

An-Yi: This is bullshit!

Daiki: Of course! What else did you expect from a book of poetry?

Bhäraté: I was hoping for cherry blossoms and verse about lovely geisha.

Chariya: I have learned not to hope. The devil starts laughing

each time humans hope.

- T Newfields [Nitta Hirou / Huáng Yuèwŭ]

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