

In defence of Umineko

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Inspired by: GHS

Note: A defence of how Umineko went about its ending as told in what you might call a story, or simply a conversation transpiring between two people.

Something I thought I'd TL for the sake of manager dono and moe-anon, and because it's that time of the month. Also intended for practising.

I found a few others as well (that is, more of these 'story' type reviews) about plenty of other stuff, whether nukige or types of tea, sex positions and sisters, JSDF and something called 'Order efaahil efgaho' (after some research, it seems to be some online cult)

Hope you rike it



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Beatrice

The Golden Witch who has lived for a thousand years. She has surpassed the limits of humans and will, just as demons do, appear in response to a human's summons to lend them her power for a price.

She likes black tea and ice cream. She hates boredom and people who deny her existence.

An illustration of the character Beatrice. She has blonde hair styled in a bun with a red bow. She is wearing a black Victorian-style dress with white ruffles and a pink bow at the chest. She is holding a thin wand in her right hand. The background is dark with golden, swirling patterns.

“Sure does. You understand, right?”

Not really no.

“Alright then.. What department’s taking him in?”

“789. Reader reviews on true detective stories aren’t doing too well. One too many complaints on a lack of blood, disappointment in event scales, and a desire to see more tight weaved ‘logic’. Mostly, though, the boors want conflict, to ramp up drama. Feisty stuff in short, and so we’ve deigned to respond.”

“Putting aside whether we should respond or not...789 huh. Tall order. Not gonna be easy. Interdiction in stories of true detectives is inseparable from being involved in complexities much too grand. There’s a chance of those ‘**outside**’ sucking you into their tempo too. Hardly fit to say this, but it’s no place someone green should be.”

“And that’s where you step in. You’ve got experience with this stuff, yeah? With these true detective stories. Haven’t even read ‘em much myself. More of a romcom guy, y’know.”

“Experience or no, it’s a problem. The worlds of true detectives bend too strongly –practically entirely-- to the unearthing of all mysteries. Not a stone left unturned, not a suspect uncleared. To step in, cause a scene, and step out, is to cause a discrepancy, and therefore add proverbial stock to the arsenal of problems the true detective must solve.

Now It would be okay if this were any plain detective story, but here it’s a *true* detective. Too troublesome a character. He must know who caused it. He must bring to light who created it, and he must somehow or other, involve himself in their retribution, lest strings remain disconnected. We can’t come in, create a problem, and run as we do, because possibilities aside, it would entail destruction of and for *that world*, as the foundation behind which it lies, the bulwark to its ‘it’, would be uprooted, come the repudiation of the true detective’s role; if he’s incapable of solving a mystery, especially if say, owing to an alien interception, the world dies, and once he solves it, the world stops. The story ends. That’s how it goes.

Likewise, we can’t exactly disclose ourselves to these detectives, can’t let the ‘aliens’ assume a role within, for our existence then is threatened, and the story’s plot careens. Altogether a contribution only to its ruination, a happenstance impermissible. We’ll be wasting time. Plot devices can only operate as curated by the plot, and this you already know. It’s out of the question to conceive a character of no relation to anyone or anything, absent of any context, and allow his assuming a role of pure convenience. **Beyond** isn’t fond of this, too, however in large because we’re out of his control. A character showing up from nowhere, functioning as the missing link, and unrestrained from the yoke of the plot. Haha. We’ll be contesting for **authority** if it comes to that, and blood will spill, no doubt about it.

So, at this point, I must again stress—stories of true detectives must not be tampered with, and certainly not by greenhorns, let alone an observer training one, inside of one. It’s no easy feat, messing with their worlds. Nothing easy at all.”

That ought to dissuade him, right?

“Hmmm. And yet, you here before me, you and none other, have managed this plenty. Pray tell, in what way does your ‘experience’ contribute to that end? At what

point can, and with what means, does it take for you to interfere with these precipitous worlds? You can bust into science fiction with all its nonsense no problem, but true detective stories are a no? Come on, come on! ”

Alright, that didn't work.

-And there's more questions than normal today, hunh.

“What I do...can't really be called interference.”

“Typically, I have two options...one not so good, the other even worse. Which sounds best to you?”

“Pick your pick and proceed to the next.”

‘Pick your pick?’

“My first option, rather, what I normally do, is kill the true detective, of whom we already know can only be one.”

“.....Is this the ‘not so good’ or ‘even worse’ option?”

“Interference with the world, in such a way as to create plot-holes, kills the stability supporting stories of true detectives, and spells the end of their world.

We cannot be caught in them, nor disclose ourselves to them, yet we must do something nonetheless, retaining our position of outsiders, to covertly impact these reader reviews. And so I figure, there's no better way, no workaround more ideal, than killing the source of our discomfort.

If it's fated for the true detective to disclose all mysteries, fully elucidating what he will, and putting to spotlight he who rouses trouble, killing him does this away, nice and tidy, while yet retaining the qualities of what make the true detective story, a true detective story. None to suspect us exist, or more precisely, none capable as he, of spelling truth clear, of drawing a coherent transparency. The story ends with the true detective failing, though not owing to a personal inability to do so, but instead thanks to an inexplicably explicable obstruction.

True enough, the former kills the world, while the latter is a natural part of it, and therein is our accomplishment, satisfying reader reviews of something more ‘bloody’, without ending their interest entirely, without ending the world, and all while maintaining an agreeable quo. A good enough job”

“You didn't even answer my question.”

“My apologies. That I think would be the ‘not so good’ option.”

“Ehhh? That's the ‘not so good’ one? Okay. Sure. Suree.”

Is this fool acting out a script today or something? Are you interfering, **outside**?

“I don't think reviewers will be happy seeing their true detective protagonist die, you know. This whole crap of word stability won't much matter if we're in red and growing redder still, plus I feel there's something amiss. Set within their worlds, true detectives must resolve all and any incidents, remaining practically immortal, shielded by **observers** until then. A fundamental aspect thrown soon as he dies. Just doesn't sound right, understand?”

“It doesn't, yeah, but it nevertheless is. Up to a point, the great detective would be going about his resolvings, doing what all detectives do, twiddling thumbs and anchoring concepts however-

However come the precipice to a proper conclusion, just before the end, before that leap, and before F, right when disclosure is to actualize, the thread is cut, and the curtains close. The grand orchestra comes to a sudden halt, and that's that.

He -the detective- is killed.

He dies.

Gone.

Dusted.

In this way and only this way, the detective has succeeded and failed in his resolution of the problem, such that its assessment is comprehended in all but concretion, and only a verdict remains to be made. Wiggle room is thus begot, and any manner of explanation, any statement or conjecture, can assume its filling, no matter how out of place one may think it is. For example-

'Magic is real, and that's what did the job!'

'An answer was never intended in the first place! That's it! That's what we're being told!'

'Do you seriously believe that lie? What a load of nonsense!'

'Waste of time this was. Unbelievable'

'Trash'

'It's all nonsense'

'X was us all along'

Yes indeed, the matter is resolved, and as for what that resolution is, the degree to its temperance, such remains for the **observers** to decide. After all, their *shielding, impenetrable and forthwith, was no longer operating as it does*. The detective, even us we -as I have, at any rate- slaughter him, is never once *defended*, and that is because **they**, too, his literal protectors, desire such an outcome. Most definitely another reason the world continues to live.

It's all a bit unusual, but you say you read romcoms, yes? This is no different. After 400 odd chapters of will or won't, the grand ending to a journey years long is typically little more than yet further smoke, and yet further reflection, hands tightly interwoven, almost painfully holding one another, red sprightly blushes, white fading to black, or green fading to blue. All a blend that suggests *something*, all a blend that could equally be false, as it is true, in the way we understand, for no definitive demonstration of the 'act' is portrayed. The female and male lead could, simply, in that exact moment, in that particular zeptosecond, within that lapse so brief and minute, that its being could be the distance between incorporeal becoming corporal, as measured, as determined, by the absolutes of absolute above, by the order of the ensemble, be brutally killed by a seven armed cyborg resembling a mix of scorpion, anteater, and armadillo, their guts a recipient of disembowelment, or their souls teleported to trees. They could even be incinerated in a sudden shower of nuclear hellfire.

But, the point is, when the black bars go up and up some more, enough so as to obstruct everything, all of it, all that matters, anything can happen, and yet nevertheless, things carry on as merrily as they do.

What we do with true detectives, to repeat, is just the same thing really, and so just as those romcoms aren't destroyed, this too lives on. Of course, it's worth mentioning that the conditions to ensure a story's stability differ from category to category, and in the case of romcoms, department 654 is responsible for them. I'm told they can't actually have sex in them, since that destroys their world.."

"Wonder what the workaround would be then? Whatever it is, I believe you get the picture now"

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"In the end, I borrow from the romcom workaround. It's a nice way of maintaining the fundamental root of things really, of keeping the world stable despite all the grievances we throw its way. That ought to be enough for now"

'Wait, hold on."

"?"

"You've basically said nothing this entire time, you know ?"

"Heh"

"...?"

"Hahahahaha!"

"Ahahahahaha!"

"HHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"That's the spirit, my boy! We'll get to the next part some other time!"

-ベアトリスを愛しています

- Heart Ryukishi