

CREATIVITY  
RISING  
ORIGINAL  
PRODUCTION

volume 3



## EDITORIAL

Miu Takaya (Editor, CROP 3)

Let me first say THANK YOU for your interest in CROP.

2 years ago, I joined the CROP team. The reason was that I wanted to commit myself more to ENGLISH and to literature. And actually I could do that, and I want students to commit themselves in the same way. To write in ENGLISH, to think in ENGLISH, to read in ENGLISH: these activities can bring you not only ENGLISH 'learning' but also other cultures, core values, and a wider world view.

2011 was unforgettable for JAPAN. A historic earthquake hit the North. There was no precedent. Many people died, cried, and were in despair. BUT we helped each other, and kindness came from abroad. We could see a kind of united world. I think we have to face problems we cannot resolve alone, face them TOGETHER.

We students have to look at other countries, have to think about them and communicate. This winter I've been to Cambodia to participate in a volunteer program. I knew of the poverty and educational problems there, but I had done nothing for them. We think what we can do may be small, but many people can act in a lot of ways, so we should do even any little action. We need action in many areas. We think it is good to participate in CROP as a first active step.

As an organization, CROP is free and creative, and young. There is no rule; there is just feeling. We do everything ourselves: advertisement, design, planning event, especially in my position, management, and organization. If you want to create something new, CROP is for you.

Since now, CROP grows bigger. It's a nice community. You can do this with your feeling. I'm looking forward to future issues of CROP, made with your help.

Finally, and again: THANK YOU: our authors, Dr. Hullah, Dr. Pronko, our editorial team, and YOU.



## THREE'S A CHARM: WELCOME TO CROP 3

Paul Hullah & Michael Pronko (Executive Editors, CROP 3)

‘The third time is a charm.’ That’s a phrase that comes to mind in this, the third year of CROP. The wonderful poems, essays and stories you find in this issue all feel charmed, though in reality, they were made with a lot of hard work and intense creative effort. Creativity is not something that magically happens; it takes time, concentration and a lot of courage. Attaching your name to a piece of writing that everyone can see demands strength of character, just like all creative activities do.

In this most tragic year in Japan, after the triple disaster of earthquake, tsunami, and radiation, true strength and bravery showed up all the time: firefighters shut floodgates, schoolteachers led children away from the aftermath, doctors and nurses worked around the clock, police and soldiers rescued people trapped in rubble, and strangers helped each other to survive. We dedicate this issue of CROP to the many people who lost their lives last year, and to those that survive despite losing so much.

The human creative spirit has never been stopped by natural or human disasters. Times of trouble and pain can always renew appreciation of beauty and wonder. To see so much suffering can change how we feel about the world, and affect how we respond creatively. We might save electricity in our daily lives, but in the creative part of the mind, there is no need to ‘save mental electricity’. To illustrate this positive point, the work you will read in this year’s CROP is overflowing with that ‘mental electricity’, with plenty of feeling and beauty, too!

In this era of the Internet, there is simply too much to read. Being overwhelmed is a daily experience. With so much to see online, to relax and digest a ‘handmade’ personal collection of writings such as CROP may seem out of date. That is not true, of course. The pleasure of holding a journal like CROP in one’s hands, the feel of the paper, the arrangement of words on a page, the contemplation of ideas, characters, images, and phrases will never go out of date. It is a pleasure of the moment, a pure and unique sensation, perhaps, the pleasure of reading real words from real people.



Wherever and however you read the writing contained in CROP, its heart is in your hands. The words in here feel closer than the words that bombard us every day from unknown sources. The CROP works move us, not to buy or believe in something or to 'like' something or to chatter-chat, but to experience ourselves and experience our world more deeply, more emotionally, more fully.

Everyone will draw their own morals from last year's tragedies, but at least one of the lessons left to us is that sensitivity, understanding, honesty, and hard work are always welcome. In this year's CROP, you will find a lot of those essential qualities. We had more submissions this year than ever before, and we look forward to receiving even more next time... including yours!

Congratulations to all our writers, editors, and readers! This year's CROP is another brave, bountiful harvest.



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# Gift from the Sky

Shiori Odaka

In the sky, big shining flowers are blooming. I hear a sound like guns. It is my favorite sound, because I have heard this sound for fifteen years. In the middle of August, a firework contest is held in Tohoku prefecture. I go every year, but, this year, my feeling is not the same as last year. A couple standing next to me look very happy; it is the opposite for me. This firework display has the most beautiful fireworks. It is very nice, a wonderful contest. I pray to dark blue sky that my grandfather will win first prize.

After last year's contest, I lost my parents to the tsunami on 11 March 2011. My town, Kesenuma, was destroyed by a tsunami. I lost my home. I lost my friends. I lost many precious things. Grandfather lost his fireworks factory, so that he couldn't make new fireworks. He looked at the sky as if he looked for his son and his daughter. One week after the huge earthquake, I discovered a picture of my family. In this picture, we were smiling because my grandfather won last year's contest.

I took the picture back to the gymnasium we were all using as a shelter. When I met my grandfather, he was planning fireworks. I couldn't understand his mind. 'Why are you planning new fireworks? We can't hold a display this year!' I said. He gazed at me and answered, 'It is my job, and your father and mother like fireworks...' I clenched my fists and shouted, 'I hate you! I hate fireworks!' The picture became crumpled in my hand.

'Hey, how are you doing?' I turned around. It was the town mayor, my grandfather's friend. 'Fine. Thank you.' I answered briefly. Then we hear an announcement that introduces a producer of fireworks. It is not my grandfather's name. The town mayor said, 'He is a rival for your grandfather.' I can see a man who looks young. 'He is from Tokyo. He is very young, maybe thirty-two years old. I don't think that he makes real fireworks.' The town mayor frowned at the Tokyo guy. Many rockets start shooting off in the sky. People gave shouts of joy and clapped their hands. 'It's wonderful!' I said, in spite of myself. Fireworks are very beautiful. An old man asked me, 'Do you know the theme of your grandfather's fireworks?' 'Theme? No, I don't. What?' He breathed deeply and began to speak. 'Your grandfather made fireworks for his family. He offers these fireworks

to victims of disasters.' I dropped my eyes. The gentle old man patted my head.

I wanted to apologize to my grandfather, but I couldn't. At last my grandfather said, 'I have to apologize to you. Sorry, I didn't notice your sadness. I will tell you about this year's display. I lost my factory in March. But I was chosen as a representative of this area. Many people helped me. They lent me money, offered me places to make fireworks. Many people were looking forward to watching my fireworks. So I could make new fireworks. I wanted my fireworks to be hope for them.' I didn't know what to say. He continued, 'This is my last job. I have decided to retire from fireworks.' I asked in surprise, 'Why? Why will you retire?' 'Because I am old. Your father is dead. Nobody can take over from me. So, I will quit.' He smiled sadly.

It is so muggy tonight. I can smell gunpowder. The final fireworks are starting. It is my grandfather's last work. They are wonderful, powerful, beautiful flowers. I can't see people around me. I can't listen to their conversations. I can look only at fireworks. I can listen only to sounds of fireworks. While watching my grandfather's display, I think many things: about myself, grandfather, my parents, and our fireworks. I wonder to myself, 'Do I love my parents? Do I love my grandfather? Do I love fireworks?' I wonder. 'Can I help him? Can I become like my father? Can I make fireworks?' The last firework shoots up and great cheer is rising. Tears well up in my eyes. I run to my grandfather, and I say, 'Grandpa! I want to be like you! I will become a firework maker!' Grandfather embraces me tightly.

My words are a gift for an old firework man.



# Hopeful Hip-Hop

Ai Miyamoto

‘Next is... Funny Fairies!’

An announcer’s voice carries loudly in an outdoor venue in Miyashita Park in Shibuya in the day of summer vacation. The voice that calls us is heard by us backstage. Just then, my heart beats as after a full-scale sprint. Our turn comes at last. I want to run away from here because I have never succeeded in a backward somersault for climax.

I glance at Ayako who is my best friend and goes to the same hip-hop school and asked me to enter this hip-hop dance contest. She wears the same green ground T-shirt I wear. They are printed Tinker Bell because we named our group Funny Fairies after the hope that we want to be fairies to give enjoyment to the audience. But I myself don’t enjoy it in the least because I have never talked with her and practiced together since a week ago when we had quarreled. It was the biggest fight of our eight-year friendship. So, today is acting without rehearsal. Isn’t Ayako anxious? I think. Without looking at me, she says softly, ‘Let’s go.’ I nod and follow her with an uneasy conscience. As I go on stage and I am under the spotlight, I remember what happened a week ago.

*In a practice room, she said to me, ‘Nami, you have no confidence in your own ability. Because of this, you can’t do it.’ We practiced together for the contest, but I couldn’t do the backward somersault despite all my efforts. I was very vexed and I got angry myself. I wanted to withdraw because I felt fear of failure and I was sorry to her. ‘I challenged a number of times, but I can’t. Shall we withdraw from the contest? We will not win,’ I said. Ayako got angry and said, ‘Why do you say that? It is not good that you give up before you challenge.’ I answered, ‘I practiced, practiced a lot. However, I have touched my hands to the ground due to the image I will fail and get injured. I think I cannot do too on stage.’ ‘I believe you can, and I can with you. You think only about the victory, but I think we dance together has value even if we fail. I want to create a last memory of when we are at junior high school with you before completion. Why don’t you understand me?’ She said that and left. I was very sad but I continued to practice. Nevertheless, I reached the contest today without a success.*

Hot... I stand on the stage and think so at first. I even think the spotlight and fervent enthusiasm of audience make my body burn. And then the familiar music 'Poker Face' by Lady Gaga is put on, and at the same time our performance starts. At the beginning, the performance starts off slow and becomes faster and faster. Step, jump, and head-spin. We perform together in ideal harmony. As we dance, the heated atmosphere is more exciting and my tension is rising.

Finally, the backward somersault turn comes. Just before I try, I glance at Ayako. I meet her kind brown eyes. In that moment, I'm deluded that her eyes soak me in. Incredibly, she smiles at me! She smiles and nods.

In that instant, I understand her and why we can perform harmoniously. She believes me even now! I don't feel gravity and my body becomes light as a fairy's feathers growing from my back. I reply to her with smiling and count inside. 3...2...1! We jump in the same instant and I don't touch my hand to the ground. We succeed! We strike a trademark pose finally and the venue resounds with applause and cheers.

Backstage, we embrace each other. And she says, 'When we had eye contact, you believed in me and yourself. Because of this, you can do it. I could make the best memory, thank you.'

I say, 'I jumped not for myself, not for victory but for you. Thank you for believing me.' In the end, we lose to another group, but we feel a sense of achievement and happiness that we are reliable best friends forever.



## Poem

Saotome

I feel disgusted  
Disgusted  
He plays every night  
I have a lot of things to do  
You have time to play  
Help me for a minute!  
Stingy! Stingy!

I am shocked  
Because he seems to have fun  
I want to go out too right now  
I feel disgusted with him  
But...  
I love him  
I would rather be a housewife  
So I want to give up job hunting

But I can't  
Can't.  
I am just lazy  
I cry to him about my anxiety  
He scolds me  
'If you have time to cry, take action, do something!'  
I cry again

I practice being interviewed with him.  
When he asks me, 'What your name?'  
Somehow at first I can't even answer my name  
He scolds me  
I cry  
He scolds me  
I cry more  
He is amazed  
We continue many times  
He becomes strict  
My last interview is close at hand  
I have failed interviews with 25 companies  
So we practice until the night before

I passed the last selection!  
I telephone him  
He runs to the park to shout ‘*Yeeeeeeeeeeees!*’  
For the first time I weep for joy not sorrow  
Thank you  
Thank you  
My boyfriend

# Your Dreams Come True

Yuki Hosokawa

The time was Edo. There was an old doll maker whose name was Yosaku. He lived in an old house in a certain place, somewhere in Japan. His village was surrounded by rich nature. There were big mountains and a stream was singing. Yosaku had no children but his dolls took the place of a daughter or son. Every doll lived in perfect harmony.

One day, Yosaku said to them, 'I'm too old to work any more, so my next doll will be the last one.'

Unanimously, the dolls said, 'Okay, Dad. We will cherish the last doll.' After a month, he finished his last work. This was a young boy who was named Taro. He was a dancing doll. His body was made of pinewood, and his sparkling eyes were made of marbles. His body smelled wonderfully sweet, then his eyes were shining bright because sunlight was reflecting. He grew to be a curious and powerful boy.

One day, Taro went shopping for Yosaku. However, on his way home from shopping, a nasty crow pecked his marble eyes, so his eyes were chipped. He lost his sight. 'I don't know what to do. I can't return home!' he cried.

As evening bell sounded, a passing girl asked Taro, 'Are you all right?'

Taro thought that her voice sounded to him like a beautiful goddess. Taro said, 'My eyes are chipped!' The girl's name was Ume. She took Taro to his home.

After she went away, Taro asked Yosaku, 'Who made that girl?'

Yosaku answered. 'She isn't a doll. She's a human!'

Taro said, 'I want to become a human like Ume!! Do you know how to become a human?'

Yosaku didn't know what answer to make, because a doll couldn't become a real human. But Taro wanted to become a human, and that feeling was getting stronger day by day.

After three months, big news came for the village people. On the first day of the next month, a doll contest would be held. As first prize, the winning doll would be given a human heart. Taro was so excited, and he wished to win the contest.

On the day of contest, there were various dolls in the competition hall. One doll was made of iron. The iron doll said, 'I can lift anything.' Another doll wore a beautiful kimono. She was full of confidence. Taro was so nervous, but he knew he could dance well. In fact, he reached the contest final. His opponent was a pine doll, the same as Taro. Taro's wooden heart was beating fit to burst like a swelling balloon.

At first, the opponent did magic. The hall resounded with the clapping of the audience. Next, Taro's turn came. However, he slipped on the stage. 'I'm a loser, loser...' he whispered in a very faint voice.

The prize human heart was shining like a ruby. But it would never be his. Taro's heart filled with sadness. He thought, 'I can't become human, so I can't make friends with Ume.' Suddenly, miracles happened. A teardrop flowed down his cheek. At once, Taro's sight returned. He could see again! He put his hands on his eyes in surprise. His skin had become the skin of a newborn baby. He had become human! He felt as if he were in seventh heaven.

Swiftly, he ran to Ume, and shouted, 'Please be my friend!'

Ume was amazed, and then she smiled. 'Of course we are friends!' And after that they indeed became good friends.

Taro taught us, if you don't stop wishing, your wish is sure to come true.



## Violence to Women in Poems by Robert Browning

Yuki

Why is there so much violence against woman in Browning's poetry?  
What symbolic purpose might it serve?

Browning's poems have many expressions of violence. I think this is related to his thinking about 'body' and 'soul'. And his poems contain extremes: he uses words like a Christian, and then he uses vulgar language. I think such contradictions are his literature's point. I think it made multifaceted, grotesque in nature. I feel echoes of romantic poetry requiring peace by making a spiritual world like one of longing in his poems. I think they are beguiled by the anxiety of the 19th century with the world. Any literature can make any world on pages; so many people read literature from ancient times to today.

I am going to talk about Browning's thinking of spirit and body. He thought the body is way of temporarily housing the spirit in the real world. And body and emotion are proof the spirit has stayed in the real world. Therefore spirit and body's uniting is very important. A person who 'owns' someone else's body might feel peace by possessing another's spiritual world. In Browning's case, he often wrote of woman and man's world, how they own each other's body, and they try to make ideal world of love. So the keywords are 'possession of body and spirit'.

I think 'Porphyria's Lover', 'The Laboratory' and 'The Lost Mistress' are important. In 'Porphyria's Lover', the man kills his female lover in order to 'own' her. However, he is bewildered by his doing so. We can see that from the last line, 'And yet God has not said a word!' I thought he had crazed love and a rational mind at the same time. And in 'The Laboratory', a lady is thinking about killing a woman, her rival in love, by poison. The lady does not have rational mind, because she said recklessly to take off her mask when the poison is being made. I think Browning thought this lady, and women in general, are just a beautiful, and they are not rational. So his female characters are just beautiful, irrational, and stupid

For example, consider his misogynistic poem 'A Light Woman'. I think this is a poem of violence towards women. And the key theme of ownership of the body and the spirit seems to be drawn most in another work, 'The Lost Mistress'. I think the expression that 'the red

turns gray' can be read as a metaphor of how the body and blood will be burnt and become ash. Then the male speaker wishes to hold a woman's hand as long as all may, / Or so very little longer!' This expression hints at the notion of possession the body. And he (Browning as well as his speaker-persona here) says, 'Or only a thought stronger'. I think this affirms the ideal word of love existing beyond the physical, violence and all. He simply will have love for her after death. I want to say this ideal word is Browning's own true spirit.

## Psychodelia and Drugs

Chiharu Hiyama

The line between 'artist' and 'drug',  
It seems thinner than a knife's edge.  
If a drug-addict-artist stops using drugs,  
That artist can't make good music.

If this is true, the music is not real. It is made by drugs.

My image of 'hippie': eccentric hair and clothes, making a movement.  
Not a good image. But, delve into it, and there are good points.  
Free, gentle, kind, anti-war, peaceful...

The psychedelic movement is linked with hippies.

At first, I criticized drugs.  
Surely, drugs are bad. But sometimes,  
The act makes new things.  
Music made not only good things but also bad things.

I felt the depth of music.

## *Cat in the Rain: A Study*

Kazuya Tanobe

*Cat in the Rain* was written by Ernest Hemingway, a famous American novelist of the 20th century. This novel's stage is Italy in 1925. In those days, the Fascist party was led by Benito Mussolini and, later, Italy, Germany and Japan were leagued together. As a result, Nations Allies such as the U.K. and the U.S. versus the axis of evil went to war, called the Second World War. This took place all over the world. It was a tragedy in world history. Many people were sacrificed. Remember this historical background when you read this novel, and you can read it from a different point of view.

Before you read the text, pay attention to title: *Cat in the Rain*. Do you notice anything? I found there is no article before the word 'Cat'. Why didn't the author write an article before 'Cat'? Did the author simply forget it? I don't think so. I think this has significant meaning. Maybe, by not writing an article, the author aimed at a variety of readings. Some readers may interpret that there is only one 'Cat'; other readers may feel that there are several. Even after reading, we can't identify how many cats do exist in this story. The answer depends on a reader. Also, This novel's writer Hemingway was famous as a cat lover. This point of view is always interesting.

So, as stated before, this novel's stage is Italy. There were only two Americans stopping at the hotel. They were husband and wife. Outside the room, it was raining and the rain dripped from the trees. Water stood in pools on the gravel paths. The motorcars were gone from the square by the war monument. These descriptions seem to imply a future that extends to the Second World War. In fact, this novel's writer Ernest Hemingway took part in the First World War, so I think he might predict it.

By the way, this novel's character 'American wife' is often expressed as 'American girl'. I think Hemingway used 'wife' is mere social alias and 'girl' is her character. That is to say, she is artless. She says, 'I want a cat' 'I want a cat' over and over again, as a result, her husband George got angry and didn't listening to her opinion. He read his book for a long time.

The expression 'I want a cat', at the same time, is an outcry in her mind. Maybe this American couple doesn't have child, so wife might



want to have a child (or children). In this novel, 'cat' means 'child', I think. Thus, there might be no an article before the word 'Cat'. Furthermore, she says, 'I got so tired looking like a boy.' This expression implies that she has an inferiority complex of her face and figure. Maybe the expression 'girl' comes from her inferiority complex.

Reading this novel, I found Italian sometimes written, for example, 'Il piove.' (It's raining.) and 'Si, Si, Signora, brutto tempo.' (Yes, yes, Madam, awful weather.) Hemingway may emphasize this novel's stage is Italy. Why did he emphasize it? Because it contains significant meanings: as stated before, this novel's stage is Italy in 1925. Considering the historical background, the United States were Allies and Italy was the axis of evil. The American couple might be spies, I think.

This was a very interesting novel and I want to read it one more time, because this novel has a variety of tricks. I think Hemingway was a genius.

# A Letter to Me Aged 50

Momiji Yajima

Hello.

How are you?

I'm studying English very hard for my part time job.

Do you remember that my part time job is teaching at a cram school?

Are you a teacher at a junior high school now?

I hope so.

2011 was the year in which a big Tohoku earthquake happened.

You must remember it; I was very scared.

Do you have a husband and children now?

You have to tell them about the earthquake.

I learned that importance of things from the disaster.

I found that people are hypocritical.

Some people lost everything.

In 30 years, Tohoku will be reconstructed.

Is there any way instead of nuclear power?

We must not repeat the same mistake.

I think we should switch to other ways.

I hope that Japan is all right when you read this.

I hope Japan will last forever.

Please keep up with everything.

# Grandpapa and Nana

Nana Okada

I set fire to the taper of my rocket. No. It's *our* rocket. The fire was getting closer to it. I held my breath. Then, memories of when I was a child flashed back in rapid succession. I felt the time until the fire got to the rocket was too long, liked trances we dream in the night.

I'm Nana. I'm not a grandmother. It's my Japanese name. I was born on my grandfather's 65<sup>th</sup> birthday. My mother, his daughter, told me he really celebrated. We've celebrated every birthday together, so I loved him very much. We loved a festival, Ryusei, that many teams race their rockets on second Sunday of October in Chichibu, Saitama. The higher and more beautiful it is launched, the more impressed audiences will be. We relatives gathered for it every year. Then, we enjoyed drinking and watching it. My grandfather was also an artisan, but he had never won the contest. While we made a lot of memories, the god of death was beckoning to him slowly, but also steadily. When I was 14 years old, he passed away. Of course, I knew he had cancer of the lungs. However, I was not present at his deathbed. I believed he would be waiting for me. I believed. Next year, I reached my 15<sup>th</sup> birthday without him for the first time. My tears told me I truly loved him. Then, I was determined to launch my rocket for him at Ryusei.

On the other hand, there were lots of problems. One of them, I needed to learn how to handle gunpowder. However, it is too difficult to get for a junior high school student. It was spring when I entered high school student. To my regret, I forgot to think of the festival. In those days, it was all I could do to practice for my sport club. In spite of my pressure, Ryusei and my birthday come every year. They reminded me the rocket. I tried to call my grandmother to ask to teach me how to make a rocket, but she would not say yes. I knew why she didn't agree. She believed his making rockets made him have the cancer.

One day, my cell phone rang. It was from my grandmother. She said she could treat gunpowder to launch a rocket because she used to watch while my grandfather was making rockets. Then, I started to make a rocket with her. One day, she found a letter written by my grandpa. The letter said he wanted to win the contest. That's why she changed her opinion. Without my noticing it, I graduated from high

school. Then, I knew how to stuff gunpowder into it, because I learnt no less than for three years. That's why I could make it at my will. I stuff with my ideas and love for my grandfather, too. Summer slipped away before I realized it. The fifth October after his death came.

At that moment, the fire reached our rocket. 'Go! Go!' I screamed. It was getting higher as quickly as dragon's flying. Then the fireworks come out like flowers. Red, white and yellow. Those were just liked our birth flower, tulips. I could see his smile in the sky. 'Thank you, my grandfather! I'm here without you! Could it reach you? Can you hear me?' I cried. My grandmother was smiling behind me. 'I want to see you, but I know I cannot. Please wait for me next time!'

My voice was lost in a great cheer for our rocket.

## A Day We Must Not Forget

Eriko Numata

I was watching TV. Suddenly, all of the household appliance stopped working and began shaking. 'This is an earthquake!' My father shouted. Fortunately, that day all of my family were at home. But that day was very cold. So, we wanted to use electric heating, but we couldn't. The most important thing that I learned from 3.11 is that humans are depending on electronic power too much.

Since that day, a lot of people around me are trying to save electricity. Occasionally, I suffer inconveniences due to this. However I think it is the first step towards a true ecology movement. Until earthquake day my enthusiasm about ecology was little, but from that day on I have had a passionate concern for it. So, I try to reduce waste of resource everyday. For example, I would often get a plastic shopping bag when I went shopping. But recently, I am trying to recycle more. I often bring a homemade lunch when I go to school. That's because it can reduce garbage.

3 March 2011 was a very, very sad day. But it can teach us a lot of things. I'll never forget that day .

## Poem

Francesca Nakpil

Dear friend of mine,  
how I wish you could stay,  
but you're moving to a place,  
that's so far away.

I don't want to cry,  
But I'll truly miss you dear.  
We've been really good friends,  
and I thank you for all the years.

Always take care of yourself,  
may angels guide your way.  
Don't worry, for God is with you,  
pouring light each passing day.

Goodbye just for now.  
Remember me my friend!  
This is not the end;  
until we meet again!

Oh you're really moving,  
it's sad we'll be miles apart.  
But remember my dear friend,  
You'll always be in my heart!



# My Strange Friend

Saori Nakazaki

In my sickroom, the only sound was the flipping over of pages of a novel. When I became a patient, I was already 65 years old. My husband had been dead for three years at that time. My children wouldn't come to see me for a long time, so I was alone. As for killing time, I often used to read many novels and my pleasure was talking with 'him.'

'You look so fine today, Hana.'

'Oh...please don't surprise me, Masashi,' I said.

His name was Masashi. He looked over 20 years old and lived in the hospital. He was a ghost only I could see. He wore a blue kimono and his hair and eyes were deep black. He picked up my half-read novel and started reading it to me.

'Don't you remember I told you not to appear suddenly?' I said with a sigh.

'Never!' he responded with a smile. 'If I did, do you think I could keep that promise?'

'Well... yes, you're right.'

I know his character was perverse. As he was reading the book, I asked him if it was interesting or not. He answered, 'Not at all!' even though he laughed. He seemed to be absolutely surprised when we first met, because I could see him and hear his voice. And he said that he was 'Death,' as he often visited patients who were dying. It was strange that I felt no fear of him. 65 years had made my heart strong, I guess. Since we met we often talked with each other about the weather, other patients, and Masashi's or my life.

'When will you die, Hana?'

His question woke me up to reality. At first I didn't understand why he asked that. I stared at him with my eyes wide open, but I didn't feel any anger.

‘When will you die?’ said Masashi again.

‘I don’t know. Do you want to say goodbye to me so soon?’

‘No,’ he answered quickly, ‘I just want you to be fine and happy forever.’

‘People will die and be born again someday,’ I whispered.

It was unusual for him to show me his sadness. He bent his head and squeezed his cracked voice. ‘I’ve never met a person like you. None of the other people in the hospital can feel me.’

‘I know, you told me that before.’

‘I hope we meet someday, when you’ve come again to the world. I really hope,’ he seized my right hand and said smiling, ‘You are beautiful.’

‘Used to be,’ I said ironically. ‘But thank you, Masashi.’ I put my left hand on his hand, and then he grasped my hands even more strongly. I almost began to cry, it seemed so thick a connection. I realized he was trying to protect my life. I realized it was time to say goodbye. He faded gradually so I could see through to the wall. His feet, body, hands, face...he vanished from me completely. I was stunned at the goodbye for a while. I thought that it was just an illusion, but his warmth remained on my hands. I cried and cried as if I was a baby. I regretted not asking him to stay. He was a kind ghost. My heart hurts now for I am alone again. But I felt full of happiness because of him, my strange friend.

## Is Old an Odious Obstacle?

Kyouhei Sudou

‘What a wonderful day.’ One morning, I say so, looking the clear sky outside my nursing home. ‘Even the sky celebrates my last fight.’

Suddenly, a man speaks to me. ‘Hey dotard, did you say something twice? You are getting too old.’ He is my grandson, Richard. Yes, today is the contest of radio-controlled airplanes. We control our planes and show audiences and judges beautiful acrobatic performances.

‘I’ll take part.’

‘You can’t. If you enter, you will just lose,’ Richard spat out sharply.

Actually, our relationship is the worst. I have an experience of war. I was a pilot and took ‘Zero-san’ and fought against America. Ultimately, our country ‘Japan’ couldn’t win the war. Richard is half American and half Japanese. He works at a huge foreign-affiliated company and has a lot of money. He is a good operator, but haughty as a tyrant. I sometimes think, ‘Does he think he is a king?’

He knows the truth of the war. His grandfather was an American pilot and shot down many Japanese airplanes during WW II. Richard has been told the story about the war and American victory. So, I am some kind of enemy and loser for him. However, there is a reason behind his words. I’m 91 years old. Unfortunately, I can’t control my hands when they shake. But I can still fight.

Richard’s airplane has a nice polish. His is the newest American combat plane. It’s just like a cute swallow. In contrast, my one is a horrible sight. My airplane is ‘Zero-san.’ It’s my young memory, but it’s rusty. I walk into my room and speak to my buddy. ‘How are you? It’s a sunny day. The wind isn’t very strong. Can we get the first prize?’ The soiled metal fuselage doesn’t answer me, but I feel a little rest. I lost my wife 12 years ago. I’m alone. My buddy is my only friend, so I often talk to it. Am I crazy? I think so. ‘Good, let’s go to the meeting field.’ I head to the battlefield with my brother in arms.

There are a lot of young operators at the field. This space is the side

of a big and pure river. We can look at a beautiful flower field nearby. A sugary smell spreads out. The doves fly in the clear sky. This view is comfortable for me. However I am as old as a dead tree in the season of sweet green. Many in the audience may wonder about my existence. This contest is an international competition of Japan and America. However, the judges are all American. I feel foreboding. Perhaps, they may favor American players...

Richard is on the side of America. Then, he is spoken about by the spectators. Everyone expect he will be the champion today. 'Thank you, well, I never be beaten by that old man,' he says and throws me a fierce look. Surely, youth is a weapon, but do people who have their youth taken away have nothing? I can say 'No' with strong confidence.

With the sound of trumpets, the airplane contest starts. Young operators try to show audiences and judges beautiful flying one after another. They grasp their controllers and scowl at their buddies in the sky. There are only two players who haven't gone yet. Richard and I. I feel my mouth is like a desert. My hand's shaking gets stronger and stronger. Suddenly, the wind blows as violent as a dread tornado. The river has waves and there are no longer doves. 'Umm...it's just hell. Can I approach heaven?' I mumble.

Richard's performance starts. At first, his airplane flies clean, but it starts to be struck by the cruel blow. His partner can't win at the breath of the inferno and falls into the river. The audience swallows their breath. He curses and flings his controller to the ground.

'This is it.' Next is me. My heart beats as intensely as a man hitting the door out of fear. Richard shouts, 'You should know your distance. You can't because I couldn't.'

I answer, 'I'm old. But not old to face hardship.'

I let fly my plane. I try to revolve the experiences and instinct that I got when I was a pilot. I can ride my plane on the storm. I set my hands against the wind. My hand's shake is better than before. Everyone is surprised and stares at me. American judges say to each other, 'I've never seen such flying. What's more it's in a storm.'

After terrific flying, my friend returns to my hands. Everyone shouts

out, 'He is the winner!' The wind has already stopped. My hands' shaking also stops. I think I can win against the past war. I succeed in reversing the bitter war memories.

Richard says, 'Is there any significance in your participation? You should have withdrawn.'

I answer 'I'm sad, Richard. You couldn't learn anything. No one is too late to challenge against hardship, and don't be afraid of failing. You will not able to avoid aging. But don't fear it, like me.'

# The Moment

Keishi Yokota

My classmates and I were going down on the floor at a gymnasium in Fukushima. I could not understand what happened but expected us to be in the worst situation.

On March 11th, I went on a graduation trip to Fukushima with my classmates. We arrived at the gymnasium and played basketball, volleyball and so on. We were very excited. However, it made us not to hear the emergency alarm of the earthquake. At first, I noticed that the earthquake was happening because of the sound of the shaking roof. I was scared and looked at my classmates. They were lying down. As soon as possible, we got our balance and ran away from the gym.

All of us were safe. But we saw cracks and heard rumblings of the earth many times. It made us more scared. Then it was starting to snow. We were wearing T-shirts and shorts because we were excited to play some sports. It was so cold. We spent in the snowstorm for about 30 minutes. Some of us got injured. Finally, we were going to the hotel.

When we arrived at the hotel, we heard that the lifeline was almost dead and we could not take a bath. Happily, we could have a warm dinner with only a candle. It was pretty dark. I could not understand what I ate. Of course we could not eat enough to be full because of the fear.

We brought futons and got together at the lobby because we wanted to run away from the hotel if after earthquake happened and the building collapsed. A lot of aftershocks made us scared. Some girls were crying. But we encouraged each other and that set us free from the fear. Nobody slept that night.

The next morning early, we left Fukushima for Tokyo. At 11:00 p.m. we arrived at Shinjuku. When I got home, my parents and grandmother was crying, my neighbor cooked steam rice with red beans and my host family in Indiana sent me e-mails. I was so moved and noticed the importance of life again.



# The Truth of May

Anna Inoue

‘We only have two weeks until the chorus contest. Why can’t you guys be more serious?’ said May, the conductor of our class wearing glasses, white skin like snow and long black hair in always a single knot. This is May, she is just like a model student and the best student of the class. The exact opposite person from me.

Yes, we are having a chorus contest in a week. We fight against classes and the teachers choose whose class was the best chorus. If we win, we win. That’s all, even if we win we don’t get money, we don’t get prizes, we don’t get good results. So why do we have to work hard on this stupid contest? This is so ridiculous. I thought. Of course I wasn’t the only one who was thinking this contest was ridiculous. In fact everyone except May was thinking this was stupid. Every one was so stressed by practicing everyday after school and that made us bully May. We were calling her a ghost because of her white creepy pale skin. May’s skin was really white like a ghost. So we acted like she wasn’t even there. We made mistakes on purpose and made fun of May. And at length we were neglecting her. So this is why May is so angry to us. But I wonder why May is so serious about this contest. Why does she want to win so much? I thought. But at that time I didn’t know that I was going to know about how important this contest was for May.

One day, we were waiting for May to practice our chorus song as usual. We always practice after school so everyone is exhausted. Of course no one wanted to practice so we were just waiting. Some students were chatting, some were eating, and some were sleeping. But I was worried about May. May was never late to our practice. In fact she was always there five minutes before the practice starts. So this situation was weird. But May didn’t show up and we couldn’t stand it any longer so we all went home without practicing. Nobody knew that we were going to hear about the truth of May.

The next day, May was absent from school. I thought it was strange because May had never missed school before. But on the other hand I was happy. ‘We don’t have to practice today!’ Shouted one of the classmates and everyone else cheered and threw their caps and paper. Nobody cared about May. They only cared about their self. And I was the full-fledged member of them, too. But, the next day May was

absent again and the next day and again and again. Finally she didn't come to school for a week. This made us finally wake up and worry about our chorus. Because now we only had one week until the contest and we hadn't done anything for a whole week. We just threw a week away. But eventually we couldn't do anything without May. 'What are we going to do?' said one of my classmates. 'Who cares? Let's miss the contest,' said another classmate. And the day ended in a stalemate.

The next day, our teacher said that May will not be able to attend the contest and told us that she has to stay in the hospital for a year. This meant that she cannot graduate school with us, and the teacher told how hard she worked for this contest and had strong feelings for it because this was her last event she could attend together as a member of this class. I finally knew why May was so serious about this contest and how hard she wanted to work on this chorus. May knew that she was sick and this was her last chance to participate in the contest with everyone. I felt ashamed of myself for being such an idiot. Why couldn't I be more earnest? Why couldn't I think of May's feeling? I was only thinking about myself.

I was shocked and I could feel that every one was shocked about this news. At the same time I was thinking of what I can do, and unconsciously I was talking in front of my classmates. 'We only have one week but I believe that we can do something in one week if we hold together. Let's fight for May.' I could see everyone said yes from their eyes. From that day, we started practicing everyday every minute. Everyone devoted every spare moment to practice our chorus. Everyone was making a serious try. We were becoming to have a supportive community with each other. We did not waste a single day. Finally, the big day came. But our class wasn't at the competition hall. We were at the hospital. Our wish was to sing for May. This came from the common desire of all people to May. We sang for May we sang for ourselves we sang from our heart. As a result we weren't able to win, we got in trouble with the teachers for missing the contest without saying anything, but that didn't matter at all. Whatever the results were, we did our best and we learned a lot more from the contest than winning.

# Fight For Fishing

Jin Ikeda

It was soon after the Second World War. Many people were suffering from a food shortage. They looked unhealthy and we heard babies crying everywhere. Umio was the eldest son of a large family. His mother would say, 'We want to eat a lot.' The other boy, Taihei's father had died in the war, so he had to be a mainstay of the family. Their houses faced the Japan Sea and they used to go fishing to get dishes. They always competed by fishing.

One day Taihei said 'It's a battle, are you alright?' Then Umio answered 'Yes, of course. I will never lose!' A sorrowful breeze of the war took them to a harbor and the boys left for the sea as if it was their garden.

Two small boats were on their garden. Taihei thought that they should have taken the same boat. However Umio refused this because of the reason that he wanted to enter his own world. Umio was very stubborn. More than three hours seemed to have passed, but each of them got only one fish and unfortunately it was taken by seagulls. They kept silent for a while. The cawing of seagulls suggested the sign of storm. It was noisy. Then, it started to rain.

Umio and Taihei were shrouded in the black sky and their boats were waving because of the billow. Therefore, Taihei said, 'Hey Umio, shall we give up?' On the other hand, Umio replied, 'No, I won't give up yet!' Then Taihei saw Umio's fishing rod bending like a soft spring. 'Taihei! Taihei!' He was screaming. 'OK! I'll go!' Taihei answered, but at the same time, he noticed that his rod was also describing an arc. They were on the same small boat before they knew it. Their fishing lines moved to the same direction. In such circumstances, they could not understand what was happening. Taihei held Umio's body tightly and they pulled the line together.

The rainwater made a pool on their boat, so they slipped on it. However, they didn't take their hands off the rod. Then they saw something swimming in the black sea like an aircraft carrier. Suddenly they felt horrible by the reality, but they did not give up. It took about an hour they caught the game. A very big fish landed on the boat. The fish took two hooks at once.

The storm has already blown over. Umio and Taihei couldn't say anything for a short while. The big fish was hitting the boat with his fin. There were no sounds except the sound of the fish jumping. After a short time, Umio said, 'We've done it!' He was stubborn, but this time he was like a little child. His orange eyes were shining because there was a bright sunset on the surface of the sea. Certainly, the two boys were conscious of each other as rivals. However they got the big fish in cooperation. Therefore, they could share the pleasure.

They taught us the importance of rivalry. The rivalry makes us improve together and we can realize that there is a close bond in a relationship of rivalry. Finally, Umio and Taihei returned to their meal-scented house with their harvest and smiled.

## To My Teens

Misaki Wakabayashi

When I was a junior high school student,  
I had many hopes.  
But I forgot them without noticing.

When I was a high school student,  
I had many things I wanted to do  
But I forgot them without noticing.

There were a lot of new things for me then  
So I forgot and started looking at new things.  
All those experiences made me grow.

Study more,  
Play more,  
Experience more.

## What is Precious in Life?

Eri Nakano

Last summer was very hot, and I remember well what happened in last summer in Finland. There are many strange contests in my country, Finland, and the contest of 'Wife Carrying' is one of them. 'Wife Carrying' is the race in which the man carries his partner, and there are various ways of carrying his partner, for example, the partner on his back. The total length of a lane is about 253 meters, and there are sandy soil, gravel and a pool. If the partner fell, you get penalized 15 seconds. The winner who reached the finish line faster than other competitors can get beer in the same weight as his partner. My nation's beer is really good. I took part in this contest with my girl friend, Mary. The site of the contest was full of a lot of audience and it was too noisy to talk. Furthermore, it was the hottest day in last summer like Hawaii.

Most opponents were done with the game quickly, and at last my turn came. I already did warm-up exercises. 'I don't want to lose,' Mary said, and she got onto my back. 'I know, but...' I said, 'What?' she interrupted me in irritation, so I couldn't say anymore. She failed to lose weight, and she got more and more fat like a pig. This was the reason why she was nervous. Then, a sound of the pistol told us the start of game.

Her arms twined around my neck like an anaconda, and her body leaned over my back. We were drenched with sweat like a sumo wrestler in a sauna, and my back screamed in pain. The smell of sweat was sour like vinegar. 'Run faster!' she shouted, but I couldn't because her weight was heavier than me! I ran as fast as I could like a carriage horse, but other pairs passed me.

Suddenly I got pain in my knee, and I fell. 'I'm sorry, I can't run anymore,' I said. Then she smiled and said, 'Don't worry.' To my surprise, she stood up and she helped me to get on her back, and started to run. All the audience watched us and they laughed at our couple at first, however, they started to cheer us despite we took the place at the end of a line, because Mary's expression was the most serious in this contest. I felt happiness on her back, and I loved her much more. When we reached the goal line, we hugged each other. Our time was at the bottom of this contest, however, we were the happiest in all of Finland.

Now, my girl friend became my wife, and we always help each other. I learned that it is important to help each other, and the power of love is the strongest. These things make your life better, and these are more important than all the beer in Finland!

## 3/11 Letter

Kaori Fujieda

I heard about the huge earthquake in Fukushima.

At that time I was going to high school with my friend.  
We got into a panic.

I felt so scared. I know you live by yourself,  
so I felt strong worry for your safety.

When you made a phone call to me, I felt secure in a matter of  
seconds.

Everyday the news programs report the condition of Fukushima,  
especially the nuclear power plant.  
I think people who live in safe areas should think about Tohoku.

We say that we worry about the nuclear problem,  
but this only means we worry about our own safety.

If we think about Tohoku people, we should...  
no, we *have to* act for them.

I promise you I will do everything possible as soon as possible.

I think you feel anxious and lonely, but please have hope.

Surely Tohoku will recover soon. When you want to talk about  
something, please make a phone call to me.  
I support you.

We'll try hard together!



## ‘The Happy Prince’: A Study

Kazuya Tanobe

‘The Happy Prince’, written by Oscar Wilde, famous Irish writer and poet of the 19th century, is a children’s story in general; but I think this story is not only a children’s story, but also a satire on society. It was written in the Victorian age. This age had a very extreme gap between rich and poor. This was referred to by Benjamin Disraeli’s literary work called ‘Two Nations’, and he became the Prime Minister later.

The main character, the ‘Happy Prince’, was once a very rich man and after he died, he became a statue gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold; for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt. He was very much admired indeed, but he knew another world, in other words, poor people’s circumstances. So, he sacrificed his beautiful body for poor people and his body was becoming ugly because he gave his red ruby and so on..... Finally, rich people such as the mayor thought ‘This ugly statue is no longer useful, so we must melt this ugly statue and make a beautiful statue instead.’ On the other hand, God admired his deed and said ‘In my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me.’

The second character, ‘Little Swallow’, was going to go away to Egypt with his friends, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He said to her ‘Shall I love you?’ and wanted her to be his wife, but the hope couldn’t be realized. After it got dark, he arrived at the city and search for a place to sleep. He found a golden bedroom, in other words, he met The Happy Prince. At first, he thought he must search for another place because the place in which he took a rest didn’t protect him from the rain, but he didn’t search. In point of fact, he thought the rain was The Happy Prince’s tears. Little Swallow asked The Happy Prince, ‘Why are you weeping?’ The Happy Prince answered,

‘When I was alive and had a human heart, I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall. Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I

was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep.'

This conversation is their first contact. At first, Little swallow was going to go away from The Happy Prince when it gets bright because his friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus flowers, but he decided to leave and help The Happy Prince forever due to his sympathy for him.

They helped many poor people by sacrificing their bodies, in other words, their life. As a Christian, I was really impressed by their actions. The Christian religion is one of charity. The Holy Bible says, 'Don't pile up stacks of cash on the ground. Pile up it on the Heaven.' They're surely pile up it on the Heaven, so I really respect them, at the same time, I found I should dispense mercy for people too.

After reading, I noticed one thing. Look at this:

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, **he loved him too well**. He picked up crumbs outside the baker's door when the baker was not looking and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince's shoulder once more. 'Good-bye, dear Prince!' he murmured, 'will you let me kiss your hand?'

'I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow,' said the Prince, 'you have stayed too long here; but **you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you.**'

'It is not to Egypt that I am going,' said the Swallow. 'I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?'

And **he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips**, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Note the phrases I have emphasized. Do you realize anything? I realized The Happy Prince and Little Swallow are homosexual. This short story's writer Oscar Wilde was also homosexual. In those days, homosexuality was a crime; in fact the writer was persecuted because of his homosexuality. I think Wilde soundly criticized 19th century laws about sex throughout this short story.

# A Young Warrior

Mayu Kimura

A man shoots the gun. The report of the gun peals in whole of the stadium. It smells a black powder, and when I smell it, I always can't help moving my legs. I look around the stadium, and find two men sitting on the seat together. One is my teacher crossing his legs and sitting back arrogantly in his chair. He shouts something pointing at my teammate running in a lane. Whenever he points out something, he uses his left arm because he lost his right arm in the war when he was a young man.

The other man sitting politely by my teacher is my father. He was also my teacher's former student, so he still feels deeply indebted to teacher. Then I suddenly remember what he has said before, 'My teacher was a brave man and played activity in the war. So, of course, I respected him, but I couldn't understand his violent policy.'

I put my hand on my heart and nodded strongly, then I put my eyes back to the lane. My teammate is coming running with our baton, and I will receive the baton from him to just run to the goal. It's my race.

A few months ago, World War II started. The outside smells of gun powder, and everyone creates a nervous atmosphere. Since then we have been trained hard, because high school students like me have to fight for our country, if our country needs more power and soldiers. So my teacher always says, 'You should be strong, and never give up. I lost my arm during a shooting fight in the war, but I never give up, so I am still alive. If you give up in the war, you will die.' Therefore we have no choice to not quit.

Fortunately we won in the preliminary round and we would run in the finals, but from the preliminary round, I felt something wrong with my leg, and the wave of worry attacked my heart. I said to myself, 'I have to run in the finals, so I will not care about my leg's pain like wearing armor. However if I can't run as usual because of my pain, my team will not win, but there are some substitute players. What should I do?'

Then I looked up at the stadium seat again. My teacher and father talked together, but I can't see their face clearly because of the sunshine. I stared at them for a while and think. Did they talk about

me? Did they realize my pain? Was my teacher angry with my father about my last race? I can't know everything, but I only feel their serious atmosphere. So I asked myself again, 'Should I tell my teacher about my pain?' If I did so, my teacher would be disappointed and abandon me. Moreover my father who always supports me would be sad. To tell the problem would be to give up my race. If I give up, I will die.

I am keeping my eyes on the teammates standing on the top of the winner's podium and receiving gold medals. My teacher smiles to them and he is proud of them. They are celebrated by everyone, but I can't join this circle. I am just standing as if I watched them on TV. My teacher treats me like I am not here and I am dead, because I gave up my race. I think I am air, and there is no color and sound in my world, but I feel only someone's glance, so I look up at the stadium seat.

Then my father gazes at me. I can't read his thought at all, and he begins to walk and come to me, so I feel my heart beating fast, but somehow I can stand and wait for him stately. Furthermore it can be thought by me that my father's face has a tiny smile.

## What on Earth Can I Do?

Kaho Hirakawa

For a week of my summer vacation, I went to Otsuchi of Iwate prefecture. In front of me, the tragic sight spread out. It was much worse than I expected. It was beyond description.

I went to Iwate to volunteer because I wanted to help sufferers and devastated areas. But I didn't know what to do when I saw the tragic sight with my own eyes.

For a week, I did everything I could. For example, cleaning a gymnasium that was an asylum right after the earthquake, moving to temporary housing, weeding, and footbath for old people, etc... I couldn't do precious things, but local people of Iwate appreciated us and smiled at us.

Almost all people had lost their house, families and friends...their sorrow is inestimable. In spite of the situation, they bore up. However hard they were, they never whined to us and readily accepted us with smiles. I really thought they were strong and tough. My heart was touched by them.

We, human beings, complain about everyday incidents when disagreeable thing happens to us. But we have to appreciate normal life. One week at Iwate made me realize it again. Our enthusiasm for sufferers and devastated areas of March 11th slowly ebbs away. But we must never forget it. We need to incline toward sufferers and devastated areas from now on, too.

If I had an opportunity, I would go to devastated areas for helping again. And, I hear about the very day when an earthquake happened from people who had been affected by it, I want to tell a lot of people about it. I want many people to be interested in it. When another big earthquake and tsunami occurs again, I want more people to survive by making the most of the experience which people of Tohoku region experienced this time. I wish sufferers and devastated areas good luck without delay.

# Life is a Drama

Kazuya Tanobe

'Life' is a drama I create by myself.  
It is a magnificent drama I walk by myself.  
It is disturbed by nobody;  
A drama only for you.  
The leading role is you!  
It may be hard in life.  
But do you play it as tragedy?  
Or do you play it as a comedy?  
Up to you.  
I was born with much effort,  
One life,  
I will live happily!  
Every event  
Seen from a certain point of view  
It is tragedy,  
Seen from a different point of view  
It is a comedy.  
In other words,  
For all phenomena  
The confrontational Arctic and Antarctic exists!  
I am different from you in all in me,  
In the way I walked so far,  
In the way I will walk from now on.  
I walk well!  
Touch a foot in the ground well!  
Do your best in your world.  
I support you.  
When you want to cry, you should cry.  
The sorrow passes with time,  
If time passes  
As for how the hard thing  
I change to a beautiful flower someday.  
Oh, Time!  
You are splendid!  
Was depressed in sorrow; on that day,  
It must not be now  
It is a good memory!  
You cannot heal it  
Will it wound the heart?

Therefore it is a friend!  
Even if it is hard now,  
I bear it!  
Surely time is settled!  
And when is it?  
Your figure was reborn;  
Show me it.  
The human being can be reborn again and again.  
The human beings continue evolving consistently.  
You may not understand.  
All is necessity.  
Being, liver, kidney:  
It is necessary to study anything.  
There are various people in the world.  
We have each all sense of values different.  
Therefore, it is difficult to love all people.  
But I can love all people,  
I want such generosity, faithfulness.  
It is so!  
When I contact with persons,  
I always have a smile,  
Warn it not to make the barrier of the heart,  
Besides with infinite love like God,  
I will receive it!  
I surely get along well if I do it.  
Your have splendid dreams  
I know it.  
To grant a dream,  
You do not miss a good opportunity,  
You do not lose passion at any time,  
You never give up,  
You do not have a negative behavior and thought,  
It is always that I am positive, and there is it!  
It is one heaven to wait.  
Therefore stand it,  
While imagining time when the dream came true,  
It is to live every day.  
Even if we accomplish great achievements,  
We will leave the world someday.  
It is a circle from the world,  
As if such person did not exist at all.  
The world is vain.



Still,  
I never lose the spirit of self-advancement,  
To be destined to be forgotten in the history,  
I want to make a beautiful flower bloom in the world!

This is the 'Drama' that's life.

## ENDWORD

Wataru Noda

Let me start by saying thank you for reading our CROP Volume 3. How do you like it? Does it make you want to be more creative? I hope you all have fun with these writings, and that you try to continue to be creative. I joined the CROP editing staff 2 years ago because I wanted to make something memorable during my university life. I thought I should make some good use of my English learning. That's why I became a member of the CROP editorial team.

As I have been working on CROP 3, I have been impressed by the greatness of personal individuality. All these productions have outstanding character in several points. There are so many ideas, writing styles, and values. So our team is so motivated. We could enjoy editing very much.

I think this motivation is one of the keys to creativity. If you like what you find in this magazine (or even if you don't!) please start writing. Be motivated. Be creative. Such experiences will help to make you strong in your near or further future, I am sure.

Finally, I would like to express my gratitude to all people who were engaged in making CROP Volume 3: Dr. Hullah, Dr. Pronko, all the CROP editorial team, all the committed writers, and you.

Thank you for reading.

Writers Wanted Writers Wanted Writers Wanted

# Submit Your Work!

Writers Wanted Writers Wanted Writers Wanted

Did you like our CROP vol. 3?

CROP is now looking for new works!

**Deadline: 31 October 2012**

Policy:

All MGU students and OB/OG (graduated within 3 years) can submit their work.

Writing in ENGLISH only.

Any form of original creative written work is acceptable.

Refrain from excessively violent or sexual 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

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**

Meiji Gakuin University Student Creative Journal CROP

# Special Thanks to...

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**Thank you very much for your support!**

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