

Meiji Gakuin University
English department
Creative Journal !!!



CROP

Vol 10



CROP ADVISER

Keep cropping up!

Every year a new journey of language takes place inside the pages of CROP, and every year I'm happy to take that journey with these writers. They are journeying into themselves and out into the world, to find the unexpected connections and fascinating places that exist along the way, in language and in life.

Writing in a second language is even harder than writing in a first language, so I'm always impressed by the creative energy that carries the writers over the seeming limitations of language and experience into reality and fiction. What students are doing in these pages is not passively receiving an idea of literature from some authority. Instead, they are making literature themselves.

The creative impulse is one of the most important forces all humans share, but it is especially important for people learning to express themselves. In the rush to build universities, creativity is often left out of classes, disciplines, books and academic experiences. But creativity thrives inside everyone, whether they notice it and use it, or let it rest dormant.

In reading these marvelous writings, we get to see inside the feelings and reactions and understanding of the writers. That glimpse of the inner creative force is amazing, and is also a lot of fun. The world too often pushes people apart and forces them to hide what they feel deep inside. But writing, in bold language and interesting forms, brings people out of themselves and unites them with language. Creativity creates connection.

Writing is a form of giving, a way of offering something for others. So, do for others? Yes, and write for others, too!

CROP Advisor

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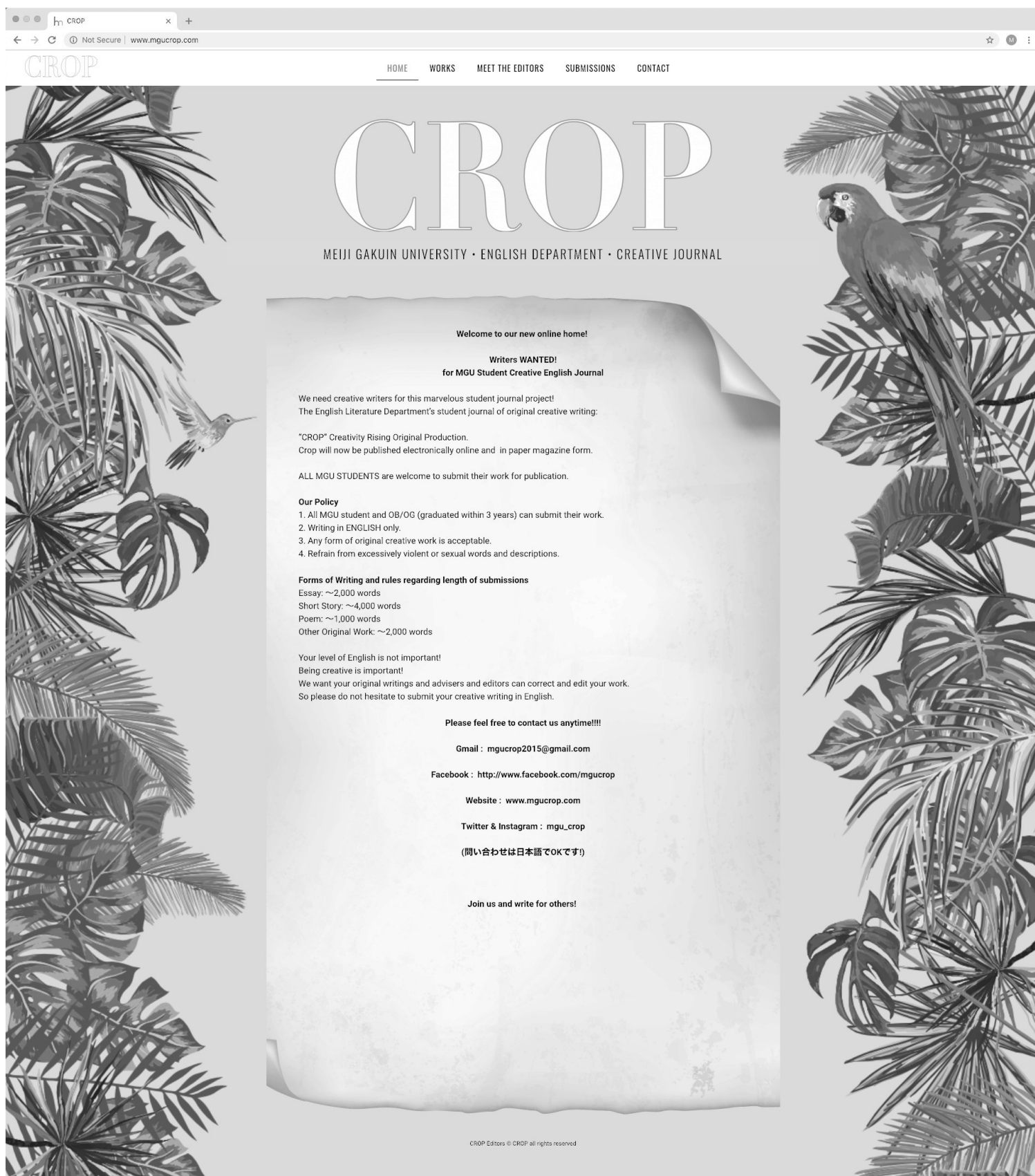


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The big ear hero

Ami Kanou

Many many years ago, there was a group of elephants in Africa. They had to keep moving from one area to another area to get food. Seventeen elephants lived happily and peacefully together, except a miserable child. He was a special boy called Mac, who had a grey colored body and was the smallest of the group. In contrast, his ears were so big. Ordinarily, elephant's ears of children were about one quarter size of their bodies. However, strangely, Mac had half size ears of his body. Because of his body and ears, he was always bullied by everyone. Mostly, Benjamin did such a thing, who was included in the group and a big bad boy.

One day, Benjamin bullied Mac like his everyday routine. At the season, rainy days continued because monsoon came to Africa. Due to this season, the level of rivers was up. At the same time, the group had to head for other lands to get food. On their way to move, they faced a river. When they crossed over it, other group members could go one after another.

However, Mac never did that easily because, due to his small body, he was going to be swept off his feet. Although Benjamin was by his side, he didn't help him.

Mac said, "Please, please help me!"

"If you wanted to go to the opposite side, just do it. We are elephants. Elephants should be the most powerful animal on this planet." Benjamin answered, laughing.

And then Benjamin left Mac, and crossed by himself.

Mac gave up all hope and swore, "I will be a big, big elephant in the future. And I would get my revenge." Then, he marched all day and all night up the river side to find a shallow spot and rejoined his family exhausted and late for breakfast.

So, a long time passed. 50 years later, there were only two elephants, Mac and Benjamin. Other members had been killed by humans because humans had invaded elephant communities and expanded their lands. Through overcoming many difficulties, they grew up together and became adults. Still this time, their power balances hadn't changed. However, only one thing was changed. As Mac got older, he became bigger than Benjamin, surprisingly. Just his ears weren't changed.

As usual, Mac walked to follow Benjamin in silence. Suddenly, "Bang! Bang!!" They heard a dissonant sound, turned around back with fears, and they saw that humans chased them. On the way to go away, they were in imminent danger. They had to cross the same river that they had passed over 50 years ago, again. The conditions of the river were incomparably worse than the past conditions because the season of monsoon came to Africa at the time. The river was running quickly with rolling currents. A great amount of water was flowing from right direction to left one with persistent noises. It was as if scraping the rocks. Also, it was overflowing water. The depth of it was growing deeper than usual. Even

though they were mature elephants, in this situation, they might be carried off their feet by the strong current.

In spite of such terrible conditions, they had to step forward to survive. Firstly, Benjamin tried to cross it bravely because he had succeeded in doing that when he was a boy. However, he overestimated his own abilities. At the moment that he stepped his feet forward, he got struck by the water's power. If he lost his balance a little bit, he seemed to be washed away. Benjamin trumpeted.

"I couldn't get out from here. I need your help, Mac. Please give me your ears?"

Mac said, "No. I remember what you told me 50 years ago. You said to me that elephants should be the most powerful animal on this planet. So if you wanted to across this river, just do it."

Then, Benjamin got washed away. However, Mac reconsidered. There were two elephants on this planet. If Benjamin dies, only Mac would be left. Mac worried about his future and decided to save Benjamin. Then, Mac headed for the dangerous river and swam using his big ears. Though water was flowing so hard, he managed to get beside Benjamin. They tied each other's trunks strongly and finally, Benjamin and Mac went across the unsafe river.

After the rescue drama happened, Benjamin said silently, "I was sorry I ignored you though you had needed help."

Warmly, Mac said, "Don't care. We are best friends, right?" Then, the big ear hero and his best friend would continue their journeys to find new lands.

The Secret Place

Momoka Iwanaga

Once upon a time, a group of bees lived in a hive near a small flower garden on the hill. They were all family members, and they worked hard every day at the garden. The name of the firstborn of many children was Toby. He had the largest body among his siblings, so he could fly fastest, and collect a lot of nectar.

One day in spring, Toby got tired of his work. He thought, “I’m the most excellent bee, so I should be allowed to neglect my job once in a while.” So he decided to find a place to take some rest. First, he went over the hill where he lived. Next, he crossed a wide river. Then, he went through the woods. Suddenly, he encountered a big, colorful flower garden.

“What a beautiful place!” he shouted.

There were many uncommon flowers that he saw for the first time. He was very excited, and he tried nectar and pollen.

“This pink, lovely flower is so sweet! And these blue flowers are soft and smell good...” He enjoyed drinking and eating. His body was surrounded with colorful pollen.

“I’ll keep this garden secret only to myself,” he thought. “Because I’m the most excellent bee, so it should be allowed to have this special place all to myself.”

He left the place, collected nectar in the usual small flower garden, and then went home. He was very happy to find the wonderful flower garden that nobody knows.

Since that day, Toby went to the ‘secret place’ every day and enjoyed plenty of nectar and pollen until he was full. And he gradually came to stay there from the morning till night, so he stopped working hard. He became lazy.

Every morning his siblings asked him, “Where are you going?”

But he only answered, “I won’t tell you.”

“That’s not fair. We work hard every day, but you always go somewhere and don’t bring anything back to our hive.”

But he ignored their words. Besides, even if they tried to run after him, nobody could keep up with his speed.

One afternoon, when he was sleeping on the flower of the secret place, he heard some big sound like humming. “What sound? Did my siblings found this place and come?” he wondered.

The sound got closer to him. He knew the identity of the sound soon.

It was a swarm of wasps. Their bodies were a terrible shade of orange and black, and the size was almost twice as large as Toby's. He was surprised and trembled.

"What are you doing alone? You seem to be fooling around," one of them asked.

"I...I was taking a rest for a while, because I was the excellent bee..." he answered shivering in a small voice.

"What? Shut up!" The wasps all laughed. "We are going to make this place our territory. So go away! Or we will feed you to our larvae!"

"I'm sorry, I'll go away instantly! So please don't get angry!" He cried.

But they began to attack him.

"Help me!" He screamed. But none of his siblings came to help him, because they didn't know where he was.

He desperately ran away toward his hive. But his body was badly wounded. And in the middle of the way home, he finally fell to the ground.

"I should have taught my siblings the secret place, I should have worked seriously..." He regretted. He was dying.

Then, he heard some sound like humming. "Did the wasps find me again?" He lost hope. The sound got closer to him. And he heard voices.

"Toby! What's wrong?" "Let's go home together!"

These were the voices of his siblings. They cooperated and carried him to their hive. In the hive, they gave Toby a lot of honey and pollen that they collected hard. So a few days later, he got better completely.

"Why did you help me? I didn't work hard and neglected my work," he asked them.

"Because we are all companions. It's natural helping each other." They answered smiling.

"I'm sorry for being lazy so far. I'll work hard again," he said strongly.

He taught the 'secret place' to his siblings, and they lived happily ever after.

Amelia

Anzu Koyama

I still strongly remember how she smiles at me and it was like the shining sun in the very hot summer.

I remember her face when she tells a lie to me. She always turns her eyes away and looks up in the 10:00 direction. It is very obvious that she's telling a lie but it seems like she doesn't notice it. And after I say "Come on, don't tell a lie. I can see through all of that."

She smiles shyly and says "Why did you find out that was lie?"

It is too charming and I really loved it.

About a year before we broke up.

I was on my way to my university by bus and a girl sat down next to me. She seemed the prettiest person that I ever met. She has beautiful blue eyes like sapphire and shiny curly brown hair. Also she smelled good. She might use some perfume. When I listened to my lecture, I couldn't help thinking about her. I didn't know her character or even her name, but I guess I fell in love at first sight. From that day, I tried to find her. I used a bus at the exactly same time I met her the first time and I was looking for her all the time while I was at school.

Around two weeks later, I finally found her. And it was sudden. I was taking a communication class which is required and my professor was dividing us into 10 groups. I was in group 3 and went there and she who I've been looking for was there too! I couldn't believe that she actually stands in front of me. As it was the second class since the first semester has begun and she skipped the first one. That's why I couldn't find her. Anyway, I thought it was destiny, seriously. Since we were in the same group, we talked a lot and got close. Her name is Amelia and is a year older than me. We texted almost everyday through wechat and shared many things such as her dog named Seven, a café which a royal milk tea is famous for.

About 300 days before we broke up.

That day was a Saturday and was a sunny day. I asked her to go to the cinema because she loves horror movies and she said her favorite horror movie had its second season, and the third one would soon release on that day. I don't like horror movie and didn't watch first and second season, but I just wanted to make her happy and I needed some excuse to ask her out. I bought two tickets in advance and said, "I got two free movie tickets from my father. He said there was no movie that he wants to watch so I got them. I remember that you said there is some movie that you want to watch, didn't you? Why don't you go watch it with me?" I know I spoke fast and I spoke too much. She said, "Yes, that sounds nice," laughing.

I bought the biggest caramel popcorn and two coca-colas that she likes. She said, "Thank you. You bought a really big popcorn," laughing again. She seemed so fun to watch the movie and to watch me being scared.

After the movie, we had dinner and went to an ice cream shop. We ordered bubble gum and mint chocolate chip ice cream and we shared them. At that time, suddenly she said "Don't you have something to tell me?"

I was upset because I didn't know what to say.

"Ah, yes...does it taste good?"

I do know how much she likes both flavors though.

"This? Yeah, it's really good."

"How was the movie? Did you enjoy that?"

"Yeah, it was great but the first season, I mean the original one is always better than others. Don't you think so?"

"Amelia."

"Yes?"

"I..I think you are the most beautiful person I've ever met and I really like you. I like your everything. And..."

"I like you too."

This is how we began our relationship.

Around 200 days before we broke up.

I met her high school friends and she met mine and we used to hang out together. We did camp too. After everyone fell asleep, she called me and we went to a beach. The color of water is black at night and it looked scary because it seemed to draw us in. However, it was kind of romantic since she was with me. We talked a lot about our future until the sun rises. She looked cute but cool at the same time when she was talking about her dream. We drank a lot and when Amelia was tipsy, her cheeks turn pink and that looks amazing. I told her "I love you" more than 100 times and vice versa. We took the same class and studied together. I also got close to her younger sister and brother. We played games together and sometimes I cooked for them. We spent a marvelous time together.

Around 100 days before we broke up.

I drove to Amelia's house to pick her up because we would have dinner with my family at my house. She dressed in a blue one-piece and her hair was tied back in a ponytail. She looked beautiful. She said she is very nervous and I said "You don't need to worry. I'm sure they will like you." My mother and father welcomed her and they said she is very pretty. My mother and Amelia hit it off right away and talked a lot. I was happy to see them talking pleasantly. My mother and father liked Amelia so much and told her to come again soon. When I drove her off, she said "I had such a great time. It was great to spend time with your mom and dad." She was very sweet and I kissed her softly. Since then, she often visited my house and sometimes she went shopping with my mother. My mother looked happy as she said Amelia is like her own daughter. My father also treated her as his daughter. We spent a great time together and it was comfortable for me. I'm sure she liked them and I thought it would last forever.

Around three days before we broke up.

We were talking about normal things as we always did. However, I noticed something was different. She didn't laugh as she used to do. I kept talking to her and asking her what is wrong.

She answered "Nothing is wrong."

I just wanted to believe that people don't change and she is just feeling not good today. I was kind of in denial, I know. She was sitting in front of me. She was just here with me but I felt like she is not here, but somewhere else. I guess I knew what she thinks about me but I hoped it was just my over thinking and said "I love you from the bottom of my heart, Amelia."

And she said "Me too," turning her eyes away and looking up in the 10:00 direction.



Best of Summer

KAZANE Kajiya

the only coldness
in the middle of hottest
isolation from noise
only us left on this planet
wind breezing
hidden by soft grasses
brain freeze after warmth
the day without loneliness



Watch out for glitters

Yukari Mizuno

This is a warning to all men who are on their first date. If your partner wore lip-gloss, turn back and walk straight back home. From staying in a girls' school for three years, I learned precious lessons from the three types of girls who wear lipstick. There are girls who wear lipstick that is bright red, girls who wear soft color lipstick, and girls who apply lip-gloss. The first two groups of girls are nice, however, everyone should watch out for the last group. It might be difficult at first, and have to take a closer look. However, identifying these three types of girls carefully is important because it will help you find a great partner.

The first type of girls who wear lipstick that is bright red is passionate. They love what they love, so once they fall in love with a man, they try hard to keep them. My best friend who never spends a single day without her red lipstick loves her boyfriend for five years. Whatever happens between them, she never forgets to love him. However, you have to watch out because their passion sometimes creates a selfish attitude. Because they are too passionate as you can see from their lip color, like Marilyn Monroe, they hate to give up and are not good at hiding their feelings. Although they do not do it on purpose, they tend to cause problems. On the other hand, there are girls who have the complete opposite characters.

Girls who wear lipstick with soft color are shy and sensitive. As they don't show the colors on their lips, they are not good at showing their feelings in front of people. They like doing things on their own, because they hate getting into trouble. A famous actress Maki Horikita, who I never saw wearing a red lipstick, is shy and quiet. However, she has a kind heart and never forget to care about others. This type is always kind, and has a warm heart inside. Compare to these two groups of girls, there is one dangerous group of girls left.

The type of girl who applies lip-gloss is two-faced. As the glitter in the lip-gloss shines differently depending on the lighting, these people change the way they encounter each person. They change their tone of voice and their attitude so they can always be seen as a perfect person. Also, their feelings change frequently as well. A friend of mine was asked to go out by a girl, however he was walked out on by her. After a while she asked him out again but dumped him once more and this cycle continued for half a year. I asked for a photo of the girl, and she was wearing the thickest lip-gloss ever.

From staying in a girls' school, I met three kinds of girls who wear flashy lipstick, lipstick that is pale and applies sparkles on top. They all have completely different characters, and especially everyone should watch out for the girls in the last group. Men should look at the girl's lips carefully on their first date, because lip-gloss is sometimes difficult to identify, and missing them would bring you a bleak future.

The Three Marys

Julia Pelaez

“Susmariosep!” is one of the famous words Filipino moms say whenever they are angry, annoyed, or surprised. You can hear them saying this a lot whenever they talk. It is an amalgamation word of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Most Filipino moms are bossy, sensitive, and lose their temper easily to their children. However, they are extremely sweet, devoted to their family, and would do anything to make them happy. They work hard to become a better mother for their family every day. In this essay, I would state the three types of Filipino moms that exist.

The homemaker moms are the ones who wake up five in the morning and start to prepare breakfast for their family, lunch for their children, and see them off before going to school or work. They just stay inside the house most of the day doing all the house chores such as cooking, cleaning the entire house, and doing the laundry. In addition, they are the best cooks and have their own food specialties. Most of them wear daster which is a house dress that is really loose and helps them move around the house comfortably. The next type is a usual type of a mother in the Philippines.

Religious moms are the most kindhearted moms you will ever meet. Catholic is the common religion in the Philippines. Spaniards conquered our country in the 16th century and ruled it until the early 20th century. Religious moms never forget to teach their children how to be faithful to God and pray together as a family. They do these to guide their children from growing up and living a peaceful life. Additionally, they make the family be all together every Sunday to go to church and attend the mass. They believe in the saying, “A family that prays together, stays together.” Therefore, this helps the relationship of their family to become stronger. The first two types are kind and normal, however the third type is different.

Strict moms have the severest house rules. For instance, strict moms have the 4W rule when their children is going out with their friends: 4W stands for What is going to be held, When is it going to happen, Where are you going, and Who are you going with. Children needs to answer these questions and do some house chores first before they can leave the house. Although, some strict moms do not let their children hang out with their friends when they do not know who they are going out with. On top of that, especially girls, they are not allowed to have a boyfriend until they graduate university.

Knowing various of Filipino moms and having one, I noticed that there are three kinds of them which are house, spiritual, and severe moms. When you meet Filipino moms in the future, try figuring out which type they are by talking with them. I am sure you are going to find it interesting and fun. Moreover, focus on how many times they say “Susmariosep!” every time they are talking with people, and you will be surprised for sure. Lastly, these three kinds of mother are called “The Three Marys” in the Philippines.



My proud

Ami Kanou

Monster lives at my hometown

Once I make the monster angry

The day, my heart will be in my mouth

However, to tell the truth

Everything is perfect

Rather than my father.





He is who I respect the most

Ami kanou

Funny jokes and these cheer me up

Amazing words always make me calm

The best word

He gave me is “Well done!”

Even if he is such perfect

Right in my house is hold by the monster.



The Locusts and the Monk

Ubukata Kaho

In the time of Edo period, there was a small village in the mountains. Villagers lived by cultivating crops, raising livestock and weaving. They were not wealthy, but honest and hard working. However, a monk wasn't like them.

He lived in a big, gorgeous temple with his disciples. The temple was made of expensive wood and paper. Inside, there were many statues of Buddha, which were made by famous sculptors. And he always wore beautiful and expensive clothes. They were made of silk and beautifully embroidered. He bought them by the money villagers contributed to the temple as their faith. And he ate better and much more food than anyone in the village. He washed down white rice, thick meat and confectionery with liquors into his fat belly.

Then one morning, as usual, the monk entered the room where he always chanted sutra. There was a big statue of Buddha which was coated with gold leaf in that room. Though there were many other statues in the room, this big one was the most remarkable. It stood elegantly in the center of statues. He was about to sit on a floor cushion, but he noticed that something was already on it. It was a locust. Its color was bright green like fresh verdure. It was hopping on the purple cushion. Then the monk suddenly turned over the cushion and smashed the locust.

"Someone bring a new cushion and take this one away!" the monk cried. A moment later, his young disciple came with a new cushion. He placed it in front of the golden statue and picked up the one the monk smashed the locust with. Then, the disciple found a dead locust.

"Disgusting! Get me a glass of sake. I need to purify myself."

"Right away."

He picked up the dead locust too and left the room with them.

Shortly after, the disciple returned with a glass and bottle of sake hurriedly. The monk took them from him and thrust him away. The disciple struck his back on the floor.

"Get out already! You useless kid!"

The disciple ran away from the room, enduring the pain in his back. The monk poured sake into the glass and drank it up. Then he began to drink from the bottle directly.

He sat on the new cushion and started to chant a sutra. His voice was unclear and stopped sometime. At last, he fell asleep and the temple became quiet.

On that day's afternoon, after being woken by the disciple the monk left the temple to preach and collect the donations from villagers. He was in smooth, black kasaya made of silks, while the disciple wore cheap, coarse clothes.

He always visited every house in the village. That day was not different.

He went to the house of a single mother with five children and took their sweets. All the children hadn't eaten sweets for long time.

At the house of an old man with one leg, he took white rice which his son sent him. The old man could not work with his one leg. He had no food other than that from his child.

When he visited a guy whose parents had died recently, he took the food which was offered to the dead. If there wasn't any offering to the dead, they couldn't rest properly in heaven.

The monk made the disciple carry all burdens. As they walked down the street to the next house, there was buzzing from somewhere. It was not loud, but noticeable enough.

"What is this sound? It's like something buzzing..." the monk said and looked back. And there was big, khaki-colored cloud coming.

"What's that? What's happening?" the disciple asked the monk. The cloud was getting closer and closer. The monk didn't answer and just deserted him. The monk ran away, but the cloud was following him.

No matter how fast he ran, he couldn't escape from the cloud. It followed him closely. He hid behind the bush, but the cloud found him. He crossed the river, but it jumped over the river like there was nothing. He was tired and soaked to the skin. His pace was slowing.

At last, he was caught in the cloud. The buzzing was louder and something small hit him like it rained.

"Oh, no! They are locusts!" the monk cried. He closed his eyes and covered his face with his hands because of fear. He couldn't move forward or back. He just stood there and heard really loud buzzing.

And when he finally opened his eyes, the swarm of locusts were gone. He felt relieved and started to walk. He just wanted to go home and drink. As he started to walk, there was laughter. Then he looked at his body and noticed that his clothes were all gone. The locusts ate them all.

The villagers were gathered hearing the monk's cries. The single mother, one-legged man, the mourner, all of them were there. They looked at the monk in the nude and laughed at his round, fat body. He was ashamed and hurried to his temple. His belly bounced as he ran away.

When he arrived at his temple panting, he saw nothing there. There was no temple anymore, just dust.

The disciple who came back first ran up to the monk.

"Where have you been? There were locusts!"

"Locusts?"

"Yes, they ate the whole temple and other stuff. Why are you naked?"

He walked into where the temple was faltering and stumbled on something. He picked up what he stumbled on. It was a statue of Buddha. The locusts didn't eat it because it was made of stone. It was the cheapest one he had. Holding that statue, he understood that this was Buddha's will. He was ashamed of himself deeply.

The Me Too and Times Up Movements Fight Against Sexual Harassment

Yutaro Asaka

“Feminism isn’t saying this is wrong and this is right. It’s having the power to do whatever you want. It’s about having your own beliefs and staying true to them” states Christine Teigen, who is an American actress (Mehta, 2018). Today, many feminist activities and movements have been happening for the improvement of women’s rights. Particularly, on media and social networks, the “#Metoo” and “Times Up” movements have become some of the most influential events for violence against women, gender inequality, and the prevalence of sexual assault and harassment in the workplace. The “Me Too” movement was started 10 years ago by Tarana Burke, an African-American civil rights activist, who tried to embrace the wellness of young colored female minorities (Burke, n.d.) and it became a social movement when famous male celebrities such as Harvey Weinstein had been accused of sexual misconduct and Alyssa Milano had started encouraging victims of sexual misconduct to share their experiences with the hashtag (Smartt, 2017). On the other hand, it is said that “Times Up” started as the response to the “Me Too” movement, and it was to help fight sexual harassment with enormous donations by female activists, actresses, and agents. It pays legal fees for victims of sexual assault and harassment (Russian, 2018). This paper will examine these two significant movements with the following three topics: the development of new events, the disagreements, and the new vista of women’s rights. Both the “Me Too” and “Times Up” movements have been making new developments. These movements are no longer only movements on social networks. According to the New York Times, an article reveals that the “Me Too” movement “brought down 201 powerful men” in the film industry. It states that “at least 200 prominent men have lost their jobs after public allegations of sexual harassment. A few, including Mr. Weinstein, face criminal charges. At least 920 people came forward to say that one of these men subjected them to sexual misconduct. And nearly half of the men who have been replaced were succeeded by women...Forty-three percent of their replacements were women (Carlsen, 2018)”. It is obvious that the movement enabled women to join and get positions that they deserve, and erased men who took advantage of power for their sexual desires. As “Times Up” developed, this anti-sexual harassment organization welcomed Lisa Borders, the former president of the Women’s National Basketball Association, as the first president and CEO. She states that “As CEO of Time’s Up, Borders will target three areas of focus— culture, companies, and laws—across industries including entertainment, advertising, law, finance, healthcare, and tech (Hinchliffe, 2018)”. It means that the “Times Up” movement will actually begin officially and help suffering female workers through these above areas. Because these two movements have been recognized in the media and have been political, Kaisa Nauska at the Helsinki Metropolia University of Applied Sciences points out that the movements started a social change against sexual harassment and inequality by being a platform for everyone to engage in the issues of sexual harassment politically (Nauska, 2018). It is obvious that both movements have huge impact from our daily life to within politics. They are not movements that used to be called “man hunting” anymore, but movements that help victims of sexual misconduct not only by sharing experiences but also by providing resources, information, and experts. Of course, the movements do not tolerate any sexual harassment and misconduct within them.

Even though these movements are now popular and have people connected people, some theorists point out that there are some important concepts of gender issues the movements

overlook. For example, Vicki Schultz, the Ford Foundation Professor of Law and Social Sciences at Yale Law School, points out that the “Me Too” movement overlooks the concept of sexual harassment in a broader context. In her theory, she reveals that “sexual harassment is a means of maintaining masculine work status and identity, not expressing sexuality or sexual desire. Harassment includes not only unwanted sexual advances but also a wide range of other sexist, demeaning behaviors aimed at women and others who threaten settled gender norms (Schultz, 2018).” In her view, sexual harassment is not only sexual physical misconduct, but about what the touchstone is if the misconduct happens because of sex. She adds that workplace harassment does not have to be explicitly sexual, which is indeed acknowledged by the US Supreme Court, because the movement is likely to be associated with words like “rape”, “assault”, and “survivor”, it brings “the old orthodoxy” that focuses on only sexualized forms of harassment (Ibid). It might be true that the movement ignores other aspects of sexual harassment because the harassment is not necessarily involved with sexual abuse, but can be a threat to gender and sexual identities. For instance, if gender panic, “situations where people react to disruptions to biology-based gender ideology by frantically reasserting the naturalness of a male-female binary” (Schilt, 2014), happens and involves stereotypes of gender-based reaction by other people such as sexual teasing or conversation, it can be sexual harassment to victims because it threatens people’s identity and occurs because of their sex or sexuality. Also, Ramit Mizrahi supports Schultz’s arguments with her experience as a lawyer. She had clients “whose supervisors were allowed to get away with nonsexual abuse because it was not seen as ‘sexual harassment’ (Mizrahi, 2018)” even though the “Me Too” and “Times Up” movements have been acknowledged. However, Mizrahi also stated that, “the #MeToo and #TimesUp movements have galvanized the public, leading people to speak out who would not have done so before, while motivating many employers to respond lest they face the consequence of inaction (Ibid).” Although these movements motivate people to speak out for themselves, they tend to overlook that sexual harassment has many forms, which might exclude some victims who are harassed in other ways from the movements.

The #MeToo and “TimesUp” movements have very promising potential to bring new vista of women’s rights and improvements of women’s position in the workplace although they might overlook the issues of non-sexualized sexual harassment. Title VII in 1964 outlaws the discrimination of employment because of an individual’s sex (Boylan, 2016). Brian Soucek, Professor of Law at University of California, Davis, states that the movements are key to prove “sexual orientation discrimination counts as the very discrimination ‘because of sex’ that Congress outlawed when it passed Title VII in 1964 (Soucek, 2018)” by introducing the case of Franchina, a victim of sexual orientation discrimination in the workplace. Franchina, a lesbian firefighter, was harassed by male colleagues in a different way, which was not sexualized, yet happened because of sex, according to Soucek (Ibid). He thinks that the movements have been “queering” the concept of sexual harassment. Whether the harassment is sexualized or not, if it happens because of sex, it is sexual harassment (Ibid). It is true that the movements make activists think again what exactly sexual harassment is. A popular form of sexual harassment is known as “hostile environment harassment-in which supervisors or coworkers create an intimidating or offensive working environment that interferes with a woman's working condition (Baker, 2004).” If the harassment based on the discrimination of sex interferes with women in the workplace, it is considered sexual harassment. Soucek believes that the “MeToo” movements questions what sexual harassment means to victims and embrace

people to change the understanding of harassment (Soucek, 2018). These movements have connected people to share their experiences and accuse the people who perpetrated sexual harassment, but also they show us what sexual harassment can be even though it is not sexualized or comes from any sexual desire but because of sex, which is very important to think in the field of gender studies because sexual harassment now is not necessarily sexualized but it happens because of sex. It can be said that because of these movements, people know there is harassment they need to think more seriously as sexual harassment, and we can support all victims and change the law if

we have to.

To sum up, the “Me Too” and “Times Up” movements have been developing. The influence of the “Me Too” movement results in replacing male workers who committed sexual harassment with successful female works in the movie industry. “Times Up” provides financial support as well as information and resources to victims of sexual harassment. However, these movements might overlook non-sexualized sexual harassment, but at the same time, they make us think about the need for change of the understanding of sexual harassment. These movements are significant to change our society. People should embrace them and spread all over the world. Speaking up for women’s right does not have to be “men vs women.” We should stick together and bring social justice to our society.

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The attractive ladies

Aika Hirayama

“Brilliant smiles, dignified manners and lively conduct... What wonderful people they are!” I was glued to the staff at Haneda Airport. My fear of boarding a plane was blown away in a moment. I had not been to any airport or boarded any plane before that moment.

The moment I stepped into the place, a smell that was new to my sense made me excited. It was an unfamiliar building’s atmosphere. Actually, it was a high school trip, so there were many expectations for the trip between my classmates. I was very thrilled when I walked toward a reception. However a fear for

my first plane trip struck me because I had watched some news about plane crashes before. Moreover I am a worrywart. Therefore, my heart filled with feelings of excitement and uneasiness although the flight took only three hours for Okinawa.

My worries about the trip disappeared little by little when I saw some women. Unconsciously I kept

sight of three beautiful ladies. Even though the women were only walking, they shone brighter than any other people. I thought the ladies seemed to have confidence and it overwhelmed my heart strongly. I was fascinated with them completely.

On the way to a boarding gate, I walked by some ground staff. They really looked like walking brightness. The women attracted not only me but also my friends. I walked with my classmates and some of them came to airport for the first time too. My friends and I said the same words at the same time. “So cool!” One of them said, “I have only seen this sight on screens...” I thought it was a real world that I had never seen before. At that time, the fear of flying never came up to my mind. On the contrary, the good mood lifted me up. In other words, the ground staff got me to enjoy my trip.

While we were waiting at a departure lounge, I heard some announcements of boarding. “Oh my goodness! The beautiful ground staff speaks English very well.” After announcing in Japanese, she did it in English with fluency. Then I thought she and the other staffs were perfect people. I had known they can speak English, but I had never thought they could have spoken such fascinating English. At the time, I was a member of an English class of high school, so they inspired me to make more effort. It was a great opportunity.

The time to board a plane came. I grasped a boarding pass with hopes and went through the side of the staff who had a brilliant smile. “I want to be a ground staff like them... giving everyone ease, a charming smile and hope!”

This journey gave me wonderful values. Thanks to them, I could feel ease for flying. Making someone happy is so great. I think they have big powers to give everyone attractions beyond the border. In addition, they are just the people who can help all guests to have nice trips. The scenes that the ground staff behaved wonderfully are still fresh in my mind. This trip also gave me a purpose to study English. I had studied English vaguely until I experienced this journey, but I am studying English happily to be a ground staff with admiration for them.

To become like the ladies who I saw at the airport, I need considerable effort. Of course, I have to learn hospitality as much as English to make guests satisfied by great conduct like them. Therefore, I want to pay attention to everyone all the time. Since I can study at Meiji Gakuin University, I am going to keep learning English step by step and participate in volunteer activities willingly. I will make an effort toward the realization of my dream. The journey gave me the brilliant goal, so I really appreciate this opportunity.

An unexpected problem

Chihiro Hiraga

“Pardon?” 415 pounds?” I was speechless after finding out the serious thing I was facing.

In August 2017, I was at Manchester airport with busy sounds of lots of people working on things on the last day of my trip in the U.K with my British friend, Sarah. This situation generally should be imagined that we parted saying goodbye with tears, and I was one of those who had expected it. However, one huge problem did not let us do it.

One of the female staff members at the airport was weighing my two big suitcases with her practiced hands while Sarah and I were staring at it with a little anxiety. As the lady stopped weighing with a worried look, she told us something which I couldn't catch. Sarah told me what the lady had told us, and the number “415 pounds” finally came into my mind. I suddenly said “Pardon? 415 pounds?” in spite of myself.

The busy sounds I had heard had already ceased, and all that I could think about was just the number 415 pounds and the balance left on my prepaid card which was absolutely not enough.

After struggling to find a solution for ten minutes or more, my mother's face flashed into my mind. I soon phoned her to ask to deposit money into my bank account so that I would be able to pay with another credit card. Unfortunately, this way did not work well. My hands putting back the credit card into my purse were very sweaty.

“You have to pay 415 pounds or you'll stay here forever,” said Sarah with a sigh. The anxieties of not being able to return to Japan and of annoying her heavily weighed on my mind. That was so heavy that I could even feel that my heart hurt.

Once I remembered that my mother had told me that I could ask Sarah to send the luggage to Japan later, I made a decision to ask her putting my last hope on it. Although she just refused it because of my bad explanation, she understood and accepted it after trying to clarify my thoughts.

The female staff at the airport returned the suitcases back to us to let us sort the problem out, I felt again that they were actually heavy. They were full of things, dozens of chocolates, teacups, a few bottles of shampoo and lots of souvenirs for my family and friends bought by me who was a beginner traveler. After separating the luggage into things that I would bring to Japan and things Sarah would bring to her home, it was time to part from each other. We parted after hugging with a relieved smile. Her smell reminded me of the memory at her home and already started missing it.

On the return flight, as I had a pack of crispy Walkers Crisps which her family had often given me, I could remember lots of memories with them.

This experience taught me the importance of trying to tell others my thoughts or feelings when I have trouble, even if I have to tell in different languages. My English was actually not good enough, but it was not the point, it was how hard I tried to tell others. Trying to tell others yourself will also deepen a relationship. From now on I would like to express myself more and more and also try to understand others. I think these are necessary for all people.

Moreover, I learned a more significant thing in life. Life is unexpectable. You will have to face lots of unforeseen difficulties in your life. However, it does not mean that life is just too difficult for you to handle, but it is important how you deal with the difficulties and how you use them in your future life. This will make your severe experiences important memories for you.

The highest mountain in Japan

Ami Kanou

"The greatest mountain is Shizuoka has."
"No!! Yamanashi is just the owner of the mountain."

"What? Many people Think the mountain Locates Shizuoka."
"Huh? However, In actual, It shows us The most beautiful scenes."

"It isn't right. There are A little bit differences."
"It is RIGHT. You have Misunderstandings."

"It's you. In addition. We have some cities That shares the mountain."
"That is another question Now. That doesn't relate To our troubles."

"Ok...however, I wanna Say one thing to you."
"...What?"

"To be honest, I'm desire You because you can Get snow in winter."
"Really? But, also I Must say one thing to You."
"...What?"

"You are good man..."
"You are always warm and have sea harvest through all seasons."
"Same to you!"

The Budgie

Momoka Iwanaga

In a room, there was a budgie.
The budgie's name was Mr. Bobbie,
With a green and yellow body,
It was pretty but too gaudy.

Bobbies' owner was Ms. Barnard,
Living alone and works so hard.
She loved Bobbie but she was busy,
That he was bored and spent time dully.

One day, Bobbie looked outside.
Then saw a large crow in the sky.
The crow was cool and looked so active.
"I want to live like that, it's my objective."

His head was full with these things.
He was ashamed of his colorful wings.
He got bored with being trapped,
So he decided to escape to be released.

When Ms. Barnard opened the door,
He rushed out and fly to the air.
It was a clear autumn morning
That it made him very exciting.

"What the freedom is fantastic!
I was broken by the magic."
He flew around the neighborhood,
Enjoyed winds and happy mood.

His stomach began to rumble at noon.
"Where are foods?" He got antsy soon.
He searched some foods, but couldn't find.
Then a group of birds came from behind.

They was crows that he used to admire.
But he trembled because of fear.
"What are you doing," they shout loudly,
Attacking him very violently.

Bobbie cried and ran for a park.
The sky was changing into the dark.
He felt sad and cowered on the ground,
Then he heard a familiar sound.

Ms. Barnard came with his favorite toy.
He was surprised and jumped for joy.
His owner covered him in her hands.
His long, long day at last ends.



Self-introduction

Momoka Iwanaga

Have you ever heard my sound?
Optimum chance to hear is solo performance!
Relaxing and gentle tone is my virtues.
Need me when your mind is nasty!

Teach me how to play a quiet tone.
Reactions of fellows to me are always “Be quiet!”
Usually I apologize them against my will, but
My good point is the splendid tone, isn’t it?
Powerful sound must touch audiences.
Everyone should listen to my wonderful performance.
‘Tranquil sound’ is far from my principle!

Do you think I’m an integral part?
Recently, I’m losing confidence in my role because
Using me doesn’t create any melody and harmony.
Maybe nobody needs me...

On the stage, they are sitting quietly.
Reflection of lights makes their body more brilliant.
Conductor comes solemnly and bows to the audience.
Hall filled with applause.
Elegant, beautiful music begins gently.
Suddenly, powerful sounds of the winds ring out through the hall.
Then, mellow melody of the strings follows them.
Rhythm of percussions gives spice to the music.
At this time, all of them resound with each other.



Disaster

Momoka Iwanaga

Everyone hope if it disappeared.
A lot of people have suffered from it.
Ringing alert of it makes them pale.
Tsunami swallows up the whole cities.
Quickly it changes all surroundings.
“Unbelievable” all around people who watch the sight murmur.
After that, great support to the disaster areas starts.
Kindness of humans touches victim’s hearts.
Everyone knows the power of ties.

The Untold Lives

1154

My neighbor always said “this world is so cruel. If you want to survive, you have to follow their rules, kid.” He was the one who took care of me. When I did not have, he always shared his food. Whenever other neighbors picked me up, he always protected me. When I could not sleep, he always told me a story about the world. I have never left my small room. This is not because I was scared, but I could not. I seem to have been born in this room. I have never met my parents but he was there when I realized. I loved his story. He said he had been outside of his room. He also told me about “owners”. He said there two types of them. One are the good ones, and the other is bad. I said “So are the owners here good? They give us food, water, and rooms!” He smiled and said I was too young to know, but this place was not as good as you think. I asked him why then, he came here. “When I realized, they took me and put me in this shithole.” I could not understand why he was unhappy with his house, because they gave us anything we needed. “Is this because your house is not big enough and some parts of your house are rusted?” I asked. “I was with my family.” He slowly started talking about his family.

Two years ago, I was with my family. They were nice. We were always together in whatever we did. I knew we were different living in the same world, but we loved each other. There are three in my family. Two of them were a very happy couple and their son was my best friend. He was called Ken. They gave me a name when I came to this house. They called me “Lot.” We liked walking and swimming.

But one day, when I was walking with Ken. Ken looked happier than usual. I don’t know why but we had a great dinner last night and Ken’s parents gave him a small thing that has two stick in small circle with numbers. One is long and the other is small. His father used to wear it. Maybe that’s why. Then, I realized two adults approached. They bumped into Ken on purpose. They blamed him. Ken was panicked. I knew they did it intentionally. They smelled different. They were not like my family. They pointed out the small thing on his arm and said something to him, but he shook his head. I know he didn’t like what they were doing. So, I said, “Stop, get away from him!” But they didn’t. Instead, they tried to grab Ken’s arm. I was desperate to save him. So, I attacked them with my teeth. I bit them so hard. We went home, but on that night, they, the owners who put me here, came. They said something to my family but my family seemed to have refused what they said. Soon after, they put something on my mouth. It was cold and I could not even speak. They stabbed me with the prickle. After that, I didn’t remember. When I realized, I was there, this small cage. Once I was taken here, I perceived what kind of this place was.

“What is it” I asked. Lot showed his struggle face as if he struggled to tell. After a long silence, he said “I know you are a kid, but you need to know the truth. We are gonna get killed by owners when the time has come”. I was speechless. I could not understand what he said because when the owners took my neighbors, they looked happy. “You kids don’t know because most of your ‘neighbors’ and you were born here.” I was so scared. I don’t wanna die. I want to see the world. Lot said, “Look, kid. In this world, these owners control everything. So, act like a cute kid. They might take you somewhere better.”

I felt nothing but the fear of death. I don’t even know how many days or weeks passed after the conversation. Nobody picked us up but other neighbors were taken. I don’t know if they could get out or were killed. There was just Lot and me.

One day, some owners came and opened our doors. I hoped they let us go. When I looked at Lot, he looked terrified. “So, it is today,” he muttered. I asked him why. My life has been in this small house. I could not believe I would never be able to know outside. I wanted to see good owners like Lot once had. Why. Why me. They picked us up. I struggled but tried to escape by using my small four legs. They put us in a different room. The room was huge but it smelled as if

they were lots of us. The door was closed. "How are they gonna kill us?" I was shaking. "Kid, I'm sorry that you are gonna die so young. I hope you will be happy in the next life." Soon after, I smelled very weird. It was very strong. It burnt my nose. It made me struggle to breathe. I could not help but close my eyes.

I heard the voice. "Wake up, Kid." It was Lot. When I woke up, there was a beautiful landscape. There were so many beautiful flowers. I had never seen such beautiful flowers. I only have seen artificial flowers made by owners. There is huge water flowing in front of us. I asked Lot what it is. "It is a river," he answered. I was confused. Did the owners let us go? What I remembered was the dark huge room. Then, we realized there are two looking at us on the other side of the river. They look like me. They have big lop-eared and brown and white colored bodies, but they are bigger.

"Oh, my son. Cielo! Come here!" They are calling. Cielo? Is that my name? Are they my parents? Where are they? Then, I realized there are more like us behind them. They look different, but their bodies are alike. They are not like owners. I cannot help but asking Lot. "Where are we? Are we dead?"

Lot is viewing the landscape and they are looking at us. "Does it really matter? We can be happy here." He answered with his deep voice. But I can see his eyes are filled with hopes and happiness.

"You are right. Let's go over there." I responded and took one step towards them.

Message from the author:

Thank you for reading my very narrative essay. I would like to ask you one question. Did you find out what Cielo and Lot were? They were abandoned dogs in an animal shelter. In Japan, a lot of abandoned dogs and their "kids" are killed just because humans aka "the owners" leave them without any good reasons. I tried to make this work very vague as much as possible because as the title says, their lives, their rights, and their stories are often untold. Most of them have to spend living in the small cages. It is hard to read, understand, and know what is going on when you read this, isn't it? I wanted to explain how terrible yet vague and unstable these dogs' lives can be by writing without telling so much information. Also, I wrote this story from dogs' perspectives, which makes the story more interesting and difficult at the same time. Maybe, I should have put more information and made it more visualized but I kind of liked this style. So, I hope you enjoyed it, but even if you didn't, it is okay. Everyone finds something good and otherwise. Just do not treat animals like toys or something you can kick or enslave. That's what I want to say here.

To Be Loved

Yutaro Asaka

“Appearances are deceptive.” My friend, W is a typical teenage girl everyone can imagine. She goes to a fancy café to take photos of fuwa-fuwa pancakes covered with whipped cream I might get sick of and posts it on Instagram with numerous hashtags. Her hair always look like she can run her fingers smoothly through it and sparkle with the light. What makes me annoyed the most is that she says “I’m on a diet! Cause I’m chubby” even though her legs are as thin as super models in fashion magazines. And she is exactly the type of girl that guys are all over. She and I were completely opposite and she was the type of girl who I usually couldn’t get along with. But later she became the one who made my life richer. She was the one who taught me the importance to be a good listener, cherish friends and love everything.

When I first met her, she suddenly started talking about her ex-boyfriend on our way home in the train. People around us could have heard everything but she continued telling me when they started dating, what their date was like and even the reason why they ended their relationship. Then she looked at me with those puppy dog eyes and it couldn’t be helped to talk about mine, too. Though I wasn’t supposed to tell her who I didn’t know much about and might have been a stranger, it was my turn. After I finished talking about my long story, she almost cried. I kind of laughed because she didn’t even know him. But later, I realized that her pure heart made my heart open up. She was the one who taught me how to be someone people feel relieved to talk with.

As I spent time with her, I often saw her writing down her schedule in her diary with neat handwriting. Her schedule was so tight that I had to book from two or three months before. She was definitely busy and could have been stressed out, but she enjoyed all of them. I didn’t like texting just to continue repetitive conversations like “I miss you. How about going lunch sometime?” with friends I didn’t really want to do. When I told this, she said “Ehhh, that’s too mottainai! You never know who is going to be your boyfriend, best friend or the one who brings happiness”. Her words helped me to figure out why she kept in touch with a lot of people and stayed busy, that was because she was looking for her happier future with people around. I didn’t even realize that I was making myself an unapproachable person.

W wore purple clothes just because it was the color in fashion, had the latest perfume smelled like cotton candy and went to fancy sweets buffet at hotel in Shinagawa just for “Insta-bae.” She had everything most all teenagers wanted, so she looked like the girl who was easily moved by trends. However, she does what she really believes in. She loves everyone because she doesn’t want to hate people even if they are mean. She eats everything because she feels sorry for food. She always tries to find solution for that. First, I stared eating eggplants that had gucho-gucho texture, the reason why I refused to eat it for 18 years.

The type of girl who I usually couldn’t be good friends with became my life’s mentor. I can’t be kind enough to stand her getting everyone falling all over her yet. However, it means she is truly beautiful inside and out. Her motto is being easy to talk to, being in touch with friends and not being picky, and she always shows me the way to be loved.

A Mark of Progress I Have Made

Mirano Watanabe

I refused to attend school six years ago. I disliked my class mates, teachers, and study. Needless to say, I did poorly in English in junior high school. No one must have expected that I specialize in English literature at university.

A tipping point of my life was taking an English class in high school. After becoming a high school student, I couldn't decide what I'm going to do in the future. I considered every day "What should I do?" I felt frustrated that my friends started to study for their concrete goals. It was April of my second-grade year of high school that I met a great English teacher, Mr. Arai. He was of a large build and wore glasses, and his age was around sixty at that time. I wouldn't have decided to learn English at university without meeting with him. Not only as a teacher but also as a mentor, he taught me the three valuable life lessons: the excellence of doing what you love, the importance of making tireless efforts, and the pleasure of learning a language.

Mr. Arai is doing what he loves and also shows me how wonderful it is. He is 68 years old now. He has still been translating English and German papers and also learning Greek and Latin. Besides, he is planning to enroll himself in a graduate school this year. I understand he really loves learning languages and finds an unfailing resource in it. He is really excited about his special field. "To do what you want, because it is better than doing what makes money," he told me. Like learning English for him, what you are passionate about can make your life shine.

Mr. Arai often said that all you have to do is work tirelessly toward a goal. One of the reasons I respect him is that he is diligent. A story about his youth always encourages me to make efforts more to achieve my goal. Once I asked when he decided to be a teacher, he told me, "Actually, I did not expect it when I was a university student. I majored in the history of Western." The fact that he aimed for another goal surprised me, because I had no doubt in my mind that he intended to be an English teacher while he was in university. He did not prepare himself to work as an English teacher, so his English skills were not enough. Thus, he needed an enormous amount of time and labor to acquire English skills after starting to work. Only the act of devoting himself to working at English had made him a wonderful teacher. He is a role model for language learners. The biggest thing I have appreciated him for is that he gave me an opportunity to find the pleasure of learning a language. At the first class, he said "Being active in taking a class, if you are eager to want to improve your English. You should take advantage of this class and me." These words have been motivating me. I hadn't spoken at class so much until I started to take his class, though I began to speak up every lesson and to ask the teacher what I could not understand in order to deepen my understanding of the class. His words completely changed my attitude to English class in a favorable way.

He emphasized telling his students how fun learning English was. He said that to master a foreign language requires learning the culture of a country where the language is spoken. I learned not only English but also American culture in his class. For instance, he mentioned the word "No thank you" to illustrate how American culture is different from Japanese. This is used when you refuse something when you don't want it. Mr. Arai told that he had been shocked when he saw American people refuse flatly, because Japanese people tend not to good at saying, "No thank you." This experience made him realize it is OK to turn down when you want to do. In this way, his story allowed us to understand American culture differs from Japanese one.

His way of teaching English was both interesting and instructive. In classes, he frequently explained why we should have acquired English skills and how it can help us in the future. Then, he taught us two things are necessary for reading and understanding a text in English; one is knowledge of English grammar, and the other is background knowledge of a text or an author. Based on this idea, Mr. Arai gave his students material he made which was written about how to read English sentences by using his original method of English grammar. His English class made my foundation of English.

To sum up, the teacher, Mr. Arai, greatly influenced my life by teaching me the greatness of doing what you want to, how essential making endless efforts was, and the joy of learning a language. He gave me the meaning of going to high school: learning English. It was an almost miracle that he taught me English and also about life, and I am proud that I was his student. I promised to mail this paper to him. He would be amazed and glad to read this, because this is a mark of progress with English I have made.

The brown flamingo

Ami Kanou

On one day, the humans came
To the bright pink birds they aimed
Only one young boy survived
Am I the only bird alive?"

He is so timid and weak
He keeps crying after some week
Because he lost his lovely dears
Then only him has same blood as a theirs

On a fine day, he decides to fly
To know how far are connected the sky
He finds out the pink flamingo's sort
Really thinks the group is good sort

Pink flamingos see him strange warily
But then greet him to the group so warmly
Soon everyone come out of his shell
Their bond sooner be strong really well

A few years pass then, on one morning
He wakes up, he feels boring
Gets up and looks around he notices
There is empty. He lose his practice

The boy recall his tragedy whole
He gets a fright and hides a hole.
But he thinks their friendly kind
So, the boy decides bravery to find

Two miles away, they are caught
With great fears, he started to a match
Firstly, he devise a strategy freely
And makes up his mind to use his body

I'm a tree." He repeats on his brain
He believes everything will be as a light as rain
Move a little bit, make no sound
He fights silently not to be found

He watches for human chances to pick a lock
Then, he success to release them with a luck
Before reacting, the group from the place is leaving
They get peace for eternal living.

My place

Kanako Nomura

Crystal Palace is the busiest restaurant in Magic Kingdom, Walt Disney World, and this is one of the busiest restaurants. Some workers called it 'Crystal Prison.'

Crystal Palace was named after Paris Exposition in 20th century, so it smelled of delicious dishes such as roast beef, Asian taste salads, Mickey waffles with maple syrup, and sweet desserts with honey flavor. The sunlight came through the high ceiling with windows, and the building was based on British gothic style. As a remarkable performance, Pooh and his friends walked around the restaurant, and greeted and took photos with many guests. During day and night, many servers wearing a light yellow dress with a white apron were serving drinks and cleaning many tables that guests left. Background music was the soundtracks of the movie of Winnie the Pooh, and it was filled with guests' happy voices.

When I worked there for the first time as a character attendant wearing a blue shirt with Mickey patterns and a black waist pouch including pencils and maps, I was so nervous and did not know how to guide characters or what to do for guests. I was standing alone my heart beating faster and just watching characters with greeting guests. Then, my boss came to tell me, "What are you doing? Standing here is not your job. You give guests pressure... Don't be shy! Speak to guests!" I replied, "Yeah...so...What should I do...?". "Your job is to make guests happy and make characters work safely and smoothly." My boss told me with a smile. He did not tell me a clear answer, but I tried to speak to a family sitting by the entrance.

"Hi...ah...thank you for coming Crystal Palace. Pooh friends are coming soon to you guys, so...please prepare your autograph books and camera. Thank you." Suddenly, I spoke to the family, so at the moment, they were surprised at me, but they said, "Thank you very much! We really enjoy meal and character greeting." I was confident because they accepted me, an Asian person regardless of my broken English. I could understand what my boss implied a little bit.

After three months, I met a Japanese family; father, mother, one girl, and two younger boys. I immediately felt I wanted to make them happy. Then, I came close to the family, and said, "Hi, welcome to Crystal Palace. Pooh friends are coming soon, so please open your autograph books if you have, and prepare to take photos, and if you want, will I take a family photo with Pooh bear?" They looked at me with surprising because I was Japanese, but they smiled and said, "Yes, thank you very much! We appreciate your suggestion." When characters came to their table, I took family photos saying, "Say honey!" After they finished their meal, the mother came to me and said, "Thank you for your kindness. We really enjoyed our meal and greeting characters. We live in Canada now because of my husband's job, so I seldom have opportunities to speak in Japanese. I am so happy to talk in Japanese with you. Thank you so much! And also, my daughter became interested in your job because of you. She said she wanted to work in Walt Disney World someday like you." I was filled with happiness. Even though I could affect her life a little, I was proud of being a member of Disney cast from Japan.

In the last day of working, I worked as usual, and did my best to give unforgettable moments to guests. I did not feel any hesitation to talk with guests, and furthermore, I positively helped guests to take pictures, and made a story or play with Pooh or Pooh's friends in order to enjoy guests. At the end of my working, my boss allowed me to take pictures with Pooh and his friends, and said, "Your job was wonderful! Did you enjoy your six months in Crystal Palace?" Of course, I said, "Yes, yes! I was glad to work here. Here is Crystal Paradise!" This journey made my heart warm.

Through the experience there, I seemed that I had traveled around the world because I met multicultural guests just for six months in a restaurant. Each guest had different backgrounds,

languages, and values, so it had nothing to do with my English skills, and it was more important to behave what I could do for each guest in order to make a magical memory. Many casts working there got so much “Thank you” from guests instead of our hospitality. These memories and this place seemed like a dream, but I was sure it existed there, in Orlando, Florida.

The Last Day

Momoka Ichikawa

One morning in September, I awoke to find myself on a sofa. Looking at the other sofa, she just woke up. It was the last day of my staying there. I was going to leave there in the afternoon. I thought of myself as a lucky girl because I stayed with the family who were cheerful, warm to listen to me and liked singing even during dinner.

Before the day, we went to a pub. We enjoyed drinking, talking, playing with coins and singing with people at the next table. What a fun night! When we went back home, we were so tired that she and I couldn't go to our own beds. Therefore, each of us fell asleep in the sofas.

When I woke up, I realized it was the last day that I spent with them, feeling a bit sad. She asked me to go to the city center for lunch or shopping. We went there by a car she drove. I like the time that I talked with her.

After having lunch at a sushi restaurant and shopping, we got into the car to go back home. Inside it, we were talking about many things such as Diana, Brexit, her husband and her sons.

Then she talked about the relationship between a son and his girlfriend. She said, "The most important thing for lovers is to be happy and healthy emotionally."

Happy and healthy emotionally... Somehow the words captured me deeply as if I had got a key. She added, "I want to know any adventure you will have, so tell me whatever."

After going back home, we spent time as usual, watching TV and chatting. I felt the time to leave there was coming. I visualized happy memories there and it made me cry. Then, she held me and said, "We had many students here, and every student was lovely. But you are special, you are special." I couldn't stop crying. It was hard for me to say good bye with them.

In a taxi for Heathrow airport, I recalled that five weeks with my eyes full of tears. Then, I realized there was something special, warm in me.

Editors' Comments

Kazane Kajiya

Expand yourself by being creative! Expressing yourself is one of the best ways to know and tell who you really are. Enjoy writing and you'll be proud of yourself even more! Be spontaneous.

Anzu Koyama

Everyone must have some great experience and working as editor of CROP is also one of it! Why don't you join? Let's make it special together

Yoshiki Kumomura

Writing requires you so much energy and time, and it takes a lot of time to finish it. Finished works are very interesting and worth reading. I want readers to enjoy reading and writers to enjoy writing.

Kaede Imakura

Thank you for reading and I really appreciate everyone who cooperate to make CROP. This time, I participated in the work just a little, but it was very exciting, so I am looking forward to work more next time! Although I just become an editor, I will try to be writer, too next time.

Shota Kunii

I'm so glad that I read the impressive, brilliant and spectacular stories from the great writers. Every story extremely moved me. Literature always brings readers a kind of NEW WORLD. This time I felt again delight of knowing something new, to read the stories. Let me say "Thank you!" for all the authors of Crop.

Norika Iwasaki

The experiences as an editor of CROP are extremely wonderful. I always inspire and motivate from each essay and poetry that other students made. I would like to tell the attractiveness of expression as being an editor from now on!

Tomomi Inoue

I'm so glad to join CROP because I can meet a lot of wonderful stories and writers through this magazine! I hope everyone enjoy reading such special works and I will spread CROP more and more! Please enjoy writing and reading!

Kanako Nomura

Thank you for reading works!! This is the 10th anniversary CROP! I'm happy to join here as a writer and an editor. Writing in English seems to be difficult, but through works in CROP, I feel that all writers here enjoy expressing what they think with using English. I hope it will continue with a full of wonderful works in English department, MGU.

Our Special Thanks to...

All the writers who sent works to CROP, Mr. Kimura, Mr. Sugiura and Ms. Yoshikawa of the English department offices, the English Department for their support, the MGU English Literature teachers who encouraged their students to write for CROP, Dr. Michael Pronko for organizing CROP, INUUNIQ Printing Company, Marco Mancini for formatting and design, and everyone who reads this!

Thank you so much for all your support!!

Date of Issue: March 2019
Advisor: Dr. Michael Pronko

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INUUNIQ

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MGU's official English magazine

CROP

WANTED
Editors & Writers

Welcome to CROP family!
We have been supporting all MGU student
Who want to express themselves in ENGLISH.
We are very pleased to be here working with everyone.

Are you ready to **join** us??



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