



嫁のデキ心で知る
有名スーパーの誠意

*THE HONESTY OF A FAMOUS SUPERMARKET,
REVEALED BY A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW'S
SUDDEN URGE*

*THE HONESTY OF A FAMOUS SUPERMARKET,
REVEALED BY A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW'S
SUDDEN URGE*

It was midday during a dry spell in the rainy season when F-ko (61) came from Zushi to visit the home of her daughter-in-law S-ko (31) in Setagaya.

“Since I had already come as far as Shibuya, I just dropped by to see my grandchild’s face.”

For S-ko, her mother-in-law was more frightening than a demon. S-ko did everything she could to be a good hostess for F-ko. Later, her mother-in-law took S-ko’s daughter for a walk.

S-ko breathed a sigh of relief. As she relaxed, S-ko felt hungry, and her eyes suddenly came to rest upon the bag of doughnuts that her mother-in-law had bought at K-nokuniya, a luxury supermarket nearby. F-ko had said that she was going to take the doughnuts home to Zushi.

S-ko thought at first, “I really shouldn’t touch them.”

But hunger is stronger than reason. She opened the bag and found six doughnuts inside.

“Maybe she won’t notice if I eat only one,” S-ko thought. She hurriedly ate a doughnut and carefully re-closed the package.

F-ko returned from her walk none the wiser. Quite satisfied with herself, she left for home carrying the bag of doughnuts.

But sure enough, when F-ko returned to Zushi, she noticed that one doughnut was missing. That’s when the trouble started.

“I can’t believe that, of all the stores in Japan, K-nokuniya would make such a mistake!” F-ko immediately called K-nokuniya to complain. The call dragged on for thirty minutes. F-ko was too much for the person handling the matter at K-nokuniya. The first thing the next morning, clutching a single 80-yen doughnut as if their lives depended on it, the sales clerk and the floor supervisor came to F-ko’s home to apologize. One way, it had taken more than two hours. When asked, the sales clerk said she had left home at five o’clock that morning.

F-ko was greatly impressed. “That’s K-nokuniya for you!” she said.

She spread the story around to her friends and S-ko. Of course, when S-ko heard what had happened, her face turned deathly pale. She has firmly resolved to take the secret to her grave.

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な亡き友かつ担いで登った
富士山頂の初日の出

*A NEW YEAR'S DAWN ON
THE SUMMIT OF MT. FUJI, CLIMBED
WHILE CARRYING A DEAD FRIEND*

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THE SUMMIT OF MT. FUJI, CLIMBED
WHILE CARRYING A DEAD FRIEND*

T (33), who works as an editor in Tokyo, had promised to climb Mt. Fuji on the morning of New Year's Day together with a friend from his native area, Shizuoka. But when T telephoned him on New Year's Eve, he was told that his friend had been in a traffic accident and was near death. T rushed to the hospital only to find that his friend was already dead.

Having sobbed for a while, his friend's father appealed to T: "I was supposed to go along to climb Mt. Fuji. Please do something so that my son can climb it now!"

The head nurse, who was nearby, was moved by this and said, "I'll go along, too."

So the father and nurse led T outside, and they actually did put the dead body in the car and head for Mt. Fuji.

Along the way, they were stopped for questioning as part of the year-end safe-driving campaign. A police officer peered into the car and said, "That fellow looks sick."

Carrying a Dead Friend

Soon the fact came out that it was a corpse. When he understood the situation, the officer was so moved that he led the way for them in his patrol car.

Leaving the head nurse at the foot of the mountain, the three began to ascend the Osawa Trail. The time was ten o'clock at night. T, who used to lift weights, carried the body piggyback. The temperature was fifteen degrees below zero Celsius. Rigor mortis had already begun to set in, and T fell down several times and got covered with blood.

At half past five in the morning, they finally reached the summit. They built a fire, and the body of T's friend warmed up a little.

"It looks like he's come back to life," the father muttered to himself.

Just before seven, the morning sun suddenly shone on them. As they sat on either side of T's friend, neither T nor the father could stop crying.

Five years have passed since then. In February, a letter arrived unexpectedly from the friend's father. Enclosed was a photograph of the three of them, taken with a self-timer. The friend seemed to be smiling. It had taken the father five years to send the film to be developed.

Once again, T couldn't stop crying.

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創作日記に秘める
女のしたたかさ

*A WOMAN'S SHREWDNESS
CONCEALED IN A FICTIONAL JOURNAL*

A WOMAN'S SHREWDNESS

CONCEALED IN A FICTIONAL JOURNAL

F-ko (25), who works for a trading company in Tokyo, is living with T (23), a college student who is in the midst of looking for a job.

This spring, T asked F-ko, "I'm so bad at writing it's pitiful. I'm going to keep a diary as practice for employment exams. Would you check it for me?"

She readily agreed. "In that case, I'll keep one, too. But a simple diary would be boring, so mine will be all lies, total fiction, okay?"

And so they decided to show each other their diaries. When F-ko was in college, she had sometimes dreamed of becoming a writer, so every evening she had a good time writing out her innocuous fiction.

T thought her writing was great. "You're good," he said. "This is really interesting!"

But recently she found a new way to enjoy her fabricated journal.

There's someone at the company who's been on my mind these days. He seems interested in me, too. He invites me out to eat and things like that. After all, T's younger than me and marriage is a long way off...

She gets an inexpressible thrill as she writes nonchalantly in her fictional journal about her ongoing affair.

T had a party tonight and was late getting home. I went with the man from the office to a mellow bar. When we came out of the bar, he casually put his arm around my shoulder. I felt the premonition of a new romance...

Believing without a doubt that this story was also F-ko's invention, T was all innocence. "It's so realistic," he said. "I get all excited."

"Thanks to his diary, I know everything that T does, while my affair is supposed to be completely fictional. I won't be able to give up swapping diaries for a while."

F-ko laughs shrewdly.

4

むすめむこ
極道の娘婿

THE SON-IN-LAW OF THE MOB

THE SON-IN-LAW OF THE MOB

The other day, T (24), a designer in Osaka, paid his first visit to X City in Hokuriku, the birthplace of his wife, M-ko (24).

T was dreading this visit to his wife's home. The reason for which is that M-ko's father is the boss of a yakuza gang not entirely unknown in Hokuriku, and at their wedding reception, even though it was held in Osaka, there had been so many guys with gangster haircuts standing around that, as T says, "I was in no mood to enjoy any marital bliss."

When their train arrived at the station, a troop of gangster haircuts suddenly came into view.

"Welcome ho-o-o-ome!" they all yelled as T got off the train.

A banquet had been prepared for them at the gang headquarters. A poster on the wall read "In Honor of T and the Young Miss" in huge letters, as though announcing the name of the Boss's successor.

T was inclined to make a run for it, but he was persuaded to take his seat by the unperturbed M-ko, who told him, "After you've been through this a few times you develop a certain resistance to it."

The party was lively. As the ending time approached, T was handed a microphone. He was so nervous that he stumbled over his words. Somehow he managed to get to the end, but when he tried to say, "In the future, I hope to get to know you all," he instead blurted out, "In the future, I hope to benefit from your advice."

One and all applauded and cheered. They had mistaken T to mean that he was going to enter the world of organized crime.

Here and there voices could be heard:

"The Boss has a successor."

"With the Young Boss, we have no more worries."

The Boss himself was moved to tears.

T didn't know what to do. Even though they've returned to Osaka, he receives a call from his father-in-law nearly every day, asking, "When are you coming home? Even in our business you need time for training, you know."

T is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

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潔癖OLの内柔外剛

*THE TWO SIDES OF
A SUPERCLEAN WOMAN*

*THE TWO SIDES OF
A SUPERCLEAN WOMAN*

O-ko (24), who works for a large publishing company in Chiyoda-ku, likes things to be sparkling clean.

Whenever she goes out, she can't be without a disinfectant for minor cuts and scrapes. While moistened paper towels for wiping off Western-style toilet seats are now widely available, O-ko has been busily wiping toilet seats with tissue soaked in disinfectant for more than a decade.

And it's not just toilets. Whenever she takes the Shinkansen, the first thing she does is wipe off the seat. She's particularly careful with the armrests because of the repeated skin contact. When she stays at someone's home, she can't get to sleep until she has busily wiped everything in her room—the walls, the windows, the door frames, the door handles.... She even wipes the front door knob every time she goes into her own home.

But when her friend A-ko (28) got a look at O-ko's room, it was a complete mess—clothes and books scattered all around. There was a slipper plastered to the kitchen floor. When O-ko had dropped and broken an egg, she had simply put a slipper over it, thinking, "Oh, I can clean that up later." She left it there for several months, and before long the slipper had stuck fast, as if glued there.

"It may be messy, but it's clean," O-ko said. "I wipe up organic matter and bacteria with disinfectant. Even if germs should breed from the egg, they're still dormant in the air. There's no problem as long as I do this." As she spoke, she sprayed around some disinfectant.

Incidentally, O-ko graduated from the Faculty of Pharmaceutical Sciences at Tohoku University.

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ゼロ歳児にも及ぶ
受験戦争子守歌

*EXAMINATION HELL LULLABIES
FOR INFANTS*

EXAMINATION HELL LULLABIES FOR INFANTS

These days, “examination hell” begins as early as junior high school or elementary school.

In Chiba, the parents of Baby S, eleven months old, have already commenced preparations, determined not to fall behind the times.

The mother is in charge of “moral and aesthetic education.” While out for a walk, she lectures her son.

“Look!” she’ll say. “That girl is throwing sand on the boy next to her. Never make friends with anyone like that.”

“That mother’s eyes look funny, don’t they? I’m sure she had them fixed. It’s better to have eyes with two natural folds like mine.”

The father is in charge of the baby’s studies. Looking ahead to the boy’s ultimate admission to university, he reads college guidebooks at his son’s bedside every evening. He says the boy falls asleep better that way.

One day when Baby S was playing alone, he tore up one of the admission guidebooks.

The father was disappointed, but he was surprised when he saw the tattered book. Why, the only page left untouched was the one for Keio University, the father's alma mater!

So they decided that their son would aim for Keio. The parents agreed to focus all their efforts on the entrance exam for the university's nursery school. They've heard that the exam includes a ringtoss game, so they're doing everything they can to get their baby to wrap his fingers around a ring.

つ

バン国目指す
コネ社員の無知蒙昧もうまい

*THE CLUELESSNESS OF
A "CONNECTED" EMPLOYEE
ON HER WAY TO THE "COUNTRY OF BAN"*

*THE CLUELESSNESS OF
A "CONNECTED" EMPLOYEE
ON HER WAY TO THE "COUNTRY OF BAN"*

This spring, Miss K (24) and three other women, her peers at a large publishing company in Tokyo, planned to take an overseas trip in honor of their fifth year since entering the company.

They discussed various destinations, but considering the available time and their budget, they settled on either Singapore or Bangkok, Thailand.

The next day, Miss K stopped at a travel agency on her way home from work and found a tour to Thailand with the ideal schedule and price. She went ahead and made the reservation.

The following morning, Miss K spotted one of the group, Miss Y, and immediately told her what she had done.

"I found a good tour, so I went ahead and signed us up for Thailand. That's okay, isn't it?"

Miss Y looked surprised and replied in a somewhat critical tone, "What? Did you decide on Thailand? Weren't we going to Bangkok?"

"Huh? But Bangkok is the capital of Thailand...."

"The capital? But the capital of Thailand is Laos, isn't it? *Bankoku* ends in *koku*, so it must be the name of a country."

Miss K said nothing.

For the twenty-four years of her life, Miss Y had been convinced that the name Bangkok meant the "Country of Ban."

Miss K thought, *The rumor that one of the women hired with us got her job through a connection—I guess it was true after all.*

In her fifth year since joining the company, Miss K has now confirmed the truth of that rumor.

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お坊っチャマ
飲尿健康法と恋人の憂鬱^{ゆううつ}

*THE RICH BOY'S URINE THERAPY
AND HIS GIRLFRIEND'S DEPRESSION*

THE RICH BOY'S URINE THERAPY AND HIS GIRLFRIEND'S DEPRESSION

M-ko (24), an office worker at an architectural firm in Kanagawa, now has a boyfriend, O (28), who is as handsome as Kōji Kikkawa. Although he went to a second-rate university, he's 184 centimeters tall, works at a real estate company run by his father, and makes over eight million yen a year. He drives both a BMW and a Mitsubishi Pajero.

On Valentine's Day, M-ko bought 30,000 yen worth of chocolate just for O, and they went on a double date to Yokohama with another couple. That night, the two couples checked into a hotel with a view of the sea.

While O was taking a shower, M-ko got a telephone call from her girlfriend in the next room.

"Hey, according to my boyfriend, O drinks his own piss every morning. He says it's good for his health."

"Yuck!" M-ko said. "Are you serious?"

When M-ko nervously asked O about it, he replied confidently, "It has cured my colds and tonsillitis and hay fever. There's nothing dirty about urine; it has the same components as sweat and tears. You should try drinking it, too."

When O started to kiss M-ko, she adamantly refused. "No kissing! No way!"

O also practices "no-underpants therapy"—he never wears briefs when he sleeps.

After stewing over it for three days, M-ko laid down three rules for O:

- (1) Do not drink urine in front of me.
- (2) Do not try to get me to drink urine.
- (3) Always gargle after drinking urine, and then brush your teeth for at least twenty minutes.

Every weekend, the handsome, gentle, and rich O invites M-ko out to expensive restaurants. But M-ko just feels depressed.

"That wine he's drinking now will get warmed up in his body, and then tomorrow morning he's going to drink it again."

Whenever she thinks about it, the gourmet food turns bitter in her mouth.

9

初めて呼んだ
ホテトル嬢は隣の娘

*HIS FIRST CALL GIRL WAS
THE GIRL NEXT DOOR*

HIS FIRST CALL GIRL WAS THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

S (59) is deputy mayor of Town A on the Sea of Okhotsk in Hokkaido. At the beginning of June, he went on his first business trip to Tokyo in six months. Usually the evenings of his business trips are spent briefing his Diet representative's secretary on the latest goings-on in his district, but today the secretary's schedule was full.

Now S was able to spend the evening in Tokyo alone. Late that night, his brain foggy with drink, he tried to decide what to do. In his hand was something he had never seen in Town A: a flyer advertising a call girl service. "She'll come to your hotel," the ad said.

"Okay, no one will ever find out," he thought, and he picked up the telephone.

He had just taken a shower and sobered up a bit when the doorbell rang. Smiling, he slowly opened the door. But then his eyes widened. The woman was M-ko, the daughter of his neighbor back in the government employee housing complex where he lives in Town A.

“You’re supposed to be a junior at a women’s university. What are you doing in a place like this?”

M-ko was unfazed by S’s scolding.

“You called for me, didn’t you?” she replied.

That put S on the defensive.

“Your father must be sending you an allowance,” he said. “Shouldn’t you be behaving better?”

He lectured her for nearly an hour, but to no effect.

“You want to pay for some more time?” M-ko asked. He couldn’t tell if she was joking or serious.

Though S had done nothing, he paid the 30,000 yen as agreed, with no extension.

“I won’t tell your wife,” M-ko said as she left, still with a stubborn expression.

Why? Since when? How did she get into this? Unable to find out anything from her and, even worse, caught in the act himself, S returned home, his head, it seemed to him, having grown even grayer.