

BIRDS of a FEATHER

A Haikyuu!!! Fanzine







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JUST OUR LUCK

Fic by Glitch • Art by Lity

Hinata held up his fortune like a medal, victorious and smiling brighter than the winter morning sun. "Great curse!"

"You beat me." Yamaguchi showed Hinata his fortune. "Small curse."

"That's okay, Yamaguchi," Hinata reassured him with a stinging *thwack* to his back. "We'll make our own luck anyway! Just like always."

Yamaguchi smiled. "That's right."

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They went to the shrine together for New Year's for the first time two years ago. Just the two of them—not by any choice of theirs.

"Where's Kageyama?"

"Off being a jerk," Hinata *hmp'd*, with a scowl reminiscent of its source. "Where's Tsukishima?"

Yamaguchi offered a shrug as faint and apologetic as his smile. "He wanted to stay home."

"Damn you, Tsukishima!"

Hinata looked out of place in the gently blooming winter with his dark undershirt and orange hair. He was spring: energy and enthusiasm like a single, defiant flower sprouting strong amongst the feeble patches of fresh snow.

Yamaguchi was starting to feel out of place himself for different reasons. "I shouldn't have worn this," he sighed. Arguing with himself over whether to wear his kimono took longer than putting it on. He didn't want to be the only one wearing one, but what if Yachi showed up after all, and she was wearing one, and then she felt out of place if she was the only —

"Ooohh, it looks so cool on you!" A passersby would have thought Hinata was teleporting with how quickly he zoomed around Yamaguchi to get a better look; Yamaguchi certainly wondered if Hinata was capable of teleporting some days.

After praying for the usual—victory for Karasuno, good health for family and friends, a social life for Tsukishima—their new tradition together took flight.

"Let's pull fortunes!" Hinata shouted, bounding ahead before Yamaguchi could argue.

Yamaguchi hadn't drawn Omikuji in years. What if he pulled something bad? If he didn't pull a fortune, did that mean the bad stuff would never happen? Sure, maybe he'd get a good fortune instead, but was it worth the risk? It wasn't like volleyball, he had no control over—

"Yamaguchi." Hinata had wilted, sunken shoulders and face deathly pale as he held out the strip of paper. "Fortunes were a bad idea."

'Small curse' greeted Yamaguchi's eyes.

"If-If we tie it to a tree, the bad luck will stay with it!"

"Y-Yeah," the husk that was once Hinata replied.

"It's-It's okay!" Yamaguchi scrambled for anything to comfort him, arms and nerves alike flailing. "It's only—it's just—it doesn't matter as long as you work hard, right?!"

Hinata looked up at him hauntingly slowly. "Huh?"

"If you work hard, the bad luck won't matter! Like... Like school! If you study, luck won't hurt your... grades..." Bad example—Yamaguchi could have sworn Hinata was starting to shrivel. "Or, um... Volleyball!"

Hinata's ears twitched up like an alert animal. If he was a rabbit in human disguise, that would explain his jumping superpower. "Volleyball?"

"If you practice hard, the bad luck won't hurt you, right?" Yamaguchi smiled, pulling his own fortune with newfound confidence. "It's not luck that makes the other teams tough."

Hinata sprouted back instantly. "Oooh, you're right!" He almost smacked Yamaguchi and an unfortunate passerby when he thrust his arms into the air triumphantly. "We'll make our own luck!"

"Yeah! We'll—" *Great curse.* "—just... make our own..."

Hinata pat his back reassuringly. "That doesn't matter, cause you work super hard on your serves!"

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That was... true. Luck wasn't going to score ten points in one set with his serves—he was going to earn those points with his dedication.

There was more to life than volleyball, though; a concept that would fly over Hinata's head. "We should still tie them to a tree, just in case," Yamaguchi replied, running his thumb over a crease in his fortune.

"Nope!" Hinata snatched the paper from Yamaguchi's hand.

"Wait, Hinata!" Yamaguchi reached out in vain; Hinata was already gone. Maybe he really could teleport after all.

Hopefully, Hinata could break bad luck the same way he broke physics, Yamaguchi thought with a defeated sigh as he started walking home to change into his tracksuit. If hard work had any chance to save him from a 'great curse', he was going to need all the practice he could get.

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They met at the shrine again in their second year, and much to Yamaguchi's surprise after last year's curse, the circumstances were wonderfully familiar: countless victories under their belts and Nationals on the horizon.

Well, mostly familiar.

"Yamaguchiiii! I thought you were gonna wear yours, too! Now I feel weird being the only one wearing this."

"It's okay! You look good in your kimono," Yamaguchi lied. Well, sort of lied. He did look good. He also looked like a small child forced to dress up by his parents.

At the shrine, he didn't pray for victory. He didn't need prayers to win, not after a tough but fulfilling year of practice, of countless serves and countless more flying receives. He and Hinata nurtured the seeds of their skills on his own, watering their talents instead of praying for rain. They were going to dominate Nationals together because they earned it.

That didn't stop the creeping anxiety as Hinata dragged him to pull fortunes.

"I thought fortunes didn't matter?" Yamaguchi argued in vain as Hinata dragged him by the wrist. The year went by smoothly enough, but he wasn't sure it was a great idea to mess with fate twice.

"We have to prove it!" The fire in Hinata's eyes was far too fierce to deal with in the gentle morning. "I'm not going to lose to a fortune!"

Ah. Of course. It was a competition. Yamaguchi sighed; he should have known better.

It wasn't too awful of an idea, though.

Making fate a competition? It sounded... interesting. Exciting, even.

Invigorated by Hinata's contagious ambition and ready to face life head-on, he pulled his fortune, and — "Future blessing?"

"I win!" Hinata held up his 'half-curse', beaming brightly enough to melt the snow.

"But it's not a competition..." Who was he kidding: when it came to Hinata, everything was a competition. "I got a blessing. I don't—I don't fight that, right?"

If he was making his own luck, then the blessing was because he made it, right? But that wasn't how it worked with the curses, so a blessing must have meant... It meant... "I have no idea what this means." He squinted at the fortune, searching for the answers to his self-inflicted moral dilemma in the blank spaces. "I wish I got a curse," he sighed, much to the confusion of the bystander doing a double-take.

"But it doesn't matter, right? Who cares what it says!"

"Then why do you 'win' for getting a worse fortune?"

"That's because..." Hinata's whole face furrowed with his brows; thinking wasn't exactly his forte. "...Because now I'll look cooler when I defy fate!"

He had a point there, sort of; it *sounded* cool, at least. Yamaguchi smirked. "I'll look cooler when I score ten points in a row."

The fires of rivalry bloomed in Hinata's eyes. "Bring it on."

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After a third year of dedication, sweat, and a slew of victories, they walked past the tree adorned in abandoned fortunes without hesitation, holding their curses with pride. Winning together was as much of a tradition as visiting the shrine together, after all, no matter the fortune.

Yamaguchi had only scored nine points in a row so far, but that was alright; he'd get twenty in a row at Nationals to make up for it.

"We'll make our own luck anyway! Just like always."

Nearly three years of knowing each other, and Hinata had grown in a myriad of ways. He was still the Hinata that Yamaguchi met back in their first year: lively, unstoppable, terrifyingly ambitious. But he was (somewhat) taller, wiser in his own unique way, and a force to make any powerhouse tremble. He was a sunflower standing strong in winter, a spirit as fierce and radiant as the summer sun and always reaching for the sky. Fate was no obstacle for him.

Yamaguchi liked to think that he helped Hinata grow. He liked to think that with Hinata's influence, he'd blossomed the same way. "That's right."







BREAKFAST FOR THREE

Fic by Oranges • Art by Yllia

Tsukishima has the very uncanny talent of making his room seem more spacious than in reality. Key word: *spacious*, not taller, because Tsukishima is a tall beanpole and he can make any room seem shorter than it is (this, too, is one of his other special talents, he's quite proud to say). Really, his ability to make his mousehole of a college apartment look like it could comfortably fit a small family and then some was pretty astounding. It could be argued that he manages this through a combination of active apathy and interior design. Tsukishima has only what he needs placed with the most basic and functional layout in mind. That was in addition to committing to a basic color scheme of monochromatic neutrals. Solid blocks of dull—almost bureaucratic—colors ensures the least amount of attachment and affection. After all, the *last* thing Tsukishima needs in his life is a heaping spoonful of attachment.

In the wee hours of the morning Tsukishima, in his small spartan apartment, is cooking breakfast. To be more specific, he's shaping the last of the onigiri. In front of him is a plate of finished onigiri and all its required materials (which is, to be quite frank, a lot of things). Already, there's a healthy pile of bowls with little bits of beaten egg and tempura batter lingering in the bottom, waiting to be washed. Next to that, occupying one of his few white gleaming counters, is an uncut block of tamagoyaki cooling off besides the remains of finely chopped scallion on top of a cutting board. More still, his spotless black stove holds a warm pot of miso soup that sits just beside a rapidly cooling pot of oil. He's no fortune-teller, but he can see a lot of dishwashing in his future.

Today's menu is fairly classic, and likely filling. Although he had sent a text asking his friends what they wanted in their onigiri, he's already taken the liberty to make some tempura, tuna salad, and plain onigiri. Which is perfect, because they only replied with a '*whatever floats your boat*' and an '*anything that's convenient for you, Tsukishima-kun*'.

Tsukishima is not surprised.

Just as he finishes that train of thought, he hears some tentative rapping on his door. It's the telltale 1-4-2 pattern that everyone has somehow picked up during their individual lifetimes. He doesn't even look up when he calls out a nonchalant, "Yeah, yeah, come in."

There's some fumbling with the lock before Yamaguchi comes in, all unfathomable bright-eyed and bushy-tailed cheer. "Good morning, Tsukki!"

Yachi comes in as well, bowing her head slightly as she enters. "Good morning, Tsukishima-kun."

"Good morning, you two," he says with his practiced fervor of a loosely balled-up tissue paper.

She closes the door behind her. "Did you sleep well?"

Tsukishima, looking up at her from the onigiri growing progressively sticky in his hands and blatantly ignoring Yamaguchi's pointed grin, mutters an affirmative. Yamaguchi was certainly one to talk.

"Shut up, Yamaguchi."

"Sorry, Tsukki," Yamaguchi says, utterly unrepentant as he shares a smile with Yachi at Tsukishima's expense.

After they toe off their shoes at the genkan, Yamaguchi flouncing into Tsukishima's apartment with all the grace of a childhood friend and Yachi with characteristic care, they settle their school bags around the smallish second-hand round wooden table in the center of the room.

"It's pretty dark in here," Yachi says as she forgoes taking a seat to instead gently pull aside the curtains to let the morning light in. The dust motes glow pale silver in the pre-dawn light from the glass door; they swirl along the movement. "It looks like it's going to be cold today."

Yamaguchi rubs at his shoulders and hums an affirmative before sinking fully onto his selected cushion, a mint gingham that Yamaguchi had lugged in one day and never took home. "I almost didn't want to wake up today, to be honest," he says as he slumps over the table. "Ah, the things I'd give to sleep in."

Tsukishima doesn't see it, but he can feel Yachi's fond and knowing smile for their friend.

"Don't worry Yamaguchi-kun. It's Friday today—almost the weekend," she says brightly. "Just one day more, and we get to catch up on sleep!"

This was of course, in theory. Knowing Yamaguchi, a chronic over-sleeper with a tendency to overestimate free time, he's more likely to catch up on other things rather than sleep. Like catching up with friends, TV dramas, previously-recorded anime, or even his pesky ambitious writing projects. It will take years before the algorithms tracking Yamaguchi's restful hours will deem him all caught up. However, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to know that Yamaguchi is beaming back at Yachi like she's the first sunrise that has graced his darkened days. Tsukishima snickers as he finishes shaping the last tempura onigiri before he sets it on the plate with the others.

"Tsukki! I heard that."

"Yeah, and you also heard Yachi say you'll catch up on sleep," Tsukishima says.

He picks up the plate of onigiri and bringing it to his friends, giving him a clear view of their faces. Yachi smiling at the both of them, and Yamaguchi trying to look sad but failing miserably. *Energetic people*. "And that's a lie if I ever heard one," he continues.

"Ah, Tsukishima-kun, it's nice to hope. You... you should try it sometime," Yachi says, looking fairly sheepish as she stumbles over her comeback. Tsukishima smirks at Yamaguchi, the point won by virtue of a roundabout agreement. "Even Yachi agrees that you're fairly hopeless."

"Well, not entirely," Yachi says. Then, as an afterthought, she reassures him with a pat.

Yamaguchi frowns as he pushes himself off the table. "You wound me!"

Tsukishima rolls his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, now breakfast. Or this day won't ever end."

They quickly get to work setting the table. Yachi cuts the tamagoyaki to serve, while Yamaguchi retrieves the ice tea from the fridge. Tsukishima pulls out the set of matching bowls that Yachi had brought for Tsukishima as a housewarming gift, and hands them to Yachi to fill with the soup.

They sit around the table, adjusting the table placement as they go to accommodate everyone. Out of the three of them, it's only Yachi who has enough leg room. And with a spattering of thanks for the meal, they start eating, save for Tsukishima.

Instead, he watches his friends eat the food he's cooked over jovial chatter and crossed legs. The morning rays pool and fill in the space around them in a warm orange light. The seemingly spacious studio college apartment reveals its true colors. It is small. Cramped even. There are shelves on his walls filled with various knick-knacks and a certain plastic Stegosaurus replica. His desk and bed are pushed up against the walls.

Yamaguchi swallows a bite of his tempura onigiri. "Tsukki, eat up!"

"It's delicious," Yachi says as she looks with starry-eyed appreciation at the warm bowl of miso soup in her hands.

Tsukishima concludes, that although his current home is small, it's comfortable. This. This is satisfactory.

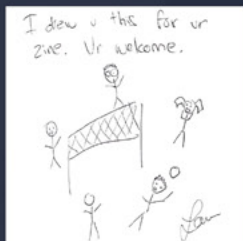
He wipes his mouth of phantom crumbs, then takes his first bite.

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MOD NOTES



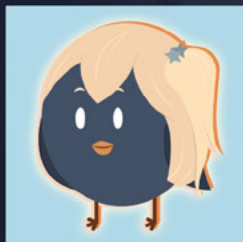
Mod Lisa | @lalikaa

This zine is something that's very close to my heart, and I'm so grateful for all the support that has given it life! This project has been a true labor of love, and I hope it makes everyone as happy as it has made me! Thanks so much to my wonderful co-mods and to all the talented, fantastic contributors! A special shout-out to my sister, Laura, who has enthusiastically supported me, despite knowing very little about Haikyuu!! (and though she never meant for her drawing to actually be included, here we are- love you, sis!)



Mod Anna | @otayuriistheliteralbest

Anna has been running zines since early summer 2017. She has been the main moderator as well as formatter for four Otayuri zines, co-moderator and formatter for Kings on Ice, and writer for several other projects. The stories we tell in fanfiction and fanart are integral to our experience as a fandom. This is her first Haikyuu zine, and she hopes you've enjoyed it!



Mod Jercy | @striveattemptfail

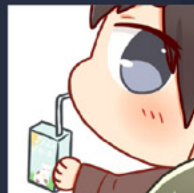
It was super wonderful working on this project. I'm so proud of all our contributors and what they've made to bring our book and merch to life! Special and eternal gratitude to my co-mods who were infinitely patient and supportive when things got rough for me in the middle of production <3 And, of course, thank you to everyone who's supported us!

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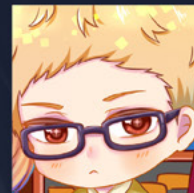


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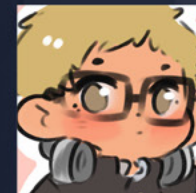
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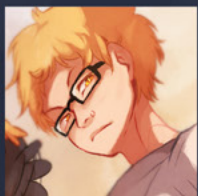
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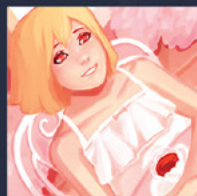
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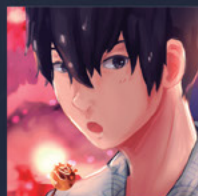
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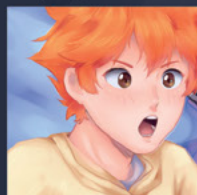
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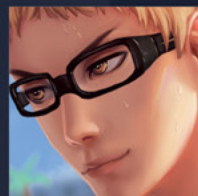


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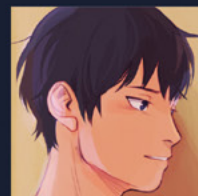


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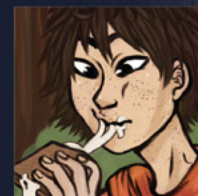
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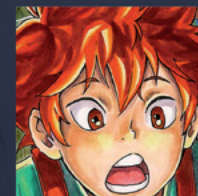
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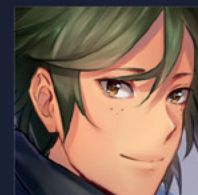
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