

The background is a light beige textured surface covered with various green line-drawn doodles. These include arrows pointing in different directions, a computer keyboard, paper clips, a comb, a hand holding a pencil, a hand making a peace sign, a pencil, a ruler, a star, a Christmas tree, a tall building, a church steeple, clouds, and a small stick figure standing inside the letter 'C'.

MGU CROP

Vol.13

CROP

Creativity Rising Original Production

CONTENTS

Small Happiness MARINA BERRY	5
Footy and Youth YORITAKA FUKUSHI	5
My School Days YORITAKA FUKUSHI	6
The Color MINAMI FURUYA	8
The Golden Egg MARIA HARA	9
XX Chromosome MARIA HARA	9
XY Chromosome MARIA HARA	11
A Legendary Village AGASA ISHIDA	12
Cozy Corner AGASA ISHIDA	13
I Remember AGASA ISHIDA	14
Living Things JUKIA ITO	16
Dance of Birds JUKIA ITO	17
Snow Light JUKIA ITO	17
The Words That Remain in My Heart HAYATE ITO	19
In forest YUKA KOMBE	20
My 2021 YUKA KOMBE	21
School Life YUKA KOMBE	23
Tsukumogami KOYA KUBO	24
The Cicada SONOMI MARUYAMA	26
The People Who Taught Me SONOMI MARUYAMA	27
The Truth SONOMI MARUYAMA	29
I am an Imitation Human TOMOMASA NISHIKAWA	33
I Remember TOMOMASA NISHIKAWA	34
Father ARISA NITAGAI	35
I Remember ARISA NITAGAI	37
Heart Waves Life MICHINARI ONUKI	38
A Vanilla Smell is Reminiscent of My Vocal Coach SANGO OSHITA	39
The Sure Love...What? AVID DIVES	40
I Remember HONOKA SASAKI	46
The Budgie HONOKA SASAKI	48
Existence That I Never Thought Of MOMO SATO	49
People Who Make My Life Wonderful TAKERU SHOJI	50
Break Time after Lunch SHUYA TAJIMA	51
Ramen Jiro SHUYA TAJIMA	52
I Don't Remember (Inspired by... somebody) KANA TAKAHASHI	54
I Remember (Inspired Joe Brainard) KANA TAKAHASHI	55
What is in Your Refrigerator? KUREHA TAKAHASHI	59
I remember RYOSUKE TANAKA	60
Muttering a sleepy noise RYOSUKE TANAKA	61
We Are a Pudding and an Apple NARUMI YAMAMOTO	62
Awesome American Life YUKA YAMASE	63
Brightest Brass Band Memories YUKA YAMASE	65
The Fork in Life YUKA YAMASE	67

SMALL HAPPINESS

Marina Berry

I was on the train heading to the movie theater so excited to watch the new marvel movie. Well, I did mistake the train time but I am glad I did. The cutest thing happened which made the beginning of the day better. A father came into the train with his son in his arms. The little boy was so excited to see the front of the train. As the driver of the train noticed the boy, he came up to the father and the son. The driver gave a card that was about the train and while the driver explained to them the little boy cannot stop smiling. Oh, it was the cutest smile ever melting my heart and even making me smile. A beautiful pure smile from a child feels like a lucky charm. I really love parents taking their child to see the train together. The little boy's excitement fills the atmosphere with happiness, hoping that will warm someone's heart just like mine.

FOOTY AND YOUTH

Yoritaka Fukushi

I remember the first time I kicked a ball. I was very small, so I felt the ball was too big for me. However, I felt elation to kick it.

I remember my first goal on an official match, when I was twelve years old. I can remember vividly. I only pushed the spilled ball that my teammate shot. The inside of my head was pure white at that moment and my teammates run toward me. It was not Gorasso, but I was just glad, and I loved football more.

I remember the sad day my hero, Wayne Rooney retired. I watched his play on YouTube and imitated to become a great player like him.

I remember the day I went to see the professional game of Kawasaki Frontale on Todoroki Athletics Stadium first. I jumped and sang players' chant. The team got seven goals, so I was very excited and fascinated.

I remember the pain that I couldn't even walk. When I was a first-year student of high school, I injured my left lateral meniscus and posterior cruciate ligament. My doctor told me that I might not be able to play football. I was worried, sad, and regrettable.

I remember the moment Nadeshiko Japan became the champion of the 2011 women's world cup. I got up early and watched with my friends. It was given us enthusiasm and the joy.

I remember the return goal and the moment I tasted the joy of playing football again. I scored a goal in a practice match after four months of rehabilitation. My teammates celebrated me. I thought I was the happiest football player all over the world at that moment.

I remember the smell of a sweaty uniform on summer. It was too bad for human health. I think it is out of this world. I felt nauseous and scary every day.

I remember the match Samurai Blue couldn't win Belgium on 2018 FIFA World Cup. Japan led once but lost. Belgium's high-speed counter was astounding. It became a regrettable match for Japanese people and many Japanese people were discouraged.

I remember the day of my retirement match in my high school club. It was a qualifying final. I played as a starting member until the second round of qualifying, but I was not selected in the final. I can't understand why I didn't play even now. My team and I lost 3 to 5 without playing on the pitch. From the moment the match was over, my tears were overflowed. I was just sorrowful, mortifying and wanted to play more.

I remember the first day I joined a club team and practice there. I was very nervous, so I couldn't speak well with my coach.

I remember the training camp in high school. We practiced from morning to night for a week, ate a heap of rice and slept well. We were exhausted and hard, but it was fun and happy to get over with my friends.

I remember the wonderful feeling to kick the ball. I can control the ball as I wish. I grew up, so I think the ball is small for me. However, I don't lose the elation to kick the ball.

MY SCHOOL DAYS

Yoritaka Fukushi

I remember the day my high school best friend said, "I hate you. Never talk to me again." I was shocked and confused because I didn't know what I did to him at all. I was thinking about the reason why he got angry for days.

I don't remember all day I went to school clearly, but my school life was fantastic including bad memories. I'll not be a student next year, so I want to enjoy the rest of my school life.

I remember the great moment my class won chorus contest in my high school. I was a senior. It was last time. We were very glad, and we could sing Angkor with our big smile.

I remember the sad situation when Great East Japan Earthquake happened. At that time, I was 10 and I was taking a test in my classroom. It was happened suddenly. We dived under desks. Some female students were crying while calling their mom. After-shocks continued for a while, and the days when only the tsunami was reported on TV continued. It was so scary and sad days for me and many Japanese people.

I remember the first and last time I transferred elementary school. It was a very sad event for me in the second grade of elementary school. However, that moving was for 2 train stations. It is not far...LOL

I remember the first time I went home with my first girlfriend. I was 13, so I was pure. I couldn't speak anything with nervousness.

I remember the school trip when I was a 6th grade of elementary school. There was test of courage. I walked with my crush and held hands. I was very excited. Then, the funniest thing in it was my friend wrote a love letter to his crush, but his crush couldn't read it because of his characters were very dirty.

I remember the first class of university. I'm an internal student from Meijigakuin High School, but there were no other internal students in the classroom. I was so nervous. However, it was great thing for me. I could make new friends at the class and have fun moments.

I remember the victory day my drama club won at my word convention. I belonged to drama club when I was a junior high school student. My teammates and I was very happy and jumped with joy. We couldn't win at Tokyo convention, but it was great experience for me. In fact, I was a protagonist.

I remember my 18th birthday. My friends celebrated me with a garlic tube. They glossed it to my face. I chased them and glossed it to their face. We were so loud, so teachers chased us. We were scolded. The smell and being scolded were terrible, but it was one of the best birthdays I would never forget.

I remember the bullying I was done at the new elementary school. It was a few weeks after I transferred. I was told bad things about my face every day by a student in the next class. I didn't want to go to school. As a result, my teacher solved this problem and he stopped swearing. However, I was scared and unpleasant of him for a while.

I remember the day my high school best friend and I made up. I apologized without knowing why he was angry. As we talked, I could know the reason and his misunderstanding. He thought I was cheating because I talked with a girl who wasn't my girlfriend friendly. I told the truth that I just consulted about my girlfriend's birthday. He convinced my telling. At the night of the day, I called to him and said with sad voice, "I was dumped by my girlfriend." We made up perfectly, but she was gone...

THE COLOR

Minami Furuya

What are the differences between White and black?
Did they do something wrong to you?
Look around you, white baby and black baby just hug, what are you doing?
They don't care about a race, only a few people care about the color
Everyone is the same, only you are different
You are scared of black? Why? Did they do something wrong to you?
Just think before you judge
Everyone just hopes for a peaceful world,
So think again deeply in your mind.

THE GOLDEN EGG

Maria Hara

Once upon a time there was a guy
Who works hard in a farm and shy
He was very poor but rich inside
Never got lazy that was his pride

One day, he found a tiny shiny thing
In the chicken hut, he got a zing
When he looked closer, he realized
It was a golden egg, he theorized

“Which chicken is laying this egg?”
Then he looked around at his legs
He found a glossy golden hen
“That is a gift from god! Amen!”

The hen laid golden eggs daily
The chicken turns into hefty
The golden egg becomes bigger
He was shocked by the egg's figure

The man stopped working completely
He used to labor hard and neatly
He sold the egg for a living
Lived like every day is thanksgiving

One day, the hen stopped laying eggs
The man drunk despair to the dregs
Then he beat the hen to a pulp
Because he needed the hen's help

The hen got mad and dawned to fight
The hen ate the man in one bite
Then the hen laid a vast golden egg
Quickly the man started to beg

The man was inside the gilt egg
No one heard, but he kept screaming
He spent his days in the dark shell
Regretting his life choices well

XX CHROMOSOME

Maria Hara

I remember that day in the first grade when I promised a girl named Erika, who was in my class, that we would be best friends forever. Then, we had a big fight a week later and decided never to speak to each other again.

I remember a girl with pink glasses who sat in front of me in the eighth grade. She always said she hadn't studied before the quiz, but she always got a perfect score. I used to kick her chair a little when she bragged about her score on a quiz. I still think she deserved it.

I remember a girl I met in the bathroom of my high school when I was a sophomore. She asked me if I had a pen, so I lent her the cheapest pen I had. She took it and went into a stall. I was confused so I just left. I have no idea why she needed a pen in the bathroom because I didn't ask her, but I'm glad I didn't.

I remember a girl I became friends with in a linguistics class in university two years ago. She's very studious so I thought I would never get along with her. However, we've become great study buddies now.

I remember meeting a brunette white girl at a party when I was a sophomore in high school. She was not allergic to gluten, but she had an unusual aversion to it. She basically said that gluten is poison while I was enjoying a nice crispy piece of pizza in front of her.

I remember the day I went to a club with my girls. I went there with a group of six girls, and by about 2 a.m., two of them were crying profusely in the bathroom, three of them were dancing around on the dance floor, and the other one got drunk and left by herself without telling anyone, and then she worried everyone. That was me.

I remember a girl I used to play with in preschool when I was five years old. We used to play house and we always argued over who would play the mother.

I remember a lady I met at Lazona Kawasaki when I was doing my Christmas shopping last month. She looked to be in her seventies, but she had beautiful long gray hair and wore a pitch black coat, red boots, and red nails. I truly thought I wanted to be just like her when I was her age.

I don't want to remember a girl I was in the same class with in sixth grade. She often tried to touch my hair, but I always ran away from her because she had a habit of picking her nose and biting her nails. I'm a bit of a germaphobe, and I think maybe it's her fault.

I remember a lady sitting next to me on the Yamanote Line train on my way home from school. It was a rainy day around August, and the train was filled with humidity and the smell of people's sweat. However, the woman was wearing a perfume that smelled like gold mignonette and sitting next her made me feel peaceful.

I remember the day I went to my girlfriend's birthday party when I was in the first grade. I had my first iced cake then and was shocked at how delicious it was.

I remember the day I hung out with my best friend last month. We went to a bar near Ebisu Station and had some drinks. We laughed and talked about our childhood memories. Our favorite one is that we had a fight a week after the day we swore we would be best friends forever.

XY CHROMOSOME

Maria Hara

I remember a boy I had a crush on when I was in second grade. I wished to Jesus that I could be seated next to him every time we changed seats in class.

I remember the smartest boy in my fifth-grade class. I truly thought he will be the Japanese prime minister in the future.

I remember a guy who I passed in Shibuya. The smell of his fresh pear-like perfume is unforgettable.

I remember a boy who asked me to Prom when I was a senior in high school. I danced with him, staring into his blue eyes.

I remember the day I fell in love with a boy when I was 5 years old. It's because he could run fast.

I REMEMBER a tall boy in high school who always borrowed pens from me. Not once did he return them to me.

I remember a guy in high school who hit me with his bike when I was in middle school. He apologized to me but I still talked trash about him to my friend. Then I found out that the guy was my friend's brother. Awkward.

I remember a boy who I had to forget because I had to go back to Japan. Yeah, this is the guy I went to prom with.

I remember a boy who was a hugger. Hugging him always made my heart ache, but I enjoyed the time I spent joking around with him.

I remember a boy in high school who was forever flipping plastic bottles in class. He was always getting detention.

I don't want to remember a boy who used to tease me, giving me the nickname "Mario". He made me hate my name for a little while.

I remember a guy who was browsing through a magazine in a bookstore in Yokohama station. His profile was as perfect as a statue of David.

I remember a boy who always gave me a snack during lunch time. After lunch he was always asking me for the answers to our math homework.

I remember a cute boy who was eating lunch alone in the University cafeteria. My friend and I were talking about whether or not to ask him about his Instagram account. Then another girl came over and sat next to him and they seemed to enjoy talking.

I remember the first time I held hands with a boy when I was 8 years-old; we both had very sweaty hands and could only hold hands for about five seconds.

I remember the day I met a precious guy two and a half years ago at a party held by my university's soccer club. At that time, I didn't think that my relationship with him would last this long but now I wish to Jesus that I can sit next to him forever.

A LEGENDARY VILLAGE

Agasa Ishida

The village a traveler comes to
Find medicine is what he do
Any kind of disease able to cure
Even his incurable disease sure

For medicine legendary
He came to here cross a prairie
Villagers tell him information
About informant location

Relying on clues Visit the man
In there a polished gentleman
The man doesn't have what looking for
He shocked and collapse on the floor

The man said to him with face beam,
"There's the fairy fulfill your dream
Give fairy the thing That's the key
But can't say what it is for free

Got the answer about that land
In exchange for money in hand
Find the golden rose which shine bright
The fairy gathers around light

He keeps finding the golden rose
When find the golden rose, it glows
Give it to the fairy and bowed
"Please cure my disease" said out loud

In the forest, silence goes on
The fairy before me is gone
The golden rose in his hand died
It makes him confused and he cried

Toward the village start to walk
To visit the man once again and talk
But in the village, there's no sound
Villagers are nowhere to be found

He hurriedly through the pavement
He was stood there in amazement
In front of him a green field spread
There's no house which villager led

Note written on a leaf he read
“It was a lie story which I said
“People” in village are friends of me
they deceive a person with glee”
And then everything he understand
Human shaped foxes control this land
There’s no fairy my wish come true
The leaf flutter caused cold wind blew

COZY CORNER

Agasa Ishida

Okami-san lives upstairs in the shop where I work part-time.

She is 91 but every day goes up and down the stairs to go shopping or visit the doctor. Every day the staff take her dinner to her. When I first visit her with a meal wrapped with aluminum foil, I called out to her and just leave it in the kitchen and go back to my work.

Open a poorly fitted door to go Okami-san’s house.

“Hello Okami-san” I said. But no answer. At first, I was worried that she might fall. I hesitate about getting into her house, although it is too late once something happens. The room is shrouded in darkness. A figure is out of sight from me when I step into the room. “Okami-san?” Calling her name, I walk into the far side of the room. “yeah” her voice resounded through the room with nobody. She is sitting on the chair on the balcony. For then, I was relieved she looked fine. “What did you do?” it seemed like she was looking at leaves. Surely, they spread many various leaves never before seen on the balcony. Heart-shaped leaves, red leaves like a beautiful flower, Sharp leaves like the upper part of the pineapple. I was not interested in the leaves though I felt happy to see her taking care of leaves like a child.

Open a poorly fitted door to go Okami-san’s house.

“Okami-san. good evening. I brought the meal.” As always, I called her, and she came out of her room. Today’s meal is “gyoza.” It was freshly made and its surface was brown. I said, “I’m hungry.” Despite myself, the clock said half-past six in the evening. It was time to eat dinner. I looked into the pot which was on the stove and “what’s this?”

It was Nikujaga (meat and potatoes). Fresh-baked potatoes onions and meat that the flavors had soaked well. "Looks delicious." The words come from my mouth unconsciously. She looked at me and asked me "Do you want some?" I have no other choice but eat it. "Itadakimasu" I said cheerfully. Probably it was the most energetic voice of the day.

Open a poorly fitted door to go Okami-san's house.

"Okami-san. good evening. I brought the meal." She doesn't come out from the room as usual and says put it there. I asked her are you ok? I have pain in my back. She always walks with energy that much though it looks so hard to get out from her bed. I said please take care! And go back to my work.

Open a poorly fitted door to go to Okami-san's house.

"Good evening. How is your back today?" I called Okami-san, she answers "Can you bring it here?" I'm going to bring the meal to the living room which she is lying down. From what I had heard, her back's bone had been broken. According to the doctor, it will be better by only taking painkillers. She was always cheerful, so I forgot... She was 91 years old. It was not strange for the same age group of her cannot walk easily. "If you need anything please call me!", having said that I didn't have her contact address. Of course, she doesn't use LINE or Instagram. Her main way to communicate is phone. A new number is displayed on my phone screen. After a while, she can get out of bed and walk with help from others. I said I was most glad that you look well. But in the spirit, I couldn't hide my amazement that her incredible healing ability.

We talked about daily news or occurrence that she had the experience, for example, about "life." The difference between our ages was seventy years, so maybe it was the only common topic. It was really interesting to hear the stories that usually cannot hear in daily life from a teacher of life.

In this way, every week we talk face-to-face so she is like my real grandmother. The place waiting after opening a poorly fitted door is my precious place.

I REMEMBER

Agasa Ishida

I remember the day when I went to the aquarium. I said they are your friends while watching penguins.

I remember whenever I went to my grandparents' house. I brought A to there every time. I put A in my big red backpack but A was always popping out of it.

I remember that I slept with A

I remember searching A. A was not next to my white pillow, where is usual position. When I was about to ask my sister, I found A. it was under her head. I jerked A silently.

I remember A was hung upside down on the balcony

I remember spilled the water in the yellow plastic cup on A

I remember my small toy poodle teared up A's wing I just looking my dog bite and swing A around.

I remember the day when A was reborn. A was getting thin day by day. So, one day I prepared lots of white cotton and a silver needle to change a shabby appearance to wonderful penguin.

I remember that I measured A's height and mark it on the wall with a black pencil every day whenever I feel like. There was no same height black line on the wall.

I remember the moment I fall in love with it. It was a doll shaped penguin, which was displayed on top of the shelf with other size of penguin and line up in a row.

I remember the reason why I named it "penpen"

I remember whenever watching panda on TV. I heard their names I surprised how cute they are. Then, I have decided in my heart to name my doll like Xiang Xiang, Shin Shin.

I remember the moment real little baby penguin was on TV. it was called "penpen" same as my doll.

I remember the feeling of it. the first time I met it, it was so soft and fluffy but after withstanding many severe hardships such as water torture, spin like rotary drill, hang upside down and stroke every day little belittle it became stiff and thin.

I remember the smelling of softener. After washing, it smelled sounds like I was in a carpet of flowers. When I buried my face in it, I could saw the yellow, pink, purple flowers in my head.

I remember the first time I used needles to make its clothes. I made it out of a blue cloth with white polka-dots. It was just sewing both edges of a sheet of cloth and completed the simple skirt.

I remember the time I was playing house with my cousin. I didn't decide my doll's gender so it was "mother" other time it was "father" or "child". Moreover, it was "pet."

"LIVING THINGS

Jukia Ito

Let all your anger out.

It was a remedy for dripping rain.

Vivid memory of sorrowful thoughts. Icy cold as the middle of winter.

Never be fine, but never felt powerless. Glistening stars were the gift.

That was like his scream for help. Hundred times, I listened to it.

I still can't believe the

News of that day. I still remember Gazing at it with vacant eyes as if I Saw nothing
but his words.

A Head Full of Dreams Adventure minds in their music.

Honest and straightforward.

Exploring his world through these masterpieces. Ability of express how wonderful we
are.

Diving into the world of delight.

Filled with hope,

Unwind from anxiety.

Lying on a sofa.

Let the tension out and just listen to the sound of calmness.

Optimistic, but also realistic. Fantasy, but also certainly.

Dull Monday, the first day of the week. Ready to start with listening to it. Energetic
sounds with a colorful feeling. At the moment, the day will be bright. Making my day.

Slightly, I feel that I'm going to like the day I hated.

Question (?)

Quiet and comfort,

Until it stops.

Every song was like a daydream. "Someone that's afraid to let go" 'Twas a lullaby
for some night.

I thought of her in that peace of mind. Over the phone,

Noticed that she was already asleep.

DANCE OF BIRDS

Jukia Ito

Above the clear sky, flying high
I see your fearless friends fly by
I heard a singing voice from you
To live, birds sing upon the blue

He got a perfect voice for life
His chirp attracted lovely wife
Of course, his dance is elegant
He swings his wings. No moves he can't

This handsome bird, his name is Vance
His friend, named Pax awaits his chance
For showing off his dance routine
Then female comes to see this scene

They notice her, she's good to start
Can he achieve success in art?
He starts his dance, she looks his play
He's not bad, though she's flying away

"My friend, how was my movements, Vance?"
Said Pax. "The problem ain't your dance."
"You need a place that's beautiful"
"We'll set up stage for musical"

They start removing leaves for light
This leads the place to looking bright
And they collect some sticks a lot
Because to make a singing spot

The nature concert hall was built
Its floor, green leaves just like a quilt
And berries tint the cozy site
The time has come, his wings shine bright

His singing spreads throughout the place
One female flies in, looked his face
He shakes his wings, and moving fast
She stays, his happiness will last

SNOW LIGHT

Jukia Ito

I remember the brightness of the snowy night.
I remember a snow shelter which I built with my little brother.
I remember that visibility when I wore glasses for the first time.
I remember that the tap water in Tokyo tastes really bad.
I remember an old black cat my parents had. His name was Jiji. He was always in front of a heater. And he was always following me everywhere in the house. I remember I

was really afraid of the cat who was crawling like me. And Jiji died before I was able to walk on my own.

I remember “The Powerpuff Girls”.

I remember “Tom and Jerry”.

I remember a TV commercial of Rainbow Art.

I also remember a TV commercial of training equipment for baseball, which one person spreads two ropes out to throw a ball, then another can hit the ball and it returns to the thrower.

I remember “Teen Titans”.

I remember “Hi Hi Puffy AmiYumi”. I was really surprised when I knew that they were Japanese singers.

I remember that I liked reading Thumbelina.

I remember some winter morning, which I woke up to the sounds of snow shovels.

I remember the day when my friend told me that Santa Claus was actually our parents.

I remember a boy who killed a duck that my elementary school had for a pet. He came to my classroom with a teacher and apologized to everyone. I especially remember a girl who was crying aloud. She had been taking care of the duck.

I remember my mother’s favorite song. It was “Everything” by MISIA.

She always listened to the song when she was driving her black Wagon R.

I remember my father’s favorite song. It was “Itoshi no Ellie” by Southern All Stars. I don’t remember what car he had then.

I remember that it was quiet in my grandmother’s small white Lapin. She was a big fan of the TV series, “24”. I still like its countdown timer.

I remember when I visited my elementary school for the first time in three years after I graduated. I remember the gymnasium was so small enough to reach basketball hoops.

I remember when your question or thought, which you want to search on Google, disappears from your head at the moment when you pick up your phone and open Google.

I remember fragrant pens.

I remember fragrant erasers.

I remember a curious smell of spice when I went to my half Japanese, half Thai friend's house.

I remember when I watched "The Hangover" for the first time. It was so hilarious that I laughed hard until I cried.

I remember "PictoChat" on Nintendo DS.

I remember that the startup sound of Playstation2 was very scary in the night.

I remember the night when my little brother was born. I run to the hospital. It was snowing on the 31st of December 2004.

THE WORDS THAT REMAIN IN MY HEART

Hayate Ito

"Put your heart into everything you do." This is what my grandfather always used to say to me in a deep voice while he was alive. My grandfather, who had been working as an office worker, died of lung cancer several years ago. I could not meet my grandfather frequently because he was living abroad after retiring his job. However, I still remember him vividly. My grandfather was a man of small stature, but he was a big eater and often ate a large amount of spaghetti with meat sauce, his favorite food. He was intelligent and often talked about Japanese historical novels, which he was interested in, as he smoked. He always gave me a hug when we met, maybe it is because he had lived abroad for a long time. I could smell a faint scent of cologne and tobacco when I hug him. One day, my grandfather looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Put your heart into everything you do." To be honest, these words did not touch me as a child, but as I grew older, I could understand the importance meaning of these words. He taught me that the value of effort, to have a dream and what failure brings.

I was a child who was not good at making efforts, but I learned the importance of making an effort from my grandfather. It is not easy to leave home country to live in another country. It must have required a lot of effort for my grandfather who could only speak Japanese. Although he was not young, he had a dream to live overseas for a long time. His desperate efforts to achieve his goal had a great influence on me. I felt that as a young man, I should make more effort than my grandfather did.

My grandfather also told me the importance of having a dream. I was very passive about everything and hated to try new things. Of course, I did not have any dreams.

However, I learned having a dream makes my life more fulfilled and trying to make it come true is a good experience. As my grandfather said, my life has been changed by having a dream, and now I am able to work hard every day to achieve a specific goal. Never giving up on my dreams is very important in life.

I used to think that making mistakes was a shameful thing. When I was a child, I did not have any confidence in myself. I only did what I was confident in. Possibly, I was just afraid of failure. As I grew older, I learned that failure is a steppingstone to success. If I never made any mistakes, I would never learn new things. My grandfather taught me that the failure is not thing to be ashamed of, but it is a valuable thing that can help you to develop yourself.

The existence of my grandfather was essential to my growth. I would not be the person I am today if it were not for him. I want to be like my grandfather who could make frantic efforts to accomplish a dream. "Put your heart into everything you do." These words will stay with me for the rest of my life.

IN FOREST

Yuka Kombe

In forest there was monkey boy
He lived a life with full of joy
His hobby is to walk around
There many trees and plants surround

On one day he found something pink
That was a pink banana... think...
He thought "It must be yummy, so
I'll eat and brag about this... oh!"

And when he finished to eat it,
He felt some strange a little bit
Then from his body, crazily
The pink wings grew out steadily

He was confused but suddenly came up with one idea quickly “Now I can fly around the world! and I can overlook the field!”

He spread the wings and start to fly
The sky was so clear in July
His one of dream was fly like bird
Now he can fly any toward

But he realized gradually
He felt lil tired actually
‘cause more than hundred miles he flied
He’s hungry and throat so dried

So he decided to take a break
Got down to ground and look for cake
There was no cake though he could find
the yellow skin banana kind

He ate the one immediately then pink wings disappeared quickly “Oh no! Don’t go, my dreamy wings!” He went back to a normal monkey being

MY 2021

Yuka Kombe

I remember the days I took classes online in my hometown, Aomori. My university is in Tokyo, but I could study in Aomori. It was rare experience.

I remember the day Joe Biden became president of the United States.

I remember that in August, the number of people infected with Coronavirus (COVID-19) in Tokyo per day exceeded 5,000. It was the largest number ever.

I remember that my hometown’s coming-of-age ceremony was held in March. Normally it will be held in January, but 2021 was postponed to March due to the Coronavirus, so that I could wear Furisode (long-sleeved-kimono) during the cherry blossom season.

I remember it snowing in Yokohama on Christmas day. At that time, the song “White Christmas” – Bing Crosby started to play in my head.

I remember the day I went to Yoyogi National Stadium for the first time to see my favorite band's live. It was the most stunning day of 2021.

I remember the moment that I fell down on the skating rink in front of a lot of people. I hit my head on the ground and could not understand what happened on me for a moment.

I remember my brother studying all year long because he was an entrance exam candidate. It seems like there was no holidays for him. I wish he will pass the exam.

I remember the day when I got the Corona vaccine for the first time. I remember the day I went to vote for the Lower House election.

I remember the news that Japan won the gold medal in the table tennis doubles of the Tokyo Olympics. It was a moving moment.

I remember the day when the movie I participated in as a production manager was released. I felt little nervous that my name was on the credit.

I remember that baseball club at my alma mater decided to participate in Koshien for the first time in 8 years.

I don't remember the day I got drunk for the first time. My friends told me, "We sent you to your home because you could not walk alone at that time." I felt very sorry to my friends and at the same time I vowed not to drink too much from now on.

I remember running with my friend in Shibuya as I was about to be late for the last train. I remember the day I drove the car alone for the first time.

I remember my grandmother showed me the photo of me and her that was taken in 2011. I thought I want to take a similar photo in 2031.

I remember a large-scale landslide in Atami in July. The news about it was really shocking and I hope the same thing doesn't happen anymore.

I remember the state of emergency being extended many times.

I remember getting sick for a few weeks. I don't know the cause of my poor physical condition, but I wanted to be careful about my physical condition from now on.

I remember the old book shop that I used to go 2021. The owner of the shop was a very kind old man who always served books cheaply.

I remember the sky of my twenty first birthday. It was rainy.

I remember the day I went to school for the first time in a year and a half. The day was my first time to go to Shirokane campus as a third-year student. When I took classes at school with my friend for the first time in a long time, I felt like I was back in the 1st grade student.

SCHOOL LIFE

Yuka Kombe

I remember the day I failed the high school entrance exams.

I remember I used to go to the Starbucks with my friend after school. We always ordered the Caramel Frappuccino grande size and shared it.

I remember the smell of teacher's room. There was always the smell of coffee.

I remember my grandfather and grandmother came to see the Sports day. I thought they couldn't come because they lived far away. But when I found their faces, I felt I can run faster.

I remember the day I danced k-pop with my friends at the school festival.

I remember the way went back to home from club activities during the summer vacation, I went to buy ice cream with my friends by bicycles.

I remember I skated in the ice-frozen playground after school in winter.

I remember when I went to Hokkaido on a school trip. I was nervous and I couldn't fall asleep, so I slept with my friend while holding hands each other.

I remember I sang Christmas hymns in the cold school chapel every morning during the Advent season. My voice was quavering because of the cold, so it naturally became vibrato.

I remember the boy in the next class who was tall, cool, smart and kind. I've talked to him only once, but I was nervous and couldn't speak well. I wanted to talk to him more.

I remember the first time I wore the school uniform. My school uniform was sailor suit and I had to tie a dark red scarf. At first it took 30 minutes to tie a scarf, but by the time I graduated I was able to tie it in 30 seconds.

I remember I woke up at 5:30am and got on the bus at 6:27am to go to school every day. Then I got on the train at 7:33am and arrived at school at 7:50am.

I remember I took calligraphy class in junior high school. My favorite kanji to write was '希'.

I don't remember the name of math teacher in high school. But I remember just one thing about him, it is his hairstyle changed every day. I don't know why. And I felt like I shouldn't know...

I remember the cactus in front of the classroom window. I called it 'Mitchell' and I always talked to him, because I believed I could talk with him together someday. My friends said to me "you are crazy."

I remember I met my friend at Yokohama station and went to school together.

I remember my homeroom teacher crying at the graduation ceremony. I thought I wouldn't cry, but I saw her crying face, tears began to spill over.

I remember my first school bag's color. It was cherry pink.

I remember the day I could get into a university.

TSUKUMOGAMI

Koya Kubo

When I was elementary school student, I recognized them in the first time. They lived in one boy's school bag. This boy did not cherish the things, so he always handled his all of things roughly and enjoyed doing that. One day, I went to his apartment with him and some friends. When we went upstairs and arrived at his house on the fourth floor, he suddenly turned around and threw his school bag away from the top of the stairs. His school bag kept rolling on the stairs and stopped in a landing. Although he and other friends were laughing so much, I got felt that his school bag seems to cry with pain. They were still laughing, but I could not laugh. What is this strange sense? As if I am separated from everyone's world. In this separated world, I gradually got realized that even though they are unseen, and I do not know their name, but they certainly live in things and have feelings, thoughts and the sense of living as same as human beings. Except for me, nobody has recognized that in this world, there is something which has life and soul as same as us yet.

In the second time, I remembered them when I studied Japanese history at junior high school. A spiritless teacher told us that old Japanese people believed that God exists in all things, which calls "animism". That's to say, all things have a spirit, so that old Japanese people cherished and respected things. So, we also have to cherish whatever you have as same as old Japanese people... Except for me, nobody listened teacher's talk earnestly, but only I felt glad to hear this interesting history. After I came home, I looked up old Japanese "animism" on the Internet. In a lot of articles, I found one name, "Tsukumogami." Even though about this name, there are various opinions, the most famous origin of name is that if for one hundred years, the things are cherished, they can get own life. But a lot of people throw away things in ninety-nine years, so that the things strongly feel sadness and as a result, they have an evil heart and scare people. Thus, "Tsukumogami" means "the God, who lived for ninety-nine years" in Kanji. At that time, I first knew their name and the origin of it and at the same time, I

got thought that regardless the years, if we cherish the things, they return the same benefit to us. On the other hand, if we handle them badly, they necessary give the same bad gift to us. That to say, their true character is our own self. So, until today, a lot of Japanese people put their soul and heart into their things, especially many examinees (of course me too) tend to bring their textbooks or favorite pencils as a charm in the entrance examination. Because they unconsciously believe that these things are their own self which studied hard until then and help them during the entrance examine. Except for me, nobody has realized this God's true character yet.

In the third time, I found them when I received letter from girlfriend at high school. Before I read this letter, I had thought that the letter is only meaning of letter, so that I had not had a special feeling for this paper. However, in this letter, there were many her words and they told me her feelings and thoughts as if she is really in here and says to me. At that time, I suddenly realized that each word has her soul itself, so that they can live as her and have a special meaning for me. Thus, a letter itself does not have a meaning, because all of them; Alphabet, Arabic script, Kanji, Hangul, and then Cyrillic are made by only combination of line. In other words, not until people give their own soul which includes their feelings, thoughts, memories and life itself to letters can they have life and become the "words." When I realized this fact, I became able to see that the word is a figure of "Tsukumogami" itself and they all have a spirit and give us the special meanings which reflect on the writer's soul itself. Except for me, nobody has realized another figure of this God yet.

In the fourth time, I realized them when I met a lot of good people who are friends, classmates, and teachers in university. They were always kind to me, so that when I spent the time with them, I always felt happiness. Besides, when I was so sad, they always sympathized with me, so that I always felt the sense of which my feelings connect to the other people every time. And then, at that time, I realized that maybe our existence itself is "Tsukumogami." In this world, through the crossing each other, we all give our existence, that to say our soul to the others, while we are also given the other's soul in our mind. In this relation, we share and sympathize each feeling and life itself with each other, and then we realize that our soul is made up of the accumulation of many others' soul. Thus, we can sympathize with the others such as our own self, and then it is said that for someone's life, our existence is truly "Tsukumogami" itself. Except for me, nobody has known these mysterious relations yet.

So, finally I will put my own self into this story. In my words, there are lot of my feelings and thoughts, and then these things will become "Tsukumogami" and connect to you and leave in your mind, so that even though they are unseen, you surely realize my soul and feel my existence, do you? Beyond the time and space, our existence is

always someone's "Tsukumogami" and become a container in which we put someone's God. Maybe, you have already realized that not only our inward world, but also this world itself is filled with a lot of "Tsukumogami", which means "God exists in all things." So, if you look over the world, you surely find this small God anytime. Except for you and me, nobody has known these beautiful secrets of this world yet.

THE CICADA

Sonomi Maruyama

I'm buzzing loudly in the woods I'm asking questions to the gods Is there a reason for this fear? My life is short and that's not fair.

One humid hot and burning day
A bee is coming near and say
Why do you look so sad and down?" "It also makes me sad and frown"

If only I had a sting on here
Then it would lessen most of fear
But people say that I am fierce"
But you are so brown warm and nice"

The starry quiet night has come
I found the beetles flying some
If only I had horns with me...
Then it would help me feel more free

But you know how to sing a song" "I cannot do it all day long"
I found one reason of my life

It helps me think that I am safe

I don't wanna make my life so dark
The life is not so bad and stark
I know it's only seven days
But I am not so hopeless guy

A boy is creeping on my tree I'm still in pleasure feeling free
The child is walking stealthily Still buzzing singing happily

I'm caught with old net at a glance
I find that I have missed the chance I notice I am in a jar
Am I a guy of full of vigor...?

THE PEOPLE WHO TAUGHT ME

Sonomi Maruyama

I remember my father taught me how to read English when I was an elementary school student. He had been to America for 7 years in his twenties and he was a good English teacher for me.

I remember the first time I skied. An instructor was there for me to give me a hand when I fall down.

I remember the day I made ginger grilled pork in my home economics class. It had a very strong taste and the teacher of the class kindly told me that I put too much soy source.

I remember the old lady who taught me how to write Japanese character beautifully. Every week, she came to my house and I practiced the same words again and again with my favorite writing brush. The room was filled with the smell of ink.

I remember the moment my friend told me that I was irresolute. The moment was very severe for me and there was a silence between us.

I remember the last time I went to a driving school. I was very careful not to overlook road signs. The driving instructor sitting next to me was a young lady whose hair was short and she looked very serious. She was checking my driving with a hard look. However, I was able to pass the driving school qualifying test.

I remember a man who taught me Chinese. He was very strict, and the test was always hard to answer.

I remember my grandmother shared me her skills in sewing. Her hands were small, soft and skinny.

I don't remember who told me there is no Santa Clause in this world.

I remember the first time I wear my glasses. An eye specialist kindly demonstrated me how to use them.

I remember the days my senpai taught me how to play the saxophone. The sound that she made with her YAMAHA saxophone was impressive and quite different from mine.

I remember my brothers took me to Tokyo Dome and taught me how to enjoy watching baseball game. My elder and younger brothers explained me about Yomiuri Giants players. I could not remember the all the player's names at a time. However, the experience was unforgettable.

I remember the young female music teacher taught all the chorus club members how to sing better when I was in high school. She said, "If you wish to be a good singer, you should learn to control your breath."

I remember the friend who helped me with makeup. She knew well about what making up was like even though we were in the same age. I learned a lot about it from her.

I remember the first time I wrote my name in kanji. In the kindergarten, my teacher wrote a model for me, and I copied it to my sketch book with crayons.

I remember my teacher taught me how to write a poem effectively. The points that I learned were rhythm, rhyme and syllables.

I remember my mother always tells me how it is important not to give up my dream. She says, "If you keep chasing your dream, you can be a teacher and you can share the things what you have been taught in your life."

THE TRUTH

Sonomi Maruyama

JACK is a four-year-old boy who goes to kindergarten. He always wears blue jeans with a belt. He comes home from kindergarten and the door slamming open. His cap is on the floor and he shouts in a rough voice. Today is the third day of his kindergarten.

JACK (getting in)
Is anybody home?

His mother whose name is SARAH answers. She is wearing an apron and she always ties her long hair. She is only twenty-five but she is trying to be a good mother for JACK every day.

SARAH
Oh JACK, you came back my sweetheart. What happened?

JACK
Today, the teacher spanked a boy. The name of the boy was... Yes! BOB!!

SARAH
Really? What did BOB do? What is he like?

JACK (sitting on a chair and taking a cookie)
He's bigger than me and he doesn't even wear jacket. Today, he behaved badly and finally he hit the teacher!!

SARAH
Why did he hit the teacher?

JACK
He wanted to color with blue crayons. But the teacher made him use red one.

SARAH
I see. That's why he kicked his teacher.

JACK (Eating cookies)
Yeah...

Two days ago. JACK brings another news about BOB.

JACK (running into the living room and says excitedly)
Mom! BOB was bad again!

SARAH
Again!? What did he do this time?

JACK
He hit a little girl and he teased her ill-naturedly.
And he had to stand in a corner of the room during story-time.

SARAH

I see...

SARAH concerns that the kindergarten is too upsetting for her son. She thinks all her son's bad behaviors and bad grammars are due to the influence by BOB. But during the fourth weeks, JACK brings a different kind of information about BOB.

JACK

Mom! (excitedly)

SARAH

What happened? Did BOB cause a problem again?

JACK

NO!

BOB was so good today and the teachers said he was a helper!

SARAH (Surprisingly)

Is that true about BOB?

What happened to him?

JACK

Yeah!

I don't know what happened to him but now I found he isn't bad so much.

SARAH

That's good. But I am thinking that I have to talk with BOB's mother and the teacher at the PTA meeting next week.

JACK

Yeah...

At the day of the PTA meeting, JACK's mother is looking at each woman's face trying to guess which one is BOB's mother. When she walks around the classroom, she finds the JACK's kindergarten teacher whose name is LINDA.

SARAH

I'm JACK's mother and I'm glad to meet you, LINDA.

I've been anxious to meet you.

LINDA

Hi. I've been anxious to meet you too.

We're all so interested in JACK.

SARAH

What does it mean?

LINDA

He seemed to have a little trouble adjusting for the first few weeks or so.

SARAH

He usually adjusts very quickly.

I suppose this time, it's a BOB's bad influence.

I want you to pay more attention to him.

LINDA

I'm sorry. But I can't understand what you are talking about.

SARAH

I'm talking about BOB!!
My son always tells me about his bad behavior.

LINDA

We don't have any BOB in this kindergarten.

SARAH

Don't make fun of me! That can't be true!

LINDA

I suppose JACK have been told about himself.
I imagine that he has wanted to tell you
what had happened at
the kindergarten. But he wasn't able to do
that directly.
So, he made up his imaginary classmate
"BOB".

SARAH (crying)

That can't be true!
I believe in him! My parenting hasn't been
wrong.
He is the last child to hit his teacher.

LINDA

Why don't you have a talk with your son?
I guess he has missed a chance to tell you
the truth.

SARAH

Yes. I understand what you are saying.
I'm sorry. I went too far.

LINDA (gently)

No problem. I know your love for JACK
made you so.
I, myself is a mother of two little boys and
they sometimes make me upset.

SARAH (calmly)

Thank you.
And nice talking with you.

LINDA

Me too.
Don't forget that he is a good assistant now
and you don't have to worry so much.

SARAH

Yes! Thanks again.
(waving her hand) See you.

LINDA (bowing politely)

See you.

SARAH comes back to home and looking
for JACK.

SARAH

JACK! JACK! Are you here?

JACK (looks annoying)

Yes mom. I'm here.

JACK answered in his room. And LINDA
enters the room.

SARAH

Oh. There you are.

JACK (playing a video game)
What?

SARAH
I want to have talk with you. Please listen to me.

JACK (still playing the video game)
Now is not the time.

SARAH
NO. We should talk now.

JACK (putting down a video game on the floor)
What? Please keep it short.

SARAH
You know that I had a PTA meeting today, right?

JACK
Yes.

SARAH
At the meeting, I met LINDA, your teacher.

JACK's face takes on a serious look.

JACK
What did she say?

SARAH
She told me that there is no BOB in the kindergarten. JACK. Please tell me why you have told me a lie.

JACK
(with tears on his eyes)

I'm sorry mom. I didn't wanna make you down.

I thought you might be disappointed if I told you what I had done in the kindergarten.

SARAH
JACK... I will never be disappointed by you. You are my dearest son and being honest is the thing I'm always telling you, right?

JACK
Yes. You're always saying, "Try to be honest."

SARAH
Don't you like your teacher and kindergarten?

JACK
NO. I just want to make myself known. I wasn't a good boy. So, I decided to help my teacher.

SARAH
That's a great decision. I know you are courageous enough to change yourself.

JACK (getting in his mother's arms)
Mom. I'm sorry for being a bad boy. Please forgive me.

SARAH
Of course!
Promise to tell me your own story not BOB's story from today.

I AM AN IMITATION HUMAN

Tomomasa Nishikawa

I've lived a shameful life like Bohemian Rhapsody.

According to the karma that comes with me, I seem to be a loser. 23 years after being laughed and angry and confused by people, It's crazy. I and everyone around me are crazy

Monday, I come to see me in your future

Those who will be attracted to each other like

Love is not an emotion. It is a determination, a decision, and a promise. Will that child be unhappy again? It's cowardly

I had a date on Tuesday and gave presents. To do something to people is all an act of expecting a "reward". Being kind to others is, make you kind, not free love.

Wednesday, hell appear in my dreams, human want to suck happiness is a powerful drug. I finally realized, not for others, for me Inferior selfishness

Thursday, I told her "Merry Christmas", but ignored. I saw she went to the hotel on Instagram.

Pushed down from the stairs of salvation
This is a defeated mind crash.

Friday, go to the 9 3/4 platform.

The weighing machine are stabbed in the same position
100g and 1100g. Someone think the back side is the front side all the time, how many laps they got there. I'm a noble person.

Battle Sunday, within 1 minute if you turn here, your house.

Confession doesn't choose the purpose for the means, "Creepy" said Asuka with a face that has no reason, restraint or resistance. Every day was dark Sunday.

Reply 3 minutes, let's look up at the sky if you want to escape
and Eyes meet with Flowers of Evil. Ah, 16 times. The loser's pure blood But I'm Just a poor boy and nobody loves me-

Nothing really matters to me,

Influences and inspirations

太宰治 「人間失格」
The Blue Herb 「路上」
Gomess 「人間失格」
アニメ 桜花特別攻撃隊 アメリカ兵の一言
Radwimps 「告白」
フロム 「愛ということ」
悪の華 佐伯さんのシーン
ジョジョの奇妙な冒険 プッチ神父 愛について
Scooby J 「人間失格」
シンフォギア キャロル 「殲琴・ダウルダブラ」 歌詞
遊戯王 マインドクラッシュ 集
マキシマムザホルモン 「予襲復讐」
HEIZE 「we don't talk together」
エヴァンゲリオン アスカ 「気持ち悪い」 シーン
「暗い日曜日」
QUEEN 「Bohemian Rhapsody」

I REMEMBER

Tomomasa Nishikawa

I remember the day, the woman who seemed like venus gave me a poison blue curry.
The curry tasted like fake love and my salt.

I remember the moment, the woman I love, and I invited her on a date to go to “Puroland”. I have once been to “Puroland” with her, but I have been rejected by her. It completely broke my heart. My heart is re-burn.

I remember the day I sent a message to her, “I want you to go “Puroland” with me. Of course, I'll just give it a go. She sent me “I can go, I will go there next month. The time, “Puroland” is just a tool for inviting a date.

I remember the days I sent the message to her every day. I think it is my mistake because it is too heavy. My reason for sending a message every day is that she doesn't change her mind. She also sent me messages.

I remember the first time I went to “Puroland” when I was a freshman and she was also a freshman. I am not interested in “Puroland” and “Sanrio.” I was stupid to them because it is for younger and woman. She loved “Sanrio” when she was a baby. I don't know how to contact their character and don't know how to communicate with her.

I remember the day I broke my heart twice. I invited her to go on a date and she said I hit oysters for the first time, and I made a boyfriend for the second time. I know that the day before that day. I know she doesn't want to go with me. She doesn't love me. I love her. I became an idiot to cut her scenes. I thought I was shaken because I didn't contact him very much. I just understand she hit oysters and made a boyfriend. He happens these causes and she doesn't care about me.

I remember the memory of how I broke my heart. However, something is different this time because I did everything I could. First, I sent a message every day to get interested in you. Second, I love the "Sanrio" character. I notice many characters such as characters who spit poison. For example, "Maimero mama" said, "A man is a man, if you choose by face and mouth, you will lose". "Gudetama" is heavy and troublesome.

I remember the day I noticed her reply speed was slow and felt troublesome. However, she said she was busy with her work. I believe her words and I know the feeling is not good.

I remember the day her messages didn't reply to me the day before 1 weeks. I sent a message saying she never read my message.

I remember the day I went to "Puroland" alone. I was so excited and exploded my love of "Sanrio". I like "Wish me mell" singing, "feeling connected to dance dance dance."

I remember her and "Puroland". I notice the contradiction of the stance between "Puroland" and her. "Puroland" is peaceful and important to connect friends and people around the people. It is not important for her to contact me peacefully. Either one is a lie. Isn't it strange what Puroland is saying? Or is she strange?

I remember the moment I ate a poison blue curry in Puroland.

FATHER

Arisa Nitagai

I Remember he always smelled of alcohol and cigarettes even in the morning and he was going to work.

I remember he bought me "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" at a seaside secondhand bookstore when I was little. He used to take me there by car, playing the first album of Hikaru Utada.

I Remember the first time he said to me, "Thank you." and "I am sorry." I felt strange, and I did not know what to say.

I Remember the last family trip with my father. He drove the car for about seven hours to get to Iwate. Iwate is his hometown.

I Remember he always bragged about his muscles by grabbing the chair and lifting his body like a circus performer. I was an elementary school student at that time.

I Remember when he could not even stand up by himself. He tried to do it again and again. Finally, when he got done it, I said "Clara has stood up." But I never saw him walk again afterwards.

I Remember a family trip to Osaka when I was six. While we were waiting a train at Osaka station, I was holding my father's hand. Since he wore a red pullover, it was easy to find him. Looking up at his face to talk to him, I found an unfamiliar face looking down on me. I was holding the stranger's hand. But surprisingly, he also had considered me as his daughter. After I could finally meet my real father and told that stupid story, he told me "I was grabbing your earlobe as always. But I realized I was grabbing an earlobe of a girl I don't know." He laughed, but I could not laugh by thinking about that girl.

I cannot Remember what his voice sounded like. He could not speak last two years. But I saw his handwriting so many times instead. He often confused "okurigana."

I Remember he used to go to "pachinko." I did not know if he liked there or not. After he came back home, he often gave me some giveaway snacks such as "country ma'am" and "kabuki age". To be honest, even when I did not want them, I pretended to be glad. Because he always looked satisfied with my reaction.

I Remember he liked fishing. He always brought home bunch of big Japanese Horse Mackerel which called "aji" in Japanese. Every time he brought them, my mother made Chopped horse mackerel with miso which called "namerou" in Japanese. It is one of my favorite foods.

I Remember his bedroom smelled of like a hospital. Whenever I entered there, I was holding my breath.

I REMEMBER

Arisa Nitagai

I Remember my brother often sang “Konayuki” by Remioromen or “Himawari no yakusoku” by Motoharu Hata in a loud voice at bathroom as if he was in karaoke. I could catch his voice anywhere in the house. Actually, I do the same thing now.

I Remember when I soaked in the bath with clothes on. That was a rehearsal for the lecture of survival floating at the elementary school.

I Remember I liked taking a bath in the daytime on a cold winter day. I used to open the window to make the bathroom like an open-air bath.

I Remember I disappointed the bathroom in my house, after I came back home from my friend's house when I was a kindergartener. The bathroom in her house was three times larger than my house's, and it equipped with TV monitor.

I could not Remember what happened to me and my clothes when I found my muddy clothes in the bathroom in the morning. Also, I noticed my favorite Calvin Klein bag was soaked with muddy water. In fact, I got up naked with sticky hair, and I had a hangover on that day.

I Remember I fell asleep in the bath for three hours. I took the bath at 2pm, but when I realized, it was already morning. Strange as it may sound, I did not feel like sleeping. After that, I learned I was fainted, and I almost died at that time.

I Remember I used to shut myself in the bathroom when I wanted to be alone. It because I did not have my own room until I was a junior high school student. I disliked hearing the tap dripping.

I Remember I took a bath with my two older brothers when I was a kindergartener. We often play a game which was to find one who could hold one's breath in the water in longest time. Of course, I never won them. I cannot imagine now us being those happy siblings.

I Remember I cried in the bathroom. I felt like the water wash off everything, not only tears but also sadness or other negative feelings.

I Remember I liked smells of cooking dinner from the apartment, such as curry, grilled fish or Buta Shogayaki. By smelling them, I made my stomach ready for the dinner.

I Remember I was drowned in the bath when I was three. In fact, that event did not traumatize me. But I do not like swimming.

I Remember when I found that trash of snacks was scattered on the shelf in the bathroom. In fact, my brother ate them in the bathroom. The trash was mostly “happy turn” and “country ma'am”. It must be a bad habit, but I could not help imitating him.

I Remember I could not be bothered to wash my body and hair when I was an elementary school student. Since I was such a lazy person, I sometimes pretended to wash my whole body. Actually, I just soaked in the bath for half an hour to kill time. Now I cannot sleep without taking a bath and cleaning my whole body.

I Remember I used to ask my mother's advice in the bathroom. Even now I sometimes take a bath with her.

I Remember my brother refused to take a bath at home when he came back home for the first time in a while. My mother said to me, “Our home is no longer his home.” I was sure that he changed after he began to live with his partner.

HEART WAVES LIFE

Michinari Onuki

My Heart beats my time.

Our Hearts beat our times.

It's always waving.

Waving with our minds.

“The Heart Beat” is what relates to people.

It's happening every minute, every second and every nano micro time within everyone.

“The Mind Wave” is what connects people.

It's synchronizing at everywhere, every time and every moment with someone.

Let The Hearts Beat Our Times.

Let The Minds Wave through Our Life.

A VANILLA SMELL IS REMINISCENT OF MY VOCAL COACH

Sango Oshita

1

A strong smell of cologne was a cue for the start of my voice training. A tall, afro hair man sat in a small chair quietly, and opened the lib of PET bottle coffee with his smile. He was my vocal coach when I belonged to a music club in high school. At first glance, I was scared of his appearance, but he never roared at me. He was always kind. Artists printed on his T-shirts represented that he was well-versed in music. Most of them I did not know. It has been a while since his strong vanilla smell reached my nose.

2

My coach seemed to enjoy music at the bottom of his heart. As he gulped coffee, he was pretty hyped in every lesson. His voice and the sound of clapping hands were gradually getting bigger. He did it to catch the rhythm. His afro hair and artists on his T-shirt started to wave dynamically. His vanilla smell hovered around the room. In his lesson, I made songs with him, or covered some famous artists. "Your soft voice fits in acoustic songs." He advised me. As his suggestion, the first song I covered was 'Runaway Train' by Soul Asylum, the American country band. I wouldn't know the band if I didn't take his lesson.

He said that the key is to go retro; he believed that old songs are better than current ones. "Today's hit songs sound the same. It's boring!" He complained. Instead of listening to current music, he suggested me to enjoy old songs. He sometimes took me to Disk Union, which is a shop sells lots of used CDs. We looked around especially American and British old artists sections. He suggested me to listen to each album from scratch. "Don't choose songs you listen to." He said to me to extend my knowledge of music. I repeated listening to old American and British bands rather than Japanese current ones.

3

He removed some bias from my head. I used to think that music demands lots of theory and gears. Contemporary songs consist of lots of sounds, and they are complicated. Against this trend, I used only two things in his lesson: my voice and acoustic guitar.

He proved that good music depends on the artists' talent, not equipment. Most students were particular about their gears. Some guitarists around me were desperate to create their elaborate effector board. I and my coach were proud of our simplicity. He changed not only the way I listen to music, but also my view of it.

"I want to see your street performance someday." He always said to me. He was disappointed that most of students he had taught quit playing music after graduating from high school. I am now apologetic because I am also the one who does nothing about music. CDs I bought with my vocal coach are sleeping under the bed. I should wake them up immediately and listen to them again. Someday I want to stop by the CD store. If the strong vanilla smell reaches my nose, I want to trace it. That is the cue to play the six strings again.

THE SURE LOVE.....WHAT?

Avid Dives

*For Everyone Who Is Lovesick
Aoi Ota and Ayaha Suzuki*

In 2xxx, humanity finally has completed a system: "Wordy". Humanity has crossed the border: the pursuit of love. Though they got the way to reach THAT, unwisely, they are never going to be satisfied with it. They are marching to the depth that should not be touched.

The human is scanning its brain repeatedly, again and again. The human is expecting me to tell the human THAT, (i).

"I agree to that." I heard the human say so. As Wordy, it is the time to work.....again.

"The pledge is accepted." I told the human.

Bell: Starting Signal

[Scene 1: The Moment We First Met]

Deep inside my mind, going upstream to revive the moment, changing the date: present into the past, now I see the day (i) and I met. In the heavy rain of cherry blossom's petal, you are on the road over there and I can notice you smiled really sweetly even from here.

"(i)!"

I shouted like thunder in a storm of spring, so I had to prepare for summer. (i) didn't seem to care about me. (i) waved me the hand with rolling (i)'s eyes.

Then, I clearly saw that (i) laughed.

I wish I could be with you like that. This bitter idea makes me sad somehow and I notice that I have some memories I lost.

I run on the road accessing you, (i) looks back.

The wind soaks the scent of countless spring flowers. In the blow, there is a smell, that of the shyly cherry blossoms.

I remember that I have seen this situation many times, and I have been losing my mind at the same times.

What's this?

[Result: Something Strange]

Bell: Ringing like a spring rain's sound

[Scene 2: In the Kitchen]

"Who's in the kitchen passed 1 am?", (i) said.

"Me wandering around trying to find something that helps me forget what happened to me today..., no, yesterday, or at least tempts me into a deep sleep."

"Like the beauty—"

"In the woods. Ha-ha, not funny."

"But you're laughing!" (i) gently smiled at me as if (i) was a fairy. Maybe, (i) actually was. Or (i) could be an angel with a sculpture-like beautiful face. (i), looking luminous in the dark, made me the happiest person in the world with just a smile. I knew it was kind of a hallucination caused by my feeling. But I could imagine for free anyway.

I took some cupcakes out of the cabinet. I didn't recognize a large amount of cream on the cakes, right? It was too dim to see what was in my hands, I believed. So, there was no reason for me to deny the idea that hot cocoa made my party passed 1 am better. The angelic (i) should've not complained if I couldn't wear my favorite outfit anymore.

"Hey, where's the prince waking the sleeping beauty up?"

"You see me here! I would give you a fabulous kiss!", (i) answered. What's a fabulous kiss? I wondered if (i) knew the meaning of what (i) said. I glanced at (i) without words, then dropped my gaze on cocoa again.

"Trust me, if I were allowed, I'd do that for you –"

“Shh.” I stopped (i) talking. The more (i) mentioned, the sooner the end of this relationship came. Feeling a delicate atmosphere on my skin, I opened my mouth as big as humanly possible and crammed in the cake.

“You know what? I really messed up at my work today, – no, yesterday.” The taste of the cream made the cuts on my heart sting. It was always (i) who mended them. (i) knew well what kind of words should follow after mine.

“You are a cool, smart, cheerful, and beloved person. There’s nothing to worry about. Everything’s going to be fine.”

“If I’ve dumped coffee all over my boss’s computer?”

“Oh, that happened?”

“And then if I crashed into the mad boss and I placed a little red mark of ketchup of my lunch on her shining white shirt?”

“Wow. Impressive.”

“So, I went to buy a new shirt, but I bought the wrong one! Though it must’ve been a white shirt, the one I paid for was cream!”

I became to feel miserable. I was actually kicked out of my previous office for a similar reason. I clung to the present job at least for six months, or I’d have nowhere to find a new job. I didn’t want to go back to the chicken factory because standing alone by a belt conveyer made me insane.

“You know, past is the place of stepping, not for living.”

“Just forget it?”

“And move on.”, (i) grinned. I liked that part of (i). (i) was stupidly optimistic and encouraged me.

“I cannot believe you’re still here.”

“What do you mean?”

“Because I’ve eaten your chocolate ice cream and stained your book.”

“Ha-ha, not funny.”

“But you’re laughing.”

[Result: (i) has the biggest heart of anyone I’ve ever met. Even if I confessed that I’ve deleted (i)’s work documents that should be done by midnight, (i)’d forgiven me.]

Bell: Trying to ring, but the human has the power to make it speechless!

[Scene3: What If I were with You?]

If I could spend my life with you, what am I going to do?

All of sudden, I see buildings and lots of people passing by. Next to me, (i) seems to wonder why I am surprised at this moment.

“Where do you want to go next?”

Oh, I see. I am dating with you now. “How about movie?” “Why don’t we go to a café?” Ideas pops up into my mind like a flower coming from the illusionist’s pocket, but my mouth never moved.

Love shuts everyone’s mouth. In front of love, no one say anything.

[Result: Love Beginner]

Bell: Ringing like cheering.

[Scene 4: What if we saw a movie together?]

“What a tragedy it was! Made me cry so hard.”

“You were moved?”

“Of course, I was! Weren’t you?”

“That was too real for me to be an entertainment.....”

“Oh. What made you think like that?”

“You.”

I couldn’t find a single word to say. Because of me? How come!? (i) was standing like a ghost in front of me. It was the last image I could visualize that (i) was the one who always made me laugh. (i)’s never been like a serious person. (i) was always joking around and saying ridiculous things with love.

I’ve been thinking (i)’ll be with me giggling next to me. I’ve never doubted that. So, hearing (i)’s voice being lowered, I felt terrified of losing (i). “I don’t get it.” (i) remained silent.

“One day, you’ll leave me. You won’t remember me anymore. I’m not even going to be your ex, but a binder for your love life.” That was what (i) said after 30 seconds. (i) didn’t even see my eyes. That was definitely (i)’s talking to (i)-self. I believed so. Did I even have a choice other than doing so?

“What’s wrong with you?”, I squeezed words, yet I’ve not got over the shock that thrust me on the heart.

“What’s wrong with ME!? I know who I am. I know you’ll dive into someone else in the future. You’ll be happier, then you’ll feel gloomier.”

“Stop it! I have no idea why you’re hurting me right now. But I’m sure of one thing. I should’ve not invited you for the movie today!”

I ran. I didn’t come up with another idea other than running away. So awful!

“WAIT!”

“WHAT’S NOW?” I shouted.”

“I’m (i). I’m always with you. You cannot be separated from me.”

“I’ve listened to such a nonsense way enough for one day! I do not get it at all!”

“You brought me here and made me see that on purpose, didn’t you?”

“What are you implying?”

(i) didn’t answer me.

[Result: “Go Out of The Imagination!”]

Bell: Telling the human the true self.

[Scene5: What If We Can Talk...]

I wish I could speak your language because I don’t understand what you’re talking. I sometimes wonder why we are together. Of course, I know what you try to talk, and you do your best. I think it is not a big problem for us that we do not speak each other’s language, don’t you? But I often envy your friends because they talk with you using the same language. I want to talk together and want to know why you’re smiling. There is no way to know that.

Then, (i) peers into my face.

(i) seems to want to say, “What’s wrong?”

So, I changed my face like “Nothing”

But you are watching me carefully, and maybe you think “Are you all right?”

Silence became deep. But you make a big smile and touched my fingers.

I can’t feel your body temperature, but I notice you are here.

[Result: Something I Can’t See]

Bell: Ringing sweetly.

[Scene 6: What is love?]

Lying on the couch together, chatting about the future we have, looking into your eyes, I see your dream. (i), please bring me to your land, holding my hand.

“What’s in your mind?”, (i) asked me. So, I said, “You’re beautiful.”

(i) made a smile and moved closer to me though there was hardly any space.

The presence of (i) is beautiful. (i) touches my heart, tear my heart, then put them together, before (i) notices. (i) is beautiful. I know people say to their lovers they’re gorgeous. However, if I have to choose one word to describe (i), it is “beautiful.”

I stretched towards (i). (i) looked at me with surprise.

“Hey, you’re pushing me out of the couch!”

“Then, you can blame this couch. It’s too small for us.”

“I doubt that though” (i) gave a chuckle to me. That sound was comfortable. I know what (i) means. It is small enough to warm us up.

“You bring me back memories.”, I said.

“Of what?”, (i) asked. Now, (i) sit up and so do I.

“Of every piece of my life. From my childhood to the last moment: I die.”

I felt (i)’s body shaking. The hearty voice coming from (i)’s stomach tickled my chest. (i) was laughing as if (i) heard me talking like a kid. “Future is not a memory.”, (i) said softly. Then, (i) stood up and asked, “Do you want some tea?” No reason to say NO.

“Yes!” I like the tea (i) makes. It makes me think of (i). The flavor is nice as (i). The tea bag we use is the same, but I cannot bring out the beauty of the leaves as (i) does.

“Here you are!” (i) came back to the couch with my favorite cup.

“You know, you are beautiful.”

“What do you want?” (i) giggled.

“And you make me beautiful!”

“Oh, that’s worth listening.”

“I sometimes think about what if I didn’t meet you.”

“That never happened. It’s me, (i)! Wherever you’re, I’d find you.” (i) has an affected way of words. It was a little bit creepy, wasn’t it? But I know that is true.

I cannot see my destination yet. I don’t know how many forks I will face. But a lot of people standing along the way light up my path. (i)’s walking ahead of me. So, I don’t stumble. (i) leads me somewhere, somewhere (i) came from.

“What’s in your mind?”, I asked.

“You’re beautiful.”, (i) said.

[Result: Beauty’s deep inside of you.]

Bell: The human heard it.

[Scene7: What Is Love??]

—sth getting people crazy, killing a sleep in a good night, and not letting them eat much. It is like an illness. Sometimes you want to compare (i) to the summer, serenade beauty of the moon, wish to meet (i) in the dream.....

[Result: You have countless Possibilities of becoming Love Patient, anytime]

Bell: Ringing like...

[Scene 8: xxxxx]

When I think about (i), I think about me. When I feel love for (i), I feel (i) loves me. (i), who is trapped in my head, is always with me. Where I am is where (i) is.

I and (i) are like each other. However, like a mirror, I and (i) are reversible. Sometimes, (i) try to go the opposite way from me. We cannot avoid a big conflict. No matter how strong I wish I would be apart from (i); no one can make it true. The stronger I hate (i), the stronger (i) does the same. The stronger I try to accept (i), the stronger (i) does the same. My voice echoes across (i).

In another world, people do not say “I love you.” They pile up small words to tell that instead of the one word. It’s not that the bigger the mountain, the more they love. For that kind of people LOVE is not enough to describe the emotion they have. Or the word overwhelms them. Either way, they are not capable to catch the echo.

But (i) does not agree with this idea. (i) says they do not need to exchange LOVE because they have it already. LOVE is the poorest word to present for them. On that evidence, (i) told me they easily say LOVE to non-humans.

I don’t know I’m happy (i) to meet...maybe (i) too have the same like feeling is possibly...(i) and I are forever forgetting impossible...

...(i) and I cursed LOVE, cannot are for (i) and I unsure because searching for. Around spinning are (i) and I. Touching, simultaneously, but and LOVE obsession feeling, moved, is rejecting, neglecting.

That is the only thing I and (i) have to know.

[Result: xxxxx]

The human realized.....What?

Bell: Ending Signal

I REMEMBER

Honoka Sasaki

I remember the day I watched a home video with my mother from when I was in preschool. In the race, I start running at the signal of “ready” and “go”. For some reason I was the only one running in the opposite direction.

I remember the first and last moment I will ever experience. At a high school sports event, I played basketball. In the middle of that game, my year-long contact flew away.

I remember the day when I cheered on the 24-hour TV marathon. Mr. Joshima of TOKIO was running, and many people were cheering him along the road.

I don't want to remember the winter of my fifth grade in elementary school. I was going to participate in the Ekiden with my classmates. So, I ran and practiced a lot after school and on my days off. However, about a week before the Ekiden, I caught pneumonia and was hospitalized.

I remember the smell after gym class. A few of the boys were sweating a lot, but there was flowery scent of fabric softener in the air.

I remember the moment in fifth grade of elementary school when I was playing basketball in class and the ball hit me right in the nose. I think that is why I am eagle nosed.

I remember the happy day when I watched the Tokyo Olympics and got excited with my family.

I remember the day of the Sports Day in the third grade of elementary school. I was the first runner. I went to the entrance gate and lined up, the line beside me was all boys.

I remember the moment when I felt that fear. I played dodgeball in high school. I was afraid of getting hit, so I ran around, and I was the last one.

I remember the moment when I was in high school and the teacher called me when gym class, so I was very nervous. I was nervous because people who are called by the teacher are usually the ones who get angry. The teacher held out his hand to me. I did not know why, but I grabbed the teacher's hand. Then the teacher said, "You got a perfect score on test."

I remember the day I woke up early to watch the Soccer World Cup in 2014.

I remember the first time I went to the movies with my grandmother. We watched a baseball movie called Rookies. And the cinnamon-flavored churros that we ate while watching the movie was sweet and delicious.

I remember the moment on the day I stayed at the hotel with my family. I thought I had crossed the finish line of the relay, but then I realized it was a dream. And I was outside of our hotel room.

I remember the first time riding a basketball wheelchair in junior high school and experiencing wheelchair basketball.

I remember the day I went to Universal Studios Japan in 2020. About ten minutes before the park opened, I checked my ticket and found that it was not in my bag. I ran as fast as I could and looks like a relay. As I ran, I could not believe myself and wondered why I was running in the opposite direction of Universal Studios Japan.

THE BUDGIE

Honoka Sasaki

One day when the wind blows and cool.
In car returning from preschool.
Come dad is rare so dad looks glad,
But John feels good with mom than dad.

Because my dad always asks me.
“There were laugh things with friend in glee?”
“Do you have anyone in mind?”
John said “No” from the seat behind.

He gets home and enters his room,
Then it is flying around and groom.
It is his best friend, the budgie.
John talks about his strategy.

“I feel like a flower has blew.
I want to tell her I like you.
Hmm, what should I say to Lucy?
Like? Love you? I love you, Lucy?”

3 pm next day, he is back.
But today, his bright smile is lack.
He turns his back and plays alone.
“I hate Lucy!” He has a moan.

He had a fight with her when playing.
He remembers, so frustrating.
“Like? Love you? I love you, Lucy?”
He surprises and be vacancy.

In the room, only budgie and me.
“Did you say? Don’t believe me.”
A few days later, she comes to the house.
Playing with her in the kid’s blouse,

His dad brings fruits that are juicy.
“Like? Love you? I love you, Lucy?”
“What? What? What?” She and his dad say.
“Oh my god.” John lays down and stay.

EXISTENCE THAT I NEVER THOUGHT OF

Momo Sato

“A strong and bossy girl.” That was her first impression. I never thought she would be my best friend. It is often said that happiness is to be aware. I found happiness by noticing the gratitude of someone I had never thought of.

We first met when we were in the second grade of elementary school. We were in the same class and confirmed each other’s existence. She has an older brother and sister, and she is the youngest. She belonged to a soccer team club and her outfit was always like a boy in a jersey or pants. She has bob hair, big eyes that were turned up at the corners. Her face looked like cats. She was medium when lined up by height, and about the same as me. However, she had a greater attitude than her height. She always spoke with her mouth pointed like a duck. I went home with her once in a while because I was in the same direction. She had a lot of bragging stories, and she had rebelled against my story. At that time, I had a strong personality as well, so I often clashed with her. I didn’t like her very much because she always said something that hurt my feelings. Our compatibility was the worst one.

As being junior high school students, the basics haven’t changed, but we had grown a little. She was overtaken by the people around her. On the contrary, I grew taller. For three years we had never been in the same class. We didn’t spend much time together. However, we had the same club activities. We were the track and field club. Her event was sprint and my event was long distance. We often went home together after the club activities because we were back in the same direction. On sunny days we sang Western music, and on cold days we shared gloves and held hands back home. Holding her small, delicate hand, I felt like I was her boyfriend. I had other friends that I thought were the best friends, but I was only talking to her about my worries. She was close to me and gave me good advice. The same goes for the high school we fatefully attend. We were more often together than even before. She always said clearly what she thought. I was often pointed out what was wrong with me. However, it was surprisingly difficult to accept and improve it. I was getting farther away from her. One day, I told her that I was hurt by her words. My heart was beating fast. Then she was remorseful. And she flushed and said, “I don’t hate you no matter what. I really like you. I’ve been lonely.” I was touched by the words. We sobbed while hugging each other. I felt her thin and warm body. She smelled calm. It is difficult to teach a person what is wrong. Her words made me change my behavior many times. I finally realized her importance at that time.

We hate people who say things that are inconvenient to us. However, they may be the ones who make you better. Think about the people around you. By noticing what you haven't noticed before, your world of happiness will expand.

PEOPLE WHO MAKE MY LIFE WONDERFUL

Takeru Shoji

Life doesn't know what will happen. Sometimes you can do unexpected things from conversations that you usually have casually with your friends. When a man watches TV, he or she longs for entertainers and aims to become an actor or comedian and more. Sometimes yearn for someone and wants to be like that. Life goes in unexpected directions from the relationships between parents, friends, and the people around us. I have had such experiences in my life. I talk about the people who have influenced me.

First of all, my mother. My mother is great person to me. Her smells very calm, probably because she is my mother. The touch is wrinkled because she is a little old. The voice is a little high. She often causes hysteria, the yelling voice is more memorable than the gentle voice. The usual voice is a dignified female voice. Her hair is short. I've been shown old photos, but she used to be cute. In the old days. I have great respect for my mother. I have little brother. I and he both have allergies. My mother worked hard for us to find and cook what we could eat. It was when we started going to school. School lunches are served, but they did not support to children with allergies. So, my mother made a lunch box every day. She does most of her family at home. She also let us go to lessons to gain a lot of experiences. If I have a family and raise children, I want to live as hard as my mother.

Another person is my father. I'm in a fight with him now. He is a drinker, so he smells alcohol. He has a loud voice because he practices Kendo. When he sneezes, it echoes throughout the house. He has thin hair and is bald. And he is fat. He has a pretty rough personality. He's selfish, and he's in bad mood if he doesn't do what he wants. Still, the only thing I respect is that he makes a lot of money and that he doesn't hit women. I hate my father, but I respect only those two.

And last person is my friend. I have been doing drama since I was little. The male friend I made at that time. Thanks to the child, I continued to play drama and love it. His scent had a nice scent of fabric softener. The touch was soft because he was a little fat. His voice speaks quietly. It's a gentle voice that makes you almost fall asleep if you

listen to it at night. It looks kind. Moreover, he is a little taller than me. The drama we made together was a lot of fun. I can't meet him now because high school and college are separate, but I wouldn't have been doing drama if I hadn't met him. I really appreciate him.

In conclusion, I learned from my mother passion for parenting, the knowledge, and affection that I needed to live. My father taught me the how to treat women. My friend taught me the joy of drama. Life is fun because you don't know what will happen. Our lives change drastically due to the influence of people we meet for some reason and people we spend time with on a regular basis. The encounter is once in a lifetime. That is why I want to cherish encounters and live my life happily.

BREAK TIME AFTER LUNCH

Shuya Tajima

I remember that every day after I finished my lunch, I ran outside at a glance in elementary school and junior high school.

I remember that every day after I finished my lunch, I was in my class the whole time in high school. It was a boring time.

I remember I used to look forward to my lunch break every day.

I remember I didn't look forward to my lunch break every day.

I remember well the smell of the schoolyard with many flowers blooming in spring.

I remember well the distinctive smell of the old building in the classroom.

I remember the first day I found it, looking for a smooth faced stone. Now that I think about it, that's a common one.

I remember that the fourth period dragged on and the break time was over just to eat.

I remember we used to play soccer, imitating Ronaldinho's playstyle. It was difficult and I use to get hurt.

I remember I was playing Winning Eleven on my smartphone and my break time was over.

I remember we used to practice free throws a lot in preparation for games.

I remember trying to memorize English words incessantly. I used to confuse the meaning of "confine" and "confirm".

I remember the first time I played hide-and-seek.

I remember the first time I failed the test and had to take supplementary lessons.

I remember the day I played dodgeball and the ball hit me in the face.

I remember that we used to finish our breaks just by talking all the time. I wish I could have done something fun.

I remember the first time my class united in practice for the ball game championship.

I remember the day we started preparing for the low-quality cultural festival.

I remember I got injured imitating a rugby player.

I remember I worked really hard on my English assignment that must be submitted by the next class.

I remember the day I tried to drink coke in a way that teachers wouldn't notice. That tasted better than usual.

I remember I drank "Match" almost every day.

I remember the last time I played basketball with my basketball teammates. We played so hard that we got tired.

I remember the day I read the latest issue of "Sword Art Online" quietly.

I remember a rainy day when I was bored with nothing to do.

I remember getting a migraine on a rainy day.

I remember I studied all the time during breaks when I was close to taking entrance examinations. It was a lot of fun teaching each other with my friends.

I don't remember the days I studied for my university entrance exam. I was fighting alone.

I remember I felt lonely when I heard the chime that signaled the end of enjoyable break time.

I remember I used to wish I could have gone back to junior high school.

RAMEN JIRO

Shuya Tajima

I remember the first time I ate Jiro-style ramen. I was overwhelmed by its volume, thick and hard noodles, piles of bean sprouts and garlic, and too oily soup. I felt like I couldn't finish it.

I remember having a stomachache every time I ate that kind of ramen. It's caused by the chunks of back fat in them.

I remember the day I went to Fukushima prefecture alone just to eat the ramen at “Ramen Jiro Aizu Wakamatsu.” After I finished eating, I left without stopping anywhere. Now that I think about that, it's crazy.

I remember the first time I went to “Daija”, the front of the store smelled so bad. However, the ramen there was very tasty.

I remember how nervous I was the first time I made “the call,” a unique culture in Jiro-style ramen shops. I used to say “Yasai, Ninniku, Abura.”

I remember becoming friends with a senior member of my club in university through Jiro-style ramen. We used to go to “Butaboshi” near his house. In addition, the restaurant allows customers to take the ramen home, if we bring in a pot. So, we had the occasional ramen party. It was innovative because we could customize the ramen exactly the way we wanted.

I remember the time when I was surprised to see people from another country coming to a Jiro-style ramen restaurant. They came to the restaurant with some Japanese friends. They looked nervous. However, it was amazing that they understood unique rules that were difficult for even the Japanese to understand.

I remember a period of time when I couldn't go out for Jiro-style ramen because of Covid-19. I used the takeout service, but it was still better to eat in the restaurant.

I remember the days I used to go and eat Jiro-style ramen in between studying for college entrance exams.

I remember the big record that I ate 133 bowls of Jiro-style ramen in 2021.

I remember the day I lined up at “Butaboshi” at 6 a.m. in order to eat a limited menu. It was 10 a.m. when we finally got to eat. It was so delicious that it brought tears to my eyes. However, I didn't want to stand in line at such a time anymore.

I don't remember driving to “Ramen Jiro Tochigi highway” by myself, but it was temporarily closed. Although I went to another store nearby, I was pretty depressed.

I remember the day I got carried away and asked for a large serving but couldn't eat up. It was hard to leave the store.

I remember I ate Jiro-style ramen on a day when I was sick and felt terrible.

I remember the moment I dropped a piece of Cha-Shu pork onto the leg of the businessman next to me. I apologized and tried to give him the money for cleaning, but he smiled and said no. In addition, he said “I'm sorry I made you worry.” I was surprised at how kind he was.

I remember the day I was reunited with a friend I had grown apart from over Jiro-style ramen.

I remember the day I found out there was a Jiro-style ramen restaurant “Yume Wo Katare” in Boston. I heard it's a popular restaurant. I was happy and impressed that

Jiro-style ramen is also accepted and loved in America. If I get a chance to go to America, I'll definitely go there.

I remember the day I could eat up an extra-large serving. I could feel myself growing.

I remember the bowl of ramen at "Fujimaru" was so hot that I had to take my hand off the bowl I was carrying and spill it. My clothes are covered in oil. People in trains must thought I smelled bad. Needless to say, my mother scolded me when she saw my dirty clothes.

I remember the day I went with my friends to a new Jiro-style ramen shop that had opened near Tanmachi station. It wasn't good, and we complained about it the whole time.

I remember the moment I met the founder of "Ramen Jiro." To most people, he was just an old man, but to me, he seemed like a historical figure.

I remember the first time when I went to a Jiro-style ramen restaurant, I was surprised at how quiet it was there. Everyone in the restaurant was focused only on slurping up the noodles.

I remember I fell in love with how beautiful it looked, every time I saw a pile of bean sprouts.

I DON'T REMEMBER (INSPIRED BY... SOMEBODY)

Kana Takahashi

I don't remember when I started to talk.

I don't remember what I used to do before birth.

I don't remember any song written by Van Gogh.

I don't remember purple flamingos.

I don't remember squids playing the saxophone.

I don't remember what to do if I were to get caught by a teddy bear.

I don't remember edible rocks.

I don't remember washing machines studying mathematics.

I don't remember man-made mermaids.

I don't remember dead marshmallows.

I don't remember rice-ball-shooting games.

I don't remember Sherlock Holmes on a racing car.

I don't remember dinosaur jerky.
I don't remember ancient Egyptian smartphones.
I don't remember gorilla eggs.
I don't remember how to invite a squirrel to a home party.
I don't remember anyone 100% guilty.
I don't remember a lollipop's sneeze.
I don't remember eggplants on parade.
I don't remember what I wanted to write about.

I REMEMBER (INSPIRED BY JOE BRAINARD)

Kana Takahashi

I remember living in the pink world. There was a big pool made with small blue tiles.
I remember artificial starfish. I remember hugs.
I remember my father kindly telling my mother that the weekend is coming in two days.
I remember some of my ruled notebooks. I used to write my own novels. They were terrible, but
they helped me release my world.
I remember the bullies and teachers.
I remember numerous of my unruled notebooks. I have never stopped drawing pictures in them
since I was two or three.
I remember Poyotan, my secret imaginary friend. His tiny body looked like a drop of water. I made a paper cell phone to communicate with him.
I remember I used to try to do the same as other kids. Fortunately, I failed.
I remember watching a giant tsunami on TV. I thought it was something entertaining.
I remember Pingu, Curious George, Barbapapa, Peter Rabbit, Frog and Toad, Totoro, Eric Carle books and Sesame Street.
I remember Ernie on the moon. The song he was singing was one of the first things in my memory which touched my heart. I heard it in my earliest dream I remember.
I remember Ernie and me in the bathtub. I had a rubber ducky like he did.
I remember my first impression of The Beatles. I thought they sounded weird. (The Night Before.)

I remember many slams of the door. I remember many tender voices.

I remember hopping around on a yellow carpet while listening to the Chitty Chitty Bang Bang song. Before that one, there was a green carpet on that floor.

I remember how I hated to be treated as a child. I tried to show adults how I understood difficult conversations. (I did not understand anything in fact.)

I remember the first day of my grandfather in a wheelchair. I desperately tried to make him smile, but I couldn't.

I remember the last day I saw my grandfather (in Kawasaki). He didn't talk any more, but my father, grandmother and I sang "Amazing Grace" for him. My little brother showed him his new shoes.

I remember the silly dances of my grandfather (in Kawasaki). I remember egg hunt, marble hunt and M&M's hunt.

I remember how I adored Cars, The Love Bug, The Nightmare Before Christmas, Sherlock Holmes, Back to the Future, A Christmas Carol and Despicable Me.

I remember a family trip to Nara and Osaka. Blur and Jack Johnson was played in my brain. Universal Studio Japan was my new dreamland. (My Sweet Minions.)

I remember wandering alone in the city of Seoul. It was my first day in Korea and I couldn't speak Korean.

I remember advent calendars and the taste of the chocolates.

I remember grandma's homemade Christmas cakes on which we put strawberries and kiwi fruits.

I remember the song about tying down a kangaroo. I remember my pink iPod.

I remember I subscribed Pucchigumi before I graduated elementary school. After that, Disney

Fan. Every month I rushed to my grandmother (in Kawasaki) who used to buy me the magazines.

I remember when my grandmother (in Yokohama) moved into another apartment. Before she did, she and my mother were talking about something difficult. I was left alone because I was just a child. I asked her what she was talking about, but she didn't tell me. I kept asking until finally she pinky-promised to tell me when I become 20 years old. I did never forget about it.

When I finally became 20, I told her what she once promised, and I did not care about it anymore.

I remember the smell of swimming pools.

I remember seeing a burn-injured puppet on TV. I couldn't watch Thunderbird for many years afterwards.

I remember the sad piano music I was afraid to hear. It was heard on a street in Cairns for a moment.

I remember the day my grandmother (in Kawasaki) passed away. The bathroom walls waved around and squeezed me.

I remember the shiny eyes of the Pringles man. He looked proud of the limited-designed package.

I remember the cottages and the hammocks in the woods.

I remember Taro Okamoto Museum and Daiso.

I remember the summer I listened to The Beatles every day. I remember Chupa Chups and cherry blossoms.

I remember Paul McCartney on stage.

I remember the candles and the piano.

I remember when I imagined how people would react if I happened to kill myself. I regretted it the next moment.

I remember Christmas paper craft day.

I remember how I hated getting a surgery. But I loved how I recovered and how people cared about me.

I remember I feared toilets.

I remember feeling all alone at 3 a.m.

I remember the time I spent with grandma and grandpa (in Kawasaki).

I remember when my best friend went away from me. The last thing we did together was taking part in an art exhibition together. I don't know what she was thinking of me, but she bought one of my paintings.

I remember when the tempura-making woman called me an idiot.

I remember when I learned to embody a different character who was aggressive and insensitive. It was a harmful strategy to protect myself and people I loved. I failed.

I remember the dream I had in which I was beating two people with no face. I beat them as hard as I could with the edge of a frying pan. I was feeling guilty, but somebody behind me said I should do it.

I remember when I pretended to be a secret spy scouting the dark side of the society so that my heart can put up with the unfairness. (Part time job.)

I remember the kind ladies on my battlefield.

I remember Egypt Station and 18-year-old me.

I remember the closing scene of "Toys", in which a monument of an elephant flies around.

I remember how I wanted to go to Costco, my dreamland.

I remember the orgel museum. (The best ending of a short trip.)

I remember when I had the flu. The doctor took my father to another room. The terrible headache made me think that he was telling my father I do not have much to live. The I.V. made me feel better in few days. Afterwards, I enjoyed a short vacation at home.

I remember standing in the snow. It was like riding on a huge elevator going up and up.

I remember looking out of the window listening to Blur's Best Days.

I remember staring at a drawing code switch while listening to The Beatles' "Thank You Girl."

I remember I forgot to bring a cable with my guitar. I had to ask other club members to lend me one.

I remember "I Forgot to Remember to Forget".

I remember being in LMS for a while and I said goodbye.

I remember acoustic mini concerts.

I remember singing in a bathroom and hearing my grandmother (in Kawasaki) and my father chuckling outside the door.

I remember the coffin and me trying not to look at the flower in my hand because it was soon being killed in the fire.

I remember the smell of funerals.

I remember being obsessed with an extreme fear of death.

I remember one summer day I went to school to work on making leaflets. A new friend of mine and I walked to Shinagawa station. That afternoon, I went to Village Vanguard for the first time. I bought a glasses case with a picture of Road Runner. At home, I watched an episode of Columbo with my brother and grandmother (Kawasaki).

I remember watching our parakeet called Fig lay an egg.

I remember Robin Williams movies and potato chips with olive oil.

I remember the terrible ticks in my bed. While I was dreaming, they were one giant mosquito.

I remember art club. It was the first place I called an oasis outside my house.

I remember the scratches and a bruise on my arm and the word "brat".

I remember going to Kurazushi for dinner.

I remember I wanted a mobile phone and a game console which almost everyone else had. I pretended I wasn't interested in such things.

I remember my father's happiest smile. He was walking in a park near the ocean with his children.

I remember my mother's happiest smile. Words can't express how much I missed it.

I remember how much I hated myself.

I remember when I forgave myself.

I remember the family trip to Australia.

I remember Professor Pronko suggested me to write an “I Remember” and send it to CROP.

WHAT IS IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR?

Kureha Takahashi

I loved my mother, father, older sister, and three cats. I had never forgotten to respect them. However, I hadn't realized how my mother was great. She was almost usual and typical mother. She was not tall and slender, but she was often seemed to be younger than her actual age. She loved alcohol, so she got drunk every night, and smells in my house became like alcohol. I had often been scolded by her with loud voice that sounds like thunder, “Kaboom!”. She was very frightening, but basically kind. She had done almost everything. That was why, I had always depended on her.

Until I was a junior high school student, I hadn't done many of house-works. I had done room-cleaning or bath cleaning. When I had put clothes in the washing machine, she had run it. When the floor had been dusty, she had vacuumed. If I had felt hungry, I had said to her “I'm hungry!” and she had made me some meals. Because of these factors, I hadn't known how to run the washing machine, vacuum efficiently, and some of cooking methods. I hadn't done anything, so I had looked like a princess and she had behaved as a servant.

When I had become a high school student, she had begun to ask me what she want me to do in home while she was working. For example, she had asked me “please make your lunch as you like”. Then, she had made me motivate to change me like a princess into semi-adult girl. I had always sent a photo, which I took about meals I made, and she had advised me about that. Also, she had begun to ask me to run the washing machine and vacuum. She had sometimes taught that to me strictly, so I had often seemed her as stepmother in the story of Cinderella. Of course, I had felt like Cinderella.

A year ago, she got sick, and she was hospitalized for two weeks. Then, I had had to do all of housework with my father. Thanks to her strictly trainings, I had done that smoothly. One day, I had met her in hospital, she had told me what foods were in our refrigerator, and the way to cook that. “In the refrigerator, there are some pork, so you

should pickle it with soy sauce and ginger and cook it. Vegetables are not so fresh. You have to eat that as soon as possible.

There are some meals I made few days ago, so you should microwave that before eating.” She had opened refrigerator, picked foods up and cooked that in her head. She had remembered details in our kitchen. When I had heard that, I had been amazed and realized that she was the greatest mother around the world.

After two weeks, she came back to our home, she saw the refrigerator and said “That foods were cleaned up! Good job!”. Thanks to such amazing, I had a dream to be a mother as her, and I want to show how mother is great for my children in the future. You should try asking your father or mother, “What is in our refrigerator?”

I REMEMBER

Ryosuke Tanaka

I remember when I started learning English. I was just three years old, but my mother brought me to kindergarten which incentivize the English study.

I remember when I made my first friends. They were so nice to me.

I remember when I got lost in a department store. I saw a woman and I followed her thinking that she is my mother, but turns out she wasn't.

I remember when I started going to cram school. It was to learn more English, and my parents bought me a red bicycle for it.

I remember when I first touched the computer. Internet were filled with words too difficult for me at times, but I spent a lot of time playing flash games.

I remember when I entered elementary school. I felt superior because I was always first to raise hand during English class.

I remember when I tried to make friends. My hobby didn't match with most of the classmates, so I spent most of the after school alone.

I remember when I climbed Mt. Hakone for first time. The smell of sulfur was so strong, it was stuck on my shirts for few days.

I remember when I entered junior high school. I was shocked to see almost everyone already befriended with everybody else.

I deeply remember the first conflict against bully. I got panicked, threw a shoe at him, and being chased throughout the school.

I don't want to remember the rest of junior high school. Loud curses, banging on the classroom door, being told to "kill myself" by random guy in hall... The door noise gives me the shiver till this day.

I remember the last time I went to Disney Land with family. It was fun, until I got sick from coffee-cup ride and couldn't do anything for the day.

I remember the day I graduated from junior high. I never felt so free.

I remember when I talked to foreigner for the first time. I guided him how to get to the station. He thanked me, and I was proud of myself.

I remember the first time I got the smartphone. The first thing I did were watching English YouTube with it.

I remember when I passed the Pre-1 grade of Eiken exam. I never thought I'd pass it on first try, and everyone cheered me, including the teachers.

I remember when I went to Australia for the first time. Koala was cute and fluffy, fish and chips were delicious, and I was never surrounded by that much nature.

I remember someday, I have to properly thank my parents for making me what it is today. If it weren't for them, I had nothing to live by.

MUTTERING A SLEEPY NOISE...

Ryosuke Tanaka

Muttering a sleepy noise

Oven produces the breakfast smell

Ringing sound of an alarm clock

Not wanting to wake up

I want to see how the dream ended

No one cares about your dream

Get out of bed and start the day

Against the odds I made it in time

First period is my favorite subject

Teacher was readying to take attendance

Eating the food while talking with friends

Returning home with bag in hand

Noted that exam is coming

On way home I talked to myself

Overwork is inevitable

No sleeping for today

Entering timer to simulate the exam
Vast emptiness surrounds my head
Even though I knew about the exam
No preparations were done for it

I must do something until next morning
Now I am restless
Going beyond my sleepiness

My study was flawless
I just had to study little bit more
During the exam I mutter
Not that I had to stay up all night
In my dream is where all this happened
Getting up at 5 am
Hot coffee in one hand
Taking pencil with other

WE ARE A PUDDING AND AN APPLE

Narumi Yamamoto

“Every clock must be wrong when we are talking.” I and my best friend, Mahiro always say this phrase and smile when we see it. This phrase means the time flies when we are having fun. That’s how much we are enjoying our time. She is very similar to me, my one and only friend, and she helped me many times. I wouldn’t be the person I am today without her.

When I was a kindergarten child, I met Mahiro. And when we were 6th grade, I became better acquainted with her at a stretch. Because we sat next to each other in the class. We talked a lot of time, and we had known each other more deeply. Her skin is white, and she has chubby cheeks. And she is plump under the eyes, so her eyes very cute. Moreover, I remember the scent of her which is good feeling and a little sweet fragrance, so I can realize that whether she was there or not. If her fragrance is remaining there, it means she was there until a short time ago. While I was talking to her, I felt we had a lot of similar points. For example, our liking of food, music, thought, sense of humor, and so on. Consequently, we have become closer, and now that, we are best friends each other.

On my birthday last year, she gave me some gifts. These were the pierced earring, the glittering necklace, and the bath salt. All these were very cute, and I was pleased with them. When I called her to tell the appreciation, she told “the necklace is matching with me. Besides, these are custom-made, so there are only two over the world.” I was very surprised and happy when I heard it, and she added, “the crescent moon in the necklace charm means the moon will be certainly full even if the moon begins to wane,

so it is like now situation that in COVID-19 chaos, and I hope that what was missing will be full in your life sometime." I was certain that she was my only best friend who treasures me so much when I heard these words. And when we went on the trip, she said "I always bother with someone and tired, but I can expose my real heart in front of you." So, we think special each other.

Also, she helped me many, many times. When I was a junior high school student, I suffered from emotional disorders. I was very tired, and I had a hard time so much that I wanted to give up my life. At that time, she always stood by my side and supported me. She spoke kindly, "If you think to treasure me, I want you to not go away. Although it may be selfish, please live for me. I will be very, very sad if you go away." I suddenly realized that no matter how painful things, I will live with her. Her words moved and helped me. When I experience some hard time, I remember her words. I cannot thank her enough.

She is one of the most special and precious people for me. And we have the unique nicknames. First, Mahiro likes pudding, and her former nickname was "mappurin" so her new nickname was "purin." And my nickname is "ringo" because I blush crimson with embarrassment. So, combine "purin" and "ringo," and our nickname is "puringo." We are called "puringo," which means a pudding and an apple. The puringo is special and wonderful relation. I will always love Mahiro.

AWESOME AMERICAN LIFE

Yuka Yamase

I remember the day my father told me that we are leaving Utsunomiya; my hometown and go to the United States. I cried almost all day long.

I remember the first time I read "The Pledge of Allegiance" in front of all students in the school. Everyone in the school has read it at least one time, but that experience made me feel like I was the president of the school!

I remember hearing "real" English. The only word I understood was "Hello."

I remember the time I couldn't pronounce "vanilla" well. The school lunch lady always asked a question in return: "banana?"

I remember being astonished seeing everyone putting their belongings into a black garbage bag when we had a camp at our school. I wondered "why are they bring trash when we have a camp?"

I remember having “pajama day” at our school. Coming to school in pajama, bringing snacks, juices, and blanket. All we did was just watching movie and eating popcorns and snacks. Experiencing that, I decided, “I’ll never go back to Japan.”

I remember the first time Kristine talked to me. She was my first friend in school.

I remember the day my sister graduated elementary school. What surprised me was that because school planned to go to pool for a graduation party, everyone attended the ceremony in bikini!

I remember teaching my friends how to wear a kimono on multicultural day.

I remember our school’s corridor smelling good when we had a poems day. Every student had a chance to get a yummy salty popcorn when we share our favorite poem.

I remember the time I saw deer and rabbits in our back yards. I’ve never expected that to happen, so at first I felt like I was in a fantasy world.

I remember we had a pet in our class. The only cute animal we had was a rabbit. Other than that, was piranha, lizard, and we even had a rat.

I remember having my locker key too easy to break.

I remember that whenever I go to school infirmary, she gave me chocolate. I sometimes went there just to get sweets.

I remember being selected as a member of honor’s choir. It is still a mystery that I had to sing “Happy Birthday” at the audition.

I remember first seeing electronic whiteboard. It really made me so excited how I rose my hands so I can write on the whiteboard.

I remember being so surprised to hear that in American school, homework was done by parents instead of kids. I still can’t believe that.

I remember the first time I ate “Twizzlers” which I got in Halloween. I heard from my Japanese friend that it has a taste of tire, so I was a bit frighten to eat it. But for somehow, I thought it was yummy.

I remember the first time experiencing potter’s wheel in art class. I will never forget that smooth and the coolness of the clay.

I remember the time I cried so loudly at graduation ceremony because it meant that I had to go back to Japan.

BRIGHTEST BRASS BAND MEMORIES

Yuka Yamase

I remember first watching our school's annual concert when I was a junior high school student. It was so powerful and impressive that before I knew, tears were overflowing from my eyes. This was the time I chose to enter this school and join the brass band club.

I remember being selected as a member of the contest on the last year. I was so surprised and proud of myself.

I remember being psychotic when I was in first grade. It is still a mystery, but for somehow, I didn't give up or choose to quit.

I remember the awesome smell of sweet chocolate coming from the school cafeteria. Whenever we had a big contest or stage, we had a party filled with yummy foods. The centerpiece was the chocolate fountain.

I remember playing at the All-Japan Contest. I will never forget the time and the scene of people watching us play. It was sad that our school couldn't get the gold medal prize, but I was happy to be on the stage with awesome member.

I remember having a Christmas Concert at school. This was the day, the students, regardless of their seniority or juniority, formed ensemble groups to perform, put on plays, and other interesting performances in front of teachers and parents. It was great to see teachers' and our families' big smile and hear the laughter.

I remember taking care of students who fell in sick as a health clerk of the club. I was called "mom" from everyone.

I remember having a concert at coming-of-age ceremony in Hachioji City. I was deeply emotive to see my Senpai wearing beautiful and colorful "Furisode" and cool suit at the audience seat.

I remember going to Nagano for summer training camp. I was excited at first, but I soon realized. This was a camp that gives big damage to both physically and mentally. In my second and third year, the word "summer camp" made me sick and break into cold sweat.

I remember parading through the streets of Ginza. I will never forget the scorching heat of the sun. It was so hot that when I touched my saxophone, I thought my hands would get burnt.

I remember first wearing the brass band's uniform. It was my dream to wear the outfit having white jacket, white shirt, red striped skirt, and a cute red tie.

I remember the first time I played in the audition. I thought I would throw up from the tension. My hands and legs were trembling and my heart was pounding so fast.

I remember playing at the baseball stadium for cheering. It was fun to play outside, and play for others, but I had no clue about the baseball rule so it was hard for me to keep up with everyone's excitement.

I remember having a concert at Tokyo Disney Sea. It was honor to be selected as a school to play at this place. It felt bit strange to be on the stage as a "Cast" instead of a "Guest".

I remember eating delicious foods at the summer training camp. We had steak, sukiyaki, curry and rice, and so on. I guess this was the only time everyone had a smile on their face.

I remember going to Takao Mountain for the first shrine visit of New Year. It was a customary event how we compete others who can endure "Seiza" It was hilarious seeing everyone fluttering from numbness.

I remember studying at "Akaten-Beya". As the name suggests, it is a forced study session in the music room for those who got red marks in the midterm or final exams. Sadly, and embarrassingly, I was a regular member.

I remember having last annual concert at Hachioji. I would never forget the time I bowed to the audience and walked out the stage. It was sad to graduate from the brass band club, but I was proud of myself to not give up and made it through the whole three years.

THE FORK IN LIFE

Yuka Yamase

There once lived very careful horse
Always having awful remorse
His friend was a fearless rabbit
Often jumping with a carrot

One day on a chilly autumn day
The horse stayed calm and chose to lay
Instead, the rabbit hopped with joy
Forcing horse to play like a boy

Off they go for a big long journey
Horse wore scarf to get him cozy
Rabbit wore nice-looking sneaker
Walking down the path like leader

Soon they see two gigantic signs
Written in suspicious design
One saying way to "ANGEL'S PATH"
Another saying "DEVIL'S WRATH"

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" Horse cries loudly
"DEVIL'S WRATH!" Rabbit screams proudly
"Oh, let me choose the angel's path
If not, I will go back for a nap"

"Don't run away when trouble shows
Just let yourself go with the flow
Come with me, then you'll have some fun
More fun than seeing big homerun!"

Oh, poor big horse's tiny heart
Going fast like sound of alert
The rabbit strongly pulled his tail
So that these two can be on trail

While walking down a creepy track
Total twenty they checked their back
Running away from leaves which chase
Having frightening face that gaze

And soon they see one sparkling light
Which made their face so shining bright
What showed up was a glittering lake
How they first mistook as a fake

By seeing this fantastic view
One simple thing reminded two
It's always hard to face a fear
But no big deal if friends are here

SPECIAL THANKS

To all the writers who sent works to CROP,
to everyone in the English Department Office Staff,
to MGU English Literature professors
who encouraged students to give a chance to write great writings,
to Kana Takahashi who designed this volume's cover,
to the CROP members
Kana Takahashi, Michinari Onuki and Shota Kunii,
who edited this book through the year,
to INUUNIQ and BEAUTeBOOK
which cooperated with us,
to Professor Jon Mitchell
and Professor Michael Pronko
who gave us ideas to be creative,
and most of all,
to everyone who reads.
THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

Printing company
INUUNIQ

Cover design
Kana Takahashi

Interior design
BEAUTeBOOK

CROP

Department of English Literature
Meiji Gakuin University
1-2-37 Shirokanedai, Minato-ku
Tokyo 108-8636 JAPAN

© 2021 INDIVIDUAL AUTHORS

CROP
CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS
～作品募集中～

Let's Share Our Experiences, Feelings, Memories and Ideas!

We want to assemble your creative English skills to make a special publication.
Poems, Lyrics, Reviews (Films or TV series), Short Stories, Dramas or Your Thoughts
are what we want from you.

英語で、詩・歌詞・レビュー（映画やドラマ）・ショートストーリー・物語
の脚本・皆さんの気持ち
を書いた作品を集め、毎年一つの本にしています。

さあ、CROPで「一つのすてきな本」をテーマに、読む・書く・話す
を楽しみながら、経験を共有しよう！

↓ 作品応募はこちらへ ↓
mgucrop2015@gmail.com



FACEBOOK



INSTAGRAM



TWITTER



LINE

For inspiration, check out the old issues here:

www.mgucrop.com/works/

Write for others,
write for
yourself.

