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CROP

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CROP

Creativity Rising Original Production

Editorial

Once,
There were “Mind” and “Brain.”
For a long time of roaming,
they finally met.
They fell in love.
So, they married.

Hence,
“Spark” and “Flow” were born.
From either,
One birthed “Ideas,”
Another birthed “Enthusiasms.”
From both,
“Think,” “Speak,” “Write,” and “Read”
were born.

Whence
these four verb brothers and sisters,
they created “Words.”
Those words have been continuing to
“Inspire” our lives.

Message about Editing All Works to One Great Book

We the CROP members edited all writing works to one volume. The order of each story has a meaning. It starts with the serene and curious stories. In the middle, it goes through the heartbreaking and the heartwarming stories. In the last part, it ends with the feeling of encountering spring and hope. It shows “Life.” We live in a society where we feel the joy and the depression at the same time. We learn, we enjoy, we get enraged, we get upset, we cry and again, we learn. We hope this book encourages the readers to go through every moment of their lives sharing ideas with everyone.

From the CROP editors

Advisor's Comments

CROP and Covid

Is there any point in writing during a pandemic? Does writing help cure people or stop the infection rate? Will writing save the world, or at least save us from the pandemic?

The answers to those questions can be found in this Covid Pandemic Year Volume of CROP. This is the 12th year of CROP, surely a symbolic number to be celebrated. But instead of celebrating, the writers this year dug deep into their experience, set aside the bad parts of the year, and wrote. They needed to write. They needed a break and inspiration, and you'll find both inside this volume.

The works this year reflect the seriousness of everyone's experience, but also provide a way of looking beyond the disaster. In all of these works, you can feel the search for something more meaningful and more universal than the daily frustrations of our new lifestyle. You can detect elements of the pandemic in here, but you can also detect a yearning for more than lockdown life. You can see a lot of life here.

All writers write against their own set of challenges. The writers in this volume did not let the forces of negativity get them down. Instead, they turned the negativity into creativity—in poetry, essays, stories and writings of unique kinds. These writers held the line against the negativity and spent time creating. That a good strategy for most things in life, but this year it feels even more impressive than usual.

And if you want to be impressed even more, take a close look at these works. Think about them in the context of this year of masks, viruses, over-washed hands, and constant disinfecting. Think of writing while having your life disrupted and diverted, of having your plans broken, your hopes hidden behind a mask, your dreams deferred.

The works in this volume managed to stay healthy—physically, mentally, and creatively healthy. In doing that, they teach us how to cure ourselves. Tapping into the creative power of the human spirit that rests inside us, these writings remind us of what we can do, and why, with learning, language and life.

Enjoy this special issue of CROP. I did.

Michael Pronko
CROP Advisor

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The Snail

Kana Takahashi

It's almost midnight, when this day
Leaves us without making a sound,
But, naughty rain, we say it's okay
To keep sitting on our town if it sings a song,
A lullaby for folks, birds and busy bugs,
But we know who loves the song the most.
Meet a wee black spiral while taking a bath,
The cute one moving where the wall is moist.
A friend in June, it makes you smile
And being really careful not to kill it
Makes you feel happiest for a while,
But before you're all dry in the next minute,
You forget everything about the swirl.
Maybe it finds the place waiting for the tiny snail.

Heartwarming Story on Christmas

Moe Fuchino

A little boy lives together
with a newborn baby, mother
and father. He is very nice
to a sweet and small sis.

One day when he decorated
the Christmas tree, his mother stated
Santa Claus would not come to the house
because of Coronavirus.

He was really shocked to hear
that, but he took a calendar,
marked twenty fifth and whooped in joy
“Alright! I will be a good boy!”

He worked hard on studying, helped with
mom’s housework, and look after his
young sister. He did everything
he could from morning to evening.

Of course, he wrote Father Christmas
to request a free railroad pass.
He knew the most important thing
is absolutely believing.

On Xmas Eve, he cleaned the chimney.
He put milk, stocking and cookie
under the big tree. On that night,
he went to his bedroom at eight.

In the middle of night, an old
man riding in the sleigh with mild
reindeer performed his special task.
Needless to say, he wore a mask.

“Merry Christmas!!” the boy jumped out of bed and ran and looked about himself. “Yippee!!” There were a lot of gifts and also a small note.

It said, “Thank you for the cookie.
Due to the virus, I will carry
It home. Take good care of your health.
Sincerely yours, from Santa Clause.

He ran to mommy and proudly showed off tickets. Mom said, “Only if you believe can you have good luck.” She patted her son on the head.

Rabbit

Saki Kinugasa

I live in a certain grassland
My feet are tough to run around
Long ears are useful to run from enemy
Do you recognize my identity?

I will give you additional hints
Some are raised as edible meats
Last hint, I am smaller than hares
So do you recognize me with these?

My body is made by some snow
So my life is too short, you know
My eyes are made by *nandina*
My ears are made by *Yuzuri-ha*

First gathering proper amount of snow
Second shaping it long and narrow
Last decorating nuts and leaves
When you play with snow, let's make these.

People can't see me around noon
Because I'm a part of the moon
I pound steamed rice into cake
But it is just a visual trick

There are other ideas of crater
For example, an alligator
Look up when the full moon night
And open your eyes and see the sight.

In these I have the shortest life
I'm a cut apple with a knife
My ears are made by apple skin
I don't have legs just only body

I'm popular with young child
I'm cute so they are delighted
If you eat me you will be happy
Because I am so sweet and tasty.

Me and Charlie and Our Diaries

Ami Nakatsuka

In “The Perks of Being a Wallflower,” the main character, Charlie keeps a diary. So do I. I wonder why we do that. But I also know why. It helps us find ourselves.

He started this diary to his friends. But I think he had another purpose in mind. In the first beginning, he started writing this diary before he met Patrick and Sam. In other words, I think he was a friend suicide, and after that he had no friends to call his own, he was empty and had nothing. I thought that he had lost sight of himself. I think he needed to understand himself by writing in his diary about what happened in school and in his daily life. It is very difficult for us to look at ourselves and understand ourselves. It took him a long time, but he was able to recover from his past trauma by rethinking himself. This got me thinking about why it is so difficult for people to look at themselves in a new light.

Making friends means understanding, accepting, and getting to know our friends. I thought it was important to take an interest in others. For example, on a friend's birthday, I think about what they want and what they would be happy to receive. I think this is based on my own feelings of wanting to understand the other person deeply and get closer to them. However, when I put myself in my position, I rarely look at myself objectively to see what I can do for myself to make me happy. At this time, I think a diary is a place where I can write about my feelings, emotions, and fantasies at that time. By writing my emotions in a diary, I can look back on it later and think, "I laughed so hard at that time." It's a great way to remember my own emotions. I believe that this is connected to understanding myself. Because I don't know what I should be doing right now, I write down my emotions on a piece of paper every day, and only when I look at the words I have written down will I be able to understand myself.

I also believe that it is important to look at oneself in a new light. I am going to get a job after graduating from university next year. I think now is the time to think about what I want to do in preparation for that job. I think this is something that Charlie and I have in common. I'm also not sure what I want to do or what is right for me, which is why I'm facing myself and thinking about it. I have been alive for 21 years and this is the first time in my life that I have thought so much about myself. I want to make a career out of my hobbies and the things I like to do. But I also want to try new things. In this story, Charlie has grown up doing new things that I can't imagine him ever doing

before, like going to parties, having girlfriends, and drinking. I thought it would be fun to do what I love, but I knew that if I didn't, I wouldn't be able to expand my world. It takes courage to take the next step into a world we don't know, but as long as there is a bright future ahead of us and we are working hard, I think it's okay to take the first step.

When we start something new, I think it is important that we understand ourselves. If I hadn't understood myself, I wouldn't have been able to notice what I enjoy doing or my emotions. I believe that Charlie was able to feel friendship and love because he faced himself and wrote in his diary. I think Charlie thinks that "wallflower" is the right word for him because he faced himself by writing in his diary. I think he thought that if he was going to be bullied by someone, he would rather be an unnoticed "wallflower." However, after meeting Patrick and Sam, he was able to come out of his shell like a wall and find friends who wanted to spend time with him, and I think he was able to understand himself. A diary is a place where we can look back one day and feel funny or embarrassed, or look back at the scenery of that time, I think that's what it's for "I miss that. There was a time like that. I feel like I want to go back, but I can't." Looking back on the past may seem like a bad thing. However, it is important to realize that it is because of that past that we are here now and that we have grown. I think diaries are important for people to remember those feelings. I started writing a diary when I came across this story.

Continuously writing in a diary can improve my writing skills and help me to organize and calm down my feelings. It may seem easy to "continue", but it is very difficult and requires patience and determination to not get bored. Also, writing a diary helps me to remember things that I might otherwise forget. It's up to you to write in your diary. I think the good thing about a diary is that you can choose to keep only the records that you enjoy.

Sometimes I slack off and don't write, but I want to cherish the "emotions" of the moment in order to learn more about myself. The happy times that make you want to go back, and the painful times that make you want to disappear, are only for that one moment and will never be repeated. I took my troubles at school very seriously at the time, but looking back now, they are so trivial that I wonder what they were all about. It will take some time to get to the point where I can think like that, but there are no days that are more painful and boring than those days, so I think they are the bread and butter of my life now.

Poem (No title)

Mirano Watanabe

Now a female zombie is here
Long time ago hope disappeared
“Why did I should die too young!?”
She’s about biting through her tongue

Until now no one tried to save
She is lonely in her dim grave
Why did she die? Because of cars?
In fact, suicide was the cause

She suddenly recalls her name
“This baby is Mai.” Her mother claims
The family was happy then
But it ended when she was ten

Her parents divorced at that time
Her mom was displeased anytime
So she got to like drinking wine
If she does, she’s happy and fine

Her mom often said, “I wanna die”
It always made Mai want to cry
In the dark the girl keeps crying
On her cheek her tears are drying

She shouts aloud “Why me!? Why!?”
Seeing the lovely starry sky
So poor and miserable fate
But she decided not to hate

At last Mai chose to kill herself
In order to release herself
She could not achieve it though
The death never allows her to grow

On the grave there’s a cherry tree
Around the tree there is a bee
She gives up crying in brown
Under the ground now Mai lies down

It is May with tender green shoots
The tree does elongate its roots
Her dead body begins to spoil
And then it returns to the soil

The Spirits of Words

Koya Kubo

In one school, there was a little boy, Joe. He liked to talk to everyone, so every morning, Joe's talking voice sounded across the classroom.

"Hey, How are you, Mike? You always look pale."

"Tom, Did you get your hair cut? I think it doesn't look nice."

"Lisa, today's your clothes are so strange!"

Joe always talked to everyone with smiling, but his defect was that he instantly starts to talk about what he thought. Therefore, classmates always put up with Joe's remarks.

And then, Joe's remarks caused big incident in his classroom.

One day, a new girl, Ellie came to Joe's school. A teacher, Mr. Josef introduced her to the classmates. Her face was cute, but behind her straight blond fringe, she looked gloomy. Ellie only bowed to classmates and moved to her desk right away. Firstly, everyone wondered at her attitude, but they instantly had interest in Ellie and talked to her in the break time.

"Where did you come to our town?"

"F... from ne...next town..."

"Where is your new house?"

"Near...nearby... the sta... station..."

"Are you nerves?"

"Sorry... I...I...can't spe...speak we...well."

As a matter of fact, Ellie had a stammer, so she could not speak fluently. Classmates immediately realized her disability, so that when Ellie started to talk, they cared about her and always said kind words. However, only Joe was different. Afterschool, Joe also talked to Ellie and listened to her reply. Just then, while laughing, he instantly started to speak about his thought.

"Why is your talking so strange? Can't you speak normally?"

Hearing Joe's words, Ellie did not answer and ran away from the classroom.

On the way home, a one classmate realized that Ellie ran at a full speed and her face was so dark. So, he quickly ran up to Ellie and said, "Hey, Ellie. Are you OK? What happened in the classroom?"

"N...n...no.... Thank you...."

Ellie did not say anything more and ran to her house. The next day, the big incident happened

in the classroom.

On that day, there was an English class and students had to read Shakespeare's poetry aloud. The teacher, Mr. Josef called on each student to read and finally Ellie's turn came around.

"Buttt...but.. thy... eter...eternal summer... sh...sha.. shall not fade.... Nor lose...po...po...possession...of...of that fair... tho...thou... o...o...ow'st..."

When Ellie finished reading aloud, Joe, while laughing, immediately talked to her.

"Hey, why can't you speak normally? Why are you always like drowning? Ha-ha, when you read aloud, the Shakespeare's poetry sounds so bad!"

After a while, Mr. Josef said to Joe. "Stop, Joe. Ellie has a disability of language. So, she never can speak as usual. Do you understand? Ellie is different from everyone."

When Mr. Josef finished talking, for a moment, he grinned at Ellie. Hearing these words, Ellie hung her head and did not say anymore. Although her face was hidden by her long hair, she was crying. And then, other classmates also felt sadness.

Afterschool, all classmates (of course except for Joe) gathered around Ellie. Looking over the classmates, Ellie sorrowfully said, "Sh...shouldn't I spe...speak to...to everyone? A...am I so...s...strange?"

She desperately held back the tears.

Then, everyone said all together. "No. Definitely no! Your talking is not strange. Joe is strange and idiotic. I always stand by you!"

"Joe is so stupid that he doesn't understand that what he said could hurt others."

"Everyone here believes in the spirits of words. If you use kind words, they bring happiness and warmth to others. While if you use a bad words, they hurt the other's mind and bring undeletable sadness and pain."

"S...so...it's li...like an... angel a...and a devil!" Ellie smiled a little bit.

And then, the classmates continued to say, "So, why don't you take a revenge on Joe? Of course, using bad words, we'll give the same pains to Joe!"

"That's a great idea! So, we'll start tomorrow!"

Like this, Ellie and other classmates cooperated with each other and swore to revenge.

Next day, when Joe, who did not know anything, went to the classroom, all of classmates started to shout abuse at him.

"Hey, that stupid Joe came to our classroom. Get out here!"

"You're such an idiot. Your presence disgusts us. Don't speak to us!"

"You're a devil. Keep away from us!"

Hearing a lot of abuses, Joe was deeply hurt and managed to say, “Why...why does everyone speak badly about me?”

“If you realize the reason, we’ll stop it.”

So, in a whole day, classmates said bad things about Joe. In a class of English, when Joe read aloud, they said, “Your voice looks so strange. Why don’t you stop speaking? Ha-ha.”

Even after school, they did not stop to speak ill of Joe.

“Don’t speak to everyone tomorrow, too. Got it?”

Joe felt so hurt, and then since this day, he had not been able to speak to classmates because of being scared of verbal abuses. But classmates did not stop saying bad words to Joe. So, with trembling voice, Joe desperately said to them.

“P....Please stop...s... saying bad words to me....”

Just then, while laughing, classmates replied.

“Your voice is so strange! Ha-ha. Are you drowning?”

Hearing these words, most students started to laugh, while Joe was crying. Then, Ellie ran up to Joe and shouted to them with anger.

“Stop! That’s going too far! Don’t you remember the bad words hurt people so deeply? Joe already suffered pain. Do you still continue? E...everyone seems to be possessed by evil spirits of words!”

Classmates were surprised at Ellie’s words and stopped laughing.

And then, while crying, Joe said to Ellie. “Now...I....I realized that my words hurt your mind... I’m so sorry...”

“Never mind. I...I just want to enjoy talking to everyone.”

Hearing the Ellie’s words, the classmates also repented their acts and apologized to Joe.

And then, Joe slowly looked at Ellie and said, “Ellie...did you become able to speak normally? Your talking is smooth!”

“Really? Certainly, I’m able to speak better than ever! At last...I can enjoy talking to everyone! Of course...I want to talk with Joe, too!”

Since this event, the evil spirits of words did not appear in their classroom. And then Joe, Ellie and the other classmates never forgot the power of words and they were always connected with kind words.

Unfairness

Shota Kunii

We are totally unfair. Have I ever felt unfairness? Yes I have, and I always do. I think you do too of course. Due to the overflowing of the social media, we frequently have chances to compare ourselves to others. These are sometimes very negative ones. Some can transform those comparisons into their additional efforts, even if it is a heartbreaking fact. Yet, efforts need a huge amount of energy and concentration almost all the time, also, it is tremendously hard to generate energy from that kind of negative feeling.

That emotion takes braveness from us. Once people fall into this negative circulation, they are unable to easily crawl up from the bottom of the feeling. That is like the time around us stops forever, and everyone else but us is still moving forward. Then, when we realize the gap between them which cannot be fixed anymore, we call it “unfairness.” In that sense, I agree with that. I occasionally think that people who can stay in positive feeling are surrounded by strong fate and brilliant people. It is also strongly connected to jealousy. Even if the superiority of people was attributed to their own effort, we often get jealous about it, by comparing it to ourselves.

Now, I dare to say it out loud that we are originally unfair from the beginning, in terms of our innate situation and talent. However, it does not mean we cannot reverse it. We are quite fair regardless of the unfairness. We frequently see what we do not have, but what I would like to say is not so helpless. I want to say we can utilize what we have. That utterly depends on our ability and can be anything. Being good at communication, drawing, sports, academic things speaking languages and anything.

If someone says “I’m inferior to him, because I don’t have a handsome face like him, don’t have as much money as he does.” Then you can say, “Yeah true. But you’re kind.” Is it unfair? Too mean? You might think this is not what he is talking about. Yet, this is the very thing I am trying to tell. All the human beings are under the same condition, because we all equally have time, and we respectively have our own irreplaceable talents and characteristics. Whether we do or do not, that is our responsibility. In this sense, the unfairness which has been hurting us was just a “difference” and you know, we are originally fair.

My Second Hometown is Aquarium

Koudai Yamada

In a certain spacious ocean,
Which was pretty sea like heaven.
There were a lot of cute dolphins.
They equip with wonderful fins.

There was an uncommon dolphin.
Because she has white lovely skin.
Other dolphins made fun of her.
She disliked herself ever.

One day, she was injured by them.
She had an injury symptom.
She had a difficult swimming.
Not a friend, someone was coming

She could not rebel against them.
At that moment, she remained phlegm.
Because she gave up life meekly.
She closed her eyes, fainted quietly.

Then she heard a voice in the dark
She found it was the voice of lark.
She found her place gradually.
And she opened her eyes slowly.

Then that's space she has never seen.
It is a narrowly closed scene.
The emotion was almost fear.
But she also felt kindness here.

Because my friends are so gentle.
Approaching to her is equal.
'Everyone accepts the skin of me.'
That fact made me very happy.

'I learned many arts from people.'
'The moment changed me beautiful.'
'I hear lots of clapping at the show.'
'Now I love myself and no throe.'

The Turtle

Kana Takahashi

In a dark, noisy room
With a smell of the sea,
I was standing in the line
With other ten-year old kids.

We were waiting for our turn
To try making nori from seaweed
Having had numbers on our arms
Marked by people there.

Having no one to talk with, I waited
Staring at a stuffed sea turtle
That was hanged on the wall.
I was not in the mood to huddle.

Silly kids started chanting,
Poor thing, you're dirty!
Poor thing, you're dirty!
Poor thing, you're dirty!

The erratic rhythm,
I could not get it out of my head,
So I let it play on it.
I did not really care.

After a minute, silly ones went,
Poor thing, you're dead!
Poor thing, you're dead!
Poor thing, you're dead!

The turtle's eyes
On its dried head
Were just twinkling
Looking at nothing.

Small Public War

Kai Ikoma

In 1989, there was a beautiful small town called Lavenham in UK. Old-style houses, churches and markets stood in the city. The townfolks of Lavenham were very gentle and hilarious, because they liked beer and festivals.

One day, a stubborn looking countryman called Jack who was an owner of the HORSE AND BUGGY INN. He wore a red checkered shirt, thick jeans and a washed-out apron. Jack's pub had been popular in the town, and the local beer was also preferred for its fresh bitter flavor. Now, he put his head on one side of the counter.

Jack muttered to himself.

“What happened? Why customers never come?”

He decided to go to see what happened to all the drunkards. Then, he noticed that somebody came toward him. The man wore fashionable jacket, white shirt and slim trousers. He was slender, attaching dubious smile on his face and waved at Jack. Jack kept an eye out for the stranger.

Jack said, “Who are you, sir?”

The man smirked and said, “I'm Michael! Where will you go instead of opening your public house?”

Jack answered with a puzzled look. “Today, regular customers didn't come, so I will go outside and I wanna know what happened.”

Michael grinned spitefully.

“Do you know MICHAEL'S MODERN PUBLIC HOUSE? I opened a new popular pub in this town, so your old pub was kicked out.”

In spite of Jack being totally speechless, Michael continued to talk. “Why don't you come to my pub if you have nothing to do?”

Then, Michael went back to his pub and Jack was left in silence. However, his inner mind was burning against him. “Now, I decided to revenge him to recover pride and customers”

Then, Jack turned back to the pub. Strong anger flashed in his eyes.

A few days later, Michael's pub was crowded with many drinking people. Michael chuckled to himself because he could get his new running on track.

He said to the customers loudly, “I'm feeling great today, so it's my treat here!”

The customers made happy noise, and then they consumed a great deal of beer. However, the fun didn't last forever. Sudden an explosion sound knocked down them.

“BAN, BAN, BAN... BAN!”

Someone said loudly, “Head down!”

After the dust settled, Michael found out the mock gunfire was sounded by firecrackers. He thought it was heinous mischief. Almost customers sobered up and went back to their homes.

Michael vented to the remaining customer, “Business is terrible right now because of childish firecracker.”

The customer asked him, “Do you have any ideas about who did it?”

He completely forgot about Jack, so he said, “No, I don't.”

A few days later, more terrible cantrip happened in the pub. A strong bad rotten smell filled in the room. It seemed that pandemonium was embodied in the real world. All of customers got out from Michael's pub. Finally, Michael discovered an opened can of surstromming.

Michael was in a bad temper against this series of problems. He shouted out around the pub. “Come on! You're going too far! Bring it on!”

But his strong words couldn't weaken Jack's vengeful thought. Jack continued to obstruct the running of the pub. A month later, he provoked a serious event. He stocked the pub with wild boar. At first, he made light of this as one of the punishments, but the wild boar made a mess of tables, chairs, and barrels of beer. He was flustered by the unexpected disaster, so he got caught by the sabotage of the wild boar accidentally.

At last, Jack was impeached by town folks and asked why he did it. Thus, it came out that Michael was a cruel rude man.

One town folk who was a former regular customer of Jack's pub said, “Jack, you're going too far. You crossed the line. But Michael was also too rude against Jack. If you didn't have the wrong attitude, you could run the pub.”

Then, both of them gradually isolated from town folks because they lost trust and reputation. Finally, a big chain of a pub, CLEVER CLOVER came up to the town and dominated the town pub. The small public house war ended in failing together.

Review of Parasite

Rion Nagayama

The parasite was released in 2019. The film satirizes economic inequality in society and has been widely acclaimed worldwide. In this review, I will focus on "smell" which is the memorable point in this film. This "smell" is the smell that poor, semi-underground families give off, while wealthy families describe their "smell" as "stinky." This "smell" is not supposed to be conveyed from the images, but when you watch the film, you somehow feel the "smell".

I figured that the reason why we can actually smell it. It is because of the description of families and the behavior of the person who smelled it coming through. The poor family of four lived in a half-basement and wore dirty and wrinkled clothes all the time, while the wealthy family wore clean and wrinkle-free clothes. I think the contrast in this description gives the viewer a "contrast" in smell. It means the audience was implanted that wealthy families don't smell bad, while poor families "smell" bad without knowing it.

Another reason why we can smell it is that the behavior. There was a time when the wealthy smelled the scent of the father from a poor family. The moment he smells it, the video slows down and the wealthy one picks his nose in disgust. These are the expression of unpleasant "smells" that we have all experienced. This behavior has helped the viewers to imagine the "smell."

I thought this film was groundbreaking and special in that it reliably conveyed to the audience the "smell" that plays an important role in the story. Even though images do not convey "smell."

The Big Man

Yuuka Tamada

Yuuka Tamada

A poor, weak, and young couple named Mr. and Mrs. Yamada lived in the new town.

They didn't have the money to go to the city, so they couldn't visit the city easily.

Then one day, they had trouble getting the wind through because the house was rugged and leaked heavily.

The season was winter, and when they were in trouble because they were about to freeze and die in their tattered house, a big man was about to pass in front of their house.

When Mr. Yamada saw his big, muscular and strong body, he shouted, "We're about to freeze and die because of the draft in the house, please! please, help us! I'm weak and unlikely to be able to repair this house, I need your help, please..."

The big man, who felt pitiful after hearing the old man's cry of sorrow, decided to help to restore the couple's house.

He had a strong body and his carpenter's flair made the old couple's house look good and the drafts were gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Yamada really thanked him and brought the best ingredients home to cook for him.

When the old couple was hospitable to the big man in that way, the outside was completely dark and it was beginning to snow.

The old couple worried that the big man could safely go to the city, so they suggested that he stay at their home.

The big man accepted their proposal and decided to stay at their house.

Goldfish and Raccoon

Kai Ikoma

One day, a hot fine weather night.
Local festival flashes light.
Boom, boom. Beating the noisy drum.
Children run around the stalls exclaim.

“Let me play a goldfish scooping!”
Taro pesters his father playing
The game to catch splendid sweet fish.
Father helps him to accomplish.

On the way home, Taro carries
On about his special dearly.
“I will absolutely take care
Of them!” with an innocent glare.

Father gives him some advice gently.
“Don’t forget to feed constantly,
Change the water as everyday life
And be careful with the wildlife.”

Taro listens to the father’s words
And he keeps meaningful promises.
He works like a bee to cherish.
Making the best place for the fish.

One day, he comes across raccoons
When he takes a walk in the woods.
The raccoon has a lovely pattern.
Taro feeds raccoon very benign.

Cute raccoons appear at his home.
Cocky boy thinks he can tame them.
Goldfish has no choice but look at
Animals with natural fright.

Come morning, Taro realizes.
The special goldfish disappears.
He cries out and he fishes around.
Finally, finds brown hair and blood.

His father comes out from the house.
Then, “Let me tell you what happens.”
Listens and says, “Learn from failures.”
“We should not judge by appearances.”

My Memory of Sky

Koya Kubo

I remember when I was a child, my mother told me what the sky is. Sky has a blue color and white clouds and spreads as far as the eye can see.

I remember with the evening sun, the sky was glowing bright orange. This color of sky seemed to show that the sky also burns its life as hard as humans do.

I remember in April, under the cloudless sky, we took a family photo. In the wind, cherry blossom petals were dancing and the sky was colored blue and pink. At that time, I felt that the sky celebrated our happiness.

I remember in the summer, swimming the shallows, I looked up at the huge white clouds swallowing the blue sky. However, a long contrail went through the giant clouds. It looked like our life which runs through this big and harsh world.

I remember at Lake Suwa, a lot of fireworks went up in the dark sky. Green, red, yellow, and orange... several kinds of colored fire painted beautiful flowers on the black canvas.

I remember I looked up the clear sky on Mt. Yatsugatake. On the top of mountain, I touched thin clouds and felt that I'm in the nearest sky!

I remember on that day, the stars were twinkling all over the sky. While feeling the autumn wind and looking up at the sky, I thought the sky looks like a mirror which reflects the beauty of the universe.

I remember in the middle autumn, the full moon rose from the eastern sky and was shining bright. In the Japanese tradition, it is said that in the full moon, rabbits make rice cakes. Thus, looking up at the full moon, I tried to find the rabbits very hard.

I remember it snowed in my town. Snow looked like white candy, so my friend opened his mouth toward the sky and ate it. And then, he frowned and said, "Oh, shit! It has a terrible taste! It's like muddy water..."

I remember in the winter sky, three bright stars made Winter Triangle. Although these stars were bright, Sirius and Procyon reminded me of the sad myth about the dogs.

I remember the sky gradually got colored dark gray and dropped a heavy rain on me. This day, my classmate died in a car accident. He was only 11 years old. I felt that the sky was also shocked at his death and was crying with me.

I remember that I firstly hated the sky. When his funeral was held, this sky was the clearest I had ever seen. While looking up the sky, I shouted in my mind, “Why didn’t God help him?”

I remember in a dream, I flew in the sky with my late classmate. Around the sky, we were wrapped in a lot of clouds and light. I thought there might be heaven above the sky.

I remember through the airplane window, I was really above the sky. There were clouds far low and the color of sky gradually got pale. I thought there was not heaven above the sky.

I remember in Nagasaki, a big rainbow appeared in the sky. After the heavy rain, there was a beautiful rainbow across the Peace Park to Urakami Cathedral. It looked like a symbol of eternal peace and happiness.

I remember in Okinawa, the azure sky carried warm wind and wrapped up a limitless beautiful sea. Okinawa’s sky looked like a dome which protects the Okinawan people and nature. And then, Okinawa’s people seemed to always pray for their peace toward the sky.

I remember in the morning, the bright red sun rose in the dark blue sky.

I remember in the evening, the sky gradually got dark and greeted moon and stars.

I remember the sky told me what the sky is. The sky changes its colors and figures every time and says to us, “I’m always with your life.”

Why are You against Same-sex Marriage?

Maria Hara

In recent years, understanding of LGBT people in Japan has increased. However, legalization of same-sex marriage has been hard to come by. In this essay, I would like to discuss why Japan should legalize same-sex marriage by addressing three opposing views on same-sex marriage.

First, many of those opposed to legalizing same-sex marriage in Japan are concerned that it will lead to a declining birthrate. Take Canada, for example, which was ranked first in the Spartacus Gay Travel Index 2019, published by the Spartacus International Gay Guide (Spartacus Gay Travel Index (GTI), 2019), a German international gay travel guide. In Canada, same-sex marriage was legalized across the country in 2005. Statistics Canada's records show that the total number of births in the month of 2006 was 354,617 and in 2008, the number of births increased to 377,886. This means that same-sex marriage does not reduce fertility (Statistics Canada, 2020). There is also an interesting article about homosexuality and fertility. According to a group of Italian researchers, "The genes that make men gay evolved because they actually make their female relatives more fertile. The team discovered that the mothers, aunts and sisters of gay men tend to have more children than those women related to straight men" (Jonas, 2004). Not only gay men but even if there are lesbian women in the family, the men around lesbian women are more fertile. This will come as a huge shock to those who think more homosexuals will bring down the birth rate.

Moreover, there are those who say that legalizing same-sex marriage will increase the number of homosexuals. Indeed, the number of people who identify themselves as LGBT has increased over the past few years. However, that's because with time, there has been a greater understanding of LGBT, and many LGBT people have been able to confess their sexuality. Before, homosexuals lived their lives by hiding their sexuality. However, with more and more online surveys of the LGBT population, people are more likely to say their sexuality, so it feels like the LGBT population is growing, but that is the number that was there in the first place. In addition, all surveys of the LGBT population are conducted through monitored web surveys. While this method of surveying is inexpensive and provides a large number of responses, it is not very accurate. It is not logical to deny same-sex marriage based on inaccurate information. Thus, there is no evidence anywhere that legalizing same-sex marriage will increase the number of homosexuals, and it is wrong to deny homosexuals the right to marry.

Furthermore, some argue that same-sex marriage should not be allowed because it would destroy the traditional culture of Japanese families. In the past, homosexuality has been accepted in Japan for a long time, but the traditional culture in Japanese families has not changed at all. According to *Waraku*, in the Ukiyoe scrolls "Otoshoku Daikagami" by Saikaku Ihara in the early Edo period, it is stated that Amaterasu, who was considered a male deity at the time, loved a man named Hinokimaro-no-Mikoto (Ishimaru, 2020). Sodomy was introduced from China through the monk Kukai and was popular among Japanese monks. Since Buddhism and Shintoism have no precepts against sodomy, homosexuality was a common practice. Furthermore, it was considered better than having sex with a woman. However, with the adoption of Western civilization, a Christian culture, along with the Meiji Restoration, homosexuality gradually became a taboo in Japan as well. In the Taisho era, Western ideas became even more prevalent, until finally, homosexuals were treated as a "disease" that should have been commonplace in Japan. Now and in the past, homosexuality is not a majority. Although, the Japanese who were culturally Buddhists in the past accepted them and the modern Japanese discriminate against them. Homosexuals getting married has nothing to do with the destruction of the cultural family.

In conclusion, I've listed three arguments against same-sex marriage: decrease in fertility, increase in the LGBT population, and destroying Japanese traditions and I've argued that those opinions are not correct. I hope that one day people will have a proper understanding of LGBT people and same-sex marriage will be legal in Japan.

Lazy Lady's Learning

Moe Fuchino

This was a story from when there was a famous private senior high school in central London.

At eight o'clock in the morning, one of the students were collecting everyone's homework in the classroom. There was a girl wearing glasses who was called Mary in the corner of the classroom and looking rain falling outside the window. She was the shortest in her class. Conversely, the tallest person was Hana. She always put on flashy makeup and shortened the skirt. Once she walked down along a corridor, she got a lot of boy's attention. In addition, their homeroom teacher was Mr. Garcia who was a bit on the heavy side and also had a large bushy moustache. Additionally, he was from Spain and in charge of the Spanish class. This instructor was well known as the most rigid disciplinarian in the school, so he assigned the homework every day as a matter of course. However, no one blew it off because they were really afraid of getting angered by him.

Suddenly, Hana ran to Mary, "Let me see your homework!!" "Well..." Mary hesitated to answer. Hana said, "You know, Mr. Garcia definitely won't forgive us if we cannot submit the homework. Yesterday I worked very hard until late in the night. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't make Spanish sentence. I promise to let you join in my team when we are going to divide our class into 5 groups for the school excursion. So please give me a hand!!!! Por favor!!" Before Mary could respond to her, she took the notebook, copied everything, and also handed in them. It looked like she didn't feel guilty at all. This made Mary very angry. She murmured in a low voice, "Absolutely, the reason why this had happened was that Hana looked down on me!! I

know she is lying. She must have not done the homework!! I must punish her! I have enough of being taken advantage of by her!"

That night, she did her Spanish assignment seriously as usual in her room. Usually she would go to bed after studying, but this day there was one more task which she should do. For about one hour, she has performed her secret duty with the grinning face. She was so excited that she couldn't sleep well.

Next day, it was a beautiful sunny day. In the morning, she applied her favorite red lipstick in front of the mirror stand, and then ran out of the house without eating anything. She said in a loud

voice to the birds and flowers, “Buenos dias!! How are you doing today? Muy bien?” At that time, the vegetation trembled gently in the wind. This made her glad.

As soon as she arrived at school, she talked to Hana with a big smile,

“If you want my notebook, I will lend you!!” Hana looked surprised. “What’s up with you? You seem to be in a good mood today. Also, your makeup is so cute! That’s not so common.”

“Thanks! Don’t hesitate! I just want to help you with something.” Hana said,

“OK. If so, I will happily borrow yours.” Needless to say, she copied all of it, and then submitted to Mr. Garcia. Just at that time, Mary checked Hana carefully from a distance.

After school, Mr. Garcia called Hana to the teacher’s room. The room was in good order, and there was only a notebook on the desk. The very moment that she came in, his face grew red with anger, “Translate your notebook from Spanish into English!!!! Right here and right now!!!!” After a while, Hana spoke in a small, “I am Sorry...Honestly, I cannot understand Spanish at all...I must study more...” Mr. Garcia sighed with disappointment and then said, “In your notebook, it was written that ‘My teacher is very fat. Whenever he walks down along the corridor, I feel the floor shake. Everyone hates him, so I think he should leave the school!’ What a terrible student!!!!OK. You must write an apology essay, and also clean the classroom for the coming two weeks from today. In addition, you should stay every after school, and then take a special class of Spanish.” There was nothing Hana could do but nod.

As soon as she left the room, she collapsed to her knees and cried,

“I will never be lazy!!”

Five minutes later, when she was looking for the broom and dust pan, she heard familiar voice from somewhere. “Hola. Where is a poor girl?” The person who showed up was Mary. And she put on a false mustache. Hana gave a little chuckle. “You are like Mr. Garcia.Mary... I am truly sorry for causing you trouble. I have deeply reflected and am regretting that.” Mary gave a grin. “Never mind. I would be happy if you make the most of what you have learned. Now, I have a nice idea for you. You must take a special class after cleaning, right? Surely you feel helpless, so, I will aid the sweeping, and be with you during the class and then worked together to solve the problem. I can teach you!! Moreover, it should be exactly killing two birds with one stone that we clean the room with remembering the Spanish words.” Hana still looked like she could start crying. “In virtue of your help, I have learned a lot! I cannot thank you enough! I will never forget your kindness!” Two girls embraced each other and then Hana swore that she would cherish her friends.

The Story of Wondering Man

Shota Kunii

He died. He hanged himself. He was just about to turn 21, before the beginning of the year. Everyone says that they don't know the cause of his death. They were all upset, because he was a good guy. Almost everyone around him fell into a deep and tragic hole. For me, too, this was a huge accident and I felt sorry such a generous man had to make a decision like that. He and I had known each other since the day we entered university. At the entrance party after the ceremony, I saw him standing on the corner of the floor. That was an encounter for us. I asked him what he was doing. He said he was observing people. Refilling the glass of soda, he added that he could not drink at all. He didn't know what he missed, I thought.

Though he was something like a different man from other ordinary students, he didn't want to open up what he thought and liked. This time, I said to him that he wasted chances for him to stand out. I tried to persuade him to do so, but he didn't listen to me. He even replied to me like he didn't want me to disturb his lifestyle. I just intended to help him to bring him to more to the surface, the stage he would be in some *groups* like I did. Yet he finally refused my glamorous offer. I imagined, that should be why he committed suicide from suffering from disconnection from other people. What a waste!

He liked various forms of art, such as ancient paintings, novels, movies and singing. He always held something under his arm. These were sometimes art books, novels (the things he read were difficult and too academic all the time. He was kind of an affected guy). Once, I advised him to read something more popular. After that he frowned and told me not to follow him. I got mad, because I didn't follow him and I just gave advice just for his benefit. Since he was always alone and seemed to have just one friend – that was me. I told him to stay up-to-date. He said nothing and turned his back. But I know his act was due to the embarrassment of his own ignorance to the trend. I am sure that. He is just nervous to open up his lag from the latest things.

In fact, I said no one knows, but I know the reason of his death. yet it was a kind of strange one. I found a note left in his room, at the very the bottom of the drawer in the desk, when I entered his room to investigate his death. As his only friend, I felt I had to reveal the fact. The note, which was totally incomprehensible for me was like this –

I'm tired of being in this world. Even to be a part of this world. Everything around me is really annoying like a buzzing fly. To sink into my world surrounded by beautiful stories, people and sceneries, I jump off from here to somewhere better than this place. I don't say good-bye or farewell to this world. I quit.

I still don't know what he tried to say and have no idea if this was his last will. But I probably would not understand what he thought, and why he killed himself. I thought he was an unlucky guy. He might have been followed by something like a stalker and that might have been a *buzzing fly*. That could've been. If I were him, I would not do that, because I'm happy to live my own life and there is no worry. What a waste.

Monks and Animals

Miki Shibata

Main character: A priest, some monks, spiders, wall lizards, and dirty cats

Once upon a time, there was a temple and there were some monks and a priest.

The monks were honest, and they respected the priest. So, the monks kept the customs of the temple and obeyed what the priest said. The priest was a calm and easy-going type. The temple had a loft where the monks put something they did not use or need.

One day, the priest said, "Let us clean the loft. To clean something makes our hearts clean too." So, monks went up the stairs and reached the loft. They did not feel comfortable because there were clouds of dust there, so they started to clean.

Sometimes, they found spiders, wall lizards, and dirty cats but they swept them out. The monks just thought that they needed to clean, and they did that without evil intentions. The three animals got away from the loft. The loft became clean. The monks felt happy.

Half a year later, the priest said, "Let us clean the loft. To clean something makes our heart clean too." Once again. The monks went up the stairs and they were so surprised and shocked. Half a year ago, they cleaned the loft so beautifully, but now, the loft become dirty. Furthermore, they felt the loft become more unclean than before. They did not imagine what made the loft so uncomfortable.

Moreover, there were many harmful insects like a centipede, a millipede, a cockroach. There were swarms of bugs. The bugs crept on the floor or wall, and sometimes the bugs fell from the ceiling. Some bugs climbed from the floor to the monk's feet. The loft became hell. When the monks saw the terrible sight, they cried out, "Aaaaaaaa!!!!!" and ran away, went down the stairs noisily, and to the priest tearfully.

"Priest...Priest...We were so scared...Help us..." The monks begged the priest with tears.

"What's wrong boys?" The priest asked kindly. When the monks talked about what happened at the loft to the priest. He said, "Let's wait for a long time."

The monks did not understand the meaning of his saying. One monk said, "I am afraid of a bad situation. If the harmful insects increase when we wait for a long time, those insects will come here. I am scared." Other monks agreed with his opinion. But the priest said, "Just wait for a time." The monks obeyed the priest.

When no one touched the loft, spiders, wall lizards, and dirty cats came back to the loft. They started to eat bad insects, got rid of them, and the loft became clean little by little. The number of insects decreased because of the animals.

After the monks waited for three months, the priest said, "Let's go up the stairs." The monks felt uneasiness, but they followed the priest. When they reached the loft, the priest said, "Let's look around here." The monks looked around fearfully, they saw a not bad sight. There were many dusty things but there were no bad insects. The monks did not understand why the loft became clean.

So, one monk asked the priest, "Is it a good thing to leave the loft as it stands?"

The priest said, "No, no, little boy. Did you remember that you swept away some animals?" The priest asked everyone. They recalled what they did. They swept away spiders, wall lizards, and dirty cats. The priest continued, "After you swept away all of them, they did not eat bad insects and bad creatures increased rapidly. So be kind to dirty or not good-looking animals. Sometimes they help us." The monks agreed and understood.

From the experience, when the monks looked at spiders, wall lizards, and dirty cats, they tried not to sweep them away. The loft was kept clean ever since by monks and the three animals.

Believing in Yourself is Motivation for Successful Revenge

Miki Shibata

There was one boy student. His name is **Land**.

He wears black glasses and always has bed hair. Also, he is about average in height, and has a dark and timid personality. And the best feature is that he is fat. Also, the reason for this fatness is that he is the type of person who accumulates his usual thoughts and dissatisfaction, and he relieves all the accumulated stress with his appetite. Because of that, he was bullied by people around him and he had few friends.

However, he also had a favorite girl. Her name is **Dora**.

She is blonde, slim and has big eyes, and is popular with everyone. In particular, she is very popular with boys. She is kind to everyone and speaks to him cheerfully. Moreover, they are childhood friends. When they were kids, they used to travel with their family. He tried many things when he was young, but failed and was traumatized. He wasn't confident in himself for a long time and gave up before doing everything. Dora kept telling him,

“Don't give up before you do it, believe in yourself.”

He may have been attracted to her positive personality. To be honest, he liked all of her personality and appearance.

But one day when he left school with her, the students around him said to Dora,

“Wait hey wait!!”

“Why are you with Land? You'll get fat if you're with that guy.”

At that time, she was desperately angry with everyone. In addition, he was denounced his personality just because he was fat, could not exercise, and could not study. They were judging him visually. He was very sad and regretful. He couldn't see his friend hurt because of him. And he decided to lose weight for her and for himself. If he can lose weight and look back on everyone.

His revenge story has started!

He decided to keep thinking of one word for this diet.

It is “Believe in yourself.” “You can do it.”

He thought this simple phrase she kept saying would inspire him.

From the next day he was very particular about eating and exercising. Two meals a day, mainly salad. As for exercise, he kept running and working out every day.

To be honest, it was a hellish time for him. He made an effort and challenged for the first time in his life. At that time, he knew how difficult and painful it was to push the envelope.

At school, he tried not to see her until he changed. During the diet period, it was a lot of work. He's embarrassed because his stomach was making noises, and he can't concentrate on his studies.

But he never gave up. And his personality became positive, saying,

“This is also a good experience!”

Three months have passed since he entered summer vacation on the way. The time has finally come. Everyone doubted their eyes when he went to school. Everyone thought a new transfer student had arrived. His homeroom teacher also thought that. He became cool and slim.

He thought,

“I can do it”

“My revenge is a success!!”

However, a girl was also attracting attention. The girl was as fat as he used to be. He looked at her carefully. Then their eyes met for three seconds. And he said to her,

“Are you Dora?”

She answered,

“Sure!!”

He was confused. Then he said to her,

“It can't be you!!!”

In fact, she has always liked him. So, she has gained a lot secretly to fit his figure. At first, he was shocked. However, for some reason he was getting more and more happy. And he said to her,

“Dora!! Let's lose weight together!!”

Everyone around them was too shocked by this sight and couldn't leave there for a while...

A few days after this mysterious sight, the couple became famous at the school. This event was handed down from generation to generation.

“Have you ever had such an interesting reversal drama
by acting too much like each other?”

The principal was watching the school correspondence at that time while saying,

Did you wonder for a moment, readers?

Yes, the principal?

Who is the principal?

The name of the principal was Land. Yes, the man who caused that big event was now the principal of the school. And Dora was also the deputy principal of the school and always supports Land by his side.

By the way, their body shapes were a little fat and almost the same.

They told their past stories in front of their students every year. In fact, most students were tired of listening, but the atmosphere at school was good, and few people judged or bullied people visually.

Their lessons continued to support the school...

A Singing Bird

Koya Kubo

There was a bird which likes to sing
His voice is beautiful and strong.
So, if you hear his song, you might
Be happy and your mind become light.

One day, he went to the crow's nest
To sing a song for a baby gift.
Once he began to sing, the baby
Was smiling and feeling happy.

Next day, a bird went to see a bear
And sang for sleeping in winter.
A bear said, "Thanks to your nice song,
This winter, I can sleep for long!"

Just then, from a distance, a bee flew
To him and said, "May I ask you
A favor? I want you to cheer
Up friends and change their mood to clear."

"Of course!" the bird said. And then he sang
For bees. Just then they felt this song
Aroused us to great excitement
And thought that we still got it.

So that a lot of bees said, "Thanks
To your song, we work hard again. Songs
Are great! So, we want you to go
To a human child who feels sad now."

"I'd love to," he said and flew
To a human's house and entered through
The window. In there, he noticed
A young boy had a picture tight.

The boy said, "Why has mother died?
I want to meet you." So, the bird
Did its best to sing for the little boy.
Just then, the little boy got joy.

And the boy said "I want to be
With you and have you sing for me."
So that, until his voice got hoarse,
He had to sing in the human's house.

The Bear and Human Children

Yuuka Tamada

One autumn sunny day, one bear
Prepared for winter sleeping there.
For him cold days were the first hard event.
He must get foods so he began descent.

“Cold weather comes very soon so I
Must make a cave and eat nuts so I
Can go through a severe affair.
And then I’ll be a super bear.”

He found a large cave, as he looked
For foods to store. He overlooked
To make sure there was nobody.
“This cave is suitable for me.”

When he ate food in this big cave,
He heard, “Our secret base is brave!”
He couldn’t move with his mouth agape.
He did not have time to escape.

He ran into the corner and
He pretended to sleep not to be gunned.
“Our secret base! Our secret share!”
The human children entered there.

They didn’t notice him because
The cave was a spacious one. He was
Relieved and they enjoyed the talk.
They did not care about the clock.

A few hours passed and one child said,
“The sunset dyed the sky dark red.”
“It’s time that I must go back home.”
They started to clean to go back home.

So he was completely relieved.
But the next moment, one child perceived.
“What’s this!?” he asked “Is it a bear?”
They all were shocked by that huge bear.

But they became aware of the traits
Of the bear and held intense debates.
They wondered what to do with the base.
One child said, “Next spring it’s our base!”

They left the cave with their smiling faces.
The bear kept sleeping there at ease.
The children gave the bear a bed.
The bear could sleep well with no dread.

Editor's Comments

Shota Kunii

In the year of 2020, we have gone through hard times. While it has been lingering still now, we editors saw brilliant works from the “great writers.” The writings are full of energy, so I felt humanity’s power of will from the bottom of my heart. The overwhelming desire to convey the voices toward outside is one of the most active deeds that we can take, especially in this situation. Never forget to make your voices visible. Thank you.

Shiori Sawahara

I’m so glad to be a part of CROP again. Last year was tough and hard for us. But every work is great like the last one. Thank you so much.

Mizuki Kawata

This was my first time working as an editor. It was so much fun working with other editors to create a special book together. I am so grateful for them and honored to be a part of this amazing project. Everyone involved in this work is so motivated that helped stimulate my mind. Especially the works by students are so creative and great learning experience for me. I’m happy to know that many good writers are out there and gave us some chance to share it with many people. I am sure that it’s going to be a wonderful memory for the rest of our life! Thank you CROP!

Michinari Onuki

Every work from all writers has the power to move our emotions. These writings in this book told us the lesson from each person’s point of view. We can see all of your dedicated works. Those efforts are not only submitting to the CROP, but also exploring your English skills and enjoying it. This is why, every sentence is glorious to read. Thank you very much for cherishing and sharing your ideas.

Rioko Kobayashi

It was a chaotic year and we all had new challenges and experiences. Writing and reading are one of the most powerful ways to understand not only other people but also yourself. I hope CROP helps you to expand your thoughts more! I appreciate you all for your participation!

Nagi Tagami

Great job! I appreciate all your efforts to create your literary works. You have succeeded to output what you have learned in the classes, and this rotation of 'input' and 'output' can deepen your understanding of literature!

Our Special Thanks to...

To all writers who sent works to CROP,
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and most of all,
to everyone who reads.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

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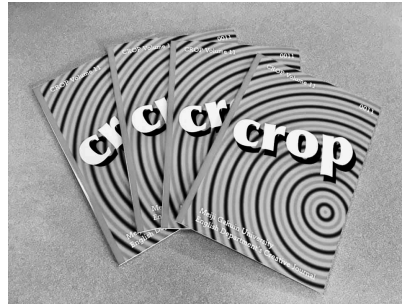
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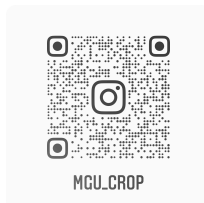
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Meiji Gakuin University English Literature Department