

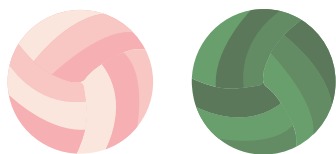
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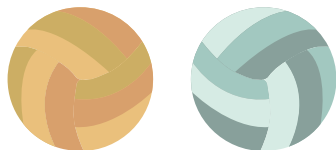
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spring · summer · autumn · winter

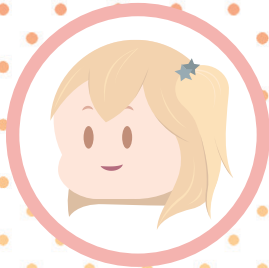
Spring & Winter preview

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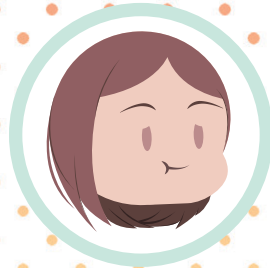
Starring...



Kiyoko
Shimizu



Hitoka
Yachi



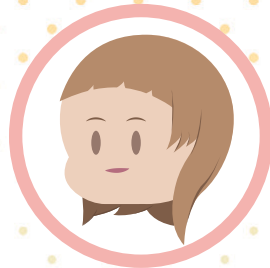
Yukie
Shirofuku



Kaori
Suzumeda



Hana
Misaki



Runa
Kuribayashi



Mai
Nametsu



Eri
Miyanoshita



Mako
Otaki

Preface

四季 · Shiki

Japanese for "Four Seasons"

This fanbook is an unofficial product about Haruichi Furudate's *Haikyuu!!* animanga series focused on the 9 team managers confirmed as of May 2017.

All managers have art and fanfic involving each season:
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter

Profits from this book and its merchandise were donated to the United Nations Foundation:
[*Girl UP*]

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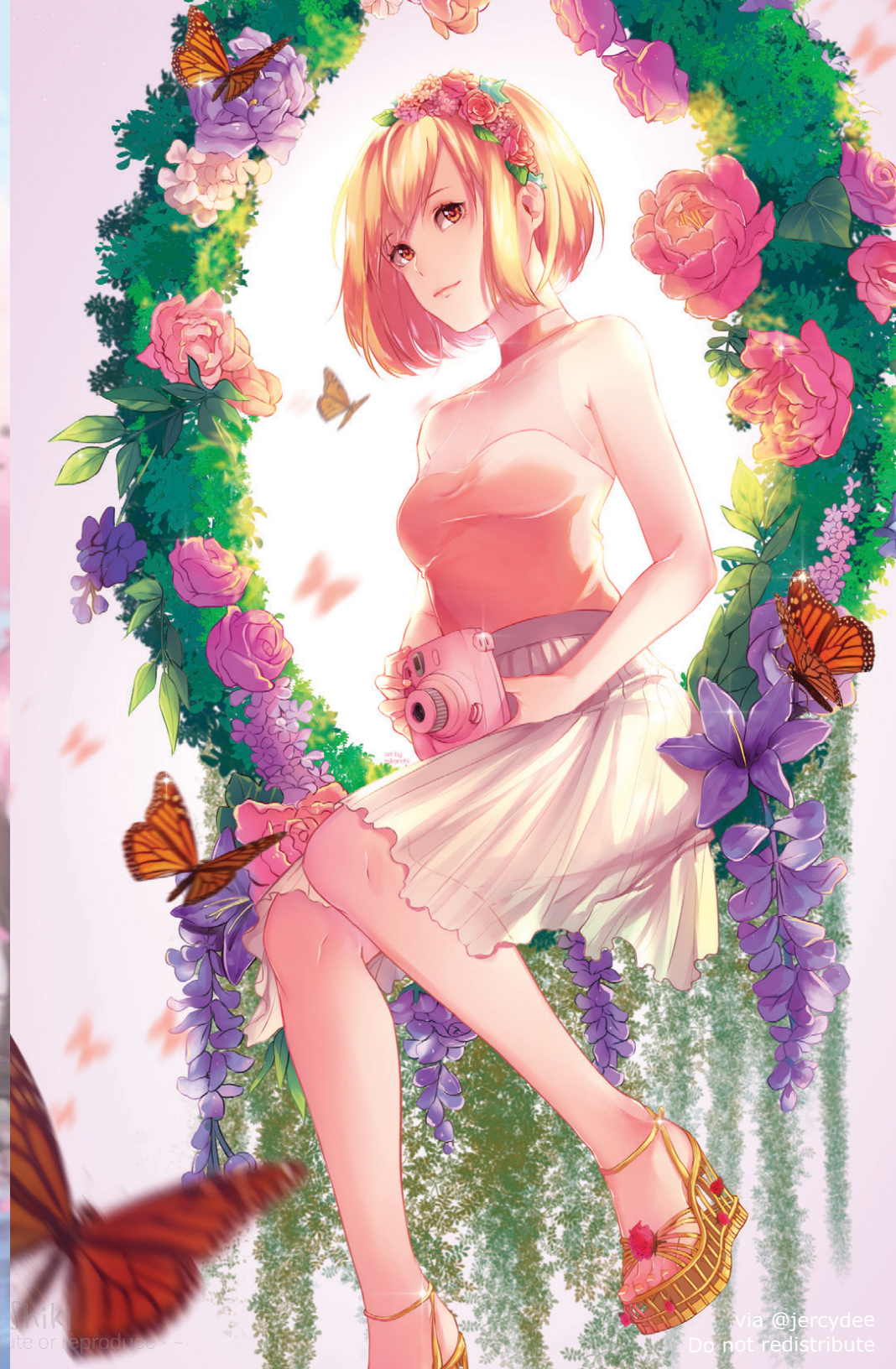
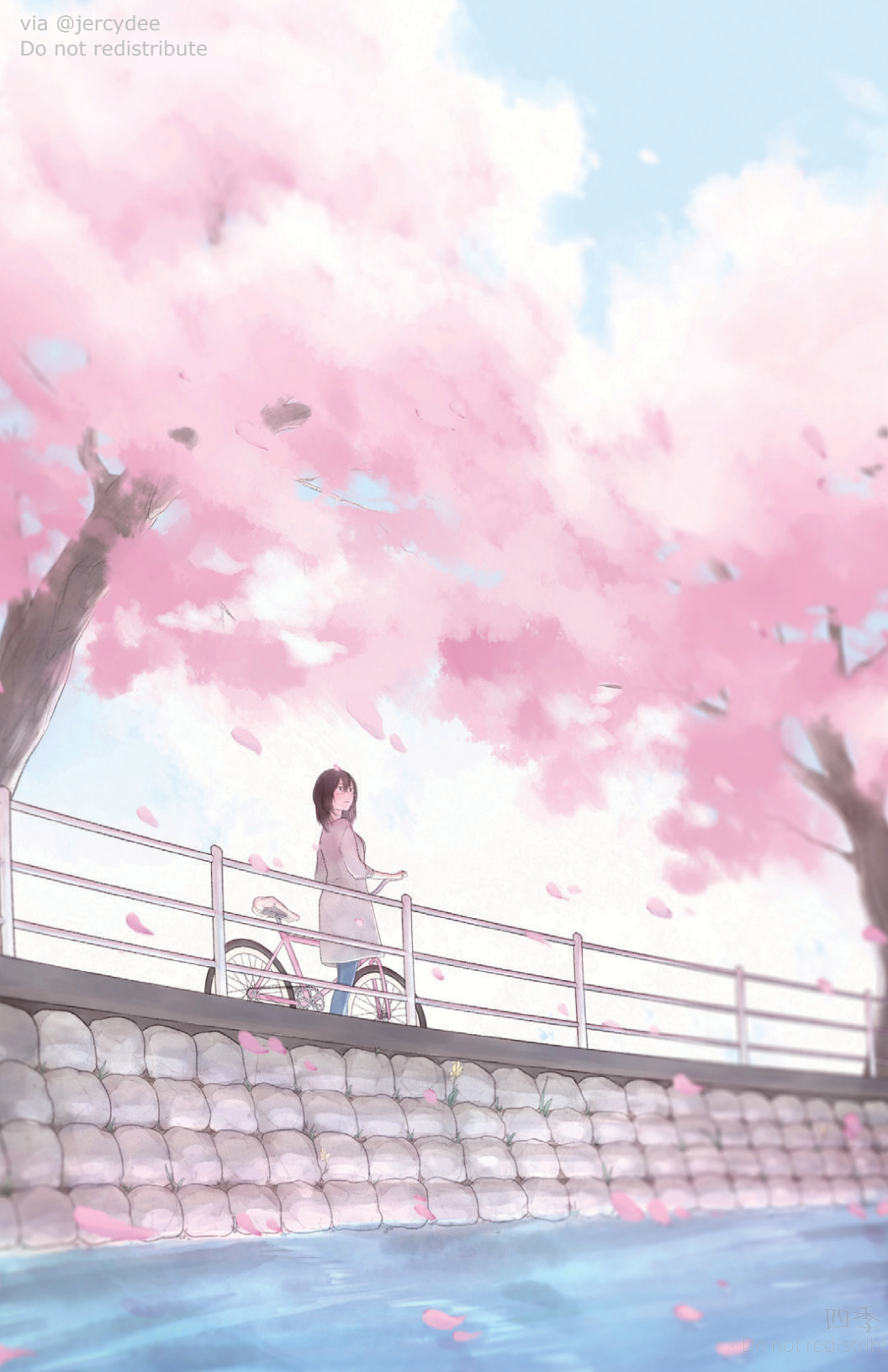
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**Thank you
& enjoy the zine!**

via @jercydee

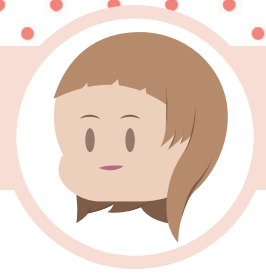
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Rowdy in the Rain



By Jercy Dee

Tumblr · @striveattemptfail

“Okay! I’m going to make a phone call about a practice match,” Coach Anabara announces a few hours into a particularly gruelling practice one rainy afternoon. “Take a break!”

He leaves as Runa begins passing out bottles, and a crowd gathers by the gym doors to watch the downpour outside. It becomes remarkably quiet for a few moments while everyone listens to the rain shower, which should’ve been a red flag for Runa. She knows now that the team is *never* quiet.

“*Oi*, let’s go outside!” Terushima-san says, an excited look on his face when he breaks the silence.

“*What?*” Runa replies. “But what about –”

She barely finishes her sentence when the rest of the team begins to cheer at Terushima’s suggestion, already kicking off their sneakers to put on their outdoor shoes.

“– practice?” Runa frowns, knowing that she’d fight a losing battle if she tried to stop them. She sighs, biting her lip as everyone begins to make their way outside.

“*Kuribayashi-kun!*” she hears a first-year calls outside, and Runa smiles fondly. She already told the boys to call her Runa several times, like Hana-san did all those months ago when she introduced her to the rowdy team.

“Come outside!” he calls again, followed by the others cheering, “*Yeah, come on!*” The boys laugh as they step out into the pouring rain and begin to goof off.

At least they switched shoes before playing in the mud, she thinks. We could just end practice early today. If they towel off enough maybe when Coach returns –

Her thoughts are interrupted when someone else calls out, “*Kuribayashi!*”

“*No!*” she answers. “We’ll get sick!” but her grin widens despite herself. She hears a few cries of *awws* and *no, we won’ts* but she rolls her eyes, glancing at her coat hanging by the benches.

“We’ll be fine, Runa-chan!” Terushima-san yells, running in circles around Bobata before hollering out a *Whoop!*

She looks at the team enjoying themselves outside after a hard practice. Bobata now has Terushima-san in a headlock and the rest of the boys started chasing each other in a game of cops and robbers.

Getting caught up in their excitement, Runa grabs her coat, replying, "Fine!" Slipping into her rainboots, she yells, "But not for too long! We still have to clean up once Coach comes back!"

"Yeah, yeah," Terushima-san replies non-committally, and Runa sighs again, though this time with more mirth. She'll get them to listen to her yet.

She grabs her umbrella by the gym doors before rushing outside. The boys run around her and stomp into puddles, mud and water splashing everywhere. Everyone laughs at Numajiri slipping and falling over. She giggles, doing her best to avoid the mess as the rest of the team continue to play in the rain. Runa thinks briefly that neither Hana-san nor Coach Anabara would approve of their rambunctiousness.

But, she also thinks, a few minutes outside wouldn't hurt us.





Late Bloomers



By Maz

Archive of Our Own · smokesque

Compulsory club activities, Mako thinks, are the bane of her existence. For an afternoon, she would be content to tuck herself away in a close-curtained room with a good book and a bowl of sekihan, but the first-year extracurricular program at her new high school doesn't seem to take that into account. It's a mad scramble amongst the girls in her form class to put their names down for the most prestigious sports clubs, so by the time Mako meanders over to the sign-up sheets, there's only a few spots left open. A boy named Daiki comes to her aid—all big smiles and lanky arms singling her out with an enthusiastic wave. His voice is several decibels above coherent, but Mako can make out the word *volleyball* over and over again, and it's as good an offer as any, so she takes it.

And the rest is history.

It starts that fated first year, after Shinzen High is knocked out of the spring tournament prelims before they can so much as think *nationals*. It's with heavy hearts and weary steps that they return to school, and for all her gripes about club activities, Mako can't help but bear the burden on her own stooped shoulders. So she does what anyone would naturally do, given the situation. She plants a flowerbed.

The seeds were a gift from her grandma, two or so birthdays prior, sent through the post alongside a note advising *Keep these on you at all times*. They stay tucked in her back pocket for years, force of habit more than anything, but it feels right, on that dismal afternoon, to sprinkle them through the dirt just outside the school grounds. Mako has never nurtured agriculture into life before but she has inherited a history of green thumbs, handed down generation-to-generation, and she coaxes the sprouts out into the crisp spring air. By the time second year commences, there is a cluster of leafy stalks peeking out at the world. Mako lets her lips curl into a smile and blows a kiss whenever she enters the school gates.

As it turns out, the loss of the spring tournament stings less under the beaming sunlight of a new year. Mako watches the team blossom under their new captaincy, the same way she watches buds

nudge their way into existence—slowly, tenderly, and with tentative movements that leave her feeling bubbly and warm inside. She watches change show the sunny side of its face, accompanied by growth and excitement and hope. But Daiki still tips his chin at her to accommodate smiles too big for his cheeks, still grabs her wrist in a mad dash through the corridors, and Masaru still laughs lazily from over her shoulder, still corrects her maths equations during lunch break, and Mako still showers her little flowerbed with water and love.

Some things, she supposes, will never change.

Mako cries when they lose their first match at the interhigh prelims that fall. She cries again when her flowers wilt under the heavy weight of winter. Daiki wraps her in hugs both times and Masaru offers vague advice and a clap to her shoulder. She feels a little better.

She feels a lot better when Noriaki and Yuu, two first years who took a particular shine to her, buy her new seed packets as an early Christmas present. Snowfall buries any traces of Mako's hard work, but petals bloom inside her heart. There's hope in springs yet to come.

As it turns out, spring carries them to nationals on a wave of unbidden success and Mako's seeds remain hidden in her pocket. They barely get the chance to taste the strange mix of salonpas and sweat that layers the national stadium before they are whisked off the court in a flurry of miscalculated serves and weakened blocks. None of them can find the words to speak around tongues as heavy as steel, but they stand shoulder to shoulder in front of the school gates for what could have been decades. Masaru toes at the dirt, creating messy craters with the lip of his sneaker, before crouching to properly dig an indent into the soil. They sprinkle seeds by the handful, taking it in turns to litter the ground with lifeforms just waiting to grow. If they cannot give life to dreams bigger than themselves, then they can nurture saplings instead, coax flowers out of brittle shells while they retreat into their own. This much they can do.

Mako is almost surprised, and then not at all, when the next morning sees Noriaki hunched over the makeshift flowerbed, watering can in hand. They stand in silence again, staring at dirt and weeds until the bell rings, but later Mako notices a certain spring in her step that wasn't present the day before.

The routine settles in easily and without much thought on her part, until she comes to expect an eager face or two studying their little garden come morning light. Even as vacation shifts into gear, they make regular appearances at the low stone wall, watching

as uncertain stalks press their heads keenly upwards, and finally, as bright flowers bloom by the time Mako's third year rolls around.

And it's a year of growth in more ways than one. A year of watching petals flourish under constant attention, a year of knitting together into tightly woven patches, a year of cheery smiles and grabbed wrists, of lazy laughter and casual tutoring, of flower beds and friendship and love.

Spring, Mako tells Daiki, leaning against the wall of the first gymnasium long after practice has wiped its hands of them but still too earlier for either to feel any need to rush home, *always comes too early*. They're mere days away from the final tournament they'll ever see, from a fresh bed of seeds outside the gates, from something much bigger than any of them. Coach already has their uniforms steam-pressed to perfection, and Masaru has already taken the new first years on a trip to the florist to pick out genera and colour. Spring has sprung and Mako feels too small for her future in the wake of it.

They're ready this time when the inevitable strikes and they're left gasping in the aftermath of a fatal spike. It's with a strange sense of calm that Mako sews her share of seeds, watches them disappear under shovelled dirt, grabs the wrists of her two best friends and lets happy tears leak from the crinkles of her smile. When the sprouts start to form atop their sturdy roots, she is no longer there to see them but they grow onwards and upwards nonetheless, reaching higher though change has turned the soil once more.

Compulsory club activities, Mako thinks, are what breathe life into buds too shy to open their sun-soaked petals. She steps into a world full of flowers still waiting to grow, and blossoms into something new.





Fondness & Frostbite



By Adriana

Archive of Our Own · xladysaya

They say that amongst all the seasonal gods and goddesses, Chione was the coldest, both in power and temperament. Daughter of harsh mountain gales and made of piercing northern winds, she spread her might with blankets of snow and frost. How could she possibly be anything more than miserable? There was no room for any other assumptions, for every year her wrath brought frozen nights and chilling days. And still, her spirit was said to live on somewhere, thriving and promising a new winter with every year to come.

~ ~ ~

Practice had been brutal, that much Eri could tell. By the time she'd finished preparing snacks for the team, more than half of them were on the floor. Sweat pooled around them, their shirts stained and their faces red from drills. Even Gora, with all his stamina and persistence, seemed to lag in his movements, his steps slow and dragged out.

Eri bit her lip, wincing as the plush flesh cracked lightly from the dryness of the air around her. It was abnormally warm for this time of the year, she noted, her hands tightening on the tray of snacks she was holding. By this time, there should have at least been frost in the morning, if not actual snow lining the sidewalks, the crystals packing together to create mounds perfect for jumping in. The team could've used the cold, and she missed it more and more by the second. At the sight of her exhausted team, her shoulders hung lower, her disappointment finally seeping into her usually bright eyes.

Winter had not come on its own.

Eri pouted at the bare ground as she mulled it over in her head. This situation was rectifiable, and she knew it. All she had to do was wish it, and the refreshing chill would wash over the land, sparking delight.

The thought itself made Eri grin sweetly, her cheeks flushing as she pictured the team hopping through snow mounds, indulging in the joys only the cold could bring. Winter was her favorite season, naturally. It flowed inside her, made her feel on top the world. The

chill of the winds, the fresh smell of snow, the feeling of ice beneath her feet. Hot cocoa, fluffy blankets, nights by the fireplace...

Yes, truly, nothing could make one warmer than winter.

But would it be abusing her power to simply will it out of nowhere? She had to be careful after all, maybe waiting wouldn't be so awful...

"Hey, Miyanoshita!" Nanasawa called, his light hair notably matted to his forehead, chest heaving. He was in serious need of water, and Eri's manager instincts kicked in right away, and she rushed to fetch him a bottle. She heard the concern in his voice though, saw a lot of other team members stop their practicing to glance at her in worry.

"Are you alright?" Gora came up behind Nanasawa, his voice hoarse. Again, her stomach hitched in guilt.

Here she was, the reincarnation of the goddess of the cold season, and she was doing nothing to help. Yet, she needed to be patient...right?

She must've seemed more downcast than she'd thought, but she didn't know how to hide it. She longed to give the team a breeze, some reprieve from the heat. She *ached* to give them the tide of winter.

"What do you mean?" She asked, handing out bottles to the group of boys who began crowding around her. She tried to make her expression as bubbly as possible, closer to her normal emotions, begging the cheeriness to return. Of course, her teammates must've known her better than she'd assumed.

"You seem sick, or I dunno," Sengoku said with a shrug, his gaze scrutinizing. "Not yourself."

And those bold words, which saw through her, opened the floodgates.

"Yeah Miyanoshita-san, do you need to sit down?"

"It is hot out, maybe you should get some water."

"Are you catching a cold?"

"Can we help?"

As the cloud of sympathy and care started to build and strengthen around her, almost like the shocking sensation of snowfall, Eri felt her eyes sting. Her hands were shaking at her side, the emotions bubbling higher and higher. However, they weren't negative feelings in the slightest. A pleasant chill ran through her, a calling almost.

Eri bit back her smile as best she could, but she knew it was shining through, radiant and warm even in the humidity surrounding them.

Her teammates exuded relief at the genuine smile, pleased at seeing their manager's usual brightness and positivity. She almost laughed at them, at the scene they were creating. All these serious, stone faced athletes were worried about her, even as their muscles burned and their pulses raced.

Eri couldn't have asked for a better team, she'd never want to. And as the manager, wasn't it her job to look after them at least somewhat?

Responsibility be damned, when had Chione ever feared anything except for the absence of her season?

Never.

At the thought, Eri rocked on the soles of her feet, her eyes glinting in mischief. She waved off her teammates worries, offering up her tray of food, which they greedily devoured. She laughed harder, the soft chirp traveling through the air like the gentle clinking of ice crystals.

"It's nothing, I was just upset that it was so hot! You all look so exhausted," she said with a sheepish look. "But I don't think we have to worry anymore."

"What do you mean?" Nanasawa asked, his cheeks still stuffed with rice from his snack. Eri snorted, her joy barely contained as she pointed outside of the gym. Already swirling in the air were specks of snow, spread out by gusts of wind which rattled the gym's door and windows. The sky had darkened beautifully, welcoming the new season with open arms.

Eri felt her chest swell in warmth even as the chill seeped in, breathing life into her. Whoever had said Chione was a miserable creature, had never felt this kind of weightlessness. She could cry honestly, but she'd save it for when she was home.

For now, she'd enjoy the birth of winter with her teammates.

"No way!" Nanasawa shouted, his laughter deafening as he raced out the door. "It's snowing!"

"Hell yeah!"

"Whoa..."

"Come on!"

The rest of the team filed out quickly, sneakers squeaking on the polished floor as they fought each other to be the first out. As soon as the breeze hit their sweaty faces, Eri could feel the joy seep through them and into her, as she did with every new person who was now walking outside in awe across the city. Every gasp, every smile and exclamation set her heart racing, and she knew she'd done the right thing.

After all, it was her birthright. As the daughter of mountain gales, made of piercing northern winds, she would always spread her love with blankets of snow and frost. It was what she was meant to do, in this life and the next.

But for now...

"Miyanoshita, c'mon!" One of her teammates called, right before he opened his mouth to taste the fresh snow. She giggled, and with one last look at the gym, she joined them.

With any luck, it would be a long winter.

A Winter Walk



By Lake

Tumblr · @fiveyen

"Mako, it's too cold to go outside right now!"

She smiled at her mother's jostling, sending a glance to the front door. The fabric of her scarf scratched around her neck, but she secured the sash and slipped into her boots. She wriggled her toes, fingers drifting to the zipper of her coat, which she yanked on until she zipped up all the way.

"I know," Mako said, a plea in her voice. She *had* to go, though—she couldn't forgive herself if she didn't.

Mako's mother called her name again, but the door clicked closed, helping at drowning her out.

She wasn't lying about how cold it was. After just a few minutes of walking, snot dripped out of Mako's nose and trickled down her philtrum. *Gross*, she thought, attempting to nose into the scarf, but it was too far for her face to reach. So she settled for wiping her nose on her sleeve, having to do it after every block. At least the streets were devoid of people, smart enough to stay home in favor of snuggling under blankets and drinking hot tea.

But not for Mako. As she walked, the sun battled behind snow-soaked branches, a white spotlight shining through the gaps in charcoal wood. Rays attempted to grip at her hair, which had grown darker through the season. She was sweating, but not from the sun. Not lucky enough for that.

Snow crunched under her boots, snuck its way into the treads and stayed there. She'd managed to take the wrong road, and worry smoothed its shaking hands over her heart and lungs. The buildings didn't look familiar, and the ground beneath her feet was more stone than concrete. Something she wasn't used to, and everything looked a bit weird.

She looked to her left: snow sat on the top of a sign like a shelf. Characters, painted in white, glinted in the afternoon light. *This is the bakery. I'm not that lost after all.* Relief peeled the hands away from her. She tried to peer into the bakery's window at the cakes and tarts, but it the pane of glass was too frosted over with fog.

Another turn, and she could see Shinzen standing tall in

via @jercydee

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Sticker Sheet

the distance. A minute later, and she was there, hand reaching for the keys in her pocket. She was lucky enough to have them, lucky enough to trust them, and she could feel the medal through her mittens when the door opened.

Ogano stood there, smiling before edging the door a bit wider. Mako shoved herself through the space, her boots making puddles on the scuffed gymnasium floor.

She turned to Ogano, something between a smile and a frown playing at her mouth. "What are you guys doing here?"

Ogano grinned, motioning to the team behind him. "We could say the same for you."

The gym was warm, but Mako's cheeks grew pink as if flushed with cold. She clenched her mittens into fists.

"I just came to think, that's all!"

In the background, another voice rang through: "One more, one more!"

Ogano turned. "Well, so did we."

Mako watched as two first years battled two second years. A volleyball flew over the net, a comet striped with red and green. It came down on the first years' side, hard— they hadn't yet mastered the art of watching for the ball and trying to get it at the same time.

Mako didn't know how they did it. Their team was a powerhouse and she was just glad to be a part of it.

"Well," she murmured, thinking about all the notes she'd write later.

"I guess I'll take a seat."



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Final Mod Notes

Thank you to everyone who's supported this zine & helped make it a reality! We're all ecstatic to share the love of Haikyuu's managers with you.

And again, please **support our contributors** by following them & letting them know how much you loved their work!



Jercy Dee - @striveattemptfail

Everything about this project was a huge learning curve, so thank you from the bottom of my heart to everyone who supported it, especially my two co-mods <3



Lake - @fiveyen

Thank you to everyone who's contributed to the zine, whether it be with pieces or just spreading an enthusiastic word.



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Thank you, thank you, thank you to everyone who has contributed and supported this zine! Also to my fellow mods, you guys are the best! <3

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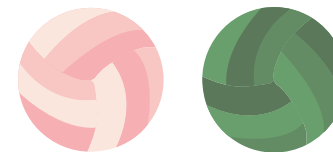
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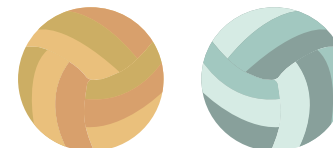
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