CROP



VOL. 8

CROP ADVISER

CROP—**CREATIVE RISING ORIGINAL PRODUCTION**

When CROP started the first year, eight years ago, no one was quite sure how it would go. We had no journal name, no printer, no FB page, not much computer skill, and NO writers! We huddled around the table worried how would we EVER get anyone to write anything!?!? We started out with just our hope.

But that was enough. Students did write. More and more and more each year! Look in this great collection of writings to see how much and how students are writing. The works are full of energy, packed with sharp language, filled with passion.

But before you get lost in these readings, let me first say big thanks to all the writers and editors from the past. There are a lot of them! Since the start, we have published 150 poems, essays, stories and even a short play or two. We have had 50 editors working to produce CROP! That's a pretty good number! So, thanks to all of them!

The name for CROP fits just as well now as when the first editors came up with it. Students are still being creative. The number of writers is rising. The works are original and new. And the work of producing CROP has become even more of a pleasure.

Where will CROP go from here? Originality, creativity and production all keep rising. Despite the world's problems, and because of the world's problems, students are engaging with language, with the world, with themselves. They are no long silently keeping their ideas to themselves.

Freedom of speech is only freedom when it's spoken! It's with the politics of the heart, the government of the mind, where freedom of speech is needed now more than ever.

And students are expressing themselves. Look inside this volume of CROP. Students know that what they have inside themselves and what they want to say matters a very great deal.

Let's hope that the next age is one that favors those who raise their voices, who share their ideas, who work together to help others find ways to put language out into the world in a positive and creative way. CROP will always be a forum where students can do just that!

Of course, there's no grade for writing for or editing CROP, but better than a grade, there's the genuine contentment and the glowing satisfaction of having done unique, important and meaningful work.

MICHAEL PRONKO ADVISOR

EDITORIAL

Words are powerful.

They can make you happy, they can make you cry,

They can express your feelings, they can express what you're hearing.

They can show you love, they can show you hate.

They can change what you believe, they can change you to agree.

However, words are just words until you make them powerful. You have the power to make words powerful. All you need is to believe, love, and have a little bit of courage to express them.

They don't have to be perfect. They don't have to be the same as everyone else. They don't have to make sense. That's what words are for, to be you!

Same words can mean different, when the person expressing them is different, or the number of people who is expressing them is different.

There's never a time when it's not worth it to express. One of the examples is CROP. If the students didn't express their words, there would never be this Volume 8.

This year we received a lot of powerful works. Every single work represents the author's experience, hard work, and energy. We loved reading every single bit of it. Thank you for picking up CROP magazine! Enjoy!

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YOU & ME

NAOMI ALESHA OKUBO

If... I didn't take that final exam If... You didn't sign up for the abroad program, If... I didn't have that fight with my boyfriend If... You didn't ask me out on that weekend, If...I was accepted to another University If... You chose the school far from the city, If... I hated English and only spoke Japanese If... You were able to eat eggs and cheese, If... I didn't move to Japan If... Your parents never left Japan, If... We weren't born over sea We wouldn't have been YOU & ME. If... Everything happens for a reason, I would appreciate all the seasons.

> If... I am ME because of YOU I hope I made you, YOU.

If... YOU & ME are WE, I feel like it was destiny.



LISTENING IS BELIEVING

ASUKA HANAGATA

Once upon a time, in a small kingdom, there was a princess, Sophia. She was very cheerful, clever, and most importantly, she had beautiful blue eyes. Those were enviable ones that every girl in the kingdom wanted.

When Sophia was ten years old, a horrible thing happened in the peaceful kingdom. At midnight, when she slept in her room, a black shadow entered. That was a bad witch. She took her eyes, because she wanted to get the beautiful eyes no matter what, and cast a spell on them not to open forever. At once, she ran off to the deep forest, laughing loudly. Since then, Sophia could not see anything at all, but because of that her ears grew up well. She had great hearing.

Ten years later from that day, one rumor spread in the kingdom. That was "If Sophia finds the true love, and someone kisses her on her eyes, the spell will be broken."

When the rumor reached the king, he set up the singing contest in a hurry. And he decided, "Now that Sophia is twenty years old, someone who is chosen by her will become prince of this kingdom." Sophia agreed to his decision, and she thought that the singing contest was perfect, because she can feel what he is like by her good ear.

In a moment, the announcement spread to other countries. And as a result of the tournament, finally two candidates were decided.

One was a man called Eric. He was known as strong, rich, and handsome by many citizens. The other was a man called Nathaniel. He was thin and looked weak.

He was not famous like Eric, but they were friends in their childhood. Both of them were from the same country that was far from the kingdom. Therefore, the day before the singing contest, they stayed in her castle.

At last, the day of singing contest came. Which man will capture Sophia's heart? And will he get back the beautiful blue eyes for her? All citizens gathered at the party hall in the castle to see how the result goes. The kingdom was full of nervousness, and also an excited mood.

The man who walked proudly and stood on the stage first was Eric. He was totally confident. He said, "I promise you, Princess Sophia. If I become your partner, I will love you forever. Please listen to my voice, carefully."

Then, he started to sing a song. The song was about the king. His voice was as powerful

as a lion. In a song, he appealed that he was strong.

When he finished singing, the audience filled the hall with big applause.

Next was Nathaniel's chance. He was so nervous that he could not walk well. Many people in the hall laughed at him. He managed to stand the stage, and said, "I ...I'll sing from the bottom of my heart." Then, he started to sing a song. That was about love for a beautiful woman. His voice was as weak as a mouse, and sometimes cracked, so even though he finished singing, the audience made fun of him.

After the performance by Eric and Nathaniel, Sophia walked toward the man straight, and said, "Please kiss on my eyes."

The man in front of Sophia was Nathaniel!

Everyone in the hall was surprised, including Nathaniel. But he kissed on her eyes. Then, gradually, she opened her eyes, and she got back her beautiful blue eyes!

Sophia said, "Thank you so much! I know I was right." And she started to explain. "To tell the truth, I decided to choose Nathaniel last night. Yesterday, I could not sleep well because I was also nervous to decide my partner. So I went out to the balcony. Then, I heard the voice from the next room. He said, "There is no way to lose to Nathaniel. From when I was a child, he was weak and always I won. I will be the prince tomorrow, and soon, I will be the king!"

And he slept. I was so disappointed that his purpose was just his fame. After that, I went near Nathaniel's room to see what he was doing. Then, I heard singing. He practiced the song so hard! And he said, "Tomorrow, I will meet Eric for the first time in years. When we were children, we had many arguments, but I want confidence like him. I hope he became a good man. ...Oh! I have to prepare. If I could be the partner of Sophia, I would be so happy."

"And, he continued to sing a song. At that time, I made up my mind. Nathaniel is really kind, Even though he was bullied in the past, he can respect Eric. I am in love with his warmth. I know the proverb; seeing is believing. But I want everyone to know sometimes LISTENING is BELIEVING. Everyone, don't judge just by looks."

Then, Eric ran away, embarrassing himself. The audience stood up, and clapped their hands for Sophia and Nathaniel. That was bigger than for Eric's singing.

Three days later, they had a wedding ceremony. Sophia and Nathaniel lived happily ever after. They brought back joy to the kingdom.

THE BIG WAVE OF GROWTH

SEIICHIRO HIMURO

"Life is like the ocean. It can be calm and still, or rough and rigid, but in the end, it is always beautiful."

I don't know who said this, but such words flash across my mind. Now, my son, Wayne, rides the waves with his well-thumbed surfboard. It's embarrassing, but I didn't realise that his board is so much used till now. A father is sometimes too nervous, and sometimes too insensitive to a son. When I think back on it now, I was too sensitive at that time.

A few days ago, Wayne suddenly asked me to allow his entry of the contest for surfing held in California. Wayne thought he could easily get the go-ahead, and he said, "Good, right?" to me with his upturned eyes like a dog waiting a bone. However, I said, "No, Wayne," with a strong tone at once. It was because one accident when I was 16 years old, the same age of Wayne.

I, Simon, had been a genius of surfing. I had entered many small tournaments since I had been a child, and I had been on a winning streak. However, a big accident occurred in one contest when I was 16. It had gone smoothly at that day, but the BIG wave had been coming as if it tried to stop my steady advance. I had been swallowed up by the wave, and I had found myself lying on the bed. My leg had been injured, and hadn't moved. After the accident, my leg had cured, but my youth had lost its luster by my injury.

I remembered at that time gazing at my leg, and then I faced Wayne. Wayne said, "Why, Dad?" with anger and sadness. My heart was shaken by son's face like a wave, and after a great deal of vacillation, I conceded his participation as a father.

And now, Wayne is riding the wave. Wayne soaked his body with the sheets of spray. I stand on the dry and hot beach and worry about whether or not he drops from his board. Suddenly, the BIG wave, like that time, comes to Wayne. Wayne tries to ride it, but he falls into the sea. I remember the accident again. I feel awfully the salt tang of the sea and the sound of the strong wave. However, the next moment, Wayne shows his face between the waves and tries to ride his board again!

After all, the rank of Wayne is closer to the bottom than the top. Wayne looks at his result. I can't read his face because of the backlight of the sun, but maybe he is crying. Wayne is coming toward me. I want to encourage him, but what should I say?

Wayne is coming in front of me. Wayne says, "Thank you." as he passes next to me. I am surprised at his unexpected words, but I respond to him just by smiling. Now, maybe, Wayne is also smiling. "Life is like the ocean." I remember the words again. I feel the reliable growth from Wayne's back. From now on, he will be "a man."

FUNNY ANIMALS AND I

CHICKEN MAN

I was woken up by the father in the early morning. After that, I went outside. Outside was still dark and I felt awfully cold as I was frozen. And, I was taken to like a warehouse by the father. It was smelly like dead something. Father turned on the light of the warehouse. Then I found that there are like a rail. Also, there are so many eggs on the rail. Surprisingly, there are many thousands of chickens. It was the start of the worst day. This story is when I was a second grade at high school student. Its memories are our school trip.

Three years ago from now. In summer, we planned to go to Australia with my classmates. According to this plan, first day was that we were going to sightseeing in Sydney. From second day to final day we would stay at someone's farm. And, the final day we were going to come back to Japan, and getting our houses from each other. When I was going to plan, I guessed that its plan was funny. But, my thinking was naive. On the first day in the trip, there was nothing. It was simply fun. But, my worst memory was from second day to final day on this trip. The second day, we went from Sydney to a country town and we and other students parted to each house there. After that, we were shopping.

After that, we visited the farm. This farm has on a very wide land. This farm is as wide land as 600 Tokyo domes. It has a lake, tennis courts, 2000 chickens, 500 sheep, and wild kangaroos. When I heard that I was surprised. Then, I had a bad feeling about this. Next day, we were woken up at 8:00 am by the father. After that, we were taken to a chicken house. Then, Australia was winter. With that as a cause, I felt cold, and also eggs were cold like frozen. My role was to select eggs. My hands were very dirty by the eggs. I was shocked that chicken's legs were brought with eggs. When I saw the scene I thought that my school trip is very bad. Fortunately, the work was finished that morning. But we were worked for five hours.

The final day, we went to ship sheep. Unfortunately, the sheep were attached with their shit. It was so dirty. When I was looking at the sheep shit, I thought that I want to go back home. That day, we ship 300 sheep. After that, I felt dizzy.

I heard "The school trip is very funny". But actually, the school trip is so boring. What was worse, when I was flying back, I had spilled on me "Pepsi coke" by a girl. Then I told the girl, "I'm OK!!, Don't worry." But actually, my mind is so naive and I wanted to say "shit."

Through the worst school trip, my mind is stronger than before. But, I became to not like eggs and sheep. This is maybe good memories. So I want to continue telling the worst school trip memories.

BAD AMI HAYASHI

Everybody has thought and felt bad in their life. I think they may experience it every year, every week and every day. The 2 weeks in Australia made me experience some bad. In my high school, it was decided for me to go to Australia, because I was a student in the international class. I thought it was a mission and it made me so excited. However, the ideal and the reality were different.

Have you ever eaten Vegemite? Vegemite is a paste of vegetables and yeast fungus, dark brown and very very salty. It was so popular, but it was my first bad in Australia. People in Australia prefer eating it every morning. I could not believe it. To know and adjust myself to Australia, I tried to eat it sometimes. But I could not become accustomed to or enjoy its taste. Then I thought that Vegemite resembles natto in Japan.

To soak in a bathtub is one of the famous Japanese customs. I had never been abroad until visiting Australia. So, I felt bad every time when I took only a shower. In addition, the shower did not run hot water, or the hot water was not hot enough. In Australia, water is expensive because Australia has the problem of a lack of water. Some of my friends who went to Australia with me said, "She had to take a shower in five minutes. That is one of the rule of her host family." I knew that is an Australian custom, but it was bad for me as a Japanese.

At first, I kept a distance from my host family and lived mindfully of them. The reason was I was very shy and I thought that it was not good to cause them any trouble. So, after coming back from the local school of Australia to the house of my host family, I just locked myself in my room and sent emails to my friends in Japan. I wanted to play and talk with my host family. But I worried whether I could get through to foreigners with my English. And I did not have any confidence in my English skill of speaking and pronunciation. Come to think of it, I could not be aware of the serious issue at that time. I was too afraid of using my bad English to try to become confident in talking with foreign people in English. Having spent two weeks in Australia, I realized that I cannot improve my English if I do not use it. And I considered that learning English means not only learning words but also importing then and Australian cultures. So, I thought it was the worst bad in my life of Australia.

As stated above, I experienced many bad in Australia. But, bad taught me that trying everything can make knowledge, sense of taste and my life richer. And I came to realize that the world is wide. There are a lot of unknown foods, languages, animals, people and cultures for me. So, I want to know more of that, and want to look at the world perspectives. Then I hope to go abroad more.

PRECIOUS EXPERIENCE

TAKEMI MATSUMURA

We screamed. "Calm down. Go for it." We had heated hard fights from the first day. Things didn't go as planned to my satisfaction. Our first day of an overseas expedition was hard experience. The condition to play baseball was different between Japan and Taiwan. We couldn't cope with the difference in the first day.

One day, I began to play baseball. I might have been five or six years old then. Since then I had continued it until high school, so I acquire many experiences which aren't about only baseball. I went to many places, interacted with many people and could make many friends. In the situations, I went through a hard experience. It was only one time, and it was overseas expedition. I changed my outlook on my life through this event.

In 2012, I was in the second grade of junior high school. I was chosen as West-Tokyo Selection Team. I and my teammates went to Taiwan to play road away game of baseball. We practiced hard together before we got there. Therefore we had confidence, and were excited. However, the reality was not actually that easy.

The first day, Japan was very cold. I think March is spring, but Japan's March was as cold as winter then, so we wore heavy warm clothes because Japan was cold and we thought Taiwan may be cold. We arrived there after three hours passed as we rode on the airplane.

Taiwan strongly smelled like mixing cinnamon and stink. After we got off the airplane, we got undressed wearing clothes in a chartered bus. Then we wore a T-shirt because Taiwan was very hot. We enjoyed sightseeing in the day. In the night, we were troubled at the difference of food culture. The tastes were salty and spicy. We could eat only some few foods, so we bought many instant noodles in a cup and ate them.

The second day, Taiwan's baseball condition attacked us who were in a happy mood. We couldn't deal with it, and our confidence left us for somewhere like the wind of a typhoon. There were differences of baseball condition between Japan and Taiwan. We felt discomfort. Those problems were "stadium condition was bad", "it was hot" and "we can't drink the tap water". Baseball stadium which we went and played in had fell many droppings. In addition, Taiwan was very hot in March. We couldn't deal with the temperature. Furthermore, in Taiwan you can't drink tap water, because they didn't develop water purification plants. Therefore, we played the baseball game under hard conditions, so we couldn't play well, and the day finished as it is.

The next day, we could overcome those situations by repeating many strategy meetings. We changed our failure to success. We and our parents bought many ices and much water to drink, so we could deal with the temperature and could be secure. We also prepared a strategy to overcome that the stadium condition was bad. Then we practiced in an exercise before the game and it went very well. As a result, we could win many matches during overseas expeditions since then.

I could learn many things from it. It wasn't only my energy, because there were many people who helped me. Furthermore, there were more severe conditions than my own conditions to play baseball in the foreign country. Since I knew them, I have changed a way of thinking about baseball. Today, I think I want to work teaching baseball. This journey became a turning point of my life.

UNFORGETTABLE UNIQUE MEMORY

MEGUMI YAZAKI

Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

When I was preparing for sleeping, my mother screamed. I was very surprised at the voice. I was running up to my mother. Then there was so spectacularly scary spider. The size was about 20 centimeters. The spider like an aragog is a spider which appears in the movie of Harry Potter. My relative caught the spider with newspapers. I did not believe. Besides, she was a girl. However, no one believed this story. I thought I would like to gome early.

That is a story when I was an elementary school first year and I went to Mie prefecture with my family. Mie was my mother's parent's home. But my grandmother moved to Tokyo now. My uncle lives in Mie now.

At the time, I took a shinkansen for the first time. I was very excited. I remember that I enjoyed playing card game. I was looking forward to arriving Mie. However, I was disappointed when I got off the shinkansen. There was unmanned station. Furthermore there was only the place that is gathering fisher. Then we went to my mother's parent's home. There were distant relatives. The relations lived near. I was low tension because there were people who I didn't know. But they were very kind. The day was nothing to do.

The next day my uncle went to sea with my family. We took my uncle's big ship. First we watched fishing on the ship. I got seasick. However my uncle said to me wait a moment please and you will get well. I couldn't understand what he said. But at once I understood that.

It was a wonderful view from there. We saw the sea shining under the sunset shine. The sea was brilliant. I saw the sea for a while silently. I remember the brightness of the sea. I saw the sea turned red in the setting sun for the first time. In those days, I had thought the color of sea is only blue. So, I was riveted to the spot when I saw the scene.

Then we could smell the salt of the sea around there. I thought that was like a fish smell. And I heard the sound of the waves. The sound made me calm. My cousin gave me a big trumpet shell. The size was 15 centimeters. Surprisingly, when I put the shell to my ear, it sounded of the waves. In addition, the shell sounds even now. It is one of my treasures.

Thereafter my uncle showed me fishing. He caught a lobster. Lobster's back was tough. We ate the lobster my uncle caught. It was very delicious. I got seasick but I had forgot such things. The experience on the ship was very valuable. I can't forget such memory forever.

I thought Mie was boring on the first day. I even thought I would like to go back home. However, the next day I thought Mie was a wonderful place. Mie is a very simple prefecture but has many good places. I learned there are many good places in every prefecture.

When I am walking along the riverside and looking out over the river suddenly I

remember the brightness of the sea. When I see a trumpet shell I remember the sound of the waves. When I eat lobster, I remember the salty tang of the sea. Precious memories will never leave. I want to go to Mie again and I want to travel to various parts of Japan sometime.

BRAND NEW NICKNAME

NOBITA

"Gaijin" is one of the words that some Japanese use to call people from other countries. The word itself means "foreigner" and is the abbreviation style of "gaikokujin." If you are a foreigner and have ever entered Japanese school or worked in Japan, you will hear some Japanese calling you "gaijin" as your beautifully and lovely brand new nickname that they would name you, even if you did not ask for it. In this essay, I would like to describe discrimination in Japan against foreigners. First, I will talk about three possible reasons why some Japanese do not welcome people from other countries, after that I would like to explain the impact and finally I would like to give my opinion about how to overcome this situation.

There are three possible reasons why some Japanese discriminate against foreigners. First is geography, next is language, the last one is culture. To start with the geography, Japan comprises over seven thousand large and small islands and most of them are mountainous. Japan has been known as an isolated island nation with a single culture because they were not many connections with other nations and this makes Japanese love their own nation so much that many of them do not like foreigners. More important is language. A large number of Japanese people tend to speak only Japanese and have no wish to acquire new language skill. Although Japanese students learn English for six years in school, many of them still struggle to communicate in even basic English. Japanese people have an intense fear of making mistakes or being embarrassed in public, they are too shy to speak up during class because they do not want to make mistakes in front of other classmates. Of course, this absolutely causes the communication problems with foreigners. The biggest reason is culture, as I told you at the beginning that Japan is the isolated nation with a single culture. Because of this reason most Japanese will not accept other cultures and look at them with strange eyes. For example, many of foreigner often make a big noise in a train which is somehow a very common situation in their country but not in Japan. Most Japanese do not like it and think of those foreigners in a bad way.

I have written about the possible reasons why some Japanese do not like foreigners. Now, I would like to talk about the impact of the discrimination; basically, there are three main impacts: two are negative and one is more positive. The first negative impact is economic impact. In December 2014, Japan has taken the visa Exemption Arrangements with 67 countries, this makes Japan enjoy an unprecedented boom in foreign tourism. More than 13.4 million tourists visited Japan in 2014. However, because of this discrimination the number of tourists will decrease and it affects directly Japan's economy in the whole picture. More seriously is the connection impact. Japan is one of the most famous place that many foreigners want to live. However, there are problems. For example, in case you are not Japanese, some companies will not hire you even if you have graduated from a high-ranking university with a great GPA. This is true and it is just because you are not Japanese. As long as discrimination against foreigners still exists in Japan, a great number of foreigners do not want to live in Japan anymore and Japanese will have less connection with other countries.

The final impact is more positive than the first two impacts: It is the mental impact. As I said there are many negative impacts. But also because of this race, foreigners who live in Japan have to fight much harder to get to the top, to be accepted by Japanese and to survive in this tightly raced road. This makes them become a stronger and a better person.

Today in this essay I have talked about why there is discrimination: geography, language and culture. Also, I have talked about two negative impacts and one positive impact: economic, education and mental. Lastly, I would like to give my opinion about how to overcome this problem. Since Japanese obey rules so much more strictly, I believe that the government should make federal law for discrimination and build Japanese culture schools in every town, where people could attend free culture lessons. This will create more connections and opportunities, help them understand each other and bring up the idea that "gaijin" is not a foreigner's name.

SEE YOU AGAIN

NOBITA

It may have been the tears of happiness I had been searching or it might be him who inspired me. My best friend, he was a young boy with long blonde hair, born in Bangkok and raised in a high-ranking family of an investor. We were extremely close. As young fellows, we were like cat and dog: we often fought each other, still we always resolved our arguments with understanding. I thought our fight would last forever, but I was completely wrong. He gave me much, I have learned from him that a best friend is like a four leaf clover, that we shouldn't regret anything in life, and that life is too short to leave important words unsaid.

Ten years have passed since we first met. On the first day of school I stepped into the classroom, saw him look at me, and thought "What the heck?!" My lips moved about to say, "What's the matter with you?" but the bell rang. School started and I turned back. He truly looked like a dork who I would never hang out with. At least I thought so till that day: the day I was teased by some jackasses in the school toilets. They beat me up so badly. Suddenly, I heard someone shout and jumped into them with powerful punches. It was him, Mimi. The last person in the world I expected to show up. To me, he was like my four leaf clover: hard to find and lucky to have. "Nice to meet you. Nobi."

We kept in touch for many years up until the last year before graduation. There were many things that needed to be prepared and I was too busy to talk with him like we usually did. He, too, was always absent from school and disappeared. One night, I made a call and hoped he would answer. Unfortunately, there was no one there at his home. I gave up calling and fell asleep.

The next day, after school finished when the sun had tired and sunk in the west, I got a message from Mimi telling me that he might not go to school anymore, he said he has tried his best. At the last line of the message, it read "093-789-7789 Bangkok Hospital". "A hospital?! What?!" I instantly brought up my phone and pressed the buttons, hoping that there would be no one there, at the hospital. "Hi dude?!" he answered. To me, regretting about bad things that happened in life is useless, we need to smile with it and fight problems till the end, just as he did. "I'm all right."

Now, even the smallest things could be a big struggle. He started to lose his weight, power and long white hair. "I'm sorry this has happened to you." I talked to him while he was taking pills in front of me. "Don't worry," he said. As he lay down next to me I said to him, "If you ever feel like talking, I'm here to listen." "Thank you." As he closed his eyes nearby me, I told him: "I care about you". "Me too." "It time to go home, Mimi! Let's go home" I whispered, as he took an eternal rest on the bed. He had been living with cancer and now he soon passed away. To me, life is too short to leave important words unsaid. "Take care."

The emergency door was shut suddenly making the sound of a storm; my tears started

dripping making the sound of thunder. I walked slowly down the hallway in the sound of cold rain. Not so many reasons could make me produce tears, but damn you Mimi: you were just too precious. It was about 10 o'clock in the night, dark, cold, and I'm crying. "You know I will be there someday, too. See you again."

TIME TO THINK

NOBITA

Everyone has heard the saying, "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but words will never hurt me." Of course, words hold the power to create but the sad truth is that words also hold the power to destroy and they can really do hurt. Leave behind any weapons created by human, words may be the most powerful. Many of us speak without thinking when we get angry and the words become something mightier than a sword that wounds others as well as ourselves.

Have you ever spoken the words and wished that you could bring it back right away? A large number of us are very careless with the use of words, especially when we let our motions take over and often we speak before we think. Words are not just a simply sound coming out through our mouth but they really do have a more powerful effect on people around you than any physical actions do.

Negative comments and phrases such as "dummy," "stupid," "idiot," and "you are nothing!" can cause emotional harm and have long-lasting results that spread far beyond the person to whom they were damaged. Like when we fight with our partner and he or she said, "I don't want you anymore, go away!" Our chest feels painful and we could not even eat for days or weeks. Words hurt us.

Harsh words can destroy one's spirit, harsh words can cut a little deeper and harsh words can even end up with the will to live when they come from someone we respect, trust and love. Many marriages have been everlastingly destroyed by the words of anger and perhaps, some people were sent to the point of no return by the killing word "worthless." It is the last thought anyone had before they commit suicide. That is the way things go. Words kill us.

Spoken words are unable to be taken back once spoken and they have the potential of performing nearly anything or wrecking nearly anything. Just one word could ruin a person's day. A few might even ruin a person's life. By putting your ego down and taking time to think before we say something, life would be much easier. It is time to think.



OLD STYLE?

NOBITA

Millions of people fly from one place to another far place so easily these days that you might forget the classic road trip and think it is old fashioned but did you know that every mile you take on a road trip you are revealing your own nature? I'm talking about a moving car which has three people seated, one is spreading his legs randomly at the back, another one is gripping tight his shotgun in front and the last one is handling the steering wheel.

Some people do nothing but always complain about everything. This is exactly the same as the always sit in the back people usually do. They always keep their mouth moving while their body stays still. For example, imagine you are setting the stage for the school's festival that seems not to be done so soon, and you asked them for hands to help. The very first things they are going to say to you are, "Why me?! I'm busy enough! Quicken your own hands!" Then came the complaint and they ended up walking around doing nothing. For the result, no one wants to get close with him, unreliable and selfish. This is why he has to sit alone in the back spreading his own small legs all the time.

The go shotguns are more likely to have reliability than the people who always sit in the back. They are very skillful and always make a good decision, one shot for one kill. Also, they often take risks. Standing in the edge of something would be their favorite moments. If you are boss of these people, take care of them well, then they will do anything for you. They would sacrifice their life for you undoubtedly and love you from the deepest part of their heart. Pull a trigger, Bang! And let's see how good they are.

Many people do not want to be a driver while driving on a long run road trip but the born to be big baby driver would always say, "Yes!" These people seem to agree with everything that is said or asked. They again work very well under pressure and have a good response in any situations. Moreover, they are absolutely the most reliable person. In the office, they will be a valuable worker, in the house they will be a great father, and in the car they will be an expert technical driver. These reliable people in general tend to build stronger relationships, when they fall in love with someone they will hold you tight and never let you go just as the way they control the steering wheel. But don't you be afraid of being controlled by this type of person because they are so capable and barely make mistakes.

Times are achanging, but that does not mean that everything should change. And the old style road trip is always good and should never be forgotten. It gives us good memories of the old days. The next time before you hire someone into your office or your life, please ask them one question, let's see who they are, a driver, a passenger in front, or a passenger in the back. "Do you like the old style?"

WORTH THE RISK?

NOBITA

It's 6.30 am again Monday morning; that annoying moment to get up early, jump into the office and get back to the stresses of the work in front of you. Who would look forward to that? An office romance may adjust Monday mornings to be easier and enjoyable. But is putting a mine of excitement to your work life worth the risk? We could find the answer in this report. First I will write about the merit, next I will discuss and finally I will give some of my opinions.

As people spend much of their lives at work, the workplace is now, perhaps more than ever, becoming the only place people have chance to meet new people. The first advantage to dating someone in the workplace is that you have a very good sense of his or her character since you spend so many hours together at work. For example, an English Department student at MGU said, "Knowing the character of the person you're dating could save you from lots of headaches along the way." However, the most beneficial point is that you do not have to wake up alone any more in the morning!

Office romances also have their drawbacks, causing a host of distractions and problems. For example, if your relationship does not work out you still have to face and work with your ex every day. This is especially strainful for the person who did not want to end the relationship. This type of situation can lead to poor performance, increased stress, workplace drama and a possibly hostile work environment. Moreover, no matter how well your relationship is going, both of you need "alone time" to do hobbies or hang out with friends, and the lack of it may lead to many problems. That is why most big companies have policies intended to police or even prohibit executives and managers from getting too close to the people working for them.

Many people often spend more time at the office than at home. As a result, nearly 85% of 18-29 years old would have a romantic relationship with a co-worker and more than half of them ended up with nothing but a landmine under their feet. Dating someone in the workplace will create an awkward, tense situation for yourself and it is not something near the word "worth it."

THE PRIZE FOR THE WINNER

NOBITA

It has been raining for weeks; thousands upon thousands of minutes filled with rain, with the drum and gush of water. In the night that cold wind blows and rain falls forever. I leave the emergency room behind, walk meter by slow meter, heading to the toilet to wash my bloody hands and find some place to clear up my mind. Then I heard someone running through the hallway like a light of thunder toward me. He stopped in front; it is Christopher, a university boy with thick blue glasses on his angry looking face.

"Sorry, Christopher, it was all my fault." I take the last deep breath and calmly tell him. The boy frowns and turns his white eyes to the doorway of emergency room.

"Did you not promise me you will take care of her well, Beck?!" Replied the mad boy. For a moment, we say nothing but just wait. Then the doctor comes out from the operating room, explains swiftly, concisely her condition: Patient's heart is failing and bleeding to death, she might not pull through this night. We need to have a heart transplant immediately but we cannot find any volunteers that has the same blood type and there is mighty little time.

"It is her one last chance." The Doctor added.

Christopher drew in his breath and paled visibly.

"You mean she will die if someone does not give his heart for her?" He asked.

And then, of course, I tell the doctor instantly, "I will! I am AB blood type!"

The surgeon, he explains hundreds of things to me, but it does not matter anymore. Finally, he asked if I really want to do this, and gives me minutes for a time to consider fully again. Christopher turned sorrowful, his eye helpless and start crying of pain.

"Christopher, it's been about four years that three of us have been together" He looked up at my face as I talk.

"Do you remember what I said when we were on the podium at Freshy Couple Contest?"

"Yes, you said....," interrupted the other roughly. "And still remember the rules?"

"Of course, Beck, I remember. We must take care of her until the day of graduation."

"Yes! Today we graduated! And Tomorrow, she will give the answer that both of us has been waiting for a long time; she will choose, you or me."

I knew that I will never have a chance to hear, but it is okay. I turn my back to him, step forward to the operating room.

"Beck....!" He called me. Christopher, weak and pale, tried to move his lips.

Then twitching mouth: "A Life for you, right? That is what you said."

"Yes, that is right," I uttered.

"If you were AB-type you gonna do the same thing, don't you?"

"Take care of her, Christopher." I ended.

Beck nodded slowly and seconds later he shouted: the last words,

"What should I tell her if she asked me about you, Beck!?!!"

"Just tell her," I took a deep breath and replied. "You are the winner."

Behind the closed-door is only silence. They lock the door, even more slowly that my ears hear a sound clearly. I lay on the white big table surrounded with six people, after that everything becomes darker and darker.

Now, I can be by her side... eternally. The prize of winner.



DEVILS OF MYTHOLOGY

HIROKI KOGURE

1. Medusa

Surrounding rooms begin to turn. Pirouetting, melting, a galaxy with two red rubies. I feel sweat drip on my neck. I ignore it. Real depth approaches me from the core of the galaxy, or my eyes are drawn by it. Atomic pile burning in two diabolic rocks. Looking at your eyes, I am caught by the glowing gravity.

2. Succubus

Myself shaved off a sliver of the past. Emptiness colored purple on my hands. Moments turn to ivy, appear before me. Ominous masks bloom from ivy not flowers. Ringing someone's voice. "Good to see you again", "No way, You must be dead already!"

3. Siren

Muse - you're all I want. Under the light, I'm trying to sing. Sanctus rings only in my head marvelously, but I never reproduce it by tongue. Celebrate me, Muse. Celebrate my tiny talent. All failure songs will finish in while. Lofty Muse, please come now. Now!



THE WAR

"The bombs fell like black rain." Can you imagine it? Sometimes my grandmothers told to me about the war. My maternal grandmother told it to me when I and she watched "Grave of the Fireflies." When I was a little girl, I couldn't watch this movie and couldn't hear her story till the last. My paternal grandmother said to me that she walked through the river holding hands in wartime. I think the days to be frightened by death must have been terrifying. My grandfathers have never talked about the war. I think the man doesn't want to talk about the war as much as the woman. And the person who had killed people and seen people die don't want to remind in wartime. An acquaintance's old man drew wartime pictures. He was a soldier in World War II. I have never seen the dead body, and so I cannot imagine it, but the pictures were really real and scary. The bloody person, the person who dissolved in the misery of the war. My high school teacher said to me that his father sold the vegetables which were not edible in wartime. But people changed it for clothes. During the war, goods of every description were in short supply. Because there were very few people who got enough to eat every day.

"Black fingernails, human shadow etched in stone and bent iron shutters." Have you ever seen it? I had seen it when I went to Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum on a school trip. I couldn't much understand about World War II because I was too young. But I felt the terror of the war. And I thought black fingernails are a kind of artifact first, but they weren't. The article left behind made a chill run down my spine.

I checked World War II when I became a high school student. Because I watched movies and VTR, read the books about the war and I became interested in it. One day, I was reading the newspaper about wartime. It was written about "Entaigou" which is called banker in English. When I was in Ehime, I had seen it. But I didn't know that it was a memento of the war until I read a newspaper. Maybe almost all people don't know. Now it is used as children's amusement place and a warehouse.

I had read "COCOON" which is the manga about "Himeyuri-gakuto-tai". When I read it, I was really shocked. The character who lives desperately while watching the friends dying one after another was written in manga. Some boys were brought up as a girl in Okinawa because they didn't what them to be taken to the war.

"War is not the answer." Do you know this phrase? In the United States, it is used in the argument of Afghan after 9.11 and the dispute in Iraq. In Japan, it is advocated in the slogan of some peace groups. I think I want wars to disappear, but it's difficult for them to disappear from the world.

Do you know the letter to the lover of the U.S. soldier called John Joseph Grant who came to Japan for war? "Japan is very beautiful. I see a red torii in a green rice field. I don't want to drop the bombs in such a beautiful country. The war is hell. It is cruel and

is cold, and the sacrifice is too big." It was written in the letter. I think the war takes judgement and the ethic. And it not only causes it. Even if an individual leaves judgement and the ethics, it's crushed and adds to pain. However, there should be still left what we can do. For example, we hear the wartime experience of our grandparents, watch a wartime photograph and picture. It may be hard, but I think it is very important. The accompaniments of the war are misery and sorrow whether win or lose. The modern society can easily revive a human being if we reset TV and a game. However, the war can teach preciousness of the human life. The war can teach preciousness of the human life. We should realize that the place where we live now was a battlefield.



OUR HERO MIZUKI HOSOYA

"Did you hear that Mr. Nakamura died earlier this morning?" My brother asked me as soon as I came back home. I couldn't believe it and I was staggered by the sudden sad news.

Katsuhiro Nakamura is my father's cousin and he was the general manager of the Hanshin Tigers while he was alive. He was very generous, cool, and clever. When I traveled to Osaka and Hyogo with my family in July, 2014, we went out for dinner with him and his wife after watching a baseball game between the Hanshin Tigers and the Yomiuri Giants. The game was heated and Tigers won at the bottom of the last inning. So he looked little tired but was smiling cheerfully. I can't forget his smile still now. This is the last time that I saw him.

About a year and two months later, September 23, 2015, he suddenly died of a brain hemorrhage. He was 66 years old. At that time, Tigers had traveled to Tokyo for the game and he stayed at a hotel in Tokyo. So his family couldn't be there when he died. When I heard the news, I couldn't accept it and I didn't want to believe it.

Six days later, I went to his funeral with my father. So many people came there. "Mr. Nakamura." "Katsu." "Kattyan." Everybody cried and called his name. His wife and daughter broke down. And his son expressed words of thanks. "I'm working as a doctor now. However, I couldn't save my father. I regret it. So, I have to save his most important treasure, my mother." Everybody cried again by his words. I think Mr. Nakamura loved his family, and his family loved him.

After the funeral, I talked with many people and asked about him because I like him and wanted to know his philosophy of how to live. First, I talked with his best friend. He said "Katsu was a hard worker. When he was a high school student, he studied very hard because he wanted to play baseball at Waseda University. At last, he realized his goal. Moreover, he became a captain of the baseball club." I was very surprised. He studied and entered Waseda University, although he could enter other famous university on recommendation without studying.

Second, I asked about him to a journalist who had interviewed Mr. Nakamura for a long time. He said "He was so kind. He agreed to be interviewed at any time. When Tigers were floundering near the bottom of league and he was criticized, he smiled and said, "Being criticized means I'm at the important position. It's a man's dream." Even if the team was in the very difficult situation, he had never given up and continued to fight. I think he had thought about his team until right before he died. Lastly, I talked with his son. He said only, "He is my hero."

I learned many important things from his philosophy of how to live through the conversation with people who know him well. First, I can't fulfill my goal without strenuous effort. Second, it's important to think positively about everything any time.



Finally, his motto left a strong impression on me. "Work hard, but don't strain yourself. Give, but don't claim." It means that we should do our best for everyone, but shouldn't demand return. I want to live like him. He is our hero.

WHAT THE WORD GAVE ME

SAYURI KAMIO

There are lots of dramatic words which can change people's life, and thanks to them, they can find and live their ways. As for me, I also have a special word to live bravely. One of my junior high school's friend gave me the word, and it has always encouraged me to live strongly.

There was a girl who have a slight of disability. Sometimes she couldn't express herself well, but except that moment, she is just a girl like others. She understands our humors, she enjoys game of catch with us in her spare time. And what is more, she is totally gentle and a brave person. She has always tried to be kind to others, and I admired her seeing her behavior.

One day, I finished my school as usual, and I was about to go home. But the next moment what I saw was terribly shocking for me. Some of my classmates surrounded her and said some rude words. She seemed confused, but I couldn't make them stop. From that day, they started treated her in bad ways. My friend and I cared about her, but still couldn't tell them to stop that. I was so ashamed of me nothing to make action to her. I wondered soon she couldn't come to school because of this bad situation.

Contrary to my expectation, she tried to continue coming to school whatever she was said rude things by them. Besides, she always expressed her gratitude to us, and lived her daily life just like nothing happened. One day I asked her, why she could come to school every day. Her answer is quite simple, but full of braveness. I understand why she is such a great person. 'I know I'm brave enough to overcome these difficulties'.

From that day, I always be with her as usual, not to considered her situation badly. I believed her from all of my heart, and of course, so she did by herself. Wonderfully, gradually other classmates consider her as one of the great person, and the situations surrounding her became better and better. And now, that word helps me to live strongly. To believe and affirm that I am a brave person, I'm not afraid of most of difficulties in my life. I can live with high affirmation, and thanks to this, I live my life full of joy and without any regrets.



NICOLE AND HER DAY

AYANO NORO

"Hey Nicole, this is the town you and I are going to live from today."

Nicole was looking out the window of the truck. The place was new to her eyes. Where she lived before didn't have the houses made close together, and there were more trees and flowers everywhere. She was also surprised to see that there were no mountains around her. She and her father were moving to a new town, and they were carrying their stuff to the new house.

"Look, that's our house!" Her father was excited to start a new life here in this new town with her daughter. He stopped the car in front of the house and started unloading their boxes. His friend who lived in the same town came to help them move in. They were working hard and they didn't realize that Nicole had disappeared. But they didn't worry so much because Nicole went away by herself very often in the town they lived before. "I bet she will come back soon as always, but because we just moved here, I'm just worried that she could get lost."

Nicole was looking around the new town. There were new buildings everywhere, playgrounds, and many small houses, as that she saw from the car on her way here. The new town wasn't big with many people, but there were many small children, about Nicole's age, playing outside with the other children. The town she used to live in had more nature, but because there weren't many children playing around, she really liked to think about making new friends and playing with them. Many kids were wearing colorful backpacks to school. It was their last day of school, and summer break was about to begin. At the playground, she found many elementary school children playing on the see-saw.

"How do you do this?" A girl looked like she was having fun playing on the see-saw, Nicole wanted to try it too. The girl with the red backpack was surprised to know that this little girl didn't know how to ride the see-saw, but showed her how she could go up and up by pushing her legs off the ground.

"Hey look! I'm really high!" When the girl with the red backpack, named Ann, looked away, Nicole was already at the top of the see-saw.

"Don't let go!" Ann shouted, but it was too late. Nicole removed her hands and flew all the way to the other side of the park.

"OOOH THAT WAS SCARY!!!" Many of the children who were watching Nicole fly gathered to see if she was okay. She wasn't hurt at all. The rest of the day, Nicole played at the playground with the other kids, and Ann took Nicole home. Ann was a 5th grader in the elementary school in the town. She was small, with black, not so long hair, and loved playing outside. Ann was a very kind and clever girl, and she was the student that was in charge of the classroom. She was good at looking after small children, and she wanted to be a pre-school teacher when she grew up. Nicole liked listening to Ann's stories. Ann would tell her stories about, how elementary school works, what she is studying, and what she usually does during the summer. While they were walking home, Ann asked Nicole many things. How old she was, where she came from, and what she was doing all alone and things like that. Nicole answered, that she was five years old, that she came from a very far place. Nicole would be going to elementary school from next year, so she was excited to know many new things. She, then realized that she had been away for a long time and her father could have been worried about her. So Nicole and Ann hurried to Nicole's house. When they got back, they discovered that they were neighbors. Nicole made a new friend on her first day in this new town.

Ann introduced her family to Nicole. "I have two older sisters. Their names are Kate and Jess. Kate goes to high school, and Jess goes to college. They are both really nice so I think you'll like them, and I think they will play with you too. And this is my mother. My father is usually not home because he has work, but I think you'll see him someday."

"Hi Nicole, I'm Ann's mother. Nice to meet you. You can come to our house every day. We'll treat you like our own kids. Come play with my girls!" Nicole was happy to hear that because she sometimes felt lonely in the house while her father was working. But now she had another house and people that would also treat her as a family. Nicole and Ann were playing in Ann's room with the dolls when they heard Nicole's father said, "Nicole, come back home. We're going shopping!" Nicole and Ann were having so much fun that Nicole wanted to pretend that she couldn't hear anything, but her father continued, "Since you're older now and we're in a new place, I am going to buy you something." "What? What are you going to buy me?" Nicole was really happy that she hurried back to where her father was, and jumped around with joy. They walked through the corner of the town, and there was a bicycle shop. "I'm going to buy you, and myself, a bicycle so that we can go shopping together. Choose any bicycle you like, Nicole." They entered the bicycle shop and saw many colorful different types of bicycles. There were road bikes, bikes that had a child seat on the back, and bikes for little kids with the training wheels. The store wasn't big enough to have all the bicycles inside, but there were many outside the store so that people passing by the store could easily take a look. On the walls were helmets, gloves, and tools which could be used for self-repairs. Nicole first chose a big bicycle which was for adults.

"Hey dear, I think that one is too big for you. How old are you?" The man in charge of the bicycle shop came to see what she chose. "I'm five." Nicole answered. "Then why don't you get this blue one? And you can choose a helmet from these ones here." The man pointed at a rack nearby. Nicole chose a blue bicycle with training wheels and a helmet with stars printed on it, and her father also chose a blue bicycle with a big basket on the front so that he could use the bicycle when they go shopping at the grocery store. Nicole and her father thanked the man and left the bicycle shop. Nicole practiced riding her bicycle so she was able to ride it on her own. Nicole was happy to have her own bicycle, but was told that she wasn't able to go ride it by herself yet. Nicole couldn't wait to ride her bicycle and go far. Nicole and her father also went to other places to buy the things they needed for their new house. They bought curtains, plates, a coffee maker, clothes, and shoes. On their way home, they talked about what Nicole wanted to do during the summer. Nicole said that she wanted to go to the sea, so her father promised to take her.

Later that day, Nicole came home with Ann. "Dad! Dad! Let's go!" She shouted to her father from the entrance of her house.

"Where?" Her father had no idea where she wanted to go.

"What are you saying? You said you would take me to the sea! Can we take Ann too?"

"No, I didn't say we were going today. I said during the summer break. But, okay. I think we can go today. Come on Nicole, get your stuff." Nicole, her father, and Ann headed to the sea. They took the train to get to the nearest beach. On the train, Nicole got on the seat and turned her body to see out the window. At first, she could only see similar buildings passing by, but as the train got closer to the beach, the houses and the buildings became less, and they were able to see the sea between the houses. The train finally stopped at the last station, which was full of people who were going to the beach like them. It was Nicole's first time to go to the sea, so she got excited and ran into the water without even getting into her swimsuit, but soon was lifted out of the water by her father.

"You need to change your clothes first, and then you can get into the water. You shouldn't run into the water without doing any exercise because it is dangerous! Okay?" Nicole's father warned her, but Nicole wasn't listening much to her father's words. While changing into her swimsuit, she noticed that many people had floats with them. She asked her father what that was, and begged him to buy one for her too. Nicole's father bought her a watermelon pattern float, blew it up into the round shape, and took her to the umbrella where their stuff were put under it. Nicole had sunscreen on her body and face, stretched a couple of times, before slowly walking into the water. She put her foot into the water and felt the sand under her foot moving.

"It's so cold in here!" Nicole started going deeper and further into the sea. Ann came with her because Nicole's father wasn't good at swimming. Ann and Nicole were making splashes and riding on the waves with the float.

"Look! There's a big one coming!" It was just when Nicole said that when she got swallowed by the big wave.

"Nicole's gone!" Ann looked for her, and found her floating on the float in the middle of the ocean. Because it was Nicole's first time in the sea, she didn't realize that it was hard to come back to the shore from a deep area. Nicole tried to swim back, but the waves pulled her go more and more to the middle of the ocean. Nicole thought that she wouldn't be able to go back to her father, and started crying. Ann called the lifeguard for help, and Nicole was safely taken back to her father. After that, Nicole was too scared to go into the water again, so Nicole and Ann decided to play with the sand instead, and started making a huge sand castle. They used a bucket and put sand in it, flipped it over, and repeated that over and over again. The castle was decorated by little colorful shells which Nicole collected. It was almost 5 pm, so Nicole's father called them to go home, but Nicole said she wanted to finish making the big castle. After 30 minutes, Ann and Nicole's father found Nicole sleeping by the completed castle. There was a river going through the castle, and a big shiny shell on the very top. Nicole's father took a picture of the castle, and put the shiny shell on the top into his backpack to take it home. Ann and Nicole's father packed their stuff and headed to the station again. Only their breathing could be heard on the quiet train back home. The girls had fallen asleep. Once they got to their station, it was already dark outside, and Nicole was awake from her sleep.

"What else do you want to do during the summer, Nicole?" Nicole's father asked on their way home. "You experienced moving to a new town, you made new friends, and you went to the sea. What else do you want to try?"

"I want to go to the mountain. And also go camping, and do BBQ, and go to the river, and go see the stars! Oh, and I also want to go to school with Ann. And..." They talked about what they wanted to do until they finally got home. Nicole said bye to Ann, and went inside the new house she was going to live from now on. Her father showed her the kitchen, the dining, the living room, and her bedroom. They took a bath, got into their pajamas and laid on the bed.

"How was your day?" Nicole's father asked as he tackled her into bed. Nicole thought about her long day. She came to this new town with her father she loved, explored around and met Ann and her family, learned how to use the see-saw, went to buy her bicycle, and went to the beach. She was already in her dreams before answering to her father's question. Nicole's father took out the shell he brought home from Nicole's sand castle, and put it on her desk. He cleaned up Nicole's room a little, and turned off the lights.

"Good night Nicole. You experienced a lot today. I hope you will explore something new tomorrow too." He said and slowly and quietly closed the door.



WILD ONES WHISPERING IN MY MEMORY

KAORI TANIMOTO

I remember the bird that flew high above the blue wide sky, flapping its big wings. I was looking at the bird thinking; how exciting it would be to fly, how wonderful it would be to go wherever you want, and what will the view be like. Until the teacher said to me, "Are you listening?"

I remember a baby dog chasing me as it barks, and I ran as fast as I could. She was cute but scary for a six-year-old girl.

I remember one of my favorite animals is a toucan, since I touched its big bright mandarin beak in a botanic garden.

I remember the tiny bat that lay on the grass of the playground in school, with its eyes closed. It was noisy outside, but there was silence around the bat.

I remember the day when the horse that I used to ride; "Mundialita" was taking a vacation and she was gone for a while. Instead I rode on another horse, but it suddenly threw me down on the ground. I woke up my body, and realized there was something wrong. Slowly reaching my mouth and I noticed that my tooth was gone, and I cried.

I remember when my hamster bit my finger and I realized how weak they are.

I remember the moment when I dropped the teddy bear in the river in a park. It was a borrowed thing from my teacher, so after I got it back I washed it and gave it back to her saying "Thank you."

I remember there were seven small aquariums filled up with beautiful fishes in the living room.

I remember looking at the sea lions and penguins from the ship. They were staring right at us as if they were wondering, "What are they looking at?"

I remember the stories that my mother had told me about my father's cat that she was looking after for a while. It used to climb trees but was not able to get down.

I remember how much I loved cheetah that I tried to run as fast as them.

I remember that I rode on an elephant in the Ruhan zoo. However, there was a dog nearby and the elephant got in a panic. Gradually I didn't fall off, but it ended so quickly.

I remember the first day when the black cat came to my house. All of my family played with her. As we threw the shining red ball, she would run after it and bring it back to us. Her round eyes were so adorable.

I remember when a white Great Pyrenees started to follow my father at the street of Iguaçu. It waggled its tail with its tongue dangling.

I remember where the poster of a tiger was put on the wall. It was always staring at me whenever I go to bed.

I remember there was a tortoise in my friend's house. It was always walking around in the garden, beside the pool, and in the house.

I remember that I wanted a stuffed animal of a Procyonidae and I was in a glum mood. Then my father got off the bus and went to buy it. The Procyonidae was wearing a pink t-shirt that said, "Bienvenida a Iguacu, Brazil"

I remember the path to the pool where there were many slimy small frogs. I used to catch them with my grandfather, every June in Nikko.

I remember the smell of the barn that I milked the cow.

I remember whenever I went to a restaurant. I used to draw ponies on papers while dishes were served. The ponies were drawn in sparkling pens with several colors; red, pink, yellow, green, blue, and purple. They had big eyes, long hair, and decorations on their body. To finish, I drew a rainbow over them.

I remember a dream that there were many kinds of sea fishes in the pool. Surprisingly there were sharks too.

I remember about the news that an Ostrich had killed the caretaker by stepping on it. I have decided not to be a caretaker.

I remember there were many animals carved in the tree of Disney's Animal Kingdom.

I remember there were two squirrels chasing each other and climbing on the tree, in the backyard of someone's house in Orlando.

I remember the parrot that had blue and yellow wings. As my friend gave me one of its smooth long wings she said, "Whenever you see this wing you will remember that we are best friends."



THE MIRROR OF OURSELVES

KANAKO NOMURA

"Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life."

Ludwig van Beethoven

Music is created by cooperating with many people and also it needs many people to create a community. Both of them are a very similar structure, so depending on which music instruments you are playing, we can see how each person is going to cooperate with other people when people create a society. There are three types of members in a brass band; people who play the woodwind instrument (WIP), brass instrument (BIP) and percussion.

Firstly, WIP are hard workers in the same way to practice with the constant tempo. In woodwind instruments, there are those such as flutes, oboes, clarinets and saxophones. These sounds are beautiful and elegant but they are very delicate to deal with, so WIP are steady and graceful. However, they are strict not only with themselves but also with others. Since they have to practice music in many short notes, they spend much time to practice for the ensemble. WIP tend to be subject to extreme emotional ups and downs like vibrato of flute and oboe.

On the other hand, the next type is the opposite personality to woodwind instrument players. BIP are cheerful and positive like a bright brass sound and obedient like the straight sharp sound of their instruments. In the brass instruments, there are those such as trumpets, trombones, horns, euphoniums and tubas. Their sounds are clear and reach far away, so they say what they say honestly as trombonists move the "slide" back and forth when they make sounds. In their score, there are many longer notes than that of WIP, but it is difficult to hit sounds with one blow, so they are not afraid of failure and challenge positively. BIP make sounds only with a mouthpiece and several pistons, so they can think flexibly and creatively in limited conditions. The last type is neutral compared with the other two types.

Percussionists are the most dependable and broad-minded people, so they are suitable for a leader. They have to control many instruments such as xylophones, glockenspiels, triangles and drums, so they can be careful of various things as they can see around the band members and put other's opinions together as they synchronize the breathing with WIP and BIP. They value the cooperation with others because without keyboard instruments, there are not intervals, so they know that music doesn't consist of only percussion. Instead of scale, it is so difficult to keep the rhythm of the whole music, so they have a strong sense of responsibility. Percussionists are the most essential people in the group.

In conclusion, there are three kinds of instruments in a brass band; woodwind, brass and percussion. WIP are serious and passionate, BIP are the life of the party and percussionists

can become the center and supporter of the group. If you want to start playing any instruments, you should take your attitude for your work into consideration or if you want to change your present personality, you should play the instrument which is near your ideal personality because music mirrors our real personality.



KIND LOSERIA, WHO LACKS TRUE LOVE

TAIICHI NAKAYAMA

Standing there, looking around the stage, overwhelming amounts of seats, a wellconditioned track and everlasting shouts of joy, at last Loseria realized that he was in the field of inter-high. It was majestic for him but no other fields would be as appropriate as here, he thought with his brain a little confused. All facilities were clean, sophisticated and magnificent. However, Loseria couldn't see the electronic scoreboard as something extensive because Loseria was seized by a certain name. True, he must be Loseria's unforgettable old friend and more importantly, his rival, Shohei. Loseria just singlemindedly gazed at a part of the scoreboard. What could precisely be seen was the name of his benefactor, reminding him of his beginning of track and field history.

In his childhood, Loseria was a gifted person from the heaven. Being half Japanese and half Caucasian English, having a slender and massive pair of legs reminding watchers of a great clear-cut stone statue of the Renaissance, he had a talent for running, so he belonged to a track and field club of a city where he lived. Of course, he was one of the fastest runners. Meanwhile, he had been too kind and chicken-hearted. Whenever he did something other than running, Loseria couldn't have any confidence and was always timid. Due to this character, he was sometimes chosen as a target of bullying. Later, not only bullies but also members of his club gradually became jealous of his gift and kept away from him. "This talent left me alone. I wish I hadn't had the trivial…" Loseria mumbled like this again and again. Moreover, on account of this, he felt depressed terribly then.

However, it was that time when "he" gave Loseria a helping hand. Shohei got rid of considerable hurdles from his lane of life. He is only the person who competed with Loseria enjoyably. Even though Shohei lost, he always showed Loseria innocent smile lighting the darkness like the sun. This was how they fulfilled themselves in track and field, nurtured by a coach of their team and became two of the best runners of all high schools.

After the finish of watching, no sooner did Loseria become glad to see him because a year was to be passed since they had graduated from the team than he felt something salty on his tongue...a drop of sweat from his forehead. It took time for Loseria to notice that he would compete with Shohei as a rival of other school, not as a teammate. This kind of thought added to his timidness.

On your mark...

They didn't have any conversations before the start just because they could communicate to each other by competing in the race.



Set...

The stadium was covered with silence. What Loseria could hear was the sound of wind, which made him nostalgic...

Bang!!!

As the sound echoed, Loseria's foot reflectively kicked the rubber of ground, floating his all bodies. Away anxiety run like a boomerang.

> "Oh...!" A small voice uttered. At start, slightly Shohei slipped. "Loseria, I'm so glad that I can compete with you as we did in the club. Even if I got a late start I'll just do my best."

> > One second

He felt himself assimilated into the wind. "The best start I've never expected!!" Loseria was sure. No one was in front of him.

> It's funny, isn't it, my friend? Now I have to get hurried, but surprisingly calm. Rather, I'm enjoying this game. You look running so fine, Most exciting race I can't ruin.

Two seconds

Suddenly boomerang returned to him. Loseria felt something strange because he couldn't sense any indications of him. "Unusual. If he was Shohei, he would surely catch up with me... but why?" At the moment, terrible thoughts crossed Loseria's mind. "He must have fell down!! It's unfair to continue so I have to help as he had done for me, but what should I do? Running more slowly?"

Three seconds

Loseria's brain worked much harder than his muscle. He no longer had any room for counting time calmly so he had no memory after three seconds of race...

.



Finally, Loseria ran through the finish line. Time didn't matter to him, perhaps the same to Shohei. Loseria went down on the lane. Lying on his back, looking up at the vivid blue sky, later what he could see was Shohei's clear smile. Loseria thought of leaving there just because these clarities were too innocent for him.

After the race, as soon as Loseria went outside the stadium, he found a familiar face. It was a coach of the team he belonged to. Standing in the way, he suddenly opened his mouth, "Loseria, do you know what love means?" Loseria was confused by his unexpected question. The conversation went on.

"Love, spelling "Ai" in Japan, this word may just mean a relationship between man and woman or may mean kindness, a feeling of treasuring others. I'm sure you are kind but is it really kindness to lose on purpose for making your friend win a game? Now you are lacking true love. Unless you can realize this, forever, you would be..." Leaving these words, he turned and went away. Because he looked after Loseria since his childhood, he was completely saw through, from the fact that he didn't do his best for Shohei to his fake warmth. Coach's nostalgic back, lit up by the sunset, was magnificent enough to be a mirror for seeing his own self. Reflecting on the mysterious words, Loseria noticed that coach's expression was sufficiently evident. For Loseria, the loss of "ai" stood for nothing but "loser"...



I DON'T LIKE RUNNING

CHISAKO TAKAKU

My mouth felt dry and my sight got narrow. I also felt something pressing on my chest. I want to stop it, I thought.

The story I will tell you about is my bitter memory. When I was a junior high school student, I was selected as a representative of Chuo Ward in the Tokyo ekiden. However, I have not really liked running for a long time and I didn't want to compete in the meeting. Nevertheless, I couldn't refuse the offer finally because our physical education teacher was very frightening. Now that I have made the decision, I wanted to do my best, so I practiced it very hard though I have always had a stomachache in the days before the practice meetings. Luckily, I became just one of substitute players of the team then.

However, it came all at once. The day before the meeting I was hailed by the teacher and she said to me, "a member of our team has a bad cold and we decided that the runner instead of her was you." As soon as I heard the bad news, my mind went blank, but I had somehow gotten a feeling like that and I could accept it.

On March 27th 2012, the 3rd Tokyo ekiden was held at Ajinomoto Stadium in Chofu city. We were gathered in the early morning. The air was chilly and foggy. While we went to the destination by bus in deserted streets, I felt overwhelmed by stresses and strains. They made me feel like the moment was too long. To be honest, I don't really remember what I did at the field. Maybe I want to remove the memory but I still clearly remember about my running.

I was a runner of the 8th leg and I had to run 1500m. When I was preparing for running, I heard that our team had come in first at the 1st leg and I got increasingly nervous. I was a just substitute runner but my best time wasn't very different from other runners', so I went to a starting line while believing in myself.

A moment later, I could see my teammate getting closer and I could hear our teammates cheering. I squeezed my cold hands, and then I received our *tasuki* that was soft and very heavy. My teacher shouted out my name immediately I started to run. I wanted to run faster, so I went ahead rapidly. While I was running, I smelled of green grasses and felt "how blue the sky was!" And at the same time I also thought the race was much harder than usual. I kept going on the road out of breath but I wanted to give up running. I wanted to stop it. This is why I hate running. Then I could see the goal in the distance with difficulty and I put forth all my strength.

Finally, I reached the finishing line and fell down on the ground. My face burned and I heard only my heartbeat or breathing.

After that I received my record, and then I couldn't think about anything as if the moment had stopped. That is because it was my worst time. I didn't want to accept it, but it was a fact. Then I felt deeply that my effort didn't pay off and acted as a brake to the team's success. I was quite frustrated.

It is still my trauma and I don't like running even now. At the same time, I, however, came to think my running was not too bad. I mean, I want to accept me, at that time now. My form may have been uncool, but I'm proud of myself even if I looked bad. Before I took part in the meet, I tended to wear my heart on my sleeve. And by doing so, I may have escaped from what I didn't want to do. Nevertheless, I didn't give up this time. I stuck with running. I think it became my confidence and my precious experience in my life. My efforts won't sometimes pay off in the future but I believe that every cloud has a silver lining and it will become beneficial to me. From this achievement, I learned "grit," so I won't lose my heart easily and I will get over any adversities. I'm glad that I participated in the race and I also feel changing myself a little.

THREE BIGGEST REASONS WHY A GUY SHOULD HAVE A GIRL BEST FRIEND.

YUTARO ASAKA

"A female can be your best friend or your worst enemy. It depends on how you treat her." said Drake who is a Canadian rapper. I cannot agree more with what he said, because I have three girl best friends and fortunately, I don't have any girl enemies. (I truly hope I don't.) But I am aware not every guy has a girl best friend. Don't worry about that. I used to be a guy who did not have one. I graduated from a boys' high school where every student looked rugged. Now you can understand why I did not have a girl best friend even just girl friends, because I did not have an opportunity! I am a freshman at MGU and there are many girl students. At first, I was panicking, being nervous, and freaking out. I didn't even know what I should say to them. However, I got girl best friends somehow. I realized that through spending a lot of time with them, I have come to trust them with 100% and now I cannot imagine my school life goes well without them. From now on, I am going to give you three reasons why you should have a girl best friend.

First of all, if you have a girl best friend, you can ask her to hang out without feeling any pressure unlike when you ask someone you like. Your girl best friend is happy to go somewhere with you, because she knows being with you is fun as you know. I usually watch movies and have a chat when I am with male friends in their room, but I often go out to a café like Starbucks Coffee or a fashionable restaurant which is popular on Twitter with best girl friends. Needless to say, we talk a lot about school life, relationships, friendships, and of course, celebrities' gossips. When we are talking to each other, we can forget about bad things and assignments. Some guys think hanging out with girls is pretty boring, because they assume girls are only interested in buying clothes. Trust me. It is not boring. In addition, girls are curious about something else too. For example, my girl best friend loves American TV shows more than clothes. So we always talk about which dramas are better at cafe. You should try to hang out with your best one. I know you would be nervous when you go somewhere with your girl friend for the first time, because I used to. Yet, it's worth it. I'm pretty sure you will find out something that could change your thoughts about girls.

Second, your girl best friend can be your personal stylist. She might know what you should wear and have haircut. For instance, one of my closest girl friends banned me wearing hooked sweatshirt and said "Hey, you should be more fashionable. You are not a high school student anymore." Then, we made an agreement to go to shopping to get new clothes next month. I'm pretty sure it would take so much time that they choose new clothes for me and I have to try on a lot...but I'm so excited to go with them. Anyway, your girl best friend makes you more fashionable. If you are not confident to make a decision what you should wear on your date. You can count on your expert.

Third, if you are struggling with something and you have no idea who you can tell, I recommend you should talk to your girl best friend. You can also talk to her about a

subject that you can not talk with your guy friends or girlfriend. A best friend is supposed to be open to their friends, which means they are always willing to listen to you. I give you two examples. Example 1: When you have someone you really like and wanna ask her to go out, but you need help from girls, you should ask your best girl friend to give advice. Obviously, she knows about girls more than a guy friend does. Example 2: If you argue with your guy friends or girlfriend and you want to fix it, your best girl friend is the best advisor, because she can understand girls' and boys' feelings.

To sum up, a girl best friend helps you when you are in trouble. But I want you to know you should be like your girl best friend is. I mean, a girl best friend always listens to you, talks to you, and stays with you so that you should do the same thing for her. Remember she is your BEST FRIEND. You should not take her for granted.

Of course, we would have some problems. I sometimes argue with my girl friend. One of my girl friends can not help following her "friends." She did not like them. (That's why I used quotation marks.) When her "friends" asked her to do something, she had to. They were, you know, "mean girls." I said, "Why are you following them? They are mean to you." She said, "You have no idea! Don't you get it? If you don't follow them, there would be nowhere you belong to!" and I responded, "Friend are not supposed to be like that." She said "But they are my friends!" and I said "So am I?" (I don't quote "Captain America Civil War", it was a real conversation.) Anyway, we talked a lot about this problem and we made up. She found her true friends. Our relationship is now much stronger, because we know each other and we are always honest with each other. It is inevitable that you and your best girl friend will have some problems, which makes your relationship stronger.

By the way, there are some people who make fun of you and your girl best friend or judge you when she and you are together. I have experienced being judged. I was not comfortable, but I realized that I should not care about that. People judge you no matter what. I don't really like Taylor Swift, but I quote from her song "Shake it off. "The haters gonna hate, hate, hate, hate, hate."

Just stay who you are and be with your girl best friend! I swear if you find your girl best friend, your perspective about relationship will be changed in a good way. My perspective changed by being with them. We still come across new experiences as best friends. If you still don't believe me, just try to find one. It's easy to criticize without any actions. Keep calm and get a girl best friend!



THE IMPORTANCE OF LEARNING

ERIKA WADA

When I entered Meiji Gakuin University, I was very amazed at everything because it is totally different from my high school. Especially, my alma mater and Meiji Gakuin University differ in the class format. Due to this, I was very confused with the way of teaching and I felt stressful for a while. However, I came to understand what is so good about the class format in the university. Through the education in Meiji Gakuin University, I learned the importance of learning from teachers.

Firstly, students can learn the content of the lesson in detail through the visual aids like movies. During my high school days, I learned a little bit of every subject over a wide area. That's why, I interpreted what I learned vaguely and literally because I got no real mental image of what I learned. However, the lessons with visual aids are intelligible for me. One effect is that the lessons using visual aids are beneficial in exercising our imagination. For example, the movie, "Glory", and others, told me the reality of the civil rights movement, for example in Selma in 1965. I learned civil rights movements by African Americans in my high school, but I didn't think that Afro-Americans patiently promote the campaign both physically and mentally. Through the movie, I wanted to know the civil rights movement more. Visual aids also help us by giving concrete examples of some difficult topics. For instance, I could cultivate a better understanding of the topic of rugged individuals when I didn't quite understand it. The movie compares the Native American society as the rugged individual society and tells us the difficulty of coexisting with civilized people through the tragic depictions. I had been thinking the movies as only entertainment objects, but I noticed that each movie informs us about the hidden meanings on the subject matter through many scenes. The lectures with visual aids are far more intelligible and interesting than mere input lectures irrespective of the same lecture.

Secondly, I was impressed with output styles in the class forms. In my high school days, all students merely accept what teachers said and write down the main points of the lectures in notebooks. Owing to this, I was surprised at the discussion and debate classes in Meiji Gakuin University. At first, I didn't like output styles because it felt troublesome to interact with students and it seemed to waste our time. I simply considered that the lecture style is best, for lecture is to the point and efficient. Therefore, I had been very doubtful why some teachers assign us the output styles. But I found the answer to the question when I was getting stuck in writing the content of my report. At that time, I happened to be given an opportunity to discuss the issue related to the content of my report with people. By exchanging opinions with the students, I could discover new thinking from many students. Based on this experience, I realized that output studying broadens our horizons and teaches us what we didn't know. Each person has a different point of view, so it is stimulating to hear various opinions. As a result, her opinion gives me a hint of writing my report. By accepting other views, I could widen my horizon and

learn something instructive. Teachers probably teach us this active learning hoping us to become the person who has a pluralistic perspective. Thanks to teachers, my characteristic has changed a lot through output education. As I hesitated to speak with people in the past, I can do that positively now. I would like to put my affirmative attitude to practical use from now on, too.

Thirdly and what is the most important thing, teachers taught me the value that study is not for your score, but for your own good. Many teachers in Meiji Gakuin University told us to study hard considering your opinions or thoughts without caring about the mistakes. I am sure that teachers focus on our original or liberal ideas rather than formal ones. I can grasp what is the meaning of the word firmly. I suppose that teachers may tell us that we should take advantage of what we learned in our future without finishing for itself. When I comprehended the meaning of the word, I was very ashamed of myself because I studied many subjects mechanically. For instance, I often repeated studying and forgetting. I memorized at times after finishing the examinations. Come to think of it now, I lost the chance of enjoying studying. However, I had been enjoying every lecture since I realized the meaning of the learning. I have only a year to study in Meiji Gakuin University, so I would like to attend the classes one by one to the end.

On the whole, I feel like a dream of the classes in Meiji Gakuin University although it was sometimes challenging. Through the visual and output education, I could get to acquire what I haven't known and see the issues from various angles. My dream is to become an English teacher in high school and I would like to teach students in output ways so that they can deepen their understanding of the content. At the same time, I want to tell students that we should study for myself and enjoy studying. Nowadays, I think that most students just study so as to get high score and lose the meaning of learning just like me in the old days. Hence, I would like to tell students the importance of learning for the purpose of boosting further students' morale. All the things I learned in Meiji Gakuin University is my precious experience.



EDITOR'S WORDS

We are just university students and don't have so much power to express ourselves. But, writing helps us. We can share our opinion, ideas, thoughts, memories, experiences, stories and imagination by writing them. It was so fun to read different kinds of works. The works made me think deeply about many things, and experience indirectly the writers' memories. I hope many people will read CROP and participate in the next issue.

AKI KONISHI

It's officially the start of a new journey!!! We will deliver you amount of excitements, passions, and deep emotions! A number of great stories and writing are waiting for you to discover. Now, my question is "ARE YOU READY?"

Are you ready to have new experience? Are you ready to laugh or cry? Are you ready to be deeply moved emotionally? Are you ready to be CROP's family? If the answer is "yes." Then we would like to WELCOME you! CHAIYAPHA KITTI

"I know nothing in the world that has as much power as a word. Sometimes I write one, and I look at it, until it begins to shine." As Emily Dickinson said, words and languages have strong power. I was honored to edit amazingly powerful works of students. All words were shining on paper before I read them, but they also started shining in my heart after I read and was moved by them. I hope every student reads this book and becomes motivated about studying literature and English.

HIKARI FURUYA

I had read that human thoughts are made of things that they have heard, saw, and read in their life. We connect those ideas or words and that is when people can make a new thought. Our own thoughts are made from experiences. This seems obvious, but it was shocking for me. Your life might change depending on how muchyou have read, spoke, heard, saw, written, and so on. It is true, that sharing your work to CROP will be a part of your experience. Share your work to the world and give others a chance to experience your view. Read other works and get the chance to experience yourself. Don't regret to challenge. Experience will definitely make a part of you. Keep on going.

KAORI TANIMOTO



To ask the printing office to make a book costs a lot. There may be few chances to make your own book you wanted for many people in your future. Our team, CROP's leaders are students, so you can also be one of us and give your creative ideas to make 'your' book nicer. Members were all kind, and I enjoyed belonging to CROP team this year, though I wasn't very good at English. Everyone can be creators here. Of course, the CROP editor members can also become the writer for CROP at the same time. Not to move can create nothing. COME ON and join our team, we are waiting you!!

MIMI SOMEYA

Creating something is hard, but fun and very satisfying. During my five years of University I saw three Crop magazines published with my name on it. These five years has been a really long journey. It was hard but fun and when I see my name on that Graduation Certificate I will be satisfied and proud. Just like the feeling when I saw the hard copy of all three Crop magazines for the first time. This spring my life as a student is coming to an end. From spring I won't be "The Student Naomi", I'll be just "Naomi." As a student I feel like I always had an excuse. I always felt safe, belonging to somewhere. It really freaks me out to think that I won't have that comfort anymore from now on. Somehow not having that comfort makes me exciting at the same time. I can't wait how much I would accomplish as just "Naomi." However just like a book there will be an end. When that "The End" comes I hope I will be more satisfied than I am when I walk out of this University. Special thanks to all my friends, professors, my family and YOU!

Book is just a bunch of paper, and story is just a mass of letters. But it moved me to tears, it prevented my sleep, it gave me warmth, and it brought me unknown worlds. So I love all stories, even if it tells tragedy, it tells horror, I respect all people who made them. CROP taught me everyone can become a creator. I appreciate many meetings with stories and writers.

YUKINO SHIMIZU

This was my very first time taking part in this English magazine editing team, CROP. It was really exciting to edit the student's essay. And also I could enjoy the making of magazines. It gave me a great opportunity to know how to create publishing stuff with others. This time, I was in charge of making ideas to cover the visual. We were supposed to make the image of this magazine more attractive than before, because we would like to see this magazine being enjoyed by many students who are not even in the English Literature department. On the cover, there is shown some different colors of Mr. Hepburn, which means we have many great students at this university who are learning from Mr. Hepburn. This also shows the age in which we live, and how we are living in a diverse world. I would like to say thank you to all the people who joined me in this project. I hope you will love our work, and perhaps you could be the one that works together with us next time.

EMIRI OHTA

I really enjoyed your great writings. All writings are so creative and beautiful. Thank you for your hard works. Various year students wrote their original writings, and I think that there are different attractions with each writings. The lower grade students' writing is very fresh, and the writing structure of the higher grade students' writing is very accomplished. Writing something in English is not easy, but your writings show us "Writing" is very interesting.

AYA KUDO

We have been working for about six months creating this magazine and finally we have finished it to become a fantastic volume, filled with lots of interesting and thrilling piece of works written by university students. From this magazine you can see that we can make fascinating magazines with the power and cooperation of university students, so why don't you try it out next year? You will definitely be satisfied with your work being on one of our pages!

MAI ONO



MEIJI GAKUIN UNIVERSITY

MGU's official English magazine



2017

Editors & Writters

Welcome to **CROP** family,

We have been supporting all MGU student

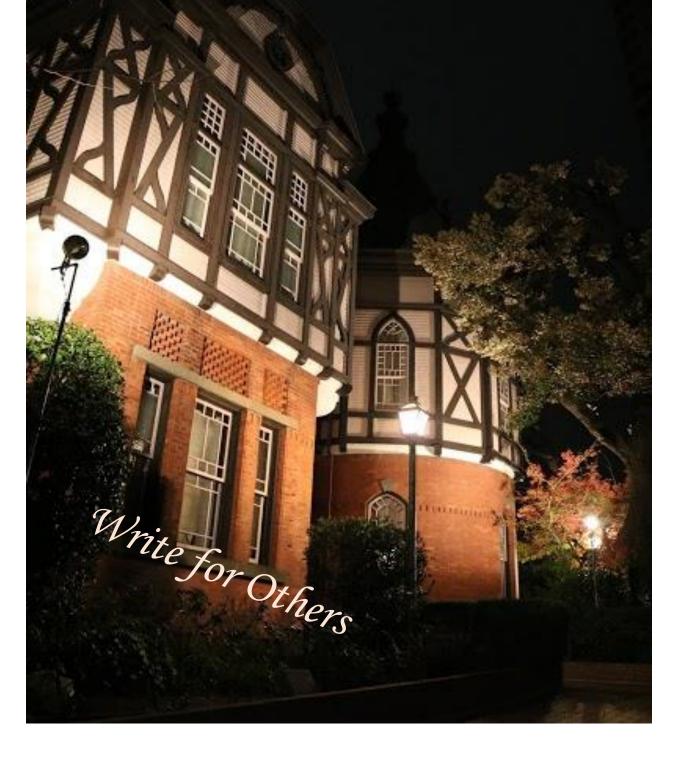
Who want to express themselves with ENGLISH.

We are very pleased to be here working with everyone.





MEIJI GAKUIN UNIVERSITY ENGLISH MAGAZINE



OUR SPECIAL THANKS TO

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