

# Creativity Rising Original Production volume 2

The pen is mightier than the sword...

## EDITORIAL

Hikaru Machigashira (Editor, CROP 2)

Hello! Thank you for picking up CROP 2! I hope you have fun reading this journal.

To be honest, this project practically stopped last year due to various reasons, so we could not introduce CROP's activity to students as much as we would have liked to. I was irritable, but it was my responsibility and fault.

A turning point came in September. Two members, Machiko and Yukiko, came back from studying abroad, and we held meetings again. We made advertisements and opened our pages on Facebook, Mixi, and Twitter. We think this is very nice because we hope CROP can be a 'Community' for the students of English Literature and who are interested in English and making 'Creativity.' So, I want such websites to become bigger and to be a great community for many students.

Anyway, some students sent us e-mail: 'I am interested in becoming an Editor on CROP...' I was very happy to read such e-mails! Those students are: Junichiro, Miu, and Wataru. With 3 new members, CROP's editorial board is animated. However, I was very worried because only two students had submitted works by September, so I thought this year possibly we could not publish volume 2. But it was a groundless fear! After becoming a new CROP team, not only the members made an effort, but many other people also cooperated. Due to our efforts and the help of our supporters, many students submitted very nice works to CROP. Whenever students send us their works, we feel very happy and quite relieved.

Now, thanks to the students and supporters, we can publish CROP Volume 2! This March, I will graduate from MGU, so I am happy to have made this before graduating.

As in CROP Volume 1, every work here is very creative and energetic. I am proud to publish the works through this Volume 2. I hope readers will be interested in CROP and submit works for CROP Volume 3. If this journal stimulates readers' minds and 'IMAGINATION', this volume will succeed and is passing on success from generation to generation. I really hope so. From next

year, two new members, Tomomi and Mai will join in CROP, so the production will be even more active!

Really, really, thank you! Authors! Readers! Supporters, and CROP staff members! I am really happy!

Enjoy CROP 2!!

## BETTERMENT: WELCOME TO CROP 2

Paul Hullah

Since I was small, I have written things down. I get ideas in the night; beside my bed sits a perennial pad and pencil. I awake to find pages of new scribble in my little bedside book. Sometimes I can't remember writing it, or it's illegible; occasionally it's not bad. At school, I was advised to study Economics at university, since it was my strongest subject and a certain route to a lucrative career. I ignored this pragmatic advice, chose to study Literature instead. 'Literature!' a scientifically inclined classmate scoffed. 'Reading *books*?' He spat the noun as if it were a curse. 'What use are *books*?'

But to me books — poetry and stories — were everything; capsules of creativity that helped me work out the world. They still are. I was asked once where in the world I felt most 'at ease'. I guess I was supposed to say 'at home,' 'with friends,' or 'on top of a mountain.' 'In a library,' I replied. How sad it is to me to watch books disappear as the world hurtles into a new digital century. Entering the new hi-tec library at my *alma mater* Edinburgh University for the first time recently, I was alarmed to find nothing but computer terminals and Internet stations on the first floor. No books at all? 'Oh, *books*? They're upstairs...' a librarian whispered solemnly. Last year, in Shibuya, one of the largest bookshops in Japan closed down; replaced by a fashion boutique. We have nothing to challenge our minds now, but our clothes will look nice. Have we got our priorities right here?

Teaching English, literature and language, in Japan since 1992, it had long been a dream of mine to develop a creative writing journal, a book to serve as a forum for the commendable literary efforts of my students, a capsule for the creative impulses they clearly yearned to express. For almost 2 decades, my attempts to initiate such a venture were met with skepticism, denied by people in power who should have known better. Non-literature persons are generally scared of literature, and treat it rather like a rabid dog that might jump up and bite them if they let him in. I don't know why, but I know it is so. 'Why do you write *poetry*?' one such cynic once sneeringly asked me, as if he were asking why I wore a banana on my head or collected used paint tins. 'Why *don't* you write poetry?' I wanted to ask him.

Arriving at MGU in 2008, I was delighted at last to find a colleague, Mike Pronko, who almost telepathically shared my feelings about the inestimable value to any English program that a creative writing journal could add. Off we went, brothers on our crusade to here. To be honest, it was easy. Luckily for all of us, MGU is an institution that prides itself on offering an exceptionally dignified and challenging education: the spirit of the English Department typifies this, so once Mike and I began our passionate speeches about wanting a creative outlet for students stifled by years of enforced non-freedom of expression (a. k. a. the entrance-exam-focused high school English curriculum), we found that we were preaching to the converted.

But if you want to know more about how CROP got up and running, read the pieces by Professor Pronko and our current tireless editor Hikaru Machigashira in Issue 1. This is our second issue, and the momentum's big with us now. Perusing this book, Crop 2, I am reassured: some of us do have our priorities right. I applaud all the authors collected here, I thank the editorial team, and I encourage anyone else reading this to get involved in this wonderful venture. Our DNA programs us solely to survive. But life is more than survival, and everything else is choice. We can control that. To think and grow, communicate and express, to make our lives better, that's why we do what we choose to do: betterment. But *how* we do that is ours to choose. That's why we learn a second language. That's why we make things: concrete things like houses and abstract things like poems and stories. We do it to try to impose meaningful patterns on our muddled busy lives, to make sense out of chaos and confusion. That's what creative writing is: a map for sanity and a mirror to life. That's why we write down our thoughts in the night. Join us. If you like what you find here, or even if you don't, start writing and don't stop. We'd love to hear from you.

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# Story of Mickey

Mizuki Saito

One day, a girl, Mickey, was woken up by the strong wind and bright light. There was the fairy in front of her. She could not understand what was happening. Suddenly, the fairy began to speak. The fairy said, 'From now on, your day becomes half shorter than that of other people.' Mickey did not understand what the fairy meant. However, she gradually knew what was happening to her.

Since she is a lazy girl, Mickey always spends her time recklessly. For example, it is not rare for her to leave all her homework until the due date. Mickey does not help her mother when she is doing housework because Mickey is watching TV or playing video games. Her parents always tell her to be punctual. They have trouble with Mickey's laziness. Mickey never learns.

A few days after the fairy appeared, she started to spend her time efficiently. She realized that she could not do anything her original way because she only has 12 hours a day. She stopped wasting time. She quit leaving her homework and became a punctual student. Also she began to help her mother when she noticed that her mother needs help. One night, with a strong wind and a bright light, that fairy emerged again. The fairy said, 'Now you know how to spend your own time. I will give you 24 hours back. Do not forget, time is all.'

## Untitled

Hiroko Kubota

I go to university by train every day. I live in Shizuoka so it takes two and a half hours. I decided that I would commute from my house because I want to be with my family. I lived in a girls' dormitory in my high school days, so my family was glad about my decision.

At first, I was tired because I had to get up early, have dinner late, and I had few minutes in which I could relax at home. But I gradually became accustomed to this situation because I devised ways to use such long traveling time effectively and happily. For example, I like to find a lot of scenic points from a train. There are many songs that match each view. Then I try to see them while listening to my favorite songs. It makes me happy.

I usually have homework or a study aid in my bag. I can finish homework on a train. I think study in limited time is more effective than that in lengthy time at home.

I think it is important to devise things. The way we use time is important. There are many things we can depend on our devices. Think positive! I think whatever looks not good at first can be changed into plus things. Through such action, we can feel a sense of achievement and have confidence. I think this is connecting fully with life.



A Rabbit  
Yuuna Nishida

*(from Drift Vol.13, edited by  
Professor Kunio Yamakoshi, American Poetry Class)*

She lives anywhere

Even in the moon,  
Pounding steamed rice into cake

Even in the Cartoon,  
Only does not stand out

She's quiet  
As if she sees everything

She holds the key

# My Summer

Fumiaki Okada

I did a part time job, which was to make rice cakes for three days in my summer vacation. I worked ten hours a day. It seemed very hard, but I wanted money to buy a new racket among other things, so I decided to do it.

On the first day, I went to a Yamazaki bread factory for the first time. My work was only to move rice cakes, which were floating from a machine that made rice cakes, to another line for ten hours a day. I felt, 'This is easy!' because this was very simple work. At first, I did it easily, because when I was working I thought about things such as the last tennis game, a girl who I like. I felt, 'I can finish this work easily!!' I became glad, because I imagined my happy face. In the interval, I could eat a lot of Yamazaki bread. It was a very happy time. During the second work period, I gradually became tired.

However, I finished the first day. I worried a little about the second and final day. But I still thought that it is easy to earn money.

On the second day, when I arrived at the factory, I thought, 'This work is simple, but difficult. However, I must do it for my new racket!' At first, I could finish, because I talked in whispers with the next person. He taught me that I should work without thinking and not check the time. In the second half, it was very hard. I felt that the time passed very slowly, but I could finish. I pictured a scene in which I play tennis with a new cool racket.

On the last day, when I saw the factory, I looked at it just like a monster's castle. I started work. I felt tired already. I tried to think nothing, but it was impossible for me to not to check the time. I felt the time pass slowly again. I managed to finish the first half. In the interval, I ate a lot of bread. It was very delicious. I felt that the time passed very quickly. In the second half, I felt that this period was the severest time in these three days. I was tired and sleepy. The time passed slowly. I tried to be a no-thinking man. I felt that the rice cakes were lead balls. When the manager announced to us the end of work, I felt free. The emotion was similar to a feeling I get at the end of the test term.

That night, I had a very good sleep. This experience taught me the value of money. If my parents gave me money for a racket, I could buy it more easily. However, I earned the money, and I can buy it. I nearly jumped for joy. The former racket and the latter one are different in worth. The racket is still working. It plays an active part.

## A Precious Experience

Ikuo Ishibashi

I have experienced a crazy thing. I worked as an EXILE concert staff member at Nissan stadium in September. The job was construction of this concert. I was looking forward to working on it because I could work as a part of Japanese famous artist's staff.

But the construction was like carpentry. In addition, the rain came down in buckets on the day. What's more, the stadium was in the open air. I had to work in very bad conditions. When I carried a heavy concert kit, the rain was hitting me without mercy. After I finished carrying it, the field overseer said to me, 'Carry these kits quickly!' After I'd finished carrying them, the man said, 'Hey, carry this over there. Hurry up!!' The word 'carry' was remaining my mind all day long. Besides there wasn't enough time to rest my body. Though the season was summer, my body was chilled to the bone owing to the heavy rain.

The work lasted from 8 AM to 9 PM. and there were a lot of things to do as well as carrying kit. I screwed a heavy bolt into the plank, built a stereo receiver that I have ever seen, and helped the workers. While in there, I felt the hours move very slowly. After I finished the concert staff work, I felt thoroughly tired. But I think the hard day made me very strong physically and mentally. The work was a good experience for me.

I learned a lesson: to challenge many things and to take action in youth is very important, because after I get a job, these chances may hardly ever occur. So I want to experience many things. For example, doing many part-time jobs, studying, trips around the world, meeting a lot of kind of people, loving someone, and so on.

To quote a well-known saying, 'Gather roses while you may.' I'm young; I never fear anything, and if I have some problems, I want to conquer difficulties. I believe these things will make me strong.

## Untitled

Hikono Ishita

When I was a high school student, I belonged to musical club like 'Takarazuka'. Everyone had to dance, but I was not good at dancing, because my body was too stiff to dance. To make matters worse, my best friend was the best dancer in my club. So I did not want to dance. To practice dancing was not fun for me. One day, the league of dance placings was announced. I was surprised and panicked, because my position was noticeable! Then I decided to practice dance hard.

I went to a school gym at 7:30 every day and I did gymnastics in the corner of the gym. It was cold. I tried to touch my knees, but I couldn't do it. When my friends saw my stretching hard, some said, 'You shouldn't do a stretch. You may sprain your body.' Honestly, I thought the same thing and I felt uneasy. If I injured my body by stretching, I could not appear on the stage. I didn't like training by nature. There were a lot of lazy desires in my mind. I didn't want to come to school early and I did not want to feel cold.

Then one of my friends helped me. She told me how to stretch in a good way. Thanks to her, I could touch my knees after 3 months. I was filled with joy of my achievement. My best friend, who was the best dancer, praised me and taught her skills of dance to me. Every morning I enjoyed dancing. A pliant body made my dance better. My seniors, who appreciated our musical, said, 'You became a good dancer! I couldn't turn my eyes away from you!' Then I thanked my friends and tasted the joy of achievement.

Everyone usually says, 'To make an effort is the most important thing.' I knew that, but if I don't put it into practice, those words don't mean anything. To make an effort is hard, and it is a conflict between me and me, but if I overcome myself, I must get something worthy.

# Pen and the Personality

Akari Demachi

We can divide people in the world into three types. We only have to watch what a person tries to write on a small piece of paper that the store provides when he or she buys a new pen. There are those who write letters or a short sentence, those who draw simple lines with no sense, and those who draw small pictures. People in the last group were fewer than people in other groups about ten years ago, however, the amount of drawers are increasing now. This change is a very interesting topic to consider.

The people who write letters are the most passionate and active of the three. They always do something with what they feel, as they write sentences that have little or no meaning when they buy pens. They are very powerful, especially they hold a big event, but often do too much because of lack of thinking. They lack the ability to think carefully, so people in other groups supplement their opinions and depend on their positive action.

In contrast, people who draw simple lines are the calmest of the three groups. Presence of mind is the reason why they look so intelligent. On the other hand, other people frequently think that they are hard to get along with. They are not good at outstanding work as stars on the center of the stage, but suited for working behind the stage with a few friends who understand their thoughts well.

People in these two groups are realists, while people in the last group live with their daydreams. When they go to a stationery shop, they draw small and cute pictures to make sure of the efficiency of pens. They are usually influenced by fictitious novels and comics, so most of the pictures drawn by them are from these stories. As such imaginary stories are published more and more, this group is becoming bigger. Furthermore, most people in this group are young people. Almost all of them move into one of the other groups when they grow up.

We can use this way to divide not only in the store but anywhere we want. We just have to hand a pen and a piece of paper to people. What they write down shows us their personality, and we can easily judge the best role for them.

## On 'The Trouble with Harry Potter'

Kazuya Tanobe

One day, I saw an article about *Harry Potter*, J. K. Rowling's runaway bestseller all over the world. It seems this novel is banned in parts of the United States because conservative Christians think it lures young readers to the occult by glorifying witchcraft. Part of the article is reprinted here:

Does exposure to *Harry Potter* harm children? That's the question posited by a new website that examines the controversy swirling around the series, which narrates the adventures of a nerdy outcast whose life does a 180 after he's admitted into 'Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry' ...

'You couldn't ask for a better poster child against censorship than Harry Potter,' said Chris Finan, the president of American Booksellers Foundation for Free Expression, which sponsors the site with several other anti-censorship groups...

But the storybook sorcerer-in-training is still seen as the anti-Christ in conservative enclaves across the country.

'*Harry Potter* is saying you can dabble in witchcraft as long as it's entertaining,' said Beverly Green, a Sunday school teacher from Eastman, Georgia, and mother of three. 'If it's not good, it's evil. There ain't no in between. When you start dabbling in demonic spirits, that's dangerous ground. You're opening up your home, yourself to all kinds of attacks from the Devil...

'There's something to offend everybody,' said Beverley Becker, the associate director for the office of Intellectual Freedom of the American Library Association. 'If someone doesn't like a book, they don't need to read it. And they don't need to set the reading agenda for an entire community either...

‘But I can't think of any children's book that's been (reviled) as much as (*Harry Potter*),’ she added. (Julia Scheeres, ‘The Trouble With Harry Potter’, retrieved from <http://www.wired.com> 15 Jan. 2011)

After reading this article, I thought conservative Christians infringe on liberty of expression and right which children are free to read a book at the same time this article says they did censorship. Is it right? I think it is wrong. The United States should be a free country. In fact, the U.S. Constitution (Amendment1) states;

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances...

Amendment 14 continues this theme;

All persons born or naturalized in the United States and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Though the constitution guarantees freedom of expression, people ignore it. This is just contradiction.

I think religion shouldn't govern a person's rights, especially the right of freedom. I'm a Protestant. I attend chapel every Sunday and study the Christian religion. The minister often says, ‘Christianity is love, peace, and freedom of religion’ at sermons. I think so too. Jesus must think so too.

Thus, conservative Christians should refrain from prohibiting and censorship, I think.



# Sky Sky Sky

Kentaro Yasuda

When I was a high school student, I threw a stone at the sky. The stone disappeared, then I knew this world might be illusion, like a TV game. Actually, the stone hit my friend and he got hurt in his head. However, he never knew who threw the stone. He and I are good friends who really want to die. 'To want to die...' So attractive, sorrowful words...

His name is Yuichi. He has no job. He is very strange, but he is very clever. He said he started to become wise since the stone hit him. I am a fool. I am a fool...

He makes his living by eating leaves and mushrooms. He lives in the forest. I asked 'Weren't you arrested?'

He said 'What kind of people pay attention to Saitama forest?'

He is certainly correct. In this world in 2060, there are very few people in this area. 'Sky' are people living in the forest. They live without earning money and eat leaves and weeds. However, their lifestyle became outdated. A lot of people had a romantic view of the forest. However their dream always broke down. Certainly, they escaped from labor or social discrimination. However, they didn't become happy. Some went back to the city; others become mad and went further into nature...

I am working at school and teaching English. English is outdated, too. Now, we speak only 'Clostphtic', which is a universal language. However, Yuichi speaks only 'English'. He persistently speaks only 'English'. Why does he do so? Why does he resist this world?

The word 'Sky' has two meanings. One is 'being innocent like the sky'. The other is 'being eccentric like high blue sky' I never wanted to be 'Sky', but I always wanted to die.

There are people who are 'Anti-sky'. They believe in eternal death. They want to finish with this world and really commit suicide. I am in sympathy with them, but I don't agree with them. 30 years ago, we thought what life is or what happiness is. However, we don't even know the meaning of happiness or life. We are not human but animal.

I always think human beings cannot live without trusting someone. I dare not say 'believe', because believers always have bad lives. Especially, 'believers in god' A lot of Christian, Muslims, Buddhists, and other believers were punished by 'religion crime law,' which means 'the law to punish people who tell a lie to others and push 'god' to those who don't want to believe.' I strongly agree with the law. I was a believer, and I wish I had not been a believer.

Yuichi and I went to the theatre to see a drama called, 'You Should Believe Someone'. This play was very interesting, because the drama criticizes people who turn something into 'God Save You!' or something unknown into 'The Mystery of God'. I wanted to laugh at them, but we couldn't laugh at them because of their criticizing or punishing us in the name of their ass-hole 'god'!

Yuichi always treats me to beer when I have feelings like that, and he always says 'If there were an eraser to delete memories, we would become happy.' I strongly think so, strongly think so.

'You insulted god!'  
'Actually, yes!'  
'I'll kill you!'  
'Kill me, and let me go to another world'  
Then, I saw my sister's dead body.  
I'm tired.  
I'm tired to live.  
I'm very tired to live.

What is life? What is death?

Sky Sky Sky

End

# You Hate This World

Kentaro Yasuda

You hate this world, but I love you

Why do you hate this world?  
I'll answer this question  
You are too clever  
You open eyes too wide  
Please become a dull boy  
Even if you like that  
I never give up you  
And moreover  
I love you forever  
I love your naked nature  
And more your weakness  
Please, please make you foolish  
It makes me fun  
And comfortable  
Every time we fight with the fate  
Everyone fights with themselves  
However, I dare tell you  
You are just you  
You are just you  
I'm happy to know that

However

## Ando in the Forest

Jin Ikeda

One day, a bear saw a bee in the forest and the bear asked the bee for honey. However, the bee refused the request. Therefore, the bear was angry and quarreled with the bee. Then, someone said, 'Stop it!' It was Mr. Ando who said it. Mr. Ando is a penguin, but looks like a human. He persuaded them not to quarrel and he left the forest.

In the evening, the animals gathered and held a meeting. They doubted that Mr. Ando was a penguin. However, one member, an old turtle said, 'Mr. Ando cannot be a human!' He also insisted that Mr. Ando was a penguin because Mr. Ando sometimes said, 'Pen! Pen!' While they were talking about it, a loud sound echoed in the forest. The animals found someone who was cutting down a tree. It was a human.

The human cut down trees without care. The animals could do nothing against him. When they despaired, someone said 'Stop it!' Of course, it was Mr. Ando. Mr. Ando fought against the human and drove him out of the forest. Then the forest became peaceful. The animals could not understand whether Mr. Ando was a penguin, but it is sure that Mr. Ando protected the forest. That's why Mr. Ando continued living in the forest.

## Edward and the Mouse

Yu Nakajima

In 1910, a wanted ad in the paper. 'Psychological experiment is going to be held for a week at Moscow University on December 21, 1910. Men of just 21 years old can participate in the event. The fixed number is 9 persons, 500 dollars to each participant. You are cordially invited to apply.' As soon as he reads, Edward decides to take part in it. He lives near Moscow. He was born in Nuremberg and at 7 years old moved to Moscow with his mother.

On that day there are over 50 people at the meeting place. At 12 o'clock an elderly man enters the classroom. He says, 'Hello gentlemen. My name is Nicolai. All of you here participate in the event, right? Now please take a simple test. We have to winnow candidates down from about 50 to just 9.' Everyone nods silently, and takes the test: height, weight, blood type, birth, and family structure. Edward answers the questions quickly and hands in and leaves the classroom first.

Announcement is after 2 hours. He returns to the classroom. Already, 8 persons are in the classroom. Professor Nicolai says, 'You are Edward, right? Please sit down.' Nicolai continues 'Okay now all assemble, I explain to you about what you 9 are going to do for this one week. This is a psychological experiment. So some danger might be involved in it. You live for a week in an underground laboratory in this university, and perform certain roles.' Someone says, 'What kind of roles do we play?' He answers, 'Soon you will know.' Another asks, 'Is there fatal risk?' Nicolai replies, 'Nothing like that, but when we judge it's too dangerous, we let the person be eliminated.' Although Edward thinks to ask why he was chosen, he doesn't. Nobody asks any more questions. The Professor says, 'Okay gentlemen, if there are no more questions, let's go.' They all head for underground laboratory.

The place is very dark. When everyone gathers, the light is turned on and then first they understand where they are. The place is like a prison; 5 cells on the right and 7 on the left along a corridor. Nicolai says, 'Maybe all of you understand what you will do. We let you be a prisoner for a week from now. In addition there are three rules. One is prisoners cannot converse each other. Two is, you must to obey what warders command. Three is, don't you never grow desperate. If you

violate even one of those rules, you are punished. if you cannot agree to them, turn back now.' But nobody goes back. Then Nicolai says, 'Okay now, let's begin. I will call your name and allocate your cell. Then please go into it. Good luck to all of you.'

Day 1, Edward considers various things: why was I chosen, why 9 persons, why a prisoner? He has no satisfactory answers. His cell is the farthest back on the right side, and there are no persons in his neighboring cell or the one in front. Edward can barely see the man who is in cell diagonal to his. His cell is small but wide enough. There are only minimum necessities like bed, toilet, and washbasin in the cell, and some books on the desk. Edward slowly takes a book and starts to read.

Day 2, Edward finds a mouse in his cell. The mouse's eye color is the same as his. Edward feels pleasure. Prisoners are not allowed to converse with each other. He wants a friend. He says, 'Hello little visitor, my name is Edward. Now I'm alone...so please make friends with me?' He continues with a smile. 'It's nice to meet you...so can I call you Lenny? Okay, pleasure to see you, Lenny.' Through the night, Lenny fawns on Edward. Somehow this mouse is nocturnal and very friendly. Edward forgets to sleep and plays with Lenny, his friend.

Day 3, seemingly every subject is obedient to the rules. Not a sound comes in his ear. Sometimes Edward tries to watch the man who is in the left-diagonal cell, but he cannot see him. As time passes, Edward feels lonely. But Edward is pleased at having a friend. At least he is not alone. 'Hey Lenny, who do you think made us? Do you really think God exists? I moved here with mother, because when I was child, I was abused too much by father too long time. Mother took me here like escaping from the creature. Whenever I was beaten down, I always thought 'If there actually is God, why doesn't he save me? Why does he overlook this evil? Why doesn't he care?' The third day is passing. He almost doesn't fall asleep for long time.

Day 4, a guard talks him. 'Get out the cell, and follow me.' He follows the guard. But walking down the corridor, he finds there is nobody in the other cells. He doesn't think it strange. It doesn't matter for him any longer.

It seems they want to make him work. Working time stretches over 8 hours. He is extremely tired in mind and soul. When he returns to his cell, he falls asleep like a stone sinking down.

Day 5, he has slept for only 3 hours. At night, as usual Lenny comes to him, and he begins to speak. 'Hey friend, I hate to converse with foolish people, because they cannot understand. People hate to change. There is no good and evil in the world. The only things that exist in the world are the fact that we exist, and the realization that arises from us. It's realization that we have to focus on. People don't know the fact that phenomena are valued by realization.' It seems that Edward is approaching an answer.

Day 6, it seems it rains outside. Inside his brain is like a night with a hazy moon. A specific answer exists for everyone, but still he cannot reach it. Then his friend comes again. He says, 'I can't understand.' He has changed for this one week; he needs dialogue with himself. Therefore he could find the importance of himself. He continues to speak, 'Law is stupid. Also a human just obeying it is stupid. A person is an existence that is much higher than law.' He continues to speak for an hour.

Day 7, this event is finished. Professor Nicolai comes to Edward, and says, 'Thanks for joining us, Mr. Edward. Every plan is finished. We could get valuable data because of you. Thank you. Can I give you a lift home?' Edward stands up slowly, and says, 'No thanks, sir. Actually it's I that should say thanks. I could know myself because of this week.' He smiles.

# The Light in the Dark

Kazushige Sugiyama

*(from Drift Vol.13, edited by  
Professor Kunio Yamakoshi, American Poetry Class)*

At the dark night and blue night  
Under the moon of light  
There are street lights

The faint lights may be in rows  
may be in lines  
may be rounds  
Perhaps a jumble, chaos  
As scattered pieces of puzzle  
which might have no pieces

A shy light lights on a shy light  
As two pieces of puzzle click,  
and then the wind of hope blows  
As when you pop your knuckles

The dim lights becomes a part of white waves  
reflecting sun lights  
As you could see  
when you close your eyes under covers,  
and then the wave is to be an undertow  
Be over. Be over. Be over.

In the moon of light  
In the dark night and blue night  
There are street lights  
Nevermore. Nevermore.



## Christian Philosophy in *The Pilgrim's Progress*

Kazuya Tanobe

*The Pilgrim's Progress* is a fable written in the U.K. by John Bunyan (1628-88). He was an English Christian writer and preacher. The main part (PART I) was published in 1684 and PART II was published in 1678. I will discuss this work from a literary and a religious viewpoint here.

At first, this work changed the literary form called 'fable'. What is a fable? It is the novel in which character names and place names express a characteristic and the character of the town or a state respectively. At this point I can find intertextuality with the *Divine Comedy* written by Dante and Spenser's *Faerie Queen*.

One day, the main character Christian thought, 'World is the wasteland of the one and not be the ground of living in peace' when he was reading the Bible. So, he escaped from the town called 'City of Destruction,' throwing away children and wife. He started to travel to Mount Zion (Jerusalem), seeking the ground of living in peace of the soul.

Bunyan was tormented by awareness of his own sin since he was young, and was attacked by sense of religious fear, and he was threatened by terrible dreams and illusions, devils and demons. The feelings of main character Christian reflect his own feelings. This is indicated from directions 'comparing to a dream.' In addition, main character's name 'Christian' has a property on behalf of pious Christ, Puritan.

'All people are criminals, and there is not the right person at all' [ROMANS 3:10]. They were born on the ground while Jesus Christ is socially positioned with God and we arrive at me [Moses' Ten Commandments] hanged over the cross, died, and went down to Hell and revived after 3 days later. He rose to the sky in the house of the Egyptian slave. It is Christianity that thinks about our sins [the Credo]. However, all people's sins are permitted because Jesus Christ has been sitting on the right of an almighty Father. If you believe above events, all sins are forgiven [expiation theory].

Christian found the ground of living in peace of the soul and carried the heavy load of own sins on his back and he took the Bible for the trip. In the middle of the trip, Christian fell into 'Slough of Despond' due to carelessness. He tried to get away from the marsh desperately, but he was not able to get away because of the heavy load on his back. Meanwhile, a person named 'Second hand' appeared and Christian succeeded in getting away from Slough of Despond by the help of the second hand. He asked the assistant it afterwards he fixed the land and why a tourist could not go on a trip safely. For this question the assistant 'can't fix'; it was the hollow that refused awareness of sins and filth flows consistently. Thus the name Slough of Despond. When sins are awakened to the corrupted state, I have much fear and doubt and anxiety. The reason is because all collects here. This is the badness of this land.

From Bunyan's description I can watch feelings of fear or discouragement for personal sinfulness held since youth. To be aware of sinfulness is important for Christ. Bunyan is aware of his own sins, so as to feel a sense of fear of it. Therefore, I think he is a very pious Christian, a Puritan.

Christian found the ground of living in peace after he was saved from 'the second hand' and he continued his trip. He said, 'I arrive at the house of the person named the commentator'. He informed the secret room to 'the commentator' and received a Christian willingly, and to do attention in the trip. A person's image was hung on the wall of the secret room, holding the best book in a hand with eyes toward the sky, and law of the truth was written on the lips, and there was the world in the rear. He stood as if he persuaded people and took a golden crown on a head. I think this picture expresses the figure of Christ, In other words, we shouldn't pay more attention to pleasures or honors of the ground and pay more attention to the sky, there is not appearing and loads wealth onto the sky on the ground, reads the best book (the Bible) eagerly and practices it not only Night and Day hum sings words of the Bible to oneself. It is respected as the reward posthumously if you do so it and receives glory. It is initiated into a right ideal method as the person of attention and faith of the trip in the house of the commentator. Christian leaves it for the trip again in this way. Here, I realize this work has a variety of pictures. This is called 'Emblem Book' which was popular in Europe in those days.

Christian went along the way called 'a fence of the help' which both sides were surrounded by fences after having left the house of the commentator. Christian who demanded the help ran on the way, but the heavy load and the distance was difficult. He came to an uphill slope when he ran at last, but a cross stood there. There was one grave in the hollow in one under a little. 'His heavy load comes loose from a shoulder, falls from the back, begins to fall down and don't stop.' Then, he lost his eyesight when he came to the mouth of the grave. The master whom a Christian had light heart with pleasure, said happily gave him rest by the sorrow and it was given life then by the death.

What does this mean? Christian continued being tormented by a heavy load called 'sin', but I recalled that sin is permitted because of a cross of Jesus Christ. Because of too much joy, he looks at a cross many times, and tears run it down from his eyes soon. Will not 'the grave' symbolize that I was reborn from conventional self at the same time? This resembles the idea of the Baptism that is the one of the ceremonies in Christianity.

'I carried the heavy load of the crime on my back to here.

This which came to here without a means relieving my sorrow will be what place.

Does my supreme bliss begin here?

Does my heavy load fall from the back here?

Does the string which bound me cut here?

A holy cross! A holy grave!'

Subsequently, three angels appear. The first angel declared 'the forgiving of the sin.' The second angel helped you put on new clothes. The third angel marked a sum and gave him the rolled drapery which he sealed. Christian leaps because of too much joy three times and continues a trip while singing. I want to pay attention to the number 'three'. 'Three' is a number to express stability in Christianity. The God concept in Christianity, which is called 'the Trinity', vividly shows this.

The help did not come out from him and the Christian who experienced that it was a gift given by a mysterious benefit continued a trip with new joy and power. However, sin clings to

him. We may think that is strange, but the author wanted to point out a weak point of human beings. In other words, it is to be weak that makes it easy to lose to temptation of sin though God gives benefit to the person. However, though it is such a sinful human being, God never abandons us, and holds out a helping hand. He uses 'a second hand.' Through a character called 'the commentator' the author spoke of it earlier and emphasized it. In Christian terms, through much difficulty, I arrive at Celestial City 'Zion' by power of God safely.

Bunyan uses inborn sharp insight to be able to be said to be morbid through this work and exposes sharp light to human sin: the pain of the mind and picks up the inside of the human heart. Subsequently, this book is loved reading in the Bible all over the world in the present age that passed for nearly 400 years since it is published. Finally, he says following things as 'explanation of the authors' before a work.

The method how resembled this in the Bible that I looked. I take it at many places. When another thing is necessary to bend to preach a certain thing. Even if I use it, there is not the thing deleting golden light of the truth. Rather I will let you emit the light by this method brightly almost noon. By the way, before finally putting a writing brush, only as for strong God whom defeat it, weak is made to stand whom speak the profit of this book, both you and the book will entrust in your hand. The person it demands everlasting honor. This book draws before you. I perform it to run how and do reach the gate of the glory at last you do not do what you come, and where to show it goes to from where and what do?

References: 'Pilgrim's Progress' John Bunyan ( Protestantism publishing)

'British literature and faith' Toshiki Yamamoto (Taiundou)

'Right Faith: Credo' Mitsuru Takebayashi (Tokyo Union Committee)

'The Bible' (Japan Bible Society)

## Aphorisms

Kazuya Tanobe

1. Love is an emotional thing, thus if you love a woman seriously, you shouldn't have sex with her.
2. Root of evil, root of crime, and root of suffering are all sexual desires.
3. Being liked by all people is impossible given human properties.
4. I'm the chief character and scriptwriter of the movie named 'Me'.  
Therefore, I can arrange my life as I like it by myself!
5. God doesn't give us a trial we are not able to bear. Only chosen persons have trials. So be pleased with trials!
6. If you are the worst person in the world, what's the problem? Just living in this beautiful world is a splendid thing!
7. All human beings contain absurdity, contradiction, inferiority complex, jealousy, and bad evil spirits.
8. Before sleeping at night, give thanks to God even if the day was the worst.
9. Jesus Christ, I love all people, even people who dislike me, people who insult me. Even if I'll be killed by any-one, I'll love the murderer.
10. Even if you think it are unpleasant things, think good things, so you should notice yourself, in fact, it are really pleasant things.  
Thoughts create reality!

God Bless You!

# My Festival

Tatsuma Hasumi

On the day of my school festival, my heart was beating like an earthquake.

I was an ordinary third year student in high school. I didn't have a handsome face or a special talent, but I liked Hana who has quite a pretty face and good proportions. Her big eyes sparkled like a star and her skin was shining like snow. I was not brave to tell her my love because I had nothing else. One day, my best friend Hide had told me that she likes the strong man who has great muscles. So I had decided to participate in an arm wrestling contest in the school festival to show strength and tell love to her on the stage if I could win the contest. So I trained hard secretly to win the contest.

The festival day was a fine, clear day. The sun sparkled. Hana watched the contest from the side of the stage. I felt nervous because everyone was gazing at me on the stage. I could hear a thousand cheers. I got through the contest and eventually I went on to the finals. Surprisingly, the final rival was my friend Hide.

I asked 'Why are you here?' He answered 'That's what I was about to say to you!' 'To tell the truth, I like Hana. And I'll tell my love if I'll win today,' I whispered. He replied, 'Oh...really? No kidding! I like her, too! And that is why I am here.' I was surprised and confused. I didn't understand what I should say. After an awkward silence, he said, 'O.K. I have an idea. If you will win, you can have her. If you don't, you must give up her. What do you think?' I was puzzled. But finally, I nodded and said, 'Yes'

After few minutes, the final battle got started. We gripped each other's right hand and tried to lay it low. Around the stage was filled with a million cheers. We didn't give up. Suddenly, I heard Hana's cheer from the side of the stage. 'Go! Go! Andy!' I felt the power going up my body. And finally, I became a champion of the contest. 'I won!' I cried. I had never become a star or something like that ever before. But now, I am a star. The day was one of the greatest of my life.

After the award ceremony of arm wrestling, I ran to her. She praised me for winning the contest, and said, 'You look so strong! Fantastic!' I said 'Thank you. To tell the truth, one of the biggest reasons why I decided to join the contest is you. I want to show you my effort. I love you, Hana. And I wish you would become my girlfriend.' She smiled and said 'I'd love to.'

## The Victor's Heart

Yuki Sakura

‘On your marks...’ The referee raised a pistol, and then all runners crouched down. I grasped coarse sand. Some angular grains stabbed my hands, but it made my combative instinct aroused. I had to defeat Takumi, who looked like me in the previous year.

A few minutes before, I was standing in front of the bright line on the dark ground. Takumi was in the next lane to me. There were some students in the start area, but I was training my mind on only my greatest rival. ‘Daiki, I’ll win. The fastest athlete in this school is me! I, not you, will advance to the higher tournament!’ He turned to my face and grinned like a scheming devil.

Takumi and I are good brothers, so our bonds can be separated by nobody... expect a track and field match. And what is even worse, he runs like a fresh gale. On the other hand, recently I was bothered by my running time.

I whispered to myself without voice, only in my heart. ‘I’m older than Takumi. I had longer time to practice running in this school than him. It means that I can... no, I must run faster than him.’ Then I said to Takumi in a low voice, ‘Don’t carry your bluff too far. The best runner for the next stage is me.’ It was just bluster to the best of my ability.

‘Get set!’ I turned my gaze on Takumi quickly and saw my lane again. The winner is me. When he turns into the strong wind, I’ll become a rapid combat plane.

‘Go!’ The pistol played the song for the beginning. No sooner had I heard it than we started to run toward the goal. Whenever I kicked the earth, the air around me contained a stronger smell of soil and it went behind me. I wondered if I was flying the sky because my body was wheeling lightly.

At that moment when I was convinced of my victory, suddenly my tiptoe trampled something hard. Just as I noticed the touch, the aerial current around me was killed and I felt that my body was falling down to the cold ground.



I'm in the first-aid room now. Takumi took me to here just after the race. In the corridor, I murmured on his back, 'Why can you run so fast? I lost in the race, though I had practiced very hard only to beat you.' He answered, 'Remember the pleasure of running, Daiki. Speed is probably obtained through it. I never forget it, even in the competitions.... When you decided to start track and field, you also enjoyed running... didn't you?'

## Friendship as Spring

Misaki Wakabayashi

There is a girl and she has handicap of her body. She hasn't her right leg. So she works and runs with an artificial leg. She can't run fast. The school holds a relay for all students in the sports contest. Of course she has to participate. But she won't run because she may disturb other students. She is worried about this day. However she need not have anxiety. One day, she said, 'I'm sorry I am very slow...So I will disturb you.' But other students said 'Don't worry. We'll cover your handicap.' The kindness makes her cheerful. She thought to do her best at her pace. She was relieved by students, as if she was guarded by soldiers.

A student said, 'Can you come school 30 minutes early? We will practice the relay before class starts.' 'Good idea. I want to take part in this practice.' she said. They trained for the relay every morning. The rules for relay are to pass a baton and to run. She was taught the way to run by students who can run fast. She participated in the lesson every time. Soon she can run faster than before. She is so happy about the growth of herself and thanked them. The happiest thing is to be friends of many classmates. She thought, 'We are a perfect team. We must win. This team is as warm as spring.' The team is comfortable for her. On the eve of the sports day, classmates gathered in the classroom. A captain said, 'Tomorrow is sports day. We practiced for the relay every morning, so we must win tomorrow.'

At the sports contest, it was so noisy like a party. The day was sunny and it was as hot as a desert. The relay started. Runners ran at once.

Her turn came and she ran desperately. When she passed the baton to the next runner, it was like time stopped. The next runners ran hard. All students did their best. But the team lost. But nobody blamed her handicap. All the students praised each other. The relay was lost, but she and the students are so happy. Not to win but to achieve friendship made them happy. She thought, 'I'm not alone. I have special classmates.' She came home, and she talked to her mother. 'I'm so happy. My classmates are special friends for me. I know I'm not alone because of them. My handicap isn't a handicap for friends. We connect with our hearts.'

## Hop

Tyler Blakley

I find myself within a city again. I don't know why. I hate cities. Cities are dangerous. Millions upon millions of people all bottled up in such a small space...it's a revolution waiting to happen.

But I'm here anyway, wandering through these crowded streets, no aim, no destination; watching the neon lights flash patterns into my eyes, ignoring the advertisements that change and adapt for each person, bracing as one with the crowd to keep my footing in the wake of a passing freighter. It's all the same, a pattern, a routine. I have long since grown weary of such monotony.

A street urchin suddenly begins slipping his way through the crowd. I immediately look for his partner. In my peripheral I spot the other, a tiny movement in the sea of people. Their target isn't me. They have their eye on a naïve looking young man; obviously a newcomer, obviously from a privileged background. I don't know why a kid like him would be traveling alone; he won't have anything of value left on him after another hour.

Just another pattern. The uneducated act without thought of the consequences. Their actions have sealed the fate of this city; the entire planet for that matter.

I feel a tiny body brush against my coat. Actively, I suppress my reflex. The little thief is only passing through, searching for another easy target.

I've never been grifted. I'm too ordinary. Too vanilla. Too plain. People's eyes just pass over me. Common thieves go after more distinctive targets. My appearance has served me well, though it is not specifically intended to divert thieves.

Of course, it isn't natural, my appearance. Some features are easily changed: staying clean-shaven, cropping my hair short, keeping up with the local fashions. Other things are more... difficult. I had green eyes before they were modified for unnaturally superior vision; now I have brown eyes. My cheekbones were high and prominent before they fiddled around with the structure of my face. I was a slightly tall man before they took away a few centimeters away from my legs. I

had marks on my body to remind me of my purpose, until they removed all the scar tissue. I'm average; nothing to distinguish me. I do not wink. I do not smile. I do not cry.

I don't know if I regret being like this. There's absolutely no way I can live a normal life, but when I think about it, I've never lived normally. I'm not suited to connect with people, so I keep moving; never long enough to know anyone, just a whisper in a memory. I'll be out of this damned city in another day or two. Then it's back to the countryside. Where I can breathe again.

If I could have a home, it would be some old fashioned cabin in the middle of nowhere. Live off the land, be self sufficient. Something like that. Something like our ancestors thousands and thousands of year ago. But I'm not built for that kind of life. Some program inside drives me. I cannot idle. I must be doing something *all* the time. I cannot sleep for more than an hour. I wake up fidgeting and I can't clear my mind enough to rest longer.

I suppose it's only fitting for me to live with a body and mind designed for conflict during a time of peace. It's a maddening existence, but tolerably so. I've had a lot of time to deal with it. I suppose I'm a little happy despite everything. Happy that I live in an age where people can live without fear of dying the next day. Happy that children can grow up without knowing loss. Happy that people like me have been forced into the shadows.

I see a familiar face. That isn't good. In a city as large as this, I should never run into the same person twice.

I don't change direction, I don't turn my head, I don't caress the gun in my coat to reassure myself. I keep walking. My eyes *do* dart around in their sockets, checking obstructions, looking for escape routes.

I glance at a reflection in a store window. He's gotten close. Perhaps a couple meters away. His face is like mine. He doesn't look like me, it's just an ordinary face; forgettable. That young face has a determined look though. He's consciously making sure he does a good job. It gives him away. He must be new.

That still isn't good. If this guy is new, then there's bound to be a veteran with him. That was stupid of me; I should have seen it coming. They let the new guy grab my attention while the other one slips by my sight unnoticed. Not good.

I need to string them along just a bit more.

I don't speed up. I don't change direction, I don't look around. If I show any reaction, any sign that I've caught on, they'll rush me. And I don't like those odds.

There's an intersection just ahead. I should be able to lose them in traffic. At the last second, I dive across the path of an enormous public transport unit.

I cut it a little close. The edge of the vehicle barely clips my foot as I cross its trajectory. But now I have a couple of seconds on my pursuers. I roll to my feet and navigate the rest of the traffic lanes on autopilot. In this city it's perfectly legal to run down a pedestrian stupid enough to wander around in the expressway. But so long as they don't change speed or direction, I'll be fine.

My eyes spot a likely place to hide. Inside a large, bustling restaurant I should be able to take a booth and wait it out.

My reflexes tell me to jump, and not a second too soon. The vehicle breaks my leg instead of my spine. The old fashioned glass windshield doesn't shatter upon impact, but fault lines appear like a spider's web. The pain in my arm registers at the 'spectacular' level. It still works though. Guess the cybernetic replacement was worth the trouble.

The wind is beginning to sting my eyes. Oh yeah, the vehicle is still moving. I glance at the driver; he must be wealthy to afford a personal transport. I don't like the look on his face. He hit me on purpose. That bastard.

I roll off the hood towards the edge of the street. I take care to scratch the paint as I go. Ignoring the pain, I land on my good leg. Or try to, at least. Instead, I slam into a group of passersby. I use one to break my fall and keep weight off my bad leg. She'll be fine, probably.

I stand up with difficulty. I can barely walk; not good. Snatching away a cane from some elderly citizen, I limp off, making my way through the crowd. Yet again, I'm on the hop.

After I'm a considerable distance away, I begin looking for another hiding spot. Another large restaurant should do nicely. I have enough credits on me to get a private table, no questions asked.

I try to look as dignified as possible with a broken leg, but the effort is wasted. Three men with black trench coats, matching hats, and square sunglasses, immediately have me trapped.

Damn.

'Greetings, Mr. Ghost,' the one in the center says quite cordially. 'If you would be so kind as to join us, we already have a table reserved.'

I don't answer, continuing to search for an escape.

'We just want to talk.' There's no way out. Double Damn.

'Under whose authority?' I ask lightly, not letting my resignation show.

'Mine,' comes a female voice from behind me. I didn't hear her enter. I keep my face straight despite my initial shock.

'My lady. I should have known,' I mutter by way of greeting.

I turn slowly to see her. She's changed since I left the Order. Her laughing, smiling face is gone. The eyes that charmed me years and years ago are hardened and dark like mine. Even her hair, her beautiful long, soft hair, is gone, hacked mercilessly short.

If I were a softer man, I would have wept to see what this once young and innocent girl has become. Wept for countless other ruined lives like hers. Wept for every unnecessary evil.

But I don't. That's not how I roll.

'So you've caught me. Now what?' I inquire lazily, as if it means nothing.

'Now we talk,' she answers curtly.

'Then get to it,' I respond, matching her tone.

‘The Order has need of you again,’ she said after the slightest hesitation. I could have told her that.

‘Is the Order so weak as to draw their strength from me?’ I accuse suddenly. ‘Do you really want to start this game again Mary?’ I allow some of my weariness to creep into my tone. ‘You should kill me now.’

‘If that were true, then I wouldn’t be talking to you,’ she replied coldly, looking me directly in the eyes. I sigh heavily, finally breaking the ruse.

‘You’re the reason I stayed on for as long as I did. You could have run away with me. Left this life behind.’ I feel old, reminiscing like this.

‘Shut up and come with us. We need to replace that leg. And don’t look at me like that. If you didn’t want this life you would have killed yourself a long time ago.’

‘True enough.’

# Dreaming Umbrella

Kana Torisawa

*(from Drift Vol.13, edited by  
Professor Kunio Yamakoshi, American Poetry Class)*

When I look at you,  
you always look melancholic.

If I could float,  
can you smile?  
If I could be smaller,  
can you be merry?

I just want to see you smile for me.

When you look at me,  
you always sigh.

If I should melt,  
do you look for me?  
If I should run away from you,  
do you cry for me?

I just want to see your tears for me.



## AUTHOR NOTES

**Tyler Blakley** is a 4th year student at UC Berkeley's History Department. Specializing in Japanese history, he came to MGU to study for the fall semester of 2010. His interests include: eating, reading, writing, running, skiing, baking, video games, and cats.

**Akari Demachi:** likes to travel by train. In her holidays she usually enjoys short trips. She also likes to sing. 'Whenever I start to sing, nobody can stop it. If you want to know more about me, please follow me on twitter: 'cherry\_blizzard'.

**Tatsuma Hasumi** is from Nagano and belongs to a snowboarding club. 'During winter vacation, I did skiing and snowboarding every day. Please check me out on the internet. If you wish, you can find me at <http://www.youtube.com/user/imusah?feature=mhum>. I am also on mixi. My mixi name is 'amustat'!

**Hiroko Kubota:** 'I often feel exhausted from my life. At such times, I talk with my friends on the phone for a long time, go to my favorite restaurant, go shopping, or go to Disney Resort if I have time. We need to have a rest sometimes.'

**Yuuna Nishida:** 'My major is not English literature but International Studies. I am interested in minorities, especially immigrants. Now, I am studying about migration at University of California, San Diego as an exchange student. Study is really hard, but I really enjoy my life in the U.S. Thank you.'

**Fumiaki Okada:** 'My hobby is to play soft tennis and to see movies. I like musical movies. I belong to soft tennis club. It is exciting to play it. If you want to play it with us, you can join our soft tennis club at any time.'

**Kazushige Sugiyama:** 'My favorite number is zero. Other numbers are always changed if added to or subtracted from themselves. Zero is always being itself. Zero can imply that anything could happen. Therefore it could contain the others in itself.'

**Mizuki Saito** entered MGU in 2010, and comes from Hamamatsu city in Shizuoka. 'In the university, I belong to the archery club, so whenever I have time, I practice archery! Thank you for everything.'

**Kazuya Tanobe:** ‘I major in American literature. I’m concerned about American philosophy such as Puritanism and Transcendentalism. I hope you realize your dreams. Good luck! Never forget passion and love. As Prof. Tsutsui says: Literatures are screams from your souls.’

**Kana Torisawa** has studied English literature for 4 years, majoring in American novels. ‘I belong to Professor Tsutsui’s seminar, and I enjoy the class. I like reading, and my favorite writers are Miyuki Miyabe, Hiro Arikawa, and so on. The books make me good, so I recommend everyone to read novels.’

**Kentaro Yasuda:** ‘I hated this world, but I love it now because I found myself and everything makes me vivid. I needed art to transmit message like newspaper, but now, I desire art to express something joyful, bitter, or hurt and so on.’

## Endword

Miu Takaya

How do you feel about this journal? Interesting? Cool? If you felt anything, it is the first step. You approach CREATIVITY. When I found that CROP wanted more editors last year, I immediately decided to join. In my school life, I wanted something to apply myself to that was about English Literature; I wanted to leave my trace. That's why I became an editor of CROP.

Thorough editing CROP 2, I've remembered the importance of individuality. All works are different; all students have different experiences, ideas, and writing styles. Everything is unique and of value. So we have motivate and express ourselves in creative ways.

On the front cover, we put a famous saying, 'The pen is mightier than the sword,' by Edward Bulwer-Lytton, a British Victorian politician. PEN might stand for Poets, Essayists or Editors, and Novelists. Their speech speaks to the human soul stronger than force (the 'sword') does. The pen can influence law or politicians. The sword is not needed for saving a country. You can effect and change others minds with a pen. That's why CROP exists. To encourage creative expression, we need to approach more writers and cultivate their sentiments. In the next CROP, I will try to reach more writers more actively.

Finally, I want to say thank you to all concerned with CROP: Dr. Hullah, Dr. Pronko, all CROP members, creative writers and readers.

Thank you for reading.

**Writers Wanted Writers Wanted Writers Wanted Writers Wanted**

# **Submit your work!**

**Writers Wanted Writers Wanted Writers Wanted Writers Wanted**





Did you like our CROP vol.2?

CROP is now looking for new works!





Deadline:

**October 17<sup>th</sup>, 2011**

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-  Writing in ENGLISH only.
-  Any form of original creative written work is acceptable.
-  Refrain from excessively violent or sexual words and descriptions.

Forms of Writing and rules regarding length of submissions:

-  Essay: up to 2,000 words
-  Short Story: up to 4,000 words
-  Poem: up to 1,000 words
-  Other Original Work: up to 2,000 words

Please send submissions (MS Word files, single spaced)  
and any questions to...

**crop@ltr.meijigakuin.ac.jp**

Meiji Gakuin University Student Creative Journal CROP

Editors Wanted Editors Wanted Editors Wanted Editors Wanted Editors

# Editors Wanted!

Editors Wanted Editors Wanted Editors Wanted Editors Wanted Editors

- ✓ Do you like magazines?
- ✓ Looking for a chance to practice English?
- ✓ Are you interested in creating a journal?
- ✓ Want to make new friends?

What a perfect job it is! Working as a CROP editor grants all such wishes! Come and join us! Let's make a splendid journal together!

## 😊 **What does a CROP editor do?**

Our primary responsibilities include...

1. Creating advertisements.
2. Editing submitted works.
3. Choosing a layout for the journal.

If you are interested or have any questions,  
please send us an e-mail to...

**crop@ltr.meijigakuin.ac.jp**

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