

MGU

CROP

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CROP

Creativity Rising Original Production

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I... STUDENT...OF YOU...

Michinari Onuki

What's the point of studying?

- if I cannot say my opinion?

- if I have to shut myself?

- if I have to hold what I want to say?

What's the use of our identities?

What's the use of our mouths that have the voices?

Why we cannot say?

Why reject?

Why so oppressive?

Why keep others shut off?

Why your thinking?

Why cannot share?

Just WHY?

I'm sad, enraged, and a STUDENT.

Are students inconsequential?

I don't think so...

THE FIRST GALE OF SPRING

Ayako Yotsubayashi

Beautiful narcissus blooming near a church dyes its white body red with blood tears.

To the sandy ground wearing a floating-hat, its drop falls.

By its quiet sacred sound, the ground wakes up suddenly.

To the gate opened toward a church, a welcome water of tears runs.

All organs being flooded by it awake from asleep and begin singing!

Throb! Throb! Throb!

To a blessing from God, the song raises a delightful voice! For their dear friends, they sing!

Like water shining with the sunlight, they wet cherry blossoms themselves with their song.

The moment when its buds try to start blooming.

Under the tree, the former tear owner, a girl appears.
To her dear Christ, will she hold a ritual to pay a price.
Her kiss to a petal, says goodbye to her sad love.
Changed her sadness by her Gods, for her family's healing.
After she left, petals of the blossom tree performed a dance of spring.

A Girl's Love Letter to Her Love

Dear My love,

I will dedicate this poem to you. I'm sure that you won't ever read this poem. You said you were bad at English before, didn't you? I lost your love before I could say, "I love you", but I don't mind about it. Because I'm good if you are happy now. What is occurring in your night dreams now? There will be not me in the beautiful view you describe. But I do love your painting so much. After I said goodbye to you, I always remember all your paintings that you showed me. That memory gives me courage to go on tomorrow. Thank you. All thing I can do is only to bloom short-lived flowers such as cherry blossom. However, I trust you. So, I hope that your tenderness and warmth will bloom a beautiful flower healing all people.

Love,

A.Y

LIFE

Fuka Kawaji

In house, I live with my mother
I stay home even a good weather
The reason is that I hate bugs
Make strange noises so need earplugs

My grandma lives alone in big house
There's garden overgrown with grass
I love my gran, but I don't go...
We never know what the bugs will do

One fine day, my gran broke her back
Heading her house with mom is quick
I arrived and didn't look outside
And take care of her and get gratitude

"Tomorrow, we are going home"
Said my mom. "I see... feel lonesome"
Meanwhile, I couldn't sleep for the night
Heard sound, came close window no light

I saw the grass in garden twinkle,
hear familiar music and smile
It made me more and more curious
So, I headed for there, nervous

As I approached back of the garden
The complexity of music louden
To my surprise, it is the insect
That's to play the song is perfect

They're all bugs, which is very weird,
but I was enraptured by sound
One bug noticed to my presence
He said "Would you like to join us?"

He can speak words, surprised again
I really want to "join in..."
He must have realized how I felt
"Let's sing together. Come here fast!"

I joined the Music Festival
Each insect gets on great, not rival
Sound by bugs is so beautiful
Feel dreamy with so wonderful

Next day, I was awoken by mom's voice
What happened is true is not evidence
But I feel good, bugs are living
Open windows, pleasant morning

A HALLOWEEN NIGHT

Yukina Yamaguchi

It's October thirty first night
A town is brightened by moonlight
Children dress up fancy costume
Then they run out of their small room

Visit house and say "Trick or Treat!"
People give cute kids something sweet
They say, "Thank you" and become smile
This is normal Halloween style

My name is Persty ten years old
Three years ago, I died from cold
I am a ghost, and can you see?
I can but you cannot see me

Before enter school, life was end
I am always looking for friend
I can go out only today
I want to find a friend to play

The night I wander in the air
I am looking for kids from there
I find a girl who is ten years
I try to speak into her ears

"Hi, I'm Persty. What is your name?
Do you play with me some fun game"
She does not clearly notice him
But she can feel something dim

"Hi, I'm Emily, where are you?
Are you ghost? I'm interested in you"
She confronts odd situation
Later, they make good relation

"I am so glad you talk to me
And I just want to talk so free
Do not fear to talk to others
You can see the world another"

ELEPHANT'S TRUNK

Shion Matsuuchi

Stagger around, trumpet loudly
Tiny body standing proudly
My mother is ready to drop
The whole world is thrilled with the scoop

An elephant Matthew just born
My favorite food is sweet corn
Because it shines and looks so good
Sadly, I still cannot eat food

I suddenly have a rethink
That I have a very long trunk
I'm not aware of its presence
At that moment I lost balance

I think I am the only one
Cuz I'm surrounded by human
But when I drink mother's breast milk
I know she also has the trunk

"A long trunk belongs to me, why?"
Mother gives me a sweet reply
"To grab a thing and drink water.
You eat food sooner or later."

I look forward to that moment
However, I cannot do it
If I drink water, choke a lot
If I try to grab food, drop it

I mimic her move and work hard
At last, I get a just reward
The bothersome decoration
Change to a key installation

At length I have my best-loved food
Big eater with a pleasant mood
It's so nice to move it freely
The ideal I want to be

THE FOREST

Takanobu Sasaki

The forest contains the hot air
I don't need anything to wear
It's placed in the damp condition
Huge fog is like my ambition

Then suddenly, the monkeys came
They move so smoothly like fierce flame
I see the one dropping from tree
He lamely fell in front of me

This naughty boy, his name is Greg
I noticed that he has one leg
He was left behind by others
There aren't his mother and brothers

"I always fall behind", Greg said
Moreover, "It's as good as dead"
"What happened to your leg?" I asked
"The jaguar got me in the past."

That's why he always falls behind
His weakness is just it, I find
He has strengths, on the other hand
He's tough as far as I understand

"Greg, are you a sturdy guy, right?"
"Yeah, I slipped a little tonight"
"If so, you ought to practice hard
Then, this jungle will be your yard"

Monkeys often move like today
We met them going far away
They are about to move again
Greg chases others in the rain

Greg started later than others
But by any means he covers
He caught up with them steadily
He overtook them finally.

THE REALITY CLUB

Minami Toshima

It happened right after I entered high school. I was spoken to from the rear seat in the classroom.

"Hey, do you know The Reality Club?"

"The Realistic Club? I don't know about it but I think it's worthless."

"Uh, you are so boring, aren't you? I spoke to you because you seemed to be an interesting person, though."

The person to talk to was a man like I am. The length of his hair was moderate. His face was plain as salt and his eyes looked like a fox's. He seemed to be an ordinary boy but somehow there was a frivolous, suspicious atmosphere. Unlike that famous anime we know, the things like a beautiful girl starting to talk to me do not happen so often.

"Don't you choose more decent clubs? Our school has a strong baseball team, football either."

The guy interrupted my chat.

"Anyway, I'm going to wait in the empty classroom on the second floor after school. See you there."

Then he went away in a hurry after the next homeroom finished. Who is he...?

I was dissatisfied with the accident for various reasons, but somehow I was heading for the second floor. And I remembered my ex-girlfriend who broke up with me a few days ago.

"You are boring, Shuto."

Such words came from her small, cute and refreshing mouth.

"You are distant in strange ways...you say your classmates are too childish, for example. You always read a textbook even I am there beside you. These are only your pet phrases: I'm tired or that's hard. Yet you stay indoors all day and are indifferent to brilliant things, so you seem to drive yourself into a corner."

I was not upset. Rather, her words were individually very heavy. I was deeply worried about her because she seemed to be depressed so much. Her tone of voice and expressions were not sarcastic. I was sorry for being her boyfriend.

While I was not interested in the club activity, I went to the room maybe because I thought I should try something new.

The way toward the club was long. In fact, I could reach there within five minutes, but the room is in the north corner where doesn't get much sunshine. It should be called "the sense of psychological distance" rather than the geographic distance. Near the door there was a piece of loose-leaf paper which was faded and said "The Reality Club" in sloppy handwritten letters.

When I walked into the room the briefing session had already started. Five chairs were put side by side for the new students. The president was explaining while he was drawing letters and pictures on the blackboard with chalk. There were four participants including me and the guy I met. Surprisingly, the president earnestly explained things like what the activity is, how many times they do per week...!

From the name "The Reality Club", for a moment I expected more serious activities like discussing social, economic or political problems which give us the chances to face

reality. However, this club is unique as I expected. The president is a senior male student who is fresh, good-looking and looks like a sportsman. He does not color his hair or become a delinquent. He's just cheerful and enriches his life. Why is there such a person? He opened his mouth.

"Don't you feel there are many different types of reality, everyone? Yes, the truth is not always one.... Here The Reality Club is the club where we compare and discuss such contradicted realities. We do not study things such as psychic phenomenon which are uncertain whether they exist. Rather, we study the reality thoroughly. Like the gaps between advanced and developing countries where science technology is improved or not. Or comparison of the supporters and objectors to nuclear power plants, for instance...."

"Then is the activity similar to social studies, sir?"

"No, it's not so serious. We can compare anything as long as they are different types of reality. For example, do you get tired of this real world sometimes? You should go to school every day, and lots of information from TV or SNS surrounds you. You barely continue chasing trends to keep up with your friends. There are only gaunt exhausted salarymen on the train...but suddenly when you look up the window, you see the beautiful sky which spreads endlessly. That is also the reality, but you feel as if that's an imaginary world...you can talk about such things, too."

The activity is pretty relaxed. Is this president, who looks nice also tired of the reality? I think the concept of this club is interesting enough, but since it's elusive and unusual, the new students left there to visit another club soon except me and that fox guy. That makes sense...they can become popular if they join the baseball or handball club compared to this club. As to culture clubs, the light music and the brass band club are more brilliant.

The next day after school, I was in the club room unexpectedly. Of course, he was, too. I wanted to ask him one thing.

"By the way, why did you invite me?"

"Come on, can you guess why?"

Seeing his mischievous smile for a few minutes, I was irritated a little. "You spoke to me because your seat is near mine, right?" I replied repeatedly, but he continued smiling instead of answering. When I came to be fed up with that and began to give up, he opened his mouth after all.

"We graduated from the same middle school."

...What? What did he say now? The same middle school...??"

"You split up with your girlfriend, huh?"

A cold sweat dripped down my back. My heart almost burst out of my chest. He apologized a little bit and wore a faint smile.

“Sorry for surprising you. I am a well-informed person. They tell me everything because I’m easy to talk to. Oh, did I introduce myself? My name is Hayato. Nice to meet you.”

Hayato faced me as he retook his seat.

“Is her name Suzuka? Poor you were dumped by her.”

“It’s none of your business.”

“I think you have your own strengths, though. Your friends say so.”

I gazed at him with a blank look for a while.

“For example, you don’t lose your temper like her. You remain calm even someone gets angry in front of you. Above all you are sincere and steady. I heard that you are studying for the faculty of law although you’re a freshman yet.”

I got nervous and watched out for his great ability for information gathering. Who he is!?

“Yeah, I want to be a government worker. I heard the faculty of law is advantageous for that.”

“That’s your advantage. For sure Suzuka is cute and so competitive that she’s filled with vitality. But she is rash and reckless. You have what she doesn’t have. Just use your talents...correcting your weaknesses is also important though.”

“What you said is offensive if you say.”

I said so by my mouth, but in my heart I understand that he has his own virtues.

“What are you doing here, you two seem to be happy.”

The president came behind us. His smile was fresh as usual. After we talked about the reason he grabbed our shoulders all of a sudden.

“I see. That’s the reality, too. You two are also the respectable members of The Reality Club.”

The dusty classroom was filled with a peculiar smell. The sun was shining through the window, and dust particles floating in the air were clearly silhouetted. Whenever I enter the classroom, I remember my old schools and feel that someday I’ll remember this school with nostalgia, too. Even though I just entered here recently.

DEAR MY MOTHERLIKE PERSON

Miharu Tasei

I remember the smile of a graceful female staff member of Department of Religion with black hair tied when I entered the chapel at the Yokohama campus for the first time. She greeted me gently and let me in. I felt my heart at ease and warmed from the bottom of my heart. Since then, I continuously went to the sacred place to meet and talk with her.

I remember the fragrance of her luxury cosmetics.

I remember the mild feeling when I wrote a handwritten letter. It took about two hours to finish writing it because I wanted to recall my memories politely and tell my gratitude with my best. During that time, I was filled with happiness spreading throughout my body.

I remember the soft taste of thermal Royal milk tea of Kirin Beverage Company in the chilly September. She bought me a two-hundred eighty ml can at a vending machine next to school cafeteria during lunchtime.

I remember the sight of a fifteen centimeters squirrel when we were in the small office of the Department of Religion, sitting and talking. The small animal was climbing a tree, lit by the shiny sun. She noticed it and told me that it was there.

I remember her soft voice calling my name. I felt like coming home.

I remember the vibration in her car. We met around the university, she picked me up by car and sent me to the Totsuka station. It was freezing cold and raining heavily, so I survived without catching cold by getting wet in the rain.

I remember the change of the color of my heart from blurred gray to light transparent pink in meeting with her.

I do not remember how many times I cried when reading her letter. She wrote me a letter of no less than five sheets. In the message, she praised me for my honest and modest. Also, she advised me, saying, "You will face and be confused to a lot of trouble. However, I think it is valuable to reflect on what you have in mind, even if you do not find a perfect answer."

I remember the atmosphere like a spring breeze when I opened the wooden door of her workplace. As I entered the room, she turned to look at me with a soft, motherly face, saying "Welcome!"

I remember warmth and softness of her hand in holding her hand.

I remember her last drop of tears. After the Christmas worship at the chapel of the Yokohama campus on December fifteenth, twenty twenty-two, authorized people of the church gathered to celebrate her retirement this year. We presented a bunch of many flowers with orange and pink and a message card of about thirty centimeters from twenty people, including a masculine, tall pastor, four female members of the religious affairs staff, and students of different grades and majors. After she got these presents, she said “Thank you for working here and meeting all of you” with tears. At that time, I noticed that all the people there loved her, and she also loved them, again. I re-acknowledged the happiness and the miracle of meeting her in the chapel, though we both were not Christians.

I will always remember her smile even ten years later.

THE REASON NOT TO TELL

Rintaro Misugi

In a cold winter, one day a boy received the news that his girlfriend Nia – was dead. The boyfriend’s name is Jacob, and he is nineteen years old. He is stoop and gloomy with dull long hair. Nia is twenty-one years old with glittering blue eyes.

INT. Jacob’s room

The room is very cluttered. Jacob looks at Nia’s smile in a photo in the room.

JACOB

Why suddenly.

Why, tell me why, Nia. (Soliloquy in despair)

He picks up a crumpled invitation card of her funeral ceremony from a trash can. He heads to the hall of her funeral ceremony.

OUT. way to the hall

He keeps the soliloquy wearing all black.

JACOB

You’ re so heathy up and sociable but why...

He stops walking at a swimming pool she used to go to, on the way.

JACOB

In the pool...Drowning? I’ m unacceptable, Nia.

While his footsteps are so heavy, he arrives at the hall.

INT. Ceremony Hall

At the reception. He encounters her mother gazing afar.

JACOB

Please accept my sincere condolences.

NIA'S MOTHER

Yes, thank you....

He doesn't ask the reason for death to her and takes part in the funeral ceremony. He faces Nia having no life in a coffin.

JACOB

Please tell me this is a nasty nightmare, Nia. (with shivering hands)

NIA

... (Sleeping eternally)

Of course, there is no response and no smiles. He stands with his head down. Leaving her and sitting in his seat for about an hour in despair, the funeral ceremony is over.

He is going to go home immediately, but he is spoken to by a woman with smooth long hair.

LITHERNA

You're Jacob, aren't you? (with no confidence)

JACOB

Yes, I'm Jacob. But you are... (with suspicion)

Sorry, who are you...

LITHERNA

I'm relieved to meet you, Jacob.

I am Litherna, Nia's friend since childhood. We met on her twentieth birthday.

A woman is Litherna – Nia's very close friend, belonging to the same university and swimming club as Nia.

JACOB

Hi, Litherna. I'm sorry I've forgotten... But what's up? What do you want? I'm sorry, but I want to go home right now.

LITHERNA

Sorry, Jacob. I know how you feel. But please calm down

JACOB

I'm calm enough. (with anger)

LITHERNA

You think Nia died suddenly. Right?

JACOB

Yes. That's the fact, isn't it?

He has bloodshot eyes, she has patient eyes.

LITHERNA

I thought so.

JACOB

What?! Are you making fun of me? Or do you know why she is dead?! Was she drowning?!

After all, he yells at her, and he moves quickly to the exit ignoring her.

LITHERNA

No, no, no. I have a serious business for you and Nia.

JACOB

Business for me and Nia? (upset)

LITHERNA

Yes. Please listen calmly. It's not that Nia died suddenly, not drowning. She had an illness.

JACOB

...illness? That's a lie! I don't know that. His face is flushing, and he's glaring at her.

LITHERNA

Please calm down, please listen to the end. (soothing)

JACOB

OK, I'm sorry for my rudeness.

LITHERNA

Thank you, but it's inappropriate to tell from me. So...

She hands one formal letter to him.

LITHERNA

This is a testament of her will to you. I kept it carefully until today... So, please

read firmly from the beginning to the end. (sorrowfully)

Jacob opens the testament slowly.

In brief, it says:

"I am so sorry to hide my illness. I have cancer and know my life doesn't last much anymore. If I were to tell you this, you would be terribly depressed. But I wanted you to be fine with me as long as my life still lasts, so, I didn't tell you. I'm sorry when reading this I think you are at lost but have a smile. I hope you have a long bright life for me. Thank you, Jacob."

Jacob closes it and wipes his tears.

JACOB

Thank you so much for giving this me, and I'm. really sorry for annoying. (crying in a whisper)

LITHERNA

It's okay. Nia was always worried about you after she passed away. So, we have to live with smiles for her. (calmly)

JACOB

Yes, that's right. Thank you for bringing me back to sanity. I cherish this letter.

Jacob and Litherna shake hands firmly. Then, he leaves the ceremony hall.

INT. Jacob's room

He sits on a sofa profoundly and gazes at photo again.

JACOB

No to tell me about the cancer was your kindness. Thank you for being with me as fighting your illness, Nia. I'll try to live positively. (cheerfully)

He talks to Nia in the photo and tries to leave the room. But,

NIA IN THE PHOTO?

Keep smiling, Jacob.

He stops on a dime and makes a smile on his face.

After a few weeks, he starts going to swimming class where she used to be, with a smile he has lost.

THE MAGIC OF MAKE-UP

Kanon Fueki

Lisa is 15 years old and was born and raised in the countryside, and Erica was brought up in the city. This spring, Lisa moves to the city from the countryside and transfers to Erica's class. Erica has a confident personality and is very fashionable and stylish. She wears a short school uniform skirt, with long curly permed hair, long eyelashes, and sparkling eyeshadow. Lisa, on the other hand, is shy and insecure about herself. She wears no make-up, has frizzy hair and her uniform is fastened tightly to the first button. Her skirt is long enough to cover her knees. She has never been interested in fashion, but since moving to the new school she feels a gap between her appearance and that of her classmates, so she is losing more and more confidence.

INT.CLASSROOM - MORNING (THE DAY THEY FIRST MEET)

The classroom is full of excitement about the new term. The brilliant morning sun pours through the windows and a fresh breeze blows in through the opened windows. When Lisa takes the seat assigned to her by her teacher, Erica, who is sitting next to her, suddenly speaks to her.

ERICA

(with a face that looks grim)

What's your name?

LISA

(nervously, looking down)

Oh, um, Lisa.

ERICA

(looking at Lisa from head to toe)

Uh-huh.

LISA'S VOICE

Who's this person, she's scary! Maybe she's trying to bully me! She wears a short school uniform skirt, with long curly permed hair, long eyelashes, and sparkling eyeshadow... She's so different from me. She must think I'm lame.

ERICA

Well, you know...

LISA

(covers Erica's voice).

Oh, um, I'm sorry!

Lisa suddenly gets up from her chair and runs out of the classroom. Her chair lay on the floor with a loud sound. Outside the window, the nice weather from a few minutes ago becomes gloomy and cloudy.

ERICA'S VOICE

I was just trying to talk ...

CUT TO

A FEW DAYS LATER

INT.CLASSROOM – DAY (AFTER CLASS)

Over the next few days, Erica tries to speak to Lisa every day, but each time she does, Lisa avoids Erica and walks away. After a week of these days, Erica finally grabs the arm of Lisa when she is leaving early after class and speaks to her.

ERICA

(grabbing Lisa's arm)

Hey, why are you avoiding me so much?

LISA

(looking down in fear).

I'm not avoiding you.

ERICA

(a little angry)

You're avoiding me. You're not even looking at me right now.

LISA

Well, that's not...

ERICA

Did I do something wrong?

LISA

(looks panicked)

No, no, no, no...

ERICA

Then why?

LISA

Because I thought maybe you don't like me and you were trying to bully me, and...

ERICA

(looking surprised).

Bully you?! I would never do that! You're just being too prejudiced!

LISA

(finally looks up)

W-What, you're not?

ERICA

(chuckles)

No, of course not! Did I look so scary to you?

LISA

Yes, I was scared...

ERICA

Oh, my God, you were? I didn't mean to scare you! People often say I look unhappy, but I'm not at all.

LISA

(relieved)

What the... I thought you were mad at me.

ERICA

I just wanted to talk to you!

LISA

(chuckles)

No, I-I'm sorry, I was wrong about you. You're very pretty and fashionable, so, I thought maybe you wanted to keep people away like me who aren't as pretty...

ERICA

What are you talking about? You're cute!

LISA

Well, I've never even put on make-up, and my hair's a mess...

ERICA

Then I'll teach you how to do it!

LISA

Really? Thank you!

Erica takes her own cosmetics pouch out of her bag and spreads its contents out on the desk to show them to Lisa. Gorgeous, colorful cases are laid out on the desk one after another.

ERICA

This is eyeshadow, this is an eyebrow pencil, this is mascara, these two are lipsticks, and...

LISA

M, masca... what?

ERICA

Mascara. It's something you put your lashes on to make them look stronger and prettier.

LISA

Stronger?

ERICA

Yes. Make-up gives you confidence. You can be a strong person.

LISA

Really?

ERICA

Absolutely.

Can you sit here?

LISA

Okay.

Lisa sits down in front of Erica with her eyes closed. Erica then begins to apply make-up to Lisa's face. Erica moves the make-up brush with a hand with a skillful and familiar touch. The fluffy bristles of the brush move like a dance on Lisa's face.

LISA

(laughing and shaking)

That tickles!

ERICA

(laughing along with her)

Don't move!

LISA

(still chuckles)

Okay, I'm sorry.

LISA'S VOICE

The tickle of the make-up brush moving over my face, the cold feel of eyeliner being drawn, the fragrance of lipstick on my lips... it's magical! Exciting!

Erica stops her hand and puts the brush down on the desk. She looks at Lisa's face and smiles as brightly as the sun.

ERICA

Okay, done!

LISA

I feel like my face is kind of weird, like...

ERICA

Hold on a second.

Erica pulls out a mirror that is decorated with sparkling stones and glossy ribbons, from her bag. The jewels on it shine by reflecting the sun through the window.

ERICA

Close your eyes.

Lisa closes her eyes and Erica sets the mirror in front of Lisa's face.

ERICA

Three, two, one, open your eyes!

LISA

(startled)

Oh my God, I can't believe it! I feel like I'm not myself... !

LISA'S VOICE

Wow, my skin is so smooth! My eyelids are sparkling, and my eyes look bigger! The lips are so glossy, and my face looks so cheerful!

ERICA

You look great! You look even prettier!

LISA

I feel like a new person!

Erica quickly braids Lisa's hair and begins to write something on a notepad.

LISA

What are you writing?

ERICA

On your way home today, you can look at this note and buy some cosmetics!

LISA

Wow, thank you!

They leave the classroom together, side by side. Their steps are light. The sunset shines on them as if to surround them. In the empty classroom, the glitter of eyeshadow is dancing in the wind blowing through the window.

IN A ROOM

Chihiro Shimizu

In a room, two girls talk about makeup. A woman listens to it in the next room. MARY is seventeen years old, and a high school student. She has short blonde hair. She is reserved and a twisted person. LISA is MARY's older sister. She is twenty years old, and a university student. She has long blonde hair. She is frisky and a little mean. She is so considerate of her sister. ANN is their mother. She is kind.

INT. LISA' ROOM - NIGHT

LISA

Do you want this?

LISA shows MARY the lipstick in her hand.

LISA

I bought the same color by mistake.

MARY(interrupting)

No. I don't need that.

LISA (excitedly)

Why? It's pretty popular! I won't give it to you anymore if you want it.

LISA flutters to show off her lipstick.

MARY

There will never come a time when I want it.

LISA

Why do you think so?

MARY

I'm not interested in makeup.

LISA (louder)

I can't believe it!

MARY

It's too loud.

LISA

Makeup is so fun! And this makeup kit is so pretty!

LISA shows MARY her makeup kit.

LISA

You see?

MARY

(MARY shakes her head) I just don't understand.

MARY grabs two of the many lipsticks lined up on the dresser.

MARY

I think stupid you bought so many similar things.

LISA

(agitated) Don't be ridiculous.

ANN comes into the room.

ANN

Hey, what's up sweeties?

MARY & LISA

Nothing!

ANN

Okay. It's time for dinner.

INT. LISA'S ROOM - DAY

MARY stands in front of LISA's dresser.

MARY

(whisper) Cute... I should have gotten it.

MARY looks around.

MARY

Just a little... MARY picks up the lipstick.

LISA

(LISA yells from the doorway) I'm home!

MARY

Wait!

MARY drops the lipstick. Its breaks off.

MARY

Oh my god. What am I going to do...

LISA comes into the room.

LISA

What are you doing?

MARY

Umm.

LISA

What? (agitated) What were you doing in my room without permission?

MARY

(nervously) I'm sorry.

LISA

(interrupting) An apology isn't enough to know.

MARY

I broke your lipstick. I'm so sorry...

LISA

You suck!

MARY

Sorry. What should I do?

LISA

Pay for it!

MARY

Okay, I'm sorry.

MARY's eyes fill with tears. MARY bites her lip.

LISA

(laughing) Just kidding!

MARY

What?

LISA

I don't need your money.

MARY

So...? What should I do?

LISA

Instead, I want you to be honest.

MARY

Honest?

LISA

Yes. You're interested in makeup, aren't you?

MARY

Umm.

LISA

Come on, be honest.

MARY

(shyly) Yes.

LISA

(laughing) I knew it!

LISA

Let me do your makeup.

MARY

I don't care.

LISA

Be honest.

MARY

(shyly) Thanks. I'm happy.

LISA

Good!

INT.DRUGSTORE - DAY

ANN visits a drugstore to buy some makeup kits for MARY.

ANN

(whisper) Umm. It's difficult.

INT.LISA'S ROOM - DAY

LISA applies makeup to MARY.

MARY

How long have you known?

LISA

I've known for a long time.

MARY

Why?

LISA

(laughing)

You're easy to understand.

MARY

Really?

LISA

Yes. You would look at me with envy every time I bought a new makeup kit.

MARY

I thought you weren't aware.

LISA

It was so obvious.

MARY

You also noticed that sometimes I used to take the liberty of using it, didn't you?

LISA

(surprising) What?

MARY

What? You didn't know?

LISA

I didn't know!

MARY

Oh...

I shouldn't have said that. (laughing)

LISA

Hey!

MARY and LISA laugh at each other.

LISA

But I forgive you for being honest with me. From now on, just tell me and I'll lend you anything you want.

MARY

Thank you.

ANN arrives at home.

ANN

I'm home.

MARY & LISA

(louder) Mom, Welcome back!

MARY&LISA run up to ANN.

ANN

(laughing) You guys look like you're having a great time. Did you put on make up?

MARY

Yes!

ANN

That's good.

MARY

LISA did my makeup for me. How's that?

ANN

That's so nice. You're so pretty!

ANN

MARY, I have a present for you.

MARY

Really?

ANN

Yes, here you're.

ANN gives MARY a paper bag. MARY opens it, removes the lipstick from inside.

MARY

(excitedly)

Thank you, Mom! I'm so glad!

ANN

You're welcome. I'm glad you're so happy and I'm happy for you too.

ANN smiles when see MARY's happy face.

ANN

But honestly, I couldn't decide which one to choose. I'm glad you like it.

LISA

Good for you MARY.

MARY

Thanks. Sorry I broke your lipstick.

LISA

Don't worry.

ANN

Oh, really? Then, let's go shopping together sometime.

MARY & LISA

Yay!

The three look at each other and laugh.

HE IS MY SUN

Marina Saito

"The sun! Please give me light!" It's necessary for me to get some sunlight, and I want to exclaim this as soon as possible. The reason why I said it is that there's one person like the big sun, it's my father. Of course, he is one of my parents, but he gives me great power anytime. He is fifty-five years old, just an ordinary father. I had lived in Yamashiro with my family since I was born, and he brought up his children, including me; he has three immature shoots. I spent much time with him in my hometown for eighteen years until I left home to go to the university. After I became away from him, I finally realized my gratitude for him and his influence on me, and I am a bud whose flowers haven't bloomed yet. He was very reliable in my childhood, the dissatisfied parent whom I was annoyed with in my puberty, and a helping hand in my life.

Looking back on my childhood, my father's face immediately comes to my mind. His face was suntanned and black just like a burnt potato. He was a baseball player until he was a high school student. He was relatively smaller than the other players. My brothers and I were influenced by him and started to play baseball. Since then, I spent every single day engrossed in baseball. My father always taught me his excellent batting, defense, and pitching. At home, there was a large yard, so it was our ballpark where I could practice. "Run! Run!" "Don't give up!" my father's loud and deep voice resounded through there. He especially had a powerful swing, so I had a great longing

for his strength. “Zing!” when he showed me his practice swings, I was overwhelmed by this sound every time. Occasionally, I lost games and felt depressed. In a case like that, my father always gave me some accurate advice to me, and I asked him for assistance. Although I wilted, he invited me to train with a dazzling smile and said, “Efforts don’t betray you.” I relied on him and was pushed by his rough hand.

Then, as I entered adolescence and finished as a baseball player, I gradually started not getting along with my father. I disliked being with him because he inquired about my privacy, such as my school life and relationships between my friends. There wasn’t our conversation, only “I’m home,” “HI,” and “Click” even this noise from him when he worked in the living room made me uncomfortable, so I was inhaled into my room soon after back. At that time, we were magnets.

At a certain happening, our relationship changed again. Two years ago, I was an examination student in high school and very worried about study and my future. At that time, my father always consulted me seriously. He usually told me, “Prioritize what you want to do. Value your own thoughts rather than the opinion of others. I’ll support you.” These words were my salvation. The sun shined on the dark cave. After studying for a long time, I started just looking forward to his supper. He often cooked fried rice, so the smell of rice reminds me of him.

My dad was young and admired me and sometimes I was established from him, but he supported me when I had a hard time. He has helped me near me since I was little. Now, I moved away from him and reaffirmed him. Although I’m independent, I still lean on him. He will still be watching over me in the sky. He is my sun.

IN ONE HOUSE

Fuka Kawaji

In one house, a mother and a daughter are fighting. The family has no father and no brothers. A daughter LUCY is thirteen years old. She has clear white skin and freckles on her cheeks. Compared to before, she is a little taller and growing, but she still has innocence on her face. And during a rebellious period, she often fights with her mother. Her mother HELEN is in her late 30s. HELEN is short. She is overtaken by LUCY. She looks younger than her age because she is small. She raised LUCY by herself. She gave birth to a daughter at a young age, so she can understand LUCY’s feelings.

INT. living room

LUCY

(angrily, hotly) Mom doesn't know anything about me!

HELEN

(calmly) That's not sure. I understand your desire to slow the curfew time.

LUCY

Then why don't you grant my desire? Ah...I don't know what it means.

HELEN

No, it's not... well...

LUCY

What!? If you don't speak up, I won't know!!!

HELEN

(little hotly)

You're still a junior high school student, understand? You are still a child!

LUCY

Even if I was still a child, I'm already a junior high school student! I'm already thirteen years old, and my friends around me don't get in trouble for playing late...Umm...

HELEN

(hopelessly)

In any case, I don't change my curfew. We're different from other families.

LUCY

After all, nothing changes!!! Don't tie me up with mom's pertinent thinking in the face of no reason!

HELEN

Well... at any rate, listen. I tell for you.

LUCY

(More angrily)

So don't mislead me by saying such a pertinent thing! I'm tired of talking to you... LUCY bounces on the desk and stands up from the chair where she is sitting.

HELEN

Wait LUCY!!

LUCY runs up from the living room to her room.

LUCY

(soliloquy) Oh, I am annoying. I can't understand my mother. Why... I don't have to understand what mom is talking about... (gravely) If I leave this house, I don't have to keep that curfew... (vividly) Ok... Let's get out of the house! Right now!

It's still a little chilly at night, so LUCY picks up her jacket. LUCY does things without thinking. So, LUCY runs down the stairs with no other baggage.

LUCY

(soliloquy) I'm sick of this house anymore.

HELEN is preparing dinner.

HELEN

(soliloquy) What should I do...?

LUCY

I won't understand you for the rest of my life! I hate you!!

LUCY leaves the scent of delicious dinner, opens the front door, and leaves the house.

HELEN

(from the distance) Wait!!!!

LUCY ignores her mother's voice and runs hard to go far.

LUCY

(soliloquy and relaxingly) I finally got out of the house! If mom don't grant my wish, I just have to get out of the house! Why didn't I realize it was so easy?

LUCY is a little excited. It is only six o'clock in the evening, but gradually it is getting dim and the wind is getting stronger and colder.

LUCY

(soliloquy) I'm glad I brought my jacket!

LUCY wanders a little near her house before reaching the park. And she sits on a bench in the park.

EXT. in this park

LUCY

I wonder why I was born in this house...

If it were another house, there would be many better things...

Mom just needs to extend curfew, so everything will be solved, but even if I go home now,

I'll just get in trouble again...

LUCY's head rekindles the smell of dinner she has just left home.

LUCY

I'm hungry...

Oh!!! Come to think of it, I must have left a grain of chocolate in the pocket of my jacket!

LUCY eats a grain of chocolate that she is holding, and gradually her anxious heart cheers up a little. But...

LUCY

(soliloquy) Delicious... I can't go home... I think I'll go to Emily's house, it's only before 9 o'clock and I think it isn't annoying...

LUCY decides to rely on her friend Emily before it gets late at night. Emily's house is about a fifteen-minute walk from this park. When Lucy stands up from the park bench to go to Emily's house, she feels as if the cold wind has been drawn into the very shabby and old house next to the park.

LUCY

(terrified) ...maybe it's just my imagination... Let's hurry up and go before it gets any darker.

LUCY is frightened for a moment, but as she walks, she forgets her feelings and arrives at Emily's house in no time. LUCY goes to Emily's house and rings the intercom.

LUCY

I am sorry to be late at night. I'm LUCY.

LUCY rings the intercom and calls out, but no one answers her. Then, she notices that Emily's car is nothing.

LUCY

Ah... Emily said she was going on a trip with her family from today... Oh, no.

LUCY's other friends are far from here, and it gets late at night when she walks.

LUCY

(soliloquy, anxiety) If I walk from here, it will be too late at night... Let's go back to the park.

It's not very cold, so I can spend about a day here... It's okay, It's okay. For about a day.

LUCY decides to sit on the park bench and waits until morning and remembers what her mother said.

LUCY

(calmly) Mom said "for me"...

If mom thinks "for me"... but... well...

When LUCY is thinking about many things, she feels another cold wind blowing into the house that seems to be in ruins. It isn't her misunderstanding.

LUCY

(terrified) Oh my god... there's no one here!! (shouting)

LUCY's voice echoes, and there is no answer. And small windows of ruins flutter open and close.

LUCY

(more terrified) It's the wind's work, there's no way there's anyone there, just in my imagination, just in my imagination...

LUCY, who has grown more frightened, is enveloped in fear. She thinks about moving, but this was the only place LUCY can find.

LUCY

It's okay, It's okay...

(?)

Hey...

LUCY

(more surprisingly) Who!?

LUCY is suddenly spoken to by someone from behind and is surprised to see if the ghost of the ruins has finally appeared. But the voice is so familiar that Lucy looks back nervously.

HELEN

(affable) What are you doing here? We are leaving right away.

LUCY

(a little bewilderingly) Yes...

LUCY and HELEN don't say a word until they get home. And They arrive at their home.

LUCY arrives at home and her nose is still runny with peace of mind and warmth. When Helen sees the situation, she warms up the vegetable soup she has been making for dinner.

HELEN

Here you are.

LUCY

Thanks...

LUCY relieves herself by eating vegetable soup.

LUCY

I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

HELEN

That's enough. Go to bed today.

LUCY goes to bed and thinks about various things.

LUCY

(about to cry) I can't do anything by myself... I must rely on someone. It's pathetic... Even at the end, mom came to pick me up... LUCY is reminded that she is only 13 years old. Then, she realizes that she still could not live alone and her mother is great.

CUT to: the next morning

LUCY

Good morning mom.

HELEN

Good morning.

LUCY

I'm sorry about yesterday. It is my fault.

HELEN

(mildly) That's enough. if you understand. I don't want to tie you up.

LUCY

I know, mam.

I am going to wash my face.

LUCY apologizes to her mother and is getting ready to go to school.

LUCY

I'll be back!

HELEN

Take care!

LUCY is on her way to school. She greets her friends and teachers and sits in her seat.

LUCY

Good morning!

LUCY'S FRIEND

Good morning! Oh, Emily who is always with you, is today off?

LUCY

Yes! She said she is going on a trip with her family since yesterday. Look forward to the souvenirs.

LUCY'S FRIEND

I see. I wonder where she is going!

LUCY

Oh, I haven't heard where she is going. Let's hear a lot of things when Emily comes back!

When LUCY is talking to a friend, the chime rang and the teacher coming. After the class, the teacher gives the students homework to write a composition about their future so that they could present it at next week's class visit. LUCY thinks about writing in the park where she stayed yesterday on her way home from school.

LUCY

(soliloquy) I don't have a dream for the future yet, and I'm still a child. I can't live by myself, but someday I'll start working in society...

LUCY

I don't like math or social studies, my favorite subject is physical education... So, I can't find anything I want to do yet, but I want to be a kind person like my mom who can wrap me up with kindness!!! Decided!!!

LUCY decides the content of her composition and stands up to go home. Then there was a sound coming from the ruins next door.

LUCY

(bravely) Is there anyone? (shouting) I'm not scared of anyone anymore!!!

LUCY goes home.

LUCY

I'm home!

HELEN

Welcome back!

LUCY

Today, I jumped the vault in my school gym class!! I jumped seven steps!! I'm amazing, right?

HELEN

Ha-ha, that's amazing! Go wash your hands first, I've baked your favorite cookies!

LUCY and HELEN tell what happened today.

MY SECOND MOTHER

Moeko Yamada

I became twenty and now, I think my parents may not be the only ones who have closely watched my growth. There is another person who has seen my growth so far. When I trace my childhood memories, my grandmother often appears in my memories. I have heard that what I remember in my childhood was something that impressed me. Therefore, my grandmother is an indispensable and important existence for me. She made me grow. In the time I spent with her, there are some episodes that inspired me to shape me now.

The oldest memory I remember with her was when I was two years old. At that time, my mother had a baby, that is my sister in her stomach and had to go to the hospital for inspection several times. It was really hard for me, two years old, to leave my mother, but I didn't cry, because my grandmother was always by my side. She held my lonely hand all the time. Her hands were wrinkled a lot, but they were soft, smooth, and warm. Also, I was calmed by her little hoarse voice. I was so sad that I wanted to cry, but I was able to put up with her.

I spent a lot of time with my grandmother while I was away from my mother. My grandmother took me to a park or an amusement park. If I go to that place, I can still remember the old days. In addition, she made me a lot of delicious food. Especially, I love her 'Kuri-kinton.' I love the sweet and gentle taste of 'Kuri-kinton' that she makes. Moreover, I can always smell the delicious scent of her boiling sweet potatoes. When she makes it, I almost eat it up. She looks surprised for a moment and smiling, she says "Thank you for eating." I still ask her to make it when I go to see her.

Finally, what I remember most about my memories with her. When I was with my grandma, I spilled a drink on my favorite book. I was so shocked that I wanted to start crying boohoo right away. However, I thought if I cry and complain about that, she will get confused. I did not want to bother my loved person. I bear down and bear with it. Thinking about that now, I think this is the moment when I was able to grow.

My grandmother is a carrot next to a hamburger, like food. It's not just carrots, it's boiled sweet carrots. Although this carrot is a vegetable, it is sweet and has a very mild taste. She has a very kind personality like the carrot. I have a lot of memories with her because I spent a lot of time with her in my childhood. She was always there when I learned to put up with it when I was little. She never got angry with me and never told

me to put up with it, but she made me grow. I am very grateful to her. She is my second mother!!

MOTHER'S BOYFRIEND

Riku Inoue

LUKA is going to meet his mother's boyfriend NORMAN alone for the first time. After school, NORMAN is going to pick LUKA up because his mother has trouble to deal with.

LUKA is a 12-year-old boy. His father died right after he was born, and his mother raised him. He is a quiet but kind person and loves cars. He has short black hair and is a little shorter than other kids. He is wearing a shirt that has a print of a cool sports car.

NORMAN is a 35-year-old business man. He is dating Luka's mother and wishing to marry her. However, he is busy, so he never had a chance to talk with LUKA a lot. He is friendly but a little nervous to talk with Luka. He is a tall man with short blond hair, and he is wearing a nice blue suit.

EXT— In front of the school, NORMAN is waiting for LUKA beside his car, and he finds LUKA coming out from school.

NORMAN (yells, waving)

Hey LUKA! Over here!

LUKA (Come close to the car, looks surprised about the car, and talks nervously)

H-Hello, NORMAN.

NORMAN (Excited)

Hi LUKA! Just get in the car! Lets go home!

INT both of them goes inside the car and NORMAN starts driving.

NORMAN (Little nervously)

So.....so, how was school?

LUKA (Quickly)

Good.

NORMAN

Good...that's great!

(Silence for a while)

NORMAN

So...what kind of subject do you like? I heard you love math.

LUKA

No, Mom is just forcing me to do it.

NORMAN (Talks quickly)

Oh, really? Well, I hate math too. I really had a bad time. You know, after

decades from those days, I never used math once in my life! I still can't believe we have to learn something we never going to use, right!? Why don't they let us do what we want to do? I just wanted to go outside and learn about the wilderness all day!

LUKA (Confused, doesn't say anything)

NORMAN (Also confused)

Oh...sorry, I talked too much.

(Silence)

NORMAN

So... what is your favorite subject?

LUKA (Quickly)

History.

NORMAN (Little confused. Loudly)

Oh, I see. History...well, Abraham Lincoln! Right?

LUKA (Just watching outside)

NORMAN (Laughing)

Hmm...I'm not good at history, hahaha.

LUKA (Just watching outside)

(Silence)

NORMAN (Takes a glance at LUKA)

So...you are in the soccer club, right?

LUKA

(NODS)

NORMAN (happily)

Great! I used to play soccer when I was your age. What is your position?

LUKA

Goalkeeper.

NORMAN (Smiles)

Oh, really? That is wonderful! I was a center forward, but the goalkeeper is the most important position! I guess you're a great player.

LUKA (Shrugs his shoulder)

I don't know. Mom always says I'm good tho.

NORMAN (LOUDLY)

Of course you are! Trust your mother. She is right.

NORMAN (Nervously)

So, I heard you will have a game next Saturday.

LUKA

Yes.

NORMAN (Nervously)

Oh, that's great...

(Wants to say something)

(Silence)

NORMAN (Moves his eyes, finding something to talk about. Looks at LUKA's shirt. Nervously)

So, you're wearing a nice shirt. Ford Mustang, 2001 model, right?

LUKA (Finally looks at NORMAN. Nervously)

Y-You know it?

NORMAN (Very happily)

Of course I know! You know, I used to have that car.

LUKA (Surprisingly)

Really?

NORMAN (Smiles)

Yes! I still have a photo in the dashboard.

You can see it if you want.

LUKA

Really?

NORMAN (Big smile)

GO ahead.

LUKA (Opens the dashboard and see the photo of a white car)

Wow...

NORMAN

Well, that car is not a rare one, but you like it?

LUKA (staring at the photo)

I heard that my father was riding it.

NORMAN (Little sad face)

Oh, I see. For sure that car is special to you.

(Little silence)

NORMAN (Calmly)

Well, that car was the best. It was my first car. The sound of the engine, look, and the feelings...it was amazing.

LUKA (Puts back the photo)

I wish I could ride it.

NORMAN

Maybe, someday you can find it.

LUKA

I hope so.

(Silence)

NORMAN (Little nervously)

So, you know what we are riding?

LUKA (Looks at NORMAN. Little loudly)

Roadster!

NORMAN (Loudly)

Yeeessss! Subaru Roadster! Good car, right?

LUKA (Excited)

Yes. I-I love it.

NORMAN

I was wondering why you're so quite in front of this super good car!

LUKA (Excited)

I was actually nervous all this time. I never ride this kind of cars.

NORMAN (Smile)

Well I am very sorry. But know you are riding it right now!

LUKA (Hopefully)

I wish I could drive...

NORMAN

Well you have like six More year. But you know what?

LUKA (Looks NORMAN's face)

What?

NORMAN (Smile)

You can't actually enjoy the car. You have to focus. You can't just speed up and enjoy. You might hit someone.

LUKA

Well, That makes sense. But it is fun to drive.

NORMAN (Kindly)

Yes, of course. But it is a little different when you have someone in your car. You have to think about them.

LUKA (Not satisfied)

Hmm...

NORMAN

Well, you can still enjoy my car, right?

LUKA (Smile)

Yes, it feels really good.

Silence for a while, but both of them are smiling. Both of the are enjoying the ride.

NORMAN (Finds LUKA is closing his eyes)

LUKA?

LUKA (Opens his eyes)

Yes, NORMAN?

NORMAN (Quietly)

I haven't told anyone, but...

LUKA

(Stares at NORMAN)

NORMAN (Quietly)

I'm going to buy a new car!

LUKA (Surprised and smiles but quietly)

What car?

NORMAN (Quietly)

Mustang! The latest model!

LUKA (Surprised)

Wow! Awesome!

NORMAN (Silently)

Shhhhh. Don't tell your mother. She will be mad.

LUKA (Smiling)

I think she will be happy.

NORMAN

Really? She always says "Don't waste money!"

LUKA (Smiles)

She says to me, too.

NORMAN

Just keep it secret ok?

LUKA (Thumbs up)

Got it.

EXT- They arrive to LUKA's home. Luka gets off the car.

LUKA (Happily)

Thank you for the ride. It was really fun!

NORMAN (Happily)

Me, too! Let's go together with your mom next time!

LUKA

Yes!

NORMAN (Little nervously)

So, about next Saturday, can I go to your soccer game?

LUKA (Big smile)

Yes! Of course!

NORMAN (Bigger smile)

Ok! See you next Saturday!

(Drives away)

LUKA (Waves at NORMAN)

Bye!

GROWTH OF HAPPINESS

Nono Sato

"Mom, are you happy to marry my dad?" One summer day in my third year of high school, I asked my mother. It was a midnight event, and I could only hear the clinking sound of the wind chimes. We talked deeply about our family for the first time, feeling the summer in the wind of a fan. And my mother's reply to this question changed my values for "family." At the same time, I respect my mother and want to be like her.

My mother is also my most trusted friend. She listens to the complaints and anxieties that I can't talk to my school friends. Also, I love the scent of my mother when she goes out, which is the same scent of perfume as me. My mother approached me and said with excitement, "This perfume smells so good! I want to buy the same perfume as you!" So we went to buy it together. And she continues to use the character-shaped eco-bag that my sister and I gave as gifts when we were in elementary school. It was fluffy when it was new, but now it is worn out and tattered. Nevertheless, she always uses it with care. In this way, she always cherishes her family as a familiar presence.

However, I sometimes get unreasonably frustrated with my mother, and I regret my attitude towards my mother during my rebellious phase. Even if I avoid talking to my mother, she said in a gentle voice, as usual, "What happened at school today?" When I didn't eat dinner because I wasn't obedient, she made my favorite omelet rice

and brought it to my room. At that time, I was full of regrets and ate a delicious supper while crying.

Living with such a generous mother, I had one question in the summer of my third year of high school. It's a question of why she married my father. My parents have had frequent fights since I was little. My irrefutable mother gradually became my father's obedience, and it was very painful for me to hear my father's grumbling voice from the next room. Now they have little opportunity to quarrel, but I began to wonder, "Is my mother happy to marry my father, even at the mercy of him?" And I asked my mother about it, fidgeting what kind of response I would get. "Mom, are you happy to marry my dad?" She answered, "Of course!" with a little surprise. "I couldn't meet you unless I was married to your dad, and I couldn't make memories with you. I'm so happy that you were born." She said as she wiggled her little body and cried a little. When my mother saw me crying, she patted my head and cheeks with her hands, which had become dry and rough from washing and cooking.

In this way, the appearance of my mother who thinks of her family more than anyone else changed my view of the family. I've always thought that the happy family image is to laugh at each other and enjoy going out together. However, thanks to my mother, I realized that the ideal "family" is to be grateful to each other and to feel great happiness by making small memories little by little. Therefore, I want to be a person who can cherish not only immediate happiness but also small memories with family like my mother. At the same time, I want to grow up to be a source of heart for my child and to feel happiness as a mother.

THE WITTY CRITICISM OF BLUR'S "COUNTRY HOUSE"

Kana Takahashi

Like other British rock songs, Blur's story-telling-style lyrics express the members' point of view with witty ways of expression. I used to understand Blur's songs written by Damon Albarn this way: the main characteristics of them are how they emphasize Britishness while criticizing the country itself. Having been learning about the history of popular culture in the UK, I recently found out that at least one of the main themes of the band is the vanity of escapism. I will take up one of such songs titled "Country House" as a typical example. The story told by this song is about a "successful fella" who became mentally ill because of the "rat race" of rich people who run away from the city

and start a slow life in “a very big house in the country”. Showing how he is bored and still depressed there, this song satirizes the unavailing escapism and capitalism, which is another particular theme of this song.

Here I will explain some symbols of escapism and capitalism in this song. First of all, the “very big house in the country” of the man’s own is the result of his past glories. It lets him lock himself inside his own “very big” world to hide away from the reality. He was supposed to be healed there. However, the cruelly ironic words show that it was too late: it is impossible for him to accept his problems. So, he tries to think that he is enjoying the “brand new start” of his new life in this dreamlike “animal farm.” The real intention of this man is, “Blow me out, I am so sad, I don’t know why.” As a result of escaping from facing reality, now he cannot even listen to his own heart. The house also symbolizes wealth. Thinking simply, it sounds wonderful to be able to have a second house in the countryside. The title “Country House” and the picture of the single jacket look nice and relaxing. However, the lyrics make listeners find out that all of them were no more than an irony: the rich man is living in a never-ending nightmare. On the other hand, the teller of this story thinks of himself as a less wealthy man than the man in the big house. He is playing his part as “a professional cynic” to escape from the reality as well. In the music video of this song, the band members (as the teller) are in a small cell of an apartment building in a seriously damaged city. They close the curtain and start to play a board game titled “Escape from the Rat Race.” It makes the lyric sound like the teller himself is also running away from reality by speaking about some other man’s life. After all, each of them (or everyone) has problems to escape from. What the teller truly thinks is that everyone is an escapist who closes their eyes sometimes.

The title of the album which contains “Country House” is *The Great Escape*. I have never thought of this except that it is the same title as the Steve McQueen movie. Now I understand that it is because every song in this album is about escapists. For example, “Yuko and Hiro” which is about Japanese office workers trying to think that they are satisfied with their job, “It could be you” which explains those who are obsessed with the vacant dream of winning a lottery, and “Best Days” which is about suddenly feeling the emptiness and sorrow of one’s own life and finally failing to escape from it, which is my favorite song in this album. Having learned of the British history of popular music, I realized that the deepest Britishness of Blur is the way they criticize escapism in a witty way.

References

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WHITE MONSTER

Yui Igarashi

The boy is waiting for mother.
Today is snowy and bad weather.
His mother comes home late at night.
He got sad and turned on the light.

He heard a roar from one dark room.
The room has a strange smell and gloom.
That loud low sound broke the mirror.
Someone was banging on the door.

His body is trembling with fear.
He was lonely and shed a tear.
He is calling his mother's name.
However, it remains the same.

"Oh, please get me out of this space!"
"I want to go to a freer space!"
The boy was no longer afraid.
"Do you want me to help?", he said.

And he opened the door softly.
That time, a strong wind blew quickly.
Before him was a white monster.
It was the spirit of winter.

It said, "Put me back to the snow!"
"Throw me out the nearest window!"
"Otherwise, I'll be hot to melt!"
"I am not a big lump of salt!"

Then the boy quickly approached it.
He threw it off with a spirit.
He heard a sound from the front door.
It was his mom, not a horror.

She asked, "Where did you buy this thing?"
He said, "I don't know anything."
There was a big stuffed snowman there.
"Thank you!" was written on paper.

HOW TO LOVE AI

Yuya Sashi

A boy named Carter turned eighteen.
His favorite color is green.
One day he saw a girl with green shirt.
He fell in love like ancient art.

Carter talked, "You made me crazy."
He said "I love you baby." He could
not take his eyes off her. He thinks, "I
have got to prefer."

A beautiful lady was named
Grace. She really likes eating
cake. She is a real AI human.
She is a beautiful AI woman.

Grace thought "he is probably a creature.
And I am his music teacher."
She didn't trust she's smitten with him.
But she found him graceful and slim.

They dated multitude times. They said
"how the memory shines." Sadly they
found a massive case. It's as if they
aren't the same race.

Carter said "I need lasting life, And
I wish that you were my AI wife"
Grace confided that she is AI. He
happily heard the good reply.

He settled to be an AI human. About
being AI he knew none. Point is lost
his biggest feeling. Although Grace
was not deterred.

He got to have AI surgery. They
quickly left the infirmary. He
turned into a person who lives for-
ever. But he lost emotion to her.

LONGING FOR “SWEET”

Hana Kokuma

“The cookies look so delicious! Can I have a bite?” I had never seen anyone who give the whole box as the answer of this question —since I met her. This is just one of her unbelievable actions I have seen before. She is my aunt. The word “sweet” fits her best. That’s because she is a kind person and she loves sweets like cookies. Her characteristic affected my way of thinking a lot. At first, I couldn’t understand her actions and mind at all, because she was totally the opposite to me. To be honest, I am a stingy person. Even now she is the most mysterious person for me. However, at the same time, I greatly admire her and want to be a person like her.

She is very similar to me in terms of appearance. Her face really looks like me. In addition, our height is almost the same. Also, we have a lot of shared interests. We both like sweets so we often visit the café and enjoy eating. She smells like the dog she has. This makes me relaxed. The conclusive difference between us is only personality. I have been stingy since I was a child. In contrast, she has been famous for being a very sweet person among our relatives. As mentioned in the first paragraph, her actions sometimes astonished people. For example, every year she sent the highest rank of strawberries to all of her relatives and friends. My family enjoys this jewelry box every spring. When her neighbor’s dog soiled her favorite clothes, she just laughed and forgave. People said all of these actions come from her great personality, pure kindness. But I couldn’t understand what the word “kind” means. Does just spoiling someone or accepting everything represent kindness? I didn’t find the answer of this question. However, in fact, the chance to solve this question was in my daily life.

Even now, I remember her voice when she yells at me and my sister. The tone of her voice and her facial expression was so scary that the only thing we could do was sobbing. My eyes hurt because I rubbed my eyes too much. One day, after getting scolded, I said “I thought my aunt was a sweet person, but actually she was not. She always yells at us terribly!” to my mother. The response of my mother was opposite to my expectation. With a serious face, she responded, “Do you think kindness means only spoiling someone? If you think so, you’re misunderstanding. There are many shapes of kindness. Scolding is one of expressions of her kindness.” She added, “Or rather, you should thank her, because she is neither your mother nor your teacher.” Then I realized the true meaning of kindness for the first time. Through this

experience, my feeling about her changed dramatically. I learned how difficult is it to be kind in true meaning.

From these experiences, I admire her, especially her mind. She taught me many important things gently, sometimes strictly with much kindness. I can say she is the second mother for me. Although we can't meet easily because of the pandemic, now we often enjoy eating sweets in her house. Sweets make me happy, but a sweet person always makes me happy as well.

MY SUPER HEROINE

Aimi Watanabe

"Don't respect me!" This is her habit, so I always hear this phrase when I meet her. This phrase shows her humble personality. My grandmother always has a gentle heart. She is a person that I really admire, and she always says nice things to me. She brightened my life. Also, she became an integral part of her as I grew up.

When I was a child, I was looking forward to going home once a week. Her smile shines twinkly like a diamond and cheers me up. She is chubby, and her atmosphere is fluffy like cotton candy. Upon entering the house, I smell incense. She uses incense to burn and enjoys the smell. She enjoys not only the scent of flowers such as lavender and rose but also the scent of drinks such as tea. They are also scents of honey, chocolate, and coconut. In other words, they are a palette of scents. It is a very colorful variation. In addition, she always sends me off when I go home. I had to drive home because the distance between my house and my grandma's house was a little far. I always open the car window. Then I shake hands with her. Her hands are wrinkled like pickled plums and mild. And she says in a husky voice, "Eat well and sleep well!" I cheerfully answer, "OK!" It is a casual conversation, but it makes my heart warm and happy. It was fun every week.

Her hobbies are cooking and painting. She goes to a painting class. She exhibits her paintings in a solo exhibition held once a month. I love her paintings because her paintings have the power to be kind to people. The paintings in a lot of pale colors relax my feelings like teatime. When I am depressed, she always draws a caricature. She wrote very cutely. They are still my treasures. I also love her hobby, cooking. She is a restaurant chef for me. Her specialty is fried shrimp. My mother often makes fried

shrimp with grandma's recipe. It is very plump. I always remember her when I eat it. When I am tired, my tiredness will be blown away, and I will be rejuvenated.

My grandmother has a good influence. She loves nature. She grows many vegetables such as tomatoes, cucumbers, perilla and aloe. When I was in elementary school, I hated insects. I always escaped from insects. They were like mischievous ghosts to me. However, Grandmother gave me a big chance. When I help her in the garden, she found a dragonfly. I was scared and shouted when I saw it because a dragonfly is buzzing. However, she swirled around her wrinkled fingertip and caught it. She told me, "If you were in the position of a dragonfly, you would be scared to cry when you see your body as big as Mt. Fuji." I have never thought about that. She always has a very open heart. It is infinite kindness like the universe. That kindness changes me as a person. I love her thoughts.

"My heroine" is my grandmother. She is always honest and humble. I love her way of thinking and actions, so I respect her. When I am in trouble, she is always cheerful to me. She leads to a bright road like the sun. The heroine for me is not the anime character I watched when I was little, the main character of the drama, or a princess in a fairy tale but her. I can affirm it. I am sure it will continue to be so.

MY BEAUTIFUL AND FLEETING LIGHT

Mayuko Ichikawa

"We must remember to be polite, thankful for food, and thankful to be alive." Ever since I was a little girl, my grandmother always used to say these words to me. She was a devoted Buddhist, and she always valued gratefulness for everything. One day, she suddenly became ill with unknown causes. When I was in high school, she passed away after fighting the disease. It was too early for her. Why did such a merciful woman have to suffer such a fate? I was really sad. God is really mean. However, she was and still is very important to me and had a great influence on me.

In one corner of the good old, crowded shopping street, my grandmother ran a small hardware store. She was a very hard worker. She usually did not talk much and had a cool expression on her face most of the time, so it was very impressive to see her smiling and chatting with customers. I lived far away from her and only could visit her a few times a year, but I often helped her when I went to my grandmother's house.

Grandma's house always smelled somehow nostalgic, the smell of delicious hot meals. Because whenever I visited her, she always made a delicious dish to welcome me. I also remember the smell of incense sticks in the house. I loved that smell because I can feel her kindness from the smell. Also, the meals she made were always very tasty. I especially loved the miso soup that she made. She often let me help her cook when I was a child.

I loved to hold hands with her. She had beautiful hands, white as snow. They were a little squishy, but still moist and comfortable to the touch. She was small but youthful, so she was not like an old woman. She was always at the stove in front of her store in winter. I still remember the sound of the boiling kettle beeping on the stove. She was also very fond of karaoke and the ocarina. As I mentioned at the beginning of this article, she was a devoted Buddhist. She would go to the temple every morning to read sutras. One day I asked her why she continued to do that every day. She replied, "I pray for the health of my whole family." When I heard this, my respect for her increased, and I wanted to be a wonderful person who could wish happiness to others like her. That's one of the reasons why I love her so much.

However, unfortunate events suddenly struck us. One day, without warning, she became sick and lost her life within a short period of time. I was really sad. but I learned a lot from her. For example, I learned the importance of courtesy from her. She was especially strict about the rules of eating. She taught me from an early age the importance of eating clean and without leaving any dishes. I also greatly admired the way she worked so quickly and efficiently, and she remains one of my admired persons. She still remains in my heart all this time, showing the direction that I should go like the light. She was and still is my proud grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER BUT NOT GRANDMOTHER

Yuki Matsuda

"Believe in yourself and walk your life." She told me a few years ago. When I heard her words, the cloudy sky in my heart cleared up. These words of hers are always alive in my heart. I have only lived for nineteen years since I was born. But she has lived for 78 years since she was born. She teaches me a lot of important things from her many experiences. I want to be like a strong and gentle her. "Her" is my wonderful grandmother.

She lives far away from my house, so I visit her house every long vacation. Her personality is very powerful. She usually does household chores most of the day, so when she is at home, I often hear her pitter-patter up and down stairs. After finishing her housework, she smells of soap and detergent. And she has brown curly hair. Her hair is so beautiful that I touched her when I was little. She got a little angry with me because she spends a lot of time setting her hairstyle every morning. I like her fluffy hair like cotton candy.

She and I are very compatible. We are similar, and spending time together makes me very relaxed. I often watch suspenseful movies with her. We predict how the story will develop and who the culprit is. I also love going shopping with her. We go shopping even if it's pouring down rain. She knows what clothes suit me, so she chooses my clothes. She sent me a sparkly purple sweater for my birthday, which is my favorite. She knows everything I like. She and I are always chatting. She tells me a lot about her experiences and is good at telling, so I enjoy that time very much. She also knows funny stories and recent fashions, which makes me feel like I'm talking with a teenager. If she laughs, I will laugh naturally. The tempo of our conversation is like pop that is bubbling. She is also my friend.

Both of my parents are working and often not at home, so when I was little, my grandmother stayed at my house to take care of me and prepare meals. What I can be proud of most about her is that she is very good at cooking. I have helped her cook a few times, but I can't cook as well as she does. I love the food she cooks. She prepares breakfast early in the morning, so I always wake up to the sizzling sounds I hear from the kitchen. I especially love the keema curry and strawberry jam she makes. I have eaten various kinds of keema curry so far, but the keema curry she makes with lots of colorful vegetables is the most delicious. And the strawberry jam she makes is also excellent. When I was little, I used to watch her make strawberry jam in the kitchen. The glossy strawberry jam pool was like a dream for me as a child. It's tasty when I put it in bread or tea. My grandmother also played the role of my parent. She is also my mother.

She is my grandmother but not my grandmother. She is both my friend and my mother. When I was in high school and worried about my studies and path, she told me, "Believe in yourself and walk your life." She always gives me amazing advice. She is like a pine tree that lives long and strong in the sun. My grandmother is important, and special to me forever.

ONE FAMILY

Yuki Kitahara

Movie scene – final version

One family – father is George, thirty-eight-years-old, tall height, who never talked about his past to his son, and his six-year-old son is Ryan, small but has cute brown eyes, whose dream is to be a teacher but recently looking for a different one. They are going to Japan to meet Ryan's mother, who lives there for a job. They are sitting on chairs in the airport.

GEORGE

Look, Ryan! There is an airplane!

RYAN (With doubting)

That? That's gonna fly?

Ryan points at one of the cars.

GEORGE

No, Ryan, that's a car.

GEORGE (With a little laugh)

Cars don't fly son.

GEORGE

It's the ones has wings.

RYAN (excitedly)

Cool!! We're going to ride that, right?

GEORGE

Yes. And we're going to see mom in Japan.

They are walking inside the airplane to find their seat.

RYAN (admiring)

Wow. The door is big!

They continue walking and then, find their seat.

GEORGE

Here's our seat. You want to sit on the window side, right?

RYAN

YES! I want to see outside!

GEORGE

Okay.

Afterward, the airplane started to move.

RYAN (surprised)

It's moving! Is this gonna fly??

GEORGE (With confidence)

Yes, it does.

GEORGE

When it comes to the straight, it's going to fly.

RYAN (excited)

Really??

The airplane gets on the straight and gets a decent speed to fly, and starts to lift off.

RYAN (surprised)

Oh my gosh!

RYAN (excited)

It's flying! It's flying, dad!!

GEORGE

Yes, son. Look at the buildings.

RYAN looks down the window to look at the buildings.

RYAN (impressed)

Wow. It's soo small!

GEORGE

Impressive huh? I'm glad you are enjoying it. I was worrying about being scared to fly.

RYAN looks at GEORGE with a big smile.

After time passed.

RYAN

Dad. Who is controlling this airplane?

GEORGE

The pilot is controlling. They are so cool

GEORGE shows the picture of the pilot on his phone.

RYAN (interested)

Cool!

RYAN (seriously)

Who can be a pilot?

GEORGE

Everyone has a chance to be a pilot. But it's not easy.

GEORGE sits deeply. So as RYAN.

GEORGE

First, you need good eyesight. You have to see things far away.

RYAN looks at GEORGE's eye seriously with his cute brown eyes.

GEORGE

Also, you need to be smart. Pilots fly all around the world. Speaking only English is not enough.

RYAN looks at the roof with a sigh.

RYAN (nervously)

Why do you know that well?

GEORGE

Because my dream was to be a pilot.

RYAN opens his mouth in surprise.

GEORGE

But I couldn't be a pilot.

RYAN (nervously)

Why?

GEORGE

I wasn't smart enough at that time. I was thinking that passion would make it happen, but it didn't.

For a while

GEORGE

But if I didn't quit my dream, I wasn't with mom.

Silent continues for a while.

Suddenly RYAN looks at GEORGE with a brave eye.

RYAN

Dad, I have a dream. I want to be a pilot.

GEORGE surprisingly opens his eyes really big.

GEORGE (with doubt)

You want to be a pilot?

RYAN

Yes.

GEORGE

You used to say you want to be a teacher.

RYAN

Yes, but I changed. I want to be a pilot.

GEORGE crosses his leg.

GEORGE

Well, whatever your dream is, I will support you.

GEORGE (With a smile)

Then you have to study first!

RYAN smiles as well.

Then looks outside from the window.

Then the announcement from the pilot starts.

PILOT

This is captain speaking. We will be landing in Narita Airport about forty minutes from now. The local time is eight ten in the evening. – END -

I FOUND

Aika Uchiyama

"What does Aika want to do?" She asks me every time she meets me. I vaguely answered, "I don't know." That was the usual conversation. She is six years older than me, so her thinking and actions are realistic. Whenever I talk to her, she always gives me good advice. She and I are friends and have no blood relation, but from my point of view, I have a reliable old sister.

When I go to her house, she asks in a gentle voice, "Do you want to eat something?" Her specialty is pasta. Eating it makes me realize that I'm meeting her. Her cooking is a memorable taste for me. She is a member of society and can no longer meet frequently. So, when I decided to meet her, I dressed up so I wouldn't be embarrassed to

be next to her. She was very thin and smelled of sweet perfume. Her hair was very beautiful as it fluttered in the wind. The word "adult woman" was perfect for her. She was sociable and had many friends, both male and female. I often let her participate when she was meeting her friends. She improved my communication skills and taught me how to treat my superiors.

She listened to me more closely than her own. She doesn't nag at me. However, when I heard her worries, I felt the smallness of my worries. She was worried about whether she would spend all her time abroad and where she would work abroad. It was a big difference from my worries. Then I started to compare her with me. Before when I met her, I felt better and thought about everything positively. After I felt that the world I lived in was different from hers, I started to distance myself from her. Meeting her made me wonder if I wasn't thinking about anything ahead.

I don't see her anymore, and I think less about myself. I have less time to face myself. I have come to spend my days vaguely. I didn't know what I wanted to do. My time was a shooting star. At one point, I remembered the words she said every time. Of course, that word has the meaning of letting me find what I want to do, but I think it also means that I should do what I want rather than compare with other people. I also realized the importance of her existence.

She paved the way for me. She graduated from the same English literature department, although she is in a different university. I respect both my life and my studies. Thanks to that, I found a dream of becoming a ground staff. I was very pleased to tell her about it. In the future, I will think carefully about what I should do now, not what I want to do. I hope I can do my best and become something that can be given to her. I vowed to do my best with her and gave a high five to dissolve.

THE SAME OLD PATH

Kana Takahashi

I'm glad the sun is not shaking.

I'm glad the dog in front of me is not as tall as an elephant.

I'm glad there's no florescent-colored maple leaf.

I'm glad that baby is not flying around (I don't hate Cupid, though).

But it would be more splendid if the traffic light had around 15 colors.

SOME GOOD BAD THINGS

Kana Takahashi

Now I can do something
That would make moms mad.
It makes me glad.

Nobody noticed, but today,
I fed my crumpled heart
With some clear spring water.

I used to be my bad mom.
I used to be my scary teacher
Waiting for a chance to torture
Me, was already bleeding.

The evil inner enemy
Is starting to crumble.
At last, it'll be just me
Who deserves a cuddle.

NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENS

Wakuto Yamada

EXT. AT A SEASIDE

In the afternoon, a college student is walking along the seaside. He is YUTA, an 18-year-old young man who is fair-skinned, tall and confident in himself. This is his first traveling by himself and is in Enoshima, which he has always wanted to visit. Moreover, he likes to post various pictures on Instagram and takes a lot of pictures. YUTA is a very famous influencer and has many followers on his Instagram account.

YUTA (Walking, looking at phone)
Well, it should be somewhere around here... Oh, there it is.

YUTA finds a cafe with a fashionable and calm mood.

This cafe, which has a slightly retro atmosphere, is very quiet and looks like there aren't many people in there.

YUTA (Entering the café)

Hello...

MANAGER (Returned to YUTA)

Oh, good evening.

Please have a seat anywhere you want.

YUTA (Seeing manager's face)

Good evening, thank you.

As it seemed from outside, the cafe is reasonably vacant and there are only two or three people in there. YUTA sits in the back seat of the store.

MANAGER (Walking toward YUTA)

Thanks for coming my café today.

(Staring at him)

Today's recommendation is carrot cake.

Please call me whenever you are ready.

The store manager said so with no expression.

He is a man of a few words and looks very stern.

Manager looks around 50 years old, has long hair and gentle eyes.

YUTA (Staring at leaving MANAGER, Whispering)

God... That man is so scary...

(Looking at menu)

Well, Wow. Everything looks good...

Umm... What should I eat...?

YUTA thinks for a while.

YUTA (Makes up his mind)

Well, I'll have carrot cake.

(Calling the manager)

Excuse me, may I give an order?

MANAGER (Nods and stands by YUTA)

Of course, what do you need?

YUTA (Pointing at menu)

I would like a cup of coffee and carrot cake you recommended earlier.

MANAGER (Expressionlessly)

Sure, anything else?

YUTA (Shaking his head)

No, that's all.

MANAGER (Staring at YUTA)

Ok, please wait for a moment.

I'll bring them as soon as I'm ready.

The manager goes into the kitchen of the store.

After waiting for about 15 minutes, the manager appeared from the kitchen, holding a cup of coffee and carrot cake.

MANAGER (Apologetically)

Sorry for keep you waiting.

These are the ones you ordered.

He puts a tray with coffee and cake on the desk. The coffee is a beautiful black color and has a slightly bitter, elegant aroma. Also, the carrot cake has a beautiful orange color and whipped cream is provided next to it. Smelling the very nice scent that drifts, a smile appears on YUTA's face.

YUTA (Surprised)

Wow...

Thank you very much.

MANAGER

Please enjoy.

Manager leaves from Yuta. Yuta's eyes sparkle as he looks at the food he ordered

YUTA (Impressing)

That's so amazing.

(Taking phone out of his pocket)

I can't help but take a picture!

Yuta take a lot of photos of them. The sound of camera shutter echoes through the store.

YUTA (Satisfied)

Ho! I took a lot of pictures!

Now, finally, it's time to try the cakes.

Yuta brings the sweet-smelling cake to his mouth.

Suddenly, the shopkeeper quickly heads for him.

MANAGER (Angrily, staring at YUTA)

Hey kid, what did you just did?

YUTA (Confused)

Umm... I took pictures...

What's the matter?

MANAGER (In a little loud voice)

You shouldn't take photos without my permission.

When you take a picture, you usually ask if it's okay to take it, right?

YUTA (Confused, looking at Manager's face)

Well, what I took was coffee and cake I ordered.

You know, it's not the same as taking a stranger's face without their permission.

MANAGER (Still staring at Yuta's face)

It's both same thing to me kid.

While Yuta is getting confused, a girl come out from the kitchen. There is name plate on her left chest and it said "AYAKA". She looks about Yuta's age and pretty looking.

AYAKA (Rushing, loudly)

Hey dad! I told you not to say those rude things to our guest! How many times did I told you that!

(Bowing at Yuta, apologizing)

I'm so sorry, my father is out of times a little bit.

Don't care about him, feel free to take pictures!

MANAGER (Confused)

Ayaka... I didn't mean to say that, you know...

YUTA (Looking at both faces, confused)

Oh, okey... thank you...

AYAKA bow deeply to Yuta many times. Then, her eyes get fully open when she sees his face.

AYAKA (Excited)

Wait! Are you YUTA by any chance?

YUTA (Surprised)

Wow, yes. I'm YUTA. How did you know me?

AYAKA (Smiling)

That's because I'm following your Instagram account!

You are so famous Instagram influencer!

Ayaka says so, turning her face red.

MANAGER (Mysteriously and grumpy)

Well, I don't care whether your famous or not.

Don't bother other customers.

YUTA (Nodding, hatefully)

Ok, ok. I will be careful.

I'm Sorry.

The store manager quickly goes back to the store's kitchen.

Bowing again, Ayaka follows after that

YUTA (In a small voice, upsetting)

What a heck was that... I don't like him...

He's just so rude...

Well, forget it. Eat quickly or cakes will get cold.

Yuta brings the cake to his mouth.

YUTA (Eating cakes)

God, this is so amazing...!

I can't believe how good it is...!

(Drinking coffee)

It's not just bitter, it's deep and solid...

Umm, this coffee is good too...

Yuta proceeds to drink and eat the beautiful and colorful coffee and cake. His hands never stop cleaning the plates. After a while, he drinks and eats everything. He is very satisfied, and his tummy is full.

YUTA (Satisfied)

Ho! That was very good!

It's such a shame that the owner has such a bad attitude, even though it's so delicious.

(Standing from table)

Well, that's not my business.

I think it's time to pay the bill.

Yuta takes the slip and heads to the checkout. A strict store manager stands in front of the cash register.

MANAGER (Looking at Yuta, in a low voice)

Would you like a check?

YUTA (Awkwardly)

Ah... yes please. Here.

Yuta hands him a slip and Manager receives it.

MANAGER

Your total is 1000 yen.

I'm sorry, but we only accept cash.

YUTA

Ok. I'll pay with cash.

Yuta takes out his wallet and opens it. However, there are only three hundred yen in his wallet.

YUTA (Confused, whispering)

Oh... no, I think I used a lot of money before I came here, so I don't have money to pay...

MANAGER (Mysteriously)

Any problem?

YUTA (Looking down, shaking his voice)

Umm... I think I don't have enough money...

Yuta is almost crying. It looks like he's scared to get angry at the store manager. Manager is staring at Yuta.

MANAGER (Sighing)

Hey kid, look at me.

YUTA looks at his face terrifyingly.

MANAGER

I understand you didn't do that on purpose.

Things like that happens sometimes.

Don't mind. You don't need to pay this time.

YUTA (Confused)

But... But I'm sorry about that.

That is not how it works...

MANAGER (Looking at Yuta)

Let's not worry about details. It's okey.

But next time you come, make sure you pay me, okay?

Manager smiles a little. Yuta laughed too, and a few tears spilled from his eyes.

YUTA (In a small voice, happily)

Yes... Thank you...!

Yuta leaves the café shop He turns around, looks back at the café.

YUTA (Whispering)

He's not being mean, just a little old fashioned...

I was wrong. I want to thank him for something... Oh, yes!

Yuta takes out his phone from his bag. He typed the text into his phone and after a moment put it away contentedly.

YUTA (Satisfied)

Let's see what happens!

EXT. Front of the Store

Next day, the next day, when Manager tries to open his store, there is a crowd of people there. His eyes widen and he hurriedly asks Ayaka what is going on.

AYAKA (Happily, in a loud voice)

Yuta was just admiring this store on Instagram yesterday! Look at this!!!

Ayaka shows her phone's screen to Manager. There is a picture of the

store's coffee and cakes and a note that says, "The manager is a wonderful person, you should go there."

MANAGER (Surprised)

Ah, the boy who forgot his money yesterday... He wasn't just an insane guy...

He has a smile on his face and Ayaka is smiling happily next to him.

REGRET OF DR. PORKBITS

Yuki Nishimura

In the far and unique future
Pigs long planned the only creature
Suburb of the Great Pig kingdom
If I compare it, like England

There is super-efficient lab
Characteristic chimney double
On nameplate the word simple fits
"Laboratory: Porkbits"

Dr. Porkbits tries dangerous thing
Reveal of old human being
Symbol of the disintegrate
His inquiring mind guides pig state

His friend Mr. Wiener comes to
Lab and says to Doctor, "Veto!"
Doctor repels every moment
He just repeats the experiment

The light of the lab is always on
Wiener comes, and time goes on
Two pigs became honest neighbors
Day, Wiener asks what he harbors

"Why you're so in rarity?"
"Knowing is my whole life duty"
Suddenly a machine got fire
A blink widens it goes entire

Mr. Wiener fries so high
What Dr can do is a sigh
Dr. Porkbits whispers calmly
"Finally, get it. I silly

Have priority on my lust
Just believe the period last"
About seven million later
A cyclamen makes bloom flower

SACRED PLACE

Miharu Tasei

I remember an autumn breeze brushing my cheek with the powerful but gentle sound of a huge, wooden pipe organ. When I entered the chapel of the Yokohama campus for the first time, an elegant female staff member with hair tied up greeted me with a soft smile.

I remember the moist but solemn air once I enter the sacred building. In this place, I think about my family, my friends, and myself, not a tough English writing assignment.

I remember the coldness and the warmth in the chapel. Though it was a frosty season with the temperature under ten degrees, I did not feel chilly. My cherishing male friend sat next to me and talked with me about our childhood memories, recent reports, and our dreams on the same stiff church chair for two hours. He made me laugh by telling the story that he took piano lessons for three years in elementary school, but he could never read a musical score. In my talking, he just nodded silently and affirmed everything with a gentle angelic smile. Also, he told me, "Everyone I interact with in university has an attractive heart." At that time, I felt I understood the real meaning of "attractive" for the first time.

I do not remember the last touch of one drop of tear in listening to a preacher saying, "When you are sad, it is a blessing to be sad," and "Thank you for being here".

I remember the day I met a humane, tall man with a long black coat on in November. Though we were in the same major, we did not recognize each other until we met in the chapel. Therefore, I believe God made us connect.

I remember time flies too fast whenever talking with the staff of Department of Religion at the reception of the chapel hour. Until the worship begins, we talk about our daily life such as her favorite red wine, another female staff's daughter who started to say "Mom," and my study content of linguistic semantics. I felt fluffy and relaxed in spending time with them.

I remember the lightness on my feet after attending a chapel hour at noon. First, we sing hymns like *Lift up your hearts* and *The First Noel*, and then we listen to various sermons of Christians. One of them was a tall man with short black hair who had met and prayed for a dying person with corona virus in a German hospital. Another was a short man with black-frame glasses who had spent two years in prison, and become a Christian after the incident.

I remember the message in listening to the song *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing* in the advent period. The sound of the organ and the singing voice were like covering over myself and strongly telling me that “Everything will be okay”.

I remember the fragrance of spring with strong and comfortable sound of the pipe organ at the chapel of Shirokane campus. Seeing the pink color fall from the cherry tree, I am chatting with two staff members of the Department of Religion there: one female has short, center-parted bangs and likes to read novels, and the other has a big, beautiful smile and prefers wearing brightly colored clothes.

GOING FOR DRINK!

Kazuki Yamaguchi

All of us go to school as we get older, elementary school, junior high school, high school, or university. This is a natural thing if you live normally, but the existence of teachers is indispensable for living a normal school life. The existence of a teacher is always involved, no matter how disgusting you are. Meanwhile, when I was in the third year of junior high school student, I met a kind of teacher I had never seen before, and I fell in love with English which I hated! His name is Mr. Tanabe.

In June, when I was a third-grade student, I was about to take the exam which is called “Eiken.” I was studying harder for the Eiken exam because in a high school exam, the high school I wanted to go need students to take Eiken score or we couldn’t even take the high school exam. It was a little hot and humid Sunday. I finished club activities and went to the counseling room to fix my English skill with the teacher, Mr. Tanabe. While I was struggling with the long sentence in the exam, he calmly taught me the way to solve the problems. And then, thanks to him, I passed the exam.

In September, caring for the students who were impatient in the high school exam in his English class, he started to play western music at the beginning of the class. Also, he started giving students stickers when students answered him spontaneously. Of course, the number of those stickers would be added to the grade, and students were motivated to answer. Those measures in the English class made the students more fun to learn English and motivated to learn. Even for me, who didn’t speak up in class, the more time I spoke, the more time I had to think, and the less painful it was to study English.

The story flies. I finally passed the high school exam, which I was strongly aspiring to in March. When I visited Mr. Tanabe to talk about the result of the exam, Mr. Tanabe almost cried. Usually, he always smiles like sunshine and he has a strong voice like a tiger. It is very rare to make such a person cry. In his tears, there might be the feeling that he was a new teacher and we were the first-time students to graduate from him.

On graduation day, I promised him that, "When I graduate from the university, I want to be a teacher like you. You made me more motivated to study English, and thanks to you, I found learning languages was a lot of fun!" Then Mr. Tanabe replied to me, "I was so happy to teach you. If your dreams come true, let's go for a drink and talk over!" This word always makes me motivated, and as I promised him, now I am taking a teaching profession class at the university, and someday, I want to be a wonderful teacher like him.

FLY LIKE A BUTTERFLY

Nanaka Nagai

Wheeeeeeeen! Tontontonton...

I heard every sound from the living room. These are the cleaner and kitchen knife. This was made by my grandmother. My grandmother is like a swallowtail butterfly which is called Agehacho in Japanese. You will see what this means later. She is as tall as I am, and her hair is not white because she sometimes dyes her hair by herself. She is always singing and humming. I can always be happy by listening to her songs. Her skin is warm, and she has a warm heart too. She is a very kind and peaceful person. Her smell is like the inside of a closet or cupboard. She smells like rice in the kitchen because she likes cooking. Her home cooking is delicious, and tastes a little bit light. This is my grandmother's taste.

When I was born in my family, my father and mother worked outside the home. My father worked in an office as an architect, and my mother worked in a school as a clerk. So, my grandmother took care of little me. That is why I love my grandmother, and I've always been grandma's little girl. My food preferences and personality are very similar to my grandmother's. When I was a baby, my grandma always held me in her arms. When I was in elementary school, she tied my hair. Pigtails used to be my favorite hairstyle. Since I spent snack time with my grandmother, our tastes and food preferences were similar. By the way, her way of thinking is optimistic.

One day,

“I had a bad score on the test, grandma...”

“Don’t worry Nanaka, you will get a great score on the next test. You should keep studying. Do not be disappointed!”

And another day,

“I want to go to the piano lesson because my friend is good at playing piano, but I’m not confident.”

“It will be a good opportunity to try new things. You can make it.”

We had these conversations. I was encouraged and inspired many times by my grandmother’s words. I have a dream. I will fulfill my dream in the future. This motivation is made by my grandmother. Her words encouraged me to be positive in everything I do and to think that I can do it. Therefore, I strongly hope to make daily efforts toward the goal in front of me and eventually realize my future dream.

A swallowtail is a butterfly, like a prince of all the butterflies. A swallowtail is strong and always leads her friends without fear. My grandmother will take me to the wider world like swallowtails. My grandma is a strong, positive, and affectionate woman. Learning from near relatives such as family, friends, and teachers is a good key to achieve own goals. In addition, these people will make our life happier, more meaningful, and more significant. I learned a lot of thought and values from my grandma, and now, I keep learning from her. I want to be a strong and kind woman and keep having self-confidence as my grandma’s teaching.

A LOVE THAT DOESN’T COME TRUE WITH YOU

Minami Tanaka

In Edo period, people could not get married in different statuses. HARU, who is 16 years old, cute, cheerful, and honest, was born as a daughter of a high-ranking samurai family, and she has a man who is going to get married with her.

On the other hand, KOTARO is 24 years old, handsome, kind, and born as a peasant. He is a man who thinks about HARU first and is dependable. HARU’s father, TATSUNOSUKE is so strict and scary. Also, he hates to be denied his opinion or not have things go the way he wants.

The story is set in Edo, a city where rivers flow, you can feel nature, and is lively and cheerful. The time is in April 1650. It is the season when cherry blossoms bloom, and there are encounters and farewells.

They meet every day on the street because HARU goes to town to learn calligraphy, flower arrangement, tea ceremony, and dance every day, and KOTARO goes to sell their vegetable. That is the trigger. They fall in love and meet secretly.

EXT chair on the lane

HARU

You know what? If we get married, what do you want to do?

HARU

You know, I love children, so I want about three children.

KOTARO

Well, that's nice.

HARU

And I want to make Kimono for them.

HARU

I want to let them wear it. It's my dream.

KOTARO

That's a good idea! I wish I would see it.

KOTARO (With a gentle smile)

I want a gentle child to grow up. And I want to create a family full of smiles.

HARU

I agree. I would like children to grow up kind like thee.

HARU (In an undertone)

I wish I could marry him...

KOTARO (It isn't clear whatever he listens to her voice) (suddenly)

Oh, I am so hungry, I want to buy something.

HARU

Me too!

KOTARO

OK! What do you want to eat?

HARU

Something sweet.

KOTARO (With a worried look)

Um...How about rice dumpling?

HARU

That's sound good! I like it.

KOTARO

I know a delicious rice dumpling shop near here.

HARU

Let's go there.

There is a sign of something behind them...

CUT to the place: Street and dumpling shop. The street is crowded with

merchants and tradesman. They go to the dumpling shop, buy and eat it.

HARU (With cute smile)

It's so delicious!!!

KOTARO

Isn't it? It's my favorite.

HARU (Suddenly)

Wait! I feel like someone is watching me.

KOTARO

What? Are you OK?

HARU (She looks around. Laughing)

Sorry. It's just my imagination.

HARU (Like cheating)

There was someone who looks like my acquaintance.

KOTARO (laughing)

I was so surprised.

KOTARO

So, oh yeah, the cherry blossom over there is blooming beautifully. Let's go see it?

CUT to the place: under the cherry blossom trees.

They walk to cherry blossom trees. There were several men and women wearing gorgeous kimonos. Beautiful kimonos and cherry blossoms make the scene even more splendid and bright.

KOTARO

Isn't it really amazing? I happened to find it when I was walking the other day.

HARU (with a very big smile HARU'S hair ornaments shake)

Yeah, this is so beautiful!! I have never seen such a beautiful cherry blossom before.

KOTARO

I wanted to show you this. Cherry blossom petals fall.

HARU

Thank you so much! Here became my favorite place.

They sit in an inconspicuous place under the tree.

KOTARO

I'm sorry for such a date every time.

KOTARO

I have not enough money so I can't take you to good place. I know you want to...

HARU

Wait!

HARU (Dissatisfied)

Why do you apologize to me? I'm so enjoying this time with you. It is enough for me. I'm so happy just to be able to meet and talk to you.

KOTARO (Relieved look)

I am glad to hear that. You know what?
(Earnestly) As I was saying earlier, I want to make a happy home with you.

KOTARO

I think I want to get married with you seriously.

KOTARO

Of course, you know, I am a peasant. So, I can't make you live enough. But...I love you so much!

HARU

(Happily) I love you so much too.

Kotaro holds Haru's white, small, and cute hand. At that time, Haru's father, Tatsunosuke, comes here.

TATSUNOSUKE

Come on! You are the one who's taking my daughter around, right?

HARU

Eh...

KOTARO

Eh...

HARU

Why are you here!!!

TATSUNOSUKE

I let my servants follow you.

KOTARO

Oh, my goodness...

TATSUNOSUKE

Stand up!

TATSUNOSUKE grabs Kotaro by the shirt.

TATSUNOSUKE

A man like you!

TATSUNOSUKE

How dare you trick my daughter?

KOTARO

I don't mean that!

TATSUNOSUKE

You're not a big family like us! You're just a peasant! You don't have money.

KOTARO

Yes, but... I love Haru! I want to get married to Haru!

TATSUNOSUKE hit KOTARO's face.

KOTARO

Oh...

HARU

Oh, how terrible! Are you OK!?

Haru touches Kotaro's cheek anxiously.

HARU

Please stop father! I don't like you do like that. (With a serious look) Please listen to our opinion! I would like to marry him!

TATSUNOSUKE (With a demon-like expression)

What!?! Do you understand what you are saying?

KOTARO

I'm seriously saying.

HARU

Yes, we aren't joking. Please admit us!

TATSUNOSUKE

Don't take a cheeky attitude!

HARU

Why??

TATSUNOSUKE

You shut up. Don't correct me.
(Strongly) Haru, don't speak anymore.

HARU stares at TATSUNOSUKE in a
dissatisfied manner

TATSUNOSUKE

Are you thinking that you can get married to Haru?

KOTARO

Yes.

TATSUNOSUKE

You don't deserve Haru. You and we are different. Status, honor, anything. Peasant and samurai are different. People of different status can't marry. Of course, you know?

KOTARO

But we love each other.

TATSUNOSUKE (Laughing like a fool)

Do you think if there is love, you can get married?

KOTARO

Yes. Love is stronger than money or status.

KOTARO

And she also has the freedom to choose a marriage partner.

TATSUNOSUKE

What kind of dumb things are you saying?

KOTARO (calmly)

Not stupid things. I am telling you the right thing.

TATSUNOSUKE

Women don't have rights! Women are supposed to obey men! I'm the one who decides who to marry my daughter. Haru needs to follow my opinion. Everything is my judgment.

KOTARO

That's a mistake! Why does a father have so much power in the home? Who has decided that?

TATSUNOSUKE

Haru! I told Haru like this because I love you so much.

Haru is crying. Her cute face is a mess. Kimono sleeves are wet with tears.

KOTARO

If you love her, you should cherish her feeling!

TATSUNOSUKE

Don't say playful things!

KOTARO

I am telling you true things! I don't know what is important for you.

TATSUNOSUKE

Don't make me so angry anymore.

HARU (While crying, a thin voice)

Please stop, father. I'm sorry. It's my fault.

Haru wipes away tears with kimono sleeves.

HARU

I'm sorry.

TATSUNOSUKE

Let's go, Haru. Never show up in front of my daughter again!

HARU walks while she seems to stumble on the geta she is wearing.

KOTARO tries to chase.

KOTARO

Wait! Haru!

TATSUNOSUKE pushes him down and KOTARO falls. But KOTARO can't stop her, and he stares at her back with a stunned expression.

He tries to meet every Thursday. But she doesn't come. Even after one week, two weeks, one month.

CUT to the time: Next year after one year later. KOTARO finds out that Haru gets married with a man from a high-status house.

KOTARO

That's a lie. Maybe I'll never be able to meet and speak to her again.

CUT to the place: under the cherry blossom trees

KOTARO goes to the cherry blossom trees where they liked and had important memory.

KOTARO (With tears running down, sadly. Whispers, painfully)

I loved you seriously. So much... Congratulations, Haru...

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

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