


Other Records

Check out this guy's channel for dolls that already released on global:

<https://www.youtube.com/@Yirgardo7>

Florence/ PA-15's

 Florence's Affinity Journals

Lind/ AA12's

 Lind's Affinity Journals


Cheetah/ MP7's

 Ei's Affinity Journals

Lainie/ OGAS UMP40's

 Lainie's Affinity Journals

Leva/ UMP45's

 Leva's Affinity Journals


Krolik's

 Krolik's Affinity Journals

Centauressi/ G36's

 Centauressi's Affinity Journals

Nikketa/ VSK94's

 Nikketa's Affinity Journals


Qiu Hua/ Type 97S's

 Qiu Hua's Affinity Journals


Jiangyu/ Type 97's

 Jiangyu's Affinity Journals

Springfield's

 Springfield's Affinity Journals

ZhaoHui's

 ZhaoHui's Affinity Journals

Peri/ MP5's

 Peri's Affinity Journals

Belka/ Gr G28's


 Belka's Affinity Journals

M200 Logs


 M200 Logs

Not belong to mine:

Lenna/ UMP9's

 Kokuhaku

Robella/ RO635's

 Robella's Record

Record 1

Once the leading figure of Griffin's General Services Department, even the reorganization of Griffin couldn't dampen Springfield's spirit. Instead, driven by her own interests and aspirations, she tirelessly worked to establish her own café—Zuccherò. Until she reunited with the most important person aboard the Elmo, she never once let up.

Among all the dolls the Commander has encountered, Springfield stands out as truly exceptional. Gentle, kind, and resilient, she seems unfazed by any challenge. No matter who approaches her or what troubles they bring, she offers sound advice and provides care and support when they hit a wall. Even the most powerful and proud elite dolls openly express their respect for her.

Yet Springfield herself never takes pride in this. Like a cup of clear tea, she exudes a gentle fragrance, seeking nothing in return.

Record 2

Springfield loves gatherings—not the chaotic parties out there, but the ones where she brings together her friends and important people for all sorts of reasons. There doesn't need to be a special theme; just seeing everyone together fills her with joy.

Back at Griffin, she often organized events at the café for all kinds of reasons, enjoying them just as much as everyone else. Reflecting on this passion, Springfield considers herself a bit too greedy—if she could, she'd want those beautiful moments to last forever, with Griffin's family never parting ways.

When everything did fall apart, Springfield wasn't discouraged. She knew that one day, that person would return, leading them all and reuniting them once more.

As long as Griffin's people are still around, anywhere can be Griffin.

Record 3

Surprisingly, Springfield isn't particularly skilled at making trendy desserts, which aligns with her laid-back personality. There's no doubt that Springfield is hardworking, but her sense of fashionable trends is admittedly slow. Beyond the timeless staples of coffee and tea, she rarely prepares desserts that keep up with the latest fads.

Cookies and carrot cake are her forte, while those extravagantly decorated cream cakes, rich in both appearance and flavor, are not her strong suit—though she's not entirely clueless about them. As a result, such tasks are typically handled by Centauressi.

However, Springfield is far from content with lagging behind. Before Centauressi joined Zuccherò, these responsibilities fell entirely on Springfield's shoulders. To avoid the terrifying prospect of Makiatto stepping in to "help," Springfield dedicated significant time to learning dessert recipes. By now, she has fully overcome her weaknesses.

Thanks to this effort, the Commander often enjoys afternoon tea personally prepared by Springfield, with an impressive variety that rarely repeats.

Record 4

“I really miss Miss Springfield’s tea. Even now, I often recall that flavor.”

Springfield keeps in touch with her old companions at just the right moments. It’s not just because Zuccherò’s intelligence operations require a wide network—more than that, she genuinely wants to know how they’re doing, whether their lives are comfortable, or if they’re facing any troubles. On the surface, it seems like ordinary concern, but in truth, Springfield has long been prepared to take in any of her old friends who fall on hard times.

She even keeps a mechanical eagle named “Taraiz” for this purpose, using it to exchange letters with her friends. While modern communication is effortless, Springfield has a fondness for this classic method. Each time, she writes at length about her recent experiences and amusing anecdotes, sending them to old friends like Lee-Endfield and Kalina. Thanks to this, Taraiz has grown accustomed to long journeys and excels at high-altitude reconnaissance in harsh environments.

Even before reuniting with the Commander, Springfield had already welcomed two old friends, Makiatto and Centauressi, into Zuccherò Café. Together, they eventually returned to the Commander’s side.

Perhaps Springfield yearns for the reunion of her old friends even more than the Commander does. She waits quietly, certain that the day will come.

Record 5

Springfield often prepares breakfast for the Commander, a special “love-filled breakfast” that no one else gets to enjoy.

Typically, after the Commander finishes washing up and heads to the common area, they take their designated seat. Springfield then serves the breakfast she’s prepared, which varies from day to day. Even the ever-present coffee is tailored to the Commander’s condition—if they overworked the previous day, the coffee might be swapped for vegetable juice.

The breakfast menu ranges from classics like carrot cake or sandwiches to treats like waffles or sliced cake. Sometimes, Springfield even brings out Chinese-style breakfasts like baozi or shao mai, though these appear less often since they don’t pair well with coffee.

Over time, some observant dolls noticed that the breakfast choices seem to reflect Springfield’s mood. If she serves cake, it’s a sign the Commander did something to make her happy. But if it’s something like a hamburger or jianbing guozi—items that clash disastrously with coffee—everyone urges the Commander to apologize. Yet, even if the Commander does, Springfield will only say she’s not upset.

But afterward, she’ll always bring the Commander a delicious dessert.

Record 6

I've had a question for a long time: Is Springfield actually quite skilled at command?

As everyone knows, Springfield was once the manager of Griffin's General Services Department. Now on the Elmo, she primarily handles logistics-related tasks, and the establishment of Zuccherio showcased her talent as the head of an intelligence organization.

Looking back, it seems that no matter what task Springfield is given, she always delivers results that exceed expectations. This realization sparked a thought: Is having Springfield focus solely on logistics underutilizing her abilities?

With this in mind, I asked Springfield to spend a day in the command room, assisting Groza and Colphne with the Elmo's operational coordination. She didn't disappoint—despite having no prior experience with the Elmo's management tasks, she worked seamlessly under Groza's guidance, completing everything with precision and efficiency.

So, I went straight to Springfield and asked if she'd be willing to take on a role in the command room.

"I'm sorry, Commander, I'm afraid I can't accept that position..." Springfield looked a bit troubled but declined with her usual gentle smile.

"Why not? You did wonderfully yesterday. Even Groza praised you, saying it's no surprise from Miss Springfield," I said, puzzled. While I had no intention of forcing her, I was curious about her reasoning.

"There are many dolls who can help ease your burdens, and I'm just one of them. But if I moved to the command room, who would take care of everyone else?" Springfield smiled softly. "Miss Centauressi is happy to listen to others' troubles, but she often gets stuck in the same rut as the person confiding in her. Makiatto can't handle general service tasks, and while little Mayling has some of Miss Kalina's old spark, putting too heavy a burden on her shoulders would be too cruel, wouldn't it?"

"As the number of dolls on the Elmo grows, logistics work will only get more demanding. It might sound like boasting, but no one can do it better than me, right?"

"And..."

Springfield looked at me with a meaningful smile.

"I still want to make sure I can prepare your three meals a day."

In the end, I gave up on the idea of having Springfield work in the command room. In return, the Elmo's logistics operations have run almost flawlessly.

And, of course, I get to enjoy delicious meals regularly.

Record 7

Before Springfield came to the Elmo, I always brewed my own coffee. It wasn't because Mayling or the others were unwilling to make it for me—quite the opposite. They often complained that brewing coffee was such a trivial task that I didn't need to do it myself; they'd happily take care of it. But in truth, it had become a small joy of mine. The first time I tried brewing coffee, the result was a cup of faintly coffee-flavored water, which sparked my competitive streak. By now, I could proudly call myself a coffee master. That is, until Springfield returned, and I discovered that the coffee she served was simply better than mine.

Could it be the coffee beans...? No, Springfield and I both used the same beans centrally procured for the Elmo. I secretly observed her, and the grinder she used was the same one I used. The extraction time... wasn't much different from mine either. So, where exactly was the difference in flavor coming from?

Of course, if I asked, Springfield would surely explain her techniques patiently and teach me until I got it right. But my competitive nature made me stubborn, and I refused to ask for the answer directly. Instead, I resorted to observing her. To avoid being noticed by Springfield, I'd sneak a peek, learn a little, and quickly leave.

Until one day, while I was quietly watching Springfield brew coffee for someone and taking notes, Centaureissi found me—apparently, there was an issue with work at the hangar. “C-Centaureissi!” I stammered, a bit flustered. After all, I was doing something sneaky, and I wasn't sure if Centaureissi had noticed the contents of my notes. “You're observing Springfield again, aren't you?” Centaureissi's casual remark pierced right through my secret. I was utterly shocked because, judging by her tone, it seemed like she'd known for a while. “The way you look at her... you really should've realized by now.” “Realized long ago...” Centaureissi sighed, a little exasperated. “And Springfield, too—she's never called you out because she seems to enjoy having your attention all to herself.”

Instinctively, I glanced at Springfield not far away, and my eyes met hers. Her gaze seemed to see right through me, and then she gave me a gentle smile.

...After that, I never tried to secretly learn Springfield's techniques again, and her coffee remained better than mine.

Record 8

Springfield enjoys being with everyone, even if she doesn't join in their conversations. Just watching from the sidelines makes her happy. But occasionally, she wants to spend time alone with me.

Late at night, after most of the T-Dolls have gone into standby mode, I often stay awake due to work or other thoughts swirling in my mind. Whenever this happens, I head to the café, and Springfield is always there behind the counter, as if she's been waiting for me.

Each time, Springfield chooses what to serve me based on the situation. If I still have work to do, she brings me a bitter espresso. But if my work is done and I'm about to rest, she prepares a glass of whiskey.

I never used to understand why M16 liked this drink, but now, I've come to appreciate its merits.

That day, weighed down by some troubling matters, I went to the café after finishing work and drank several glasses of whiskey. When I asked for another, Springfield placed a glass of warm water in front of me.

"...Why water?"

I drank half of it, feeling a bit clearer, but still looked at Springfield with confusion.

"While I'd love to see the Commander pass out drunk so I could carry you back to your room, seeing you harm your body like this... it really makes me unhappy," she said.

Though Springfield spoke with her usual smile, the worry in her eyes was unmistakable.

"If something's on your mind, could you talk to me about it before you get drunk?"

As she spoke, Springfield stepped out from behind the counter, sat beside me, and gently held my hand.

...

I don't quite remember how that night ended, only that I talked to Springfield for a long time, almost until the sky began to lighten. I must have fallen asleep at some point. When I woke up, it was already the afternoon of the next day.

I was dressed in pajamas, feeling the comforting freshness of having bathed, and lying in Springfield's room.

Springfield, as usual, was at the café, tending to our comrades.

I didn't ask anything, nor did I make a point to thank her. I simply continued to visit the café every night, having a drink and chatting with Springfield. Just that was enough to make us both happy.