



# EDITORIAL

## FOREWORD

Are some people born more creative than others? Do you want to learn how to be creative? Ask yourself, “Who is creative and who is not?”

The answer is EVERYONE IS CREATIVE. We basically take old ideas and put into our new ideas. Making interesting combinations lead you to be a creative person. What you have to do is just look at the world around you in new ways, and write down what you see and what you think about it. There is no correct answer for writing.

CROP is the best place for you who want to share their creativity with others. You don't have to care about making mistakes. Just hold a pen and write with facility. Do you really think you can't write in a foreign language? We are here to help you.

*The secret to creativity is knowing how to hide your sources.*  
- Albert Einstein

As I said before, there is no complete new thing. You always remix some ideas into different shapes. New ideas come from your experiences. Creativity has a source of input. To be recognized as creative is to become a unique source of output.

BE CREATIVE, BE YOURSELF, AND MAKE YOUR ORIGINAL ART.

Creativity is everywhere and for everyone.

FROM THE EDITORS

# CROP ADVISER

## CROP KEEPS GROWING!

What amazes me most about working with young people during the most creative phase of their lives is that they are so naturally, spontaneously creative. Language has two sides: structuring rules and free creativity. It's the latter that CROP brings out.

You will never read the same sentences as you read in this great issue, even though the grammar rules stay the same. Which is more amazing—the rules or the newness?

It's the newness that amazes me. The rules never change much. You memorize them, internalize them, but you still have the hard work to create with them every time you speak or write. Using the rules to create something new is a tough task. Creating with the rules of another language is a wonder!

The work in this issue of CROP shows just how much insight, intelligence, irony, humor and compassion students hold inside just waiting to be expressed. Students often seem to be waiting for a small push to say what it is they have always wanted to say. CROP is that push. And then they say it. They create.

The work in this issue of CROP shows how completely students are capable of expressing themselves in metaphors, symbols, themes, characters and the rich, lush, passionate, creative language that has driven the best, wisest and most positive visions of people and the world all through history. This is literature here, another addition to the reserve of human accomplishment.

There is much to rejoice in these great creative works, but there is something to feel sorry about, too. What saddens me most is the lack of spaces for students to let out their inner selves in creative forms. Students in Japan are forced into multiple-choice exams, rigid report formats, micro-managed experiences and hyper-structured requirements. A little looseness goes a long ways.

With CROP, students have a chance to let themselves soar above the rules and structures and rigidities, to let themselves explore how language can explode—like phosphorus—when it gets into contact with the oxygen of the world. And then glow with an illuminating flame. This issue of CROP amazes me by how powerfully, fully and deeply the basic drive to create flows.

Congratulations to the writers and to the editors! You hold a great piece of honest creative expression in your hands. Enjoy it!

*MICHAEL PRONKO*

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# LU RAMBLES

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YASUHIRO ABE

## My Concrete Poetry, Where Lu Rambles

I

wonder what my name is.

I have six arms and one leg, and wear a black coat.

However, those around to me have their own appearances.

My friend has eight arms, and my aunt is dressed in red. By the way,  
rumor has it that there are some young people have the ability to become small.

I have a job. When it rains or snows I'm busy, but if the weather is nice I'm off. In  
contrast, my sister leaves for work when the sky is bright with the sun. The worst enemy  
of us is a strong wind. For us, a fracture means death. In particular, after a typhoon has passed,  
a large number of bodies lay here and there. Oh dear I can't for the life of me recall my name.

The initial letter of my name is...

Initia l

Initi al

Init ial

Ini tial

In itial

I nitial

Lette r

Lett er

Let ter

Le tter

L etter

Is

U

# MY GRANDFATHER

---

SAYA YAMAZAKI

The incident happened when I was nineteen years old, so, last year. It was about 7 pm and my mother was making dinner. My father was sitting at his usual seat of the dining table and he was reading a newspaper. My sister was watching the TV show and laughing. It did not change from the usual and I was talking to my mother as usual. She was pretending to listen to me as usual and I was laughing. We were enjoying our habitual time at that time.

However, suddenly my father said, “I have a report. “ And I said directly, “What? Good thing? Bad thing? “ He answered “delicately” I didn’t see it and I thought it was not particularly bad thing because he was normal. Moreover I was looking forward to hear that report and also I said half in joke, “Promotion? You will become president?” Then, my mother finished making dinner and we started having it.

Time passed a little, I said, “Anyway, what is the report? My dad said “Ah..., listen Aya, my father died in Wakayama.” I said, “What? Really? My grandfather?” He said, “Yes.”

At that time tears gushed from my eyes naturally and I wouldn’t believe that. I felt no taste that dinner.

I thought that time a lot of things and remembered many things about my grandfather. My grandparents had divorced a long time ago. He was outrageous but he sometimes had a kind side. I had heard about him from my father and my grandma. My father told me he changed into another person when drinking alcohol. He had roared at my grandma. When I heard this story, I thought my grandfather was so terrifying person but I positively wanted to see him once before he passed away. I thought he was only naturally honest.

And my grandma told me a start of meeting. He had fallen in love with her at first sight at a fireworks display and he had put her on a little high stone base because she was shorter than others. On that occasion, she was very happy and fell in love. I thought it was so wonderful to hear. Then she said to me from her experiences, “I want you to date a lot and catch sight of nice person to be a lifetime partner. After my grandfather died, I couldn’t hear about him. But my grandma absolutely recalled about him and she was dejected to hear that, I thought.

I decided one thing from this incident. This time my grandfather lay in a cemetery in Wakayama so if I save enough money, I would like to go to Wakayama and press the palms and fingers of both hands together. Thanks to him, I would become careful to choose a man. At any rate, a person’s death is a really sad thing so we must prize life, I think.

# ALONE FLY IN AUTUMN

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AIBA TAKANORI

I am a fly. Everyone calls me “Alone fly”.  
I like that name. I don’t want to get along with anyone. I love being alone.  
I love flying alone. I fly higher and higher, and I look down on everything.  
I hear my wings are fluttering, that feels so good. I am fast. I am cool.  
In these days, it is getting cold. I am starving from lack of food.  
Other flies had gone without my noticing it.  
I don’t know, but I don’t care. I have nothing to do with them.  
I fly over the city, and I enter the building.  
In the building, it smells good. In addition, it is warm inside the room.  
In the room, there are many humans.  
They sit on the chair, and it seems that they eat something.  
I want see what they are eating, so I fly higher.  
And I find a small lake. Humans call this lake “Ramen”.  
What a strange name, isn’t it?  
In the lake, there are lots of foods. Moreover, it smells good and very warm.  
I tried to fly into the “Ramen”. A human disturbed me, but he is too late.  
I am going to eat it!  
At the moment, I am surprised at the hot soup. It is too hot for me, and too oily.  
No, no, this is awful. This “Ramen” kills me. I won’t die here.  
Then, I noticed that nobody can help me, nobody knows I’m dying.  
Then, I noticed that I am not a cool fly, but just a poor fly.  
While I lose consciousness, a human said, “Oh no! My ramen got spoiled.”

# WHY DON'T WE BE FRIENDS?

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MAYU GOTO

December 24th 1980

Dear diary,

Today is Christmas Eve. My mom hung an ornament from a Christmas tree just like every year singing a song “why don’t we be friends?” I don’t know why she does that not on that day when we take the Christmas tree out of the shed but on Christmas Eve. I don’t even want to remember the lyrics because it reminds me of my complex. That is, I have a half black sister. I’ve never met her, but it is clear that we can never be friends. My mom had two choices when she gave birth to her first baby. Staying with a black husband and a half black baby which means she would be treated horribly by the society. Or leave them to protect herself against discrimination. ...And she chose the latter.

Anyways, she is mine. I love my mom.

Mary

---

December 24th 1980

Dear diary,

My dad bought me an ornament of a little bear this year for my birthday. So now, I have 20 ornaments. I love my father. He raised me by himself. But I don’t know how many times I have imagined if I had a mother. Even she was white and left me to prevent herself from becoming known that she has a black kid, all I want for Christmas is “mom”.

The only things she left for me were this brilliant blue eyes that black normally don’t have. This is the only connection between my mom and me.

Jasmine

---

December 25th 1980

Dear diary,

Today, I received an acceptance letter for final stage of Miss USA pageant 1980.

I was pumped when I heard sounds of the doorbell because I knew that the contestants who passed documentary examination must collect a letter from the host today. But I wasn’t surprise because I was sure I could make it. I am the one who won the Miss contest in university. So I’m sure I will win this competition as well.

Such an awesome Christmas gift.

Mary



---

December 25th 1980

Dear diary,

A postman gave me a letter... So I've just opened it.

... "What!?!? Did I pass initial screening of Miss Universe America!? Dad!!! I did it!"

I screamed. I can't believe that I made it because... I am black.

No black girls have ever gotten through even the paper exam. I am the first one.

...I'm so nervous.

Jasmine

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January 3rd 1981

Dear diary,

Oh my goodness!! I won the contest!! I can't describe my feelings in any words!!

Although the ladies on the final were all as bright as a diamond, it was an expected circumstance because only chosen finalists must be there.

However, I saw a black girl. I didn't understand how come she was on the contest.

...Anyways, I performed perfect walking on the stage and played the piano impeccably.

Therefore, audiences gave me a massive applause. To be paid attention is always a good feeling.

My heart beat like crazy when a host called the name of a winner. I'm sure that I'll never forget that moment.

"Miss Universe America 1980, the winner of the grand prize is... Entry number six,"

"Eeeeeek!!!"

I screamed in a high tone like a whistle before my name was called.

"Mary Clark"

Then, my name was called. My beauty was officially proved today. It is the best day ever!!

Mary

---

January 3rd 1981

Dear diary,

The really bright lights dazzled my eyes. I was standing on a stage with white girls. My dad was my only supporter. On my way to an anteroom, one girl said to me "Hey, what's up?"

So I said "Nothing."

"...So what are you doing here?"

I didn't get what she meant.

"...I'm waiting for the final review."

"...Uh, I don't think you should be here." She said.

—"All the finalists are required to perform musical ability for final stage." I heard a host announced that in the room.

“You don’t have any ability to play an instrument, Do you?” The girl said.  
Suddenly I left the room.

—I saw my dad in the front row from the stage. And I also saw a lady next to him. They were holding their hands each other. My dad were strongly appealing me something by his eyes.

“I can’t play any instrument.” When I said to the audiences, they buzzed.

“But I can sing.” The site became still.

“Why don’t we be friends?”

I started singing a song that my dad used to sing to me as a kid.

“We are all beams of hope on the same planet.  
Make a better day. Make a brighter day than yesterday.  
We are all brothers and sisters from the same species.  
There is no suffer in love and peace.  
Make a better world.  
For you and for me.  
So why don’t we be friends?”

I saw my dad and the woman were singing the song together. Who is she? I asked myself.

—The huge cheers never stopped.

After all performances of participators finished, a winner of the competition was called.  
That was her name. She is the winner.

The woman next to my dad was crying out to her in tears. “Great job my girl!” She said so.

When we walked down to the floor, the girl said “Mom I did it!” to the lady.

At that time, I was enthusiastically applauded by crowds. That was the most highlighted moment in my life. Then the lady smiled at me and she said “That was awesome girl.” But it seemed she looked at me as if I was a stray.

She had pure blue eyes just like me. Then I inferred who she was.

“Thank you mom. Even the color line makes us apart, I am your daughter. I need you.”

I said that on the inside.

Jasmine

# "DREAMY SILLY PRAYERS"

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MIKA MIYAMOTO

My wishes are a little big.

If I were a small mouse,  
Tiny room would be a suite,  
A piece of cheese would be a treat,  
If parents were little canaries,  
The child could stop their quarrel,  
And could guard the aged couple,  
If the earth were a round dance floor,  
Every smile would be light,  
Every tear would be sherry,  
Step by step, falling into step,

I'm thinking curled up on the bed,  
"If the world became small --- Zzz".

## "2 A.M."

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MIKA MIYAMOTO

Next to the window, my eyes are sparkling.  
The thought is melting with a glass of rum.  
On its brown surface,  
The little crescent is reflected.

At this moment,  
My hand is grasping a distant satellite.

However,  
The pretty light is trembling like a white rabbit.  
It seems to say, "Please scoop me out!"

I drink up the sweet liquid  
And set the moon free.

# A COLORFUL PICTURE

---

YUKINO SHIMIZU

My mother sighs deeply with a picture I drew. On the picture, there is a fine work plate. My mother always forces me to paint pictures, like I saw in the museum, like great painters did, like my mother did.

Soon after I take yellow paint, mother's irritating voice is sounded.

"Why do you use the color? And the expression of people is unrealistic!"

I put the yellow paint aside without saying anything, and squeeze out blue paint instead.

I have to win more than the second prize in the next contest. At yesterday's dinner table, mother told me the goal. Second prize which is my mother's best record becomes a burden for me. The meals didn't taste like anything at that time.

At the art class in my school, I steal a look at a picture of my friend sitting beside me. Red and yellow and orange are dancing on the paper, and everyone in her picture smiles. It looks like a jewel box and looks dazzling for me.

The deadline of the contest is fast approaching. I also sweep my paint brush as I always do.

"Why are you drawing birds?"

Mother's voice stings me.

"Why are you using pink? Think about balance!"

Do I enjoy drawing? No. Because...

"The expression of people is too kind! How many times do I have to say... "

"This is not my picture! I want to draw my picture by myself!"

I grab red, yellow orange pink and dump them on my palette.

Paint my favorite color on my favorite place. Everyone on my picture is smiling, and scattering many flowers. My hand holding my paint brush moves on the paper like flying. Now, I really enjoy drawing.

The result of the contest was announced. My picture can't win any prizes.

But I was not sad at all, and mother didn't sigh as before. I'm filled with a sense of achievement, because now I can draw my own picture without others' views.

My picture is displayed in our living room with the scent of flowers, and everyone smiles at me.

# UNICYCLE UNITES UNITS

HITOSHI AKIYAMA

Watching unicycles in a school I teach, I always made a little smile. Those reminded me what I experienced 15 years ago.

When I was in the fourth year of elementary school, our school had a competition for boys and girls. For boys, they had *sumo* wrestling tournament in each grade, and for girls, we were made to participate in the competition of unicycle which also battled among the same grade. There was a course prepared in the school and we needed to run for one round.

Since I had been in Japan for seven months, it was my first time to ride this one tire thing. This competition I was forced to take part in, so I started practicing the one-wheel ride from a month before. It was super hard that I always fell down from it at first, but after asking my friends and reading books to learn the knack, I could finally ride this one-legged horse.

On the day of the competition, it was a fine, blue day. Yellow and red leaves were floating in the air, and crickets were crying, hailing their season had come. Almost all boys in the school who were watching third-year girls' race beside the route looked really bored, though younger girls were riding like they were running away from fierce predatory animals.

While I was watching with my white, muddy buddy, a girl, who had dark long hair, wearing a clean shirt and skirt, came beside me. Her name was Makiko.

"Don't you have to practice, Sherry?" asked Makiko. I glanced, then moved my eyes back to the game.

"No need to," I replied in Japanese, not looking at her. At that time, I could speak much better Japanese.

"Yes, looks like it." I could feel her gazing at me. I had some little scars on my hands and face. Also there were some on my legs, but I was wearing jeans, so she couldn't notice that. "What a stupid girl to practice until you become like that."

"Why do you say things like that?"

"Just said what I thought. Well, good luck," and she left with an annoying scoff.

I was really furious at her. It seemed like she doesn't like me. However, I never said any bad sayings to her. Why had she looked down on me? In addition, I didn't like her either because she could do anything easily. Even for this contest, she hadn't practiced slightly a day. That makes me dislike her even more. Therefore, we disliked each other.

The third grader's competition was finished. It was us, fourth graders, to compete by unicycles. At the start line, Makiko came next to me with her white, clean cycle. I didn't care about her and just prepared to ride my cycle, but I should have

looked closely at her. When the race started, I fell down because Makiko pushed me on purpose! Nobody noticed the incident since there were many girls at the start line, so everybody thought I just fell down by accident. I was dazed at first, but after I realized I was disturbed by the crafty girl, I became so mad. I didn't want to lose to the girl who behaved slyly. To have revenge, I immediately rode again and started running as fast as possible.

I could feel the wind was cutting off. I knew I was driving faster than any other days I had practiced. Thanks for running fast enough, I managed to reach the stupid girl. When I reached next to her, I also pushed her hard to make her fall down. However, she might knew what I contrived. She also caught my injured hands, and together, we crashed into the dirty ground. I smelled some iron, but I didn't bleed much. On the other hand, it seemed she had larger injury and red tears came from her right arm. When I saw her tears, my head cooled down. Why were we fighting with this nonsense matter?

"Are you all right?" I asked the miserable girl.

"Yes, but the cycle," she answered back. I checked, and the tire was soft. It seemed she punctured it with a thumbtack she had in her hands.

"Can you ride and grab my shoulders then? I can just lead you," She looked puzzled at what I said, but she just nodded and did what I told her. Then together, we headed to the goal slowly like we were riding a two-seated bicycle.

# MR. CHIBA'S COMPLAINT

---

NODOKA ARAYA

Hello, my name is  
Chiba. Let me introduce  
myself. I'm one of the Japan's sons. I'm a countryman,  
but I'm also urbane moderately. So, if you decided to live with me, you can  
enjoy going shopping and relaxing with nature. In spring, you can  
see a lot of rape blossoms. In summer, you can go  
swimming in Kujukurihama. And throughout  
the year, you can go Tokyo Disney  
Land where is a very popular  
amusement park. It is my  
pride that I have such a big park.  
But I want to make a complaint.  
Why is it "Tokyo" Disney Land? I want  
to change the name to "Chiba" Disney Land!  
Though I consider Tokyo is my great brother  
who is very fascinating man and always in the  
most advanced position, I cannot be convinced  
with that. Disney Land isn't his possession, it is  
mine. Please imagine that how I was shocked  
when I knew Disney Land was  
given his name! Oh, I'm sorry  
that I said a boring talk too  
long. Thank  
you for

# 48 HOURS

---

AIBA TAKANORI

If I had 48 hours in a day,  
I'll spend 10 hours for sleep.  
I'll have lunch for 2 hours.  
Then I'll read newspapers for 1 hour.  
2 hours for taking a nap.  
After that, I'll go outside with my bicycle for 2 hours. I'll go to the movie theater.  
I'll watch movies, at least 2 movies. It'll be 4 hours or more.  
I'll get hungry, so I'll eat supper. I'll watch TV programs during eating. The times passed slowly, and it'll be 3 hours to finish eating.  
After supper time, I'll go back home and I'll lay down on the sofa. 4 hours passed. I'll wake up and start to study for 2 hours.  
Next, I'll go out to do my part-time-job for 9 hours.  
After the part-time-job, I'll be tired, and sleep. 5 hours later, I'll wake up and begin to think what to do tomorrow for 3 hours.  
The last one hour, I'll say "If I had 96 hours in a day..."



# WHEN A NIGHT IN A HUT

HIROKI KOGURE

Although there are many gloomy towns, no town is darker than “Abdomen Town” that sticks to the middle of a mountain like chewing gum, and every night heavy fog comes from the top. People live in “Abdomen Town” always keep in their houses, and only see fog through windows. The largest building in “Abdomen Town” is a mountain hut, named “The Flank”. This is the only place that strangers come.

One night, a strange man who had long, white hair came into “The Flank” that was in a center of heavy fog. His name is Y. T. He seemed to be in a big hurry from eyes of a mountain hut’s master, named Calmman.

“Please tell me my ranking!” Y. T shouted with his raincoat taken off.

“What’s this all about?” Calmman answered in a low voice.

“You know! Here is a relay point of a trail running contest!”

“Of course, I know”

“Then, you can tell me my rank! Am I first? Or second? For the moment am I ahead of Mr. Hike?”

“Please calm down. Who is Mr. Hike?”

“He is my rival!” Y. T hit at a supper table in front of him, so some glasses on the table shook with sounds. “A tall, fat man like a bear. His eyes always have a smile. Oh, how sickened eyes they are!”

“I haven’t seen anyone except you today” opposite to Y. T, Calmman’s voice was still calm.

“I see! I see!” Y. T shouted again. Calmman noticed that strange light was flying from Y. T’s eyes.

“So I’m first! I’m first! I can beat Mr. Hike if I continue to run across this stupid foggy mountain! Then, I’ll leave now! See you master!” Y. T put on his raincoat.

“Wait! Wait! You shouldn’t leave here. Stay the night” said Calmman, but Y.T already opened the entrance door. Suddenly a lot of fog flooded into “The Flank”, and the temperature fell down.

“What? Why can’t I get off! Don’t say you intend to interrupt my winning!” Y. T cried out and scratched his forehead viciously.

“Because I heard a big violent bear appeared around this hut. Do you want to die? You must stay for the night” cried Calmman. At the time, a strong wind was blowing from out of the door, and Y. T set his foot into fog by opposing the wind. After closing the door, there was only silence in the hut.

The next night, the door of the hut opened, and another man who was big and heavy came in. There was no fog unusually.

“Hello, master. I’m Hike” he said with a smile.

“Welcome to this shabby house” the master smiled too. “Would you like to eat supper at once?”

“Sure” Mr. Hike sat down a seat in front of the master, and smiled again. “What food can I eat?”

“Today’s dish is great. Here you are. This is a steak of a bear that I hunted today” said the master. He putted a plate of steak on the table. Mr. Hike looked into the plate. There was a big stake with a lot of gravy, and savory smell went up.

“Oh! Amazing! You hunted this? Unbelievable!” shouted Mr. Hike.

“Thanks. I want you to enjoy this steak” answered Calmman.

Mr. Hike started eating it. He didn’t noticed that long, white hair mixed into the meat.

“Well, by the way, please take care that you shouldn’t be swallowed by fear in any contests including this contest. Fear sometimes brings destruction to you. I know an example” Calmman said with polishing a glass.

# MY ONLY DOG

---

AKIKO KUROIWA

	He likes	
	eating,taking	
My dog's	a walk, playing	He is
name is taku.	with a toy and	Australian
He is brown and	a soccerball	Kelpie. It's a kind
medium size.		of sheepdog.
He is 16.		He's smart.

He came  
to my house when  
I was 4 years old. So he  
presents every moments in my  
memories. He is my best friend, my  
brother and my treasure. When I was  
sad he stayed by me, and when I  
was happy he also stayed by me.  
Now he is old and can't move  
just he wants to. So it is my  
turn to stay by him.

# FLEE FROM BUSINESS TO BE FREE

YASUHIRO ABE

I have a wish.  
It is that all kinds of business would vanish.  
People don't have to be occupied with a meaningless fight.  
Thinking about nothing,  
they only have to see a natural beautiful sight.

I hope that everyone can have free time.  
The time to gaze at an iridescent line  
on the blue drawing paper  
after a heavy shower,  
to look at the sun sink  
and spray the open sea with orange ink,  
and to listen to a tiny little singer croon  
in the grass lit by the moon.

Anyway,  
Let us pray that quietness may return to this world  
someday.

# MODEL VS MOM

---

MAI ONO

“Cook-a-doodle-doo” the rooster crows and I woke up. The breeze of a cold wind came into my room as I looked out of the window. My mother was already outside getting prepared for my final day of the competition, the model house competition that was held every year in our village.

Yesterday, I was spending my usual day at school, having fun with Lee. I knew she was going to enter the classroom with her faded khaki green dress with brown patches, because she always did. I started the day putting slime on her seat. During class I threw paper planes at her, put thumbtacks under her foot place seeing when the sole of her shoes would come off. I liked playing with her because she never hesitates and also because my mother always told me that poor people shouldn’t be treated well. So I always worked off my frustration by annoying her. She was like a statue without any emotions.

However today, the day came and I wasn’t feeling like my ordinary morning. I didn’t want to do any mischief, instead I stood next to the window having a strange thought. I could see Lee was still struggling with her playhouse model. “I want to help her...”one thought crossed my mind like a flash, but it must have been a mistake. On the other side of the fence I could see my mother putting so much effort to my own model house. It now was barely mine.

I was happy because she did everything for me, but it was too much. She treated me like a baby that can’t do anything on her own. She even planned an after party for my victory, even though the battle hasn’t even started. All this pressure was just too much for me. I wanted to run away from all of this...suddenly, my legs started moving. Unconsciously I headed outside and the next moment, I was helping out Lee.

Lee looked very curious, since I had never done anything like this before. But as we were working together we got along well, forgot about the time, and cracked our heads laughing.

We finished it up decorating the roof with orange autumn leaves, paddle pops sticks for the wall, and see-through plastic for the windows. But I felt it needed something else to make it more outstanding. I went back to my house and grabbed a bunch of flowers planted in our garden. “You always take good care of your flowers, here’s some I’ve been watering,” I said and gave her the bright yellow dandelions and the pure white lilies. When she received the flowers, she looked as if she had never seen such gorgeous flowers. Her crystal eyes glittered and a tear drop ran down her apple red cheek.

“These are so pretty, it’ll make my model much brighter and much more flowery, Thanks!” she said.

The competition was judged by the model itself and also from the maker’s presentation. I didn’t want to win. I didn’t want my mother to have a prominent nose, showing off to all the neighbors. It was embarrassing. I made a horrible speech, and I could see her being very disappointed. Unintentionally, I grinned in my heart.

All the announcements were finished and it was time for the award ceremony. Without any explanation the trophy went to Lee. Her speech was outstanding making everyone moved. Every person agreed with the result, especially the children stamped their feet on the ground saying, "Please make that playhouse," "I want one in our garden, please daddy." It was a heart-warming scene for us.

After the competition, I knew my mother was infuriated. But I didn't care about that. More than that, I felt refreshed and truly happy from my heart beating her. Having a life under her control, acting as a well-behaved son was enough for me. I decided to live having no stress and be friends with people who I want even if she doesn't like them.

Although we still held the after party where all the neighbors were invited, it was for Lee. It was for her triumph and also forgiving my behavior and giving confidence to stand on my own. After all, she seemed to have always noticed my thoughts and knew that I was stressed out because of my mother who made me bully her. It seems to be true, that young adults like to make fun of their one-sided lover.

# MY TIME MACHINE

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AKIKO KUROIWA

She was sitting on the bench at the school. And a boy was also sitting on the next bench. Even though he was a stranger, but somehow she felt close to him. Then a cute girl came and sat side by side with him. Few minutes later, they spoke to her suddenly. And the conversation grew lively. They became good friends from the day.

One day she noticed that she fell in love with him. At the same time she noticed that the cute girl also loved him. They became rivals in love.

But he chose the cute girl in the end. She felt very sad about it, but they were good friends. She thought the boy and the cute girl were well matched. The couple was on enviably close terms.

...Then she wakes up. It was a dream. She goes to the living room and sits down at the table. Just then she is very surprised! The boy is sitting in front of her. But he is older. Yes, the boy is her father. "Good morning," another voice she hears. It is a familiar voice. It is her mother that appears here. The cute girl is her mother!

It is unbelievable thing, but it is absolutely the boy and the cute girl. Her dream led her to the past.

# THE RADIO GHOST

---

SHINOGO MATSUO

In dark thickets, there was my grandfather's house. I and my grandfather lived there. One night, I was eating a cheap and awful cup noodle alone because my grandfather had entered a hospital two weeks ago. Then, I heard a high pitched and loud noise. I was very surprised and thought, "What happened?" I searched all over the house for something which had sounded.

It was in the toilet: a broken, elephant-shaped, dirty and old radio. This radio had been there before I was born and I had never seen that it is working. I took the radio in my hand to try turning it off, but the switch was rusted, so I couldn't do it. Suddenly, the radio started speaking in a man's voice. I was surprised and dropped it on the floor. In fact, the truth of this voice was a news report, but it was enough to make me afraid and panicked. I thought that the ghost which haunted the elephant radio is speaking to me. "Shut up, or I will break you!" I shouted for the radio ghost, but it continued speaking.

There was no other way, so I decided to break it even though it is my grandfather's. I took it to the corridor to get a wide space. I kicked, punched, threw, and stamped it to stop it sounding, but it wouldn't be quiet. I brought a hammer. I raised it up, and struck the speaking radio powerfully. Then, the entrance door which leads to a corridor was flung open and closed. It was just like someone who doesn't have a body had run away from this house. Though I went near the entrance door soon to see what happened, there was nothing except the smell of sand. After that, the elephant radio which was broken into pieces has never been speaking.

The day after passed, one information came from the hospital. It told me that my grandfather had died last night. I felt strange rather than sad because I thought the radio wanted to tell me what happened. The radio ghost which I broke and forced out was not a bad ghost. That journey taught me a very important message. I didn't believe in the existence of occult, supernatural, unscientific things before that day. However, I learned there are more things in the world than just what I can see. There are also many invisible, mysterious, wonderful things in the world. I hope this change will make me have a wider perspective.



# SIX WORDS POEMS

---

INA YOSHIKO

Dust  
Many injured, depressed feet  
Dust know

Cheers For Me  
Right, support yourself  
Left, forget sooner

Look At That Enormous Dorsal Fin  
Coming!  
Throw guns!  
Hurry,  
A laxative!

Note

An evil shark named war is approaching us to swallow up. What really we need is not how to battle but how to prevent us from being digested by the shark.

The Future Is Mine  
Won't seek it  
I'm the Polaris

# UNCHAGEABLE WISHES

---

INA YOSHIKO

How can I be happier?  
Wish if I could drive the snake away from human beings so that  
Our mind could be free from all shades in this world,  
We could love each other cheerfully  
And we wouldn't hesitate to hug each other  
Wish if we could seal fear, murder, conflicts in the fantasy world  
Or else I wish to lock my heart in an empty dream forever  
But if impossible, at least I wish myself not to forget to appreciate every shades  
and even the smallest light in a mirror every morning

# HOW DID THE SKY BECOME BLUE

---

KUMI HATAJIMA

When he painted the sky, he used seawater instead of colors because it's too large to paint by colors. To tell the truth, at first, he tried to paint it with various colors so, sometimes the sky's color changed to yellow, orange, red, pink, purple, lilac, green, navy and more. When he painted navy color, he dropped a jewelry box that he wanted to give his wife. In the box, there were two hundred billion diamonds, an opal, nine garnets, five sapphires, eleven topaz, seven dozen pearls and a big ruby so, at the night, we can see stars. During the time he was painting, he used all the colors that he had but he had another job to paint the flowers. So he had no time to buy new colors. He liked the ocean's colors very much and since there was infinite seawater, he decided to use that as paint. He used a lot of seawater so the ocean level went down and the continents appeared. His decision was very successful. Today, we can see the beautiful, clear blue sky every day: Sometimes there are flaming sunsets and, if you are very lucky, you can see auroras. He gave the work decorated with plenty of jewelry to his wife.

# STARS

KUMI HATAJIMA

One night, a little girl cried by the window of her room.

“Don’t cry little girl,” Cassiopeia said.

“I want to take photos with you. You are so beautiful. I tried to do it a hundred times but I can’t do it well.” She cried. Babies are usually fretful when they are sleepy.

“Don’t worry, I will certainly come to see you every night except on a rainy, cloudy or snowy day.” She smiled.

“Is it a promise?” She became tired from crying and was too sleepy to keep her eyes open.

“Yes, I promise you. Go to bed. Good night my angel, time to close your eyes. I will sing a song for you.” The seated Queen sang a lullaby for her all night.

That night, the girl dreamed that she traveled through space. Thirty years later, she had forgotten that night’s dream but the little girl still became an astronaut. Her dream came true.

# PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE

---

IMAIZUMI YUKI

“You know, gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender - people are people.”  
-by Judith Light.(1)

Everyone surely knows that not all people are hetero sexual, however, there are very few Japanese people understand well about lesbian in Japan. It seems that Japan is one of the worst countries for lesbian people to live because Japanese people take care or think little about people have minority sexual, in particular, female homosexuals. In other words, their existence is not familiar to Japanese. These issues are facing poor education, less access to communicate with lesbian people, and Japanese unequal law. That's why today Japan's homosexual problem is in a severe situation.

At school, usually no teacher teaches children about homosexuality. Even after children are grown up, they are barely exposed to it in society because almost all media rarely treat it and they can't get enough information to know deeply about lesbianism. Adults usually don't teach what minority sexual is. Children are often forced to research about it by themselves and that can lead misunderstanding.

In addition, Japanese people don't have a lot of opportunity to learn about lesbianism in their daily lives. Although there must be women who love female person in Japan, they are just like invisible for majority people who has hetero sexual. Unless a conscious effort to recognize about lesbian people, you will never be able to notice their existence. In Japan, there is no town like “Shinjuku-2tyoume” (It means a famous gay town) for lesbian people, and another example is that lesbian people don't have the kind of clear sign to tell their sexuality like gay's fashion style. Japanese people often see gay people who are called “okama” or “onee” on some TV programs, however, lesbian people never appear anywhere in public. Compared to America, in Japan, there is no great person as a symbol of visible lesbian person like Ellen DeGeneres, who is a famous lesbian comedian in America. Thanks to her effort, LGBT rights in America became more generally known. In the article by Drew Desilver, “In the general-population survey, she and President Obama were the leaders when LGBT Americans were asked to name a well-known figure who's been important in advancing the rights of LGBT people.” (2) So, Japanese people have less access to be exposed to female homosexual.

Because of a bad education system or the lack of enough correct information about lesbians, Japanese people treat them as alien and some people discriminate against them or have a bias and prejudice. Some people think the love of lesbian's as fantasy or completely secret one, not realistic. The majority of Japanese people believe that there are lesbian couples only in girl's school, just rumors. That's why female homosexual people in Japan always suffer from bad understanding of their minority sexual and a lot of them are hurt by heartless behavior. In the survey of LGBTs, of the student of LGBTs asked about bullying experienced in the school. About 70% of them answered they have suffered sexual abuse. Moreover, 30% have had an idea of attempting to kill themselves. (3)

Japanese law is also unfavorable because Japanese gay couples don't have the right of marriage. If a gay couple starts to live together, they can't apply for a spousal deduction. However, a lot of developed countries accept gay marriage. The system of Japan is unequal and it makes gay people at a disadvantage, or imposes financial penalties.

As mentioned above, basically the state of gay people is much lower than many other foreign countries. According to the poll in 2013, 54 percent of Japanese people answered that they need to live with people who have sexual minority. In 2007, the number of supporters was increased from 49 percent. (4) However, whether standing by homosexual people or not remains as a big gender problem. It is sure that their position won't be improved because the presence is still low and weak.

If Japanese people don't try to look about Japanese lesbian people carefully and consciously more than ever in the future, this unfair state of affairs will never become better. It should be improved. Now, let's take a step to know the diversity of sexuality. That act provides you a new sense of value and makes you bring up furthermore. No matter how long it will take to advance the problem, Japanese people must not give up trying to do it because everyone understands that people are all equal regardless of their sexuality.

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# RAINY SEASON

KANA OSHIBI

u n h u  
u n h  
n a u h  
h p n a  
a p h p  
p y a p  
p p y  
y p  
I don't like rainy y  
day because it is humid.

How about you ? Rain makes me  
unhappy. But one rainy gear changes my  
feeling in rainy day. It is a new umbrella ! June is

rainy season. h So, I want  
to use a new one  
p  
h p h  
a y h a  
p r a p  
p y a p p  
y a i p y  
d n y  
y

# APPLE JUICE

---

CHIHARU TSUBATA

I prepared a glass to quench my thirst.

I could see a curved world through the glass.

I thought that a person who was thirsty, lost his way,  
and exhausted in a desert might see the curved world like this.

Because it was colorless and transparent,  
the glass looked like a glass made of water.

I poured gold strings into the glass.

The sound of pouring and the fragrance wrapped my entire body.

I could hear the clear sound because the room was so quiet.

The fragrance was the fruit itself.

The golden liquid shone reflecting the golden sunshine from the glowing window.

I drank the liquid in one gulp.

It passed through my throat and arrived at my stomach in an instant.

.

Only the taste and the fragrance were left in my mouth and nose vividly.

The taste was sweet, sour, and a very little bitter.

I felt I drank the sunshine.

# RED TOE SHOE

---

JURI KUROSAWA

Things around me always are red and white. In Russia, as always it has been snowing. At the evening glow of sunset, I stand on bright snow. I keep waiting for her.

“Lift your legs higher!” My mother shouted to everyone louder than usual. She was a teacher of ballet.

“You know, only two months are left before the contest!” It was October, the autumn just before winter. Her voice from red lips stuck into my heart like sharp crystals of snow. For Christina and me, it was the final ballet contest where only elementary students are allowed to participate because we would become junior high school students the next year. We regarded the contest as the culmination of elementary school.

“Today’s lesson was very hard, wasn’t it?” I said.

“But Anna, we should practice much harder.” Christina began to practice. Christina was my rival as well as my best friend. She had such a great figure. A blue-eyed blond, which was different from mine. Sometimes I lost my confidence when I saw myself in her beautiful eyes.

Unintentionally, I looked up. My mother was there. What was she looking at? Was it me? Or Christina dancing like a white swan? Something burned in my mind. I want, need, and ought to be a swan as well. I began to perform a ballet.

It was already 9 o’clock. As I followed after Christina, I went to the locker room. My body flushed, but against it, in cold air I could see my breath.

“Your performance becomes much better.” That was my mother’s voice. Was Christina there, too?

“Without so hard practice, you can easily win the contest.” Win? Easily? Why did she back her up? Why did she promise her a bloodless victory? I had practiced harder than any other students, even Christina. I said to myself. A tiny string was burnt to ashes.

From that day, I put distance from Christina. That was my jealousy. I kept dancing toward the white wall alone. Stumbled again. I



had to focus on a ballet but I couldn't help thinking about the previous night. In my eyes, the wall was stained with my anger.

After a time, I didn't see Christina fully. I thought I was being hated by her, "Miss you", hoping that I could laugh with her again.

Then, my mother came to me. She looked pale but her red lips opened and said, "Listen, Christina is in hospital now. Her injury gets worse."

Her injury? I didn't know about what she said, but I only found my mind went blank gradually. Although I knew she wasn't in the locker room, I began to run there, I didn't know why. In her locker room, there was red toe shoes, white shoes stained with blood. Just the red shoes and pale me in dark. She practiced so hard until she broke down her health? I didn't know it although I was always with her. Many times sorry for the red toe shoes instead of her. My face also blushed with shame.

"Hey mom, what is the program Christina was going to dance?"

Three weeks later, she was out of the hospital but she was in a wheelchair. She couldn't dance yet, which means she couldn't participate in the contest.

"Christina, I'm so sorry."

"Why do you say sorry? It's my fault. Anyway, I am looking forward to seeing you at the contest."

"I still haven't given up participating in the contest with you."

I didn't see her face against the sunlight. But I could see bright red sun in the white light, she was surely smiling.

Next was my turn. I wore a pure white dress and put red lipstick on like my mother. I danced like an angel going to heaven. Higher and higher and more beautiful. With passion and love. I did dance Christina's program. I never gave up participating in the contest with her.

"Congratulations! You win! I was surprised you danced my program."

"No, we win! I definitely danced with you at that moment."

"Sorry for being late!" Christina runs to me. We begin to walk into the setting sun leaving footprints on snow.

Everyone has a white canvas. Through experience, it has a lot of color. My canvas is also dyed red. That is anger, jealousy, and shame. Finally, however, the most deep-red "love" is added like red toe shoes.

# THE GIANT AND SILENCE

---

YASUHIRO ABE

Though I can't walk,  
I can see a stray cat stalk.  
Although I can't speak,  
with a wind I can creak.  
I am very tall,  
but some don't care about me at all.  
I suppose I am more than hundred years old,  
but still every year my children unfold.  
My sons are green, later redden like heavy drinkers,  
and then fall to the ground.  
My daughters are sheen, tempt stingers,  
And then become round.  
In this way, I have lived for many years. Long before you were born.  
However, I'm afraid someday I will be cut in two. My family will, too.  
On us  
your friends  
will soon  
make an assault.  
The earth  
will soon  
be covered with asphalt.  
In the worst case, they will not  
be able to survive due to their fault.  
Farewell, my friend. Thank you for reading to the end.

# TAKING OFF TO MY FUTURE

---

MAI MATSUMOTO

“Don’t you think this is a big chance?” My English teacher said to me. At that time, we were riding on an airplane to go to Okinawa on a school trip. My dream is to be the greatest CA. So, this flight of two and a half hours was a big chance to approach my dream for me.

I can remember vividly the memory of that time. The unique smell of the airplane, the loud sound of the engine... and my heart was thumping like mad and my hands had gone all sweaty. “Could you tell me about your job?” I talked to a CA. Then, most of my friends had a surprised face. Their faces seemed to be saying “What is she talking about?” But, she told me gently “Of course, it is good.” I was very happy. And she said “When this working will calm, I will come here again.” So, I was waiting for her while writing a lot of questions on my notepad. I have this notepad even now.

“Sorry to keep you waiting.” I was surprised, because two CAs came near my seat. One of them was a senior, and the other person was a rookie. I thought that I have to make this big chance meaningful. So, I asked them a lot. At that time, I was very excited and happy.

The answer to my last questions was very impressive for me. That is, “Is there some things that I should do at the time of the students?” I thought they were going to say to me “Start job hunting as soon as possible!” But it was not.

They said “You are a student, so you have a lot of time, right? Please meaningfully spend every day of school life. If you do so, you can find something important to be a CA.” After I heard this message, I thought about working hard to be a CA.

This journey was a very valuable experience for me. Experience like this was not able to experience if I did not speak to the CA. So I really appreciate what the English teacher has done. In fact, I wrote a thanks letter to the two CAs after I heard about their job. And when we were getting off the airplane, the two CAs gave a photo card and a message card to me. These presents are my treasure. I always carry them even now.

In other words, I learned “If you pluck up your courage, you can change a boring day to a fantastic day.” From this journey, I could set my mind.

# SORRY TOKYO

---

WATAGASHI TOMOSHIBI

Dear Tokyo,

When I was a high school student in Hokkaido, I really fell in love with you. The whole world you showed me from the TV screen was just “stunning”. Then, at almost the same time, I decided to go and live in Tokyo as I go to college.

Of course, you were amazing. You have lots and lots of talents to make people fun, but perhaps sometimes you made me buy too much. You really have lots and lots of friends, but, to be honest, I felt maybe a little bit too tight.

Actually, the air is really polluted, especially around Shibuya, holy s#it. The foods tastes like made in factories and tastes similar everywhere. People look like Robots controlled by Smart Phones. Too much advertisements urge us to buy something everyday, everyseconds.

So, why don't I make it short? I'm absolutely disappointed with you, Tokyo. So sorry. I really loved you, but I can't forget the beauty of my hometown at this late date.

You should come to Hokkaido someday soon.  
You'll like it.

# CROWDED TRAIN

---

MISUZU KATSUMATA

People became tuna in the train.

# OVERSLEEPING

---

MISUZU KATSUMATA

M other said me “Wake up!”

O h... what time is it now?

R each the alarm clock...

N ine o'clock!

I jump out of my bed

N o time

G o to school, hurry up!

# THIS CAN'T BE ME!

---

MACHICA FUKUSHIMA

Something inside me told me this hunger can't be me. "It couldn't be only me," I thought.

That day started out with a fine sunny day with no clouds rather warm for an early December. There was no sign of what I was about to experience from now. Having no clue but a slight change in my hunger desire I was munching on a juicy oily Big Mac burger that made me slob just smelling them from the tray that I was holding with an extra set of fries and a large sized coke at McDonald's in Ikebukuro with my boyfriend at the time.

He saw me eating more than ever and said, "That huge amount of food you're consuming right now is heading straight to your fat." What I just heard from my love was very shocking and made me want to look away from the delicious thing but I couldn't care less and instead I just kept on going until everything was pushed inside.

I rubbed my stomach to feel the fullness and just then an unbelievable thought popped up inside my head. "If this hunger wasn't me is there someone beside me? Possibly inside me?" I thought. I couldn't keep the weird thought only inside me. A minute after my thoughts were in words. "Maybe I'm pregnant?" As soon as my words were released in the air an awkward silence was there. His smile immediately disappeared and his dropped eyes from smiling suddenly turned serious and his gaze was sharply directly pointed at me. As much as him being serious I also saw a young child inside him about to cry out not knowing what to do from an unexpected situation.

We were out of McDonald's my boyfriend and I didn't need to discuss where to go next, we were at the pregnancy test corner at the drug store right next to McDonald's. We purchased the pregnancy test at the cashier and found a public toilet to test it. My heart was pounding big and fast imagining what I would do if I was pregnant. The ten seconds of the test line moving up felt as if it was years. My thoughts raced inside my head "What will I do? I can't tell my mother about this? How will my boyfriend react? What have I done?" None of the thought had given enough time for me to answer, instead questions after questions popped inside my mind. My heart was pounding even faster after the long wait it was time for me and my boyfriend to look inside the test result. I saw a line. A positive line showing I was pregnant. I was relieved knowing the hunger was not only me but as much I was relieved my thought was racing through my head of what move I should take next. "Should I tell him how I feel direct? If I tell him how I feel direct will it enable him to tell me his real feeling about this situation? Will he beg me to have an abortion? I was clueless. I never experienced this and I obviously didn't have the answer to what I was going to do. With a hopeless feeling I turned to my boyfriend and what I saw was a smile in his face which was unexpected and he said, "Let's have the baby." Which was even more unexpected but then my fear started to go away. I asked myself if I wanted to do this and it was a yes. I thought I could do this with this man. Courage me and smile instead of panicking with me that gave me the final step to jump into the hard journey of college life and being a mom. Being on a non-expected journey made me more confident of the decisions and the path I am choosing. Now my son is a part of me and a strength to accomplish things I couldn't have done on my own. Before my pregnancy I wasn't directed in the right path and he has set me back

in the right road again. It is always easy to give up but challenging yourself and choosing the harder path could make yourself a bigger person than you ever thought you could be. I would never regret the decisions that I have made and, will make because this is all me.



# MY SPECIAL PLACES

---

KANA OSHIBI

The places around me change into various other places.  
When I take a bath, the bathroom becomes a concert hall.  
When I look for and read books, my father's study becomes a library.  
When I visit my grandmother's house, there becomes a school.  
When I try to cook, the kitchen becomes a science room.  
The ordinary places change to special places only for me.  
The places around you may also change to special places.....

# HEDGEHOGS' MOVE

---

INA YOSHIKO

One day, the chief of Mouse Village visited the chief of Hedgehog Village with a bundle of meat dishes.

"Where did you find these good things? I first had such scrumptious dishes as my prickles melt!" The chief of Hedgehog Village cried.

"I'm happy to hear that. We have these kind of food everyday. If you like, you can move to our neighborhood."

"Sounds great! These kind of food! Everyday? My people must be happy! Where is this heavenly place?"

"It's human's house."

"H ... human's house?" The hedgehog blinked his eyes.

"But isn't it very dangerous? If they found you, they would crush you under their feet, hang you into water with your tail or set a cat on you. What do you do then?"

"There are various devices. We will tell you them. Furthermore you have those sharp, fine prickles. When you are found by a human, you can prick them. When you are attacked by a cat, you can expand your prickles so it is frightened and run away."

"If you think so, maybe that's right. I'll have my people start packing right away!"

The chief of Hedgehog Village flew to his village people and said.

"You don't have to toil at getting food anymore. We will move to human's house so you can have delicious food as much as you like anytime."

Most of villagers frolicked at the words of their chief. But some thoughtful hedgehogs started to question their chief.

"But, village chief," said a plump lady, "Humans are crueller than we expect. My grandfather was gutted and stuffed by a human."

All villagers shuddered to hear her and screamed, "Stop moving, we stay in our field!"

"Take it easy, people," the village chief shouted, "Remember that we have sharp prickles! We can prick them when they attack us! They will never hurt us again."

Most of people felt relieved. But one scholar opened his mouth.

"Some volume says that humans have a cat to rid a house of mice. Cats are also enemy for us. How frightening and painful to be run after by those fast paws and torn up with those violent nails! We had better to stay here and keep our lifestyle as ever."

All villagers agreed with him and screamed, "Stop moving, our field is the most suitable for us."

"Listen to me," the chief shouted again, "A mouse told me that cats are unexpectedly weakling so we can surprise them by expanding our prickles and drive them back. Since mice live in human's house for a long time, it's trustworthy enough."

Most of the village people smiled at one another. But one young hedgehog asked, “But, is it what we need actually to have delicious food everyday? Rather I consider sleeping without fear and a calm life is true happiness. I hope my children to live peacefully their whole lives.”

Villagers were impressed with his opinion and gave loud applause, “Stay here, leave peaceful field to our children!”

The chief, however, wanted to have that meat dishes again for his life. He barked, “Wait, wait, people! Is it the best thing we can do for our children just to keep peacefulness even if there is another happier life anywhere? Rather we should be bold to pursue bigger happiness and leave firm happiness to our children, shouldn’t we?”

No one said or questioned anymore. Some of them stayed in their field and the chief hurried other most to move.

Hedgehogs’ convenient, cheerful life started. They lived in the cellar because they were bigger than mice and sometimes expanded the prickles so they couldn’t live in the roof space. Actually, their prickles were helpful in other cases. Humans never hurt them since one of bigger hedgehogs picked a woman who shrieked at him. Fortunately, this family didn’t have cats. Hedgehogs helped the mice many times. So did the mice. They lived really calmly and happily for a while eating cheese, sausage, curry and rice, bean-jam buns and everything.

One day, black smoke filled the house. Humans used a special chemical to rid the house of vermin. Mice could escape from the small holes. But the hedgehogs were shut in the house because they expanded their prickles for fear.

“Take it easy,” the chief said. “I’ll try this bigger hole and expand it.”

Everyone thronged to the hole.

“Maybe my boy can go through. Let him go first!” a mother cried.

“No. I’ll check if it connects to a safe place first. People, take a breath, easy and try to blow the clouds.” He already pushed his face into the hole. The big, thick clouds closed upon the hedgehogs. They pushed his haunches with all their might. Firstly, they lost their sight. But they kept pushing. Next they lost their breath gradually. They could hear other’s crying no more. Lastly, their consciousness was taken and they were laid under their feet.

On the other hand, some of the mice returned to rescue the hedgehogs. They split up to search for them. One group found the chief of Hedgehog Village crawling out from a too small hole for him. They held his ears and pulled him out.

“Why!” They screamed at the same time. The animal had no prickles and had white eyes and uneven haunches.

“I was going to help a hedgehog but,” one said,

“Yeah, I also meant that but,” another said thinking.

“What’s this?” the third mouse asked to the fourth.

“It doesn’t seem like a hedgehog at least.”

Others answered simluteniously, “No, absolutely it’s not a hedgehog.”

# MESSAGE FROM THE EDITORS

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After reading all of the wonderful works, it made me think writing is an amazing tool to make your imagination, feelings, thoughts and experience alive! How amazing is that!?

NAOMI ALESHA OKUBO

---

Hi everyone, and thank you for taking CROP to have a look. I hope you enjoyed these great works. Please try to get involved in this project in both editing and providing English.

SHOHEI SEKIGUCHI

---

Our covers and student works were amazing, so improving the systems of editors will be required for CROP.

AYANO

---

Writing is hard. But I think it sometimes helps to discover more about myself. Keep writing and find new things!!!

JUNNA MATSUNAGA

---

All poems in CROP are interesting and creative. Please read and feel everything, you may take in something. Thank you.

TSUYOSHI FUSHIKI

---

Just take a pen and a piece of paper, and write down a few things on your mind into words, then you're a writer. Yes, every and each one of you can be a writer, a special writer. Don't wait, just do it. You are exceptional.

NAO GOTO

---

Stories will take us to unknown places. All of your stories took me wonderful places. I was really impressed with your essays, stories, and poems. Please keep writing, and entertain readers!!

RISAKO TAKEDA

---

Everyone in the CROP, all members, are so cooperative and active that I had so much fun being editor. All the writers had also written beautiful stories. Thank you!

MAIRI

---

CROP, it is like a firework. These writings are powder, it goes higher in the sky, explodes, and will remain in viewer's mind, eternally.

HARUHI USUI

# INVITATION

Meiji Gakuin University

# CROP 2016

CROP is Meiji Gakuin University's official  
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Thank you so much for all your support!!

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