sound of car stopping, door slamming]

*Himeko:* So, why don't we take a little break?

*Yuka:* Un!

[Sound of waves, seagulls]

[Sound of a vending machine]

*Himeko:* Here you go, canned coffee.

*Yuka:* Thanks! \*gulp gulp\* This is a beautiful place isn't it?

*Himeko:* Un. The salt air feels good, and there's no one around.

*Yuka:* Himeko, it's amazing that you knew of this place.

*Himeko:* Mmm? Uh, yeah \*whispering\* though I have no clue where this is. . .

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<sup>3</sup>Someone who has a license but never drives.



*Yuka:* Yes?

*Himeko:* No um, exactly as the words mean. . .

*Yuka:* W-wait a sec. Why is it that you, who was driving, have no clue?

*Himeko:* Um, well, let's say that I was driving wherever looked good and coming here by chance. . .

*Yuka:* Does that mean. . . you were driving just wherever whim took you?

*Himeko:* Oh, well, maybe something like that. Ahahaha.

*Yuka:* I don't believe this! I'm worried about whether we'll be able to get back, but the fact that I went along with this driving for a whole day, I don't believe myself!

*Himeko:* Eheh. Now, now, we'll manage. . . , probably.

*Yuka:* \*Sigh\*

[Engine turns over, car drives off]

*Yuka:* But you know Himeko.

*Himeko:* What?

*Yuka:* If you don't have a navigation system, at least get yourself a map.

*Himeko:* Mmmm, but, I like this carefree feeling too.

*Yuka:* Well, at the least do something about that look.

*Himeko:* Eh? Why! I like work overalls. . .

*Yuka:* No! Because sitting next to you, it makes me embarrassed.

*Himeko:* Pfft, It's functional you know.

*Yuka:* Instead of function, put form first.

[Vooooosh]

[The sound of waves]

*Himeko:* Say, let's go again next week.

*Yuka:* No!

*Himeko:* Uwa! Instantly rejected.

*Yuka:* Why is it that sadly each and every week, two girls alone go on a drive?

*Himeko:* Well, this car is for two people after all!

*Yuka:* That's not the problem is it?

*Himeko:* Now, now, let's leave that as a lonely sore spot<sup>4</sup>.

*Yuka:* I-it hurts to admit this, but I have no refutation.

[Vrrrrmmmm!]

*Yuka:* But lately, you haven't been going to church, have you?

*Himeko:* Eh?

*Yuka:* Chihiro-chan was grumbling about it you know. "Lately, Onee-chan just won't come." she said.

*Himeko:* Ah...

*Yuka:* Say, once in awhile, why don't you show up?

*Himeko:* It's alright! And didn't I say before? That from the start, I was a fake Catholic. That's why, it's fine...

*Yuka:* Himeko?

[Vrooom]

*Himeko:* So, it's decided that next week, we're going for a drive again. Ah, this time let's bring lunches too, and let's shoot for getting farther than today!

*Yuka:* \*Sigh\* Yes, yes, I know. There's no helping you, so I'll come along.

*Himeko:* Thank youuuuuuu! Just like a best friend!

\* \* \*

[Church bells ringing]

*Himeko:* [Narrating] One week after, the streets to the church were filled with people going to Sunday school. Around the time that I was supposed go to the sea in the roadster, as decided last week. My figure was found, on top of a hospital bed.

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<sup>4</sup>Personal rant, the word Himeko uses sounds like 'mondoushii', after a bit of Googling, <http://toycozy.com/blog/archives/2006/07/26-0031.php> claims to that it's actually a contraction of 'monde hoshii' lit. "I like (someone) to rub X", and in context 'mondoushii' refers to being in the state of wanting a painful spot rubbed. It was used in a commercial and seems to have puzzled a few people. Okay, quirky rant over.

*Chihiro:* Here, Onee-chan, the apple's peeled.

*Himeko:* Thank you! You eat too, you like them don't you?

*Chihiro:* Un.

[Sound of silverware, a door opens]

*Yuka:* Ugh, so heavy...

*Chihiro:* Ah, Yuka-san,

*Yuka:* Himeko, look, I bought it for you.

[Page turning sounds]

*Himeko:* Well, sorry. But that book wasn't sold in the shop downstairs.

*Yuka:* I don't really mind, but next time, could you make it a lighter book? And also, stop with the books for obsessed maniacs, taking them to the register was embarrassing.

*Himeko:* I think "Motorcyclist" and "American cars magazine" are just normal books.

*Yuka:* Well to me they aren't!

*Chihiro:* Now, now, the two of you, this is a shared room, so you shouldn't be so rowdy.

*Yuka:* Ah, that's right. Sorry.

[Hospital noises]

*Yuka:* This melon tastes good, doesn't it?

*Himeko:* Hey, you're the one visiting, don't gobble it all up.

*Yuka:* Why not? There's plenty!

*Himeko:* Baaaah!

*Yuka:* But when I suddenly heard that you were admitted into the hospital, I was surprised!

*Chihiro:* Un, I was too.

*Yuka:* And then, when I rushed over to see —

*Himeko:* — I was all healthy. What a disappointment!

*Yuka:* Hey! You stop saying that!

*Himeko:* But, everyone's making such faces.

*Yuka:* By the way, Chihiro-chan, what about everyone else?

*Chihiro:* Un. Lots of people from the company came, they left just before.

*Himeko:* By the way, the only person to come empty-handed, was you.

*Yuka:* Quiet you! I bought those weird books for you didn't I?

*Himeko:* That, was an errand where I definitely gave you the money for. You can't really call that a visiting gift.

*Yuka:* Always with the little details...

*Himeko:* But you know, it's a happy thing. To have people that you meet every day, come visit.

*Yuka:* And they bring melons for you too!

*Himeko:* Ah well, maybe once in awhile, being sick isn't so bad!

*Yuka:* Aha.

\* \* \*

[Cicadas chirping]

*Himeko:* [Narrating] A few months after that, when the early cicadas were calling. The time when I barely saw any of the the visitors who had come daily in the spring. As always, I was atop a hospital bed.

*Himeko:* Ahh, today's hot too.

[Knock knock, door opens]

*Chihiro:* Onee-chan, are you done eating? It's about time to take back the tray.

*Himeko:* You know, I'm not fond of this stuff.

*Chihiro:* Ah, you're leaving the broccoli again.

*Himeko:* Chihiro, how about you go buy me an ice cream from the store!

*Chihiro:* No, I've been told to take away everything but the prescribed things.

*Himeko:* Now, now, stop saying such strict things.

*Chihiro:* N-o! Not to mention, just before, I was warned by the doctor.

*Himeko:* Okaaaaay, I get it!

*Chihiro:* Just your responses are good. Don't forget, you're not supposed to just up and go buy some at the store yourself too!

*Himeko:* I said I got it.

*Chihiro:* \*Sigh\* Okay, it's about time for me to go.

*Himeko:* Huh? Do you mean... up?

*Chihiro:* Ah, un. 7<sup>th</sup> floor.

*Himeko:* I see, well, don't push yourself too hard now.

*Chihiro:* Un, you too, Onee-chan.

[Door closes]

\* \* \*

[Cicadas chip]

*Himeko:* [Narrating] Around the time towards the end of the long summer, when the cries of evening cicadas<sup>5</sup> were resounding in the night sky. And I was here. And also, today, she came.

[Knock knock]

*Yuka:* I'm coming in!

[Door opens]

*Yuka:* Yo! You're looking well.

*Himeko:* Thanks.

*Yuka:* Yoisho!<sup>6</sup>

*Himeko:* Oh? And the visitor's gift?

*Yuka:* Wha?

*Himeko:* As always, you seem empty-handed.

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<sup>5</sup>Specifically, Higurashi.

<sup>6</sup>A sound made when lifting or exerting, I am **NOT** going to write "heave-ho!"

*Yuka:* What are you talking about? Of course! In fact, you should praise me for coming every day!

*Himeko:* Amazing! Great! Pat Pat!

*Yuka:* Hey, stop that!

*Himeko:* Say, if you brought a melon, I'll give you prize for perfect attendance!

*Yuka:* I. Don't. Need. That.

[Sound of window opening]

*Yuka:* Ahhhhh, and it's Sunday after all.

*Himeko:* Ah. Sorry, Yuka.

*Yuka:* Huh?

*Himeko:* For wasting your summer away...

*Yuka:* Uh, it's nothing at all, it's not like I had something planned, and it's always just on the way. So... um...

[Cicada chirp]

*Yuka:* Oh, hurry up and get better! I'll go driving, or whatever, with you again, so...

*Himeko:* [Narrating] Beyond that, her words didn't reach my ears. They were erased by the cicadas crying to the darkening sky, and I couldn't hear them. Coming here it's been already 3 months. It was so sudden, I wasn't able to realize the reality of it.

\* \* \*

[Blowing wind]

*Himeko:* [Narrating] If you looked around, the leaves on the trees were turning red, and I had become quite used to life in the hospital. The time that the people who came visiting totally stopped. Still, I was here. Today also, those two came here.

[Sound of silverware]

*Chihiro:* Here Onee-chan, today's comes with pudding.

*Himeko:* Really? But right now I don't want it. Chihiro, you eat, you like pudding don't you?

*Chihiro:* No, this is your food, so you should eat it yourself.

*Himeko:* So, if I eat this, will you buy me a meat bun from a shop?

*Chihiro:* Oh, don't start making strange exchange offers.

[Knock knock]

*Yuka:* Yo, you're doing well.

*Chihiro:* Ah, Yuka-san.

*Yuka:* What? Once again being finicky about your food and pouting over it?

*Chihiro:* Un. Onee-chan's always like that.

*Yuka:* Look here!

[\*Bap\*]

*Himeko:* Ow!

*Yuka:* Don't go around troubling Chihiro-chan now. Geez. There's just no helping you.

*Himeko:* You didn't have to hit me with the corner of the tray.

*Yuka:* Now hurry up and eat, eat! I'm going to cram it into your mouth otherwise.

*Himeko:* I know! Just before was a joke too.

*Yuka:* Mmmm? Whose mouth is still talking?

[Sounds of silverware]

*Himeko:* H-hey stop that!

*Chihiro:* \*Giggles\*

\* \* \*

[Door opens]

*Chihiro:* Well, Onee-chan, it's about time for me to.

*Himeko:* Un. Say hello to the doctors for me.

*Chihiro:* Un.

[Door closes]

*Yuka:* Chihiro-chan is still continuing with it.

*Himeko:* Un. Right now she's assigned to the 7<sup>th</sup> Floor, I think it's quite a burden.

*Yuka:* I see. Over there, is the hospice, right?

[Sound of window opening]

*Himeko:* Say, Yuka, if, just if... one day, I'm admitted into the 7<sup>th</sup> Floor...

*Yuka:* Eh? Hey, what kind of stuff that doesn't even appear in theater are you saying?

*Himeko:* Uun. Listen? If I go to the 7<sup>th</sup> Floor, don't come visit me any more.

*Yuka:* ...Stupid! What are you saying! In fact, I'll visit you every day. I've got perfect attendance after all! And of course empty-handed! I'd never bring any gifts!

*Yuka:* So, don't say such things!

[Yuka crying]

\* \* \*

[Sound of wind]

*Himeko:* [Narrating] When the blowing wind changed from feeling good, to cold. Just like every other day the two came here. However, at the edge of one day, a bit changed.

*Himeko:* Thanks for the food.

*Chihiro:* Ah, you ate your broccoli.

*Himeko:* Ah, though I really don't like them

*Chihiro:* Say, did you want anything?

*Himeko:* Mmm. An ice cream from the store.

*Chihiro:* Eh?

*Himeko:* And while I'm at it, a meat bun too.



*Chihiro:* ... I got it, I'll go get them right away.

[Door closes]

*Himeko:* Eh? That was supposed to have been a joke. Up until now, no matter how much I asked, she said no...

[Door opens]

*Chihiro:* I'm back. Here you go. I ran to get them.

*Chihiro:* Here, it's still warm so it'd be good. And the ice cream it's in the refrigerator, I wrote your name on it.

*Himeko:* I see. Thank you.

*Chihiro:* If there's other things you want, just say it. And quickly get better, and we'll go to the church together okay?

*Himeko:* ... Chihiro, your way of speaking is becoming like a helper's.

*Chihiro:* Eh?

*Himeko:* Looks like, that's how things are going right?

*Chihiro:* Um... it's not...

*Himeko:* You don't have to hide it. Because, I haven't been doing so splendidly...

*Chihiro:* Onee-chan?

*Himeko:* Well, I've been admitted for over half a year after all, I had been thinking "it'd be coming soon."

[Window opening]

*Himeko:* [Narrating] Surprise. Sadness. Anger. Desolation. Loneliness. If I had to describe the feelings at that time in a phrase... "I don't really know" might have been the closest. People, when they meet something difficult to accept, even if it is about themselves, might only be able to objectively know it.

\* \* \*

[Wind blowing, sleigh bells ringing]

*Himeko:* [Narrating] The cold wind of winter, and when Christmas songs were

playing on the television. Even during a time like this, the two were always by my side. While I personally hadn't been notified yet, the day when I go to the 7<sup>th</sup> Floor probably wasn't very far off.

[Pop Pop!]

*Yuka:* Merry Christmas!

*Himeko:* Yes, yes, Merry Christmas!

[Door opens]

*Chihiro:* Look Onee-chan! I bought the cake.

*Yuka:* Ah! It looks delicious!

*Himeko:* Hey! Why are you eating all of a sudden!

*Yuka:* Why not? There's plenty!

*Himeko:* Hey! Don't be taking the strawberries as if you were supposed to!

*Chihiro:* Wait, Yuka-san, I'll be putting it onto plates, okay?

*Yuka:* Fiiine.

[Sleigh bells]

[Rattle of silverware]

*Chihiro:* Ah, that was delicious wasn't it?

*Himeko:* It sure was, even though Yuka ate most of it alone...

*Yuka:* What? On a day like this, I came here. You could at least let this much go. In reality, I'd be feasting my Eve away right now...

*Himeko:* All lies. After all, there's no partner.

*Yuka:* Uu... it hurts to admit this, but I have no refutation.

*Chihiro:* And, Onee-chan, here.

*Himeko:* Huh?

*Chihiro:* Christmas present. I tried knitting a scarf. Um... I'm not sure if it came out all that well.

*Himeko:* Uun. Thank you, Chihiro.

*Chihiro:* Un.

*Yuka:* Really, Himeko's got a really good sister that she doesn't deserve.

*Himeko:* Quiet you! What are you saying, always coming empty-handed.

*Chihiro:* Now, now, the two of you.

[Sleigh bells]

*Himeko:* So, Chihiro, while we're at it, there's one more thing I want, is it okay?

*Chihiro:* What is it?

[Window opens]

*Himeko:* The Eunoes, bring it here,

*Chihiro:* Eh?

*Himeko:* I think it's in the garage.

*Chihiro:* But, Onee-chan...

*Himeko:* Sorry, but, no matter what I want to ride it.

[The sound of wind]

*Yuka:* ... That's okay, I'll bring it to you.

*Chihiro:* Yuka-san.

*Himeko:* Heheh, just like a best friend.

*Yuka:* Hmmp! I just feel bad coming empty-handed on Christmas.

\* \* \*

[Wind, car door closing.]

*Himeko:* Well, here we go.

*Yuka:* Yeah.

[Engine starts, car pulls out.]

*Himeko:* Say, are you cold?

*Yuka:* Freezing.

*Himeko:* I see, I guess it's not really suited to this season, is it.

*Yuka:* Idiot. Notice that before you start driving.

*Himeko:* Eheh, well that's true too.

[Wheels screeching, wind blowing]

*Himeko:* Yuka, I want to go to that place before...

*Yuka:* That beach?

*Himeko:* But I'm not confident, I don't have a navigation system or a map.

*Yuka:* That's fine. Drive like you want. Christmas night is long after all.

*Himeko:* That's true. Okay.

[Vooosh]

*Himeko:* [Narrating] A Roadster driving along a road with an unknown name.

When the dark sky started to lighten. It turned towards that sea. Why was it that I wanted to do this I wonder. The exact reason, not even I knew.

[Vrrrrm. Car stops, Door opens.]

*Yuka:* We're got here didn't we?

*Himeko:* Un.

*Yuka:* A real feat that we got here safely.

*Himeko:* What do you think? It's not that bad is it? My driving, and this car.

*Yuka:* Well, if you take away the cold.

[Waves]

*Yuka:* I know, I'll go buy you some canned juice.

[Vending machine noises]

*Yuka:* Ack, hot! This vending machine's really hot! Himeko, you were okay with coffee?

*Himeko:* Uun.

*Yuka:* Then, milk tea?

*Himeko:* Uun.

*Yuka:* Geez, hurry up and and decide already. Nevermind that it's 120Y, it's not every day that I buy you something.

*Himeko:* ...

*Yuka:* Look, if there's anything you want. Just say it.

*Himeko:* Anything? Then... , I might want a map.

*Yuka:* Map? You mean that map?

*Himeko:* Un. In exchange, I'll give you the Eunos.

*Yuka:* Eh?

*Himeko:* Take good care of it okay?

[The sound of waves breaking, seagulls]

*Yuka:* Stupid! Don't say such sad things all of a sudden!

*Himeko:* You know, it seems that I'm headed for the 7<sup>th</sup> Floor. It might've been some kind of punishment or something... So, will you take it? The Eunos.

*Yuka:* I... can't, I... can't accept that.

*Himeko:* And also, Yuka. I said this before, but, I want you to not visit me any more...

*Himeko:* Because when you make such a face... it's painful for me too.

\* \* \*

[Church bells]

*Himeko:* [Narration] When the streets were filled with people headed towards Sunday school. The day when the winter cold began in earnest, the bracelet wrapped around my wrist, changed from blue to white. In the end, the Eunos wasn't accepted, but the next day, into my hands, maps were delivered.

[Pages turning]

*Himeko:* Why was it that I wanted this? And of course, the exact reason, not even I knew.

[Bells]

*Himeko:* Just that, from then on, I never saw her. Her perfect attendance, stopped there.

[Pages turn]

\* \* \*

[Cicadas crying]

[Window opens]

*Himeko*: Hot... If she were to come, then it should be about now...

[Knock knock]

*Himeko*: Yes, come in.

*Setsumi*: ... I came.

*Himeko*: Welcome, I've been waiting. Come and sit, sit. It was hot today wasn't it?

*Setsumi*: Un.

[Windows closing]

*Himeko*: Sorry, but I was sure that you'd be coming. You've got plenty of time after all.

*Setsumi*: ... Why do you jump to that conclusion?

*Himeko*: Mm? Well, our job as the sick is to sleep isn't it? There are no other people with such free time as us.

*Setsumi*: ...

*Himeko*: Oh, you don't think so?

*Setsumi*: Not particularly.

*Himeko*: Always the cool one aren't you. Oh right, say, do you like ice cream?

*Setsumi*: ...

*Himeko*: Oh? Then you don't like ice cream?

*Setsumi*: Uun.

*Himeko*: Then it's decided! Why don't we go eat together in the dining area?

*Setsumi*: ...

*Himeko*: You don't have hold back. Onee-san here will treat you!

*Setsumi*: ... "You mustn't go with people you don't know well!"

*Himeko*: Wha?

*Setsumi*: My mother told me so.

*Himeko*: Ahahaha!

*Setsumi*: Why are you laughing.

*Himeko*: Ha, I'm not laughing at you, really. . . . But really, that's true, you shouldn't go with strangers.

[Papers and things rustle]

*Himeko*: It's Himeko, Like a princess<sup>7</sup>, followed by child<sup>8</sup>. And by the way, Libra, blood type AB. And you?

*Setsumi*: . . . Aquarius, type O, Setsumi.

*Himeko*: Well then, we're acquaintances now aren't we, Setsumi?

[Cicadas cry]

*Setsumi*: [Narrating] The burning sun and the sound of cicadas, even in the pure white 7<sup>th</sup> Floor, they resounded. And the Onee-san that called herself Himeko. At the time, I knew nothing about Onee-san. But from this day on a long summer was beginning. . .

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<sup>7</sup>*Hime*

<sup>8</sup>*Ko*

## Afterword

### Author's comments

Thank you for picking up Stage-Nana's Vol. 24.5, Narcissu Drama CD.

This time's drama CD corresponds to the prologue of the still in development "Narcissu Side 2<sup>nd</sup>" commonly called *Narci2*. The spirit of this was to create something like a digest, covering only the essential parts. As for the contents, even though this CD stands alone, I intended the story to be clear in its own way.

If you don't know the original work, if you would please play the original, I would be pleased.

It's uploaded onto my homepage, <http://stage-nana.sakura.ne.jp/>

Also, the origin to this time's drama CD, *Narci2*, is scheduled to be completed shortly. Please come to visit again if you can.

Up until now, I have created numerous drama CDs. However, this time took the most effort.

It is easy to write one with bright, cheery conversation, but making something that had changing emotions and physical movement, and to express using only sounds, was quite difficult.

For example, even without pictures, within a game, one could write text describing emotions and scenes, but... Sound effects are really important to drama CDs aren't they? (Ah, pardon the feeling of "in reality, it doesn't make that noise" because cost was given a priority.

Also, of course one could say the same things about the lines. The text of the script was written with the acting and character images of the voice actresses in mind.

For that reason, I am very thankful to the voice actresses for appearing to record, in spite of their extremely packed schedules and doujins. (The recording for the main work had been set at the beginning of the year (2007) in much the same way)

By the way, normally, I think of the drama CDs made for Nekonekosoftware to have been written similar to in game text, without the text on the bottom of the screen.

With respect to that, this time, it was written probably more like a pictureless anime script. And so, this drama CD was made without really knowing the proper way of making it, as always, going just by feel and tweaking to premier...but if for the people that listen to it, the scenery



drives up to them, and the emotions are communicated, then I am happy.

So, if we have the opportunity to meet again. . .

For now, I'll do my best for the main body of Narci2.

December, 31, 2006

Stage-Nana

Kataoka Tomo

### **Translator's comments**

Naricissu had been my first attempt at translating and releasing something to the public in 2005. I look back at my work then and want to bury it from sight, it's such an embarrassment. As for Narci2, this was the first time I've tried to translate something in minute detail without a script before me. It was certainly a different experience, but a fun one nevertheless. Certainly more fun than transcribing English interview recordings.

In any case, being used to novelising translations, it felt almost unnatural to be leaving things to the drama CD, and in fact I'm sure I waffled between including every last sound effect, and letting the CD do it's magic.

For what it's worth, this work is readable as text alone, though totally it misses Kataoka's attempt at trying to tell a story without pictures or text. And misses the amazing work the voice actresses have done for the drama CD.

Still, to those of you who've read this all the way to the end. Thank you. As always, I'd love to hear from people who've read my work, good, bad, or just plain hello.

Finally, many thanks to Lee Massi, a.k.a. Clammerz, for doing the proofing work. Having a second pair of eyes check over the text caught a large number of "What was I smoking while translating this?" moments.

Jan. 19, 2007

Randy "Agilis" Au

agi.projectmail@gmail.com

### **Proofer's comments**

My first exposure to Narcissu was while QCing insani's translation of the work. I was instantly drawn to the story and characters. Having being in a similar situation (not quite as intense) I could relate very well to the story.

Having read/listened to this prologue, I enjoyed the different approach that was taken in this drama CD. Since it was all audio, it was a stark contrast to the non-voiced translation of the first work, so it was a very

different experience and I enjoyed it on a different level.

Agi is really amazing I think. While I don't know enough of the language to comment on his translation itself, I still think it's amazing. Especially his efforts on his other novelizations. Really impressive. ;---;

Lee "ClamClam" Massi

### **Team Clam-kitty**

This is the first release of team Clam-kitty. Why, because Agi likes cats, and well, Clam, is clam. If you're looking for us, you might find us hanging around on IRC in #nnl on irc.zirc.org.