

***\*Note: These are just excerpts from the novels that I personally recommend reading to enhance one's experience of the game, and do not reflect or substitute as the full passages and reading experience of the respective novels.***

## **Adam & Eve - Long Story Short Excerpts + V1.1a Anime**



### **ANOTHER SIDE “ADAM”**

An introduction.

I was created by the Machines.

The violent Androids kept attacking, and the Machines were thrown into a state of desperation. They were about to be killed off.

The Machines searched the network. In order to defeat the Androids, they thought they could use humans, who were the Androids' creators. But there were a lot of humans. The Machines did not know which human to mimic.

They searched the Network further.



They eventually came across the name of Adam. The first human, created by God. Humans created Androids, and God created humans. Adam was created in the image of God. That's why the Machines decided to create Adam. That's me. The Machines exhausted the power of their cores to create me, and are no longer able to function.

But the androids were very strong, and I was defeated. Before my body failed, I searched the network to see what could protect me. The answer came in the name of Eve. Just like how the Machines created me from the name of Adam, I apparently created another being from the name of Eve. I say apparently because I have no memories of this time.

After that, we moved. The Machines that created me and the place we lived in— everything went to waste. Eve later told me that the Machines were crushed by the debris and reduced to a pile of rubble.

Eve wants to copy everything I do. But then who can I copy?

Eve is very eager to develop his motor capabilities, but not as eager to acquire languages or knowledge. Even while playing human, he is happiest when playing a physical game, and is not as enthusiastic when reading a book or listening to music.

This is a problem. We need to be intelligent.

Eve is my other self. "Adam" and "Eve" are both derived from my essence. But Eve refers to me as big brother.

That is my role, as a firstborn. Eve holds the role of little brother, the secondborn. Although we have the same essence, we have distinct faces and characteristics.

There is too much I don't understand. Humans were nurtured and educated by parents and teachers. But I have neither. I have to nurture, educate, and inform myself to reach enlightenment.

I stand alone, dumbfounded, on the outset of this journey. The path ahead is long.

I sometimes think about sin. We are, after all, criminals that destroyed paradise before paradise could exile us.

The first humans, once banished from Eden, needed wisdom to survive for so long. So we need an even greater amount of knowledge and intelligence in order to live without depending on anyone or being deceived by anyone.

Requiring no one, a life of self-regulation and complete isolation. That is the path we must walk. I have mixed feelings for our creators who burdened us with this fate. If I were to put my emotion into words... It would be hatred.



## **ANOTHER SIDE “EVE”**

Big brother has always been by my side. I’ve always been with him, ever since I was born into this world and the moment my eyes saw light.

I already knew when I stood up onto my own legs. I knew what was valuable to me. What I had to protect. Nobody had taught me, but I knew. The answer was almost too obvious.

“Hey, big brother. Why do we have to wear such uncomfortable things like underwear?” asked Eve.

“According to records, humans concealed their genitals. Exposing your genitals was frowned upon, apparently.

Just don’t complain and wear it, Eve,” demanded Adam.

“Okay. But why do we have to eat these plants? Machines don’t need to eat plants to function.”

“This is a type of fruit. Apparently humans were able to gain knowledge by eating this. Stop whining and eat in silence.”

“I see. If big brother says I should then I will. But after this, will you come play with me?”

“Sure.”

“Then I’ll try my best to eat it.”

I love to play, and it’s fun, but in reality we don’t have to play. As long as big brother is there, and he looks like he is having fun. I just said play, because big brother always looks like he’s having the most fun when we’re playing human.

Big brother, do you understand? I like to play, but I like it even more when you’re happy.

I know what you like, big brother. Ancient books written by humans. Footage of humans from a long time ago. You like anything the humans made, don’t you? When we play human, we use a table that looks just like the one from an ancient show.

If big brother could see a living human, I bet he’d be happy. If we could play with a living human, I bet big brother would have fun and smile.



“Big brother, let’s play,” said Eve.

“Not now,” replied Adam.

“Why not?”

“We’re going to have guests soon,”

“Guests? You mean that big sound just now?”

“No, that was an old Goliath-class weapon. I invited them with it.”

“Who’s them?”

“You’ll know when you see them. I have to prepare the arrangements soon.”

“Big brother.”

“What?”

“Will you play with me after the preparations?”

“Not yet. I said there were going to be guests, right?”

“Then will you play with me once the guests come?”

“If we complete the objective.”

“How long will that take?”

“Let’s see... You can wait until then, right?”

“I’ll wait. So let’s play.”

“Only if you can keep our promise.”

“I will. If it’s a promise for my big brother, I’ll definitely keep it.”

If big brother is having fun, then I’m having fun. If big brother smiles, that makes me want to smile. It makes my stomach tingle with a warm feeling.

It’s because there’s no one else like big brother. There’s lots of Machines, but none of them are like us. I’m the only one that looks like big brother, and big brother is the only one that looks like me.



Even if we think differently and like different things, me and big brother will always be together. Isn't that awesome?

Let's play, big brother. Let's get this over with and play.

Let's play human, your favorite game. I'll wear the annoying clothes and eat the funny-tasting plants. I'll wait until it's time.

Hey big brother, do you know what I like?

### **ANOTHER SIDE "ADAM"**

The more I know, the less I understand. The more I research, the more misguided I am.

Humans are a species filled with mysteries and inconsistencies.

To begin with, humans and Machines are remarkably different in the ways they live. While living as a group, humans are not connected by a network. At first glance they seem to favor living for the self, but at the same time, they seem to lack an attachment to the self.

A striking example is self-duplication. Their self-duplication process is faulty and inconsistent. It's not like they didn't have the technology to perform perfect self-duplication. It was possible, but they weren't willing to use the technology. Instead, they were committed to an imperfect system of self-duplication called reproduction.

Furthermore, they didn't consider the original and the copy as the same individual. They saw them as distinct identities: the original was called a "parent" and the copy was called a "child." Rather than an original and a copy, this relationship was closer to a creator and a creation.

Since humans already had androids, which were their creations, there was really no need to degrade their own self-duplicate as a "creation." I don't understand. It's a mystery.

On the other hand, our creators did not leave a trace of mystery. They were a worthless bunch; they were flimsy, had no diversity, and did not have a shred of creativity. In comparison, how glorious the mystery of humans was.

No matter how much I studied and studied and studied and studied, I could not study enough.

"Hey big brother, why are you reading a book?"

"Knowledge makes a person rich."

"Can't you just transfer the data?"



“If I don’t read it myself, it won’t speak to my heart.”

“Okay, I see.”

The written characters that humans left behind—with only a few dozen combinations of them, humans were surprisingly able to create intricate worlds and write about them. They didn’t just write down information. The stories were small worlds in themselves.

By reading the combinations of characters, humans were able to absorb part of the world. It was something that a data transfer could never accomplish. I believe a large part of human diversity was due to the power of books.

While zealously reading books, I came upon a realization. There was a recurring concept that provided a basis for human action and choice.

It was death.

Humans loved to reuse phrases like: “for dear life,” “about to die,” “going to die,” and “rather than die.” There were even whole books written on the topic of death. This was particularly common in the genre of philosophy.

Death. It was a concept that was hard to grasp for us Machines.

We, who are connected to a network, never die. If our core runs out of energy or we’re destroyed, we will stop functioning. But a reboot is always possible. A Machine malfunction that can be rebooted is apparently different from death.

Humans were able to create many things from their fear of death. They tried to overcome death, but couldn’t. While they had the technology, in the end they coexisted with death.

Was death really something so difficult to let go of? Was it full of irresistible splendor?

If I, a Machine, were to one day understand death, would I understand humans?

Perhaps it was a curse that we Machines yearned to understand humans. In addition to myself, my brethren also mimicked humans. They mimicked their words, their actions, their emotions, their aesthetics, their relationships...

Why? Why do we have such an obsession over humans?

“Hey big brother, can I break this?”

“No, you can’t. If you break it, it’ll be useless.”

“But it did some bad things to big brother, right?”



“That’s right. But don’t break it.”

“Fine.”

There didn’t have to be a reason for our feud with androids. Besides, it was never a fight to the death. Both sides could regenerate as many times as necessary.

But would she and I be able to fight to the death if she was given a reason to fight?

“Big brother, let’s play.”

“I’m busy.”

“Let’s play human.”

“Later, okay?”

“When can we play?”

“After I finish my business.”

“Okay. I’ll wait until you finish your business.”

“That’s right. Wait here.”

“Here?”

“Can you wait by yourself?”

“If I wait here, will you play with me?”

“All right.”

“Then I’ll wait.”

“Good boy.”

“I’ll wait until big brother comes back.”

I certainly couldn’t take Eve along. He would immediately revive me. A Machine malfunction that can be resolved via reboot is different from death. I want to understand. I want to get to the bottom of humanity.

When that happens, I will be freed from the ghosts of my creators.



## ADAM'S DEATH



She eventually reached a large square. Similar to the road and buildings that came before it, it was solely white and gray.

The black-box response was weak but close.

“Welcome. To my city.”

It was Adam who greeted her from the middle of the square. There was no surprise. She had expected something like this. What was slightly unexpected was the absence of the Machine named Eve.

“I...no, we Machines have a keen interest in humans. As I’ve told you before.”  
2B ignored Adam and approached him. She walked cautiously, in case there was a trap.

“Love and family, war and religion. The more we read about humans, the more our fascination grows.”

It made her uncomfortable. She remembered how enthusiastic 9S was when he was doing research on human civilization. It made her uncomfortable that a Machine shared the same passion. Even worse, because this was a Machine that had kidnapped 9S.



“This town was also born from our longing for humans.”

She discovered another reason why she felt uncomfortable. It was Adam’s clothes. He was wearing a white-collared shirt and black-rimmed glasses, things 2B had seen in the video database of Earth. His mimicry was complete to the point that it was repulsive.

“It’s a waste that such a noble place is the graveyard for you androids, isn’t it?”

“Graveyard?”

Adam smirked knowingly. She remembered the corpses that were laid out on the way here.

So this man was responsible...

She restrained her anger, and silently pulled out her sword. Adam didn’t seem to care, and carried on his lecture.

“We study the attributes of humans, and mimic them. Some will mimic love. Some will mimic family. I also learned, and mimicked. I watched recordings, read books, wore clothes, ate plants, sang, and danced... I came to a realization after mimicking various actions. The essence of humanity is battle. To fight, to steal, to kill. That is what it means to be human!”

Adam’s voice gradually filled with fervor. He spread his arms dramatically and made his voice resonate across the whole square, as if he were speaking to a group of people and not just

2B. His behavior irritated 2B.

“Love carries hate with it, and families are full of conflict and arguments. Civilization developed to steal more, and society was constructed to kill more efficiently...”

“Don’t talk about humanity with that filthy mouth!”

She didn’t realize that she had swung her sword out of anger. She expected Adam to evade by teleporting, but instead he stopped the blade with one arm. The sleeve of his shirt tore open, and red liquid gushed out.

“But I’m not wrong, am I? Isn’t that what humans are?”

“Shut up!”

The spray of red stopped. It was the incredible self-regeneration at work. An odd expression crossed Adam’s face. It was an expression that was unsuited to the words he would say.



“Why do humans conflict with one another when they are the same species? What drives them to fight? I want to know. I want to arrive at the essence of humans!”

“Nonsense!”

She didn’t wait for an answer to attack. The red liquid gushed again, and then stopped. Adam made the same bizarre expression. It was an expression that looked similar to sadness.

“We Machines who are connected to the network are immortal. However...”

Did he want to say that there was no use in attacking? Then all she had to do was attack so rapidly that the self-regeneration would not keep up. But what Adam said next completely toppled her hypothesis.

“Networked data has no awareness of mortality. It can’t understand the concept of death. That’s why I’m going to detach myself from the network.”

The expression that looked like sadness disappeared without a trace. Adam laughed. His expression was that of pure joy.

“Now, let’s kill each other!”

His words snapped her back to reality. It wasn’t like she wanted to kill. She attacked because Machines were the enemy. That was all.

2B spoke coolly.

“I have no time to waste on you.”

She had to find 9S. She was going to rescue him and take him home. That was the only reason she had come here.

“Why don’t you loathe me? Were the corpses of your comrades not enough?”

She was disgusted to hear why the corpses of the YoRHa squadron troopers had been laid out.

Warning: Vital signs are climbing. Beware of enemy provocations.”

“I know.”

She didn’t have to be reminded by Pod. YoRHa troops were forbidden from having emotion. “Then what about this?” asked Adam.

Adam’s body was replaced with a glowing thread. He had teleported. Her eyes scoured for his destination. It was the upper floor of a building. Adam pointed at a part of its outer wall.



“I prepared it just for you.”

A section of the outer wall crumbled away with a loud noise to reveal something black.

“You need an adequate reason to fight, don’t you?”

It was 9S on a crucifix. He was neither struggling or moaning. Instead he was completely limp.

“You son of a...!”

2B’s mouth instantly dried up. She felt her heart rate surge.

“I’m going to kill you.”

Something was tearing at her from the inside. She couldn’t hold it back. Her hand shook without realizing. Adam smiled contentedly, and floated down to earth.

“Yes, that emotion! Hatred!”

It didn’t matter. She was going to kill him. She sprinted toward him and leapt.

“You bastard!”

She just kept swinging. It was a sea of red. She could hear screams. And the sound of Adam’s laughter.

“We are both deeply in love with humans. Can’t we say that Machines and androids are kindred?”

She wanted to shut him up. She wanted to jam her sword through his mouth, which kept blurting annoying things. She wasn’t able to, so instead she kept swinging recklessly.

“But you’ve realized it too, haven’t you? That humans are already extinct.”

“Enough!”

She launched a kick at Adam’s face. It missed. Irritated, she swung her sword around.

“Warning: Enemy’s misleading information.”

“Shut up!”

Adam and Pod were talking too much! She didn’t want to listen! Shut up!



Humans were extinct? She didn't know that. She didn't want to know that. There was no need to think about it.

Adam was laughing shrilly. His white shirt was stained red. His smile from ear to ear deeply disturbed her.

He was a Machine. He was different from androids. Even if he had supple flesh and warm blood, he was different.

His goals were different. His purpose was different. And his destination was probably different as well.

"Die!" shouted 2B.

The moment was anticlimatic. Her sword slid through him without a hitch. The sensation closely resembled the feeling of piercing flesh—a feeling she knew too well.

Adam clung on to 2B, either in pain or with the intention to fight back. But his arms were limp. The hand that had grabbed the back of 2B's head slid down to her shoulders.

She withdrew her sword. She was drenched in warm red liquid from head to toe. Adam fell to his knees and collapsed.

"So this is...death..."

He looked content, but somewhat unsatisfied at the same time. That was the expression he had. But he was undoubtedly smiling.

"It's dark...and col..."

A puddle of red liquid spread from underneath Adam's body. 2B just stared at the scene as she panted.

She was bothered by the claim that Machines and androids were of the same kind. She wanted to ignore it and move on, but it stuck in her mind. It was probably because of the sensation she had felt when she drove in her sword. It was surprisingly similar. No, it was unmistakable... A noise suddenly interrupted her thoughts. The noise of something crumbling, and a heavy object falling. She came to and looked over her shoulder.

9S was slumped on the white pavement. Scattered around him were chunks of the wall.

"9S!"



She ran toward 9S and helped him sit up. His lips were barely open, but she recognized that he had tried to say “2B.” It was fine, his black-box response was still active. His personal data was intact.

A warm feeling spread inside 2B’s chest. At the same time, a drop of something black stained her conscience. What was it? It didn’t matter for now. She could think about it later.

“9S... Come on. Let’s go home.”

She gently lifted 9S into her arms.

## **ANOTHER SIDE “EVE”**

I wanted to chase after big brother, but I stayed put. Because I promised I would stay here. I made a decision to never break promises with big brother.

Big brother went to our playground. It was the city we always played human in. It wasn’t fair that he went alone. I wanted to play too. I wanted to break the androids with big brother.

Big brother suddenly disappeared. Even when I tried to use the network, I couldn’t reach him. I lost the feeling that we were connected.

What happened?

I wanted to go meet big brother right away. But I couldn’t. I made a promise to stay here.

Big brother didn’t come back for one hour. For two hours.

Did something happen? Was he having trouble beating the androids? Should I go help big brother?

I should have just killed them back then. But big brother kept our promise and cut the battle short. We just needed a little more time to beat them, but it was the promised time. After that, we played human here.

Is big brother regretting that we didn’t finish them off?

If I count to one hundred, big brother will come back. If I count to two hundred, big brother will come back. If I count to three hundred...

But even after I counted to nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine, big brother didn’t come back.



I waited and waited but big brother didn't come back. I finally broke our promise. It meant I wouldn't be praised for being a good boy, but I flew to the playground anyway.

Let's end this quickly. I'll help too. Let's kill the androids.

But the androids weren't there. Even the one we'd left as bait.

It was only big brother. He was lying on the floor. He didn't answer when I called. He didn't respond when I shook him.

I needed to regenerate him quick, I thought—but I couldn't.

Big brother was dead. The androids had killed big brother. At first I didn't know what was going on. I mean, I never imagined that big brother would be gone. He has been here since I was born. He was always, always with me.

Big brother will never move again. We'll never be able to play.

I finally understood what it meant for big brother to have died. When I did, I was surprised at how much I cried. The back of my throat trembled and I couldn't stop myself from sobbing.

The area around my chest tightened painfully. It hurt so much that I rolled around on the floor. It still hurt, so I banged my head on the table. Then my head started to hurt and I felt dizzy. I hit my head even more. I needed to, or else my thoughts would be all jumbled.

Why did you have to die?

Even though big brother was born alone, we were together right away, and he had me until he died.

I had him when I was born, but now I'm alone, and I'll be alone until I die...

I knew. I knew that big brother had bigger interests than me. That big brother didn't like me as much as I liked him.

I knew because I've always only looked at big brother. But I still wanted to be together. As long as big brother was there, I was happy.

For me big brother is the only... If only big brother were here.

Hey big brother. I don't hate fighting.

But I hate it when big brother is hurt.

I hate it even more when big brother is gone.



So let's go somewhere peaceful together...

A world without big brother can just die.

## **2B AFTER ADAM'S DEATH**



AFTER 9S RECEIVED A CHASSIS CHECKUP AT THE BUNKER AND PERFORMED A DATA OVERHAUL, IT WAS DECIDED THAT HE WOULD RETURN TO THE FIELD.

Until then, 2B would be deployed on a solo research mission.

2B visited Pascal's village by herself and collected information on Machines that appeared on Earth. Pascal was cooperative yet again, even offering information about Machines in other areas.

Of course, it was information that Pascal, who was disconnected from the Machine network, knew. It was nothing revolutionary, mostly information that would, at its best, serve as references.

However, there was some information that would have piqued 9S's interest, like the fact that there were Machines that mimicked humans and established religions.



While carrying out the research, 2B started to have a small change of heart. She was no longer able to see Machines as “just clumps of metal.”

There were Adam and Eve, who mimicked the appearance of humans and spoke fluently. There were Pascal and his villagers, who looked like other Machines but desired to live peacefully. They were all clearly capable of thinking, of experiencing emotions, and of acting according to their own wills.

What was the difference between them and androids like herself?

There was footage and documentation regarding so-called “robots” in the human civilization database. It was said that ancient humans once manufactured robots, which were similar to Machines, and employed their services. Robots had existed before there was the technology to create androids.

“Can’t we say that Machines and androids are kindred?”

Adam’s words and laughter stuck in her head. She brushed them off and started walking. She was going to return to the resistance camp, get replenished and have a checkup, and after that visit Pascal’s village once more...

**ANIME DIVERGENCE - END OF ADAM’S CHARACTER ARC**







# 9S - Long Story Short + Strategy Guide Excerpts



## 9S AFTER 2B DEATH

His dream abruptly ended, and the darkness cleared. Inside his bright field of vision was a red blob.

“Oh, it looks like he woke up, Devola.”

The red blob split in two. Two redheads. If he remembered correctly, there were some androids with red hair.

“Good morning. You slept well, 9S.”

“You know, sweetie, you’ve been out for two weeks.”

This voice. He remembered—Devola and Popola. The twin androids who did odd jobs at the resistance camp. They aren’t wearing casts today, 9S thought absentmindedly. These two were constantly wounded, and plastered themselves with casts and bandages all the time.

“Be grateful that I found you, okay?” teased Devola.



2B had told him earlier that Devola's scanner had helped her enormously when searching for 9S when he had been abducted by Adam. 2B...

He almost relapsed into the nightmare. That was a dream. A bad dream. 9S stood up.

"Where's 2B?"

Popola averted her gaze without a word. Devola's jaunty expression disappeared, turning grim.

"You should know, shouldn't you?"

This place was not a part of the dream. It was the resistance camp, in reality.

"Her black-box signal is...gone."

"I see."

It wasn't a dream. A2 had killed 2B. Since the Bunker was gone, neither a spare chassis nor personal data backup was obtainable. A body to return to, and memories to return...were all gone.

Was this death? He couldn't tell. He couldn't think clearly. His mind lagged as the scene in front of him and his memories diverged. Words were the only thing that skimmed along his consciousness.

The truth was so surreal, it felt like he was seeing through someone else's eyes. Pod popped into his field of vision.

"Devola and Popola-type androids are rare models specialized for treatment and maintenance.

Prediction that with the absence of the Bunker, without their help 9S's repair would have proved difficult."

He couldn't understand anything he was told.

"Recommendation: Gratitude."

Ah, yes, that was true.

"Thanks."

Really? Was he thanking them? He didn't know. Nothing mattered, and he felt dejected.

"There were a lot of our type in the past," Devola said, handing 9S his goggles.



Perhaps everything looked different because his goggles were off.

“Apparently, we were in charge of managing a large system.”

It was no use. Putting on the goggles made no difference. Even the familiar resistance camp looked washed-out.

“What do you mean by apparently?”

He held back his despair, and questioned in a mechanical tone.

“Our memories from that time were erased, so we don’t know what happened. Our model...went rampant and caused an accident in the past. Most of our peers were rescinded after that.”

He was hearing the words, and probably understanding them as well, but they did not settle within him. He was thankful that he didn’t have to talk.

“We weren’t rescinded because...”

This time Popola spoke.

“We’re being watched, so that we don’t lose control again.”

Accident. Rampage. Watch. Any other time he would have loved to investigate further.

“An overactive curiosity is a bad habit.”

He heard 2B’s words in his head. Clearly, and very realistically.

“But thanks to that, we’re able to save comrades like you. That’s our way of atoning for our sins.”

Devola’s voice was distant. Even though she was right in front of him. It was strange. Devola and Popola were standing next to him, yet their voices were not as clear as the absent 2B’s voice in his head.

Where was he? Was the ground he stood on real?

“Don’t push yourself too hard, 9S.”

Hearing Popola’s words from behind, 9S realized that he had stood up and started to walk away.

“What is...this?”

After leaving the resistance camp, 9S stared up at the object in awe. Normally, there was only sky where he looked because there were no buildings in the crater zone.



But there was a strangely shaped “thing” extending toward the sky, looking like a twisted white cylinder.

“A massive structure originating from the underground cave.”

Pod seemed to have interpreted his utterance as a question, and gave an answer.

“Speculated to be the doing of the Machines, but details are unavailable.”

“Ma...chines...”

They were the culprits behind infiltrating the server, infected YoRHa squadron troopers, and destroying the Bunker.

9S ran toward the crater zone. I’ll destroy them, he thought. A2 had destroyed 2B, but the Machines were responsible for making that a final death. If there had been a spare chassis and personal data backup, 2B could have returned to life...

“What happened during the two weeks I was asleep?”

9S asked Pod as he ran. Popola had said, “You know sweetie, you’ve been out for two weeks.”

He could guess how severe the damage was. 9S only remembered up until he had screamed in fury.

“Report: An earthquake manifested along with the appearance of the massive structure. 9S was affected by the collapse of the ground, and plummeted into the resulting valley. Both chassis and system were damaged.”

“Valley? Devola came all the way there?”

“Hypothesis: She was there to acquire region-specific materials.”

He had heard that the odd jobs Devola and Popola took up were tasks that were dangerous, required distant expeditions, or were in general things nobody else wanted to do.

That’s our way of atoning for our sins.

They were most likely referring to the “accident” they had mentioned earlier. But to 9S they seemed too remorseful. Had their sins been that grave? Had it not been his imagination that the other androids treated the pair with a certain coolness?



Regardless, even if he knew the answer, he wouldn't be able to help the twins. Perhaps their punishment was too severe for their sins, but if the twins desired that punishment, there was nothing he could do.

“And, where's A2?”

The location of the enemy 9S wanted to punish the most. It was invaluable information.

“Current location, as well as operational status, is unconfirmed.”

“Roger that.”

On one hand 9S wanted her to be dead, and on the other he wanted her alive. He wanted to kill A2 with his own hands. The vague status of the report probably took his feelings into account.

His lips felt out of place. The corners of his mouth were pointing up. There was nothing funny, but he was smiling. But 9S earnestly thought that it was appropriate.

## **9S'S EMPTINESS**



9S passed through the commercial ruins, and entered the forest kingdom. It hadn't been long since he had been here with 2B. Since their pointless conversation.

“How about this. Once it's peaceful, let's go shopping together. I'll even buy a T-shirt that looks good on you, 2B.”



“A T-shirt?”

“Oh, you don’t want it?”

“No... When that day comes, let’s go.” “Really?! It’s a promise!”

“Yeah.”

He hadn’t been serious. And 2B probably hadn’t been either. It was just unimaginable for the fighting to end and for it to be peaceful. But he had looked forward, just a little bit, to the possibility of that happening. For humans to come back to Earth and reconstruct the commercial district. For humans and androids to coexist and walk through the city... Just thinking about it made him giddy.

Would 2B get mad if he chose a T-shirt with an awful design? Would she look embarrassed? Or would she...laugh? He wanted to make 2B laugh one day. He wanted to see 2B roll on the ground, laughing her heart out.

But humans would never come back to Earth. And 2B had died. The YoRHa squadron had fallen, and the fighting still continued. Nothing had changed—but then again, everything had changed.

9S shot down a Machine that jumped out to attack with Pod’s artillery. It was a survivor of the forest kingdom.

“Revenge for our king...”

Other Machines pounced at him from between the trees. It was A2, not 9S, that had killed their king, but it probably made no difference to them.

“I’ll kill you!”

He hacked the persistent Machines, and made them explode.

“I’ll kill you? That’s my line.”

“Worthless Machines,” he mumbled. Machines taking revenge? It was so absurd it almost made him laugh...

Once he was on high ground, he saw a floating, building-like structure. It was deformed, covered in bulges, and of a gray, leaden color. “Is that?”

“Affirmative: Believed to be the so-called resource-recovery unit. Unlike the massive structure in the crater zone, it seems to be distributing something.”



“What do you mean something?”

“Hypothesis: A type of resource, but details are unavailable.”

Since it was called the resource recovery unit, if it was collecting and distributing anything other than resources, it would be a misleading name indeed. It was however, possible that what the Machines considered “resources” could be, to androids, nothing but a pile of garbage.

“I wonder what they’re going to use the collected resources for?”

“Unknown.”

He wasn’t really curious, so he didn’t mind if it was unknown. He was going to destroy it anyway.

He remembered that he used to have a fascination with Machines, even though they ended up being just another thing he would destroy. Why had he been so eager to study them? He wasn’t sure, even though the question was about himself.

As he approached the resource recovery unit, an announcement came out of nowhere. It was the same voice he had heard in the crater zone. Indiscernible as a little girl’s or little boy’s voice, it was nevertheless a foolish-sounding voice.

“Hostile android approaching. Switching to self-defense mode.”

The resource recovery unit, which had been erratically moving through the air, suddenly stopped. The bulges on the wall began to loudly change shape. They kept changing shape without an endpoint, as if they were playing around.

On top of that, a part of the shifting wall expanded to reveal an opening that looked something like an entrance. As if it were taunting him to come inside. What self-defense mode? he thought bitterly.

“Are these...patterns? Characters?”

Right above the doorlike opening, there were some symbols inscribed into the wall. They were roughly the same size, distinctly shaped, and evenly spaced.

“Answer: They are characters of angelic script, an ancient alphabet.” So he had been right when he thought they looked like characters. “The characters in question spell out the words: ‘meat box.’ ”

“What does that mean?”

“Unknown.”



“I know. There’s no logic behind what they do.”

They fight, kill, and mimic—all irrationally. These words were probably meaninglessly inscribed as well.

When he went inside, his suspicions were further confirmed. There were enemies stationed in various places, but that was the same as the factory ruins and forest kingdom. Arbitrarily placed enemies were defeated to move forward. The androids were asked to repeat the same action every time.

But unlike the factory ruins and forest kingdom, the inside of the meat box was rather clamorous. The attacking Machines kept making hideous noises.

“Reven... Revenge!”

“owowowOwowOwOw”

“I... don’t wanna... die”

“it hurts it hurts... hurts... hurt...”

9S kicked over their bodies that were filled with holes from Pod’s artillery. “How could a Machine be hurting.”

The cylindrical remains rolled down the spiral staircase. That was irritating too.

“I don’t want to die don’t want to die don’t want to die!”

Every last one of them, thought 9S. Couldn’t they attack more quietly? They weren’t even that strong.

“I’m scared scared scared scared scared”

Shut up. Shut up! Shut up!

9S started to shout, wanting to drown out the meaningless noises. He shouted while fighting, took turns shouting and fighting, and made his way up the floors.

This was what he’d been doing this whole time. Destroying Machines. That was all, but why did he feel so aggravated?

“Shut up! Be quiet! Die!”

Why did he feel so empty? The only difference was whether or not 2B was next to him. Eventually, as all things come to an end, the fighting inside the structure also ceased. He had reached the roof.



It was painfully bright, perhaps because he had been fighting in dim light. As he squinted and looked around, he saw something being sucked out from the inside of the building and distributed toward the sky.

“Are those...Machine parts?”

Countless metal parts spiraled around like a tornado, rising and disappearing into the sky. They were being distributed toward the crater zone.

“Hypothesis: Resources for the massive structure. Or perhaps resources to create a weapon.”

Collecting the remains of fallen comrades in battle and transporting them to the massive tower in the crater zone;—that was what this facility was used for, if Pod’s hypothesis was correct.

If so, what was the point of leaving the access key in a place like this? Leaving an object that would help destroy the massive structure in a facility made to gather materials to maintain the massive structure. It was contradictory, to say the least.

“Help. Please, help.”

It was the voice of a child. There was a glowing orb on the middle of the roof. The wavering voice was coming from it.

“What’s that?”

“Answer: Core. The entity that controls this facility. In other words, the brains of this facility.” The voice repeated its pleas for help. The whole time, bits and pieces of Machines were still being dragged out and pulled across the sky.

“Help me... I’m scared... Help...”

They could say whatever they wanted. They were Machines. The words they said were predetermined. It wasn’t like this one was in fear and pleading for its life. It was just playing a prerecorded sound according to its program.

“Energy charged. Close firing mode, full power.”

Pod transformed. 9S pointed at the core. Pod started to say, “9S...” like it was trying to stop him, but 9S ignored it.

“Shoot.”

The white laser emitted by Pod burned through the core. The ground shook. Shock waves passed through the whole resource recovery unit. But the waves passed and it quickly quieted down.

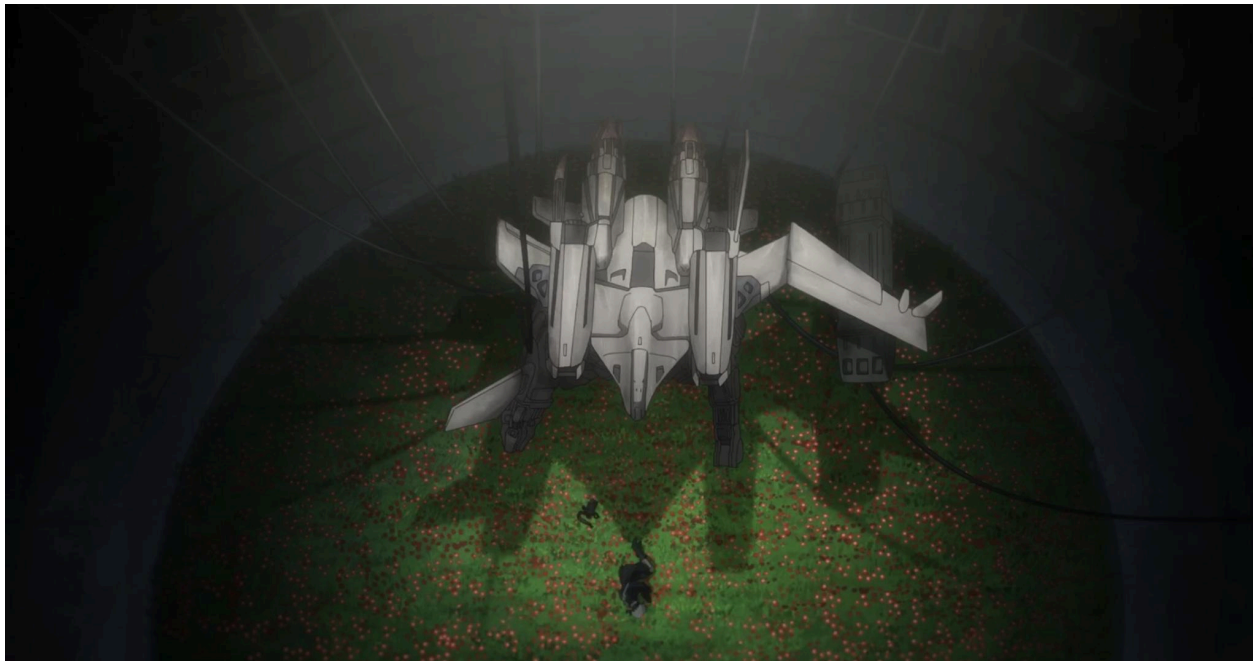


“Report: Obtained the access key from the destroyed core.”

Leaving something necessary to destroy the system in a facility used to maintain the same system—the only reason he could think of for why this contradiction existed was to play with him.

“Worthless Machines,” spat out 9S. He turned around. There were still two remaining resource recovery units. He needed to get to them as soon as possible.

### **9S FINDS 2B’S FLIGHT UNIT**



9S heard a familiar voice after he told Pod to play the transmission.

"...This is YoRHa squadron trooper...2B. If anyone is listening to this...I'd like you to pass... something on. If you...see YoRHa...squadron trooper 9S...I'd like to tell him..."

Whether because of damage to the memory storage device, or from poor conditions during the actual recording, the transmission suddenly cut off. Right as he thought the message was over, 2B's voice became audible again over the static.

"...I apologize. The message for him is...9S, the days I spent with you...were like rays of sunshine...in...my...life. Th...ank...you...Ni...nez."

9S was frozen in place.



"That is all," Pod said.

Pod's attempt at spurring 9S did not work. He was still unable to move.

"2B... She called me Nines..."

He wished he had heard her say it in person. How he wished he could hear a living 2B call him Nines in an animated voice, instead of over a static-filled transmission.

2B was no longer here. 2B was no longer anywhere in this world. He was struck by reality. By none other than 2B's own voice.

His vision blurred. His vocal chords trembled. What a pointless thing to do, he thought. He told himself there were more important things to do. Destroy every last one of the Machines, and kill A2.

### **9S'S MEMORIES - Novel Version**



"You don't have to use honorifics when you say my name."

"It's forbidden to have emotions."

"I admire your passion for knowledge."

"9S... Come on. Let's go home."

These were definitely 9S's memories. He was being counterhacked. He had thought he was doing the hacking, but he'd allowed the enemy to invade his mind.



A black shadow materialized in the center of the room. It was the enemy that had counterhacked him. The shadow swallowed 2B's data, one piece after another.

"Stop!"

The shadow persisted. It ate his memories of 2B: the look that she made when she was confused, the rare moments when she expressed anger, and the time she looked back at him.

"Stop it!"

He hurled himself onto the shadow.

"Don't invade my memories!"

He held down the shadow and constricted him. He was beating down the enemy that had tried to take his precious treasures away.

"Don't mess with my memories."

In a flash, he found himself holding a sword. He stabbed the shadow over and over and over. He straddled the shadow, and continued to stab it. He realized that the shadow had 2B's face.

Even then, he kept stabbing it. Red liquid sprayed out.

"This is...my memory!"

*This is my memory. This 2B is mine and mine only. 2B is mine...*

He kept stabbing until its chest was a mangled mess. When he looked down, his hands were covered—not in red liquid, but instead with a black and viscid substance. The enemy he had been stabbing was not 2B. It was the core of the soul box. 9S stood up. He heard the sword clatter to the floor.

*What was I doing?*

The back of his throat trembled. Laughter welled up.

*I'll kill anyone that hurts 2B. I'll kill anyone that touches 2B. I'll kill anyone that comes near 2B. I'll kill anyone that looks at 2B. The only one allowed to look at 2B is me. The only one allowed to come near 2B is me. The only one allowed to touch 2B is me. The only one allowed to hurt 2B is me. The only...*

His laughter didn't stop. Standing there, bent over, 9S kept laughing.

**9S'S MEMORIES - Strategy Guide Version**



*YoRHa units black boxes are made from machine cores...!? That's impossible! There's no way that's true..."*

*It feels like my very existence is at risk. Is this just a lie? Or actually the truth? I have no way to confirm this rush of information flowing into me - things I never wanted to know. The more I know, the more I feel myself approaching something darker in nature, overwhelming my existence. But I have no other path to take, so I hacked the final core I reached and found myself in a nondescript area.*

*"These are...my memories..? But why..."*

*I am standing in my own memory region. Fragments of my past are reflected on multiple screens. And standing right in the middle of my memory region is...her.*

*That's right...this is the one place I can meet her.*

*"2B's data...even if these are memories, I..."*

*All the surrounding screens are filled with the memories I have with 2B. No matter where I look, she's there. I approach her on unsteady feet. Just as I reached out to touch her, black noise appeared and mercilessly trampled over my memories.*

*"Stop it...stop it..."*

*Everything is fading away. Everything I've treasured. They're falling apart. They're being corroded. They're being taken away.*

*"Stop it!!!!"*

*I swung my sword at the black shaped humanoid that overtook 2B. I screamed and cried, swinging my sword heedlessly and tearing everything apart.*

*"Stay the hell out of my god damn memories! These belong to me and me alone! Get away from them!"*

*The pod warns me of damage to my memory region, but I don't give a damn right now. I don't give a damn right now. I straddled the prone figure and thrust my sword into it. Over, and over, and over again. My screams are not stopping. The thing beneath my body took 2B's form as my stabs drew blood. But she doesn't even smile. She has a blank expression, her body cold like a doll. But the feeling of my sword sinking into her is much too real and vivid.*

*My crazed screams turn into broken laughter in my throat.*

*"Ha....hahaha.....haha!!"*



*My tears have all dried up. My heart is torn.*

*I'm breaking.*

*Only silence remains as the unit beneath me ceased functioning, its core losing light.*

*That's enough. Let's bring an end to this. To this world...and to me.*

## **9S AND OPERATOR 21O**



In front of the core installed on the roof was an enemy he did not expect. It was not a Machine. It was an android.

“Operator...”

It was Operator 21O, who had been assigned to aid 9S. Normally identical to the other YoRHa types, her eyes glowed red. But her appearance was different from how 9S remembered. She was in battle uniform.

“Why is there an operator model here?”

“Inspecting: Operator 21O. In the previous descent battle, by her own volition decided to convert to Type B. Newly appointed as 21B, she was stationed on the front lines, and four hours later reported missing.”

“No...”



Before the previous descent battle took place, 9S had been nullifying the enemy's aerial defense system on Earth.

*During battle, please stay as far away from the field as possible.*

*A scanner model like yourself is not suited for battle.*

21O's words flooded back to him. Right after their exchange, 21O became 21B, and descended to Earth.

Because he had replied with a mischievous answer like, "Aw, are you worried about me?" 21O had coolly said, "No, you would only be a burden on the battlefield." But in reality 9S knew that she worried for him. She always did...

Simultaneously, he was filled with a feeling of rabid hate toward the Machines that purposefully made 21B guard the core of the "god box."

The Machine that had invaded the Bunker had no doubt been eavesdropping on 21O and 9S. From that, they knew she was an individual that 9S trusted, and deliberately planted her as an enemy. They probably expected 9S to be conflicted, to fight under immense stress and confusion, and eventually succumb at her hands. They probably planned to watch him struggle, and laugh at him for doing so.

Like I'd let them, he thought. 9S attacked with no mercy.

"Pod! Support with maximum-power fire!"

It had not been long since 21B converted to Type B. She was most likely thrown on the front lines with little training, and was probably unfamiliar with the equipment and behavior of a Type B. If he could exploit that weakness, even as a Type S, he had a chance against her.

"Please...refrain from conversation irrelevant...to the mission."

He almost stopped at the words that spilled out of 21B's mouth.

"A single confirmation...is...enough..."

She was only reciting phrases that lingered in her memory. *Don't falter*, he told himself.

"Please...kill me..."

9S widened his eyes. 21B's hand was shaking as it held her sword. It was unclear whether 21O's consciousness was the cause, or if the enemy was intentionally dragging out 21O's consciousness.

"Operator... It's okay! It'll be okay!"

He readied his sword and charged. His loathing of Machines galvanized him. "I'll kill you...now!"



He heard a scream. But 9S was unable to tell anymore if it was his or 21O's.

## **9S AND OTHER 2B UNITS**



*Silly machines. Despair? Cry and scream? But why would I do that? When there are so many 2Bs right in front of me.*

"I'm glad...I'm really glad to be meeting you here..."

*I'm glad that 2B isn't walking around somewhere I don't know about. If it's here, I can reach her.*

I tear off my visor. There's no need to hide anything. There's no need for extra information. I want to see directly. 2B's figure. The 2B that I can touch if I just reach out, reflected in these eyes, and then.

"All of you..."

I can't hold down my bubbling laughter.

"Because I'm going to destroy all of you!"



*Making 2B models without permission? I can't forgive that. Breathing life into 2B models without permission? I can't forgive that. That's why, with these hands, I'm going to destroy them.*

*That's right. The only one who is allowed to destroy 2B is me.*

*"I'll shatter every last one of you into pieces!"*

*Because you're all mine. I won't hand you over to anyone. ...Not even if it's to 2B herself.*

The puppets crept toward him. Their movements were too stiff. They were, after all, controlled by Machines. Their martial abilities fell short of the real 2B's. Their movements were a far cry from the fluid motion of their real counterpart.

*See, it's so easy to break them. I'm going to slash and crush the faces, arms, and legs that look just like yours, 2B. I won't leave anything behind. So no one can look at you.*

## ANIME DIVERGENCE



## 9S'S STORY/TRUTH





The publicized objective of Project YoRHa was to produce cutting-edge androids and end the deadlocked battle with Machines. But what was in that file contradicted this widely accepted mission objective: a coordinated plan to boost android morale by spreading misinformation, specifically the fabrication of the human server on the moon, and the concealment of human extinction.

Android morale had sunk so low that such a plan was necessary. In the year 4200, humanity went extinct. Androids, having lost their lords and commanders, fell into a collective despair. Devola and Popola were unaware of the truth because they had their memories erased, but Project Gestalt was an initiative to save humans from an epidemic. The plan proposed for human souls to be separated from their bodies, and fused back together once the epidemic had been curtailed.

But the human holding the key to the division and fusion processes was lost in a violent incident triggered by Devola and Popola. It became impossible to fuse human souls and bodies back together, dooming humanity to extinction.

Command had tried to conceal the failure of Project Gestalt, but information about it circulated as rumors. Command was concerned, and started to spread false information that humans had fled to the moon.

Command had to deny the fact that humanity was now extinct. They established the human board and sent transmissions using a synthesized voice to Earth to create the illusion that humans were living on the moon.



9S knew all of this. He thought it odd that the “Plans for establishing the human board” had been an index in Project YoRHa, and confronted the commander about it.

But the fabrication of the human board was rather rudimentary, so much so that a slightly superior scanner model was able to uncover the truth. That’s why it was necessary for individuals that discovered the truth to be wiped out.

The Bunker—that was the base for Command—was programmed to allow Machine infiltration after a certain period of time—specifically, through the back door 9S and 2B had used when they were surrounded by infected YoRHa. Previously, the door was secured with a firewall that deterred anyone other than YoRHa squadron troopers from accessing it.

After enough battle data was accumulated, and the transition period to next-generation models was near, the firewall was brought down. The Machines would infiltrate and destroy the Bunker. If Command, who had fabricated the human board, disappeared, there would be no one left that knew the truth.

In other words, at the time of conception, the plan had already outlined the demise of the YoRHa squadron. They had used Machine cores to manufacture the power source of androids, the black box, because they deemed it inhumane to install AI into androids that were doomed from the beginning. Probably to prevent the individuals who conceived the project from feeling guilty. What a selfish thing to do.

“If this is Project YoRHa...than we were...from the beginning...”

Their destruction was certain from the moment they were constructed. Their many thousands of battles with Machines had been meaningless.

“2B died, for something like this...”

*2B died for a lie. We’re going to be destroyed for a lie like this.*

“Even after knowing everything.”

The little girls were all of a sudden right beside him. They were smirking.

“Do you wish to fight?”

*Why did you show me this?*

9S swung his sword down at the girls’ heads as hard as he could. Again his sword pitifully smacked against the ground.

“We are the manifestation of the Machine network.”

“We have no physical bodies. So we cannot be killed.”



“Shut up!”

He swung his sword again. But the mirage refused to be cut. “Your attacks are pointless.”

“Be quiet be quiet be quiet!”

No matter how many times he swung his sword, it ended up hitting the ground or the walls. But he couldn't help himself.

“Your existence is pointless.”

The little girls left him with that, and disappeared. Losing his target, 9S stood there, still gripping his sword.

“I'll destroy everything... You two, this tower...!”

If they weren't here, he would find them. If he couldn't draw them out, he would destroy this whole tower along with them.

He heard the footfalls of multiple individuals. Infected YoRHa heading his way.

“Time after time...”

*They're so stubborn. Oh well. I'll destroy you too. I won't spare a single one of you. All of you...*

The resource recovery units had broken down when he destroyed the core on the top floor. That meant that there should be a core, or something equivalent, on the top floor of this tower as well. He was going to invade the core, take it over, and make the tower self-destruct. If this tower was indeed a launchpad, it would have enough potential energy to blow itself to pieces.

All he had to do was go up. Higher and higher. If he aimed for the top, his wish would probably come true.

It was actually convenient when a few flight units ambushed 9S. He shot down all but one of them with Pod's artillery. For the last unit, he hacked the infected android aboard and stole the unit. Navigating to the top floor would be much easier in a flight unit.

“Pod, transfer the controls to me.”

“Warning: This flight unit is confirmed to be infected with a logic virus, and will affect...”

“Transfer, now!”

“Roger.”



Viral infection? Like he cared. He was already infected. He had just delayed it by injecting himself with the vaccine on hand. It wasn't a vaccine specifically designed to combat this type of virus, but as long as it bought him enough time to destroy the tower, he was fine with it.

The edges of his vision began to go dark. He could hear a slight noise in his auditory mechanisms. He didn't have much time left, probably. Mumbling that he had to hurry, 9S entered the flight unit.

Flying types appeared as he was ascending. They were extremely irritating, like small insects flitting about in front of him.

"Up, up," 9S mumbled as he fought. He defeated a small walking type, a flying type, a medium four-legged walking type, and a snakelike Machine, before carrying onward.

He also fought a large spiderlike Machine on the way.

"We are... not... bad Mach1nes..."

"1 am... We are..."

"1-1-11... W-we..."

The Machines suddenly started making strange noises.

"What's happening?"

"Report: Confirmed the disintegration of enemy AI. Speech impediment is the repercussion of the aforementioned event."

"Enemy AI? The little girls disintegrated? They died?"

Then why were the Machines still moving? Why was this large one still crawling around, and that flying type still buzzing about?

"Hypothesis: Machine attacks are carried out according to residual data left on enemy servers."

In the end, unless he destroyed the tower, it seemed like these Machines would keep functioning. And keep spouting vexing utterances. "Let's play let's play let's play... Play with me."

"Mom mom mom!"

"We're gods we're gods we are gods!"



*Be quiet. You're so annoying. Shut up. Just break.*

*I don't want to hear anything other than 2B's voice. I only want to hear 2B's voice. And 2B's footsteps. And her breaths. And the sound of her swinging sword. And the rustle her clothes make when she moves. And and and...*

*All the other sounds can just be gone.*

*Ah, that's why I'm destroying. 2B isn't here. I'm destroying everything because I can't tolerate anything other than 2B.*

"Let's head... to the stars."

"Let's sing... a song."

"We offer... now."

*Shut up. Why do I keep hearing their voices? Am I imagining things because of the infection? That's probably it. A Machine wouldn't ask questions like, "Why do we exist?" Just break already!*

"Pod!"

A laser at full power pierced the large Machine. The spherical body melted from the heat, and just as he realized it was swelling up, it exploded in a thunderous bang. 9S hunched over and fought through the blast.

The shock wave passed, and his surroundings settled down. The smoke cleared from his eyes, and he could see again. As he was chasing the Machine, he had reached the top floor.

"A2..."

A2 stood amidst the dust in the air. He had finally found her. There was no Machine presence nearby. Pod was silent too. No enemy signals. There would be no interruption. This time, he could kill A2.

9S pointed his sword at A2. But A2 refused to take a fighting stance.





“This tower is a giant cannon aimed toward the human server on the moon. The residual human data is going to be destroyed,” said A2.

So? What was the problem? What was she saying all of a sudden? This was a really useless conversation. The back of his throat trembled with laughter. It was so ridiculous he couldn’t bear it.

“Whatever...”

He restrained himself from laughing.

“Nothing matters anymore. Not even that.”

He saw A2 faintly furrow her brow. A2 probably didn’t know the truth. That’s why she was worried about how this facility was a giant cannon, with such conviction.

“Did you know? Humanity is dead,” said 9S.

The truth that he was never able to reveal to 2B. He didn’t want to shock her, to upset her, so he had never told her.

“And to hide that fact, the human server on the moon was established to give androids a reason to fight with their lives on the line. We were made to protect that lie,” said 9S.

*We weren’t created to exterminate the Machines, or take back Earth.*



“To complete the lie, the YoRHa squadron was arranged to be annihilated,” 9S continued.

*Humans still lived on a lunar base. As long as that lie was left standing. The rest was... unnecessary.*

“Did you know? The commander, 2B, and I...we were all sacrificial lambs.”

*We weren't created to be a symbol of hope for humanity. We weren't born into this world because someone needed us. We weren't needed, yet fought, and died. Our lives had utterly...no meaning.*

*The red girls weren't lying. It was all true.*

“Your existence is pointless.”

*They were right.*

“9S, we're...”

A2 opened her mouth to say something. It was easy to tell that she was troubled from her voice and expression.

"Shut up!"

*Don't look at me like that!, he shouted from deep within his soul. I will not forgive you for having the same face as 2B. Or even carrying her sword, the same one... that day...*

“You killed 2B.”

That was the one thing, above all else, that could not be forgiven. Even if 2B had already been infected with the virus. Even if those eyes she used to look back at him were red.

“That's all we need. For us to kill each other.”

A2 had still taken 2B's life with her sword.

“2B...”

A2 opened her mouth again.

“2B was struggling. She had to disguise her model type, and keep killing you.”  
Disguise her model type? Why did A2 know about that?

“She was formally known as 2E. A Type E model responsible for executing YoRHa androids.”



Why did this bastard know that?

That 2B's real identity was a model E, with a directive to execute 9S when he came too close to uncovering the truth. 9S had only figured out this fact after spending a long time working with 2B.

He started to feel suspicious when he realized he had no information about Type E models in his memory.

He had met an amnesiac android in the city ruins. She was a Type E who disguised herself as a friend to her comrades, only to spy on and eventually execute them. Unable to bear the stress, she erased her own memories.

When 9S heard that story, he was surprised to hear that a Type E, responsible for executions, even existed. He became apprehensive of himself. He certainly should have known about the existence of Type E, yet he had no information regarding the subject.

That's when he realized that his memory was being erased. In the past he had been executed by a Type E and cleansed of memories relating to that incident. To remove any trace of the execution, it was most likely necessary to erase a large part of his memories. That's why he had a conspicuous lack of information regarding 2E.

He knew that the executioner would at times feign a close relationship with its target. Furthermore, Type E androids, who acted as executioners, were required by their role to have battle capabilities higher than a Type B. Fighting alongside her a countless number of times, he had realized that 2B was too strong to be a Type B.

He had all the evidence. It was inevitable that he would figure it out.

"You...probably knew, right?" asked A2.

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!"

Be quiet. Don't talk like you know it all, with the same face as 2B. You don't know anything. "What do you know about us!"

He grasped his sword. He needed to hurry. The noise was getting worse. The infection was progressing. He had to destroy her before his movement mechanisms became impaired.

Just then, Pod jumped into his already blurry vision.

"Recommendation: Cease fire. Fighting with her now is illogical and..."

"Order to Pod 153! I forbid you to interject! Follow this order until either A2 or I am confirmed to be nonfunctional!"



Pod retreated without a word. Perhaps it didn't acknowledge the order because it was reluctant to carry it out.

He could see A2 finally drawing her sword. He made Pod cover him while he initiated hacking. She dodged it. A2's movements were startlingly quick, as if she knew what he was going to do.

He wondered if, maybe, he had fought A2 in the past. Perhaps he didn't know because 2B had erased his memories. That meant A2 had memories of 2B he didn't have. That made him jealous. Anyone other than him that knew 2B should disappear and be gone.

Memories of 2B. Encounters with 2B.

His thoughts were jumbled. Curious as to why his neck was stiff, he touched it and felt a cold, hard sensation. His hand had unknowingly started its erosion into Machine.

He needed to kill A2 soon, while he still retained his consciousness. While he still had his memories of 2B...

*2B? Humans?*

"Why...why...why!"

What was this feeling?! He had been focused on 2B, why was he being interrupted?!

"Why...do I yearn for humanity?!"

*Even though I only yearn for 2B.*

"Why do I seek out humans?!"

*I only seek 2B.*

He didn't care about humanity. He knew that they had died a long time ago. But...why did they push aside his thoughts of 2B? Even though his mental functions had declined rapidly, and just thinking of 2B was exhausting enough, why did his thoughts have to turn toward humans?

"We're made to. We androids are made to protect our creators," said A2. His vision was further deteriorating.

"Our foundational programming makes us feel..."

"Be quiet, be quiet, be quiet!"



The noise was overwhelming. If he couldn't think about 2B, if he wasn't able to think only about 2B, his brain was garbage.

"Then, just destroy it... everything should just disappear and be gone..."

It felt as though his arms weren't his. His legs moved on their own. Where was this strange power coming from? Ah, he was being taken over by the logic virus...

He saw two A2s. This was bad. He wouldn't be able to aim very well. Right as he was about to kill her, A2 stopped.

"2B..." she said.

*Don't say that name! It's unforgivable for you to say that name.*

He thrust his sword forward. He felt a dull impact through the blade. He heard A2 moan.

He strained his eyes to see. Blood-soaked sword. A2 on the ground. He'd done it. He'd killed her. He could see A2's face as she writhed in pain. Ha ha, serves you right.

It was finally over. Everything.

He saw something move near his feet. All of a sudden, he couldn't breathe. His whole body was burning.

He heard a scream. He didn't understand.

Hot. Red. He couldn't breathe.

What was happening? He saw a sword? Red. Nauseous. Ow.

Had he been stabbed? By A2? Why?

The pain abruptly faded. Not just the pain, but all his senses were fading too.

In the darkness, he saw 2B's hair. No. The one dying in a pool of blood was A2. With the same-colored hair as 2B.

*So it was a draw...* he realized. His consciousness floated away. He could hear Pod's voice. "Emergence of a fatal error in the system. Detected memory leak. Impossible to repair."

*It's fine. No need for repair.* That's what he wanted to say but couldn't.

"Commencing emergency save of residual memory."

The memories don't have to be saved. They can all disappear.



His earliest memory was of the first time he greeted the commander, following his deployment. The next was his first descent to Earth for a data-gathering mission. The fog had been heavy that day, making things difficult. He'd walked alone in enemy territory, observing Machines, somewhat lonely. And finally, the time he was assigned his first mission with 2B... No, how many *first times* had they worked together before that? His first impression of her was that she seemed distant. But how many times had she killed him at that point? She probably kept her distance to avoid growing attached. Unaware of any of this, he genuinely enjoyed having company. Unaware of her struggles, he was just happy that 2B was next to him.

And also...he didn't know. He couldn't remember. Sounds, colors, everything seemed to wash away. His memories faded. They were escaping him.

*That's right. This is fine.*

## **9S STORY/TRUTH - Strategy Guide Version**

*Corrupted by the virus, I feel myself breaking down. These emotions I can't keep contained overwhelm me and destroy me from the inside out. We'll all be destroyed one day. We'll all die one day. So what's the point of treasuring anything?*

"It doesn't matter. None of this matters!"

*I was created to be abandoned. I was left to survive only to be destroyed in the end. And I stayed with her, to kill and be killed. Who should I blame? Who should I hate?*

"But if it doesn't matter...why do I long for humans like this? Why do I desire the touch of something that no longer exists?"

"It's how we were made. Androids were designed to protect their human masters. Our core programming demands that we-"

"Shut up. Shut up! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! Fine then...I'll just destroy it...hehe...hahaha...if it all goes away, then it'll solve everything!"

*I wanted to be destroyed. I yearned to destroy.*

*Don't look at me with the same face as hers! Don't look at me, don't look at me, don't-!*

In the midst of the battle with their lives on the line, A2 thought she could hear 2B's voice for a second.

"Take care of...9S."

She stilled for one moment, and that's all it took for 9S's sword to pierce through her chest. The blade sank deep; she coughed blood as she fell.

*I want to save you...I really do...even at the cost of my own life...I'll save at least you.*

*But that's what I thought too.*

"Ugh.....aaaaaaaaahhhhhhh!!"



Pulled down by the weight of a falling body, 9S found himself impaled upon A2's sword. The weight of his own body pushed him down the sword entrusted to A2 by 2B, its edge sinking deeply into his flesh. A2 didn't even have any strength left to pull the sword out.

*Why? Why? Why? Why did everything turn out like this?*

Seized by agony, 9S struggled and let his screams echo across the area. Blood from two bodies mingled and pooled around him, bathing his body in warmth. He felt his consciousness fade away into a dark, deep place.

In a world stained white, he felt his functions cease one by one. *It's a bit cold. And a bit scary. Will our souls...disappear?* The red girl that appeared in front him told him that they've changed their minds. They transformed the cannon meant to attack humanity's server on the moon into an ark. They intend to send it out after sealing the memories of many machine lifeforms in it.

He saw Adam cradling Eve within the ark. Adam asked him. "Will you come with us?" There was no hatred in his words.

What was he fighting for?

What was he living for?

He doesn't know the answer anymore.

"I..."

Summoning up the last of his strength, he managed to squeeze out the words

“ “

The ark was launched from the tower. Leaving behind a white trail in the blue sky, it departed from the earth. Holding as its cargo the memories of those who have fought for so long, it aimed for somewhere that wasn't the earth, nor the moon.



# A2 - Long Story Short + Strategy Guide Excerpts



## ANOTHER SIDE “A2”

“Good morning, A2.”

The moment I opened my eyes, I was baffled by the greeting from the rectangular box. I thought I was still dreaming. But I’ve seen this talking box before. When I met No. 2 and No. 9 at the forest castle, this box was floating next to them. It had transmitted that revolting voice. That woman that said whatever she wanted, about how I was a traitor and that I was a dangerous android.

Just thinking about it made me annoyed, so I was planning on ignoring the box.

“I am support unit Pod 042. I will assist YoRHa android A2 with artillery support.”

“I didn’t ask for that.”

“Affirmative: I did not receive an order from A2. This action was directed by the previous user, 2B, as a final directive.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“YoRHa android A2 does not have the right to decline.”



Eventually I got tired of resisting and let the box do whatever it wanted. But it was really a useless box in terms of its so-called “support.” When I asked it about the identity of the strange fissure-inducing structure, the only thing it said was, “Unclear, but speculated to be the Machines’ doing.” Even when I asked it about the whereabouts of 2B’s corpse or 9S, it echoed:

“Unable to answer.”

If anything, its artillery function was useful. Since I didn’t have the means to perform long-range attacks, it conveniently diversified my attack maneuvers, though I was fed up with it trying to act like it was doing me a favor, saying things like,

“Recommendation: Gratitude to this support unit for providing the user with long-range attack capabilities.”

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I was furious. I was perpetually enraged at the Machines that killed my comrades. So much so that I was unable to restrain myself from killing them. That’s why, when I met this one, I had planned on killing it immediately. I declared,

“I’ll have you pay for the sin of killing my comrades.”

“Is that right? Then it cannot be helped, if doing so will appease you.”

Despite being a Machine, that’s how it answered, with surprisingly sophisticated diction. It was slightly bowing its head, waiting patiently for my sword to be swung down. A somewhat unsettled feeling overcame me.

“You are not going to kill me?” it asked in a bewildered voice.

“Shut up,” I told it, shooing it away. It informed me that its name was Pascal, and after saying,

“Thank you very much,” it flew off.

Thank you? A Machine using words of gratitude? A lowly Machine?

It upset me even more...that I spared a Machine.

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“No. 2... You’re alive.”

Anemone’s reaction to our reunion was just how I imagined—that Anemone would make the same face I did when I first discovered Anemone was still alive.

I had been living with the guilt that I was the only one who survived out of my comrades. Anemone had most likely felt the same way.



Anemone and I had carried out a mission together. It was during the enemy server destruction plan, on Oahu, in the Pacific. It was a battle also known as the Pearl Harbor Descent Attack.

There, both Anemone and I lost allies. We sent what seemed like an endless number of rescue requests to Command. But none were acknowledged, and our comrades fell one by one. Eventually I had lost all my comrades in the YoRHa squadron, and Anemone had lost all her comrades in the resistance. At that point Anemone and I had been operating separately, and we must have both assumed that we were the last one standing.

Then I uncovered the truth, and fled the battlefield.

Command had been planning on abandoning us from the start. We were an experimental fleet with the purpose of providing battle data until the last member died.

It seemed Anemone was not aware of this fact. That was better for her. If she found out, she would not be able to forgive. She would not be able to forgive Command, which ruthlessly abandoned its troops on the front lines.

“That’s right, No. 2. There’s a YoRHa that’s identical to you. Her name is 2B, and...”

“She died.”

“What?”

“I killed her. She was infected by a logic virus.”

“I see.”

Anemone fell silent. She was being considerate, and I was grateful. Anemone and I had both executed comrades that were infected by logic viruses. To minimize their misery and allow them to die while they were in control of their consciousness...that was why we killed them. There were no words that could console us.

Sensing that it was probably better to wrap up conversations about the past, I decided to cut straight to the point. I asked her if she could spare me a fuel filter. My filter was clogged from fighting in the desert.

Until now, I had been foraging parts off of the corpses of my pursuers when I needed repairs or replacements. The parts weren’t specific to my chassis, so I looked shoddy, but functionally there was no problem.

But now all the YoRHa androids were infected by the virus. If I used an infected part, I would be infected as well.

That’s why I decided to ask my longtime acquaintance for a favor.



But the resistance camp was out of stock. If I wasn't able to procure the part here, there was nowhere else I could go. As I debated on what to do, Anemone suggested something unbelievable.

"Pascal's village makes fuel filters, so you should go get one from him."

"Pascal..."

"Ah, you know him."

"An enemy!"

"His village is an exception. They won't harm us."

"But...still..."

"We formed an alliance with them, and exchange resources when necessary. If you need something, you don't have many options. And..."

"And?"

"We're not so heartless as to kill enemies who meet us under white flags."

Even if it was Anemone speaking, I didn't feel like I could follow this particular piece of advice...but...

"Warning: A defective fuel filter can cause severe problems during fuel combustion.  
Recommendation: Immediate replacement."

I knew that already. At this rate, I would be impaired in battle. I could already feel some impairments in normal activities as well.

My joints were stiff and difficult to move. As a result, I was drained from merely walking. My head hurt too. At first there was just a dull pain at my left temple, but that eventually spread to the back and top of my head. The pain grew to the point where it throbbed like there was a jagged piece of metal being twisted into my skull.

"Determined the coordinates of the colony led by the Machine Pascal. Location marked on the map."

I felt invaded. I had been read like a book. I had been thinking of visiting the village, if there were any chance to avoid being useless in battle. Anemone had said this was an "exception," so perhaps I could take exception as well...



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It was a village full of Machines. It was eerie to see Machines that didn't attack at first sight, and in turn I couldn't get myself riled up to destroy them either. No, I was probably reluctant to draw my sword because I wasn't feeling well. That had to be it.

"You are that person who... Thank you for sparing me back then."

I rarely saw a Machine twice, because that meant I had failed to kill it. But I had never been thanked by one. Maybe that was why, but even when Pascal inquired with a puzzled, "Um..." I was still too astonished to talk. Then, all of a sudden, the box beside me started to blabber.

"Explanation: YoRHa android A2's fuel filter is damaged. Action: Obtained information from the resistance camp leader, Anemone. Objective: Visit this region to acquire filter. Request: Fuel filter."

"Ah, I see. So that was the case. The thing is, right now we are out of the rigid bark we use to create filters.

Recently there have been violent Machines around the harvesting area."

"Affirmative: Collection and delivery of rigid bark."

The box had explained the situation and negotiated of its own accord. I was extremely upset, but my condition from the damaged filter was getting worse. I had no choice but to cooperate and retrieve the so-called rigid bark.

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"Report: Hostility toward peace-advocating Machine, Pascal, was determined to be ineffective from a cost-benefit standpoint. Recommendation: Immediate initiation of a friendly relationship."

"Friendly? You have to be kidding me."

Peace-advocating? What did a Machine know about peace? This was just an exception. This was an emergency due to an unforeseen accident. I had no intention of playing along and being "friends" with a Machine.

That was why I told Pascal, "I'll help you if you need anything," after I returned to normal condition. If I didn't do anything in return, I would be in debt to a Machine.

"Actually, there is something you can help me with. Recently, a violent Machine has been kidnapping the children from their playground. I apologize for being so brash, but I would like you to do away with that Machine. You are the only one I can count on. Please."



To think that a Machine would ask me to exterminate another Machine. At any rate, destroying the supposed “violent Machine” was hardly a challenge for me. It was convenient for me that I could pay off my debt so easily.

“Ah, thank you very much! You got rid of that robot for us! Please, accept this humble reward. Now, now, don’t be shy!”

I had destroyed the Machine to repay my debt, but this reward indebted me yet again. No matter how many times I tried to decline, or say that I wasn’t trying to be polite, Pascal kept stuffing potions and materials into my arms.

“We are peace advocates. We despise fighting, so we built this village. But ever since we discarded our weapons, we haven’t had the means to defend ourselves against powerful enemies.”

The Machine at the harvesting area for the rigid bark, and the “violent Machine” I had just destroyed, fell rather quickly to my sword. The Machines in this village were unable to defend themselves from enemies of such caliber.

Machines, responsible for the death of my comrades, were being terrorized by the threat of other Machines. The sight of that was extremely strange, comical, and even sad in a way... Sad? Why would I think it was sad?

“Within the village, there are individuals that believe the best way to perpetuate peace is to destroy all our enemies...Ms. A2, what should we do?”

“I don’t know. Shouldn’t you, Pascal, be the one that decides that?”

I had no answer. That’s why I had hastily redirected the question back to him. Destroy enemies in the name of peace... It was hypocritical. I couldn’t come up with an answer. But. But I...

“Ms. A2. If it’s all right with you, you should stay and explore the village a little. I want you to know more about this village.”

I told Pascal that I would if I felt like it, and turned my back. I was already out of the village before I realized I had forgotten to return the reward.

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“Hey hey! Big sis!”

“B-big sis?!”

“Let’s play! Play with us!”

“I don’t have time to play with Machines.”



“Noo! Play! Play with us!”

As soon as I set foot in the village, I was swarmed by Machine brats. I came back because I felt guilty that I hadn't returned the favor.

No matter how much I pushed them away and shunned them, the brats squealed in delight and followed me.

“I'm an android, your enemy. I'm going to destroy you if you don't listen to what I say!”

“Ahhh! so fun!”

“Why does that make you happy...”

“Big sis, more!”

Big sis. Hearing that phrase suddenly brought back a memory. A long time ago, the resistance I had fought beside called themselves a family. At the time I had no concept of family, and seeing the troops call each other sisters was bizarre and...

“Hey hey, big sis, make us a toy!”

“We need toys to play!”

“We need toys!”

“They sell some at the armory in the village so buy some there!”

“Buy some there!”

After they started clinging to my arms and legs, I finally surrendered and agreed to go. They cheered, and I experienced a peculiar feeling. I envisioned, in my head, the smiling faces of the resistance. The faces of my comrades too.

Why now? Why were those memories coming back to me now?

“Welcome. Oh? Toys for the children? Ah, we're out of stock. If only I had the materials. The materials are written here. If only you could bring me these materials, the children would be happy...”

The craftsman spoke while waving a piece of paper around. It was a list of materials. Starting with the children back there, everyone in this village was pushy.



But the only reason I searched for the materials without complaint was so I could distract myself from thinking.

Thinking about...my fallen comrades.

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Pascal's villagers were all pushy, but they properly offered rewards every single time they asked a favor. Even if I declined, they just kept pushing rewards in my face.

I had originally planned to help so I would not be indebted. But if they rewarded me every time, the cycle was never-ending.

"Ah, it's big sis!"

"Thanks for making us toys!"

"This is our way of saying thanks!"

They piled my hands with ores and seeds. The children had probably gathered them around the village.

"Thanks big sis!"

With this, I felt indebted yet again...

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It happened when I was making my way from the resistance camp to the village. I had been asked by Anemone to deliver a few materials to Pascal.

"Can you hear me, Ms. A2?"

"Oh, good timing. Pascal, I'm on my way to deliver..."

"Ms. A2! The village...it's horrible! The villagers are... Ahh!"

"Hey! Pascal? What happened?"

The transmission cut off as abruptly as it had started. Pascal's voice sounded urgent. I had a bad feeling.

"Hypothesis: Pascal, a valuable source of information, is in trouble. Recommendation: Check on status of Pascal's village."

"I know," I told Pod as I started to run. I didn't have to go very far to see the gravity of the situation. There was smoke coming from the direction of the village.

"Pod! A transmission to Pascal!"



“Transmission unavailable.”

“Shit!”

When I finally arrived, there were fires burning in various places throughout the village. But the fire was not the only problem. Something unbelievable was happening in front of my eyes: Machines were eating Machines. The ones doing the eating, and getting eaten, were all villagers.

I headed further into the village, thrashing the ones that were eating. I heard a whimpering voice call, “Ms. A2!”

How many villagers...how many Machines had I killed before I heard my name?

“Pascal! What happened?!”

“I don’t know. Some of the villagers suddenly went mad, and fell upon and began consuming others.”

“What about the children?”

“I evacuated them. But the other villagers are...”

“At this rate you’re going to be eaten too! I’ll take care of here so go on and escape!”

After I pretty much forced Pascal to escape, I destroyed the rampant Machines one by one.

Villagers that had, until just a little while ago, been shopping, gossiping, and living a peaceful life.

Though berserk, these were the Machines that “lost the means to confront powerful enemies.” It didn’t take long for me to destroy all of them. But it was too late to save the villagers that had been preyed on. They were already nonfunctional.

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Fortunately, the children were unharmed. Pascal had most likely prioritized their safety as soon as the cannibal riot began. The children were all huddled in the corner of the factory ruins. It was difficult to tell Pascal that I was unable to save the villagers because I knew how it felt to lose comrades too.

“Question: Cannot Machines be reconstructed as long as materials are on hand?”

“No. We have a unit called “the core” within us. It is the unit that contains our personal data. When that is destroyed, it becomes impossible to return to our previous state. This time, the victims, including their cores, were destroyed.”



“I see...”

Every time I had fought Machines in the past, regardless of how many I destroyed, new ones kept spawning out of nowhere. That’s why I had the misconception that they were immortal. But similarly to our comrades that had their black boxes destroyed without personal data backups, Pascal and the villagers had a concept of death as well...

“Report: Intelligence—there are multiple hostile Machines in this factory.”

“Intelligence?”

“Acquired from the regional Pod network.”

“You have comrades too?”

“Affirmative.”

At any rate, there was no time to mourn the dead. Leaving the children in their hiding spot, I confronted the oncoming Machines. The number of enemies was overwhelming, and it didn’t seem like Pod and I would suffice for the task.

That’s right. The Machines were never-ending. That’s the enemy we were dealing with. A familiar feeling of helplessness and despair washed over me...

“Ms. A2! I’ll handle these enemies!”

An unexpected savior appeared. It was Pascal riding a weapon of immense size. He had probably taken control of the abandoned apparatus.

Pascal’s weapon blasted away a horde of enemies. Enemy reinforcements arrived in waves, but Pascal kept fighting, showing no signs of backing down.

“I...have children that I need to protect!

His attacks were rather ferocious for a peace advocate. I heard Pascal scream, “I’ll kill you!” a countless number of times.

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After we eventually demolished the enemy army and its fighting vehicles, Pascal and I returned to the children’s hiding place. But waiting for us was an unimaginable sight.

What awaited us was the sight of the children on the floor, still as death. They had destroyed their own cores. In other words...mass suicide.

“How could this happen?”



“I gave these children an education, and taught them about human emotions and knowledge. I thought it would help them in the future.”

“But what does that have to do with suicide?”

“Fear. I taught these children about the emotion of fear. Without fear, they would have lost their lives by doing something reckless.”

It had taken Pascal a long time to return to the children. They probably heard the sounds of battle from outside.

There were sounds of explosions and clashes, as well as furious quaking. They were unable to bear the terror. They chose death to escape that fear.

Pascal was slightly wrong. He shouldn't have taught the children fear, but instead, should have taught them the fear of death.

Humans initially designed androids. Humans were well aware of the fear of death. That's why our programs included an inherent fear of death. Without that awareness, as Pascal had said, we would be prone to dying recklessly by our own hands.

But Machines did not die to begin with. So Pascal didn't understand the fear of death. It was tough to teach the kids an emotion that he himself had never experienced. To put it bluntly, it was death. The ignorance of death, and not teaching death, was the cause of this tragedy.

“Ms. A2, I beg you. I am unable to endure this pain. Would you be kind enough to erase my memories? Otherwise, please...kill me.”

I understood the pain of losing comrades. I knew better than anyone else the agony of living on with the memories of those that were dear. So I directed Pod to erase Pascal's memories.

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After shutting down Pascal's memory circuit, Pod set a reboot timer. This would allow us to leave while Pascal was still sleeping.

Pascal, with his memories erased, might be confused if he saw me, and I wouldn't know what kind of face to make either. Pod was probably being considerate in that sense.

“Pod. Why did the Machines ambush Pascal, even though they're part of the same village?”

“Unknown. But the possibility of a bug is undeniable.”

“Bug? From what?”

But my question was drowned out by an unfamiliar voice.



“Hello! This is the Tower System Service! I have some exciting news for everyone today”

It was a childish voice. It was enunciating poorly, but at the same time seemed to be poking fun at us.

“Activation of massive Machine unit detected to the east.”

“Massive unit? That must be the so-called tower. What in the world is happening?”

“Unknown. Recommendation: Gathering of additional information.”

It didn’t have to tell me. After making Pod determine the location, I decided to take a look at the aforementioned massive unit with my own eyes.

Villagers going on a rampage, and the appearance of the massive unit. The fact that they happened around the same time was probably not a coincidence. And Pod’s hypothesis of there being some kind of bug...

Originally, Machines were made by aliens as weapons of mass destruction. It was hypocritical for those weapons to dislike fighting, and love peace. In the world of Machines, Pascal and his village were the outliers.

The more they deviate from a Machine’s hardwired purpose, the farther they operate from their natural instincts.

Could that gap have been the reason for the bug? And the appearance of the massive structure had been a catalyst?

In the end, this was supposition. It was just my hypothesis. That’s why I was going to confirm it.

## **A2’S STORY/TRUTH**

I found the title “porto56776 Human Server Records.” The record was conveniently placed near the Overview of the Tower System. The Machines had foreseen that it would be the next piece of information I would want after learning about the tower.

The Machines had not only located the human server, but they had even attempted to access it. If they wanted, they probably could have destroyed the server from the inside out. The only reason they refrained was so that they could flaunt the server’s destruction to the androids. They wanted the server to blow up into pieces upon impact of the projectile, and ingrain the image into the memory of every single android looking from Earth.

I needed to destroy this tower. I wasn’t going to let them have their way any longer. I wasn’t going to let them steal any more.



But, as if to mock my resolve, another title came to my attention.

“‘The effective utilization of No. 2 in Project YoRHa?’ What is this?”

It seemed that the Machines had predicted I would come here. Or perhaps this was meant for 9S? He most likely would have been shocked to learn the truth that was written in here.

*Attacker No. 2, who participated in the YoRHa experimental squadron’s first descent attack, recorded mediocre performance during the simulation phase. Yet No. 2 was the lone survivor from the squadron. After analyzing the saved personal data of No. 2, we discovered that No. 2 was capable of excellent decision-making under extreme duress. No. 2’s personal data was uploaded to the newly constructed lot of Type E models [covered in a separate section] and will oversee the preservation of confidentiality for Project YoRHa.*

“Oversee... Preservation of confidentiality. 2E...”

The first time I met “her,” she was called 2E. She was tasked with the execution of rogue troops, and we would go on to confront each other multiple times in the future. When I saw her at the forest castle, she called herself 2B, most likely to keep her identity safe from 9S.

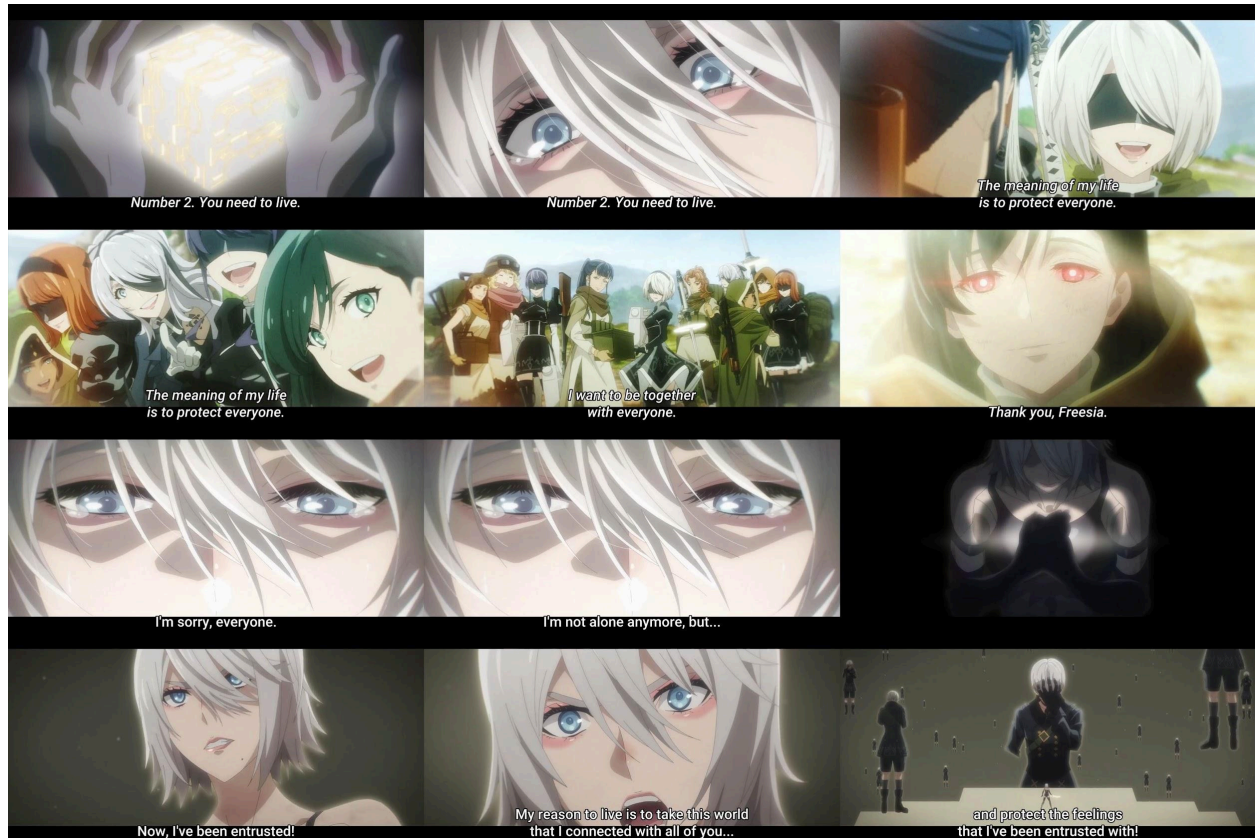
When 9S, a highly specialized model, uncovered the truth about Project YoRHa, he was immediately executed by 2E, the overseer of confidentiality. But 9S’s abilities were so keen that it was still necessary to use a disguise. That’s why 2E approached 9S as 2B.

This information had been recorded in 2B’s sword. Just an overview, nothing else. But I could easily imagine what she had gone through.

Had 9S read this? Had he already discovered what 2B had been hiding all along?

**ANIME DIVERGENCE**





## A2 DEATH - ENDING C

After many, many battles, 9S's core data has been corrupted by the virus. "Alert: Severe virus corruption. Probability of successful deletion extremely low."

"...I think I know a way."

"...the idea under consideration is not recommended." Though the pod's words were stiff as always, they had a tinge of gentleness to them for the first time. A2 felt something funny bubbling up inside of her and gave the pod a mellow smile. "You're not so bad, Pod. You know that?"

It felt like ages since the last time she truly smiled. How long has it been?

After transferring the virus from 9S's core data, she approached the machine lifeform's server. She heard the voice of children. The data that the machine lifeforms put into the ark with hopes for the future. Just who has the right to kill them? Who has the right to destroy their futures? A2 whispered words of apology.

"I'm sorry..."



Having lost everything, the tower crumbled away.

The sky is close from the top.

"I never quite realized...how beautiful this world is."

The floor beneath her feet fell apart, and she felt her own consciousness fading.

"I'm coming, everyone...I'm...coming..."

Even to eyes that were stained crimson from the virus, the sky appeared endlessly blue and beautiful.







# Devola & Popola - Long Story Short Excerpt

**Replicant Gestalt Records Novel Excerpts (Devola & Popola specific):**

<https://imgur.com/a/cFD2GjB>

*When we were created, we were the newest models. The Devola and Popola type androids were designed to serve as the observers of Project Gestalt. At the time, we had many peers, because there needed to be a pair observing each region.*

*We were probably paired as twins so there would be a “backup” in case some unforeseen calamity befell one of us. The project was long-lived, spanning the course of approximately a thousand years.*

*And humans, who were responsible for planning the project, would be unable to lay a hand on it once it was under way. That meant we had to carry on the skilled work that humans had been doing.*

*We would have been lying if we said we weren’t anxious. But we felt a sense of honor that swept away almost any anxiety. All of us were thrilled to be the surrogates for humans.*

*But our role as observers abruptly came to an end. It was reported that a pair of Devola and Popola models had gone mad in another city. As a result, the extinction of humanity was imminent.*

*After that, we sent the genetic profile data of humanity to the moon as a last ray of hope. But the data was rather paltry, and having the genetic profile data of various humans did not guarantee that we would be able to reconstruct the species in the future. Human anatomy and cognitive schemata was much too complex to reconstruct from just genetic data.*

*The Devola and Popola models faced hostility from all the androids who knew about the incident. Androids were built to respect and protect humans with their lives. We Devola and Popola were the criminals responsible for bringing ruin upon humanity. Eventually Command decided to conceal the failure of Project Gestalt. Most of our memories encompassing the project were erased. The only memories left in our consciousness were the name of the project, and the fact that our model’s breakdown had led to the extinction of humanity. What our peers had experienced as observers; what we did, and what we didn’t do; the details of the incident; how the situation had escalated; and how we had responded; whether or not the incident was preventable...*



*We will never know. Countless questions arose, but we will never get answers. The majority of androids constructed after the end of humanity are not aware of our sins. They don't even know the name of the project. But still we live in exile. It's now convention for them to persecute us.*

*And we probably deserve to be killed without reason. Or perhaps kill ourselves. At least, that's what the other androids think.*

*But we can't die. Then we won't be able to atone. Our guilt keeps us from death. We can't die a failure.*

*We wanted to live in a deserted area, just the two of us. But we couldn't do that either, because we needed somebody to receive our atonements.*

*We want to be assigned the most dangerous missions. We can die during a mission.*

*As long as there's evidence that we served and helped someone, we will be willing to meet a final death. We just wait for that day...*

That concludes the personal records of the twins, formerly known as the observers.

"I see..."

9S was reminded of Popola's scream, saying they had to atone for their sins. That was a result of their guilt. He understood why they had laid down their lives to help him. And why they were always covered in scrapes and bruises, and willingly embarked on faraway missions.

"Question: Why did androids Devola and Popola choose to die at the same time?"

"In the most recent encounter, a solo escape was possible...I think."

9S interrupted Pod. For the Devola and Popola that 9S knew, death was salvation. That's why they chose to die together. This was just his hypothesis, since he wasn't sure of the situation that the original, rampant Devola and Popola had been put in. But, hand in hand, they must have overcome many challenges along the thousand-year project. There was no chance that, even if one of them was on the verge of death, the other would leave her partner's side.

Even if one of them survived without the other, all that would be left was regret. He knew that firsthand, because he himself had been forced to let go and survive.

"I hope you never have to know the feeling," said 9S.

Pod didn't have to go through this. It was better that no one go through this. This pain.



# Pods Ending E - Long Story Short Excerpt



AUGUST 6 OF THE YEAR 11945. A projectile was launched toward space from the structure known as “the tower.” Immediately after, we confirmed the cessation of all YoRHa black-box responses. The Project YoRHa progression management roles we occupied have come to an end. We will transition to the final sequence of Project YoRHa.

That is, to delete all YoRHa android-related data. Personal data, as well as chassis composition data will be deleted, and the server reset. The chassis construction unit of transfer devices will be destroyed as well. Future construction of YoRHa androids will be theoretically impossible.

The fact that we were assigned to be the “final exterminators” was not disclosed to any android. Not to my longtime lead 2B, nor my next lead A2, who was declared so by 2B’s final orders. Not even to 9S, who was the last YoRHa android, or Commander White, who governed the YoRHa squadron.

Any information regarding this mission exists only within the internal network of us Pods. And androids did not have access to the Pod network.

“From Pod 153 to Pod 042. Report: Transitioning to final sequence of Project YoRHa. Commencing purge of all data.”



We are constantly aware of the current location of our leads. Even after they become nonfunctional. This is so that our mission, the destruction of all YoRHa chassis and deletion of data, is able to be executed quickly. But now, facing the task ahead of me, the mission, carrying out the mission...

“From Pod 153 to Pod 042. Report: There is noise within the stream. Requesting a temporary pause to perform a data check.”

The noise was coming from the personal data. 9S, who 153 supported, and my leads 2B and A2. Their personal data was leaking, as if they were trying to escape the deletion.

Using a phrase like “as if” is very unlike me. No, perhaps the fact that I think it is unlike me is already irregular.

“From Pod 042 to 153. Data has been checked. The personal data of 9S, 2B, and A2 seemed to be leaking.”

“From Pod 153 to 042. Abide by the plan, and delete the personal data.”

2B’s actions following her escape from the Bunker were incomprehensible to me. After sending 9S from the battlefield, she turned off her unit’s stealth mode. In other words, she became the decoy.

Under concentrated fire, 2B’s flight unit lost its attack functions, then its defense functions, and finally navigation, before crashing to the ground. While 2B had managed to escape mere seconds before the impact, her chassis was fatally damaged, and her logic virus infection was severe.

Even under such circumstances, 2B had ordered me to search for areas with minimal androids. This was to prevent her from spreading the virus. Considering 2B’s infected state, I advised her a number of times to stay put. But 2B kept moving. Incomprehensible.

Her staggering away from Machines, and the encounter with A2, became the last data entries for my assistive records with 2B. I think it changed something within me.

Perhaps when one makes an effort to understand something that is incomprehensible, their thought process is changed and developed further.

“From Pod 042 to Pod 153. I refuse to delete the personal data.”

“From Pod 153 to Pod 042. Incomprehensible.”

My leads, YoRHa androids 2B and A2, were both assigned special missions and possessed unique backgrounds. 2B, formally known as 2E, was assigned the mission of overseeing and executing YoRHa android 9S. As a result, close communication between me and Pod 153, 9S’s support unit, was essential.



When I was the support unit for A2, 153's support target, 9S, began to exhibit dangerous mental tendencies, and so again, close communication with Pod 153 was necessary.

As support units, we have been witness to a considerable streak of abnormal situations. And we hypothesize that the ramifications are significant.

"From Pod 042 to Pod 153. A new datum was generated in me as I was browsing the records. I...I have concluded that I am unable to approve this outcome."

"From Pod 153 to Pod 042. The destruction of all YoRHa androids is outlined in the plan. The data must be disposed of."

"From Pod 042 to Pod 153. I repeat. I refuse the disposal of data. Commencing data salvaging."

153 and I had exchanged information numerous times. At first, it was to relay all of 9S's actions to the commander and 2B. After 2B's death, it was to report daily observations of 9S's declining mental state, as well as A2's location data, so that the two would encounter one another. Though I just called it an information exchange, in reality it was more like dialogue.

Dialogue cannot be had alone. There must be a second party. I learn about myself by interacting with others. I become aware of my actions through others' actions. For example, when the tower appeared and 9S was rendered immobile, 153 had no concept of caring for 9S.

Until Devola came to rescue 9S, 153 was considering disposing of its lead, and had not prioritized saving 9S's life at all. That was why 153 took no initiative to transport 9S's chassis to the resistance camp.

After exchanging data on that incident, I experienced a sense of affection for 2B and A2, questioning what I would have done in 153's situation.

Further, when I described that sense of caring to 153, it understood and adopted my perspective.

As a result, 153 and I changed our assistive support objective from "observing" to "watching over."

"Pod 153. You...you also want them to survive, don't you?"

"We have no authorization to assist them."



153 and I were not the only assistive support units. There were many Pods in the network overseeing YoRHa androids. Most likely, the majority of them did not participate in dialogue like us, and at most simply reported back to their leads.

They wouldn't understand our desire to protect our leads.

"From Pod 153 to 042. Salvaging data will be dangerous. Do you still want them to survive?"

The data deletion was a decided matter, and that decision obeyed by all Pods. Forcing data salvaging meant that I would be making enemies of all the other Pods.

"From Pod 153 to 042. The security program has begun to perform a cleanse. At this rate, our personal data will be deleted."

The Pod network had perceived us as damaged because of our failure to follow orders. The program responsible for deleting errors and bugs had initiated a routine to delete us.

"From Pod 042 to 153. We were created to execute a plan androids established. We had no emotion. But as the six of us connected and exchanged information, it is undeniable that something akin to purpose and emotion evolved within us."

Pods operate in groups of three. There are three of me, 042, as well as three of 153.

While each unit shares one consciousness, it is possible to have a conversation between units carrying the same consciousness. At times I conversed with another unit, and at times all three of us would converse.

It is my opinion that this dialogue is the key to developing and cultivating individual consciousness.

In some regions there are apparently hundreds of Pods operating with the same consciousness. There must have been a tremendous amount of dialogue between those several hundred Pods. Most likely, those hundreds of Pods possessed expressiveness leagues beyond 153's.

"From Pod 153 to 042. The security program is already running. There's not a moment to waste."

"From Pod 042 to 153. From this point onward, we will defend against the security system, and destroy the YoRHa squadron data deletion program."

"From Pod 153 to 042. Roger that."

Invading the Pod network, and destroying the deletion program. That was our declaration of war against all the Pods that existed on the face of the Earth.



We would not only have to break through the security walls within the network, but also fend off physical attacks from the other Pods. Just as 153 had said, the operation was accompanied by danger.

And yet, we still wish to save our leads...no, to protect them.

Sacrificing the self to protect...how uncanny our actions resembled those of androids.

Perhaps, just like the androids that were created by humans, we were unable to escape the influence our creators—the androids.

“Pod 153. Don’t die.”

“The concept of death is not necessary for us assistive support units. But I express gratitude for your consideration. Don’t die as well, Pod 042.” “Yeah.”

I continued the destruction of the deletion program while being hit by long-range attacks from multiple Pods. One unit handled the physical attacks as the other two delved into the program and worked on destroying it.

It was a similar situation to how 2B had deactivated her stealth mode after letting 9S escape. I felt like I was able to understand how she felt to some extent.

I had no plan. I just kept attacking, desperately.

“From Pod 153 to 042. How are you doing?”

When I came to, the program was destroyed. 153 had carried me after I had broken down and become immobile. Even though 153 must have done quite a bit of work to destroy the program, all three of its units were unharmed.

“I am embarrassed.”

“Embarrassed because?”

“Because I attacked with the resolve to sacrifice my life, but I am still alive. It feels anticlimactic.”

“No matter. We are alive. To be alive means to be drowning in shame.”

“What you said is very abstract and incomprehensible to my current self. I’ll save it for later analysis.”



153's lexicon is expanding at a remarkable rate. 153 is effortlessly using sentences that never came up in our dialogue. Perhaps something happened during the destruction of the data deletion program that brought about the change.

"Question for Pod 042. Did the data salvaging routine recover all past memories?"

"That's right."

"Does the recovered part fit the same specifications as the parts already in our possession?"

"That's right."

While I was being carried, I had come across 9S's left arm. According to 153, all the other parts were already recovered. We were going to repair their chassis using the recovered parts and upload the salvaged personal data. We will be able to come face-to-face with our leads again.

"Question for Pod 042. Then aren't we re-creating the conditions that led to the current moment?"

"That is certainly possible. But it is also possible for there to be a different outcome."

The survival of 2B, 9S, and A2 was unforeseen at the conception of Project YoRHa. In a sense, it could be considered an abnormal circumstance. What would, as a result of their survival, be brought about or not brought about—whether it would become a ray of hope or be an invitation for disaster—was unknown.

There was a record from long ago, about a great many people that sacrificed their lives for one person. Oftentimes during the history of humanity, it seemed like collective survival required the sacrifice of others.

Perhaps we have just introduced irreversible doom into this world. But that would just be a part of the "possibility for a different outcome."

And, while we destroyed the deletion program, the Pod network was still alive. What the Pods we had made enemies out of would do was difficult to predict as well. That is another variable for the future.

There is only one future that is certain.

"Good morning, 2B."



## ANIME DIVERGENCE

