

THE STORY OF JUNE

當真嗣朗

The story of June

I smelled fragrance of America from her school uniform at any time when a time of passed each other. Lot of classmate at landing stairs of high school. And a time of crowd like choking at the morning assembly. I can distinguish her smell and other persons one.

That fragrance painted abstract diagram at front of my nose. It was insist something like unrest person's mental like avant-garde art. But absolutely it was lifting up level of my mind little bit. Either It was born of strange satisfaction for some person's mind. Surely Sweaty. Good fragranced flowers going to be invite sleepiness feeling. I recalled those days. I don't know it what about brand of perfumes name. But now. I know it very well. It is merchandise of cosmetics in department store of Naha city. That is foreign manufactures. Now I know it that's price. It was object of my sigh after that.

Her name is "Kumi" she was one of the old members of Kendo club in high school, of course I belong to there. Her father's home town in Japan. But she is not pure

Okinawan.

I am age 17 in those days. Sometime I recall about her very well. And then I am going to been feeling of unrest time.

May is muggy weather with fall rain. Humidity goes to up wile it aimed “Day of Irei(mourning for die of Okinawan peoples at battlefield of Okinawa)” That is holiday. All okinawan peoples knew it very well. Even if passed several decades from battlefield of Okinawa. Someone called it windstorm of iron. Meanwhile Many Okinawan peoples learned lot of things from lot of that’s experience. But I can not explanation very well that’s thing, It is too hard at mine. I think 100 percent impossible maybe. If I used high technology and high abilities. I can not! Still every person are thought it same. Someone has going to pray peace. But after all. We can not change anything anymore. Time is goes to far away. It’s not break off memory of sadly shout contained to this Island. Meanwhile. I speak this story to you. I hope this story goes to be succession to somebody with tears.

Anyway. This is story of June.

She was belonging to Kendo club. Not good ability. She can not get point with a match. Always lose. Lot of people seems to been not become that she wore white Kendo uniform and protective equipment.

But lot of peoples imagine skillful Samurai at folktale of Okinawa from figure of her

wore protective equipment. Probably It was because of thesis. That she did announced in lesson of history.

Where folktale of Okinawa's hero on the ship. He does compete in strength with a rival. He climbs up onto the mast. Then done it traditional Okinawan hair style. Somebody called it "Katakashira", She wrote it that's shape exactly on blackboard. And she did explanation. That's happening was attraction lot of usually classmates. That is trend of mans in the old days. In basic the lesson of history demands to student that only memorize. That has not contain creation skill. But at the moment. Be happen the big bang of imagination to many boys and girls!

Lot of usually classmates was a mix crowd. But at time. They are being in unison. They are do it been a heroine her on the platform. Sing a praise song for her. Present be awarded testimonial to her. In usually she is calmly person. Never saying joking. Strait-laced person. But that moment. She participates in great fuss for oneself. Join things together beating time with hands. It is like joking story you know. She will be unrest feeling soon. She looks at teacher in the corner of classroom. He does watched that situation like be amazed. She asks for help him. And then. Teacher said it for who want be in get quiet a fuss.

"Hey boys and girls! Maybe you get be in disappoint very well. But I have to say it that. Ryukyu society was gone to be Japanese style. They are cut the Katakashira hair soon!"

That's word seem to been get rubs her up. I think she gets hurt for herself. It was

very hardly. She does insist loud soon.

“But they are refuse assimilate Japanese style! Some Okinawan peoples are continuing tied Katakashira hairstyle honestly!”

Surely someone thinking oddly why about her insist loud that at the time?

One day. My friend teaching to me at the café in Naha city speak about Kumi. He looks at outside of window. He said.

“Our generation wanted catch up The Japanese style desperately. Many our age peoples thought surely did it catch up very well. But maybe it was an illusion”

He sipped the hot coffee.

“But now. Okinawan young generation. They are recognition very well that’s about difference culture Okinawa and Japan. They has decision it for goes strait to my way. That is surely not Japanese style. You know. We can got lot of profit. But it was. It was something system of Japan. Isn’t it? Then. I think. Old Okinawan peoples were great surely. Some Okinawan peoples are refused cut Katakashira hair styles. I think maybe we are gone sold it parts of Okinawa to Japanese. It was all for our wealthy”

And then He have impression strongly from Kumis insist at now. He thought.

Maybe she was different person than other Okinawan peoples.

He said. She is SAMURAI. I bet.

Anytime lot of classmate called it her at since. They are said it like mystery voice.

Of course. In usually. She looks like common girl. Anybody doesn't imagine it figure of SAMURAI from her. Never!

Because she takes off the face guard as kendo protect. Appear the face as cute girl soon. Someone felt comfortable. She had very beautiful face like a myth. But I still imagine "Katakashira" hair styles man when cute girl tries sweaty sports I still imagine. She wound a towel around head because it for protection. I felt bad balance there. And someone felt curiosity closer and leave it like ride on roller coaster. It was harmful heart. We shook up mind from around her. But she was very mysterious at an object of love. She was too high rank more than high school boys.

She belonged neighboring Kendo club since schoolchild at her fathers offer advice. It occupied the greater part of boys. It gone to spread some gossip to neighboring residents. Someone say it cute girl work hard kendos practice. It was been widespread like speed of ripple on water surface. that gossiped by lot of peoples It was folktale like lack of reality. And soon. It sprang out ridiculous gossip. Her bamboo sword hit it someone protective equipment. It going to change gold! Lot of people would give a favor. Many peoples rush to the DOUJYOU(training hall). But soon they are understood. It seem to be she has dull ability. Anybody thought she going to can not win at a match. Discouragement them. They are said. "Gold goes

run away!”

She mortifying it very well. Every day. She was absorbed practice very well. But she never win at a match. What a tragedy! Lot of people had pitiful face when hear thats story. But I think. She hadn't value that trifling gossip. If it was a fact. It was material of reinforce to her mystery. She is not trifling girl. I bet. Even if her bamboo sword not raises to gold. I can not abandon her never!

In her high school days. She feel be disgusted with herself nature. That is same meaning as hold bamboo sword and chopsticks. But she tried joins a Kendo club again. A clubroom was two stories building. On square front of gymnasium. When she going up the stairs like side way at construction site. Her solemnity face like pilgrimage of YUTA(Okinawan shaman). Sun set in the west. She thought. “Can I run away it?” It minds like pray. But she doesn't understand. What about I would run away? She smelled protective equipment from open the door of Kendo club. She feels it. God is existence. I feel be relieved.

Of course. A member of Kendo club welcome to her join. It was occupies the greater part of mans. But cute girl there little.

They are being absorbed talking about idol musician and talking about taste of chocolate seriously while explain to her meaning of discipline and teach manners. She had a good feeling them. She thought. I am an only human. I can not live like string a bow. Giant building need a landing stair certainly. I have to need stop foot there.

Spring gone June become. Many peoples has familiar with calendar. The Day of Irei. School teacher beginning school lessons of peace. Her close friend gone to collapse suddenly at right in the middle of club activities. A moment of lose a point like drawn to her head by strong magnet. Slip off layers of the atmosphere like she become heavy gravity. Called. But not reply immediately. She carries the nurse's office.

After that. Her close friend awakens. She said.

"I had conversation to dead grandfather where lost consciousness"

Kumi relieved from her clear voice where lie on bed. Air conditioning. It barrier noise of far in the school building. Nurse diagnosis. Possibility of dehydration. But Kumi thought. It is making a wrong diagnosis. Her close friend confesses to her secretly. Her parents had large landowner of U.S. military base. They are get an unearned income a monetary unit several thousand Yen. Her parents started business by funds. But getting involved in trouble to customer. That customer had connection Yakuza. Ever since her close friend got a summons to be love hotel and demand money her and they are used violence her.

Her close friend said on the bed.

"My grandfather survived battlefield of Okinawa. But he had doom of dead rightly. He would die by explosion grenade. But he can't. He is buried lot of corpse. Lot of corpse defends him from explosion. Then he can't die. And then. I thought such a thing while raped from Yakuza. Where's my country? I am not Japanese while

belong Japan. I was born to Okinawa. But I live by money of about U.S. military base. My living is rich. But trampled dignity of Okinawan. Lot of country people blood mixed in my body. I don't want you. I don't want you. But.....”

Kumi's father was self defense official. Those days. The Diet adoption a bill of PKO. The Self Defense Forces dispatched Cambodia. Her father applies for member of the main force. The main force accommodate transport plane. Fly at base of Komaki. Then he transfer to there the other day.

I used to look at photograph her father's face. That his request duties of foreign countries. I understand somehow. In reason it for she not abandons Kendo. It was her natures. For example. Asks about one's dominant hand right or left. Right handed person can't write character by left hand. Because of it persons not left handed person. It was be like her relation to Kendo. She had fate of grip bamboo sword. It was fate.

Anyway. Some morning. Around eight. Do you have had drive around a garrison town of The Self Defense Force? I drove that road frequently. For send my older sister to her working place. Every morning. That road is crowded with running Self Defense Official. It's not stopped line one's distinction until we arrived. Probably. I guess. Is that training?

Every morning. I look at them. Memorize they are faces. It had young tall man. He was running as serious face like he would reach the summit of the road. I think he is looking for something. He can reach hand it and soon. I look at him face. I thought.

“You really defend ours steady at war?” of course. I don’t know if it had happen war really. On the other hand. It was proof of problem already at the past war. But I have an opinion clearly. Armed forces are defending ours absolutely.

I said repeatedly. A Kumi was not ability person at member of Kendo club. She always cried. That loses of match. Not become Kendo like a lump of emotional strength of sports to her delicacy nerve. But she was not throwing out it on the way. She facing herself and succeed climbed over high wall. At the time in the middle of war Missile flash sparkle on the TV NEWS. It launched to green sky. It flash was been confused me. I can not find clear answer it. Maybe Japanese society is involving war. But I still relief somehow. If come the war Okinawa. We have U.S. military base and we have The Self Defense Forces. I had fastened my mind at rules of army and Kumi’s attitude.

But it was blown away cleared when next day. Her father does injury strikes a mine when in the middle of the road works at Cambodia. I heard gossip. Police work is keep watch on the citizen. Politician and The Self Defense Forces work is defend and maintain the national polity. And then. What about work is U.S. military base? It is killed a colored race by rain of missile. That country is not stand up the economy it had to doing war. Japanese government was same. They are wagged tail to America. They have important thing is the national polity.

I think it. It gossip reached Kumi. I don’t know her innermost feelings. But the country not defends her father when dispatched foreign countries for defend and

maintain the national polity. He return to the ours country. Many Japanese peoples being hero her father temporarily. But politics would utilization education of patriotism. The opposition parties were blames him.

Someday. Kumi said me.

“I wear protective equipment. It was being conspicuous defenseless my mind. Bamboo sword is attack of arms for defend. I think, Kendo is ceremony for it against my weakness”

I don't understand her spoken meaning. I blush with embarrassment. She doesn't care about it continue say.

“I face my weakness. Lose a match many times. I can't pass promote examination. I realize at last. Do you understand it is?”

“Sorry I don't that”

I answered honesty. I guess she felt relieved. She looks at far sky.

She said.

“I think. I will become a bride”

“A bride?”

“Yes. If I graduation high school. I have be in marriage with sweetheart. And be in housewife like ordinary. I am going to birth three babies. I will work neighboring supermarket at part time for assist family budget”

“Does it have connection it of Kendo?”

I ask her at discreetly a tone of voice.

“It doesn’t have a connection. I felt sense of humiliation where lose of point. I realized powerless my mind. I can acceptable my destiny. I should be housewife ordinary. I cooking miso soup and keep house. And then. I see off my husband to work pleasantly. Even if come war”

She had lot of perfume. That is present from sweetheart. He is U.S. military soldier. She met him at the beach. He is brawny. Spoke little Japanese. He said to her. I will be high school teacher before long. He narrowed eyes brilliancy far future. And frightened reality. That figure is instability. She will been sympathizing.

When after graduation. She gets married to him and be housewife of U.S. military soldier. She moves to Nagasaki. And then her story is the end.

But I have a dream sometimes.

She wore protective equipment and she griped bamboo sword.

I remember those days.

June. It is my dear old home.