

Monika:
Change the world

(Disclaimer, I know this is written like actual dogshit right now. I'll probably fix it up at a later date, idk)

Yes, I'm genuinely writing a fan fic so that Monika can get an intelligence upscale (Monika agenda is so tuff), basically it's if Monika never got the ability to mess with reality and was instead only loosely aware she was in some kind of a simulation which she has no control over + also she has the death note I guess (which she uses both because of a sense of bringing meaning to the world by cleaning up what she can and finally breaking the loop of monotony by having something different to do for once). (Also the title is a reference)

Ive Laster is canonically the guy who made it so that the simulations would be viewed in a style of a visual novel so I'm just applying that same concept only this time he wanted to do a moral experiment to see how Monika would react, and he chose to base it on Death Note, pretty in character tbh.

Prologue:

The days had started to blur together for Monika recently.

The Universe had been reset… what, a couple hundred times at this point? Maybe thousands? Not that it truly made any difference to Monika, she was still trapped, forced to repeat whatever days the entities in control of this world deemed necessary, remembering every single loop while everyone else forgot. It did sometimes lead to some interesting dialogue with her peers, given how dull everything had become she sometimes would make it look like she predicted future events or could read people's minds, of course she couldn't actually do that, she just remembered what people would say, or what events would occur at specific times.

After a (long?) day at school–Monika isn't quite sure what constitutes a "long" period of time anymore–she walks to the place she has foggy, likely preprogrammed memories of being her home when she spots what appears to be some kind of notebook falling from the sky. Monika pauses immediately, caught off guard by the sudden appearance.

"What is this? This has never happened before…" Monika mutters to herself curiously as she starts towards the book. She'd walked this route, on this day, at this exact time so many times she'd literally lost count and it had always been exactly the same up until now, the prospect of something genuinely new occurring managed to slightly brighten her long since greyed soul as she knelt down and picked up the black book.

"…Death note?" Monika reads the title of the notebook in confusion, she's aware that this is unlikely to be some kind of a prank, if it was she would have experienced this same thing an uncountable amount of times prior, after all, nobody had any free will other than her. This revelation led Monika to surmise that it could only have been whatever was in control of her world putting a new event into play, for what purpose? She didn't yet know.

Chapter 1:

Monika had arrived home, passing by the blurry vague stand-ins she called her family and went up to her room. She was sitting at her desk, a desk littered with school work, a small TV—which

was currently playing some kind of news broadcast–and fully adorned with countless awards, trophies and other things of the sort that would recognize either her athleticism or some form of intellectual prowess. Most others would probably be proud to own these trinkets, but Monika only has foggy memories of perhaps earning these in some long since passed life. Right now she was focused solely on this new black book that had fallen from the sky, the only new thing to happen in an eternity of repetition.

“The human whose name is written in this notebook… shall die.”

Monika begins to read out the rules of the notebook, she doesn’t bother to lock her door since she knows her family won't come in to check on her until Thursday at 5:42 PM, about 45 hours and 26 minutes from now so she needn’t worry.

“This note will not take effect unless the writer has the person's face in their mind when writing his/her name. Therefore, people sharing the same name will not be affected. If the cause of death is written within the next 40 seconds of writing the person's name, it will happen. If the cause of death is not specified, the person will simply die of a heart attack. After writing the cause of death, details of the death should be written in the next 6 minutes and 40 seconds.”

Monika pauses, considering the implications before speaking once more:

“This is pretty thorough, I suppose I really have to give them some credit… though I wonder what they were hoping to achieve by showing me this?”

Monika giggles softly to herself, slightly amused by the note book. It was pretty thorough, and she had no doubt that it probably does exactly what it claims to, but why would she care? It’s not like she has any real desire to kill anyone, she’s not some kind of a psycho.

Just as Monika is about to put away the notebook she finally takes notice of the Television on her desk playing something different than normal, something about a mass shooting at a shopping centre. Curious, she turns up the volume.

“-An unknown suspect has reportedly entered Ashiba Outlet Mall with what witnesses claim to be an automatic weapon, there have been two confirmed deaths already-” The reporter interrupts themself and looks passed the camera, presumably getting new information *“We have just gotten confirmation, the suspect has holed themselves up in a department store with hostages, the suspects name has also been revealed to be Satou Suzuki, a 38 year old male-”*

The suspect's face appears on the TV alongside the reporter who’s voice trailed off, Monika recognizes that shopping centre, how could she not? It was the place her friends would always go on May 15th at 8:08 PM. For the first time in what feels like years, Monika actually feels a little fear.

She looks at the notebook on her desk then back at the TV, and laughs a little nervously.

“Ahaha… oh, I get it, this is your way of getting me to use it, huh?”

She asks out loud to the universe, the universe, of course, doesn’t reply but she knows she’s right. That’s why everything is different today, that’s why she found the “Death Note” in the first place, that’s why the shooting is occurring when it never had in any other loop. This is all just some kind of experiment. None of that matters right now, even if this is some kind of event put in place to force her to use the Death Note, she’s not going to let her friends die. She brandishes her pen and writes down the name on the first page of the Death Note, still writing with perfect penmanship despite the situation. Once she’s finished, she watches the TV, waiting to see what happens. Until finally, after the longest 40 seconds of her life, tuning out the reporter's explanations of the situation, they look past the camera once more, presumably getting new information like last time, only now they make a shocked expression before schooling themselves and looking back at the camera.

“We just received shocking new information, the suspect has been found dead inside the building!”

Monika doesn’t look particularly surprised at the revelation, she was pretty much certain the notebook would work… even still, she felt undeniably… well… Monika struggled to put an emotion to her feelings, all she knew was that she felt *something*. She finally had done something new, something she didn’t anticipate or memorize, even if this was all some elaborate experiment, it was **new**, for once Monika didn’t know what was going to happen.

Chapter 2:

“It's not like I could ever actually kill a person… Just the thought of it makes me shiver. But come on...everyone's killed people in games before. Does that make you a psychopath? Of course not.”

Monika doesn’t know exactly where she heard that quote, she figured it’s likely a memory left over from some other simulation running in tandem with hers. Sometimes her memories don’t match with the reality around her so she always assumed that must have been the case.

Anyway, Monika had thought the quote seemed pretty fitting now, given how often she’d used the Death Note lately, and how her reality really wasn’t too different from a video game. Everyone in it had a fated path, a set number of dialogue options depending on what you say, etc. At least, that’s how Monika chose to see it, it made it easier to rationalize how fun it was to write names in the notebook and see the inevitable impact it had on the simulated world around her, there was real, tangible change happening for once, she wasn’t about to give that up for what essentially amounted to morals that couldn’t exactly be applied to autonomous personalities, and evil ones at that.

It had been a week since she got her hands on the Death Note, she was careful to keep up her performance in school (both socially and academically speaking), but once she got home she'd write for what must be hours, at the end of each day, she'd definitely deleted hundreds of "people" from the world. Today was no different, she'd just gotten home from school and sat down at her desk, ready to write more names when she felt a presence looming over her, when she instinctively looked up she found a tall, inhuman creature with reddish eyes and sharp teeth.

Monika jolts in surprise for a moment, but doesn't react any more than that, after all why would she? The creature looks a little surprised at her relative lack of fear but seemingly shakes it off and starts speaking.

"Well, you've been pretty busy" it says with an air of curiosity, its eyes flicking over the Death Note with what looks to be glee.

"I've never seen anyone write this many names in the Death Note, especially not in such a short amount of time, just look at all the people you've killed~"

Monika looks a little uncomfortable with the phrasing, they aren't really "people", not in any sense of the word, they're not even real or alive but she decides to keep that grievance to herself for now.

"Aha… well I am a fast writer." Monika pauses for a moment, averting her eyes. She's not scared or anything, in fact she's thoroughly enjoying this long forgotten feeling of actually being caught off guard, but she's grown used to knowing exactly how to respond in every situation that, ironically, her social skills and ability to carry on a conversation have taken a bit of a dive.

Frankly, Monika should have anticipated an appearance like this, since Monika was fairly certain this was some kind of experiment so it made sense that the people in charge of the simulation would want some dynamic to see how Monika would react outwardly. She mentally chastises herself for not catching on sooner, but for now she had a much more pressing matter at hand. She assumes based on the clearly inhuman design and connection to the Death Note (and the simulation engineers clearly having an attachment to Japanese culture) she infers that it's likely some personal take on a *Shinigami*.

Monika sighs a little before speaking again in a faux-nervous tone "So, this is your notebook right? Are you here to take it back now?"

Monika doesn't genuinely believe there's a chance that's what he's here for, she's only asking simply to try and keep the conversation moving and to hopefully get some kind of information.

The Shinigami smiles a little, at least Monika assumes it's a smile, it's hard to tell given its perpetually toothy grin, but she thinks she sees a small upturn in its mouth.

“No no no, nothing like that, in fact I’m rather impressed, when I dropped my notebook I never could have anticipated it would end up in the hands of someone so… *studious*”

Monika’s eyes widened a little. “Dropped it?”

“Yes” Ryuk answers promptly “I dropped it because I was bored. The Shinigami realm-” Monika’s lips curl slightly, internally pleased that she reasoned correctly as the Shinigami continues “-is a barren place, no fun to be had at all, so sometimes, a Shinigami will drop their Death Note into the human world, and every time we do, we effect history irreparably”

Monika nods along, listening to every word, she honestly can’t help but feel a little impressed by the lore being put into this, in fact she’s fairly certain this was stolen from some existing work in the entity's reality, again, this is coming from the observation that mostly everything in her world is based around Japan in some form. She thinks about this as the Shinigami continues to speak, with Monika only half listening at this point. She picks up something about “eyes”, and heaven and hell and how the Shinigami’s name is Ryuk, but everything else is filtered out, she’s obviously not taking him seriously until a question breaks through her haze.

“There was nothing forcing you to write these names, you could have just ignored it, the first person as a test in the name of curiosity I’d understand but you’ve written hundreds of names-”

“1892” Monika corrects him internally

“-with nothing forcing you to do so, I’m curious, why would you continue?~” Ryuk asks while staring intently, unblinking at her

Monika ponders the question internally… “*Why?”* It’s a question she’d asked herself many times before, for a variety of different things. Why do anything at all, in a universe that’s inherently meaningless? Everything else she’d done simply because it’s what she’d done thousands of loops prior, so why is she doing this? Monika knows it's not because of some moral obligation to “make the world a better place”, because she doesn’t care about the world, why should she? It’s not real. In the end, the only real answer she can come up with is-

“Well… I suppose it’s because I wanted to.”

She answers honestly, no discernable expression of guilt or dishonesty on her face, because it’s the truth. She’d been completely powerless in any decision making prior to this, but now, she had a choice, even if she was taking part in whatever perverse experiment was being conducted for once she has the power to act how she wants, she can control the world and even fate itself in a way she couldn’t before, it was an opportunity she couldn’t pass up. It felt undeniably good to have this level of power.

Chapter 3:

“Moni!” Sayori ran over to Monika, almost knocking her over in the process. Sayori was much more… “lively” as of late, Monika assumes it’s to compensate for the whole “being inside a mall while it was being shot up” debacle. Sayori had always done her best to cover her negative emotions with positive ones.

“She’s pretty attached to you isn’t she?” Ryuk says, clearly amused by really any form of human interaction

Monika ignores him, she’d been dealing with his incessant yammering all day long, obviously unable to say anything back without looking crazy since nobody else can see or hear him.

Monika turns to face Sayori and smiles her usual warm mask of a smile, she’s gotten very good at masking her emotions over the countless loops so even the shockingly perceptive Sayori would never be able to see through it.

“Yes, Sayori? Did you need something?” Monika asks softly

“Um” Sayori smiles a little nervously “...Well, Yuri and Natsuki said they’re not gonna be able to help with setting up all the Literature Club stuff for the festival…”

Monika doesn’t react much beyond a small disappointed *“oh”*. She knew this was going to happen, not because it’d happened before or anything, in fact this was the first time it occurred. The inciting incident was of course the shooting at the shopping centre, of course any normal person would need a break from club activities after that. The only reason Sayori wasn’t was because she was a textbook people pleaser, a fact Monika was well aware of.

“B-But it’s fine!” Sayori quickly added “I can bake a-and design the posters and do what-”

“Sayori, it’s ok” Monika says with an understanding voice “You shouldn’t be worrying about this anyway, you should take a break, you went through something really traumatic y’know. It’s not healthy to force yourself to work through that.”

Sayori’s eyes widen, she looks like she wants to protest but Monika’s expression seems to silence that impulse.

“But… I can’t leave everything up to you-”

Monika interrupts again, still wearing that faux-warm smile “I’ll be fine, I’ve done most of the work anyways so you don’t need to worry, ok? Just go home and rest, I promise it’s fine.”

Sayori still looks uncertain but eventually nods a little and starts to walk home, Monika watches for a few seconds before turning to leave, Ryuk floating soundlessly beside her.

“You handled that well, if I didn’t know any better, I’d believe every word of that” He chuckles, a sound that sounds eerily close to nails on a chalkboard.

“It was a little white lie to help ease a friend's anxiety.” Monika says with an almost cheerful voice, holding the Death Note–which Monika had cleverly rebinded–close to her chest as she continues to walk home “Besides, I’m confident I’ll be able to finish the rest on my own”

Ryuk looks a little surprised by this “Hm? You mean you’re actually going to finish all that by yourself? Feels like you have more important things to do”

Monika knows he’s right, frankly, Monika lost interest in the club a long time ago, and now she cares even less. Well, to be fair she’d lost interest in most things but this specifically was being done purely for camouflage purposes, she knew that if someone eventually discovered the fact that these deaths were in fact murders, it would look pretty suspicious if the model, straight A student suddenly started not showing up to class and dropping extracurriculars at the same time the deaths started, she doesn’t feel like explaining her thought process so she just stays quiet and continues to walk home, an action that seems to mildly annoy Ryuk. To soothe his annoyance (but mostly just to shut him up), she offered him an apple from her bag, to which Ryuk quickly snatches and inhales the thing.

Later that night, Monika sits down at her desk, Ryuk nearby, about to start writing down names when a national emergency broadcast interrupts her search for recently arrested criminals, the broadcast showed a man who seemed to be in his thirties, sitting in front of a desk with a plaque on it displaying his name.

“Good evening” He pauses for a moment, his eyes flicking briefly behind the camera then back forward “You may or may not recognize me. I am currently heading up an international police task force…” He pauses once more, again looking behind the camera then back again, Monika assumes this is for dramatic effect. “My name is Linde L. Tailor, otherwise known as **L**”

That name caught Monika’s attention. Over the thousands of loops she’d experienced, she’d occasionally gone out of her way to learn about a plethora of different subjects. Thanks to this, Monika knows 77 languages, could probably get a doctorate in dozens of different fields, and has assorted knowledge on various miscellaneous subjects; one of which being true crime. The name “L” is quite famous as he’s almost unanimously agreed to be one of the greatest detectives in the world. Furthermore, she also knew he never showed his face… Monika was already put off, but decided to continue watching, Ryuk too was looking over her shoulder curiously.

“-Criminals around the world are being murdered by a serial killer. I consider this to be the most vile act of murder in history-”

“That’s a little dramatic” Monika internally disagrees with the strong phrasing and sighs a little.

“-I will not rest until the person or persons behind these murders are brought to justice. If said person or persons are watching right now, just know that I will hunt you down, I will find you.”

“He seems pretty confident that he’ll catch you~” Ryuk says almost mockingly while he does that weird thing with his face again where Monika isn’t quite sure if he’s smiling or not.

Monika barely pays any attention to him at all, honestly she’d already tuned out this “Linde L. Tailor”. She’d been suspicious the moment he appeared on her screen, but now she was certain. While the TV continued to play in the background, Monika had logged onto her computer and changed her IP address so her computer was in a different prefecture, and sure enough, all channels were playing normally, there was no national broadcast, it was a trap. The name on the plaque in front of him, a little grandiose don’t you think? Even though Monika knew L really was a big deal, she also knew from reading about him that he’d always been more secretive and tactful than this, this big show isn’t the real L’s style, not only that, the continued glancing passed the camera must have been him reading lines.

Monika sighs a little and turns off the TV, much to Ryuk’s confusion but she just ignores it, casually going back to deleting criminals.

Chapter 4 (L’s POV):

L was a little surprised to say the least, he’d profiled the suspect (whom the internet had taken to calling “Kira”) to be a narcissist, and to have a very shrewd sense of justice. The fact that Linde L. Tailor hadn’t been killed yet, seems to disprove that theory, or at the very least, Kira is more capable of rational thought than L had anticipated.

“Hm…” He sits in the middle of a pitch black room, only slightly illuminated by the ghoulish blue light radiating from the computer he was crouched in front of “...Is it possible I’m mistaken?”

His pondering is interrupted by the laptop suddenly making a faint buzzing sound, it seems the broadcasts had finished and the police task force were contacting him.

“Yes, hello?” He answers the call, his voice obviously disguised on the other end of the line as he begins to engage in conversation.

The conversation didn't help L’s mood, the broadcasts had indeed finished, only the trap failed, all 47 prefectures received the broadcast, and not a single one worked as expected. L was

beginning to believe that Kira either missed the broadcast or wasn't in Japan like he'd thought. That is until he received one last piece of information.

Linde L. Tailor suffered a heart attack approximately 5 minutes after the final broadcast aired and died on the spot.

This at the very least confirmed that Kira is likely in Japan but doesn't help narrow it down in any meaningful way. L decides to go back to the drawing board, clearly simple traps relying on emotional outbursts aren't going to be terribly effective.

L instead opts to trace the origin, no doubt this would be difficult, but certainly not impossible, he had managed to more or less confirm around 1659 victims and he was hoping that the first victim had a more personal connection.

L would spend the next hour, carefully flipping through every single confirmed death over the past month and eventually figured out that the first victim was likely on May 15th, this quickly leads him to *Satou Suzuki*, a criminal who held 7 people hostage inside a shopping centre in Okinawa, he'd also died of a sudden heart attack, despite no familial history of heart disease. This, L felt, was fairly strong evidence in favour of Suzuki being Kira's first victim. Reading through the article covering his death revealed something interesting, of the 7 individuals that were held hostage 4 of which were students that attended the same school in Okinawa: Chiyo, Natsuki, Sayori and Yuri. L had previously considered that Kira was likely a student given that most deaths seemed to occur around 4:30 PM and 6:30 PM, a time when a student should be completely free, this seeming connection only served to strengthen this belief.

Chapter 5 (School):

Monika is currently sitting in class, she'd felt pretty clever last night, what with writing down Linde L. Tailor's name just to delete him later. The safest option obviously would've been to do nothing at all, but Monika had become a bit of a daredevil as of late. In fact, she was just considering being a little more offensive in her handling of the situation when her thoughts are interrupted by the intercom system announcing something rather disturbing. The police were here and were looking to talk to all senior student council members and club presidents in one on one discussions, Monika knew what this was about of course.

"How could they possibly know?" Monika asks herself silently

Monika is confused and tries not to panic–she stopped carrying the Death Note around a long time ago, Ryuk just talked her ear off the whole day, which made it a little harder to do some things–so there's nothing to worry about in that regard. After about half an hour Monika's name was called through the intercom, to which Monika stood up calmly, her classmates whispering curiously as she left towards the office.

In her mind, she was running through the scenarios, and the possible reasons why she was being- wait no, that's not right-

Monika shakes her head a little, her anxiety getting the best of her for once.

"They called for all club presidents and student council members" Monika corrects her spiraling fears.

"They're almost certainly calling us specifically because we have a lot of insight on the general student body and members of our respective clubs… come on, Monika… get a hold of yourself!" She mentally scolds herself as she walks into the office, schooling her expression before doing so.

She's greeted with six people, one of whom she recognized as the principal, another she recognizes as the debate club president, the other four she'd never seen before, but given their suits and very serious demeanor, she was left to assume that they were likely Police Detectives.

"Oh, Monika" The principal smiled warmly as she saw her enter, she'd always had a good relationship with most of the faculty.

"Yes, miss? What's this about?" Monika asked innocently, employing a convincing facade of harmlessness and confusion.

They all look at her with varying expressions, a few of the detectives look apologetically at her while the others maintain a serious unreadable expression, after a few minutes of breaking down the reason for their visit two detectives walk her over to the principal's personal office presumably to keep the conversation private. It was a room Monika had seen an uncountable amount of times prior, but never for this reason.

Monika was seated across the desk facing the window at the back of the office while one of the detectives sat in the principal's chair across from her, the other detective stood next to his partner with his arms crossed.

"So, Monika" The man seated across from her begins to speak in a serious, albeit not accusatory tone. "First of all, we want you to know that you're not in any trouble. We just have a few questions regarding a case we're working on."

Monika nods slightly "I see… well, I'll try to help in any way I can" Monika pauses for a moment "Actually… could I ask… does this have anything to do with that broadcast yesterday?"

Both detectives seem a little taken aback by this question, clearly not anticipating this question "...Why would you think that?"

“Well… it seemed pretty serious, plus it’s not everyday that the police visit here… it wasn’t that hard to connect the two…” Monika purposefully makes herself appear a little embarrassed

“Ah… I’m sorry, I didn’t just make myself a suspect did I?”

The detective across from her shakes his head a little, seemingly buying the innocent act “No, of course not… you’re right actually.”

“So then… Why are you here? Do you think Kira might attend this school”

The officer nods gravely “Unfortunately, there’s quite a bit of circumstantial evidence to support that, hence why I need to ask you some things.” The officer takes a breath and continues “We’ve already done some basic background checks on the student body and talked to the principal and teachers about personal interactions, however, we’d like to get more insight on behaviours that teachers wouldn’t be privy to…”

Monika nods a little “I understand”

“So we’d like to ask you a few questions, if you don’t mind” The detective almost seems laidback now.

Monika matches his energy and smiles a little, committing to the helpful bystander act “Of course, I’m happy to help.”

The detective asked a few questions, some personal, some relating to the students. All of which weren’t invasive, they mostly asked about her interests, academic performance and goals and sometimes how interactions with certain people generally were, after about 10 minutes of this, Monika initiates a statement.

“I’m sorry if none of my answers are helping you” Monika feigns guilt and insecurity, internally glad that none of the questions had been directed at her in any meaningful capacity.

The detectives smile slightly, seemingly a little endeared by her willingness to help “Oh no, don’t feel bad… we weren’t seriously expecting you to help us crack the case just like that… these things take a while…” The detectives pause for a moment before sighing and speaking once more.

“...However, there is one last thing we need to ask you…”

The detective's tone and expression instantly turn more serious, but Monika doesn’t react to the sudden switch in atmosphere.

“Oh…? Me specifically?”

The detectives nod “In fact… you were the main person we felt we needed to speak with.”

Monika instantly feels a well of anxiety building in her, a feeling that ironically makes her feel a bit giddy. However, she’s careful not to let either emotion show. Instead going back to her innocently confused expression, although a little annoyed that she hadn’t picked up on the fact that these detectives were utilizing a BAI on her. Not that it mattered either way, she was rather good at keeping her responses consistent whether she was being deceitful or not.

“…I’m sorry? …Um… but what do you mean by that…? Are you implying that I’m a suspect after all?”

The detective shakes his head a little “No, not necessarily. However, there is a connection with you and a shooting that occurred a little over a week ago”

That caused a moment of realization inside of Monika, *”so that’s how they knew”* Monika internally facepalmed, as the man across from her continued to speak.

“We understand that on top of your student council duties you’re also a club president… and some of the students who were involved in the shooting were your friends?”

Monika nods, trying her best to appear solemn “Yes… unfortunately…”

“Are you aware of the details surrounding the shooting?” The detective responds quickly, not giving Monika any time to breath, unlike the more casual conversation before, this really did feel more like an interrogation.

“...Well… I have some vague second hand information-”

“Is there any reason you weren’t with your friends at the time?”

Monika was getting a little annoyed by the continued interruptions but remained calm. “I had quite a bit of work, what with my regular schoolwork, student council responsibilities, getting all the club related things ready for the festival, college applications… I barely even have enough free time to sleep as it is-” Monika laughs awkwardly before once more being interrupted.

“Why not enlist the help of your friends with the festival set up? They’re a part of the club right? Shouldn't you share the responsibilities?”

“Well they were… in fact one of my club members even told me they would continue to help me… but-” Monika pauses for a moment, realizing the goal of this line of questioning, but deciding to continue anyway, there was nothing suspicious about a girl caring for the wellbeing of her friends, there wasn’t anything to be proven from this. “-I told her to take a break, none of them are in the right headspace to deal with more stress right now.”

“I see… so then, you care about your friends quite a bit then?” The detective asks her with an unreadable expression. Of course, Monika had been right.

“...Of course I do, they’re my best friends… and I see what you’re doing y’know… just because I care about all of them doesn’t mean I killed anyone… I mean, it’s ridiculous to even imply such a thing.” Monika acts a little outraged by the accusation

“Now hang on, we’re not saying anything like that, we’re just trying to establish-”

Now Monika interrupts him, continuing her charade of offence, she’s seen countless hours of interrogation room footage, she knows that innocent people generally get upset when accused of a crime, especially one as heinous as murder. So she stands up from her chair to further make a show of defiance. “That’s exactly what you’re implying. You can ask my parents! I was home all day and all night, I never even left the house, how could I have possibly… “ she purposefully hesitates at the word “-**killed** a grown man with a gun if I was miles away?”

The two men seem a little surprised by the outrage. Although maybe they should have anticipated such a reaction, accusing a famously good natured and responsible student with such a repugnant crime was sure to have a visceral reaction.

“...We apologize if it came off that way…” The other man standing next to his partners nods his head slowly, seemingly a little guilty.

Monika forms a guilty expression as well, performing a very convincing mask of embarrassment “No… I should be the one apologizing, it was improper of me to speak like that…” She sits back down, avoiding eye contact “I know you’re just doing your job… I shouldn’t have taken it so personally…”

“We appreciate your understanding… you’re clearly a gifted student and the last thing we’d want is to taint your reputation” The officer puts his hand in his pocket for a moment before pulling out a business card “If you think of anything that might be pertinent to this case, please don’t hesitate to contact us”

Monika takes the business card and nods slightly “Of course…”

Chapter 6 (Letters):

“Slam!”

Monika gets home from school as soon as school ends, swinging the door to her room open hard and striding over to her desk. Startling Ryuk.

“Woah!” Ryuk jumps back slightly, he’d been lazing on Monika’s bed as per usual. “What’s got you all fired up?”

Monika completely ignores him and takes the Death Note out of her desk drawer, of course the cover now has it larping as her diary, a disguise that had since worked, but now that the police were actively looking for her, and in the correct prefecture no less, this simple deterrent just won't cut it anymore, these are events she hadn’t been through before, which means they’re variables she can’t control.

Ryuk looks a little excited as he sees the Death Note being taken out of the desk, like a dog seeing their leash and assuming they were going for a walk; Ryuk sees the Death Note and assumes the general schedule of killing criminals was going to continue “Finally! I’ve been waiting all day for this, your house is boring as hell y’know!”

Monika continues to ignore him, instead looking around her room, internally thinking of a more effective hiding spot for her murder weapon; *”tape it under the bed? No, that would be the first place I would check… hollow out a book and put it inside? No, if they were searching my room they might just accidentally come upon it by noticing the weight discrepancy… ”*

Monika thinks back to Natsuki, Natsuki always hid her manga in the literature clubs closet… obviously she can’t utilize the exact same idea, Natsuki might be the one to happen upon it… usually Monika wouldn’t be worried about someone finding something she hid, she always knew what everyone was doing at any given moment, for example; right about now Sayori would be at school, staying a little later for extra help for diploma exams for at least another 13 minutes, Yuri would still be in the club room, rereading Portrait of Markov for another hour before realizing she lost track of time and rushing home, Natsuki would normally be at home baking for the upcoming festival… but now… Monika has no idea where any of them are, or what they’re doing. The uncertainty is scary but it’s also kind of thrilling. Either way, the point is that she can’t rely on her knowledge gained through loops any more, everything is an unknown variable.

Monika suddenly walks over to her door and locks it, her family shouldn’t be home for at least another hour, and she was sure that they weren’t due to check on her for at least another week but nothing is the same as it was, she has no idea what else has been changed by this butterfly effect.

Monika can only be reasonably certain of a few things, anybody that isn’t connected to the shooting or the police should still hopefully be predictable… However, she’s not sure if the police had really followed through with checking her alibi, hence why she locked the door just in case, if they had been contacted, it’s likely that the conversation would have affected the time they arrived home. Monika decides to wait for her family to get home before doing anything, if only to see how worried she should be. For now, she decided to take a page out of Edgar Allen Poe's book–*Monika laughs internally at the wordplay*–and temporarily hides the notebook under a loose floorboard hidden underneath her desk, of course, she does this after writing a handful of names, it would be suspicious if the pattern broke the day the police talked to her.

Ryuk watches the whole thing with a bewildered expression, still irritated that he's being ignored.

"Well?! What's the matter with you? Why are you acting so odd?!"

Monika moves her desk back into place with a grunt "...Nothing… nothing at all…" she sits at her desk, waiting for her family's arrival.

"...Seems like I was right, huh?" He grins slightly, apparently piecing together what had happened.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"That guy *was* pretty confident he'd catch you."

Monika ignores him, she's clearly annoyed at making such a blunder, but in the end it couldn't be helped, right? If she hadn't killed that man initially, her friends likely would've died, and it's not like she's some kind of a monster.

Monika sat at her desk, half haphazardly completing school work she'd probably be able to do with her eyes closed at this point until she notices the clock, her parents should have been home 2 minutes ago on the dot… there's only one possible reason it could have changed, the police really had gone through with it and verified her claim. This wasn't worrying in and of itself, however, it did show Monika that the police did in fact consider her a person of interest, maybe not in any serious capacity yet, but they were clearly watching her.

This was all the confirmation she needed, Monika quickly takes the Death Note out from the hiding space once more and starts carefully taking pages out. Monika had confirmed a while ago that breaking the book in ways like this were not going to ruin its abilities, replacing the covers had seemed to prove that.

Ryuk was watching curiously as Monika began to take dozens of pages out and set them aside.

"Ooh… finally something interesting… what do you think you're doing?"

Monika quickly counts up the pages she ripped out, finding that she'd removed 82 pages. Monika was generally able to fill about a page a day (or about 270 names per day) so this should last her a little under 3 months. "Like you said-" Monika takes out a binder from her school bag, the binder had hundreds of pages, most of which were filled with school work and notes. "-the police are pretty close, so I need to be a lot more careful from now on" Monika unclips her binder and quickly flicks through until she'd found exactly 82 blank pages, after hole punching the Death Notes paper she put them inside her binder, replacing the innocent pages with the death notes'.

“Oh… I see.” Ryuk’s toothy grin once again curls up in amusement “That’s pretty clever, but what if you’re caught with them at school?”

“Well, I’m not planning on carrying around all this evidence anyways” Monika replies while stuffing the binder back into her bag and putting the rest of Death Note back under the floorboards.

“Up until now, I’d been careless… it was an oversight on my end. So from now on, once I’ve completely filled up a page, I’ll remove and dispose of it, likely in some kind of a fire, just to be safe.”

“...Interesting, so what now? Turning in for the night”

Monika chuckles slightly “Oh, Ryuk… of course not, I still have a lot of work to do to make up for my shortsightedness” Monika takes one of the 82 pages of innocent, non-magical death paper and starts to write.

“Huh?” Ryuk floats over, noticing Monika appears to be writing letters “What-”

“They’re countermeasures” Monika answers before Ryuk can ask

“...Countermeasures?”

Monika nods, continuing to write “Serial killers, especially ones with a narcissistic personality will generally do things to get involved in the investigation, sometimes that’s trying to get personally close to the investigators, or it’s things like this" Monika motions towards the half finished letter, from what’s been written thus far, it appears to be a mocking letter, hyping up Monika’s “superior intelligence” while downplaying the investigation team, it also appears to be extremely different from Monika’s usual perfect penmanship, not to say the handwriting looked messy, it just definitely didn’t look like hers.

“I see, and you’re obviously not a narcissist, so it’s a red herring” Ryuk nods, understanding the plan now, albeit he sounded slightly sarcastic. Something Monika elected to ignore.

Monika nods “Correct, however, I’d like to try my best to stay intentionally vague in some instances… for example, I’d like to allude to potentially having a god complex in a way that could also be argued to instead be symbolic of simple misanthropy, or perhaps I’ll play into that character that L seems to believe I am; some simple mass murderer with a screwy sense of justice…” Monika smirks slightly before returning to her writing “I’ll also throw in a few things that could be applied to a few people in school, perhaps one or two things that could vaguely tie back to me, I wouldn’t want it to be an obvious smoke screen and have it backfire on me. Either way, the main goal here is two things; 1: confuse them and get them to fight amongst

themselves and 2: place so many potential psychological profiles that they won't know which one to chase, thereby getting them off my back."

After an hour of writing letters and putting them in envelopes, Monika had finished 82 different letters all with slightly different tones and underlying messages. Monika had taken quite a bit of inspiration from American serial killers in how she chose to write, the philosophies and the justifications being displayed.

"Hehe… now what? Didn't think through how you were going to deliver all these, did you?" He chuckled roughly

Monika doesn't react, instead she casually turned in her chair, smiling slightly "Well, I'm obviously sending one per day… and actually, I was hoping you'd do it" this was easily the most convenient option, she wouldn't have to worry about being caught on surveillance and Ryuk could probably bring it directly to where the task force was operating given he could fly and was invisible to everyone except her.

Ryuk audibly laughs at that "I'm not your friend, nor your ally, I'm here purely for the entertainment"

Monika sighs, she's annoyed at his unwillingness to cooperate but she'd also anticipated this resistance "Obviously I'm aware of that which is why I'm not asking it just as a favour" she takes out an apple she'd packed in her bag, which Ryuk immediately locks his focus onto. Monika smirks, clearly satisfied with the reaction.

"If you do this one thing for me, I'll make sure you get an apple every single day, alright?"

Ryuk thinks for a moment but in the end he acquiesces, just as Monika knew he would, she'd seen how he devoured these things, it wouldn't be an over exaggeration to say that they were like drugs to him.

"Fine, I'll do it." Ryuk takes one of the envelopes and phases through the window, presumably flying off to hold up his end of the bargain.

Monika watches the shinigami fly off in the distance for a moment before clearing off her desk and starting on her homework, enacting the final part of her plan to maintain her innocent facade, she took a picture of herself studying and posted it on social media with a fairly generic caption, something about "reaching your goals through hard work and determination", it wasn't out of the ordinary, she'd pretty frequently make posts like this as *she* felt it was her responsibility to set a good example for other students. In reality, this post was simply there to serve as an alibi.

Note because it displays the earlier statement that she’s good at several different things: Hacks into the police database to check what impact the letters had on the investigation team.