

Inside:

360° SCIENCE ...PAGE 2
CREATIVE WRITING ...PAGE 7
BOOK REVIEW ...PAGE 8



EVENTS
PAGE 3



EXTREME SPORTS
PAGE 6



SURVEY ON THEME
PAGE 10



ISSUE FOCUS: MR.
BRIGHT
PAGE 11

THE MONTHLY/ISSUELY THEME: RAIN, DEPRESSION, AND INDOORS

SCRIBBLED

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It's that time of year again, when summer starts to fade and the first signs of autumn appear. However, typhoons are also paying us the occasional visit, so it's rainy season all over again... With frizzy hair, damp clothes, and being kept indoors because of the party pooper (aka rain), it's easy to get down in the dumps. But is it really all that bad? Is there a brighter side to the rain? For this month's theme, we decided to focus on the annoying, but crucial factor of this month that is rain, which - we have to admit - makes September so special.

BALL GAME REFLECTIONS: H1 FOCUS

Shooting, kicking, and throwing the ball in the arena filled with cheers from your classmates as sweat trickles down your forehead. What better way is there to spend your Monday or Tuesday morning? But of course, the first ever Ball Games Day in Hiroo Gakuen was not just laughs and cheers. Students share the dilemma they confronted as well as the achievements they made on the big day.

By REI TANAHASHI

H1-8

At the Kikkoman arena we had the high school ball tournament. It was a cloudy but hot day, and I was already tired when I arrived at the station with my three other P.E. committee members. As we entered the building, I was very surprised by the size and the cleanliness of the place. Our class color was black so we were all given a black T-shirt to wear. In my opinion I wanted to wear a shirt with a



brighter color like the other classes.

The first game was dodgeball. We were all astonished by the other class's strength, and lost more than half of the members within few minutes. Overall we lost against the other team which made us upset and irritated.

After a long wait we were told to go to the ground outside to do the class relay. I

was quite nervous because in class six there were a bunch of people who are fast at running. However, even though we were a small class and the boys each had to run three times, we ended up third, which was much better than what I had expected.

The activity after the class relay was the one that was the most hard work in my opinion. We were told that we would practice for the activity that we will do at the sports festival, called Typhoon's Eye. However, I realised that I had left the paper that listed the people who were running in which order in the arena. I ran back to the arena, and we were just on time.

I learned that it is important to check the schedule and what to bring very carefully. On top of that, I was starting to get stressed since I thought that not everyone was listening. If I think about it now, I could say that I was probably jealous of the people who were having fun without knowing the toughness of the P.E. committee. From next time I will not get stressed and

shout because it was my own decision to join the P.E. committee and there are other ways to organize the class.

We were all tired after the activities we did outside, but there still was basketball remaining. In the first two games we unexpectedly beat the other classes and went to the finals. The boys all seemed exhausted just like the girls, and even though we lost, I thought that we did such an amazing job coming this far with just a small number of people.

From this event I realised that it is always too early to give up before it even starts. In the beginning, we did not even expect to get a reward, however when the scores were announced we all froze for a moment, and then cheered. Unbelievably we came in first place, and I was able to receive the award and hold the trophy. This was such an amazing and meaningful experience.

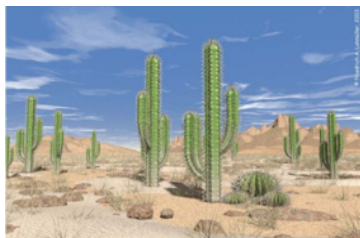
FOCUS CONTINUED ON
PAGE 3



360° SCIENCE: WATER RELATED

WHY ARE CACTUSES SO DIFFERENT FROM OTHER PLANTS?

By **RAPHAEL METHNER**
M2-8 AG



When you think of a desert, you probably picture a hot, dry, waterless place where not very much lives.

However, there are actually many different types of species living in the desert such as tortoises, rabbits, camels, etc. Also, one of the most populous living organisms that thrive in the desert are cacti.



So why are they so prickly? The prickly parts are modified as the leaf of a cactus. There are several theories that explain why the leaves are prickly but many scientists believed that it is for protection from enemies.

In the picture to the left, you can see many cacti



that look like trees. Others, as in the picture above, have a round shape and are slightly smaller. There are also other types of cacti that look like paddle fans and some have lots of branches, while some don't!

Since cacti need a dry environment to survive, lots of them are found in the desert. This is because they are adapted to the desert climate. Although rain is pretty rare in the desert, when it does rain, water is stored in the spine of the cactus.



Like all seeding plants, cacti start off as a seed. What's different though is that the seeds appear green. It takes a couple of months for the embryo to pop out of the soil. It takes several years for a single cactus to grow into a full sized cactus.

Although it appears to be rare, when rainfall does occurs in the desert, the flowers of a cactus opens. The flower of a cactus can be red, yellow, blue, white, purple, and orange.

Animals such as bats and bugs carry pollen to pollinate a cactus flower. After pollination, fruits are produced in the ovary of the cactus flower. As in the image below, cactus fruits have an interesting shape and their color and sweetness attract other organisms. Seeds are inside these berries and other organisms carry them around the land!

Then the seed is planted and the cycle starts again.



SUPER HYDROPHOBIC COATING

By **ALEX T. RYAN**
M3-7

Don't you hate it when you get soaked because of a sudden and unexpected burst of rain?

Well, substances that can make water just slip off can prevent this from happening. Coatings that are super hydrophobic can bounce water off the surface so the water does not soak into the surface, and just bounce and roll off as if the water droplets are like bouncy balls.

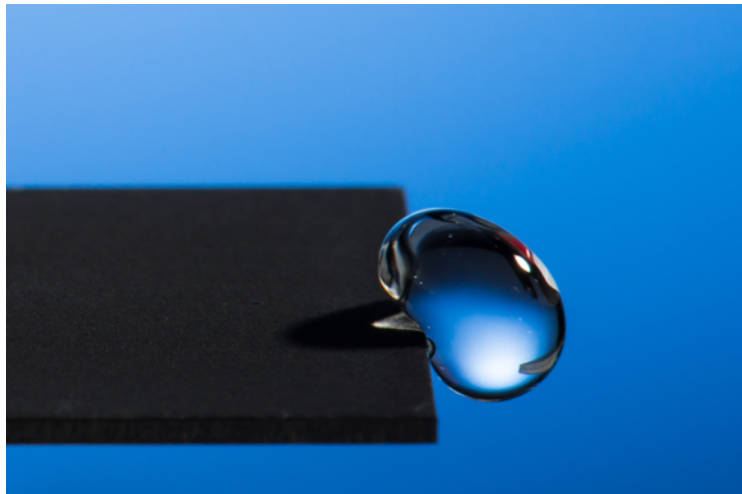
But how does this work?

Water creates a "contact angle" when it is dropped on a surface. The water changes shape when it hits the surface due to this angle and therefore defines the "wettability" of the object. The higher this contact angle is, the more water repellant the surface. The super hydrophobic surfaces are coated or made to have a very high contact angle. That's why they don't get wet so easily.

There are many commercial products you can use to coat a material so it becomes a super hydrophobic surface. Also, people have created super hydrophobic materials by laser etching the surface and creating a very high contact

angle. There are equations to solve a surface's contact angle but it involves a very high level of math to understand it, so I will let you do that...

In the future, all our clothes could become super hydrophobic, there might be a time when we will never get wet. Until then, make sure you take an umbrella or raincoat with you.



A super hydrophobic surface

BALL GAME: H1 FOCUS CONTINUED

By **TAMIM AZMAIN**
H1-8

The Ball Games Day at Hiroo Gakuen is one of the new highlights of the year. It is a day where passion burns and sweat falls. It is a day when we see great sportsmanship and people challenging themselves to win against the other teams. This year it was held in the Kikkoman Arena in Chiba on 10th of May.

The morning was busy with people preparing the arena and getting changed. The P.E. Committee was helping with the work while others were socialising and stretching. Our first call up was in the main arena, where all the classes were lined up and facing towards the teachers. There was a short speech then they let us go. We headed to the sub arena, which was along the hallway of the main arena.

The 10th grade's first match was dodgeball. It went horribly for us. We were dominated by our first opponent, Class 7. Their throws were ferocious and we were dodging most of the time. We did not have the best coordination either. Our throws were either being dodged or were grabbed by the hands of the Outfielders

and our infielders were in trouble. The match was settled with us losing 4-0. The tension and motivation we had until a few minutes ago plummeted and we were sitting by the corner cheering on some other teams or watching them win. It was not entirely boring, because there were some classes who did really well. There was a large time gap between the dodgeball and our next event, outside, so we killed time by watching the 11th and 12th grader's soccer and basketball matches, and slowly our disappointment from the dodgeball match started to fade away.

We walked outside for the class relay and the "Typhoon's Eye" relay. The first one was pretty straightforward. We gave it all we got and ran as fast as we could. Thanks to our effort, we came in 3rd place, which I think is an achievement. To our joy, I put another boy on my back and started to walk. That was a big mistake. I pulled a muscle and my right leg started hurt to the point where I could not even stand up. A boy from another class walked up and started to stretch my leg. This ruined my day because I was looking forward to the soccer

match. I decided to rest for the "Typhoon's Eye" race.

Our last event was here, the futsal and the basketball matches. The first was the women's matches, and thanks to them, we were ahead by some points before the men's matches. Our rigorous effort took us to the final matches for both the basketball and the soccer matches. Unfortunately, we lost both rounds in the finals, and I think we could have done better in both the matches if we had better coordination. Coordination might be the last bit of puzzle for us to be a strong team. One thing which we do excel in is our team spirit. Some of the boys had to do three matches in a row, but they still tried their best.

We were caught by surprise in the result's ceremony. I did not have any hopes about winning first place. We did not get first place in any of the matches, and most of all, we came last in dodgeball. It turns out, the loss in dodgeball did not count as a huge loss. Going into the final rounds in soccer and dodgeball was a large contributor to our final score. Our shouts and cheers were bouncing off the walls and it felt like we were rubbing salt in the wounds of those who lost. They must have been pretty annoyed. However, a victory is a victory. The class of 2018 came in first place for all the matches in the school sports events, and we plan to continue the winning streak.



H1'S LAST CLASS SCHOLE TRIP

By **RYOTARO SAWADA**
H1-8

This year's Schole was quite special. Apart from being the last trip to Schole it was the first time we actually did outdoor activities. Every year people would complain about how we go on a three hour bus ride to the middle of nowhere and still stay indoors. Being an indoor person I didn't really mind, but I admit it was pretty nice and refreshing to spend time outside.



Honestly I underestimated the activity when I first heard we were going "mountain climbing". I thought, "Oh, its Hiroo, we're probably just going to go up and down a hill or something." I was wrong. We climbed a 2000 meter high legit mountain for 4 hours. It

was the first time I genuinely climbed a mountain. During the trek I collected a total of 6 branches that I used as canes. One was more like a log so it didn't really serve its purpose but I carried it to the top of the mountain with the help of five of my very kind classmates. There we carved "YEAR 2016 H1-8" and a few other very school-appropriate drawings. I remember the onigiri in the bento being sort of crumpled and dry, but other than that it was pretty good.

On the way down several boys (including

myself) ran down the side of the mountain completely ignoring the path that we were supposed to follow. We arrived incredibly early without anybody getting hurt, which I thought was quite exciting and impressive, and also pretty stupid.

Just like the previous years our class goal was decided by going with a random phrase that somebody blurted out at the last second, making the past couple of hours meaningless. "Weaving our Future Together."

Of course, I like this along with all the other class goals we've had, but I just thought since this time a few classmates and I stayed after school and came up with the spider idea we could have

had a more constructive, smooth discussion.

What's over is over though, so for now I guess I'll have to think of some way to not make our class

decorations too disgusting while including spiders.

This year's Schole was the last one we'll have, and for me probably the last time I'll set foot in that part of Japan. That fact, along with a

few others, made this year's Schole a good memory for me, and a decent start to the three years of high school.

By AKARI MAETA H1-8

I had so much fun and learned many things in Scholē trip. Our class has the same members since we were M1, so this trip was not for making new friends, which other classes set as a goal. We went there with the aim of making further progress together. Of course, we got two new students and three people from Australia and especially, one of them was in my room, so I think I could deepen friendships with them.

First, this year's schedule was much harder compared to previous years. On the first day, we had a sports test and this was the same as usual. Then we were told that we were going for a walk. I was a bit tired, but I wanted to enjoy chatting with my friends, so I went for it. I love walking, so I enjoyed myself at first, but we began to notice that the walking was never ending. The scenery was beautiful, but what we were doing was not like walking but hiking. We were so tired, but we got to know each other much more than we could in school.

The next day, we climbed Mt. Nyukasayama.



We experienced "the walking" the day before, so I was ready for it mentally, but it was really tiring even though there were beautiful views from every part of the mountain and it was fun chatting with friends. It was nice to see no high buildings or big advertisements and to breathe fresh air. But I swore not to do this again in my life.

However, this was not the end. We had a pre-sports festival. We only have 19 girls and 7 boys, so we ran out of energy after we finished this. That day was actually really long.

We spent the whole evening thinking about our class goal. Our class color is black and we are class 8, so an idea to consider ourselves as spiders was decided for the foundation of our class goal. When I heard about

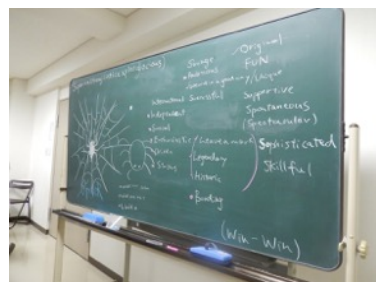
this, I was really amazed and I loved it. But then the discussion heated up when it came to decide what we should set as the goal. So many ideas came out from each person and it was so hard to even listen to each of them. The discussion was confusing and some people started chatting, which was annoying. But we were so tired because of day's activities, so maybe they couldn't help it.

The goal was decided after the long "discussion", but the idea didn't go down well with everyone, including myself. We talked about what was wrong that night after we went bed. And we thought, many people were too busy to just say what they wanted to and they forgot to listen to the others carefully. In our class, so many students are really good at self-expression but they should also know that to cooperate and respect each other is really needed to achieve something as a group.

Then Ms. Taniai came into our room and told us, it is totally fine to face a wall. To find it and to break it by ourselves is the important

thing, so today's discussion was really worth it. Some of our roommates including me began to cry a little when we heard this. On the last day, we discussed for an hour with clear minds and found the conclusion, and succeed at the presentation time.

Mr. Moriya said to us, "As you noticed on the mountain, every hard time has a limit like every



mountain has a top of it. When you are having a hard time, it will end, so you must believe that and find something fun in such a hard time. And have a sense of accomplishment when you could survive." I thought this is true and I was impressed. I won't forget these words and what we learned in this great trip.

CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY TOUR



By YUKANA INOUE H1-8

The plane was an extension of my body, and I physically felt the machine taking off from the ground. At the exact same moment, a good kind of shiver ran down my spine and my heart fluttered. I was

going to spend six whole days in America with my friends, just us, while visiting colleges. It probably had something to do with my age as well, as the last time I'd been on a plane was eight years ago, but there was not even a second to spare to let my mind worry about the possibility of the plane crashing like I always did all the other times I'd been on a plane. Just moments after the plane took off, me and my friend plugged our earphones in, and started the same movie in synchronization to

watch it together on our individual screens. The plane soared through the blue, cloudless sky starting the nine-hour trip to LA, California as the opening scene of Pitch Perfect 2 started playing itself on the screen.

The first day was a relaxed tour around the Hollywood Boulevard and the LA beach, mainly designed to accustom us to the time difference. But the real fun started on the second day when we started visiting the apple of the whole tour, the colleges.

On the first college visit, we tackled the Claremont Colleges. A unique system with a consortium of five liberal arts undergraduate and two graduate institutions (we visited four: Pitzer, Claremont McKenna, Pomona, Harvey Mudd) it was a breathtaking experience. With a beautiful campus and dorms all original to each college but all accessible at the same time, a wide variety of interesting curriculums, incredibly tasty dorm food (It's a lie that dorm foods suck! At least at Harvey

Mudd!), and students making their way to classes on skateboards and unicycles (!!!) I was awestruck with the amazement that is college. I literally thought I could cry from wanting to come to this school, although to be frank, it was just the first day.

On the next day, we explored colleges in the middle strip of California: Caltech and Occidental College. I'm leaning towards the humanities, so I didn't think Caltech with their overall advances in science, and, (I quote the college guy that took us around) "math on steroids" was for me. But nonetheless, it didn't stop me from listening eagerly about their school atmosphere that sounded crazy fun with mandatory dorms in houses which is something like a crossover between fraternities/sororities and Harry Potter. The tales about the absurd pranks the students' pull every year (i.e. hacking into the scoreboards of their rival school) had my blood tingling with excitement. Next stop of the day was Occidental College, also known as the place where Obama spent his student days. Once again with a beautiful campus, that is apparently used frequently as locations for commercials

and movie shoots (they were filming cars when we went there!), and an insanely huge library containing a small corner dedicated to Obama (obviously) the school was once again, gorgeous. As a proud Scribbled member, I was immediately interested in the school newspaper, The Occidental Weekly that publishes every week with just around twenty members! I was especially intrigued when I found out that the members of the school newspaper got paid for their articles!! (We should start that our school. Just saying...)

The last day of college visits was to UCLA where a Hiroo graduate student, Marin Yamaguchi, toured us around. It was huge, notably with more people compared to all the other schools that we had visited. Located in California, there were apparently pools everywhere, with the internal joke among students being that the campus is constantly under construction. Having another delicious lunch that honestly did not suck at all, contrary to what college myths say, we took a picture with Ms. Riddle's favorite statue, and got on the bus heading to our next stop University of Southern California. Due to the LA

traffic that was as bad as everyone says, we couldn't make it in time for the scheduled campus tour, but we still got to hear what we needed to from the admissions officer. Interested in majors like Journalism and Media, USC was highly appealing to me with a massive glass room for the media center. Going to the bathroom, and buying magazines and Sharpie highlighters at the gift store, we ended the last college visit on an absurdly good note.

All in all, with 40 minute shopping spree at Wal-Mart (our speed shopping skills were put to the test), consuming A LOT of American sized fatty food (definitely contributed to my weight gain), and lots of bonding time with the other six people that went it was jam-packed crazy fun experience. Not only was it fun, but it truly inspired me

and motivated me, making me realize how much I actually want to go to some of these schools (ahem, Claremont Colleges). To be honest, thinking about my future stresses me out, at times pushing me to the verge of a mental breakdown (As I imagine is the same with you guys). But at the same time, it really does excite me and makes my heart flutter every time I imagine what my future may look like. This college tour was a mind-blowing experience that I was very fortunate to have, and it really motivated me to work extremely hard from now on, in the hope that maybe someday I can go to a college like these.

If you want to know more in detail, the blogs that we made while we were there:

<http://hiroogakuencaliforniacollegegetour2016.blogspot.jp>



M1'S FIRST EVENT AS A NEW CLASS

By **HIKARU AOKI**
M1-6 AG

Did you ever imagine yourself going 174 km away from home with a group of people you met ten days ago? To be honest, I didn't; however, it happened. It was a wonderful experience for me to make new friends and learn about other people.

Many people say that first impressions are important. I agree with this statement. However, from this Schole trip I learned that there are many things you might miss out on if you judge someone based on your first impression. In the first few

days of school, everyone is shy and quiet. However, as everyone gets used to the school, they finally start showing their individual, unique personalities. Therefore, Schole was a great opportunity to learn about one another.

Since Schole is an overnight trip, it forces students to do everything together. Allowing students to show their real selves no matter if it includes flaws. For example, I am very picky about my food. I only like food when it's freshly made. Little flaws like so wouldn't be noticed in daily school days because everything is

adjusted in order for me to enjoy my lunch without leaving anything. I believe that there is no flawless person. Therefore, I think it is better to let them know your flaw earlier.

School is not only our only overnight event but it is one of the few events where different classes come together. The international border may cut us off sometimes. However, events like Schole where different classes join together allows not only the international students but also the other students to make bonds with those in other classes. During this Schole trip, both

international classes and the science class attended the second half of the Schole camp. Usually at school, we are on different floors making it extremely hard to communicate. During this Schole trip we were on the same floor and the rooms were fairly close. However, girls and boys were completely separate, which was quite disappointing.



Although we were separate, through this experience I was able to learn to not be sexist and to talk to people I've never talked to before. To my surprise, I was able to make a lot of new friends from the science course that I hope to continue talking to at school even if we are on different floors and have different packed schedules.

Overall, I think Schole is a great place to make friends no matter the gender or class. Our biggest focus for this Schole trip was to make a class goal which we all agreed on and present it to the rest of the students and teachers. Our class goal is to "Make A Class We'll Never Forget, 一生忘れないクラスを作ろう!" In order to present this goal we decided to turn it

into a short skit presentation to make it memorable. Because of the fact that this was first student-only presentation, we worked on it extremely hard to make it flawless. Because we spent way too long on the preparation part we barely had time to go through the actual acting. From this experience I learned how precious time is and how fast it can go by. Luckily our class is not the type that gives up easily. We stayed, and stuck together in order to make every second worth it. In the end we were able to finish our presentations with our heads held up high without a single regret. In my opinion, for our first presentation, I think we did a fantastic job. From this experience not only did I

learn how precious time is but also how much a selected group of boys and girls can do in such small time and notice.

The three main things I've learned from this Schole trip is that there is a lot you can't notice with just the first impression and don't be

sexist and talk to people, and lastly work together. This year I want to make life-long friends. I also hope to cooperate and take good leadership in order to accomplish our class goal; "Let's make a class we'll never forget, 一生忘れないクラスを作ろう!"



PROFESSIONAL BULL RIDING

By **LISAKO SUMI**
H1-8



Blood. Bruises. Broken bones. This is an everyday affair for a bull rider.

Recently, I read and watched *The Longest Ride* by Nicholas Sparks. The book is about a love affair between two star-crossed lovers; Sophia, a college student and Luke, a former bull riding champion who is hoping to make a comeback on the rodeo circuit. I don't want to spoil it for anyone so I'll keep it simple, but Luke had a very severe head injury and was advised by the doctor to stop bull riding or he would die. Being the procrastinator that I am, I became really curious about the sport after I read the book and spent hours watching videos of it during exam week.

The rules of bull riding are pretty simple. The rider has to hang onto an angry 2000 pound bucking bull for eight seconds using only one hand. The rider climbs onto the agitated bull in the bucking chute, which is a small fenced space that is connected to the gate. The clock starts counting as the rider nods, and the bull is released into the arena. The clock is stopped when the rider's hand comes out of his rope or if his other free hand touches himself, the bull or the ground. The entire ride is scored out of 0 to a 100 points where 50 is based on the performance of the bull and the other half on the rider. A bull is judged on its difficulty to ride which takes into account the movements



such as spins, kicks and drops and body rolls that make it harder for the rider to maintain his balance. Some skilled riders attempt to 'spur'

line every time they enter the arena. What surprised me the most was that most riders only wear a cowboy hat even though protective helmets are



the bull for bonus points where they kick the bull with their heel, which demonstrate complete control and style.

Top bull riders in the world who compete in prestigious leagues like the Professional Bull Riders (PBR) can earn up to \$200,000 a year, which is a decent salary considering the fact that the athletes are putting their lives out on the

recommended, and so many riders suffer from concussions and brain damage that occasionally lead to deaths when they are thrown to the ground or kicked by hooves. Bull riding is probably one of the deadliest sports in the world and these athletes are crazy dauntless people who risk it all for the thrill of it.

CREATIVE WRITING

You constantly know what you are thinking, but it's a rare opportunity to get an insight into what is happening inside other people's heads. Also, there certainly aren't enough chances for us in our everyday life to express our own thoughts and feelings. Therefore, we are really fortunate to have this creative writing section in Scribbled, where some of our best writers share their incredible fictional stories. Let yourself be swallowed in the world of their imaginations. This might inspire you to write your own stories that could be published in the next issue!

By **SHIORI YAMAMOTO**
M2-7 AG

Dear Mother,

Did you come back as you said you would? I think that people like you should not be re-born, so that nobody else will suffer like we did. Why did you do that to us? We were just kids, doing what we were told to do, but we were killed by the people we trusted most. Why didn't you tell me the truth? Why couldn't we try to escape from that bunker? Why did we even go there? Tell me, please explain. Was it because you didn't want us to know what kind of person you really were? I suppose you didn't know how scared and miserable we were at the

end of the war, so I'll tell you our side of story.

I was too old to believe everything you said, so I already had a feeling you were lying to me. Also, I had already heard about the war from the servants. So when you took us to the bunker, I knew straightaway that something bad would happen. I thought that the Russians would kill us, but I was wrong. Well, nobody would go to the bunker in the middle of Berlin for safety when Swan Island was still safe. If there was going to be something dangerous in Swan Island we could have hidden in the boat Mr. Speer had already gotten for us.

That's why I knew that you wanted to be next to Uncle Leader's side.

Then there was Ms. Junge in the bunker. She wasn't as good at lying. Of course we would notice that the Russians were getting closer every second because of the bombs dropping on us every day, and the soldiers coming in and out of the bunker. The things that she gave us were just to distract us from thinking about the future, although her scheme didn't turn out very well.

At least I wanted you to be near us for the last few days of our lives. We were all lonely waiting for you to get

better. After I died though, I realized that you couldn't face us at that time because you knew what you were going to do to us. I know that we were special and one of the "families to look up to", but you and papa weren't close to us at all in our last years. Poor Heide hardly knew you at all.

I am ashamed of you mother, for betraying us. Whatever and wherever you are now, I hope that you can look back at what you did, and regret what you have done.

Your daughter,

Helga Susanne Goebbels

By **SEN SHIBA**
M2-8 AG

Friday, March 11th, 2011

Dear diary,

I'm waiting desperately for my mom to come home from work. The trains have stopped and I wonder how she will get back. It is now midnight, so almost ten hours have passed since that huge catastrophic jolt that made the world crumble into pieces. I try not to think about what might have happened to her.

The air is chilly, so I get up, drag down another blanket and carefully put it on grandma. I'm afraid to turn on the air-conditioning because I was told not to, though I don't quite understand why. But I found out that you could still watch TV, so I'm glad about that.

So I switch it on, and the first thing I see is those nightmarish waves washing the houses away - in Miyagi, the reporter said. I hope most people managed to escape, and just hope no tsunami will get to our place. I glance

outside: the huge blue sky has turned into a glowing dark red cloud, as if the sky itself has been set on fire. Strangely, huge buckets of rain are pouring down non-stop. The sky is filled with cracks of lightning, bright and terrifying, the crackle is mixed with the boom of thunder, piercing my ears. The storm is getting stronger.

I'm so scared, but I know I must be brave - I just have to! The last thing you would ever expect happened today, or shall I say yesterday, for there was a tremendous earthquake, and I was afraid I might die. If the house crumbles, what should I do? Shall I get out of the house? What about food and water? Where will we live? What about grandma? I glance over. Thankfully, she is laying in the corner, under the table, wrapped tightly in the blanket deep asleep, her face all wrinkly and filled with a complicated expression I will never be able to read. From time to time, she tightens her

face, murmuring words too faint to hear.

I am terribly concerned about mom. Her office building is quite old, and I've heard her mention it sways violently when there's an earthquake, and if it's a big one, it has a high chance of collapsing. My point is, today WAS a big one. So I hope she can come home safely, without any injuries.

Speaking of injuries, what happened to Charlotte? Right after we evacuated the building, she was struck on the back of the head by a lamppost that had fallen down in another tremor. She went unconscious and I think I even saw red drops here and there. She was immediately sent to the emergency room, and I have heard nothing since. I hope she's alright.

...

I am writing this at 3am. My mom got back a short while ago. I am so relieved. She walked for four hours all the way home. She's exhausted, but at least she's safe. I hope

I hear something about Charlotte in the morning.

Tuesday, March 15th, 2011

Dear diary,

She's gone. She's never coming back. What in the world am I supposed to do when the most important person in my life has just passed away? I don't know what to think, what to feel, but I have to write it down.

The date of the funeral is set for March 27th - the exact date that we first met at the kindergarten. I want to laugh and cry. Laugh because we had a lot of good memories. Cry because I still can't accept the fact, and because I'm so stressed. I'm still shocked. I have cried until there's nothing left to cry.

Sunday, March 27th, 2011

Dear diary,

We had the funeral on top of that little hill overlooking the sea, where we always met. It was her favorite place, and it's now blooming with cherry blossoms, and petals

flying, dancing all around us, trying to cheer us up. She said that when she died, she wanted to become rain.

'Then I can dance in spring, run in the summer, relax in autumn, and sleep for most of the winter! Isn't that amazing?'

I was so impressed by her imagination. She also loved dancing in the rain, and we would make up songs, and

sing and dance. And I would sit under an umbrella and sketch her dancing. I have lots of pictures in my house. I even got a first prize for one. She liked to babble on and on about becoming the world's greatest dancer, and that some day, I would be her manager, so we could travel the world together, and I would sketch her.

But now, we will never be able to achieve her dream, let alone see each other anymore.

As the little wooden box was buried, I realized something.

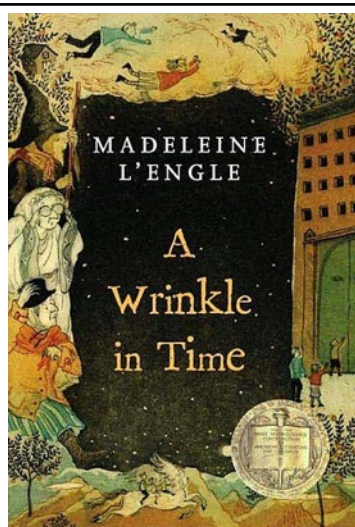
Thinking bad memories won't help, and it's better to think of all the good times we shared. So I prayed that she is happy in her next life, and hope she can achieve her

dream in her new life. When I finished praying, as if in response, the rain started falling.

Then the rain got stronger, but I didn't care. I wanted to enjoy the last day with my best friend, and worship every minute that I had, every second. So I laughed and cried, and sang the song we made up, dancing in the rain.

BOOK OF THE MONTH: A WRINKLE IN TIME

By YOSHINO
YAMAUCHI
M3-7 AG



"It was a dark and stormy night."

In the midst of a clap of thunder, awkward, unique, and socially-challenged Meg Cabot finds herself whisked away to the middle of space and time. Misunderstood, constantly compared to her parents, she was sick of herself and... life. In the course of a journey where everything is extraordinary, with her clever, unusual brother and athletic, popular friend by her side, she learns self-acceptance. Just like you and me, Meg wants to be a normal kid. But when she encounters the planet Camazotz, where everything is in order and everyone is exactly the same, she truly

gets her wish. But was it what she truly wished for? With her messy hair, unkempt glasses, and quirky personality, Meg is the only one who can save all of them from... losing their identity. What does she do? That is a question you can only answer by reading the book.

Who on earth are we? This is a question we ask ourselves from time to time. What makes a person who they are? I noticed that real people, like Meg, have insecurities. And that's okay. But who wouldn't trade it for perfection, if given a chance? The author raises this question in this book. In fact,

she answers it herself: Not everyone. The main character was smart enough to see through the perfect order, and see its true form. "The most horrible, the most nauseating thing she had ever seen", to borrow the book's words.

No matter how much you think your quirks and differences are holding you down, that is what makes a person who they are, so... you be yourself. That, in my opinion, is the true message of Madeleine L' Engle, the author, and must be why it is still a remembered classic almost half a century after its publication.

MONTHLY SURVEY: RAIN

Do you like rain?

What is your best memory of rain?

Ms. Taniai

When I was a high school student, I was in the swimming club and one day we had to swim outside in the rain. I was cold so I went to the convenience store to buy a steamed bun and something hot to drink, but they had sold out of everything so I was very sad.

Mr. Bowley

When I was in the UK, I was a keen hiker and a climber. One day, I climbed up a beautiful mountain called the Great Gable. It was raining heavily that day so after I went back to the camp, I was very wet. Everything was soaked through to my skin, except for my socks. And I realized that my boots were very good!



Great Gable Mountain

Mr. Fance

I used to play rugby in the rain, and it was muddy so we would be completely covered in mud and freezing cold.

Mr. Peel

When I went to climb a mountain with my friend, he had some issues because he was a bit large. So, we slept on top of the mountain, but then it started to rain and I woke up with the tent flat against my face because of the storm.

Mr. Plunkett

I hate rain because I can't skateboard outside. When it's raining I always feel frustrated and angry!

Mr. Rowland

When I was a child I loved rain very much, and when it rained I sang and ran around outside. I prayed that there would be a flood that would swallow up the whole world. Also, I put a tent in my garden and stayed there for a long time listening to the sound of the rain.

Mr. Kanda

When I was in 3rd grade, I didn't want to go to my piano lesson so me and my friends became wet on purpose to show that we were in bad condition. But I just don't like rain.

Mr. Kawamoto

15 years ago, at the end of November, I went to Los Angeles to study. I was waiting for the bus but there was not even a single car on the roads. I was soaking wet and alone.

Ms. Uematsu

I recall a memory from when I was in the second grade of elementary school. I was very small until middle school. One rainy day, I wore a yellow raincoat and walked home with a yellow umbrella. I was close to my home when a strong wind blew, and I flew with the umbrella for several meters like Mary Poppins! Where I landed was a rice field, and I became really muddy. And I ran home crying. My mother said that she was watching me from the window concerned if I was okay or not.

Ms. Ching

Since I lived in Vancouver, rain was a usual thing to see. I actually love rain, because I remember my home country. During elementary school, I stepped into the mud and became very dirty and muddy.

Ms. Koibuchi

When I think of rain, I remember the sound of rain pounding on the roof. When I hear the sound, I remember the gray feeling but at the same time, I feel warm and safe inside my house. Also I remember about a day on a summer rain storm. I wore a yellow sun dress that day, and I went out for a walk. But suddenly the rain became stronger, and I got soaking wet, but I felt exhilarated.

Mr. Maynard

When I went to Scotland it was very very rainy. EVERYTHING was wet. That's my memory of rain.

Mr. Reid

When I was 20 years old I went to Morocco and I took a ferry to Spain. I tried to hitchhike to Southern Spain but I couldn't. It became dark so I went to a supermarket carpark where I took cover from a bicycle cover. Then it started to rain so much that the rain took me away and when I realized, I was floating in a different place.

Mr. Vander Yacht

I can't think of any good memories, but there's a survey at the elevator hall and someone wrote, "I don't like rain because I'm allergic to rain" and I thought that was funny.

Mr. Patmore

I remember being in a tropical country in the Caribbean (St Lucia) at night time. Suddenly I heard a roar from the sky. And then I was drenched from head to toe after 2 seconds. From that day on, we raced to get undercover when we heard a roar from the sky.

Ms. Riddle

When I was small, I lived in California and it always had droughts. It lacked rain and since we didn't have enough water they would even restrict whether we can flush the toilet or not. I guess my memory of rain is that I don't have memories of rain from when I was small.

Mr. Kudo

Rain reminds me of slimy insects like snails and slugs. When I was in India, I remember the rain there. When it rains, people jump around in delight. They have soap in their hand, and jump into the river. People thought that rivers are a sacred place, and they use that river very often. Even that river is very dirty, people drink water from there, or use it to cook.

Mr. Jackson

When I lived in Canada I remember that freezing rain and snow starts to melt and the cold rain starts to go down and it is slippery. It's hard to walk towards the bus and the sidewalk is all ice. Japan rains all day so I don't like it. But in Canada the weather is like blue sky, rain, blue sky, and then a rainbow. The puddles are nice.

Mr. Vasquez

When I was a child I didn't understand what people meant by good weather because I always thought that rain was fun. I liked jumping around in puddles when it rained so for me rain was good weather.

Mr. McClure

I love running during rain barefoot on the grass. I usually go to the park near my house, and I feel really good there.

Ms. Tanabe

Last year, I watched fireworks during the rain in Zushi. I don't like the rain because I can't play outside on rainy days. I felt unhappy.

Mr. Bright

I was born on a snowy day and ever since, I've loved the rain, according to my parents. My first memory of being entranced by it was in a conservatory my dad built and it would sound like drums when it rained; a constant pounding that was rhythmic and hypnotic. I would play in the forests opposite my house and sit in the tree house, and wouldn't come indoors when it was raining. I would sit in the tree house and watch the water fall from the roof onto the ground, even if it meant getting wet. Rain has always been romantic to me; something about the nature of it and the soothing relaxing pitter-patter against umbrellas standing next to someone I cared about. Walking home from her house when I was 17 and thinking this was my forever love; of course, it didn't last but it didn't stop me from dreaming. Living in Liverpool meant it rained for at least half of the year; something you got used to quickly. I broke my shoulder playing rugby and my operation was on a rainy day. After the anesthetic wore off and listening to the pitter-patter as the heart monitor went off was mesmerizing.. Even now, rain holds many important memories to me. My kids love splashing in puddles. One of my favorite pictures of my children is splashing into puddles and getting soaking wet yet still jumping in and getting more wet.

Mr. Mori

I don't like rain because people take their wet umbrellas on the train and the water gets me wet. Basically, I don't like rain.

Ms. Peck

I was running for cross country in high school. Although it was raining it was very fun, and we all loved running on a rainy day. The reason is because we would become muddy and dirty, and we don't need to care about our clothing.

Ms. Umeki

My son always jumps in the puddles, so I'm fighting against the dirty water on rainy days.

The Scribbled Team thanks all the teachers for their support, and for answering questions! We would also like say goodbye to the three teachers who have left this fall, Mr. Vander Yacht, Mr. Maynard and Mr. Vasquez. We wish good luck to you all, and hope we can do a small feature in the next edition!

Teacher of the Month

Scribbled

(S): Introduce yourself...

Mr. Bright (B): My name is Rob Bright, I was born on February 27th, 1981 and I have three sisters. I came to Japan in January 2004. I joined Hiroo Gakuen right after the earthquake in 2011.

S: Why did you study what you studied?

B: Well, the real reason was that when I was 18, I didn't have any direction in life: I finished my A-levels, I took Biology, Chemistry, General Studies, Maths and IT, and I didn't know what to do, but I had a girlfriend at the time who wanted to study medicine at Liverpool University. I knew what I didn't want to do, and my parents said "you like computers", so that's what I did. (I ended up breaking up with my girlfriend at the time.) The funny reason was because I thought the Scouse accent was funny.

S: What were your degrees?

B: Computer science.

S: Why are you teaching Geometry then?

B: Because computer science includes lots of aspects of Math.

S: What's one word you would use to describe yourself?

B: This was a really hard question, I had to ask my wife, because I don't like talking about myself, but she said introverted but homely (内気・家庭的). I like being at home, doing DIY, and gardening; I leave work at work.

S: Why did you come to Japan?



Mr. Bright

R: I was in my third year at university, and realized I didn't want to work with computers - they were the most soul destroying, antisocial careers you could have. And I did a banking job in the summer, it had good pay, but it was an extremely hard job. And my friend who lived in 大船 at the time said you should come, get a teaching job for a few months, save up and travel, and that was it.

S: How did you end up coming to HG?

B: So I was working in Shane English school in Odawara, and I was teaching boring afternoon classes. I then started working at a Japanese kindergarten when I was 27, and liked it when the kids understood things, and knew how to teach Eikawa, and that was when I saw an ad for a job at Hiroo

Gakuen. I signed up, and three months later I got a message, did a demo lesson, and got the job here, and started teaching math in April 2013.

S: What is your favorite thing to do outside school?

B: Sleep? And making things and playing with my kids.

S: What was your least favorite subject?

R: I hated art, because if the teacher didn't like it, that was it, it was over, and so I got Cs and Ds.

S: What was the hardest part of growing up?

B: Moving a lot: I moved 4 times, and changing schools was very hard, separating with friends.

S: What keeps you going?

B: Learning from the mistakes that my own dad made: I

didn't have a relationship with him, although I do now. I want to have a good relationship with my kids.

The magic "Aaaahhhhhh" sound students make when they finally understand something.

I like learning and developing myself. You are only as good as your last lesson.

S: Why do you like science?

B: I want to understand how the body works, and I like linking logical thinking with being creative.

S: What is your favorite movie?

B: ET.

S: What is your favorite book

B: My children like it when I read "The Gruffalo". I like "Lord of the Flies" too.

S: What TV show do you like to watch on rainy days?

B: 24 (twenty four) and How I Met Your Mother.

S: What is your favorite thing to do when it's rainy?

I like to make beer, actually making things in general. I also like puddle jumping, making castles with things in the house.

S: Do you have any advice for the students?

B: Don't worry if you don't know what you want to do. The world is changing so anything you want could change the next day. School is not just about exams. Its just learning how to learn.

Interview by Mayu Oizumi (H1-8), Shu Sasaki and Alex T. Ryan (M3-7 AG)

MESSAGE FROM THE SCRIBBLED TEAM:

We have finally been able to publish the now September edition of Scribbled. We apologise for the delay, but we hope you understand how busy everyone has been with summer homework, tests and preparing for the Keyaki festival... Thank you for waiting!

We are looking forward to Keyakisai and we hope that you enjoy the special Keyaki edition of Scribbled. Thanks in advance to all the students who are helping out at the Scribbled stand - we really appreciate it. Please let your parents and friends know about Scribbled and encourage them to pick up a copy.

We aim to publish another edition of Scribbled this term, so if you would like to contribute anything to it, don't hesitate to get in touch. We are always looking for new ideas and articles. Please see below for a list of people you can contact, or speak to Mr. Fance or Mr. Rowland.

Have a great autumn and thanks for reading!

COMING SOON!

10月2日(日)
9:30~15:00
(受付14:30まで)

10月1日(土)
10:00~15:00
(受付14:30まで)

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