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Pupper VS Owner

Giovanna Martorelli

Bork bork bork woof woof woof
Out, pupper wants to go out
Run in the park with my fren
I rather go to the dogtor
Needs assistance
Give me attention
Sad pup is a bad pup
Upset so pupper will bark
Maybe poop on the sofa
Might even eat your new sandal and camera
Every summer day is too long
Ruff being in the house
Day by day getting denied
Ain't allow to go outside
Yes I'm pup-sad

Too much disturB
My dog may be a psychO
The heat out will put him in danger
What makes him happy is salamI
But going out beats that reaction
I promise, tonight we are goinG
The temperature will decreaseS
Don't be so dramatic yoU
I know it is tedium
But the house is nice, outside is too warM
Please turn down the volumE
Is that poop rrrrrrrrrrrR
Oh he's gonna be punisheD
Oh, wait is that my sandal and camerA
How nastY

Fireworks

Rioko Kobayashi

U know?
Never ever I seen fireworks from this much closer before.
Pretty excited!!
Ready for fireworks guys?? Someone shouted
Everyone stopped talking and looked up sky
Dooon! DOOOOON!
It was amazing.
Colored fireworks shined us
Till the dark smoke covered the sky...
A lot of black dusts flew with the smoke and it fell on our heads
Blurred sky hid beautiful lights
Let us see the fireworks! We begged to the sky
Eventually sky cleared up, fireworks were all gone.

The last day of my life

Saki Ohara

I will be born for this
day. Just for this day. I'm delicate. So be
treated carefully. Like a round baby. I can make a moment
tens of thousands of years, tens of thousands of days, hundreds of
billions of seconds of your life best. Decorate your moments colorfully. And
my life ends in an instant. I don't want to die. Don't wanna die. Why is my life
ending soon? Why were I born to make others shine their moments? I want to live more.
I don't want to die. Don't wanna die. Finally my turn has come. My dear parents
who brought me up gave a fire to me. I don't want to die. Don't wanna die. I want
to run away soon for somewhere far away. Wanna run away. I danced in the air
and exploded with loud noises. My body shattered. I died. The moment I died,
everyone focused on me. I became the most beautiful one in the world. I became the
main character in this world. I died more glamorous than anyone in this
world. Scattered. No, this moment I will not die. I live. I live more glamorous than
anyone in this world. It was only when I was born in this world that I felt
comfortable. The faces of everyone who saw me were shining
with a smile. I was born to see everyone's face. For
everyone's moment. The best life there
is no more. Yes, I'm....

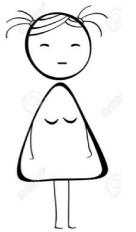


To you...

Saki Ohara

To you...

One year
has passed, summer
has come. I am here again
this year. I have been here last year.
Two years ago and three years ago... Will you
come again this year? I know you from a very young
age. You were taken by your parents, put on a small ring and
floated. I have been in love with you for years. You come to me a lot in
summer. So I like summer. You don't come to me in winter. So I hate winter.
I am bored. I have always been thinking about you. You came again this year.
It looks like You are completely grown up and beautiful. You had a very fine white
skin. I get close you. Leave. Get close. Leave... I want to stay close but I can not forgive it.
I cannot move by my own intention. Not free. I have always been in love with you. You were
approaching me. I hold you as hard as possible. Eventually it was evening and you returned. Will
you come again? I am waiting. I'll be waiting forever. One year has passed, summer has come. Finally
came. I am here again this year. I will stay here again next year and again. I wait for you. I will love you from now on. This is an unrequited love story.



I Am Mixed

Yuki Ishiguro

South Street in Martinez made me feel as if I was a foreigner in my own country when I was a child. “Why can we survive only sleeveless in December?” Ever since I can remember, I spent the most of my winter vacation in grandparent’s house, and that was what I was wondering all the time I touched my clothes which was thin and soft as velvet.

My favorite time was just sitting on the left side of a long seat made of wood which looked very old just in front of my grandparent’s house and looking around the South Street which has only fifty meters long and fifteen meters wide. There is one small wooden house which has the roof made of a bunch of branches, and a lot of colorful laundries which smelled like a mint-scented fabric softener were hung from there to my grandparent’s house’s roof. In contrast to the house’s size, it has a large and long window, and Mrs. Domingo sells breakfast every early morning from there. Neighbors surrounded the log table along that window, and there was a beautiful table cloth with red and blue flowers designed on that. One old guy using a straw hat to fan himself talked about his wife running away from his house last night, then a sweaty middle-aged guy frowned at him and started to ask questions with his mouth full but when it comes to a slightly fat woman with very tanned skin, she laughed at his story. I wanted to check how the other woman reacted, but it did not come true because of a mirage hiding her face.

When I looked at the right end of the street, there is an elementary school that has a wall painted with eye catching yellow and some flowers and sun as a scribbling. After three o’clock, students wearing the same light green uniform with white Jasminum sambac in their chest pocket came out from the gate of school, and after a little while, South Street turned full of children and changed to the plain clothes playing around and eating street food from a stall. “Dm dm dm...” with the sound of basketball dribbling, I heard a boy soprano voice. “Hey, look at her! All the way from Japan!” The owner of that voice was a little boy who looked like the same age as me at that time. He already had big round eyes, but he made them much bigger and opened his mouth while pointing me. Continuously, children started to look at me with obvious curiosity. I smiled at them slightly and tried just looking at my favorite thick shoes which do not fit this dried and warm land. My mom tried to stop me bringing them, but I managed to convince her. After a second, they started playing basketball again soon, then suddenly something came into my mouth---sand from the basketball dribbling. It tasted bitter and slightly hard.

At night, all the relatives gathered in front of my grandparents’ house. They built four iron pillars on about half of the site in the street, and put a tent with red, blue and yellow national flag design. My uncles and aunts danced with karaoke microphones and beers in their hands under that tent. My grandfather showed me off to neighbors and relatives gladly over and over. I could not understand what they were talking at that time, but all people patted me on the head, and recommended me to eat food such as a lechon and fried goat meat on the table which I literally never saw in my life. It smelled as if it made my appetite increase, but I hesitated to eat them somehow.

I dragged a suitcase with my small body. When I saw a bright pink taxi stopping on the South Street, I suddenly became sad. “I’ll wait for you my sweet granddaughter.” By the time she finished saying that word, her voice was shaking. In fact, there were tears in her eyes. I cried along with her. Touching her soft hands with a lot of wrinkles, I decided to come back here again soon after all even though I could not get used to this place.

As I grew up, I learned not just the language but also the culture. Although I have less chance to go to that place now, sometimes I get a question from friends or other people how it is. Then, I always answered proudly, “You can survive just sleeveless in December. It’s summer the whole year in the Philippines,” expecting to return to South Street, my second hometown, again.

I am a survivor

Emiko Maene

In July 2011, I was walking to my house after school when sunlight was dazzling and I felt very faint in the heat. The fragrance of flowers was kind of frustrating. I was wearing a blue T-shirt, short pants and sneakers that day. I thought it was going to be the same day as usual. My elementary school teacher had told us to say hello to whoever we met. Therefore, I greeted everyone loudly as always that afternoon.

Suddenly, one seedy man showed up and stood in front of me. I was a little surprised but tried to say “konnichiwa” to him. However, he started talking to me like he was not hearing me.

“Show me your boobs!”

What? He asked me to take off my T-shirt! He is not a normal person! I have to run!

My feet didn’t work smoothly though I could rush into a vegetable store. I asked one lady in the store to take me home with her. I was crying and shaking. I could escape from him since he did not chase me.

Fortunately, I was safe however I developed a phobia towards males because of it. I conducted myself normally with boys who were my age but I didn’t want to approach and speak to male teachers. Furthermore, I could not help looking back while walking in any street anytime. I will always remember the moment. I was too young to understand that I was a sexual object for men. I have been molested several times and the way men touched my butt made me scared and reminded me of the fear.

It was absolutely impossible for me to overcome the fright for years because there was no solution. I never felt better if I requested my family or friends to encourage me. I thought I was powerless. I might have wider sights if I had not been treated awfully by men. Due to them, I have given up a lot of things. The experiences are my shackles. They prevent me from being free.

I wish I could question the men who did cruel things to me. Why me?

I needed to become familiar with it anyway and decided to live with my anxieties. Knowing how to keep myself away from dangerous situations, my mind is barely alive. I am furious at people who disrespect women and feel angry at men who put me in pain. There are lots of ladies who take actions to reaffirm the rights of women. I have been saved by these strong people. What I learned from the voices is “deeds not words.” I would like to introduce one story which represents the power of women.

In 2015, Taylor Swift won a lawsuit. This lawsuit was about a case that her buttocks were grabbed in 2013. Despite the fact that she was completely a victim, she was accused of saying the wrong facts by the perpetrator. At the same time, the perpetrator argued that she was responsible for his being fired. She never quit her steadfast attitude. What she wanted to say was that everyone could say NO if it was incorrect. This seems easy, but it is not.

I was very impressed. I did not even say anything to perverts because I thought it was unreasonable for me to win. I have ended up just as a victim. From Ms. Swift’s story, I learned how I should have behaved. I should have said NO and did not have to feel feeble. I do not want to be defeated by anything which has no value anymore. I make choices by myself. I am going to keep fighting until I become fearless. I will not be ruled by men. I am a survivor.

Sandy the Spider

Rioko Kobayashi

There was a lonely sad old man
His only given name was Fran
He sat alone at home each day
Just went to work to get his pay

He didn't have a bunch of friends
Did not have time to make amends
But in his house beneath his stair
There was a creepy spider's lair

Each day he'd come and leave a bite
And when he turned off all the light
A fuzzy horror from the night
Would rise and eat without respite

Fran began to watch surprised
As little spider ate her prize
Ate greedily all food in sight
The spider always showed her might

Day by day he watched his pal
He wondered if it was a gal
Guessing that it was a dame
Fran decided to give a name

"Sandy seems to suit you well"
"That name really seems so swell"
"I hope that I can treat you well"
"If you're hungry please do tell"

One night a crash made Fran awake
A robber had arrived to take
Fran hid back behind his bed
And didn't even peek his head

He heard the robber scream and run
And guessed that he had dropped his gun
And Fran rose up to take a look
At who had let him off the hook

Sandy waved with all her kids
And made sure Fran where he hid
Fran's whole face conveyed his shock
That Sandy showed that she could talk

Sandy told Fran "You're so nice"
"You didn't treat us like we're mice"
"Most humans only show us hate"
"But you showed us that you are great"

Fran looked on and smiled so wide
He never had felt so much pride
He picked up Sandy in his palm
And said that "You are so the bomb!"

Negativity

Shota Kunii

Negativity. It is one of the biggest enemies for people all around the world. Of course, for me, I can say it is the strongest rival until now, and it might be going to last until the day I die. I've been fighting against it for years since as far back as I can remember. I'm not that a strong person, in that my temper and mental condition changes easily by the circumstances around me. When I was four or five years old, I was bullied by one of the boys in the kindergarten. He was mean. Extremely mean. He pushed small pieces of waste wood into my mouth. I was almost about to vomit. If you were me, what would you do? I'm sure you would tell it to the kindergarten teacher. But in fact, I just couldn't, because I was really afraid of revenge by the boy. It's the oldest terrible memory I have. Looking back at the memories, I can see my negativity came from my experience and in-born personality.

The next memory I have was when I was in fifth grade of elementary school. I just walked along the street on my way home. Then, I heard a voice that said like this, "f**king fat kid." Yes, I knew I was not in good shape, but I was terribly shocked by such words. Now I can say it's nothing, but I was just a kid and I couldn't hold it in. Since that day, I came to walk by leaning my body forward and wearing larger clothes to hide my obese body. Now I clearly remember it. I don't know the critical reason, but I think the remark sounded very aggressive for me, because I completely recall it even now. That's when I started comparing people to me. "Don't I look weird?" "Don't I look uncool?" I always asked myself, looking into the mirror. That was the critical hit to my timid personality.

I know it's ridiculous that I remember it still now, but it seriously affected my character. Yet, I have had to try to erase it, so as not to repeat it successively within my mind. To overcome my negativity, I have played roles of a lot of leaders. From the second grade of junior high to the senior of high school, I was a class officer for five years. In addition, I also became a leader of the tennis club that I belonged to. Like these, I played a leader every place I have been. As a result, I felt my negativity got a little bit better than before, by doing more active things. Through these experiences, I participated in a lot of things and played a leader one by one, like the leader of a sports festival, and another tennis club in university. As described, I have tried a lot of things but in fact, the negativity wasn't cured. That is because of my bad habit. I often replay my bad memory within my mind repeatedly. The "refrain" is almost in the night, when I'm in bed, before I fall asleep. Thanks to the routine I often have, I frequently cannot sleep immediately. It is like I was chased by something horrible.

This description of my personality and bad habit sounds really terrible, but I got used to it, because it is also one of the parts of me. I don't give up fighting against it. I just accepted it as a lovely characteristic of mine. Although I still have difficulty to deal with the negativity, it gradually gets better day by day. I wish it would be perfectly cured, even if it takes a long time.

I was a racist

Maria Hara

“Can I sit here?”

“It’s kinda far from the board, can you even see with your tiny chinky eyes?”

“I mean, I still can see you even if this class has no light on.”

“What? Because I’m black? You’re racist.”

“Wait, your name is Maria? Seriously? Shouldn’t it be a name like Cheng Chung or something?”

“What’s your name then?”

“Katie.”

“Good name and the joke is on you.”

“Oh my god, I’m tired of people making fun of my white name. Can you just stop being a racist?”

I was called a racist more than the president of some country. Around 90% of the students in my high school were immigrants from Haiti. The American image of typical Asian is smart, quiet, and honest. I was none of that. I survived high school life, fighting the majority as a minority.

This journey took four years to teach me an important thing which is “Don’t judge people by their appearance.”

When I was just in high school, I was alone in class and some Chinese students spoke to me and we became friends. However, after a while, they stopped talking to me when they realized I was Japanese. They didn’t want to be friends with me because I’m Japanese or they couldn’t stand the smell of *natto* coming out of my mouth every morning. I think the latter is more likely. However, I was fine because I had other Caucasian friends so I started to hang out with them more.

When I became a sophomore, my environment changed completely. Until then, I had been on a course called International Baccalaureate and was in a class with many Caucasians. However, I left the course when I became a sophomore. Some of my classes were ones where I was the only person with light skin. That was the beginning of my tough and harsh high school life.

The first day of the school of my sophomore year, I tried to talk to one of my classmates. She said, “We don’t speak American Language” and everyone in the class laughed including my teacher. My heart broke like jigsaw puzzle pieces fall apart. From that day, I gave up getting along with them. They always spoke in Creole which is the language spoken in Haiti so I felt a strong sense of alienation.

Additionally, I was shocked and surprised that they often said something that sounds like looking down on Asians.

Why they are so mean to me? What did I do?

Why am I here?

What am I learning?

I asked myself a lot of things and the words were just spinning around in my head. I was very stressed in my daily life in a language I didn’t understand. Many nights, I slept with a wet pillow.

One day, I was in the class and a girl came up to me and said, “You don’t like Haitians? I have only seen you talking to white people, not us. You look kind but people may think of you as a racist.”

I was shocked.

At that moment, I realized that I was discriminating against them just as other Haitians were discriminating against me. I thought that all the Haitians were racist just because some Haitians in school had told me a mean thing. They were right, I was a racist. I didn't even try to know them and just rejected them.

From that day, I started to talk to various Haitians in the class. At first, they were surprised, and some people still ignored me. However, after a while, most people started talking to me. My environment changed completely again in a good way. Then I made many non-white friends and became an active student as if my life had been a lie. My positive conversation changed their image of “Asians who only get along with white people.”

This experience has developed me as one of the international people and it has removed the racist awareness that was deep in my mind. My painful memories turned into important memories from the journey. I've not been studying abroad as many Japanese have experienced. I'm glad I went to Florida because if I hadn't gone there, I couldn't meet my unique people.

Break the Wall

Natsumi Yano

1

“Do you often have fight with your siblings?” Many friends asked me every time we had a conversation about family. I don’t like to be asked about my little brother especially from the person who is not close. Even some of my best friends doesn’t know much about him. However, I couldn’t avoid answering so I usually say “Nah, Fumi and I have a good relationship,” which is not a lie but I can’t say it is true. I feel that there is a wall in my heart that keeps me from answering honestly.

2

Fumi was diagnosed with autism when he was about two years old. Autism, or autism spectrum disorder (ASD), usually emerges at two or three years old but sometimes it appears earlier. (1) For many people, autism is just a mystery. There isn’t one autism but it has many types depending on the person, so it is difficult to explain what it is. According to National Autistic Society, “Autism is a lifelong, developmental disability that affects how a person communicates with and relates to other people, and how they experience the world around them.” (2)

3

In my brother’s case, he can’t communicate with people so he can’t express his feelings. However, he always has a smile on his face especially when he is listening to music on his iPad. He moves his arms, fingers, and head like waving to the music. When I went to daycare service to pick Fumi up, I sometimes see him dancing with his ASD friends. I just love watching them dancing so no matter how mad I am at him, I always forgive him for deleting my report data or tearing my homework paper, which often occurred. One of his friend’s parents told me that their son didn’t have a facial expression but he started to laugh a lot when he met Fumi and started to imitate his dancing. I think music has a power to connect people.

4

The autist’s family, especially mothers tends to get criticized by society for not educating their child because ASD does not affect the child’s appearance. The parents of autistic children tend

to be under intense stress in an environment where they do not have the necessary support, and it is even more difficult to find an expert who can give appropriate advice for raising autistic children. The environment surrounding them is getting better little by little, but there are still only few doctors who can properly diagnose this disorder and give appropriate advice. (3)

5

Supporting not only autists but also their family is important. There isn't a lot of information about ASD and I think it is the problem that we have to face. If many people know about them deeply, it would lead to comfortable surroundings for not only autists but also their family. I still don't feel comfortable talking about my brother openly but I learned that I should try to talk about him little by little to break my emotional wall.

Sources

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Predator

Dazzling Diamond

Ends up catching none
Being busy with plucking flowers
The one you are holding
Gets Dehydrated and Dies
Unable to quench, dying slowly

After Storm

Dazzling Diamond

Sky beautifully blue
My heart crimson
Dew makes leaves shine
Reminiscent we adore
Idealized and Distorted

One Blue Marble

Dazzling Diamond

Sealed diamond kept the summer
the moment never fades
Smile
engraved and kept forever in my heart

Les Miserables Alternate Ending

Manaka

□Marius was shot. Jean Valjean, who was watching it, rushed to help Marius. But Marius didn't react. He was already taking his breath. Jean Valjean said, "Will you die here? Or you can die here? You still have the future." Of course, Marius didn't answer. Jean Valjean cried. At that moment, Jean Valjean was shot. The bloody city was a completely different landscape from yesterday.

□The next day, Cosette knows that most of the people in the battle were dead. Of course, she heard that Marius and Jean Valjean were dead. She was thinking about getting married to Marius but, he had become a person who never returns. Cosette couldn't think of anything.

□... 5 years later, the tragedy of revolution has become a thing of the past. Cosette decided to tell the story of the boys' fights so that French citizens would not forget this tragedy. It was a Cosette carrying sorrow alone, but her heart never burned out like the boys who challenged the country. And everyone watched her from heaven.

Do Your Duty

Rin

Bessie Smith is honest, cute, and strong. She can express herself in every song. There is her weakness in “Do Your Duty.” My mind was moved by the song. In “Do Your Duty,” she shows women’s status. She doesn’t say that a man is strong, a woman is weak directly. But the song gives me the impression that a woman is weaker than a man.

In the first paragraph, she says “I call three times a day.” I don’t have a boyfriend, but I think it is too much for me. And she wants to be with him and have sex with him. Her attitude is a little heavy, and it seems she can’t be independent and depends on him too much. Love is the most important thing in the world. So, she devotes herself body and soul to the one she loved. On the other hand, her boyfriend only pays a little money. He doesn’t take responsibility. At the time, my mind changed a little. My first impression about her was heavy. However, her attitude that she loves him from the bottom of her heart touched my heart. Her boyfriend is the apple of her eye for her. She is crazy about him. I admire her and want to be honest like her.

I wish I could have met her songs earlier. When I was a junior high school student, I went out with four boyfriends. (Of course, that is not at the same time.)

The first one was when I was in first grade at junior high school. He is a childhood friend, and I liked him from when I was an elementary school student. (I will call him K). K also liked me, so classmates gossiped about us and teased us. Especially boys. After that, I was afraid of teased and ashamed of talking with K. Therefore, we couldn’t talk little by little. My mind became complex. I wasn’t sure that I really liked him. I liked him so much at first, but a lot of friends teased us, so I gradually thought I should like him. The day before the graduation ceremony of elementary school, classmate jeered K, and K directly told me that, “I like you, so will you go out with me?” in the park. There were a lot of classmates in the park, and some of them looked at us. I was ashamed but so glad. After that, we had gone out about one year. However, both of us were too shy, and we couldn’t talk in junior high school. So, we contacted by only email and went on a date just once. We went to a big shopping mall, watched a movie, ate a crepe, and took a Purikura, Japanese photo booth machine. However, both of us, especially K, were very nervous. Moreover, we didn’t talk usually, so we couldn’t talk well while on a date. I cannot remember clearly, but I didn’t enjoy the date. It was the first and last date for us. We broke up after the date.

The second boyfriend was when I was in second grade at junior high school. He was a classmate. I forgot the beginning of the start of it, but he and I frequently exchanged Line. (I’ll call him T). One day, T told me that he likes me on Line. I also was attracted to T, so my answer was of course yes. T came to pick me up, and we often went to school together. T was so kind and a great person. I think he was usually calm and a gentleman. I liked him. As time went on, however, I couldn’t be confident that I like T. We have never been on a date. We just went to school together. We are classmates, but both of us were too shy, so we rarely talked in school. And I told him my mind. Then we broke up. We had gone out about only three months.

The third boyfriend also was when I was in the second grade at junior high school. Moreover, he also was a classmate. (I’ll call him O). When we changed the seating arrangement, I got the seat next to O. O was a fun person, and we warmed up to each other quickly. As soon as we exchanged LINE, O and I started

going out. We went to school together, went on a date, and went to watch fireworks. He was affable and smart, so I felt very happy and comfortable when I talked to him. We were getting along very well. I really loved him. One day, we left school together and went to a small park near our junior high school. We talked with each other like always. Then, the silence continued until O suddenly said, "Can I kiss you?" I was surprised, and I was not ready for it. So, I refused his heart. In retrospect, I did something really awful to O. Although I loved O too much, I rejected O. I should have been honest with O and my heart. In a little while, I was dumped by O.

The last one was when I was in third grade at junior high school. He was a classmate and toooo gentle. (I'll call him A). We messaged on Line every single day, and A and I started going out. We went to school together almost every day. One day we went to school, it was a Christmas, so I gave him gloves. Although he didn't get a present for me, he held my hand instead of a Christmas present. I really liked him. He was very kind, so he always made me feel calm. But I was immature. I didn't understand my true feelings for A. "What is love?" "What will I do after we start dating?" "What is a boyfriend?" I didn't understand anything about love. I felt confused, and I told him goodbye.

Since I broke up with A, I haven't had a boyfriend. Thus, I still don't know true love. I still don't know the pain of love. I barely know about 'like.' But these four men gave me warm heart and made me grow a lot.

Bessie Smith taught me about love and being true to oneself. She has confidence and loves herself. "Do Your Duty" contains a lot of themes; Love, Interiority, Feelings, Relationships, Self and Humanity. Furthermore, the song has strong power and passion and claims a richness of emotion and a spirit to be honest. Maybe the song was made based on her experience and shows her mind as it is. Bessie Smith's song ends by saying,

"I'm not tryin' to make you feel blue
I'm not satisfied with the way that you do
I've got to help you find somebody to
Do your duty
Do your duty"

Her strength was showed at the ending. She understands herself very well. It seems that she depends on her boyfriend in the first part, but the last part reveals the real her. Her real self is like a lone wolf, that lives alone. However, she knows the low position of women, so she pretends to be a weak woman. Her true self is very smart. In the end, I learned about love from Bessie Smith, and her song taught me how great love is. I still didn't experience true love. But I would like to be a woman who loves someone and is loved by someone seriously someday.

Life is a Journey

Kyosuke Yamaguchi

It was a snowy day, Jim who is a 15-year-old boy, his sister, and his cousins are sitting near the fireplace and listening to his uncle's fabulous story. Today is a Christmas party at Jim's house. Every year his relatives gather at his house and the Christmas party held. They were looking forward to this day when they could only meet uncle Dick once a year. He is Jim's father's youngest brother, but he hasn't had any steady jobs. He always travels all over the world and sends Jim to a subtle charm local photos. His parents always advise him persistently "You should find a steady job and look for a wife." but really everyone including them long for a free lifestyle like his and enjoy listening to foreign stories he speaks. "What do you want to hear? A story about living with an elephant herd for a month? A story about searching for treasures with pirates? A story across the Atlantic on a yacht? A story about skating with penguins?" he asked, smiling. "The story of the country where everyone had an octopus last year was a masterpiece!" Jim said. "Oh, yeah, that's right! There was something like that. Then I'll tell you about the story of the vegetarian state." So, he started talking.

The friend who I got know in a bar in Stockholm saying that "My mother's sauerkraut is the best in space." So, I was curious and wanted to go to his house and eat. Fortunately, he went to Stockholm on a business trip and said he was going home two days later, so we decided to go home together. His homeland was in the center of Europe, and his house was surrounded by rich nature. When I met his mother, I was convinced that she would make delicious sauerkraut. Because she smelled sour. The night we arrived was late, so we fell asleep at his house. The next morning, I ate a lot of his mother's sauerkraut. It was the most delicious sauerkraut I have ever eaten. Strangely, however, sauerkraut usually is eaten with sausages, ham, bacon and other items, but only bread was served in addition to sauerkraut. I didn't mention it because I thought it was rude to point out that part. I ate a lot in the morning and went out to town. After shopping, we decided to have lunch at the department store cafeteria and I wanted to order hotdogs or hamburgers.

Because I was tired from a long trip and wanted to take protein. Amazingly I can't choose these because they are not on the menu. "No way, why is there no hotdogs on the menu!" I asked my friends. With his mouth opened, "What the hell are you talking about?" I said "Well, I want to eat hotdogs!" while he looking amazed saying "Hot-dogs?! Do you want to eat the dog with warm? Are you kidding me?" "What? I won't eat hotdogs in which meat is wrapped in the bread!! Do you understand??" I screamed. "Seriously?! Are you for real?! Did you say meat?! Hey, guys! He is a meatatarian!" As soon as he screamed I attracted everyone in the cafeteria's attention. A tremendous big alarm sounded and was arrested by a hurrying policeman. I was prosecuted immediately and put me on a trial. Judgment announced by a judge said "5 years in prison for carnivorous charges." And when I was escorted and arrived in jail, many foreign tourists were detained there. They were also the same carnivorous sins as me.

Uncle stopped talking and drank a beer. Saying with an arch smile "Do you want to hear more??" We all said "Are you kidding me? You're full of it" Uncle Jim answered, "I can't say." Uncle told us after a short break "What I wanted to tell through this story is not that vegetarians are crazy, but that there are various people and cultures around the world. However, you can't feel them even if you're thinking in your head or searching the internet. The only way to feel them is to see it with your own eyes. In many cases, you will be surprised at the difference between you and them at first, but those are not so important. It is because they are also living hard at this moment, just like you. And recognizing the difference can broaden your perspective. Now you guys are young. So, you can go everywhere and can have a special experience. The world is huge much more than you think!"

Four years later Jim entered university and he received an e-mail from uncle Dick. And Jim visited his uncle during the summer vacation. Uncle Dick lives in Brazil and belongs to an international NGO that aims to improve people's lives through the promotion of fair trade and the transmission of agricultural

techniques from the producer's point of view. Jim visited him for two weeks, and his uncle gets Jim took to a lot of places. Everything he can see was uncommon for him. There was no infrastructure in place to support life, child labor was carried out as naturally, and many children were not equally entitled to education. Surely, they may be solved temporarily with help from foreign governments. In the long run, however, I believe that in order for them to live a prosperous life at ease, they need to strengthen their domestic administrative functions and to development of legal systems to open fair markets and improve childhood education. And then, he, like his uncle, began to want to work to contribute to the development of a comfortable society for the people in these countries.

Before he knew it, 2 weeks had passed. He said goodbye to uncle Dick. And he arrived at JFK airport. A few years later on Christmas day children gather around Jim and want to listen to his traveling stories.

“Uncle Jim! Please tell us a lot of fascinating stories!” “OK, OK. What do you want to hear...

Lovely Aina

Kengo Aihara

One day, I bought a hill myna.
I named the hill myna Aina.
It was too expensive for me.
But he said to me “set me free”

I like the orange beak stood out
But it often gave a great shout.
The act which tills his head was cute.
The black body is like a suit.

“Delicious” It was his first word.
And it said, “Abandon the bird.”
But I didn’t teach him words yet.
It is too early to forget.

I could know the former owner.
I thought the man was a donor.
Cause he often said organ’s name.
“Liver, lung” It was like a game.

Listening to his words was fun.
“I heart your heart” he liked to pun.
Though what he said didn’t make sense,
His black eyes seemed to be intense.

And one day, he suddenly screamed.
“Help me!! Help me!!” I thought he dreamed.
But he was awake. “Please help me!!”
And he said, “Shut up!!” “You can’t flee!!”

I was very scared about that.
The voice was not the voice of chat.
It was a serious voice I heard.
“Please!!” he repeated the same word.

He was rampaging in the cage.
Then, he stopped being on a rampage.
And he was quiet for a while.
“Yummy,” he said having a smile.

On another day, it happened.
“Please don’t kill me!” I imagined.
He continued and said like this.
“Screw you! Fall into the abyss!!”

“It serves you right. You psychopath.”
And then, I felt the person’s wrath.
Next day. “Just the killer. Not me!!”
“I didn’t kill them!! Set me free!!”

Again

Hiyori Homma

“Welcome to the speech contest to revival!” A devil with three heads says. Everyone here shouts for joys. I turn around him. He looks anxious. “You don’t have to worry.” I say that while remembering the time when I met him for the first time.

Dark red sky, horrible smell and someone’s scream. A terrible view is spread around this world everyday. My name is William. I died eight years ago, and this world is after death. This is hell. “Hey! Don’t drop any stones!” A poisonous snake is patrolling around. People who did sins during their life fall into hell and work for the king of hell by carrying coal, crystals and other resources. Because we don’t have human rights or five senses, we aren’t given any time to eat or sleep. Also, we aren’t called own real name. We call each other by number and rude nicknames like No,682543862, Dusty. This is my name in this world.

“Hey, Dusty, did you see a notice of a contest next week?” A man working near me says to me. “Of course. It’s a big event.” “Yeah, I want to win and return to the real world!” “So do I!” “Me too!” People around us gather for the conversation of contest. This bad world has one light of hope. That is a contest which is held once every 999 years bets a chance to return to the actual world. Participants make a speech about good or special acts when they were alive. The winner is determined by vote. I’m going to participate in the contest, but I wonder if I have great episodes.

When I was alive, I was a manager of a small factory. I lived happily with my younger sister in a small house. However, every life has waves. Suddenly, a wave of misfortune attacked my life. I received damage by fraud. A famous fraud organization robbed my job and money. That group was wrapped in a secret except the name of leader, Andrew Black. To make matters worse, my sister got sick. I couldn’t buy medicine for her due to lack of money. Finally she died. I started pointing my anger at the fraud organization. I searched for their base for three years, and threw strong bombs into the building. Fortunately, twelve members of the group including Andrew Black died by fire. Unfortunately, I lost my life by thick smoke of fire. My life was miserable. What episode can I say?

I talk to a man who works next to me. “Are you looking forward to the contest?” He makes a surprise face. “Hmm..., I will probably not join that.” “Don’t apply!? I’ve never heard that person!”

I am interested in him, so I start to help his task. “I can not hope the good result for contest...” His voice is weak. “You are so pessimistic. How did you do any crime with negative mind?” “Uh..., Actually I was falsely accused.” “What!?” A poisonous snake bit my leg because of my loud voice. “When I went to a jewelry shop for my wife’s present, I encountered a thief. Polices mistakenly arrested me. In that time, stealing jewelry was deadly sin in my hometown, so I received a death penalty. I believed that god know the truth, but he dropped me to hell. I can not believe anyone.” His eyes are very sad.

We talk about various things while keeping away from the watch of a snake. He lived as a dressmaker. He was hard-working and honest. After his story, I find that he is the most suitable person to return to real life. “So, what’s your name?” I ask to him. “My number is 457398556. Everyone call me Mr.Garbage.” “OK Mr.Garbage, let’s participate the contest!” “R...Really? But I can not take a happiness again...” “That is your bad belief. A good person like you should get a happy life!”

Today is the day of the contest. A big stage decorated by 1,000 needles is installed at the center of an

open space. The sky is darker than usual. Some black bats with red ribbons tied their neck are flying above as staffs. One of them says with loud voice. "Let's start with entry number one! No. 583679552, Rubbish!"

After very long time, his turn comes. "Umm...I am very nervous for the first time in any decades." I push out him to stage. He looks depressed as usual. "Hello, everyone...I am an old man who died eighty years ago. My good episode of life is...my daily life as dressmaker. That was great time for me..." His soft tone attracts the audience into his world. He made dresses or shoes not only for his clients but also poor orphans who couldn't buy clothes and shoes. His wife always supported him, and they loved each other so much. His gentle story makes people's heart warm. After the end of his turn, the biggest applause of the day occurs.

"How was my speech...?" He comes back to me with an anxious smile.

"Didn't you hear that big clap? Applauding by people in hell is very rare!" "Wow...I am glad to hear that." Suddenly, big announcement is spoken. "Just now, we've finished counting votes. I'll call the name of winner. The winner is..." Everyone is waiting silently. "The champion is No. 457398556, Mr. Garbage!!!"

"How can I say gratitude to you..." He turns to me in front of the big door which connects the real world and hell. "If you did not invite me, I can not grasp this chance." "It was my pleasure. I'll try again the contest after 999 years." "I wish you luck." Then, a big door begins to open. "Mr. Garbage, if your wife still lives, please spend a happy life with her again." I put out my hand to shake with him. Then, his face changes. "Um...Actually, that story was a complete lie." "What...?" He doesn't shake my hand, and puts it in his pocket. "I'll tell the truth only to you because you treated me kindly. I've never got married and made dresses." "What do you mean..." "Everyone is easily deceived even who live in hell. Everyone has a weakness for impressive story. I'm a lucky man!" There is no mentally weak person. "My spirit of a con man returned to me. I was so excited." "A con man? Who are you...?" "My name is Andrew Black. I was a boss of the fraud organization before, and I died by suffering from a fire eight years ago. But that was not problem for me because I can return to the real world now!!" My face turns pale. I can't say nothing. "I know deceiving is not good, but I can't stop it. I'd like to earn big money by making lies. Thanks so much Dusty! Bye!!" He entered into the door with a big smile on his face.

Universal Summer Love

Giovanna Martorelli

Cocktails by the seA
Or
Açaí ice-cream to eaT
Maybe
Lemonade citruS
Mostly
Ocean and yoU
Vibes
Romantic kI
sshhhhhhhhhh....

All suddenly the summer is over
Add to the list
Another brunette to regret
August heat and the sweet devotion
All I ever wanted
Alone, anxiety and bitter liquor
All I can feel
Ain't easy to forget
A summer love

Fragment of My Memory

Hibiki Matsukawa

I walked past a house where I lived once:
A big white door stood strongly
With a small window glittering. And open the door,
A guard who is a thin white dog doll
Always welcomed visitors, but I remember
My grandmother welcomed me
Waving her hands slowly from the window of the second floor
Every time I go home.
I stepped up to the second floor and hugged her
To my heart's content.

PLAYBACK

Jason Shoji

My control system stopped working on the cold snowy day when I woke up. The pain I felt in my left arm was tremendous. My right part was already num. I couldn't move up for about 30 minutes. When I was staring at the thin black smoke far away, I realized I was thinking about my childhood memory. I was thinking about my hometown. I haven't felt like this for a long time. The atmosphere around me seemed very heavy. I wanted to eat something for the first time, after transforming into this body. I stood up and started to walk slowly. There wasn't anyone around here, everything remained silent. The only sound was my feet walking on the snow. I was getting white as a snow bear, feeling pain in my body. After a while I stopped walking. There was nowhere I could find food. The hunger came temporary, and the pain was getting stronger on me. Though, I felt the energy barely coming up. Now, I wanted to talk with someone. I haven't had any communication with someone for around ten years. I was excited thinking myself talking with somebody. But the reality was tough. Humans gave up on living, and NEO HUMAN's were more likely to hide in the woods. I realized I may not be able to speak either way. I tried to speak out, but nothing came out. I kept on moving my mouth, though words didn't come out. I gave up after trying couple times.

I've started to see dreams more recently. Most of them were me at somewhere. I've enjoyed being in those dreams, though I still cannot switch well when I wake up. I cannot divide the reality and dreams and that caused me to be dizzy. I threw up black liquid. My body pain was getting better, but I was feeling numbness and I was getting tired more quickly than before. I usually take rest below the trees to avoid the snow sticking on my body. I thought about Jessica. If she's alive, would there be a possibility to meet her.

I was walking a lot, and sometimes I swam to get across land. I was tired. I was feeling death coming soon. Recently, my emotions were getting weak again. Though, my dreams were changing, and Jessica came up a lot. I got nervous seeing her in my dreams, though she was always smiling and she was like an angel. I kept on walking and sometimes didn't sleep for days. I needed to feel that I'm alive. That was the only thing I can do.

My body was exhausted, and everything seemed blurry when I saw a dark old building. I focused on my eyes and stared at the building, and soon realized it was the 'Harp House.' I was somehow relieved, and it seemed like I came back home. I closely walked to the building and silently went in. I was surprised by how dirty it was inside, compared to outside. I found the door where I used to get to the rooms, but I didn't go there. I was walking to the Laboratory but we couldn't see inside. When I stepped in, there were tons of computers still moving. It surprised me because I thought electricity was already gone. The computer's screen showed 'ENTER YOUR NAME'. I entered my name and the screen's word changed to 'PLEASE WAIT....' I had a feeling the system was already shut down and nothing will happen. Contrary to expectations, the computer started to make small arrhythmic sounds. The screen then changed into a search column. I thought to type my full name, but I stopped. I thought about Jessica again. I carefully typed her name and pressed enter. A short record popped up on the screen.

'JESSICA BAKER (APPLICANT) DIED ON 2028/01/07

AUTOIMMUNE DISORDER. SHE WAS THE FIRST APPLICANT TO BE TESTED OVER 25.

DAY1: TEST OK

DAY2: DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, HIGH FEVER, SHIVERING

DAY3: VOMIT, DISSOCIATIVE DISORDERS, HALLUCINATION,

DAY4: DEATH CONFIRMED

I was shocked and felt tears in my eyes. The last time I cried was when I knew I was NEO HUMAN. I was thinking about her. The scene with her flashed back suddenly, and I thought I could almost feel her warm body right there. She was crying in my memories. I wish I could imagine her smiling, but it didn't come up. I thought about my parents, probably they would be dead too. I thought about my whole life. I felt

someone was always handling my life. Everything that happened to me seemed unreal. I touched my body, I was freezing. I wanted to be a human again. I wanted to talk with Jessica from inside, like she used to. My pain was getting harder, so I searched for a place to lay down. I found a door that led downstairs. I found a coffin and several human bones inside the room. I thought about the bones. I thought it might be Sara, or the other people who were in this facility. I felt anger. I recollected my energy and started to smash every bone one by one. I was breaking their arms, breast bones, smashing their backbone. I was in the zone. I remember I used to do this when humans attacked me. I felt ridiculous after a while and stopped. I opened the coffin, but there was nothing inside. I hesitated to go in, but I decided to take a nap inside. My feelings were getting numb and I wished that the angels would pick me up and hide me where no one can see me, other than Jessica.

A Love Beyond the Horizon

Hiroki Konno

Synopsis

Around 800 years ago, there was a small village called Nadrau in a certain small islet in the center of the South Pacific Ocean. This is a sleepy islet with almost no tourists. So, villagers lived quietly with almost no conflict. People in the village shared everything from the agricultural products down to the houses... future historians would call their lifestyles primitive communism. There was one chieftain, one astrologer, and two priests. The others were common people who hunted animals or grew crops in their fields. One day, a boy called Tom and a girl called Catherine at the village who have been friends since they were small children played at a meadow and chatted together.

Body

"Hey, What's up?" Tom said to Catherine. "Nothing much, but I'm kind of bored. Why don't we go somewhere?" "That sounds great! but any particular direction?" "Let's go to Natadola beach!" She replied. Before heading to the Natadola beach, they went to their village to tell people in the village about going to the beach. Arriving at the chieftain's house, his wife appeared in front of them. "Hello, Mrs. Malakai. Is Mr. Malakai available now? We'd like to talk with him." Tom asked Mrs. Malakai. "Hello, Tom and Catherine. Yes, he is available now. Come on in." "Thank you, Mrs. Malakai." They replied. The house is very splendid. and has a lot of Nadrau village's traditional pieces of stuff. They're impressed with Mr. Malakai's collections. "Hello, Mr. Malakai, our chieftain. Would you do me a favor? " Tom said. "Hey there, Tom and Catherine. What's the matter?" "We'd like to go to the Natadola beach, but can we go?" Mr. Malakai replied "Of course, you can. Undergoing everything is very good for you guys, but be careful of insects, they'll bite you guys and make you ill. And you guys need to promise me to go back to the village till dusk, okay? " Mr. Malakai then handed them a torch, a whistle, a map, and a flint in case of emergency. The distance between Nadeau village and the Natadola beach is almost 6 kilometers. Because the beach was not easily accessible, it took 3 hours and 10 minutes from their village to reach the beach. As soon as they arrived at the Natadola beach, they started to hunt fishes very skillfully and cooked them as lunch. "This salmon is quite delicious, Catherine?" "Yeah, you're right, this salmon is rich and tender, this is well worth trying, I love this!" "I think so too! I'm glad to see you enjoying. Now, let's swim after eating!" said Tom. Tom and Catherine swam very well, they had swum in the sea till the sun going down slowly in the west. The Natadola beach was beautiful with a clear emerald green ocean and no garbage on the beach. Tom and Catherine wandered around the beach when sunset. The sky was very beautiful this day. Tom climbed up a palm tree and took coconuts. He cut it into two and gave the rest for her. while eating coconuts together, Tom suddenly found smokes from the horizon. "Hey, what on earth is that?" "I have no idea. but I guess it is none of our business." Catherine said. But as time goes by, the smoke was going upper and upper. The next moment, something made a roaring sound and suddenly, the black smoke and a blast of hot air and even tsunami hit them. They were astonished and they lost their presence of mind. After a while, the black smoke with the blast of hot air and tsunami was finally brought under control, and their fields of vision opened up. They found that there is a big island beyond the horizon. They couldn't understand what happened for a while. It seemed that the submarine volcano near their islet erupted abruptly and spewed smoke and noxious gasses. They worried about their people in the village, so they decided to go back to the village first. They rushed into the village and Tom attracted the villagers' attractions then asked for making a raft to escape from this dead islet. But the majority of villagers died due to the aftermath of the tsunami, only Tom and Catherine were alive. They immediately prepared for taking refuge from this dead islet. They went to the Natadola beach again with the least amount of tools and foods possible and got on their raft. On the raft, they still lost their presence of mind. Suddenly Catherine began to talk. "Hey, do you think we'll

survive, Tom? We're driven into a hopeless situation in my guess." Tom replied "Yeah, actually I agree with you, Catherine but I think we shouldn't lose hopes. We still have an eager hope, look! there are some edible fruits and drinkable water you brought!" "Uhh, you're right we should always look on the bright side of life," Catherine said. It was night time but they rowed their raft by turns. Looking up in the sky, they found many stars. They were beautiful and they made Tom and Catherine feel calm. Suddenly, they felt asleep but because of their current situations, they weren't able to sleep although they were very tired. It's been a long time they felt. They were on the raft for almost three days without sleeping. On the third day, they faintly saw the mountain's edge over the horizon. It seemed they approached their nearest island. "Look, Tom, there is an island! Perhaps someone will help us." "Are you serious? Hooray indeed! We'll be able to survive!" They tried to ask for help, then several fishermen found them and they finally succeeded to escape from their dead islet although they had almost no food, no resources! They helped one another and managed to live. They're alive! Tom and Catherine were sent to a local house by the island people and taken care of by them. "I'm really glad to survive with you, Catherine." "Yes! Without you, I wasn't able to survive. Thanks, Tom!" Tom blushed by her word. Perhaps this is the best chance; Tom declared Catherine's love and live together for a long time. Although they lost their homeland, their love will last forever.

The light and darkness of Okinawa

Shuya Tajima

In the bus going along the beautiful sea, we got filled with emotions. There were beautiful beaches below our eyes. It was a comfortable climate, and the breeze felt good. We students were filled with joyful expectations for the three days like a dream. Actually, we had a great time in Okinawa. We walked along the beach, went to Kokusai Street and ate delicious foods, and joked with each other in the hotel. This wonderful school trip made our bonds deeper.

However, smiles of our classmates gradually disappeared, as we approached the remains of the dugout. Some were nervous, others were scared. Although I also got scared, it was glad that all my classmates tried to face the past of Okinawa seriously. The remains of the dugout were the most impressive to me in this trip. As soon as we arrived there, the atmosphere became more tense. In the dugout, it was hard to go forward, because the ground was rugged, wet, and there were some places where we could not pass without crouching down. Also, we would not walk without using a flashlight because it was too dark to see anything in the dugout. Looking back the way we passed, darkness ruled the space. Also, it was cold, and had a unique scent. They frightened me more. We stayed there for 15 minutes listening to shocking stories from a guide. In her story, I learned some people committed mass suicide, and some parents and their children killed each other. Moreover, because there were not any toilets and they had to relieve themselves in trenches, the space was filled with a stinky smell. My heart ached, because of their harsh situation. It seemed that this was not where people lived, but people in wartime had to do so, in order to survive. If I had been there, I must have ended up killing myself.

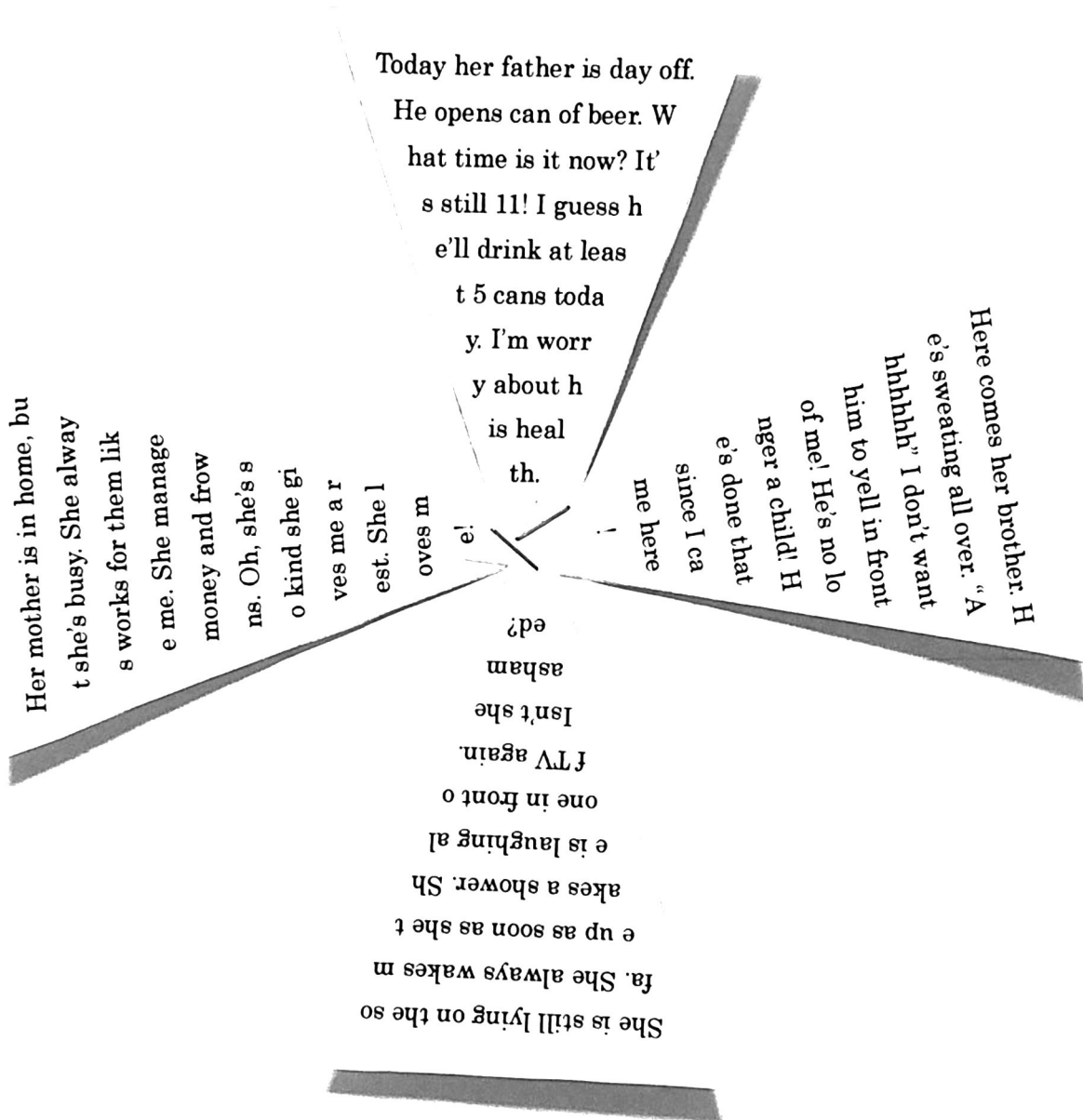
You already know by now, this trip was not only for a pastime, but for a study about the Battle of Okinawa. Specifically, we went to Okinawa Peace Memorial Museum and Himeyuri Peace Museum, in addition to the remains of the dugout. These precious experiences also touched me more than fun memories.

We not only visited some places about the Battle of Okinawa, but also heard about the war from a woman who had survived. Her way of talking was very unique. She used imitative words and her intonation was big. For example, she said “Doon!”, “Baan!”, in order to express the intensity of bombings. Therefore, her story had presence and most of us were drawn into it. She said, “While running away from air raids, I was surrounded with blood splashes. Also, I saw the scene when people suicided. That was terrible scene, and I felt this was hell. I can’t forget these sights through my life.” These scenes came to my mind, and I felt gooseflesh. After the Battle of Okinawa ended, she learned English by herself, reading books and observing talks of American soldiers. Because of her unbelievable efforts, she acquired enough English skill and could work under Americans. I was frustrated because I could not use English completely, even though I was in a privileged environment. That gave me a vigor to study harder in my high school and this university. After her talk, we shook hands with her. Her hands were big and had a special power I had never felt before and she had a unique aura.

Through this journey, I learned the terrible environment in wartime in Okinawa by all the senses I have, and how peaceful the present day is. It is important for us to know the past of Okinawa deeper, because we have to become people who tell this to the next generations. We have a role to prevent the same mistakes from being repeated. We must keep Okinawa as a place where people can enjoy and learn the history for the peace in the future. I would like to show my appreciation for comfortable life today.

What I see

Tomoka Homma



It's my birthday

Natsumi Yano

It happens every year

Text message from my friend

'Saying "I know it's bit late

May your day be happy"

Yes, I'm used to it

But sometimes, I feel a little sad

I know everyone's circadian

Rhythm is messed up because it's August

They lost sense of what day of the week it is

However, on the special

Day, I have

A butterfly in my stomach because

Yup ↗

Mother's Anger

Marina Berry

Around 1.8 million ago humans were born. They were different from any other animals. I was surprised how they used nature around them for living. At first, I thought they were cute emerging with the nature. Although, these humans kept on evolving and started to make me scared for the future. I was all right with fire if they didn't burn down the forest but I became worried when science was born. Science could be used for good things though it could be used for bad things. Humans started to create many unique things as the years passed.

Although, not all the things that humans made were unique. They made a black metal thing that was fat. I wondered what it was until America used it in New Mexico. They wanted to see what it could do. When the black thing landed on me, the next thing I knew I was trembling. It felt like New Mexico vanished from me. America was as shocked as I am. I couldn't believe what America had done but I gave them a chance that they would never do it again and had learned their lesson.

Then one day, a frightening incident occurred in Japan in August 1945.

A war between Japan and America continued like it was an endless loop. Humans fought each other for their country days and days until one country wins the power. Japanese and American soldiers' blood and tears ran through me leaving a stain that couldn't ever be taken off. Nobody could see the end since both countries were tough, as if the king of the lions were fighting each other.

I started to doubt when this war was going to end because it left many marks on me. First, the scratches from bullets and explosions. Then, the smoky smoke and the bloody body smell was hard to get off. Beautiful innocent plants and trees had been destroyed and that almost made me bold. However, everybody started to become tired of the war and wanted to end it. The small and the big countries kept thinking of a plan to win. Although, the big country started to push the small country to the corner of defeat.

"Surrender or else, Japan!!" said America fiercely.

However, Japan wouldn't surrender that easily.

"Never!!" answered Japan angrily.

Both countries were stubborn enough to make me irritated.

"Then you asked for it!! You will regret this for not listening to us, Japan!"

I wondered what would happen but I didn't have a good feeling about what America was going to do next. I saw a black big mass of metal going straight for Japan in Hiroshima prefecture. Then, everything happened so fast I couldn't keep up. I never felt this much pain and I was terrified. A big explosion shaped like a poison mushroom had just grown on me. Japan was full of screams, sadness, anger, fire and burnt marks shaped like humans.

"Wow, we didn't expect that it became this powerful," said America in shock.

"....."

Japan just kept on crying.

“Now, will you surrender!?” shouted America.

“Yes, yes. We will surrender so please have mercy,” cried Japan.

I was so angry that I almost killed myself by exploding the center of me. The hole in me hurt. That wanted to make me run into the sun. This happening couldn’t be forgiven. I must punish humans for what they had made. I just wanted to destroy everything that humans had made to frighten them. After that, I was thinking to suicide myself slowly so they could suffer.

When I was about to start, I heard something.

“Ha, ha, ha! Konnichiwa!” said a Japanese girl was running around joyfully.

“*Ne ne, matte!*” said a little Japanese boy trying to keep up with his sister laughing.

I was confused because they had been through that so called “hell” and lost their mother but they hid their sadness by laughing. The Japanese children were smiling to warm other people’s hearts, and mine. I couldn’t believe how strong children were with their fragile bodies.

I felt hope.

I’d decided to change my mind about ending everything. I’d decided to watch over humans for a while. Let’s see how they would behave.

Years passed and the world evolved even more, kind of digging holes into me. Since the war ended, the incident that happened to Japan is now on a paper called a “textbook.” People could learn about the big black metal that struck Hiroshima and also Nagasaki which was struck next after Hiroshima while I was crying. I began to have interest in what was in that metal thing which could leave a scar on me. I let one of the dandelion seeds on a girl who goes to a place called “school.” She was learning about it and what was inside of it. The one which dropped at Nagasaki was man-made. The other one was made from uranium. My mind was blank and I couldn’t breathe. Uranium comes from nature. Beautiful nature was turned into a poison weapon for humans. How could humans make nature destroy itself?

Tears were full of sadness and shame. I began to panic that humans were using me for their greed from the start. My beautiful nature body became a threat to itself. I was looking for answers, what did I ever did to you humans? Wasn’t a paradise of green good enough to you? I wondered.

“Time to take responsibility.”

The Toucans' Carnival

Giovanna Martorelli

It was the time, the time this year
All beasts prepared with cheer
The carnival here ain't a joke
The jungle went on full mode

The boss, the leader, it's Zeke
The one with the colorful beak
He made sure that the party blows
With amazing human clothes

The toucan acted like a king
Always yelling and questioning
He was a total perfectionist
But all he needs, a therapist

And there, there was the tiny Tim
Whose mama was guiding him
He never joined the party before
So he asked her for a tour

The first and only thing he saw
Was Zeke screaming like a hawk
"Where is the human bloody skin?"
"Oh my god, I need some Gin!"

Tim was like "What? Human Skin?"
But mama was like "It's not a sin."
He kept on thinking for a while
"Why they do that for a style?"

And finally the last day came
But no one showed an ounce of
shame
Black, white and all the tones
They even used their bloody bones

Zeke was proud in his own gown
Talking how to beat them down
And every one was laughing round
Until Tim made a sudden sound

"Humans! Humans! They are
coming"
So everyone starts running
When they knew that was a lie
Their fury rose high, till the sky

So the comity called Tim in
Telling how the humans are mean
"With no remorse they will kill"
This is the reality in Brazil

And Tim just quietly reply
"But we are doing the same, right?"
Once a year we glorify
The carnival that horrify

Alter ego

Shiho Nakakuki

In my garden, he always kicks a soccer ball and
plays video games for hours.
He is always running like the wind.
When I look back at my childhood, the similar figure
Comes to my mind.

When my wife gets angry, his face is not upset.
When my wife wakes him up roughly, his face is still sleeping
with the top cover pulled over his head.
My growing child eats two bowls of rice.

He hates to lose.
On the school field day, he always wins the first prize.
As if I run with him as a child.

He just keeps running with a wind,
Seems to be my alter ego.

Natural Scene

Shiho Nakakuki

They are always busy.
They operate a lot of people and trains.

People follow their instructions with exhausted face.
We hear their voice like a song.
Passenger's line is growing.

The bell rings,
Their yell spreads though the platform.
They are essential people.

The bell rings again.
Every day, this natural scene is repeated
and forgotten.

Painter Brother Ryan and Brian

Hinako Takahashi

Once upon a time, in a small village, there were two brothers, Ryan and Brian. The older brother was Ryan. He was tall, thin, and quiet. On the other hand, the younger brother, Brian was big and powerful. Both of them had blue eyes. They had different characters but the same eye color.

When they were kids, they played together. Both of them loved drawing. They drew animals, flowers, vehicles, and anything they saw with their eyes. They forgot the time and enjoyed drawing pictures. They were always surrounded by the smell of paint. Ryan and Brian were brothers, but also friends.

“Let’s draw a unicorn today!” Brian said. Brian always decided what they drew on that day. Ryan never disagreed with his idea. Then, as always, they showed their pictures and praised each other after painting. Not only to draw pictures, but also to see each other’s work was a fun time.

“Brian, your painting is great. I love your unicorn. The color is different from mine, but your unicorn is cooler than mine.” Ryan was always positive for Brian.

“Your unicorn is nice, too, Ryan! But I think my painting is better than yours, too. I am a good painter!” Brian only cared about himself.

One day, Brian said to Ryan, “Ryan, your drawing is damaged!” A picture Ryan wrote was torn by someone. Ryan saw the torn picture. He could say nothing because he was very shocked. Ryan cried alone. All his works were treasures for him.

The next day, a friend came to Ryan, and said, “I feel sorry for your painting. Actually, I know who did it.” Ryan did not want to know, but he answered before he asked. “Your brother, Brian broke your painting. I saw Brian did it yesterday.”

As they were growing, they felt distance more and more. Ryan and Brian did not play together ever. They had respected each other. However, Brian had too much pride. In contrast, Ryan had no confidence, so he thought his painting was bad. Neither of them was correct. And the biggest reason for the distance was the incident that Brian destroyed Ryan’s painting. They had no conversations ever.

Three years passed. Ryan was still weak, but he became a kind boy. When someone made a request of Ryan, he undertook it gently. Ryan was also nice for animals and nature. He was loved and trusted by everyone in the village. Meanwhile, Brian became mean and selfish. He often told a lie to villagers. People tended to avoid Brian. He was always alone. But he did not care. Drawing was the only thing in common with them.

One day, a village head set up a drawing contest. He announced it in front of villagers. “The drawing contest will be held next month. In the contest, I will decide the first person. This contest will be different from the ones until now. The reason is the prize is gorgeous.”

“What?” “Tell me the prize!” The villagers were excited.

The village head said, “Calm down, please. The prize is. . . I will make the first person’s wish come true! Any wishes are fine. But, killing, injuring, vanishing someone is not allowed. I want you all to get this chance!” The village head continued speaking. “The theme is animals. You can draw familiar animals or imaginary ones. Please show me your ability of art.”

“And I have one important point. You should NOT use unicorn hair in this contest. Recently, some unicorns were killed in the woods. I feel sad. I do not know who did such a cruel thing, but I know why he or she did it. They want to draw pictures well. A rumor was spread. ‘You can draw well by using unicorn hair.’ To tell the truth, this rumor is true. Unicorn hair has magical power for painting. But unicorns are precious animals. We should protect them. If you use unicorn hair as a brush in this contest, I will ban you. I want you to compete equally. That is all. Good luck and see you next month!”

People in the village were excited overnight. Everyone tried to be the first person in the contest because they wanted to get the prize.

Ryan and Brian listened to the announcement, too. And of course, they decided to join the contest. Ryan made special

efforts because he thought he had no talent of drawing. He drew paintings again and again. Finally, he finished his work. He drew a unicorn. Ryan remembered that he had drawn a unicorn with Brian when they were children. He included his desire to draw together within his painting. He wanted to get along with Brian again because he could overcome the trouble they had. Ryan was satisfied with his drawing even if he would not win the contest.

Ryan did not know about Brian's work because they had not talked for a long time.

At last, the day of the contest arrived. Almost all people in the village took part in the contest. There were many animals like dogs, birds, dragons, rabbits, but two unicorns were especially wonderful. The two were works of Ryan and Brian. The brothers drew the same animals. Ryan felt happy because his thought might have been conveyed to Brian. Ryan wanted to talk with Brian again.

Everyone praised their works. "Brian's unicorn is best!" "How beautiful Ryan's painting is!" No one could expect which would win. Both were fabulous, but absolutely had different features.

The village head was about to announce the result.

"The winner is . . . Ryan!"

Everyone shouted in joy. "Ryan won!" "Congratulations, Ryan!" The village head explained, "Your unicorn was great. I want to praise your skill of drawing and your imagination. And the face of the unicorn was warm. I could feel your kindness and honesty from this painting. Congratulations! I will make your wish come true. But before that, I should ask one thing." The atmosphere turned serious.

"Brian. Did you use a unicorn brush?"

Everyone was surprised at the words, but they did not oppose because they did not like mean Brian. No one took Brian's side. Brian said, "Yes." The village head asked, "You had a gift for painting. Why did you cheat?"

"Because I wanted to win definitely. I wanted my dream to come true. And I broke the rule." Brian answered honestly. The village head said, "I see. But you should be punished. You are also mean to people. I will give you a chance to reflect."

At the next moment, Brian vanished. There was a unicorn. Everyone shouted.

"Now, you are a precious unicorn. You will learn how sad it is to have your is taken away by someone."

Suddenly, weak Ryan shouted, "Please, village head! Please make my wish come true!" The village head asked gently, "What is your wish, Ryan?"

"My wish is that . . . I want to talk with my brother again. Please return him to a human. This is my wish."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. Please make my wish come true."

In the next moment, Brian appeared. He returned to human form thanks to Ryan. The village head said, "Ryan, you are brave. It is difficult to say your honest feeling in this situation. And, I think Brian needs to change. He is a bad boy. But I realized that it will be alright as long as Ryan is near Brian. I also know Brian needs Ryan. The brothers' bond is strong. Good luck!"

"Thank you, Ryan"

"No problem."

Brian started to say. "In fact, I found a unicorn hair on the road. I knew it was bad to use it, but I used it. Because I wanted to win. To talk with you again. My wish was to get along with Ryan again. Sorry for being mean to you until now. And I really feel bad about what I did. I broke your painting some years ago. I felt jealous of you at that time. I respected you but I was not honest. I am sorry. I will reflect, and I will be like you, an honest and kind boy."

"I am glad to hear that. You can change. And I could be brave and strong thanks to Brian. Thank you very much." Ryan forgave Brian.

The brothers had a good relationship again. They both respected each other from the bottom of their hearts.

A year passed, they made an atelier for enjoying drawing. Villagers loved the atelier, too. Everyone lived in the village peacefully. Ryan and Brian lived in the atelier happily forever.

Japan

Michinari Onuki

I can't stand my own mind.
Japan when will we end our gender problems.
Japanese why are all of you the same.
Japan don't you think we need more sex education.
Japanese when will you finish your shyness.
I dare you.

However,
I decide to give up my negativity.
Instead,

I share you.
Japan let's be better than yesterday about gender.
Japanese let's be different and proud of it.
Japan let's study about sex education by ourselves.
Japanese let's be introverted.
I'm putting my straight ally (queer) shoulder to the wheel.

Howling

Mei Takano

“What a beautiful feather you have!” Unexpectedly there was someone’s voice behind me. I turned around and found a small squirrel.

“Thanks, who are you?” I answered.

“I am Philippe, are you a newcomer of this forest?”

“Yes, but I don’t have any friends and feel sad, so I came here by myself.”

“So did I. Then, why don’t you be friends with me? I am pretty sure that it will be the greatest meeting!” I will never forget this day with the best friend ever under spring’s snug sunshine.

In one country, there is a titanic timber. People live far from that forest, so mostly animals especially birds command this world. Once we enter the grass ground, we find the insects chirping, brutes crying, and the rustle of grasses. All creatures get the feeling of thawy chilly wind in gentle sunshine.

One day, the leader of an assemblage summons every bird. He stands majestically in front of abounding crews and gives a speech: “I will go into retirement and hand over this position to someone. So, from today, you must look for some materials to build our new nest. The one who brings the most special materials will be the next leader after one week.”

Simultaneously, all birds rush out of trees to find the best material to make their own house. Most of them find some big leaves, acorns or nails of animals.

One of them, called Damien who has the beak of gorgeous orange with colorful spots, is always greedy and desires to be respected as a leader of the nation. He is also known as the smartest flying creature in this neighborhood, so almost all birds guess that he will be the winner. However, they secretly burn with spirit to defeat him though they hide it in front of anyone.

To win the contest, he uses his clever head and comes up with one idea. He plans to skin an animal and bring the fur. It is high-ranked among any kind of stuff because it can keep warm and is tough. Damien knows it will be helpful to take a step toward being a new leader. Now the decision has been made, he searches into the woods. As soon as the bird finds one tiny animal with fluffy fur, he springs at the creature with his sharp beak.

At the same time, there is a small bird named Ulu. He is a latecomer and defenseless but has a strong persistence. This small bird is out looking for something far away and works until midnight, but he gets very complex. “Is that your best? You are kidding!” Others make fun of him. However, he brushes it off and concentrates on his work.

The next day, both Damien and Ulu still try to pick some better materials from their field but the bigger one suddenly hears some distant quarrel. When he makes a pass at visiting there, he finds a bullying group in a silent space. He hurries toward them, and finds that Ulu is in the middle of the circle. The weak bird seems to endure this situation. Damien fights an inner struggle. If I stop their commotion, Ulu will be released. But we are still rival of the competition now, so it will end up helping him even though he is my enemy. But....

“What are you doing?” Damien chooses the intrepid alternative. Hush. Contemplation. Hush. He says nothing, but it is enough to frighten everyone. The surroundings gaze at him with a tremor. In a moment, they burst out flying to the sky.

“Are you all right?”, Damien says to the small bird.

“Yes, thank you for your helping.”, Ulu answers fearfully.

“That’s what I want say to you, Ulu. Helping you let me know about the most important thing in this competition. I have changed my mind in a right way.” As soon as he says it, he goes to the wide blue world though another flying creature seems to see it as a moment of indecision.

Time goes by, and finally the day of defense is coming. The leader makes everyone line up and show

materials each picked up one by one. Most of them bring big strong leaves or shaggy snags. Everyone is so concentrated on the competition that no one notices that Damien is not there.

Ulu stays at the tail of the line. As soon as his turn comes, all start yelling and mocking him.

At the time, one of them starts to have a feeling of strangeness. He finds one colorful thing under the screen of dry leaves and pruning. “Woo hoo!” Ulu cries suddenly full of happiness but filled with sorrow and so congested that tears almost overflowed. He brings the bird who has a gorgeous orange beak under cover of nature materials.

As soon as an outline of the competition is announced, Ulu walked alone with a fear of it and loneliness of having no rivals.

“Ulu!” Suddenly his name was called. He turned around, then found Philippe.

“What happened? You look too tired” he asked Ulu, so he told the reasons.

“Why don’t you to play with me tomorrow? We will meet at the place we met the first time, after sunrise.”

The next day, Ulu went to the meeting place with plenty of acorn shells, the favorite food of Philippe. However, even when the sun rose overhead, Philippe never came. So, Ulu decided to go to his house. Then, he found one small carcass. He soon realized that it was not just a dead animal, but his only and best friend. No matter how hard he tries to win the contest, the best friend will never come back.

Ulu overflows with grief, but soon he knows the perpetrator. From this moment, his grief changes into hate. He meditates to let Damien be the same as his best friend, Philippe.

The only thing we could hear was the cry of one bird from far away.

Mosquito Life

Marina Berry

Enjoying summer
No
Dead every time
Loop that
Every day of
Sweating like crazy
Sun burns out
The body
Heat dries my throat
I can't take it anymore
Running to the fridge
Searching for water
Thinking when it will stop

Mmm...mm...
Out I go
Searching for food
Quietly I fly
Until
I find
The perfect
O type
Blood young girl
I'm full and satisfied
Till a hand
Ends my life



A Boar and a Mystery Box

Mugwart

In the forest, there are many animals. In the park, a boar was playing with a raccoon, a mouse, and a rabbit. They are good friends. But this boar was not so kind and always thought he was the strongest. One day, when they met up with each other, the boar looked very sad. "What's wrong? It's not like you to be depressed". The raccoon asked anxiously. The boar opened his mouth and said, "I lost my treasure. I always put it by the window, but this morning it disappeared and the window was opened. It might be stolen. It is the most important thing for me." The mouse asked, "What was it?"

And he answered, "I don't know because I've never seen it. I've never opened it." Other friends were very surprised.

When the boar was very small, his mother gave him a small box for his birthday present. He was very happy and asked, "Can I open right now?" But she said "No. Open it when you become strong and kind." The boar could not understand what she said and he could not find the meaning of her words by her death. He could not break the promise with her so he had never opened it.

"But it is very hard to find something that we have never seen before!" The rabbit cried out. "Yes, I know. But I don't want to lose it. I cannot" Other friends looked at his sad face and decided to help him. "Let's look for it together!"

They started looking around the forest. The boar only remembered that the treasure was in the small brown box. They asked other animals but nobody knew where it is.

When they were looking at the river, the mouse found two beavers, which look like brothers.

"Excuse me, have you ever seen the small brown box?", he asked them.

A big beaver said, "Maybe I've seen it...Yes, I remember! It was near the park!! After I found it, I saw a bear was coming so I hid in the bush quickly. Then, he picked up it and brought back to his house!" Another small beaver said, "If it was your treasure, he might steal it! He was famous for his scary face and anyone does not want to be his friend!" Four of them were afraid of visiting his house, but they asked them how to go to his cave.

A few hours later, they arrived at the cave. Everyone was scary because it was very dark and they heard the scary bear lives there.

Suddenly, the boar said "This cave may be very dangerous! Please wait here! I will talk with the bear and get my treasure!" The raccoon was worried about him so he decided to accompany his finding. They were walking so slowly. When they heard some sounds, they stopped walking and waited for being calm. For a few minutes, the raccoon tripped over something. "Are you OK!?" the boar asked surprisingly.

"Yes, I'm fine. And, is this your box?" he said and gave the boar a small brown box, which was exactly they were looking for.

"Thank you! This is definitely my box! This is my treasure!" They were very happy and relieved to find it.

But suddenly, they heard the big roar and they ran back to the brighter. The boar and the raccoon went back to the entrance of the cave quickly and the raccoon cried out

"Hurry up! The bear is coming! They will eat us!" But the big shadow was near.

And the boar stopped running and said "I'm so sorry! But this is...this box is the most important thing for me!"

Then, the bear came and asked, "Is that box yours?"

They looked up and saw his face, but his face was not scary. He looked very kind.

"Yes, it is mine...Thank you for finding it... but how?", the boar asked.

The bear said, "I found it, maybe near your house. I'm glad that the owner found it." The boar appreciated a lot to his kindness.

The raccoon said, "Why don't you open it?" but the boar shook his head.

"I'm not kind and strong. I was very scary...so, I cannot open it", the boar said sadly.

But the rabbit said "No! You are very kind and strong! When we tried to enter this cave, you took the lead and worried about us!"

The mouse agreed with her and said, "Yes! It is time to open the box!"

The boar was nervous about opening it but he opened and looked. There was a bracelet of acorns. But unfortunately, it was broken. One acorn was written as "Dear son".

"Why is it broken? Did someone break it?" the boar cried. Other friends could say nothing to him.

The bear said, "When I found it, it was already broken. Maybe it was broken by falling from the window. So, I brought it to my house and tried to fix but it was impossible. I'm sorry to take your treasure but I didn't know it was yours." The boar apologized to him.

The boar answered "It is OK., I understand why you picked up and brought back it here. But, what should I do? I cannot believe it is broken!"

Suddenly, the rabbit said, "Then, let's make a new one! It will be much better and your mother might be happy!"

The boar said "Really? That is a good idea!!! Let's make!" The raccoon and the mouse also agreed with her wonderful idea and four of them started finding a lot of beautiful acorns. When the bear was going back home sadly, the boar asked: "Why don't you make together?" The bear was very surprised because he thought there is nobody who thinks the bear is a friend.

"Am I your friend?" the bear asked anxiously. Four of them answered, "Of course!!"

Then, they collected a lot of beautiful acorns and made five bracelets. Each bracelet had five acorns and the name of friends were written on them. Four of them sometimes visited the bear's cave and played a lot. The boar sometimes saw his mother was smiling next to him.

Matryoshka

Kengo Aihara

When I swallowed the liquid and woke up, it was dark. I could not see anything. I could only understand that I was floating on the liquid when I stopped coughing and my breathing settled down.

Where is this?

My memory was vague. I could not understand at all what was happening, but when I scratched the water with my hand, I touched something like a jelly with my right hand. However, I felt disgust and immediately released my hand. Then I swam like a squid, raising and lowering my hands and swam back. I watched on television this way of swimming is very reasonable for survival.

Survive. It was the most important thing.

At first, I thought this was the sea here, but the liquid was too thick. And then, I noticed that it had an acidic smell. Saliva overflowed in my mouth. And when I thought it was an acidic liquid, I realized that my whole body was itchy. Really itchy. I wasn't feeling very well. My throat was not dry but I was very hungry. When I searched around, I touched something like a shell. I could tell that it was an insect immediately. What should I do? Unfortunately, the small object which I didn't know the color seemed like a feast. I have heard that insects are a valuable source of protein. Because I had no courage to chew it, I had no choice but to swallow it. Where is this really? At that moment, a big sound resounded. It was like a voice that cried from the far end of this darkness. It felt like it was filled with hateful, furious emotions. And an idea came into my mind.

Am I not in the stomach of something now?

I thought that was impossible, but I could only think so. I didn't know big creatures so far. My last memory is to go to bed as usual. So, I had no idea at all why this happened. I even thought I wanted this to kill me easily while sleeping.

“How cruel, this creature is!!”

I screamed with anger. This place is like a hell! No, this is already a living-hell!! I had to get out of there! I felt anger and it became the only light in this darkness. I had not felt itching of my body. And I quickly crawled to the edge of this space. The meat wall was not very far. I hit the meat but I could not hurt it. So I pulled the meat with my finger and bit it. And it seemed to succeed. The space tilted. I bit with all my strength trying to spread the wound. A terrifying voice echoed. The wound had already become a hole. And it happened suddenly. Everything started to move upwards.

“It serves you right!!”

But then, at the same time, I heard a mysterious sound as if an insect spoke aloud from the back of my throat. And that said this,

“How cruel, this creature is!!”

Thunderstorm

Risa Sudo

Turbulent weather has come
Hailing from the sky
Uttered the noisy roar
Noticing that God is raging
Dancing the dazzling flash
Echo in the humid air
Rumbling rain drowns out the shining like eclipse
Shining however shows the brightness clearly
Tearing the thick black clouds
Obliging fanfare for the crops
Raised by such season
Makes me feeling summer

Air conditioner

Risa Sudo

A room is filled with hot air
I come home and enter the room
Realize here is too hot to stay
Climate must be changed
Order to start with remote controller
Nodding that cover
Dashing the cool air from the white box
I feel the room becoming cooler
Thanks for the magic box
I can relax at home
On the such hot day
Noticing the important thing
Energy is great power
Room is saved by the magic device

Mummy on the Orient Express (Alternative Ending)

Yuka Hatano

Mummy on the Orient Express is the story that set in Orient Express traveling through space. On the train, the Mummy killed some people. The main character of the story is the Doctor. The doctor is human in appearance, but he is an alien. He resolves murder cases. The criminal of the series of incidents, the Mummy, was a wounded soldier from ancient times. He kept fighting without being able to die. The doctor declared surrender and released the soldier. The soldier stopped fighting and freed from suffering because people recognized surrender. I have created an alternative ending for this story starting at this point.

The soldier finally told the Doctor, "There are still many wounded soldiers like myself in this universe. I want them to be free." The doctor replied, "I understand." The soldier spoke the last word to Doctor and disappeared. The doctor follows the wish of the soldier and decides to go to various stars by Orient Express to release mummies. It is the earth that he first headed for.

At that time, many people were killed by mummies on the earth. People were confused because they don't know what the mummy was and scared. The government tried harder to solve the case, but could not find a solution. The earth was in critical condition. When he came to the earth, he was surprised to see the situation. The earth was worse than he imagined. He thought there must be a lot of mummies on earth because there are still many people who are killed by fighting. So, he thought of stopping the fight. He had a friend on the earth. His name is Tom. He is the only person to know the identity of the Doctor. The doctor remembered that Tom had helped him when he had come to the earth before and decided to visit him. There is another reason why the Doctor wanted to visit him. He had a lot of information about this case because he is a reporter. The doctor thought that Tom would help me.

He went to the reception desk in his office and he said, "I came to see Tom. Is he in this office now?" The receptionist immediately replied, "Yes, he is in his room. I'll call him now, so please wait a minute." The doctor said, "Thank you." Tom came at once. When Tom found Doctor, he ran happily and said, "Oh, I wanted to see you. How are you?" The doctor said, "I'm fine, but you don't look very well. What's wrong?" Tom laughed nervously and began to talk about recent events. "Do you know the series of incidents that people are killed by mummies? They are very terrible cases. I became the main reporter for these incidents. Recently there have been a lot of incidents and I'm tired of research." The doctor said, "That's unfortunate. I want to talk to you about this thing. Will you listen to me?" When Tom heard it, he invited Doctor into his office and prepared him a cup of coffee. Then, he said, "I'll do everything in my power to help you." The doctor thanked him for his kindness and told him about the incident at Orient Express. Tom was surprised at the story at first, but he believed what Doctor said. Doctor asked Tom, "I want you to write down what I told you now. Then, I can tell many people how to solve this incident." Tom accepted his proposal, "OK. I'll try as much as I can."

A few days later, magazines with Tom's article have gone on sale. The article shocked people and was read by a lot of people. At first, no one believed the article. However, one-day people's attitudes changed. Newspapers reported that the person who read the article had released a soldier by telling the mummy to surrender. In a moment, many people began to believe in Tom's article and did as Doctor said. The number of cases gradually decreased and a few weeks later the case ceased to occur. The doctor was glad to hear this news. He thought the earth would be peaceful from now on. He became famous as a person who saved the earth and was interviewed by many reporters. The words he spoke there moved many people. The doctor told reporters, "I'm very glad that murders of mummies ended. Thank you for believing my words. This incident is attributed to war. Wars hurt a lot of soldiers and did not allow them to die. That's terrible things. We should quit wars. Then all the people can live in peace." His talking impresses people. He was called a hero by many people, but he didn't think so. He thought that he had done what he had to do and

didn't think that he had solved the case by himself.

He visited Tom again. Now they settle down and talk in Tom's office. The doctor said, "Thank you for your cooperation with me. If it had not been for your cooperation, this incident would not have ended." Tom said to him with a smile, "That's what friends are for. If you hadn't come to the earth, the incident would never have ended. Thank you very much." He went on, "Are you going to another star again? I want to be with you a little more." The doctor said, "I'm happy with that feeling, but I have to go. There is still something that I should do." Tom said sadly, "That's too bad. I'm waiting for you to come again. See you." "See you again." They believed they could see each other again.

The doctor changed public opinion on earth. He taught people the courage to surrender. Thanks to him, people realized that wars with many victims should be stopped quickly, and many countries began to surrender one after another. This was one step toward the peace of earth.

When he had finished his work on earth, he would continue his journey to free the wounded soldiers of other stars. People thanked him and asked him to be on earth, but he refused. Outside of Japan, there are many stars where the war has continued and the soldiers who became mummies suffer. The Doctor wanted to save them. However, he promised to help the earth whenever it was in danger again. People believed it and what Doctor did was passed down from generation to generation by word of mouth. He will bring peace to many stars, like the earth.

The Railway Children (Alternative Ending)

TOWA

The Railway Children is the story of three children, Roberta, Peter, and Phyllis. Roberta is an older sister, Peter is a brother and, Phyllis is a little sister. They lived a happy life in London. One day, their father was taken somewhere by two men. Then, they started a new life in a little house near a railway line. Their mother knew the fact, but she became sick because of shocks. Children worried about her and tried not to talk about their father. They met many people in a new life and became friends with porter Perks. They found an article that said that their father was suspected to be a spy. They were so surprised and decided to find out their father. This is the point where I created my new ending. Cherry is my original character. She is 10 years old. Her father was also arrested. She left home alone to find out her father without saying a word.

Roberta, Peter, and Phyllis began to find out clues that lead to their father at the station. They asked many people coming and going to the station day after day. Though they got nothing, they never gave up. It was a cold rainy day when they met a strange girl. As usual, they were on a platform and waited for trains. Then, a train came into the platform and many people got off. Suddenly, Peter find out an unusual person in the crowd and said "Look! There is a little girl in the crowd!". "A girl? It is strange. Let's ask her. She might know something," Roberta replied. They ran up to a girl. The girl wore a shabby dress and looked miserable. Roberta asked "Excuse me! Can I ask you a few questions? We are seeking our father." The girl stopped walking and answered "What did you say? Are you seeking for your father?" Roberta said, "Yes! Do you know anything?" "Of course! My father was also arrested. I heard a rumor that three children are searching for their father near here. Then, I came to meet you alone," the girl said. "What? I'm surprised to hear that! You read the article, did you? Please tell us both you and your father," said Phyllis. "My name is Cherry. I lived in London with my father and grandmother. One day, two men came to my house and took my father somewhere. I've been looking for him since I had known the fact. I loved him." "Oh, we are in the same situation, Cherry. I'm Peter. Don't worry. We can surely find the truth and meet our fathers again," Peter cheered her up. Roberta and Phyllis also introduced themselves. "We need to talk more. Why don't you come to our home, Cherry? Now we are friends, aren't we?" Roberta said. "Thanks for everything. It's kind of you!" Cherry said. Three children and Cherry get back to the home. Cherry told herself at home and they could know each other better. They talked all night.

After a few days later, they found a new article about their fathers. It said, "SENT TWO SUSPECTS TO LIVERPOOL." Phyllis cried "There is The National Criminals Court! The article says the trial will be started in a week!" "Finally, we can meet our fathers!" Cherry said with delight. "But..." Peter interrupted her and said "We should hurry. The trial is going to be started soon!". Roberta asked "How can we get there? We don't have enough money to take trains." It seemed that Children had no hope to meet their fathers. They felt hopeless. Suddenly, Perks came to their house. He said, "Hey, guys! I read the newspaper about your father. Oh, there is a strange girl. What's your name a little girl?" "I'm Cherry. I'm also looking for my dad. Who are you?", Cherry answered and asked. "Don't be afraid. My name is Perks. I'm a friend of those three boys." he replied. "Perks! Thank you for coming here," Phyllis said. "What's can I do for you guys?", Perks asked. Roberta said "We should go to Liverpool, but we don't have money. Could you buy us tickets?" "I see. Of course, I can. I'll give you the fastest one.", Perks smiled and said, "I believe your fathers' innocence."

The early morning of the next day, they were on the express train bound for Liverpool. Perks and the railway people saw them off at the station. "Thank you for everything!", they cried. Perks also cried, "Good luck!". It took 8 hours to arrive at Liverpool. Surprisingly, there was a person who wanted four children. It

was Cherry's grandmother. She worried and pursued her granddaughter in secret. Cherry apologized to her for going alone. "Don't worry. Now I know you are safe. I want to appreciate your kindness and bravely, three boys," said the grandmother. They went accommodation near the court.

The next day, they visited The National Criminals Court and they were allowed to meet their fathers. It was short, but they talked a lot. They firmly promised to meet again.

Finally, the trial began. A lot of people came in, and they saw two men. "Perhaps they're our fathers," Cherry said in a small voice. Peter nodded. After two men, a lawyer and the jury came in. The presiding judge told people to be quiet. Silence hung over the court. The trial started on time and the prosecution side testified at first. The prosecutor stood up and glanced at listener's seats. His eyes were like a hawk. The prosecutor blamed two men intensely. It was hard for four children to believe but they continued listening to it carefully. The prosecutor became more aggressive and the court became noisy again. "Calm down! Don't get emotional, Mr. Brown. You are in court and the presence of their family. I understood you. Please sit down." the presiding judge persuaded him. Mr. Brown complained but sat down. The defense side started their testimony. The lawyer showed some pieces of evidence and made a speech. Next, Mr. Maximillian a colleague of Roberta's father testified on there. He explained his diligence and sincerity. Four little children only could watch until it has finished.

A month later, the judgment came out. Four children came in front of the court. They were first there. A lot of people got to gather to see the judgment. Then, an old man appeared.

He showed a poster. It said..."TWO MEN ARE INNOCENT." Four children cried out and held each other. People celebrated them. "Unbelievable!", Phyllis faintly said. It was the only thing they could say.

When two fathers appeared, four children cried out. "Oh, daddy. It is you, isn't it?" asked Roberta. He held them tight. Cherry runs into her father's arms. After a great time, two families took the train to London. The train left a platform slowly as if it is blessing two families. It was a tiny but beautiful thing like a cherry on whipped cream.

Depression

Anonymous

I didn't do something wrong, but it attacks me.
Like I did such a thing.
I feel like I'm being punished.
So, I'm full of guilt for no reason.
I feel my face stiffen.
I'm desperate to keep still and try being patient.
Not to be noticed by someone until I get home.
When I open the door of my house, I reach the extent of
my patience.
And my body and my mind will break into pieces like
an avalanche.
I will be burnt out.
Overwhelmed and emotionally drained.
I can feel madness runs from my eyes.
I can even feel refreshed when large tears roll down my
cheeks.
Like something is purified.
Finally, I am tired from crying so much, so I fall asleep
without taking medicine, but wishing that tomorrow
would never come.

Journey of Understanding

Nagi Tagami

A cloudy day in the spring of 2015, four years after the earthquake, was the beginning of it all. I was behind the gym of my high school with a year older senpai —Let's call him "B"—. He was smoking and the spewed smoke spread all over the place. I hated it and as he knew that I hated it, he kept a distance from me even though we were having a serious conversation. But looking back now, this was how I made one of the most important decisions in my life so far, in the spring which was still a bit cold and dry. It was the time I decided on a journey which would later form myself into what I am now: the way I think, feel, talk, and behave.

Weeks later, we were at the rest area of a highway in the morning to hitchhike. B hung his sleeping bag from his backpack, but I put it into mine. I thought it was easier to walk in this way. The bag I had was so heavy that it ate out of my shoulder. Before starting to look for a car, we bought some food and spread the paper map onto a table. The map showed almost half of Honshu. We planned exactly where we should visit and how we could get there, how long it might take. Then we finished discussing and went to the access road of the highway so that we could catch a car that was going to go our direction. At this moment, I felt like our journey had finally begun.

It took around half a day and three cars to get to Miyagi. All of them were so nice to share their different, interesting stories in their cars during the road trip. We got off the highway and walked around for a couple hours to find a good place to sleep. In fact, the sun was already starting to set. The river we found was so wide and it was surrounded by weeds whistling in the wind. We decided to sleep on the river bank. The problem was, when I laid down, all my skin felt sore as it touched the chilly ground. It felt like burning. I zipped up my sleeping bag so that the cold wind wouldn't come in. Still, it was too cold.

Rustling sounds of dried leaves and branches woke me up. The sky was getting brighter already. Immediately I found out where the sound was coming from. A fox! He wandered around our back pack, looking for his breakfast. "B! B! WAKE UP!!" I whisper-shouted. He didn't wake up. I threw some stones, totally confused for a sweet small living thing, but he stayed, sniffing for something for a while. After we woke up, rather forced by the sound of people who came out for a morning walk, we decided to visit this guy who lived close by. He graduated from our high school and was acquainted with my mother and she introduced him to us. He drove us around some places in Miyagi. While we were in his car, we saw a lot of buildings and houses broken down because of the tsunami, even the elementary schools. The guy told me about everything that had happened to the students and teachers when it hit there.

Each story we heard about the earthquake was accompanied by heartache. I didn't feel like I should spread their personal stories to others without being careful of its purpose, and of course it is nothing but their tolerance and generosity that they shared their own experience to some unknown teenagers who came from the outside. I thought so when I was volunteering for seaweed harvesting on a boat in Ishinomaki, on the last day of our trip.

Before the journey, I thought that we could never understand the feelings of people who were in Tohoku in 2011. But through the journey, I realized that it's not right to stop thinking about Tohoku just because we cannot understand. Yet, there was too much for us to think. One thing that was quite clear was that many people from the outside tend to "speculate" what really happened there in 2011, but that is never possible. We can't discuss or find a solution for the problem there without feeling it through our skin. That's why it was neither the journey that we "understood," nor the journey that we "couldn't understand." Learning the process of understanding, that in itself, already had great meaning for us.

Suika bar

Kengo Aihara

I miss you.

Why can I only see you only in summer?

Where are you in winter?

I don't wanna buy another woman.

You're the only one for me.

The charming moles,

The red sweat dripping off your naked body,

Oh, I just wanna eat you up!!

Don't give me the cold shoulder!!

I really miss you!!

I scream out my love.

I scream.

Your smile

Mizuho Nakano

“Here we go again.”

I murmured. No one heard my words. I hated this space, but I had no choice to go to the school because it was the first day of the new semester. Everything was usual for me, the dirty classroom, smells of chewing gum and loneliness, except one thing.

I glanced at my left side. A petite girl with short brown eyes and brown hair was there. I had never met her, she was a newcomer. I could feel her nervousness from her face.

A while ago I learned her name, Kay. Instead of her, Ms. Lucia who was our slender teacher introduced her to us. She came here, Houston, two weeks ago and she had belonged to the photo club at the former school.

I could imagine Kay’s personality but I was interested in her a little.

“By the way.”

Ms. Lucia’s clear voice suddenly intercepted my thinking.

“Our junior high school will hold a photo contest. You have to work in pairs and submit the best one. We just started a new semester, it might be a good opportunity to make new friends.”

“What.” I was puzzled.

“Any theme is okay. Selection will be held in next month, October 9th. The prize winners can gain pair tickets of a famous amusement park. Good luck guys,” she explained with a smile.

The class became buzzing. I couldn’t be delighted as well as others. That day, it annoyed me all day.

One week had past, I hadn’t found my partner yet. Only me, I thought.

“Can I escape from the contest? No one might ask me to do with.”

I was preparing to go home with thinking. Only I and Ms. Lucia was in the class.

.

“Jessie.” She talked to me.

“Yes.”

“Have you already found your partner? I’m worried about you. I don’t mean to hurry you, but you have to ask someone. Try it.”

“I haven’t yet.”

“Oh. How about Kay. I’m also worried about her. She might have difficulties to make new friends.

Could you talk her? She will be a good partner. Please take good care of her, Jessie.”

She screamed me and left. I couldn’t refuse.

On the way back home I was still thinking. A sweet strawberry candy was rolling in my mouth.

“Click. Click. ”

Suddenly I heard some noises of a camera from the park. A girl with a yellow dress was pointing a camera at the blue autumn sky. Kay, I realized. Ms.Lucia’s words crossed my head.

“Hi, Kay.” I talked her before I knew it. She was surprised and turned head.

“Hi, Jessie.”

“Do you like taking photos?”

“Yes, I do.”

Our conversations were so awkward.

I asked her straightforwardly.

“Kay, Shall we work together for the photo contest!”

My hands were trembling and my face turned red.

After a long interval, she opened her mouth.

“Sure. I was worried about that. Thanks.”

What a relief!

“Me too, thank you, Kay. I don’t know how to take photos, so could you teach me?”

“Of course.”

She taught me types of lenses, how to focus the lens on objects and joy of releasing the shutter.

I could understood her enthusiasm from her lively voices, I was happy to see her smile.

Then we started to find some objects. In my hands, there was her spare camera that was heavy but refined. First I took photos of flowers, trees and cloud in a clumsy way.

“I’m having fun!” I felt.

We got closer gradually, we took each other. In my lens, I could see a small girl with smile. In her lens, there might be a red braided hair girl wearing overalls.

And then we continued taking a lot of pictures to forget about the time. We could hear just shatter sounds and laughter. During the time we could talk about ourselves and about our school life. Camera built a bridge between us.

Not to mention, I returned home with a big smile on that day.

Three days later, Kay brought more than thirty photographs. We browsed them to decide for entry.

“Oh.”

“Hey.”

We pointed out a same picture together. We nodded with big smile and submitted it to Ms.Lucia.

At first Ms.Lucia was surprised at us, but she seemed to because aware something from our photograph. “Well done. You will be the best friend each other. I’m happy to see this,” she beamed.

I wondered she had anticipated our relationship and results.
I could change my life happily by myself with little courage.

On October9th, the selection was held. All photographs were exhibited at the corridors.
A golden seal was shining on a photo whose title is “Your smile makes me happy.”

There was Kay and I laughing and pointing cameras each other.

Shooting Star

Natsumi Yano

Like being hit by the shooting star
I think it was love at first sight
The more I know about you,
The more I fall in love with you

But I guess I didn't want to accept,
That I was totally into you
So I sent you a halfhearted reply
What a fool I am

I wonder if you ever think of me
After we went our separate ways
Because I do think of you
I might be drowning in your memory

It started and ended quickly
Like a shooting star
I miss you very much
But I guess it's time to fly on

Siren

Shota Kunii

I heard a sound of siren. The sound was like a huge number of babies were crying at once. That's when I woke up. Opening my gloomily heavy eyes, I sat up my upper half of the body. Breathing deeply, I seized stagnant air into my lungs. I was looking around the room from my bed, and found no interesting impression there, as usual. Though the curtain was closed tightly like a metal gate of mansion, the room was filled with the color of smoky pink. I was sure that is was due to the sunset.

The siren didn't make a noise anymore. Then I wondered what time it was. I didn't have any ideas of time, how many ours I had slept, what time it was..... And then I noticed the siren was aggressively crying louder again. I didn't think of the source of the ear-splitting sound until it came to me.

Right after that, I pushed aside the dank-ish heavy curtains. I saw the sky dyed with the color of shocking pink. It wasn't a color that ordinary people think of, if they imagined "pink". The sky was TOO PINK, like a highlighter, ordinary students use. The dayglo gave me a confusing feeling. I didn't know what to do. Without any pondering, I joined my hands together, like when people make a wish to their god. I don't know why I did such a thing even now. I directed my eyes to the outside world. The pink-covered houses and streets are almost the same as usual, except their color.

At that time, a desire to go outside was suddenly running into my mind. I couldn't hold on any longer. I ran to the door, opened it and immediately flew out from house. My feet were spinning one after another, like an electric fan in mid-summer. The sceneries came to my sight were almost same as usual, except its color, bloody pink. It was as if a strawberry ice cream was flowing into the world. The sunset-burned city looked really psychedelic to me, but I didn't feel any disgust by such one-toned colorfulfulness.

However, I got a feeling of something weird. That pink city didn't feel right. That's not because of the tint. Something more primary lacks in the town. I didn't tell what it is. But something gave me a strange impression. I kept on walking for half of an hour. Looking around the streets, sensed I was in a different city, though the streets, buildings, houses were totally same. The atmosphere was getting thick and oppression was attacking me little by little. My feet started getting exhausted, and my body did not make a progress anymore. All the sound vanished, no, it hadn't existed from the first. I had been walking for almost forty-five minutes. Then I feel like to vomit. As if a small dragon or something make a tornado in the bottom of my stomach, I bent down to the round of light-red color, burnt by the changeless sunset. But my gut was so empty, I couldn't let the tiny stomach monster go away.

Another couple of minutes I spent there to soothe the ache. Making myself calm down, I found there was an old lady leaned forward at right center of the lane. She looked she was crying heavily. She seemed to hug something in her chest. It was as big as a small backpack. Her face was deeply in the stuff in her arms. I approached and was about to speak to her, but I didn't, because I realized the object she had. She was holding a cat that didn't make a move at all. Its greyish hair was bald here and there, as if it had been dragged for several kilometers. The body was stained with a lot of soil, and the legs were hanging down. The two eyeballs, which did not play the proper role were looking at different direction respectively. The tongue leaked from its mouth powerlessly like a rotten bacon. I was intensely frightened, so did not talk to and go on the other side of the way.

That was the first person I encountered. Without any purpose, I went on letting my body moving and

thinking about the relationship between the elder woman and the carcass that HAD BEEN a cat. Had that dead cat been her pet? Is that why she was crying? Then why crying on the street? My speculation didn't make any good outcomes. Already, the city was unfamiliar to me. Yet strangely I didn't feel anxiety and solitude by the unstable situation. The street lasted so long, I could see the verge of the horizon. At the next moment, my endless emptiness was cracked.

"Hey, what are you doing here?"

That was I heard a voice of others for the first time, since the unnatural phenomenon occurred. To look back, there was a girl standing on the street. That moment, I got sure that she had created that odd, empty world. She was about five or less feet tall, wearing a loose-fitting sweater for her slender body, short skirt that shows the most length of her legs. The clothes she wore were all black like a death-god or crows. She also has a hair that was dyed with the color of vivid pink. A cute girl, I felt. She walked to me, without waiting for my reply. While she got closer and closer to me, I couldn't even breathe. Her gaze and my staring kept on colliding. She finally came to me, smiled and say,

"What are you doing here?"

Unable to reply, I gazed at her without blinking. I couldn't make an even slight move at all, though I tried with the biggest power I have. She sighed and touched my shoulder, still having cute smile on her face. The tight bound was relieved. She took my hand, and said,

"You are special. I don't know why you are here, but you got a right to go there and be with me for a while. Don't be afraid. Don't. So let's go!"

Right after that, I saw a really huge gold ring hanging on the sky. The ring appeared to be an engage ring that women wear. It was like I had a freaking realistic daydream. Then she and I up invisible stares, holding hands each other. The more I got higher, the more I felt stoned.

And finally, I stepped forward. My consciousness was getting fainter, listening to the continuous deafening, shrill sound of the siren.

Sandals

Kengo Aihara

Sunburn is scary because they cover the skin partially

Annoying feeling while walking is unbearable for me

Neglect of the role of the foot gives me pains

Don't protect the feet from a shock because they are almost bare feet

An arched insole is not included so it is hard to walk

Ludicrous appearance makes me embarrassed

elpmiS

yriA

tra liaN

evitaroceD

evitcarttA

thgiL

Circus Monkeys

Rioko Kobayashi

Once upon a time, a circus came to a small village. The master of the circus, Morris, and monkeys had been traveling around the country to do performances. The master Morris announced that he would have a circus show soon in the village. After he walked around the village, he went back to the cage where monkeys were. He treated monkeys so badly and cruelly. He never thought of the monkeys as animals, he thought of them as tools to make money.

“Yo, monkeys.” Here is your master Morris. Time to eat. Be thankful to me! I feed and give work to you guys every day! Wow, I am so kind and so nice!” He shouted to them and threw a tiny piece of bread to monkeys in the cage. As soon as they finished eating, he brought monkeys out from the cage and hit them with a whip. The merciless training days continued until the performance. Every morning, the day started with an ugly loud voice saying, “Time to practice for the performance, losers!” They were trained with a whip from morning to evening but the only thing they could get was a little bit of food while the master Morris was having a gorgeous dinner with alcohol and women.

“Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls! Come one! Come all! These are silly creatures, monkey! We will have a performance tonight! Don’t miss their hilarious acrobatics!” The master Morris announced while he was walking around the village with the monkeys tied together with rope.

At night, all villagers were gathered around the tent to buy their tickets. All tickets were sold out. The performance was a great success. Their performance was praised by newspapers. Legends of their performance spread across the country. The master Morris became a popular, and successful man. But still, the man with the potbelly never fed the monkeys enough.

One day, the master received a letter. It was an invitation from the kingdom. The king had heard news of their performance and was very impressed by it. The letter said he would like to see the performance. “Hooray!! I’ll be the most famous guy in the country! Um...Perhaps, I can be a jester and live in the palace! Wow, amazing! I’m genius. Life is too easy for me!!”

That night, the monkeys gathered in the cage while their master went out to drink. “I can’t handle this life anymore! Let’s try to escape from here.” One of the monkeys stood up and tried to open the cage. “Well, calm down. I’ve been thinking how we can escape from that human. I came up with a good plan. Let me explain it...” The leader of the monkey, Timmy, started talking about the plan. From that night, they gathered at night after the master Morris left and planned a perfect performance.

The practice became harder than before. The master made them do new tricks. They rode bicycles, danced with other monkeys like humans, or played instruments. The master Morris became more and more narcissistic and selfish. He hit them with a whip the whole time, even though they practiced perfectly. But the monkeys never tried to resist him, they could handle even the pain of a whip. It was all part of their plan.

“What the heck? You guys are so quiet and have listened to what I say recently! Well, you guys finally realized that you can’t do anything without my help!” The master Morris loudly laughed and made fun of them. He never knew that they were planning their great revenge.

The day of the performance, they visited to the palace. The master Morris and the monkeys bowed deeply to the king. “Thank you for letting us to perform here. It is an honor to be able to meet you.” The master Morris said. “I was looking forward to see the monkeys’ performance. Entertain me!” The king said happily, to which the master Morris replied, “Our performance is the best in the world. I hope you enjoy it.”

The musician started playing amusing songs, and the master gave the monkeys orders. But monkey, just stood around with bored looks on their faces. The master shouted to the monkeys, but they stared at him as if they couldn’t understand his orders. The master Morris, beginning to panic, took out the wheat from his bag and hit them with it hard. The music stopped and the whip crack echoed through the palace. The monkeys jumped around when he hit them and ran to the king. They sat down in front of the king while looking at the master Morris with frightened eyes. But anyone knew what to do. A stinky smell drifted to the King’s nose, and he looked down to see monkeys. There was a pile of monkeys’ poop.

“Arrest Morris and exile him from this country right now!” The king screamed to his servants, shaking with anger. The monkeys pointed at the master and kept laughing the whole day.

After that happened, no one ever saw the master Morris again.

Halohalo

Yuki Ishiguru

Hello!!
I'm Halohalo.
Oh you don't know me?
Why not? I'm pretty famous
in Philippines like everyone knows!
Hmmm. Anyway, I'm basically made from
shaved ice with some condensed milk. Huh? You have similar thing in Japan?
No. No way. With strawberry syrup? Oh, you know, what I'm pretty sure
that I'm better! I have a lot of colorful jelly with shaved ice and,
to let people enjoy, I have also crunchy chips with it! It is
not finished yet! Finally, there is a sweet purple yam
ice-cream which is called "Ube" on the top!
I'm sold in restaurant of course, in store
or even in street! Filipino eats me
at least twice a week. I'm very
yummy specially in
summer!
So now
You wanna try me?

Pleasant Plan of Summer

Miku Kana



So Far

Giovanna Martorelli

The creamy beige sofa with a single tiny cigarette burn on the left middle side, small but enough to see the sponge. Sometimes, a fancy blanket was put over to cover the hole, but for a child it was nothing more than a mark like a stain of paint on a white t-shirt. I couldn't care less, that sofa was on the edge of the darkened room in the house. It was my peaceful place. The lack of light was not something that can be helped, it was a choice. Still, a slight light found its way through the window gap and radiated the sofa, like the moon shining over the earth in the darkest nights. We stayed there and watched TV all day side by side, aside from her fake bathroom breaks. "Gigi, to indo no banheiro e já volto." (Gigi, I'm going to the bathroom for a second.) When she was back, I could smell burnt cotton candy, I knew right away what she was doing. So... it was fair for my part to seek my revenge. I broke her cigarets when she really went to the bathroom. That made her furious, I could see the anger in her eyes but she said nothing. My vengeance and her lies always existed in our relationship but, that magical couch was a medicine for reality. On that place, Nonna (grandmother) and I dreamed and fantasized. It was our Neverland, Wonderland and our Kingdom. As long as we sat there together we could be anywhere. But now that I'm grown it changed, every time I talk to her the spell fades. It makes me despondent. The more I talk to her I realize that after I left, depression and addiction took over my place. I see her, the closed window and the backrest of the couch on the background. I know, there is a cigarette by her side. I can't spot the scanty light that used to outflow the window behind the couch anymore. Am I looking at the same sofa or a rotting carcass of sponge that is absorbing my grandma's life.

The creamy beige sofa with a single tiny cigarette burn on the left middle side, small but enough to see the sponge. Whenever, someone comes I try to conceal the miniature mark of shame with one of my nice blankets. I quit smoking once, but all it took was one puff of a cigarette for the addiction to consume me again. I spent an eternity on that couch in that somber room. There were no standards or pride left while lounging there. Many long lonely nights turned early empty mornings, except when minha primogenita (my first born granddaughter) comes over. I smoked less because she detested it. Well... that was an impossible task for me. Some little sneak outs were necessary, because I couldn't allow my dependence to ruin our sacred place. Being with my granddaughter on that sofa was precious. Even after her attacks on my cigarettes, mostly she ripped them or sliced in pieces, when she had more time to execute her murderous actions she drowned them or threw them one by one in the garbage making sure there were no salvation for them. Although, she never did that on the sofa, there was our neutral territory. Despite all the controversies, we sat on the couch and had our best time together. We lived vividly on that sofa, daydreaming. Her soul brought my soul back to surface when we were there. Without her sitting there, that couch was just a grave, with no flowers, just a place of decomposition until I disappear. It's been ten years since she left and I'm still sitting on the same couch waiting for her call. Insomnia keeps me awake, as if we were living in the same time zone. BRINNG...BRINNG... I put my cigarette out and hide the traces. "Alô, que de saudades você amor." (Hello, I missed you sweet heart) I look directly into the luminous iPad screen to try pretend that she is the one seating by my side, not the Marlboro pack and painkillers that are by that black hole.

CROP ADVISER

Bumper CROP

This year's CROP contains more works than ever before, nearly twice the number of last year's volume. Many factors are at work: a better environment for writing, the encouragement of teachers, but mostly it's the courage of students. Putting one's work out into public is an act of bravery. What could be scarier than letting others in to one's secret interior world? But that is what creative writing does—it opens the barriers and closes the distance from one human to another.

As these students know, buried inside oneself is a rich trove of feelings, yearnings and experiences that is, after all, easiest to keep hidden. But is that best? The French philosopher Gaston Bachelard asked: "What is the source of our first suffering?" And his answer was: "It lies in the fact that that we hesitated to speak. It was born in the moment when we accumulated silent things within us." The writers in this volume of CROP may have piled up silent things inside, but they did not hesitate to speak about them.

The works in this volume are notable first for the honesty of expression. The poems, stories and essays show emotional depth, and fresh ways of communicating. Surely, these works spring from the energy of youth, but they are wrapped in a maturity of understanding. And a fearlessness to hope that others will understand. That combination makes for strong writing.

The works in this volume also exhibit an engaged creativity. The writers here are clearly having fun experimenting with forms and patterns. They are playing with—and breaking up—the routine ways language is too often organized. The desire to use an acquired language in writing shows a willingness to step outside traditional demands and jump into language use that is clever, unique and original. It shows a deep need to connect, to try something new, to keep the language human.

So, readers, join in with the energetic, creative spirit overflowing from these writers and enjoy this bumper crop of great writing!

Michael Pronko

Editors' Comments

Giovanna

I'm so grateful to be a part of CROP. Each work reflected the personality of the authors which gave me inspiration to write more. I hope CROP inspires others the way it affected me! I would like to say a huge thank you for the authors, CROP members and professor Pronko.

Shota

I'm really pleased to have read such a wonderful, impressive and energetic works! All of them are full of eagerness. It was the biggest numbers of submissions of works ever. Not only me but everyone else of the Crop members are happy with it. Thank you.

Rioko

This year, we had the most works submitted of all time. We're happy about that and appreciate you all for your participation! I hope more and more students will know about CROP in the future. Thank you so much!

Shiori

I'm really glad to join this team. Every work was wonderful and special. That inspired me to write about my feelings and ideas. I appreciate to everyone who submitted amazing works and CROP team!! Thank you.

Yukari Oe

I am honored to be part of crop this year. I enjoyed the experience to be able to touch upon numerous pieces of great works. I wanted a lot of people to see such wonderful works, so I made the cover design that would catch the eyes of many people. Thank you for such a great experience.

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!!

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Editorial Team

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Printing Company
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CROP

Department of English Literature
Meiji Gakuin University

1-2-37 Shirokanedai, Minato-ku
Tokyo 108-8636 JAPAN

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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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Gmail : mgucrop2015@gmail.com
Facebook : <http://www.facebook.com/mgucrop>
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