

Epilogue: May There Be Light

Inside the Akashic Records I stood, quietly trembling. My memory returning little by little. I know for a fact... 1st and 2nd killed the 11th after that, and the 8th as well, leading to the final phase of the Survival Game. The last two standing, the 1st and 2nd, were the ones to finally bring it to its conclusion. A winner for the Survival Game, god's successor. They decide who becomes the next Deus Ex Machina, who will create the new world.

However, my trail of thought ended there, replaced by a pain tightly gripping my head. But why? I feel my memories slowly coming back to me. I will soon remember who I am. So then, why does my body reject it...?

"What's up with you, Deus? We've already looked through most of your memories, yet you still can't remember your own name?"

"Uh... I..."

"My, my, it's worse than I thought."

MurMur shrugged in disappointment. While lightly floating my way, she spat out a harsh truth: "It's been ten thousand years since this happened, and your heart is still clinging onto 'that person.' Yet you're afraid. The moment you remember 'that person,' will also be the moment you remember all the sorrow, regret and despair you've sealed away."

"Afraid...? Me?"

"You may not realize it, but your lapse in memory is a form of escapism. A type of self-defense I suppose, kinda like the 2nd rewriting her memories. Otherwise, there's no way you would've forgotten your identity, no matter how much time has passed."

The 2nd rewrote her own memories for the sake of keeping her remaining, thin sliver of sanity at bay. Was I doing the same thing? Was I conveniently crossing out memories to keep my mind at ease?

"Now... I think you've dwelled on your misery for long enough. It's time you get back on your feet and start creating a new world. I need something to play with before I bore myself to death in this void."

Reaching into her coat, MurMur took out a small rectangular object: an emerald green flip-phone. She then threw it my way and I took it into my hands.

"I guess I'll exhaust my last resort. After seeing all these memories... and the entries on that phone, you won't be able to hold up your amnesia for much longer."

"What is this?"

"Why, the *second-world* Yuno's diary, of course. I made sure to pick it up before we came here; we have no idea what leaving such an object in the *third world* would do to the laws of cause and effect."

I was greeted by the phone's notepad as I flipped it open. This was the 2nd's "Yukiteru Diary," which wrote out his future every ten minutes.

[04/28, 18:00] Yukki found Yuno's clay piece. I've been exposed.

[04/28, 18:10] Yukki runs through the 2nd district. The 3rd is going after him. I have to save him.

These entries were of the time the 1st and 2nd learned of each other's identities. From what I remember, they both worked together to defeat the 3rd. That's when the 2nd spoke those fateful words:

"You aren't going to stab me."

"You won't stab me. That's what the 'future' says."

[05/02, 10:50] Yukki is talking to a suspicious woman.

[05/02, 11:10] She knows Yukki's identity! I need to save him!

The next entry to catch my eye comes from the first battle with the 9th. At this moment too, the 2nd was desperately trying to save the 1st. Soon after, the two went to an amusement park, almost like a date between lovers.

[05/04, 13:10] I'm going on a date with Yukki. This feels like a dream!

[05/04, 13:10] Yukki was glued to my side in the haunted house. I can't stop falling in love with him. I love you so much, Yukki.

After that moment, the 2nd and 1st fought each of their battles in the Survival Game together. Even when their hearts drifted apart, even when they acted separately, selfishly, they ultimately were always by each other's side. She protected him.

No... she protected me.

[07/10, 12:00] Yukki was attacked by an enemy while he was with his father.

[07/10, 12:10] Yukki will be stabbed by an enemy. I have to save him!

That's right.

[07/18, 15:30] I'm shocked Yukki couldn't kill the 11th! But, it is what it is. I'll have to do my best and kill him for Yukki!

Now I remember.

[07/22, 15:10] Yukki falls into a crack on the ground. This is bad! I have to save him...!

Now I'm able to remember all... all of my memories.

[07/22, 15:10] Yukki and Yuno become one. HAPPY END

Now I know why I sealed them away.

That sorrow.

That regret.

That despair.

I had to forget everything... to protect my heart from the fact that *I* lost 2nd.

She told 1st... no, she told *me*...

"I won't stab you."

Yuno's words come back, echoing in my mind.

"I won't stab you. That's our future."

I... Yuno...

"I guess that struck a nerve. Now you remember who you are." MurMur walks up to me, a satisfied look on her face.

"Since you've regained your memories, there's no point in staying here anymore. Let's head downstairs, Deus. Or should I say... Amano Yukiteru?"

My name is Amano Yukiteru.

Or at least, that was my name.

The name of a human who won the Survival Game and became god's successor.

In this world, I am now Deus Ex Machina.

"Well then, Yukiteru. Will you hurry up and start using your god powers for something? This world is yours to create. What you make and how you make it, is all up to you. You can build this world to your liking, up to the smallest of detail. You're 'god,' after all."

MurMur took my hand and led me out of the Akashic Records, leisurely floating down to the empty space below.

"Create... something?"

I look around said space.

An empty void. A world of nothing.

Nothing but an overwhelming darkness... no, not even that. This is a field of complete nihility, nothing can fill it, not even the dark. It is an extension of utter emptiness... After losing Yuno, I've done nothing but waste away for ten thousand years, idly decaying in this void.

As I stashed away Yuno's phone in my pocket, I took out yet another phone... this time, it was the former 'Indiscriminate Diary,' tightly clutching it in my hands. This diary was my only emotional support, a crutch. It didn't record anything about me, but it held the irreplaceable moments I spent alongside Yuno. As much as the Akashic Records registered all of existence, to me, this diary far exceeded any of its value.

"Whatever world I create will be meaningless without Yuno..." I drop down to the ground of the empty space, lying on my back and facing the sky.

This posture was truly the best to nod off.

Sitting up straight was such a pain.

Just about everything felt like a pain.

“Sorry to burst your bubble, but moping around isn’t going to help. You’re never going to see ‘that person’... the 2nd, ever again. And you could just create another woman, you know...”

“Maybe you’ll understand how I feel someday. If you fall in love, that is...”

“Hmph.”

Perhaps angry at my dejected response, MurMur jumped away from me, pulling a manga book from under her coat.

“Oh, god. If this is how it’s gonna be, I should’ve let you forget all of your past. This is like the 10000002nd time I’ve read this manga. I’m starting to get sick of it!” She lies down on the empty space and nimbly starts combing through the pages.

I feel bad for MurMur, but I’m not really interested in creating a new world. If I can truly create whatever I want, that means it should be possible for me to create a new ‘Gasai Yuno.’ But what is the point of that? No matter how much she would resemble Yuno in shape and form, it will never be her. Just another body that happens to look like her.

I don’t want another, I want ‘Gasai Yuno.’ But it’s the one thing I can’t have.

“I wonder what third-world Yuno is doing right now...” I muttered to myself.

“Is she happy, wherever she is? I can lay here wondering, but I’ll never know...”

It was all so long ago now, I think to myself, fixated on the phone’s screen. The Yuno I once knew is dead. All that’s left is this final diary entry... and in the end, it’s all I’m stuck with. I can’t escape this prison of time.

[07/28, 4:50] Sakurami Middle School/ Yuno died.

“Yuno...” I tightly grasp the phone in my hands.

“I want to see you... Yuno.”

It was at that moment.

The Indiscriminate Diary broke the silence in the void with a screeching static noise.

“Wha-...?”

“That’s static from a Future Diary? But how?! That’s impossible!” MurMur jumped to her feet, carelessly discarding her manga.

“A Future Diary can only rewrite itself if the future is changed by another owner! But there’s no one else here!”

“What is going on? Who could-...?”

My eyes wander upon the words of the newly formed entry within the Indiscriminate Diary. There was no date or time, but this was certainly an entry from the future.

My future. A new future we created.

[—] Empty world/ Yuno broke the wall of time and space to see me.

“Yukki!” I looked up to the nostalgic voice calling me. A crack ran all the way across the dome that covered the empty void, and from its gap, ‘that person’ was peeking inside. Her third-world-self came all the way here to see me? To break the wall of time and space, how overbearing... good to know she hasn’t changed a bit. She’s the same person she was back then.

There's no denying it... she was 'that person.'
The person I've earnestly waited for.
The person I can't replace.
I screamed her name to the sky.
"Yu... Yuno!"

You... the lord rejoices in your power. How will you enjoy your salvation? You are to fulfill the desires of his heart, and those coming from his lips must not be denied. You have granted him long days to spend for all eternity. After all, you are his eternal blessing, made for him to bask in your presence.

You... for that power you possess, I wish you great worship.