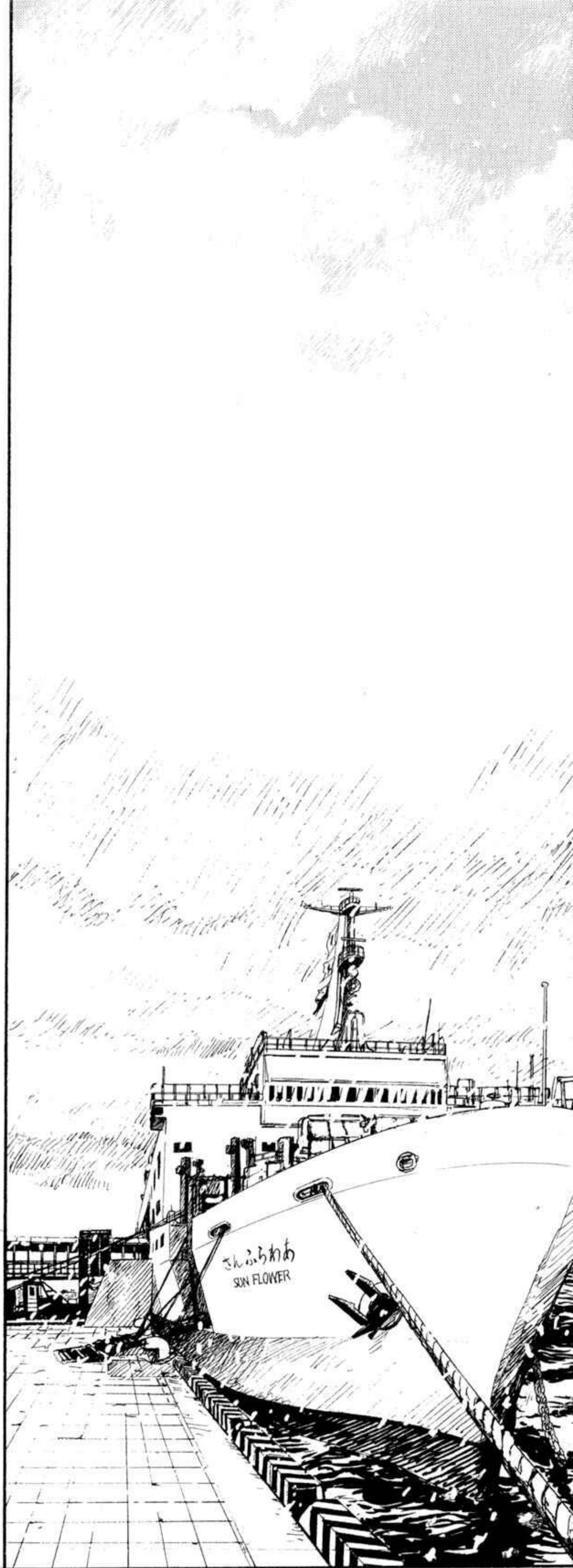
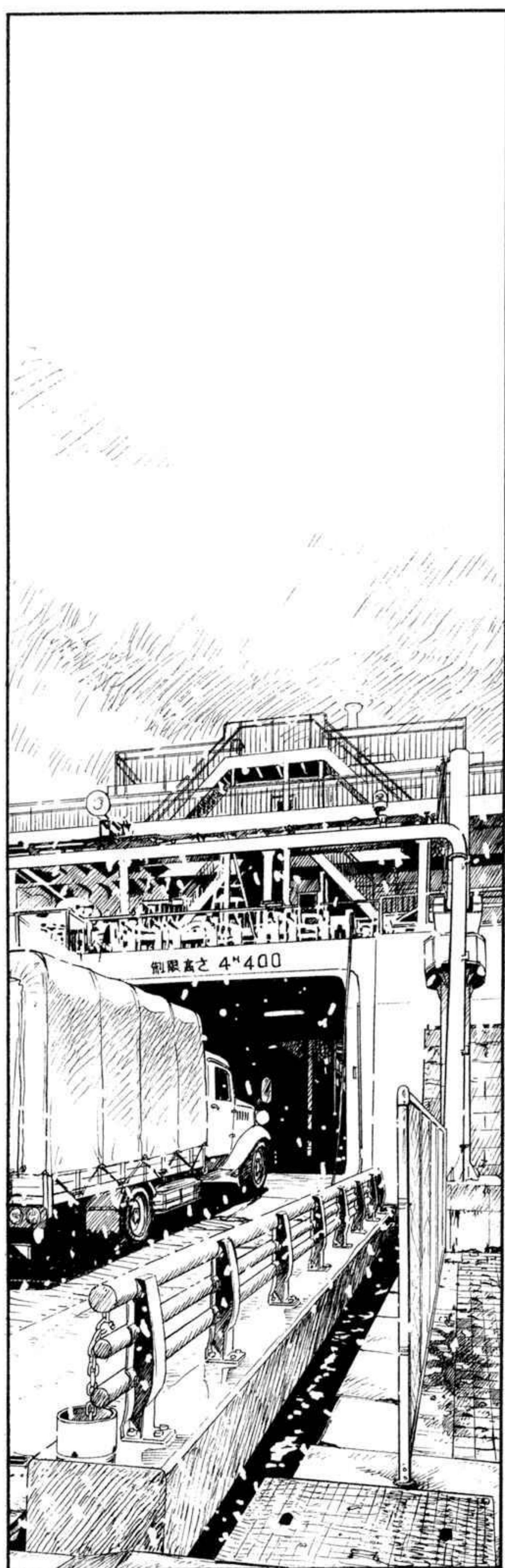
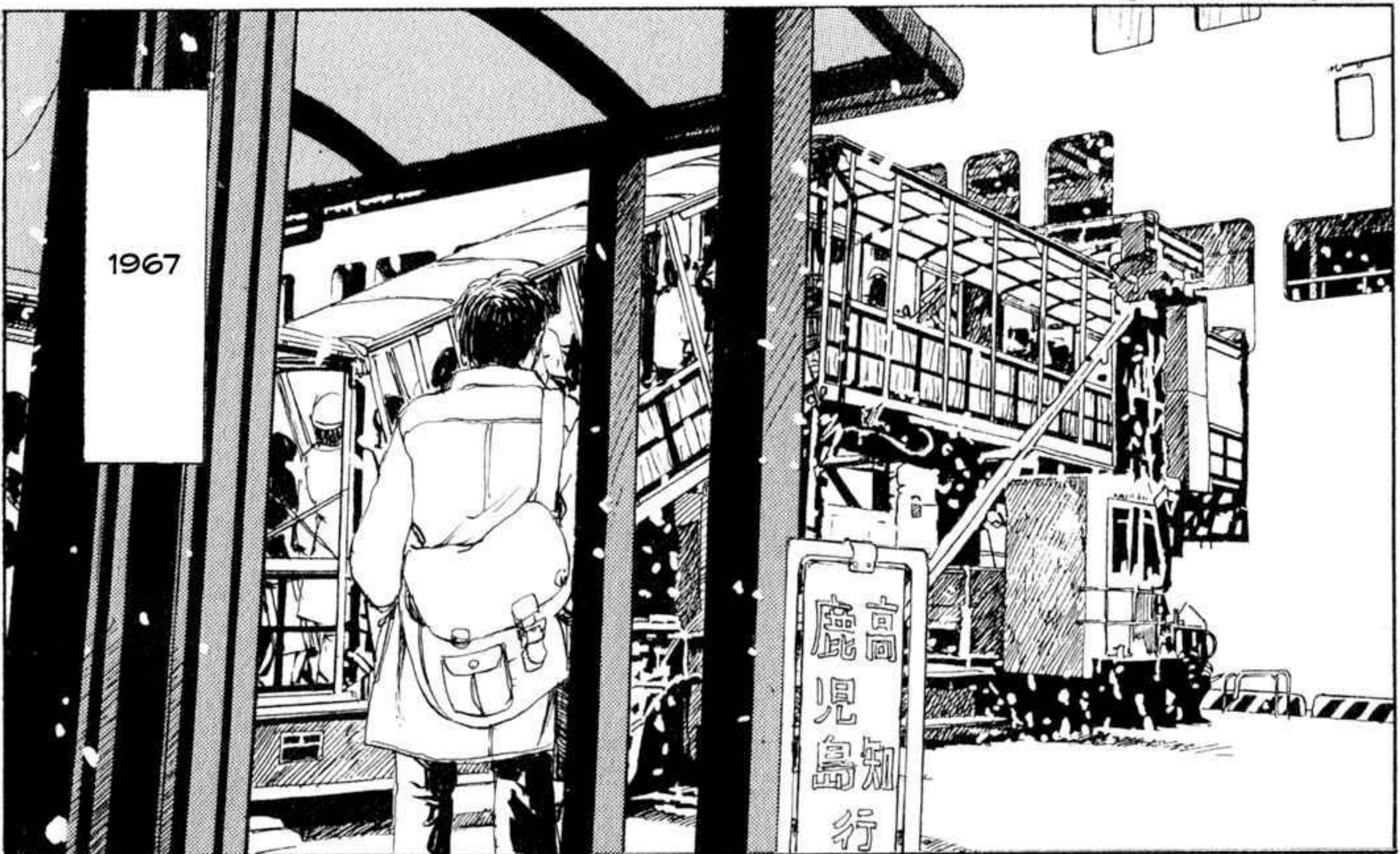


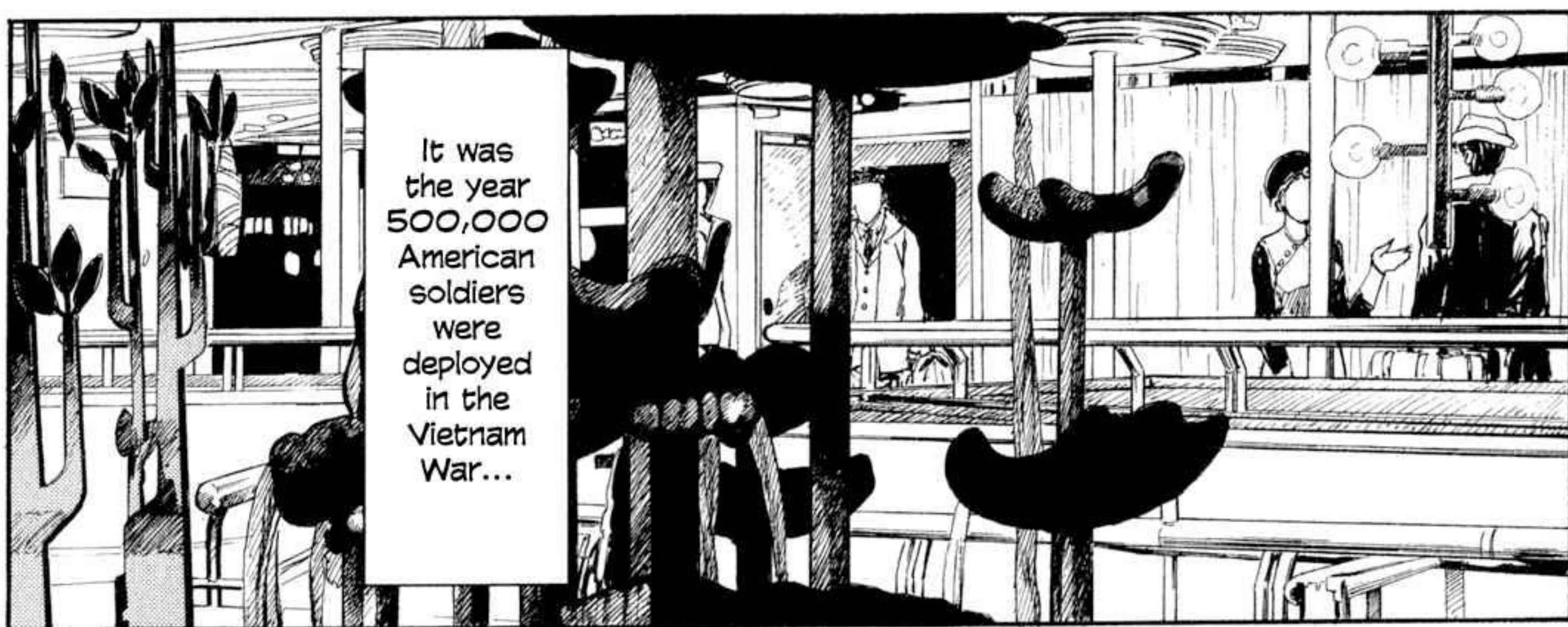


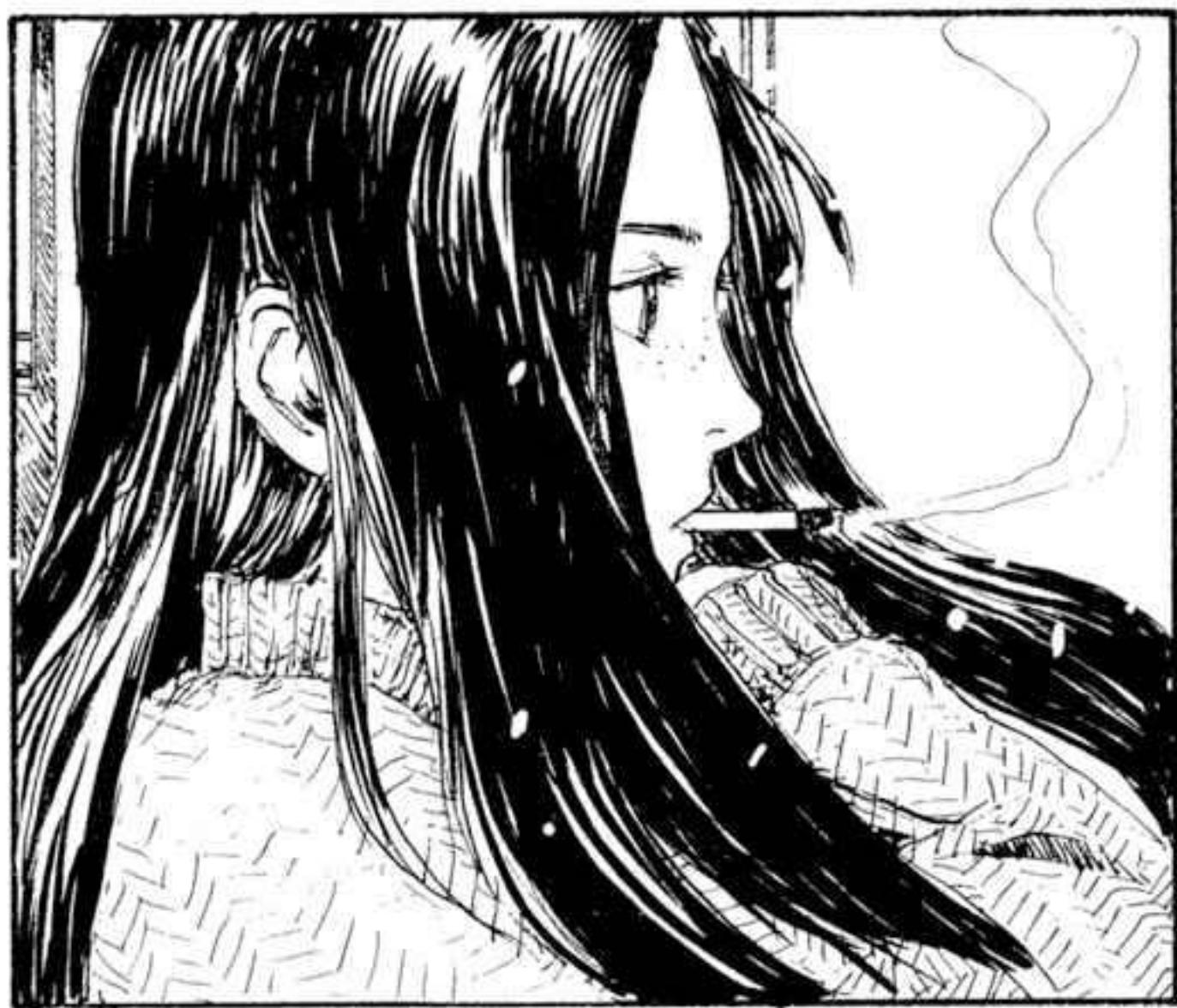
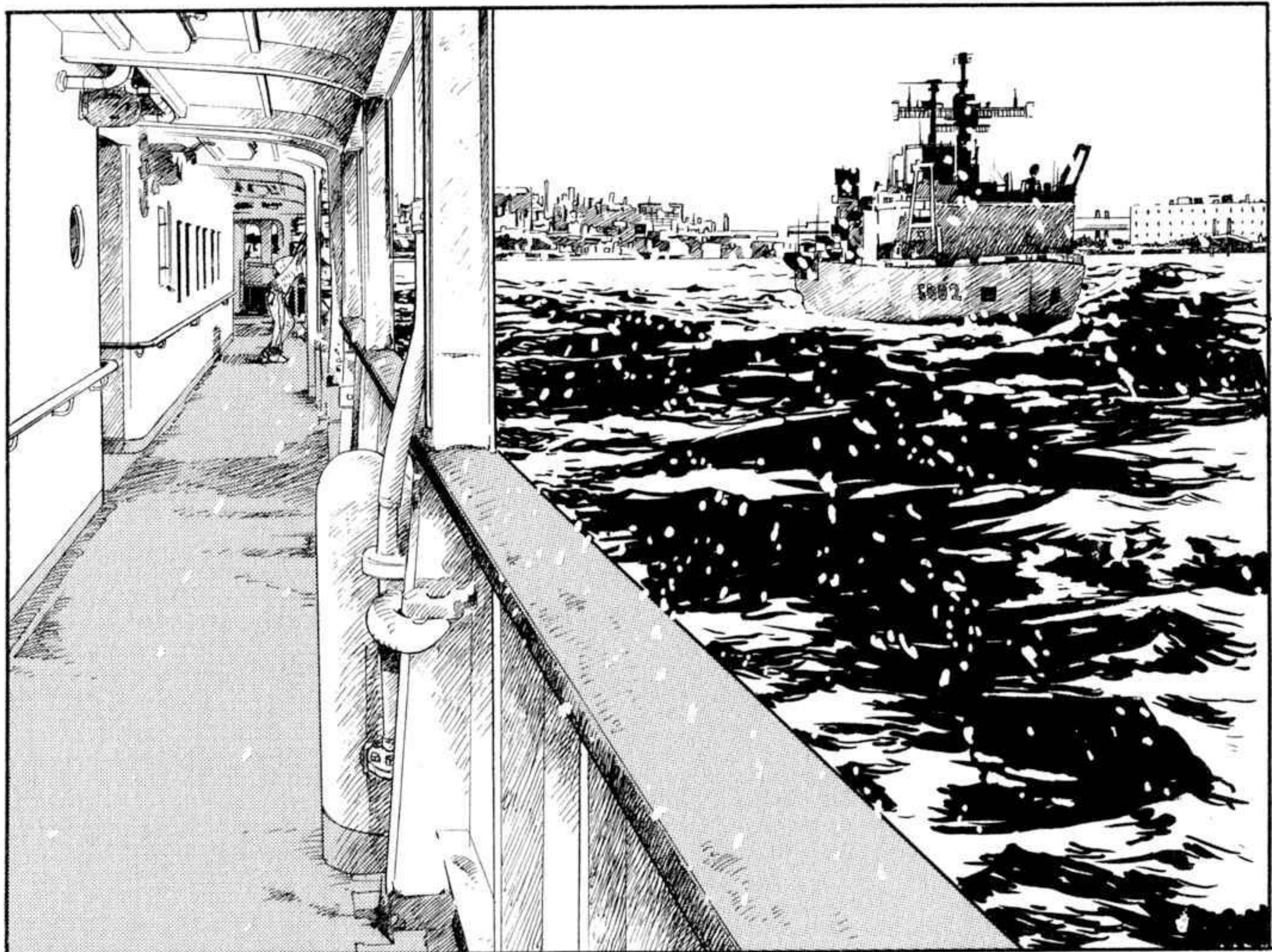
Memories of Emanon

February 24, 1967 - Afternoon



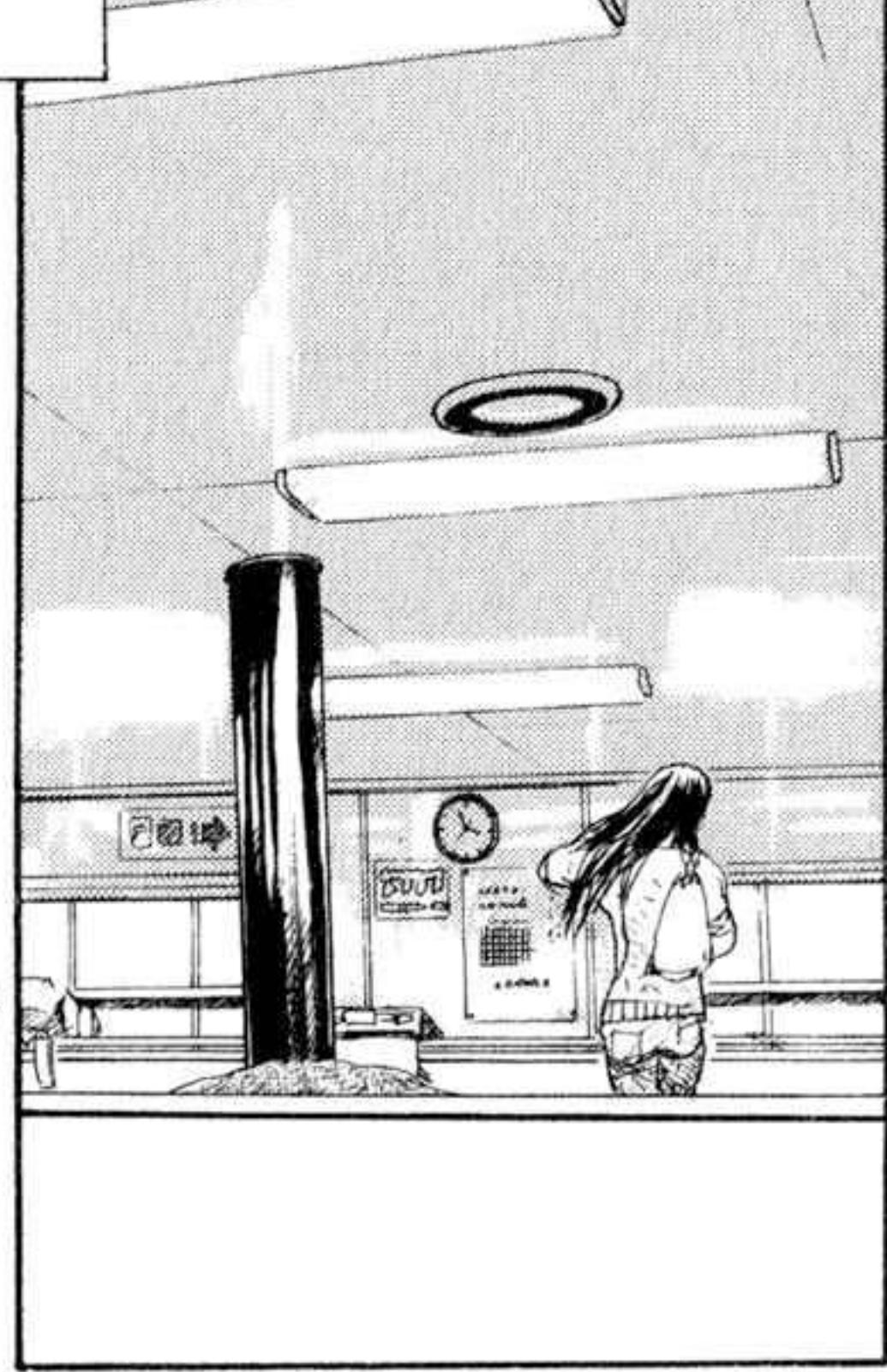


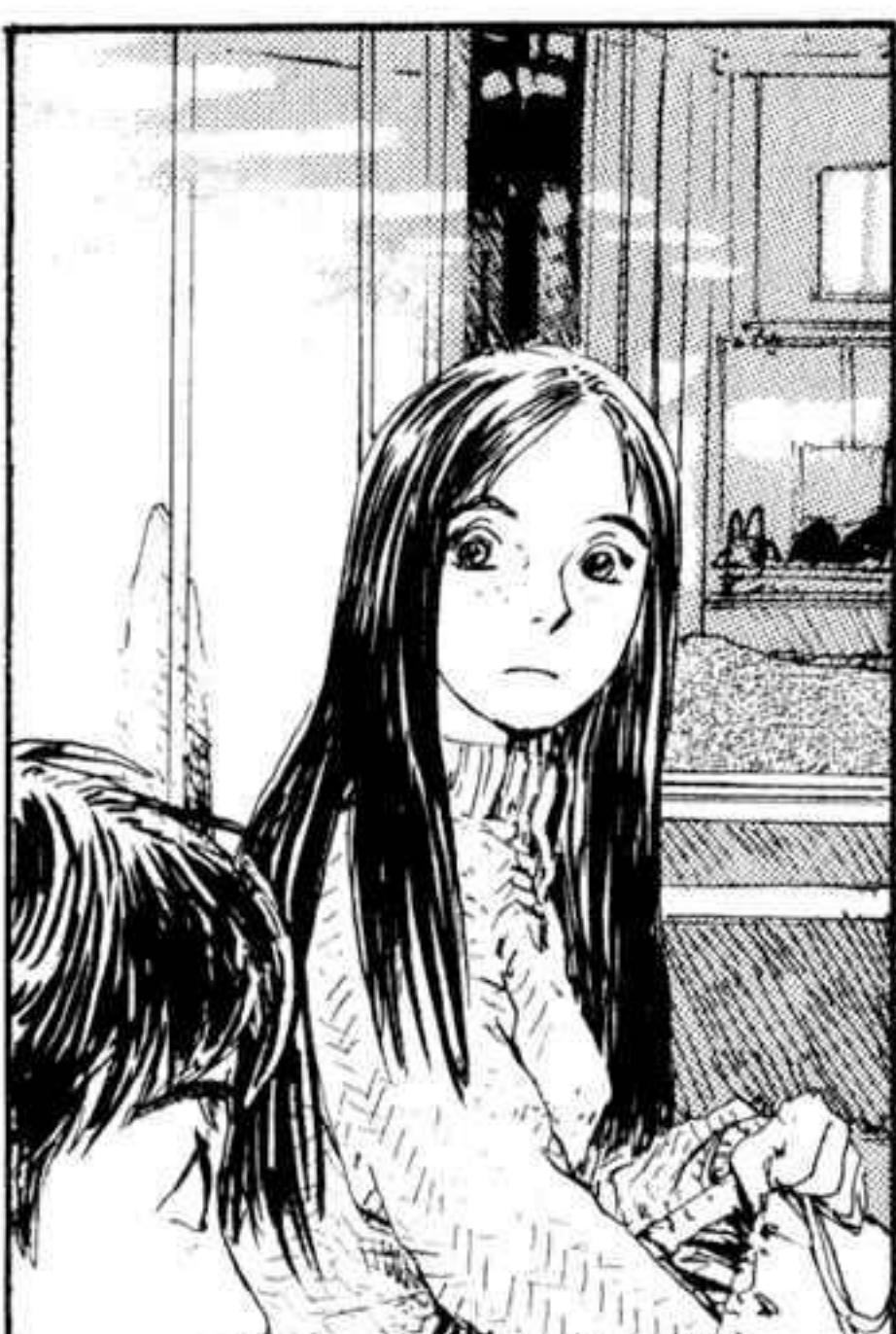






SPECTRE had turned Mount Aso's caldera into a fortress, and giant monsters and space aliens were busy fighting each other on color TV.

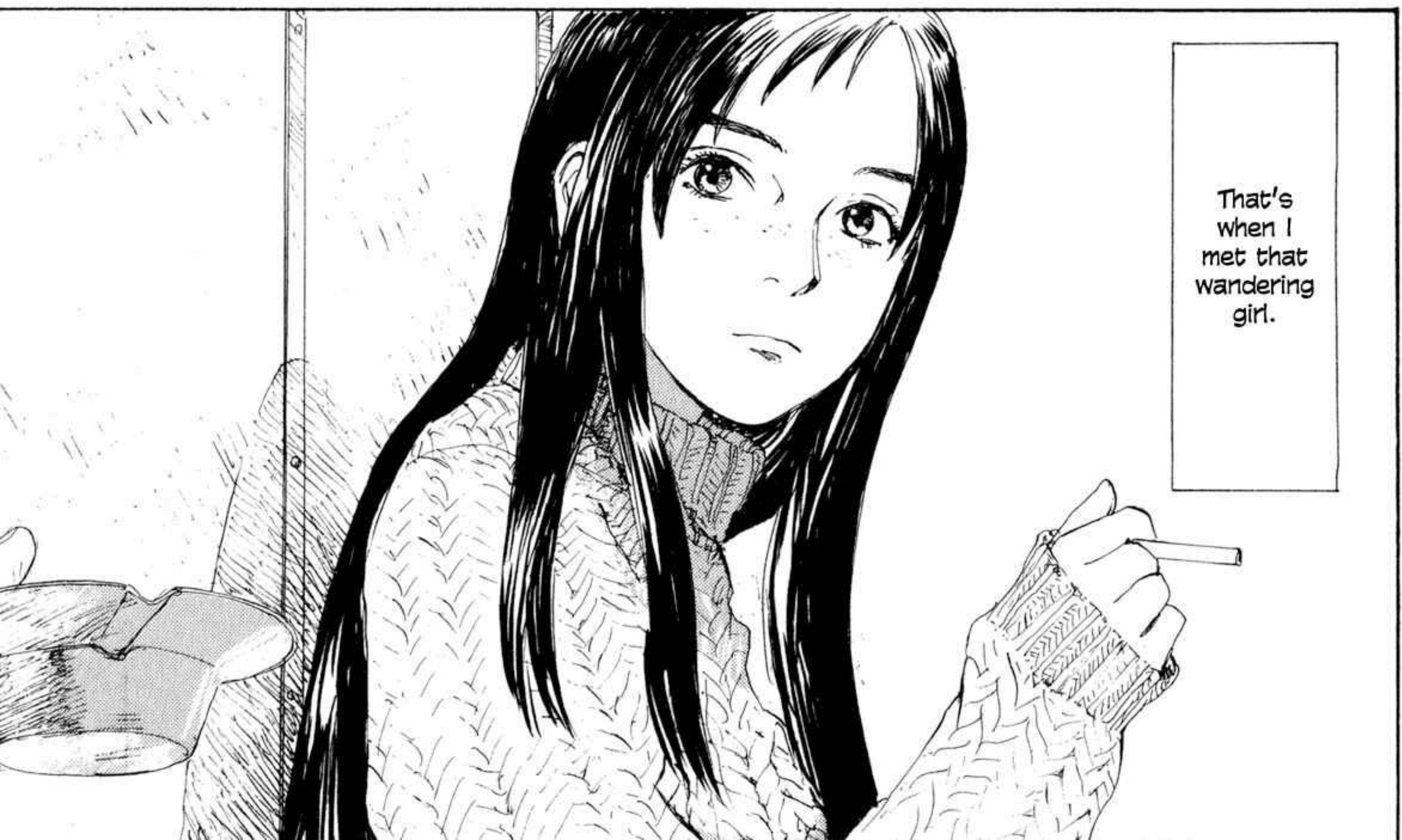


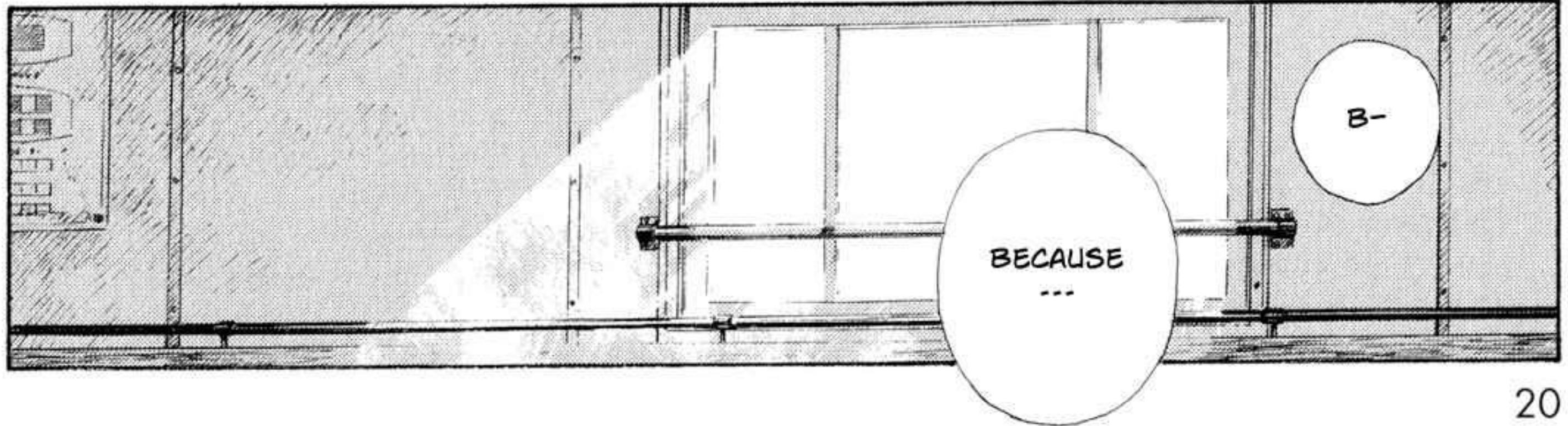


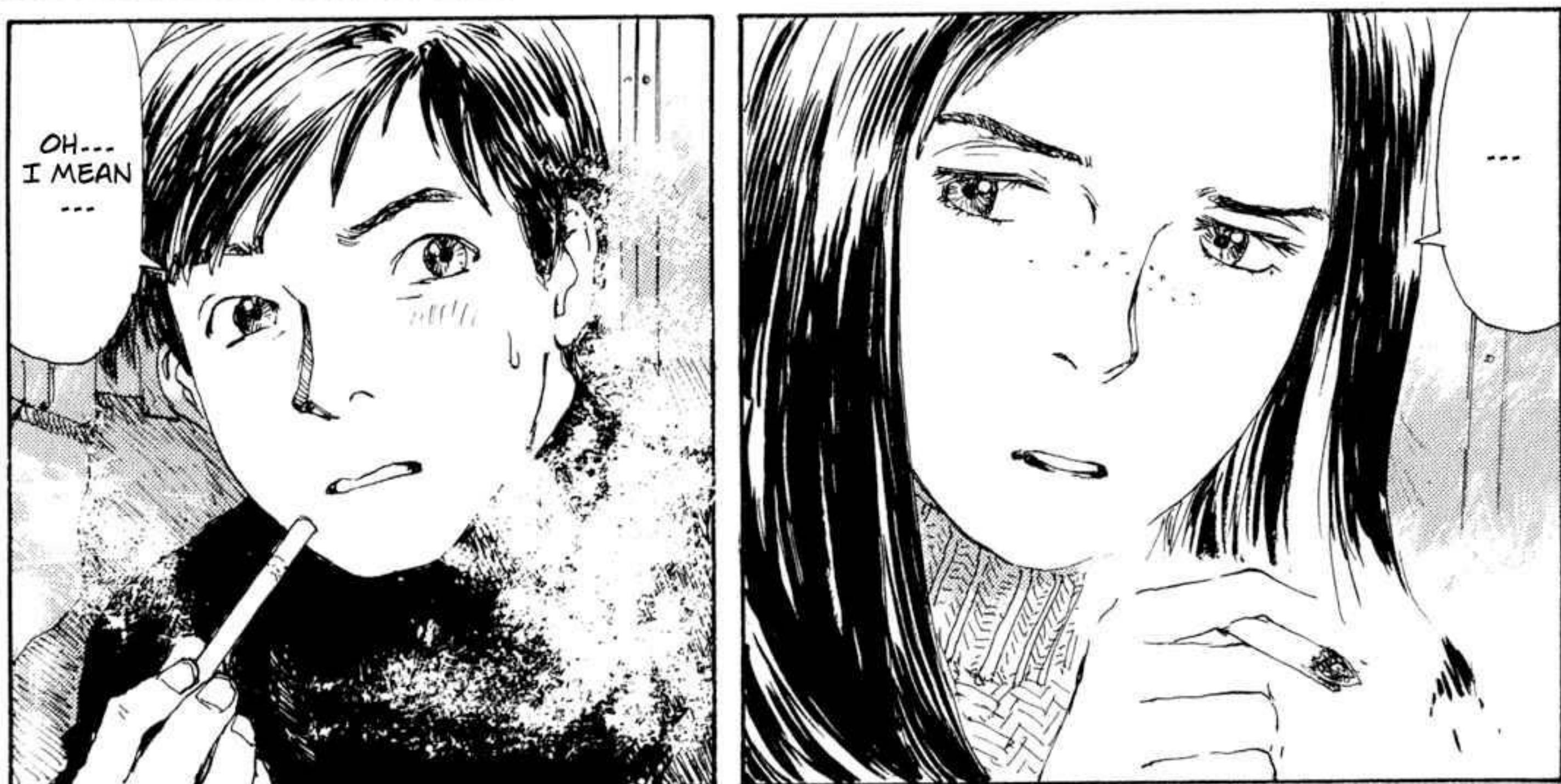
As for me,
I was still
sitting on
the fence--
a student,
drowned in
sci-fi and
unrequited
love...

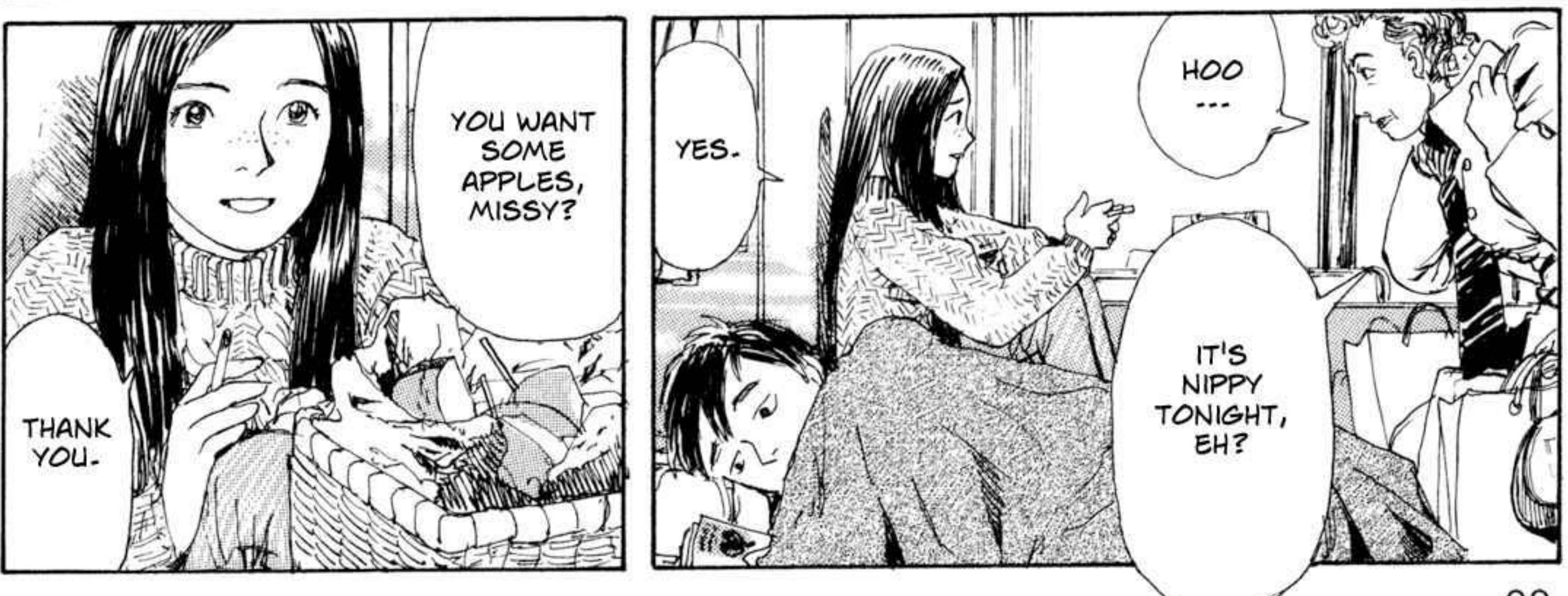
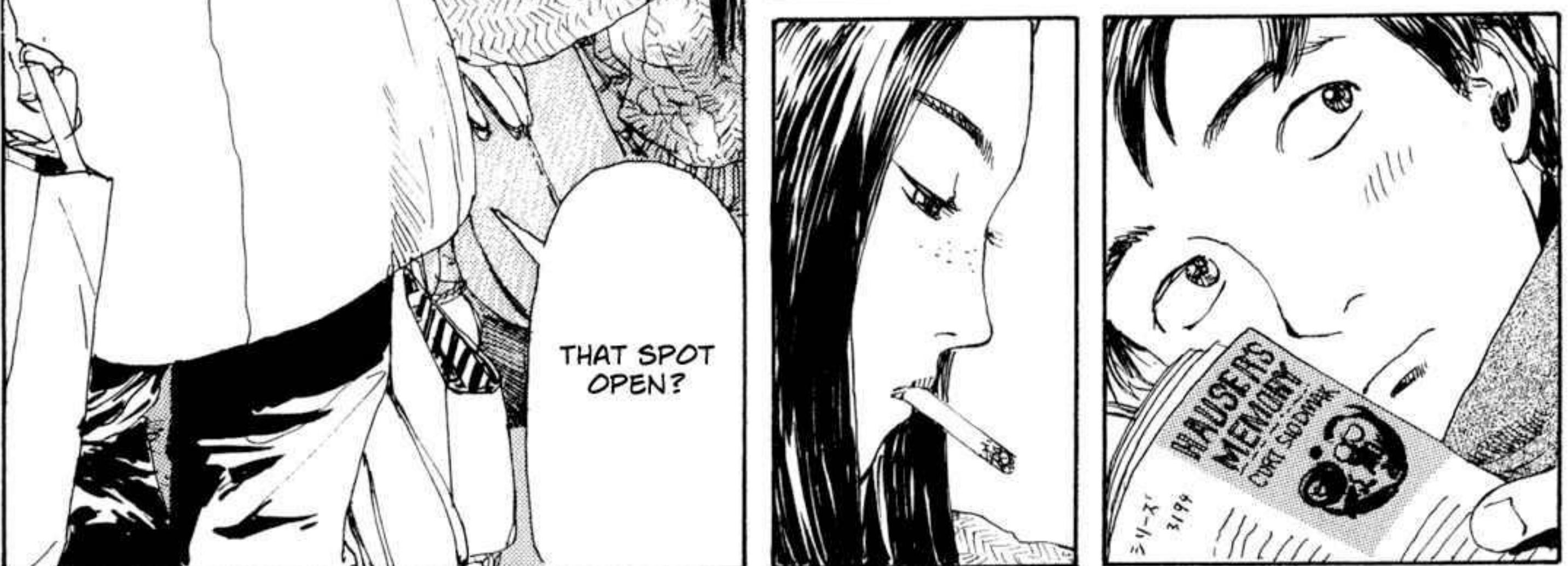
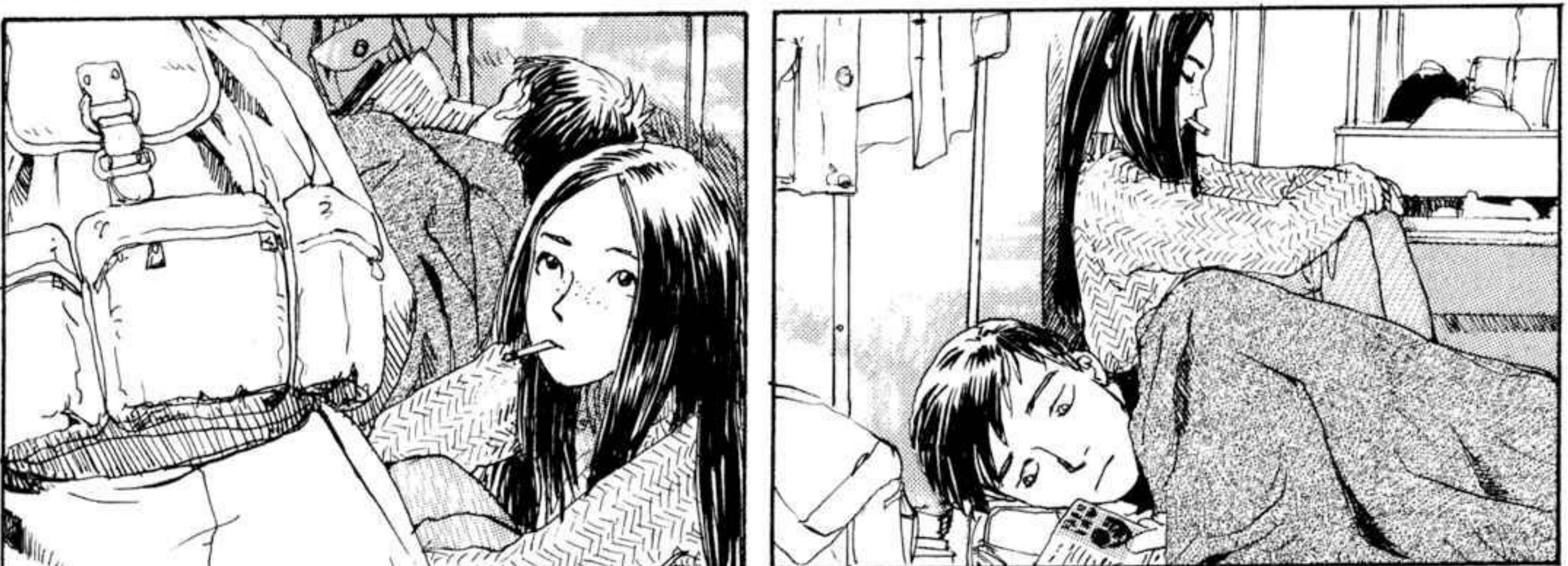
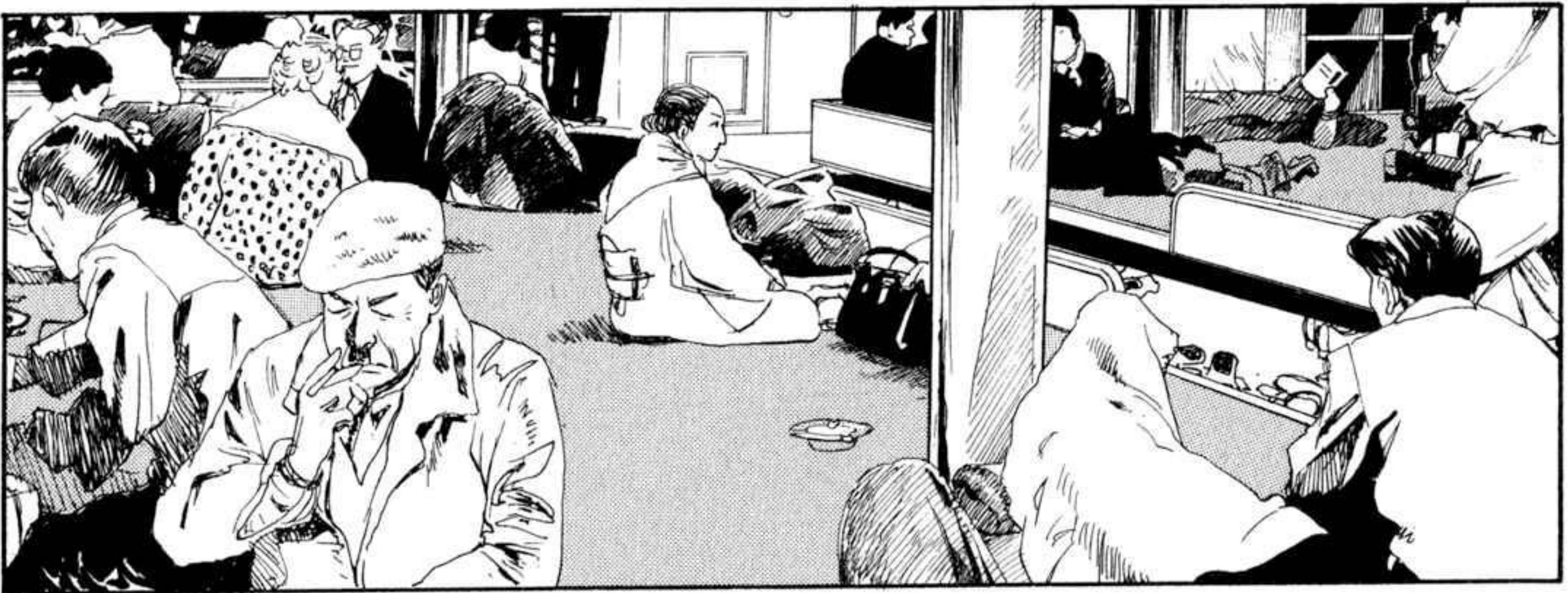


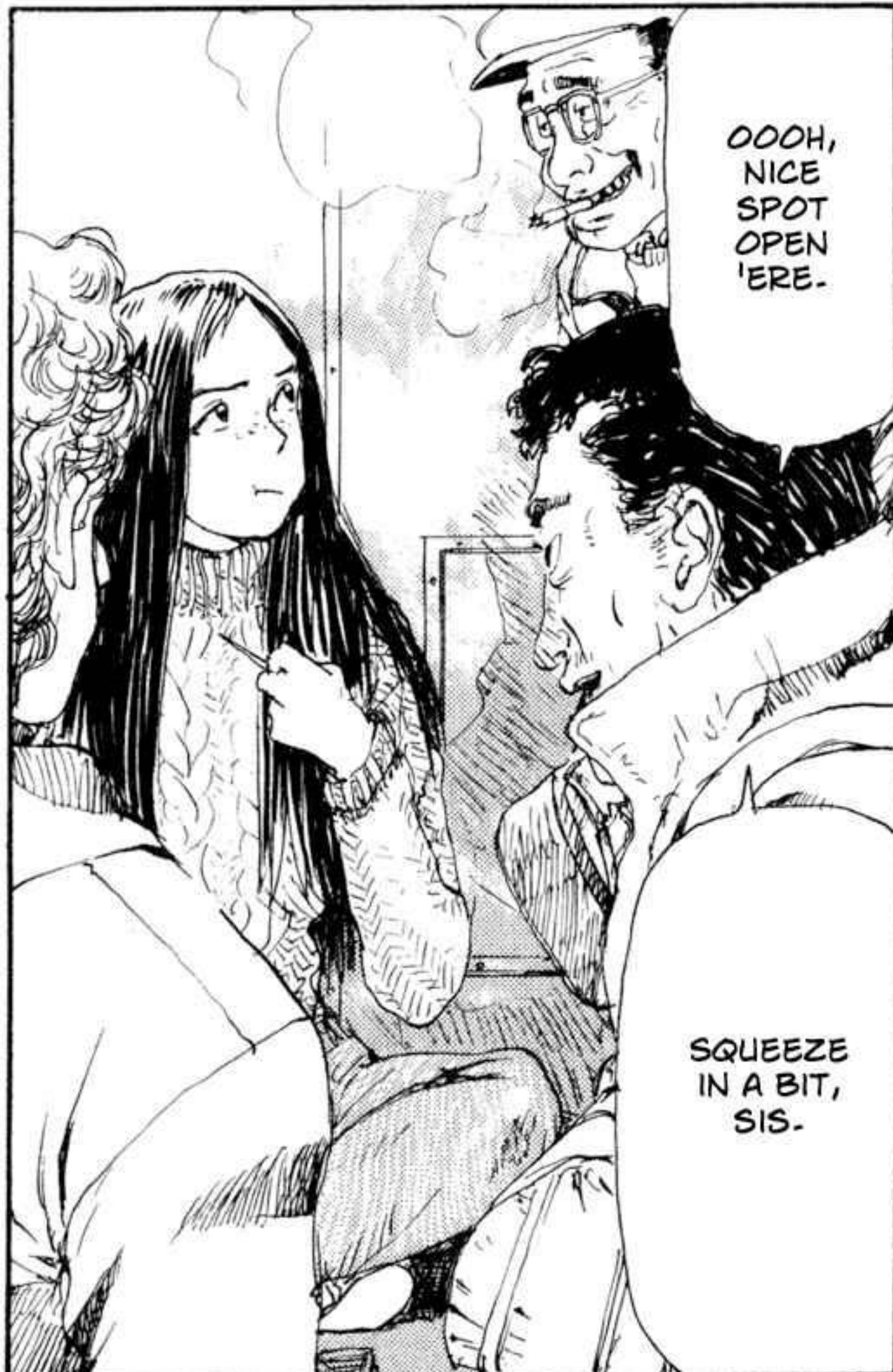
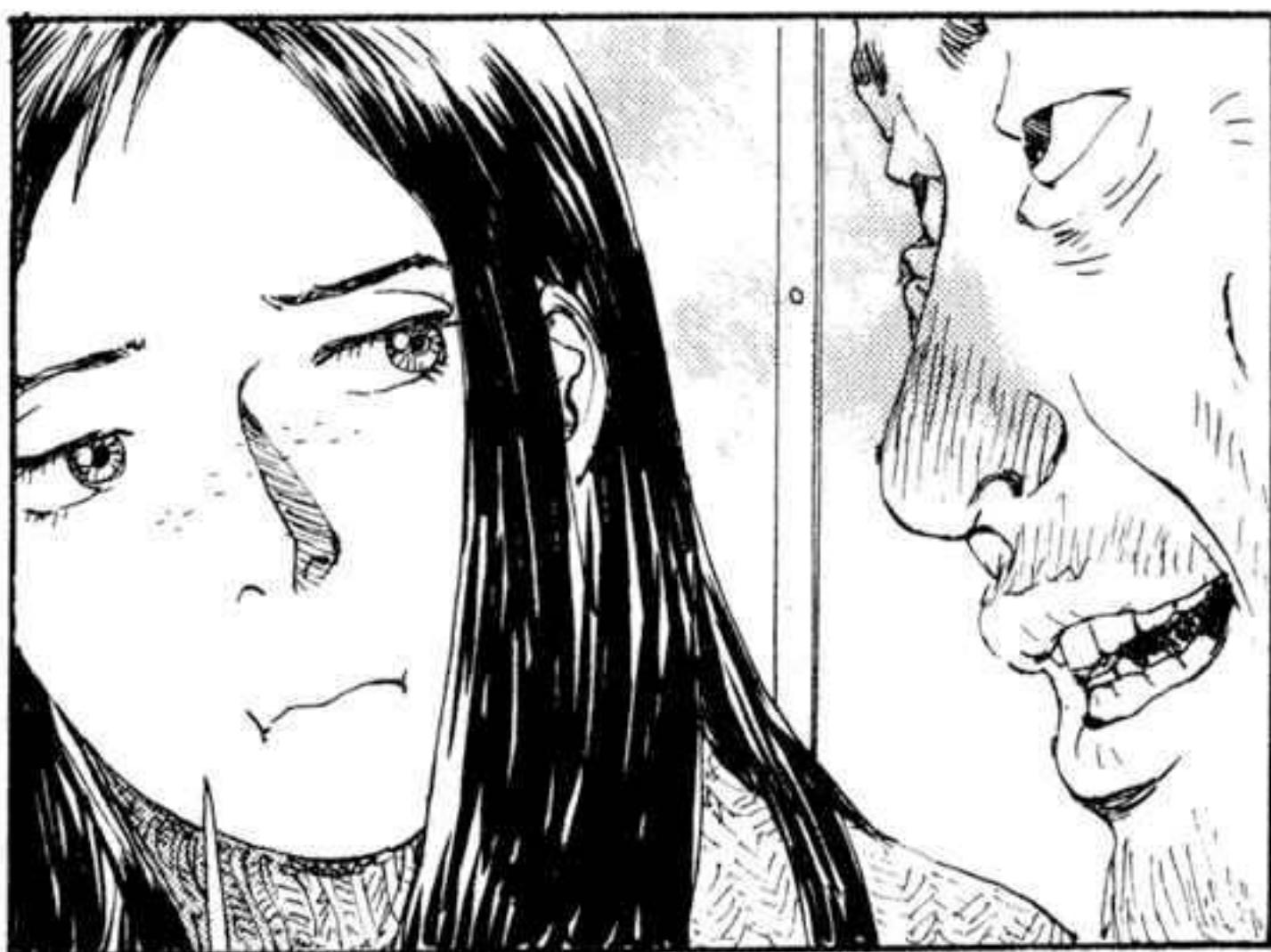
That's
when I
met that
wandering
girl.

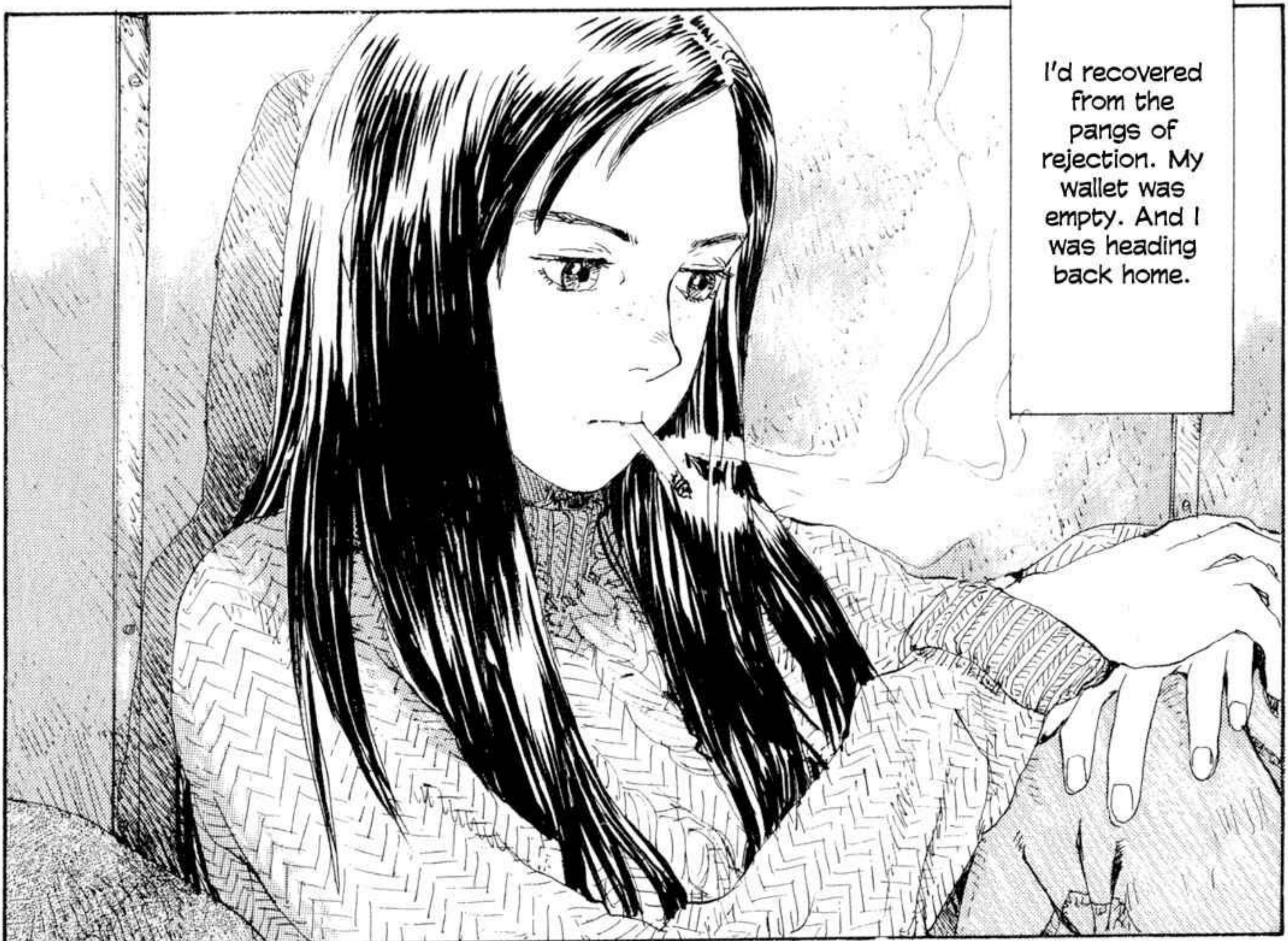




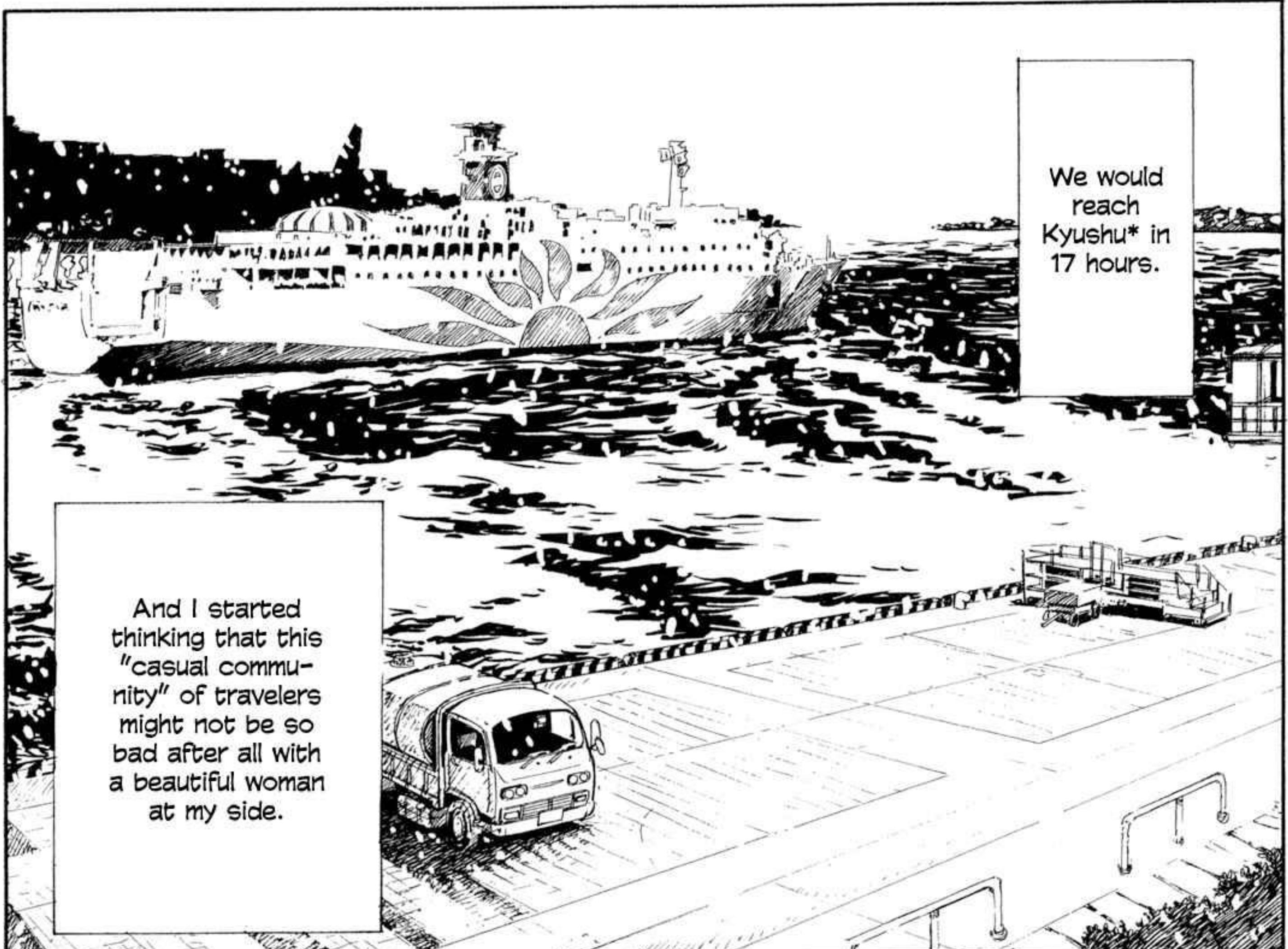








I'd recovered from the pangs of rejection. My wallet was empty. And I was heading back home.



We would reach Kyushu* in 17 hours.

And I started thinking that this "casual community" of travelers might not be so bad after all with a beautiful woman at my side.

*The most southern and the third largest of the main islands of Japan, whose main cities are Fukuoka and Nagasaki.