

Summer Pockets REFLECTION BLUE prologue book



A ponytail and horns coming out from the top of her head! ...But not really; they're just a hair tie. I tried designing her silhouette to evoke the word 'oni'.



The Girl Who Chases Oni Kamiyama Shiki

Profile

Height	144cm
Weight	36kg
3 Sizes	75 - 54 - 74
Age	14 Years Old
Birthday	7/4
Hobby	Solo Travel
Favorite Food	Omusubi

A travel-loving girl who recently arrived on Torishirojima. She's been wandering all over Japan collecting 'folktales about oni', and she came to Torishirojima to ask around about the island's old oni folklore, as well. Though she claims she's never been to the island before, she has a strange way of showing up in places not even the islanders know about.

She's highly proficient in survival skills, and in particular excels at scrounging up food out in the wild...


And yet somehow, she still ends up collapsing from hunger here and there across the island. If you give her a rice ball/omusubi, she becomes a lot more docile.

"Hey, won't you teach me a folktale with oni in it?"

The plum flower in the middle of her rice ball/omusubi pouch represents a pickled plum. The little circles around it are grains of rice, and the semicircles on the bottom are seaweed. Basically, it's designed with a Japanese sort of motif in mind. I must admit I've taken quite a liking to it myself (lol).

Samapoke RB's new heroine. I was told to give her clothing a Japanese feel, so after thinking for some time about what sort of costume I wanted for her uniform and casual clothing, I settled on a haori, a sort of traditional Japanese kimono-jacket. It has a hood, and a hole in the back for her hair to pass through.

● Fumuyun



*Thanks to the instructions I
was given and the coloring,
she ended up with an incredible,
mysterious sort of aura.
....Shiki-chan's design sure has a
lot of parts, huh?*

I forget to draw her gloves all the time, and only realize it when I'm inking the linework.

This is just one small way I can pay back what I owe to this island.

Yucchi-san made Hydro's 3D model for me. It really came in handy! Thank you very much.



⌘ Torishiojima's Sniper Nomura Miki

Profile

Height	148cm
Weight	38kg
3 Sizes	80 - 55 - 80
Age	16 Years Old
Birthday	2/2
Hobby	Super Long Distance Sniping
Favorite Food	Onigiri

A girl who works as the Torishirojima Falcon Scouts Public Order Executive. She uses her hand-made, heavily modified water gun 'Hydro Gladiator Kai' to mercilessly gun down those who would disturb the island's public morals. She's in charge of the island's broadcasting tower, and flawlessly monitors the whole island from atop it.

This summer vacation she's asked to write a sightseeing article about Torishirojima for a local newspaper, and ends up running around all over the island. She lives on her own in an island residence.

Nomiki's really hard to draw! Images like this establish a character's signature pose, and I always end up worrying when I have to decide on a character's expression and pose for them. She can't be too cutesy, but not too quiet-looking, either... Her mannerisms need to be Nomiki-like... It's tough. I thought about what sort of natural movements would suit her, and it ended up looking like this.



*Nomiki, gazing somewhere out into
the distance. That thing she's
holding is a seashell.*

Boobs are Justice

Mizuori Shizuku



Profile

Height	164cm
Weight	54kg
3 Sizes	98 - 64 - 88
Age	18 Years Old
Birthday	4/9
Hobby	Boobs
Favorite Food	Pomegranate

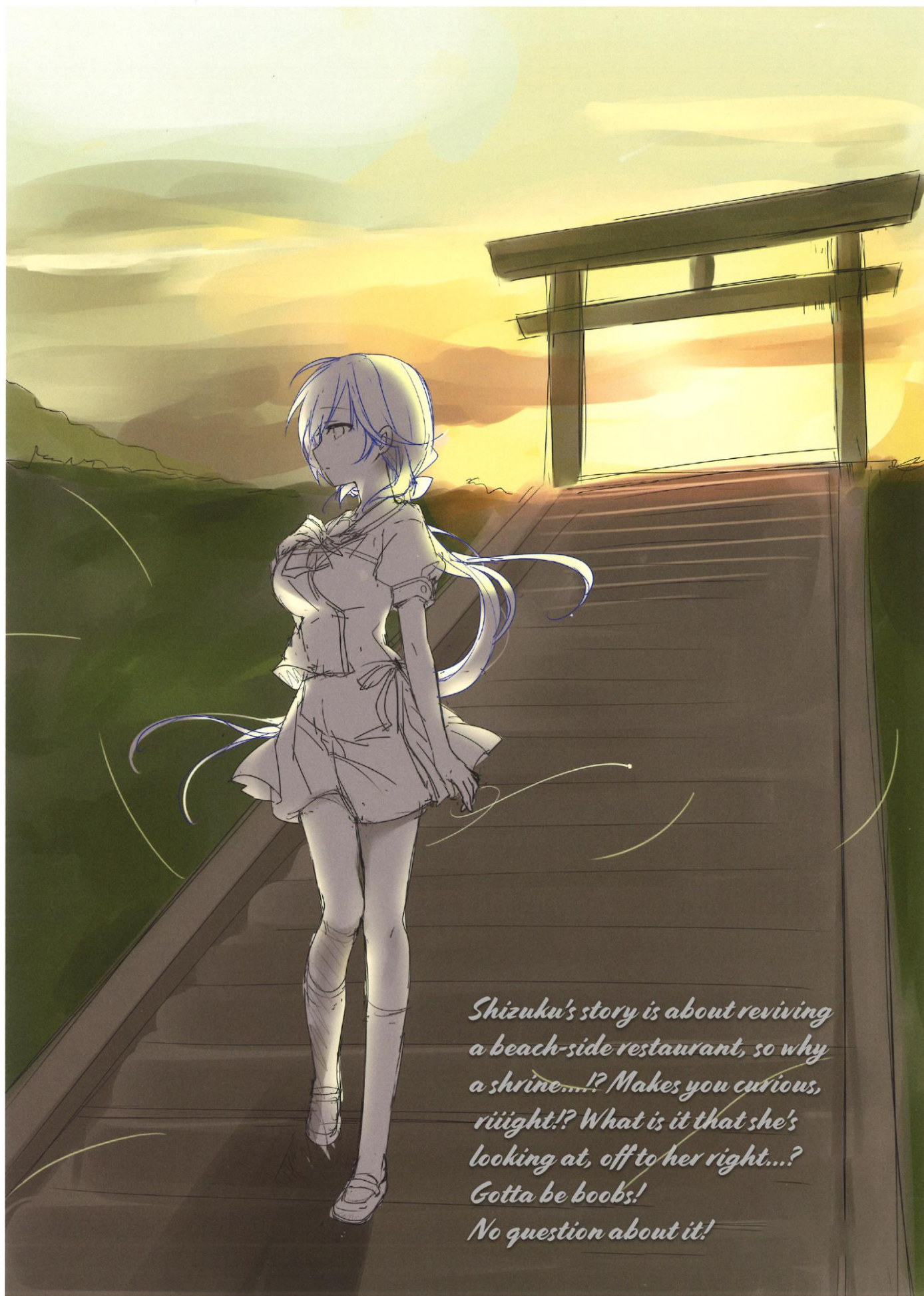
The student council president at the mainland school all the islanders go to. She comes over to the island during summer vacation to meet up with Tsumugi. Her love and reverence for boobs has a way of infecting everyone around her.

She can often be found with Tsumugi at the island's lighthouse, and recruits her friends to help her rebuild the beach-side restaurant that used to be in business on the island.

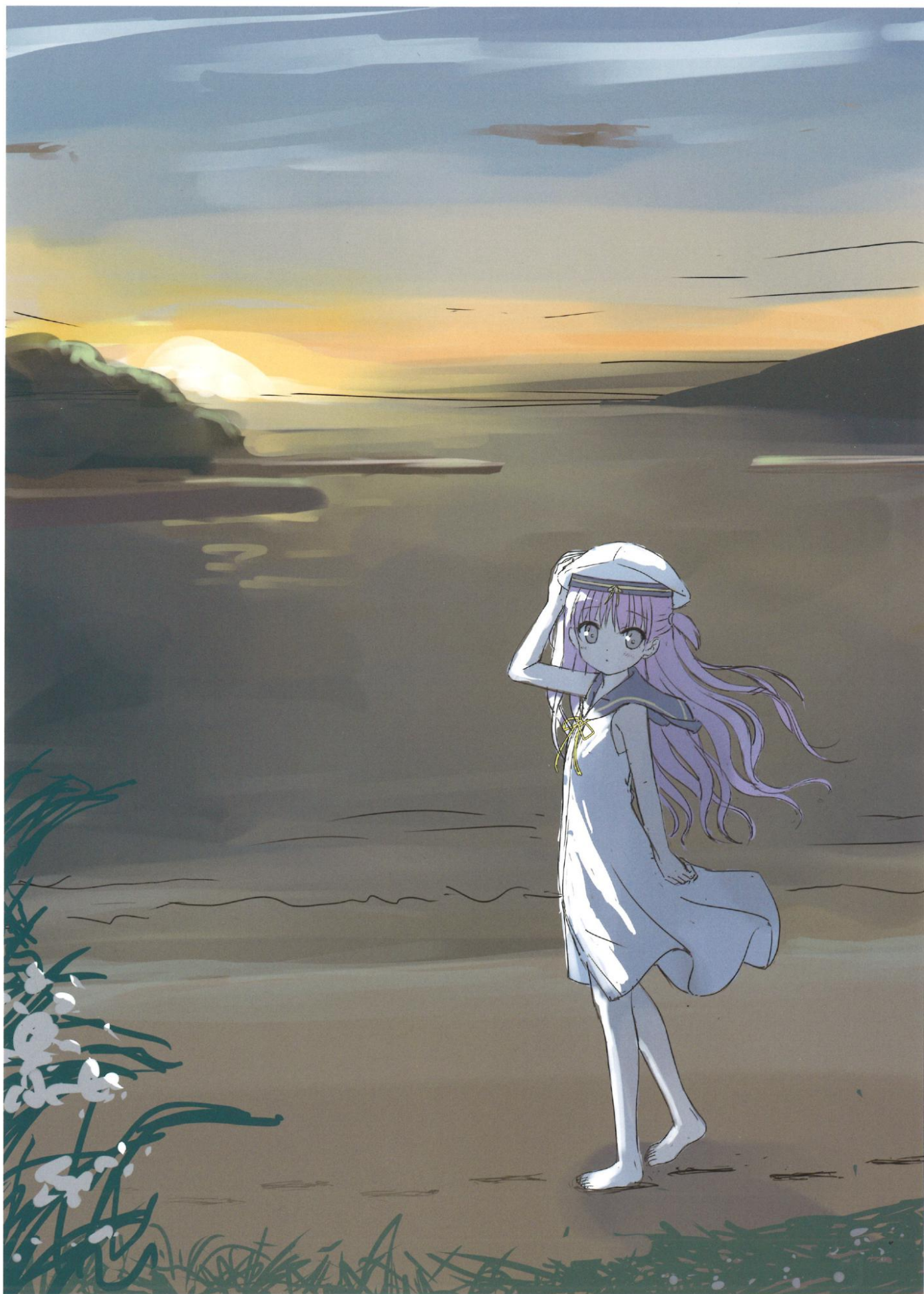
"I've come to preach the gospel of tiddies."

Hurray! It's Tsumugi's best friend, oppai-senpai! She's been promoted to heroine status; woow! Personally, I love the heck out of the broad-minded, big-chested onee-san type!! I want her to spoil me... I want her to pat my head... And every once in a while I wanna back her up when she needs it. I fell even more in love with her after reading her short story and getting to see things from her perspective, so I'm super happy to get the chance to draw her more! I'll do my best to make that love shine through in my art!!

● Nagayama Yuunon



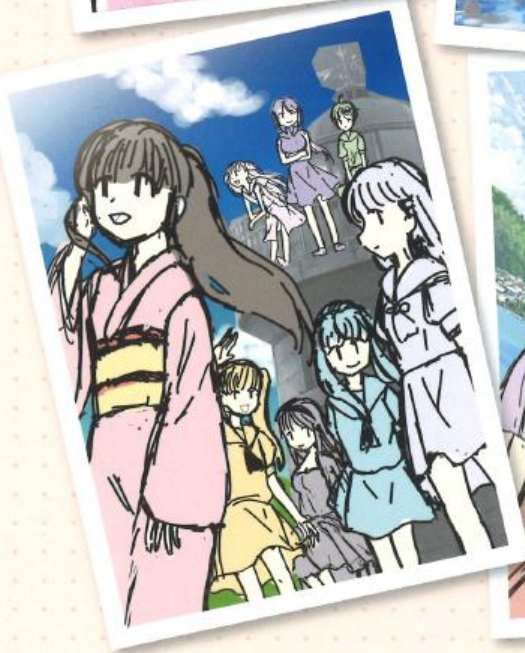
*Shizuku's story is about reviving
a beach-side restaurant, so why
a shrine...!? Makes you curious,
riiight!? What is it that she's
looking at, off to her right...?
Gotta be boobs!
No question about it!*



≡ Katou Umi Rough Image Illustration

パッケージグラフィック案

Rough Sketch of Package



I've come to a new understanding of what passes for 'common sense' on this island.

I didn't think it was possible, at first, but turns out it was totally true.

"Guess there really is somebody other than Ao who'd fall asleep on the side of the road."

I quietly muttered to myself as I looked down at the kimono-clad girl lying in front of me.

She was being pretty darn audacious about it, too. When I found Ao sleeping by the side of the road, she was sitting propped up against a tree. This girl, however, wasn't so much 'on the side of the road' as 'face-down smack dab in the middle of it'.

Judging by her looks, she was probably about middle-school aged or so... Wait, actually, could she be that girl I met yesterday at the harbor? Maybe she's one of the islanders?

I was curious, but no way was I gonna touch her. When you find a girl asleep by the road, you leave her alone. That's one of the rules I'd learned since coming to this island. I decided to walk around her and be on my way.

...But, then her hand shot out and grabbed my ankle.

"Higyah! Y-You're awake!?"

"...Shameful though it is for me to ask this, would you happen to have any food with you...?"

Apparently she hasn't fallen asleep so much as collapsed.

"Sorry, but nope, sure don't."

"Unfathomable..."

"Fathom it."

The girl looked up at me. Her face was slender and feminine.

"Then... could you go out and fetch something to eat for me?"

"Seriously...?"

"It's a perfect opportunity to make a girl owe you a favor, is it not? I may not look it, but I have a strong sense of duty. I'll surely return the favor someday."

"Not really interested, honestly... but anyway, are you fine with anything as long as it's edible?"

"Needs mustn't when the devil drives."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I want something tasty."

"I'll see what I can do."

And so, I ended up making my way to the island's diner. I hadn't eaten very many of the dishes there since arriving on this island, but at the very least there was one dish that was tasty for sure, so I ordered that.

"Hey, one happy meal to go, thanks."

He handed me an oyakodon in a plastic container, and I brought it with me back to where I found the girl. She was still face down on the ground in the same place as before.

Though the moment I thought that, she wrenched her head up off the ground and looked up at me. She sniffed the air.

"Aaaah, that would be something tasty indeed!"

I held out the still-hot oyakodon... or rather, happy meal, in front of the girl's face.

"It's a happy meal. Eat up."

"...Happy? Isn't that an oyakodon?"

She cocked her head. I looked down at the container, an expression of grief on my face.

"Since the parent and child get to leave this world together, it's happy."

Yeah, I just wanted to try saying it myself.

"I see, that's happy indeed!"

"!!?"

She accepted it, instantly, without a hitch.

"Thanks for the food!"

Then she dug in with incredible vigor. The way she ate was almost overwhelming to watch.

"Haaah, that was delicious."

"Glad to hear you're satisfied, then."

"No, no, I'm far from satisfied yet."

"What?"

She pretty much inhaled the thing, and she's still not satisfied?

"Not enough for you?"

"I have no objections to the quantity, nor the flavor."

"What wasn't satisfying, then?"

"The fact that it wasn't an omusubi."

"...Hmm."

Nope, don't get it.

"So, you're saying you wanted to eat a rice ball?"

"Not a rice ball, an omusubi."

"Aren't those the same thing?"

"Rice balls are clumps of rice you squeeze together, are they not?"

"Yeah, and so are omusubi."

"You don't get it at all! Omusubi are a means of binding people together by way of rice."

"...Meaning?"

"They're packed full of the most irreplaceable of secret seasonings: love!"

The girl smiled proudly.

"Huuuh."

"Whaaa!? Talk about a low-key reaction! I just something super profound, didn't I!?"

"I was just thinking that it's not like that would actually make it taste any different."

"I see the people of this island don't appreciate the value of their bonds with one another!"

"Nah, I'm not actually an islander to begin with."

"Huh? Is that so?"

I guess she didn't expect that. The girl gave me a puzzled look.

"Ah, I came here to help clear out my dead grandmother's estate, that's all."

"Is that so? My condolences."

It looked like she was trying to be considerate. The girl bowed deeply.

"Nah, I only met her in person a handful of times, so it's not really hitting me in that sort of way, honestly."

"But still, the fact that you came to this island means that you and your grandmother were indeed bound together."

"Is that how it works?"

"It is indeed."

She smiled proudly again, as expected.

"So anyway, judging by how the conversation's gone so far, I'm guessing you're not an islander either?"

"Quite. I'm traveling all throughout Japan, at the moment."

No matter how I look at it, she has to be younger than me. She must mean she's using her summer vacation to travel... right?

"I'm gathering up folktales about oni that have been handed down through the generations, all over the country."

"Is that some sort of research project for your summer homework?"

"No, you might call it a hobby of mine."

For some reason she looked really smug about that bit. But, I guess the way she declared it so confidently really was a bit cool.

"The folktales and legends of oni, handed down throughout all corners of Japan. Tales of what the oni did, and how their actions influenced the land around them..."

Ah, she's really getting into it. I felt a sense of familiarity with her.

"Aaah, yeah, I get you there! I'm pretty into those really local sorta stories, too. Kinda makes me wish oni really existed, and stuff."

I smiled kindly as I looked her in the eyes. I was sure that in that moment, we'd formed a sort of unseen bond with each other.

"What are you talking about? Of course oni don't really exist."

"Huh?"

"Behind every such legend, there always exists a true story that served as its basis. They're vital data that lets us unravel the lifestyles and circumstances of those who lived in the region during that era."

She sighed, looking a bit exasperated. It was almost like the sort of look you'd give a child who refused to grow up. Something was still nagging at me, though. A vague, ambiguous intuition that told me we were birds of a feather...

"...Back in my home town, there was a stone bridge that people said was built by an oni."

"Wait, an oni built a bridge!?"

"A massive rock, big enough that a human could never even budge it, was moved overnight and laid across the river."

"A-And it's still there, to this day?"

"But of course."

"So that means oni really do exist!"

"..."

"Ha!"

She blushed furiously as she watched me celebrate.

"I-I'm sure some really strong person just powered through to move it! People back then were amazing, you know, they built the pyramids and stuff!"

"Oh, apparently the pyramids were actually built by Egyptian oni, y'know?"

"Wait, really!? I thought oni only existed in Japan!"

Her eyes were sparkling brightly.

"Nope, I as lying."

"...!!"

She made a face that I really didn't think a girl had any business making.

"I see now that you're a pretty terrible person! A deceitful, heartless beast taking the form of a man, without even a shred of human kindness to be spared!"

"Never been bad-mouthed that intensely before..."

That actually kind hurt.

"...But, that does not change the fact that you saved my life, and I'll still have to pay back the one-meal debt that I owe you."

She puffed up her cheeks as she spoke, more than a bit of reluctance clear in her tone.

Apparently that happy meal was the last thread upon which her faith in my humanity was dangling. Thanks for that, diner guy.

"I'll grant you one request, whatever it may be!"

She suddenly smiled broadly and made an outrageous declaration.

"I swear on omusubi I shall not go back on our word!"

Nope, don't really get what she's talking about. It kinda feels like she's deifying omusubi to a weird extreme, though.

"I don't exactly have any requests at the drop of a hat, though."

"It can be anything!"

"A-Anything? ...Really?"

"I swear on omusubi I shall not go back on our word!"

She said it again.

"E-Even if the request's... kinda... lewd?"

"..."

She froze solid, still smiling.

"Be... Beast..."

"Huh?"

"...Buweeeeeeehhhhhh!"

"Huuuh!? Ah, hey! Wait!"

She fled, completely in tears. I think I might've just made a really, really bad move.

I ran as fast as I could, desperate to escape that wild beast. The happy meal gave me the energy I needed to move, thank goodness. There wasn't any sign he was chasing me, but I still couldn't bring myself to stop.

"Haah, haah... This island has wild beasts on it... terrifying..."

I never dreamed that I'd run into somebody who'd go after me for my body the moment I arrived on this island.

"Huh? Haven't seen you around here before. You a tourist?"

"Haah, haah, huh? And you are...?"

A well-tanned boy was sitting on the side of the road.

"Me? I live on this island—name's Mitani Ryouichi. Something wrong?"

He greeted me with a friendly smile.

"Haah, haah... I'm running away from a wild beast. It said it came here from outside the island..."

"Huuuuh. Don't really get it, but you'll be safe with me around!"

"Is that so? That's reassuring to hear."

"If you wanna go somewhere in particular, I could guide you there?"

"That would be most gracious of you. In that case, the shrine...?"

"All righty, then!"

The boy who called himself Mitani Ryouichi started stripping off his clothes as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"Wh-Why're you stripping!?!?"

"Huh? I mean, I'm showing you around the island, right? I'll take you wherever you wanna go!"

"Buweeeeeehhhhh! Another beeeeeeeast!"

"Wha... huh? Wait, was she crying there!?"

I fled, again. This island's beyond dangerous! The horror!

Suddenly, something flashed through the sky above me. A sharp, bright line, piercing through the blue sky... Though it looked a bit like water, actually. And an instant later—

"Gyaaaaaahhhhh!"

I heard the boy from a moment ago scream out in agony behind me. Another voice then echoed from somewhere towards the center of the island.

"You over there, the exhibitionist—you've been warned that undressing outside of the designated swimming areas is prohibited!"

What on earth just happened? Scary! This whole island's terrifying!

"Haah, haah...!"

I didn't really know how far I'd ran, but before I knew it I was deep in the mountains.

I tried to catch my breath as I looked around me. I was on a path, more or less, so I didn't think I was seriously lost or anything.

"Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!"

I heard some sort of strange breathing noise from further down the path, coming in my direction.

"Wh-What...?"

"Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!"

It almost sounded like the noise a man would make if he was jumping or hopping down the path...? I immediately put my guard up. The way I was acting... yeah, it was like how I'd react if I were being faced down by a wild animal in the middle of the mountains. My instincts were blaring like a fire alarm, screaming that danger was approaching. Whatever it was, I could tell that it would be arriving at any second...!

"Haaamph!"

It wasn't coming from down the path at all! A bespectacled boy burst out from the undergrowth to the side of the road, sailing through the air with his knees tucked up and flailing some sort of strange wooden ladle in his hand!

"~~~~~!!"

I could never have possibly seen that entrance coming, and was so caught off guard that my scream didn't even come out properly.

"Phew... Looks like doing practice swings while bunny-hopping down the animal trails isn't a bad way to temper my wild instincts after all."

To temper his...? He was just talking about tempering something, wasn't he? Could he be some sort of mountain ascetic...?

"Hmm? I haven't seen you around. Are you a tourist?"

The boy turned to look at me as he stood up.

"Huh? Ah, yes, I am, though I just arrived."

"I see. Welcome to the island."

"Th-Thanks... By the way, what were you doing out in a place like this?"

"Can't you tell just by looking?"

The boy pushed up his glasses, which were slipping off face a bit, then took a quick breath and spoke.

"Special training!"

"...For what?"

"You say some strange things, don't you? What could I be training for other than ping pong?"

"Not only was that not obvious, hearing you claim that that was ping pong training actually just makes me feel suspicious?"

I was really starting to think that there was something fundamentally wrong with the islanders here.

"My apologies, but I'm still mid-training. Excuse me."

The boy raised his racket and squatted down again.

"Hup!"

Then he jumped, not down the path, but back into the underbrush.

"Hup! Hup! Hup! Hup!"

He bunny-hopped away down the animal trail. His voice faded away in no time.

"His wild instincts...?"

It felt like he was better than the wild beasts I'd met up until then, but it was also totally possible that this island had just already managed to skew my perceptions.

I was left alone once more, and managed to calm myself down. I looked around at the surrounding trees to try and get an idea of where I was. I wanted to make my way to the shrine, but of course there's no way there'd be a convenient landmark lying around to guide my way. Suddenly, I realized that I could still sense something else further down the path. Could there really be another person out in the mountains...?

I proceeded down the path. I didn't know where I was going at all, but I still moved forward without hesitation, approaching the presence I felt.

"That's..."

It was a butterfly. It felt like I'd lose sight of it the moment I lost focus—an incredibly pale butterfly, with a coloration that seemed to shift before my eyes.

"An iridescent shade...?"

I said its name out loud. But, the iridescent shades I'd seen before had seemed a bit more sturdy than this one was. It was still midday, so it made sense that its colors were a bit less vivid than at night, but it was still just way too pale.

I walked towards it, planning on touching it. However, the butterfly fluttered off into the mountains, like it was trying to escape from me.

"Wait!"

"I want to know!"

I chased after it, rounding the corner, and—

"Waaaah!"

"Huh?"

I barreled straight into somebody.

"Aargh, ouch... what was that for?"

"I-I'm sorry, I didn't think anyone else would be out in a place like this!"

It was a girl, even smaller than me. It seemed I'd sent her flying. She picked up a hat off the ground that I must've knocked off when we collided, and placed it back on her head.

"That's what I was gonna say. How did you even get... this... far...?"

The girl's sentence trailed off as she spoke, and she stared at me, a suspicious look on her face. It was like she was scrutinizing me, or trying to remember something.

"Ah, umm, is something wrong?"

"I've... never seen you before."

"I just arrived on this island, so that's only natural."

"No, that's not what I meant... Actually, no, it's nothing."

The little girl was about to say something, but held it back at the last second. I dug through my own memories, but couldn't recall ever meeting her before.

A sudden wind blew. I could feel the powerful life force of the surrounding trees in the aroma it carried: a summer wind. We were in a clearing in the mountains, where I could freely see the blue sky above me. However, strangely enough, a single tree was growing in the middle of that clearing.

"This is a mysterious place, isn't it? It feels like the sort of place that probably has a folktale or two written about it."

"That tree's called the Blossom of the Lost. It's said that it binds together this world and the next one."

"That feels like the sort of setting where an oni might turn up, doesn't it?"

"An... oni?"

"That's right! I don't suppose you happen to know of any oni that were said to live on this island?"

"No, I haven't heard any stories like that."

"Oh, I see. Thank you."

Well, of course it wasn't the sort of thing that would turn up that easily, I figured. But, still, something about this place made me a strange sense of calm.

Grrrrr~...

My stomach rumbled. It seemed I'd used up all the energy the happy meal gave me. My stomach's terrible gas mileage was a real problem for me.

"Are you hungry?"

"I'm sure that was just thunder or something, don't you think?"

I said, looking out into the distance. I had to make least that much of an effort to maintain my dignity as a maiden.

"I brought lunch with me, actually. Do you want some?"

"...My sincerest gratitude."

I meekly accepted her offer and bowed deeply. Then she held out a round, light-brown ball of rice to me.

"Is that... an omusubi!?"

"No, it's a fried rice ball."

There seemed to be a discrepancy in our chosen terminology, but no, it was an omusubi, no two ways about it. My mouth was watering, but I didn't reach out for it.

"That's your lunch, isn't it? I can't take it from you."

"It's fine. I have another, after all."

She really did pull another one out, and showed it to me.

"Are you a god?"

"No, I'm Umi."

"...Umi?"

"My name's Katou Umi."

Umi-san politely bowed as she introduced herself. It struck me that I had yet to tell her my name.

"My apologies. I'm called Shiki."

"...Shiki? Is that your first name?"

"Indeed, you can just call me Shiki."

"Okay, then, Shiki-san, have a fried rice ball."

"Yes, my thanks for this omusubi."

We sat side by side and dug into the omusubi together. I took a bite... and was stunned by its flavor.

"Is the fried rice ball tasty?"

"This is the first time I've had this delicious of an omusubi!"

"It's fried rice."

"No, this is an omusubi, there's no mistaking it. And this flavor... Umi-san, your past is clearly bound up within it."

It wasn't the sort of flavor you could develop on a whim. It was a flavor you could only inherit after endless hours of diligent study, all in the hopes of feeding it to somebody. That was the sense I got from it.

"I'm sure this flavor will bind something precious to you."

I took another bite.

"Will it? I'd be a little bit happy if it did."

Umi-san ate her omusubi as well. All sorts of mysterious encounters had let me here, but now I was finally in a place where I could have some peace of mind and relax.

I looked up into the big, blue sky, so vast it felt like it might swallow me right up.

Turning my gaze down just a bit, the ocean I crossed to come here spread out before me. This island lies within the liminal space between the sea and the sky.

I wonder if I'll be able to find it here... The future I've never been able to see on my own.

≡ Kamiyama Shiki, Nomura Miki **Artist: Fumuyun**




≡ Mizuori Shizuku **Artist: Nagayama Yuunon**





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REFLECTION BLUE
prologue book

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