

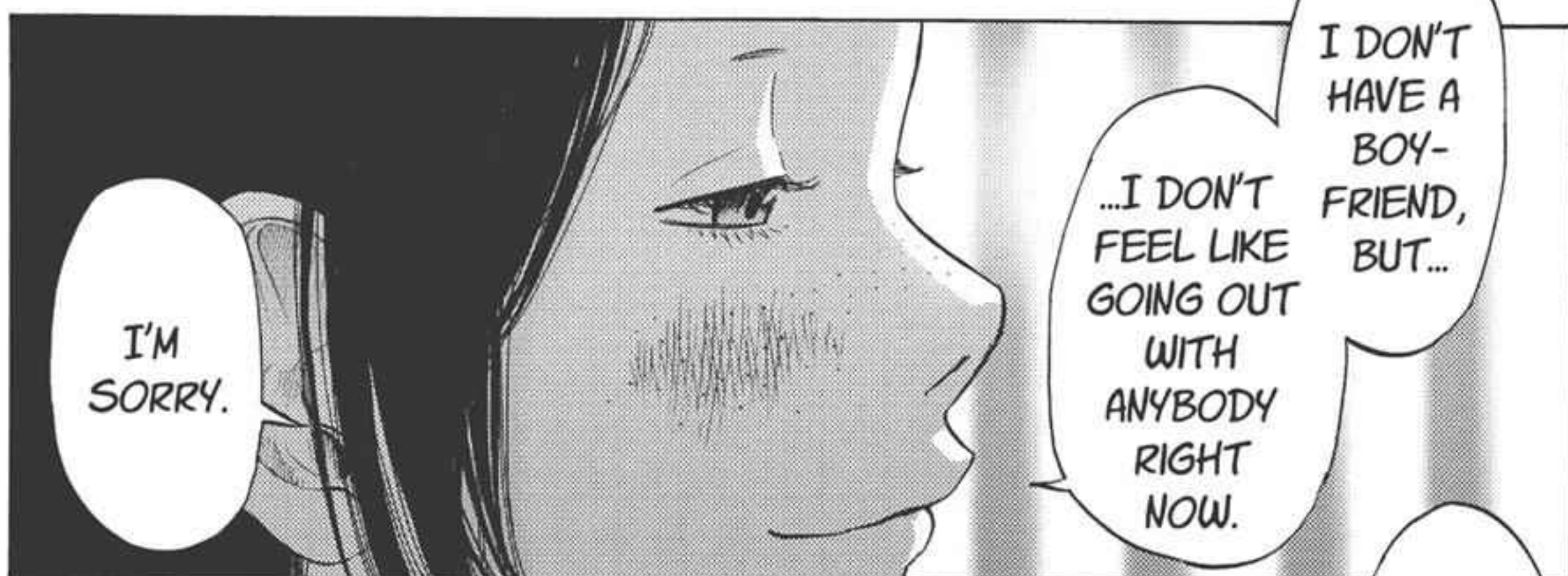


AND I
THOUGHT,
"I SURE
HAVE GOTTEN
OLD."

23

I'M
SORRY...

IT'S
JUST THAT
I THOUGHT,
"GEE, HE'S
YOUNG..."



I'M
SORRY.

...I DON'T
FEEL LIKE
GOING OUT
WITH
ANYBODY
RIGHT
NOW.

I DON'T
HAVE A
BOY-
FRIEND,
BUT...



NO...



WHY
NOT...?

I'M
WILLING TO
LISTEN IF
YOU WANT
TO TELL
ME.



OH
NO!!

OHASHI,
ISN'T IT
TIME FOR
YOUR BAND
PRACTICE?



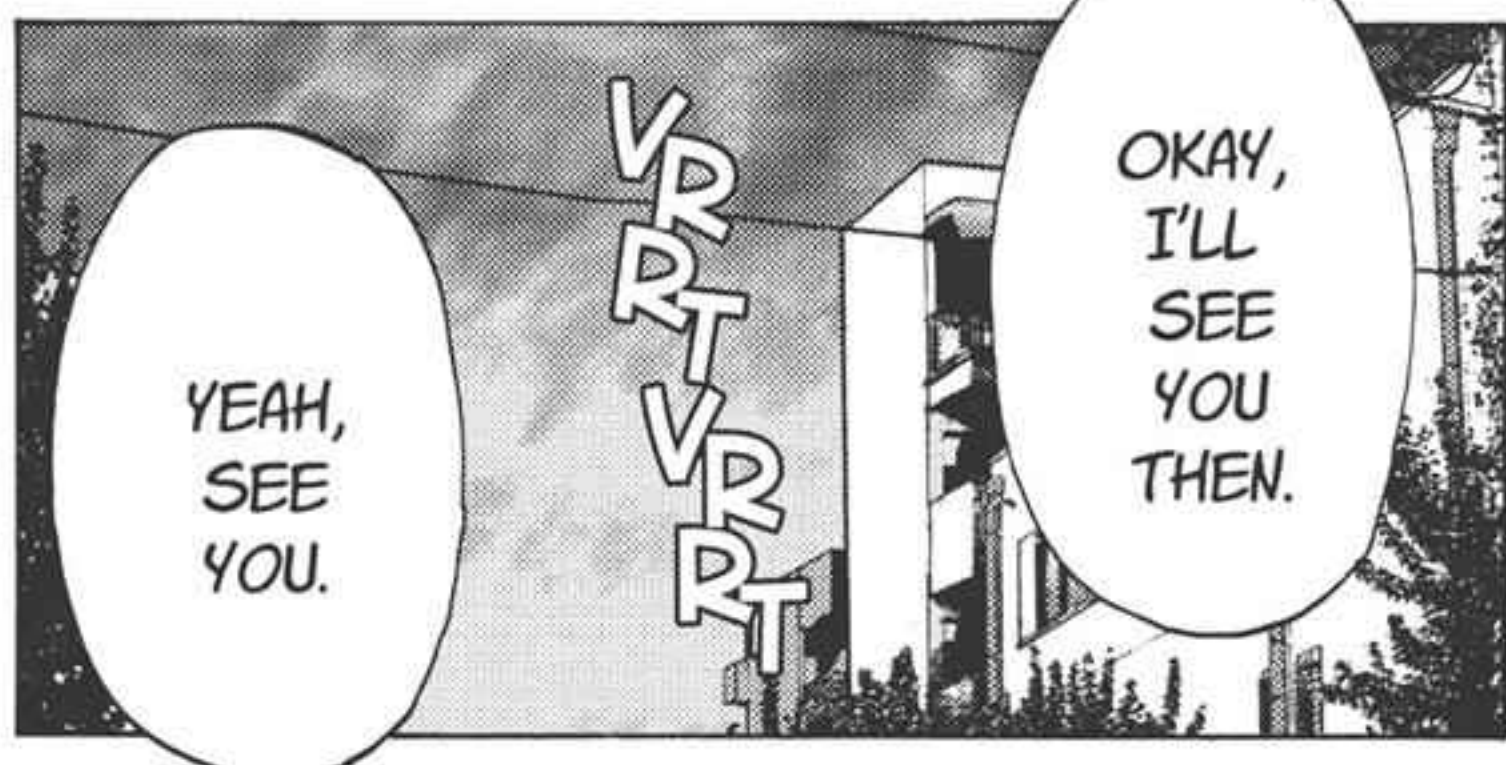
OH...
THAT
MAKES
SENSE.

...IF YOU
PLAY OUT IN
FRONT OF
THE STATION
YOU'LL GET
USED TO
SINGING FOR
A CROWD.

OH,
AND...

MISS
INOUE, WHY
DON'T WE
TALK OVER
DINNER
NEXT
TIME?!

YEAH,
OKAY.



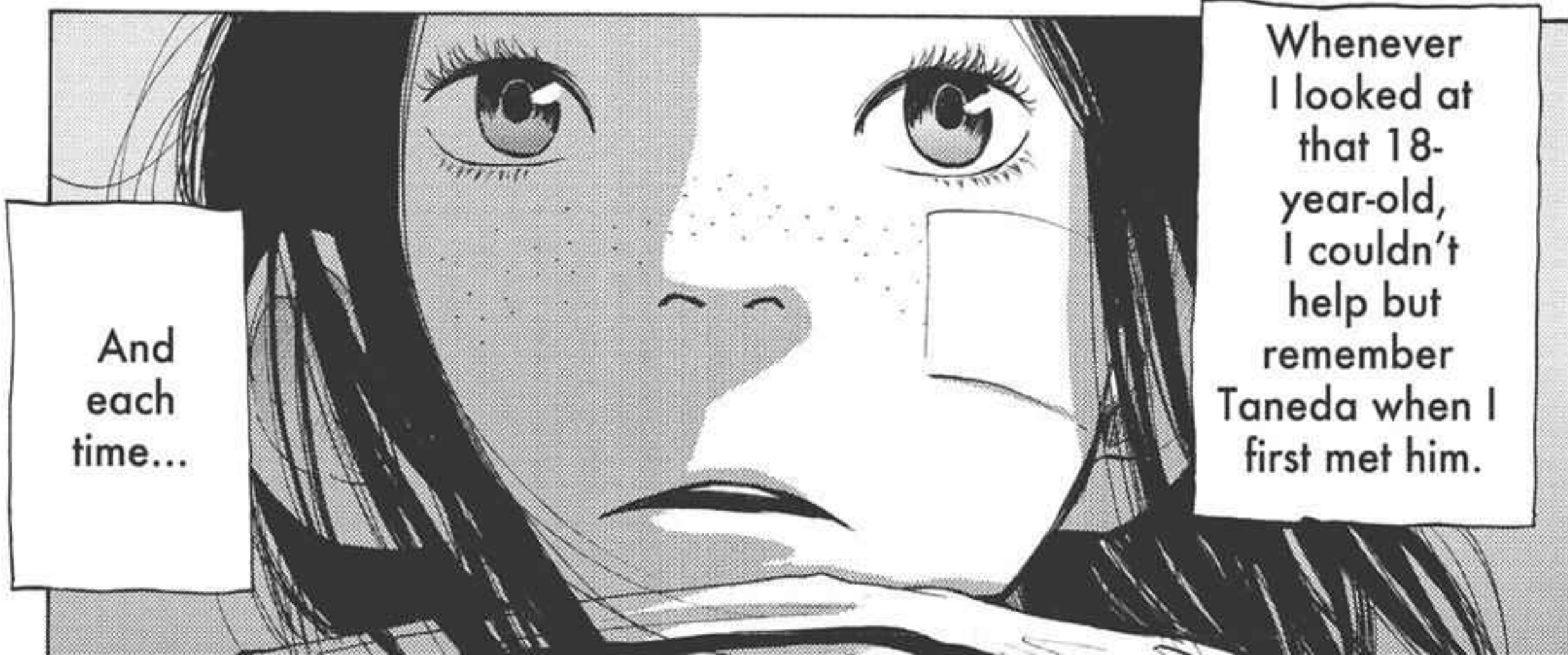
YEAH,
SEE
YOU.

OKAY,
I'LL
SEE
YOU
THEN.



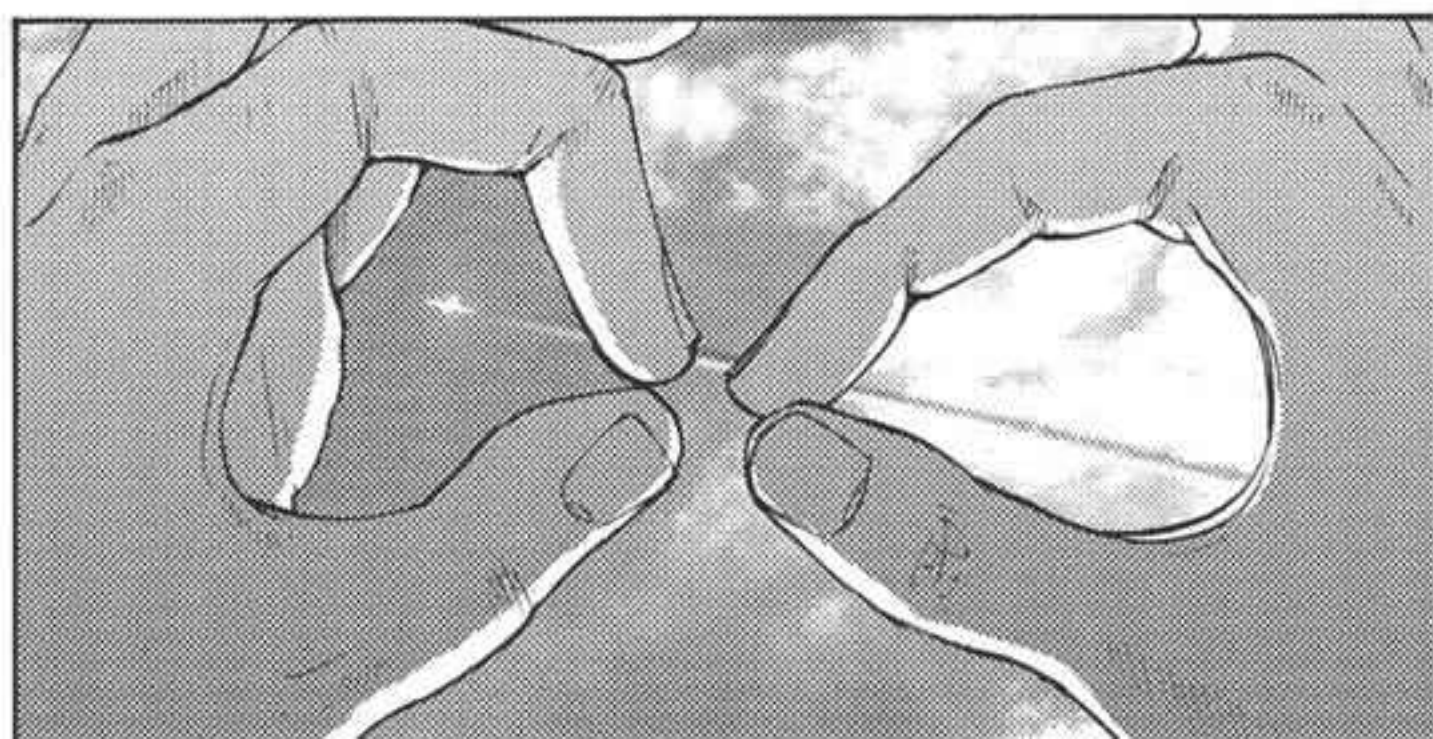
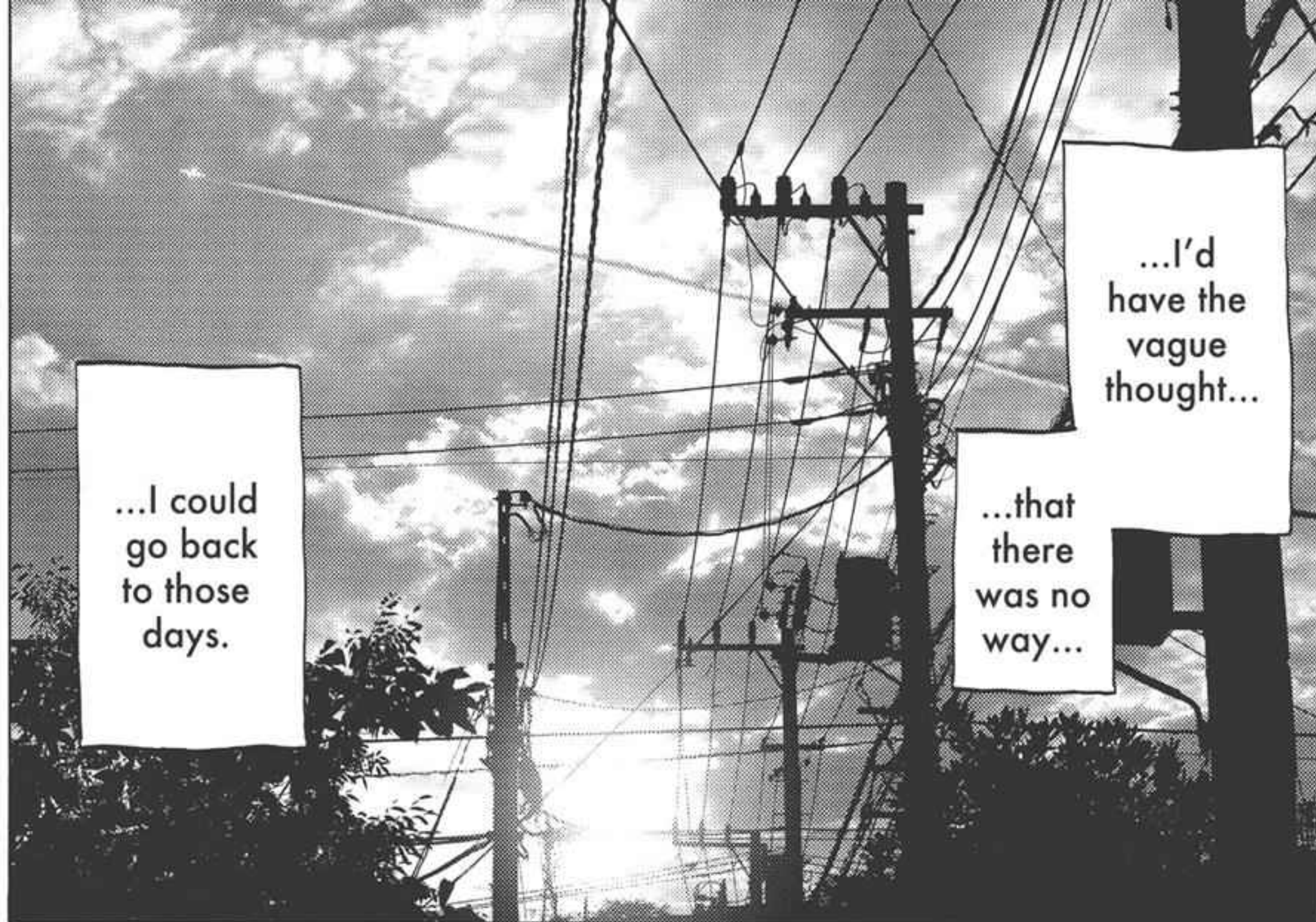
...but
actually it
was all I
could do to
avoid his
forthright
gaze.

I
tried
to act
calm...



And
each
time...

Whenever
I looked at
that 18-
year-old,
I couldn't
help but
remember
Taneda when I
first met him.





...and
got on
a train
bound for
Shinjuku.

The
next day,
I pulled
out a
dusty
acoustic
guitar from
my closet...





...and I
stood
frozen
for
minute.

...I was
struck once
again by the
masses of
people, things,
and information...

Outside
the
station...

...but it
slowly got
filled as we
drew closer
to the city.

The
midday
train was
empty...



Everything
seemed to
exist in a
miraculous
balance.

Happy
things
and sad
things.

...and
people.

...and
cars
rushing...

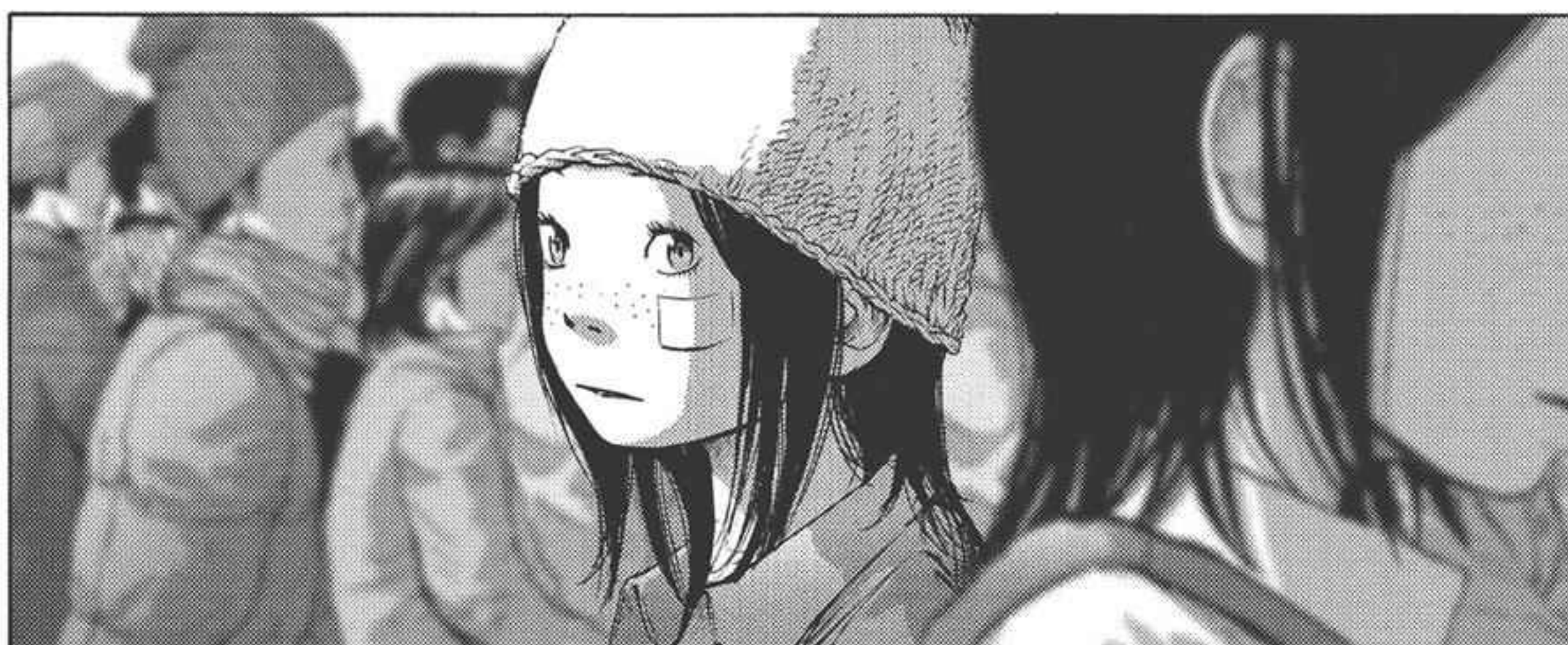
...and
streets...

There
were
buildings...



I realized
that I'm not
as spunky as
I was before.

I felt like
I could easily
be swallowed
up by the
energy
of the city.



...I feel
powerless.

...here
in this
city...

But
as I
am
now...

I
know
that.

It's
tough for
anyone to
live their
life.

...here
in
Tokyo.

...to
survive...

...I was
doing my
best...

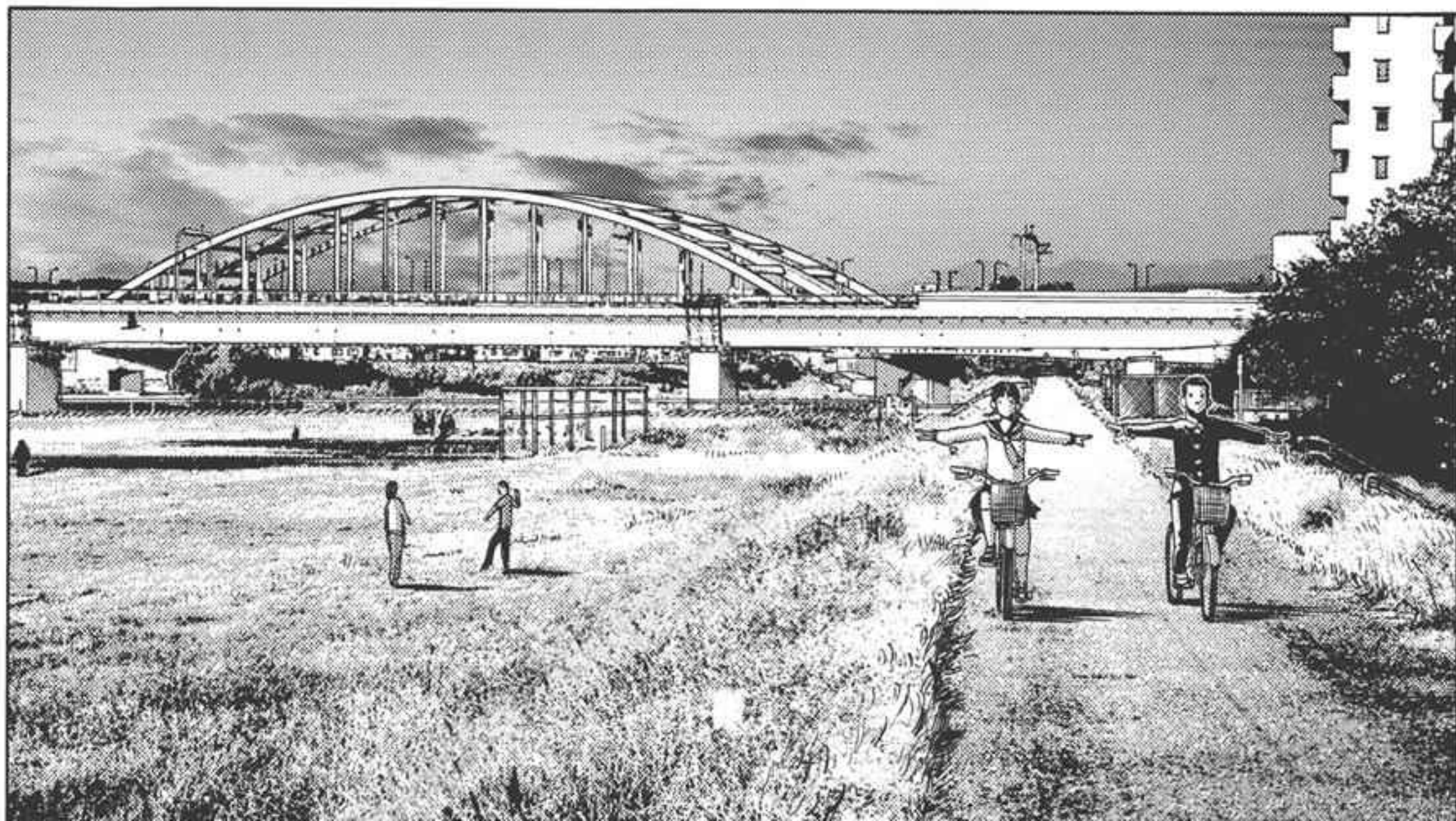
...until
six
months
ago...

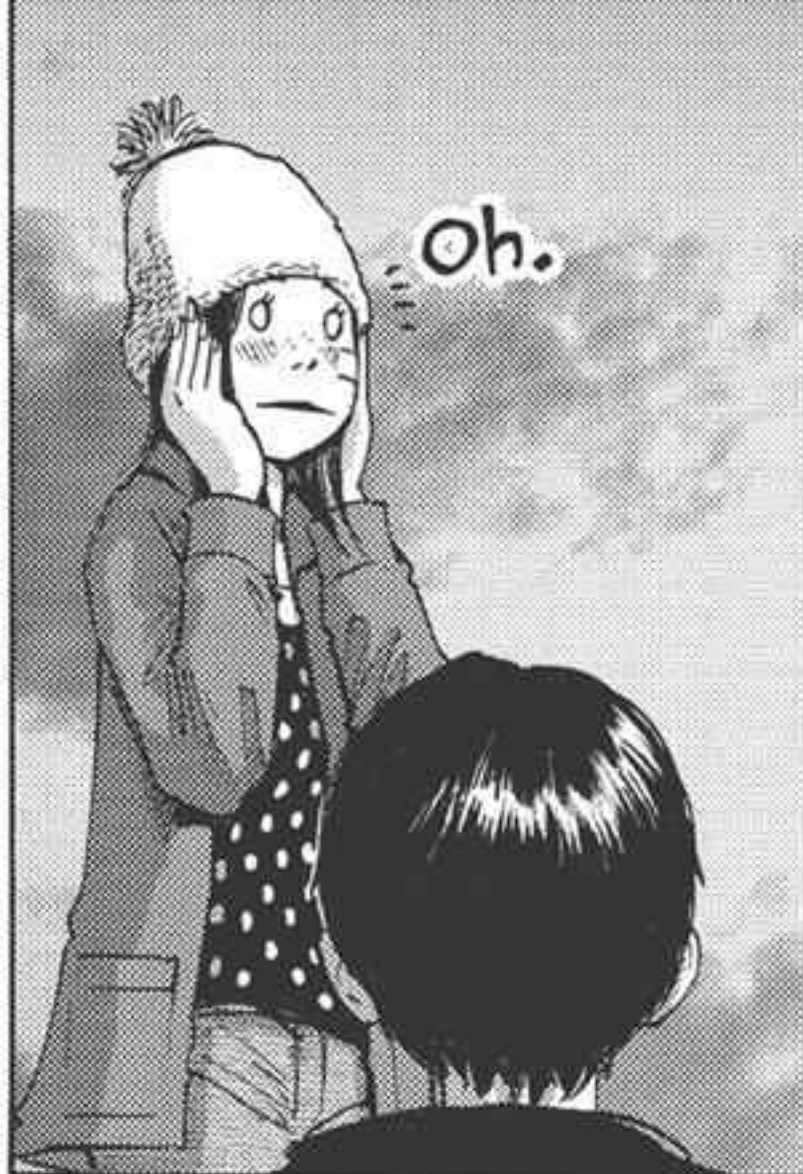
Now
that I
think
about
it...



...forever.

I can't
live like
this...





Oh.



Ack!

I MEAN,
HOW COULD
I POSSIBLY
JUST START
SINGING IN
THE MIDDLE
OF THE
STREET?!

...I'VE
COME BACK
HOME
WITHOUT
EVER TAKING
IT OUT
OF ITS
CASE.

IN
THE
END...



ARE
YOU
LOST?

WHERE'S
YOUR
MOTHER?

HMM...?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?



ARE
YOU
LOST?

WHAT
ABOUT YOU?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

NO.

I'VE
BEEN
HERE ALL
ALONG.



MAYBE
I AM A
LITTLE
LOST.

WELL...

HA
HA
HA.

NO,
UMM...



DO
YOU
SING
TOO?

THAT'S
RIGHT.

IS
THAT A
GUITAR?



WOW...

PLAY
SOMETHING,
WILL YOU?!

This little
boy will
probably
turn into
an adult
before he
knows it.



UH...

WELL...
I GUESS
YOU
COULD
SAY THAT.



I wonder
if that's
what deter-
mines
how a
person's
life will
turn out.

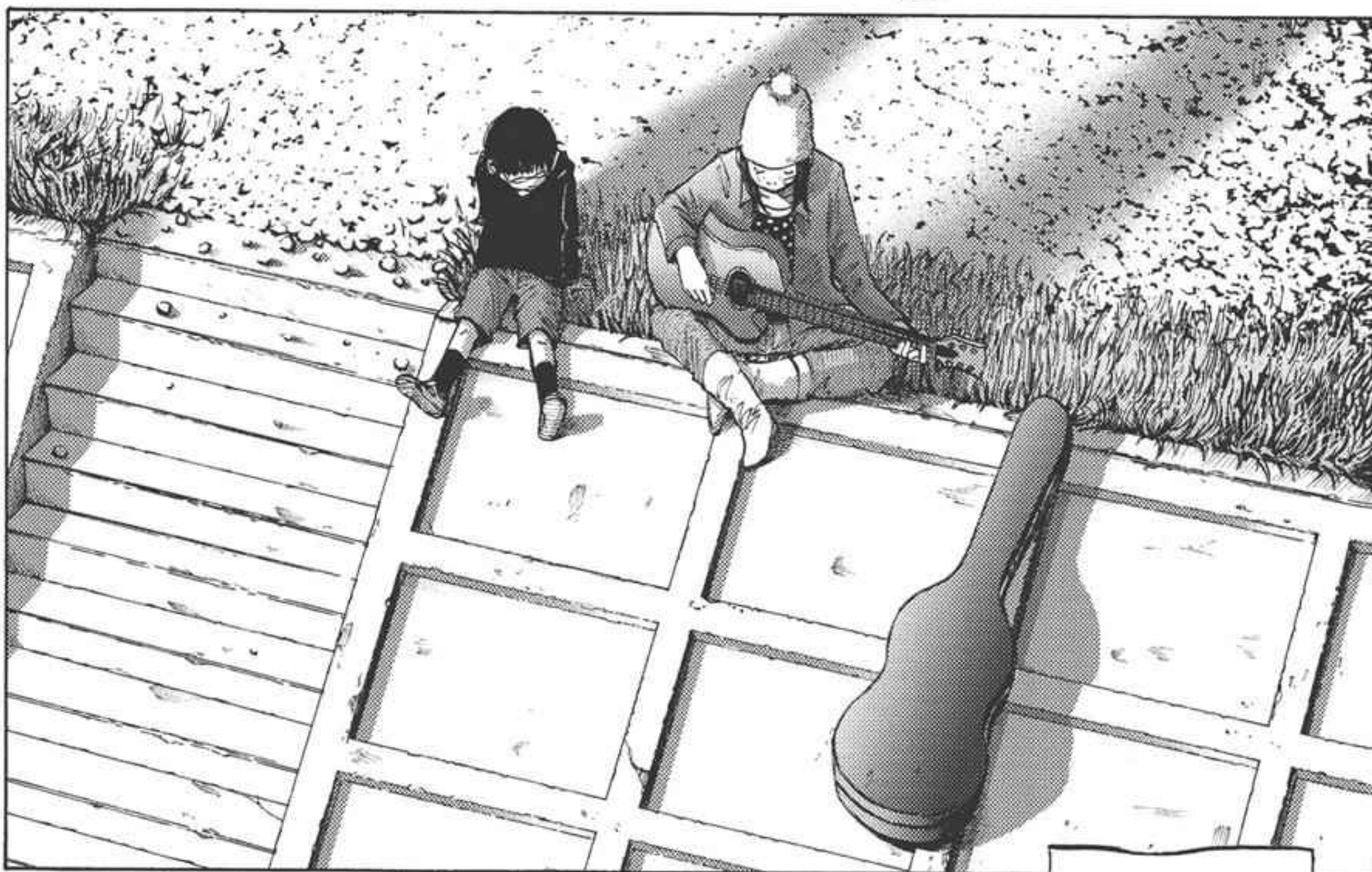
You
either
accept
it, or
fight it
to the
end.

You
don't
give
much
thought
to
growing
up.

BUT I
WANT YOU
TO LISTEN
CAREFULLY,
NOW.

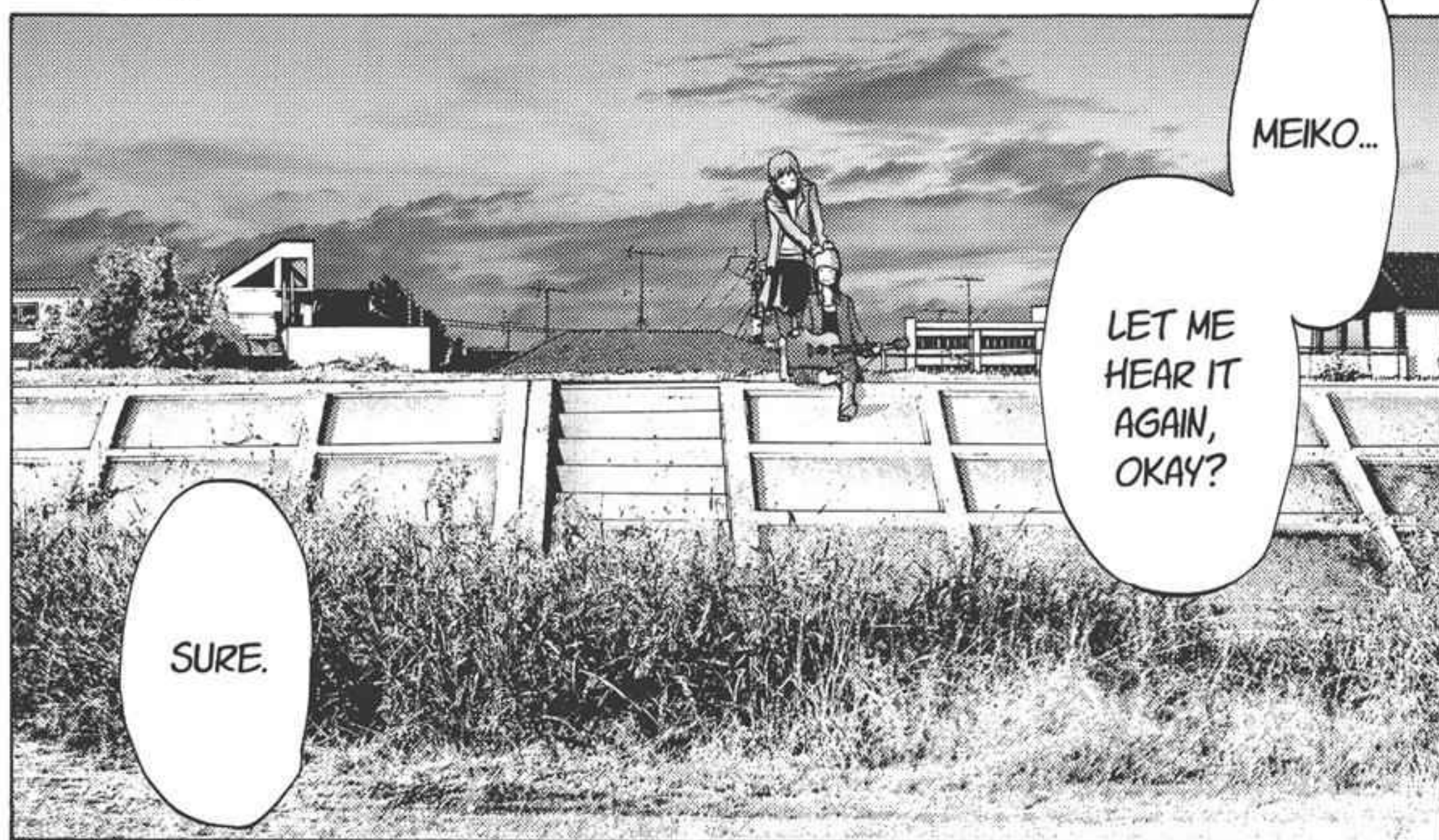
OH
BOY...

ALL
RIGHT
...



I'm still
stuck in
a maze.

But...



I just
have this
feeling.

...I think
I can
turn my
life
around.

...if I can
pull off
that live
concert two
weeks from
now...

But...

