

"SPARK JOY"



WISH TIMES

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July 2021

THE JOYS OF SELF-CARE
HAVE YOU EXPERIENCED AN
UNFORGETTABLE SUMMER?
PHOTOGRAPHY: FINDING JOY IN
CONNECTIONS & THINGS UNSEEN
HOW IT'S MADE: SCREWS
JUST LIKE A PHOENIX, I WAS REBORN
MY LOVE FOR WISHTIMES

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Finding Time for Yourself: The Joys of Self-Care

Writer & Translator: Sarah | Designer: Ainun

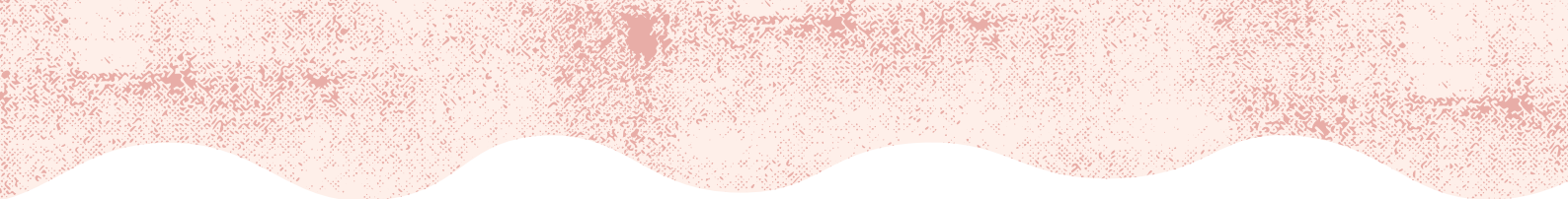
When I was told that this month's WISH TIMES theme was 'joy', I have to admit that I was at a loss for what to talk about. To me, being stuck indoors all the time for the past year and physically distancing myself from others was anything but joyful, and this situation is sure to persist for a while longer. I considered reframing the question:

"what have I been doing for fun in the past year?"

A couple more ideas crossed my mind, like watching Netflix, reading my books, or taking walks in nature, but then I realized that all of these were part of something that everyone has been doing a lot of in the past year, which was taking time for the self.

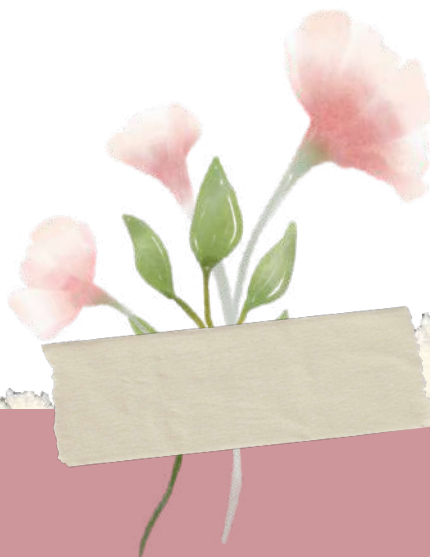
In the past, I had not particularly thought about the quality of the time that I made for myself, but in our current situation, the time we have alone is becoming one of the most important parts of our lives. As we constantly change and grow, I sometimes pause and think, "How much do I really know myself? Have I taken the time to really get in touch with the values that are most important to me?" When much of the outlets we have with the outside world lie in social media, we tend to get bombarded with information and different communities that demand to take up space within our minds and identities. I was no exception to this, and this took a toll on my mental wellbeing for a while when I was stuck overseas in the United States during COVID-19. Especially in the COVID-19 pandemic, there has also been an understanding in society that in order to be happy later, we must work hard and be patient now. But through the year of contemplating myself, I realized that this would lead to constant overwork and exhaustion.

*Here, I also thought;
why not experience happiness right now?*



One of the most precious lessons I learned during the past year was that you don't have to experience hardship in order to be happy, and you don't have to devote 12 hours to your day constantly working or being around the company of others. Taking time for yourself is one of the best things you can do for your own growth, because you can find what matters most to you. Self-care doesn't have to entail anything special, and of course, not everything works for everyone, but taking time to picture yourself as a happy and independent person is something that became a game-changer for me and my confidence in myself. The definition of happiness is different for each person, which is what makes searching for joy in your daily life all the more exciting.

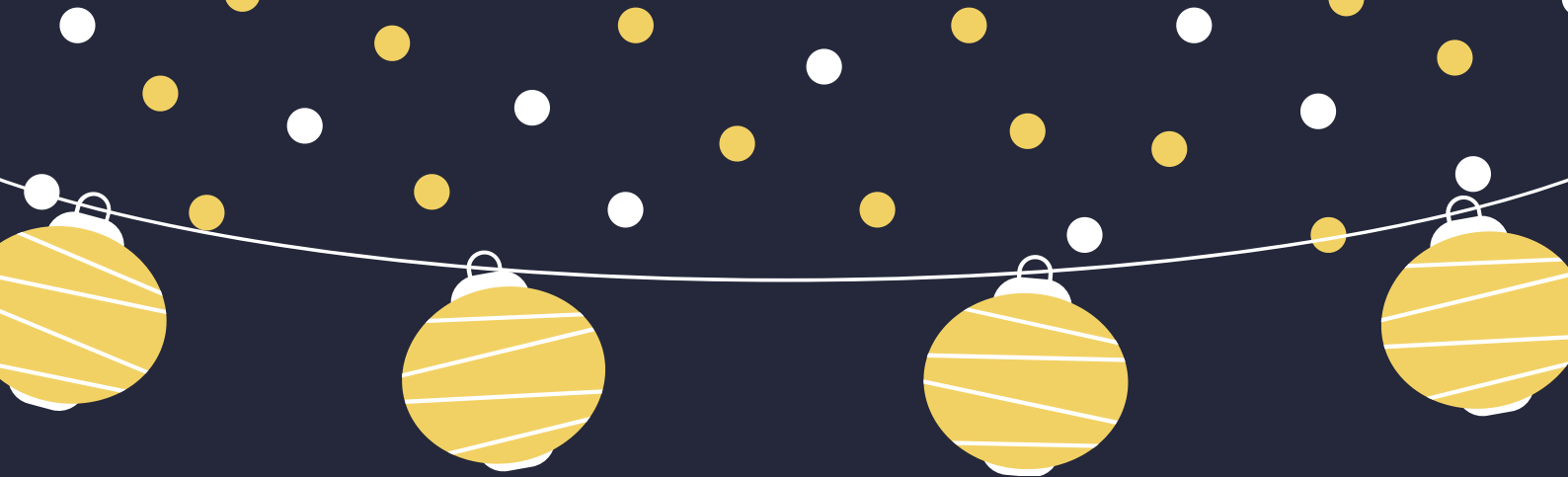
So next time you feel a bit tired of the bustling stress of daily life, I hope you take a moment to be alone and make time for yourself. There are a multitude of opportunities, activities, and people out there, but sometimes, taking a break and enjoying just being can be one of the most rewarding experiences that we encounter.





Have you experienced an unforgettable summer?

Writer: Haruka
Translator: Asami
Designer: Yukie



Summer is my favorite season. It burns me, it melts me, and if you're unaware you get a clear line on your ankle, but the contrast between the bright sunshine and the sweet breeze at night is irresistible. Especially at night. Night is always gentle to me, but it feels much more gentle on summer nights. Being pampered by its gentleness, I think about things that I don't have to think about. I recall things that I don't have to recall. All these are forgiven on summer nights. Tonight I will softly lean on that gentleness and think about one hot summer of somebody, some time ago.

Anyway, speaking of summer, I wonder how many people will think about Koshien. Koshien is the national high school baseball championship of Japan. Generally speaking, Koshien is reminiscent of baseball, but in reality there are various Koshien in Japan. This tanka was announced at a tournament called Makimizu / Tanka Koshien, and all the participants including the author were high school students at that time. Participants debate with other schools based on their own tanka and the victory is decided by the great judges led by Machi Tawara.

Stretched out shadows after school
Song of early summer
Where the climax is, is never known
Takaki Karimine

On the back of the bicycle
Summer that I only knew
the right side of this city
Haruka Suzuki

It is an overwhelming poem that you can feel by reading this song. I can immediately think of "the shadows that stretches out after school" and "the song that I don't know where the climax is", but I feel a lump in my throat. I guess it is the word "early summer" that has great power. It's not "midsummer" or "late summer", it's the "early summer" that has a great sense of heat in the future. It's the soft sound of "Hatsunatsu", which is peculiar to the Japanese word.

It may be the author who is singing after school in early summer, or someone beside. Even if it's not explicitly stated, the melody of the song there certainly gives the feeling of getting lost in something without an exit.

There is no expression of the existence of a person anywhere, but I can clearly see someone riding a bicycle. The author is on the back of the bicycle. The reason why she is not straddling but throwing her legs to her right, is probably because she was always in a skirt when she was with him. Does only knowing the right side of the city means he always picked her up at the station? It may not be every time, but the author came to his town so many times that she remembered the cityscape, and he always came to pick her up with his bicycle.

The bicycle he pedals goes slowly, and a nice breeze caresses the cheeks. If you zoom out a little more, you can even imagine the author looking back at that summer. When you read this piece, you can feel the wind blowing gently somewhere in the world. It's that kind of poem.

Our encounter is like the morning glory
that blooms in the morning
We walk shoulder to shoulder
Hiroshi Yoshikawa

As I said, summer nights are gentle, but how about the morning? In the white hours of a quiet summer morning before the sun rises, I feel like I'm out of the usual world. The space in the morning, which is not dazzling even though it is summer, seems to be unusual.

The author, who picks up the mysteriousness of the morning glory that blooms in the morning to display their encounter, is having expectations for the summer encounter, is having no doubt. As they walk side by side, the author is convinced. Their summer is not just a summer.

Just like looking up to a sunflower
I give away my first kiss
Haruka Miyamoto

Another one from Tanka Koshien, that was introduced in the explanation of the first one. I put it out because it's my favorite, but I won't write a review here. I can't really explain this one. Just let me show off a little bit, I mean, quite openly, about my hottest summer ever. Good for you, the old me.

Summer is my favorite season. It's mysterious in the morning, dazzling in the daytime, and gentle at night. Besides, it's summer that the brightest colors come to my memories. The scenery is desaturated, the joy in it is doubled, the sadness grows bigger, and the entire outline is surrounded by the summer air. With the memories covered with summer, I will be celebrating summer again this year.

Do you remember one morning
in August
You kidnapped me and started the engine
Machi Tawara

The one that remembers, or wants to remember, is just me. Still, I will continue to cherish "that one day in summer" that's irreplaceable to me.

参考文献

『第六回牧水・短歌甲子園 決勝自由題』
狩峰隆希
『夜にあやまってくれ』 鈴木晴香
『青蟬』 吉川宏志
『第八回牧水・短歌甲子園 一次リーグ題詠
「贈」』 宮本陽香
『サラダ記念日』 俵万智

PHOTOGRAPHY

Writer: Chrisanne

Translator: Non

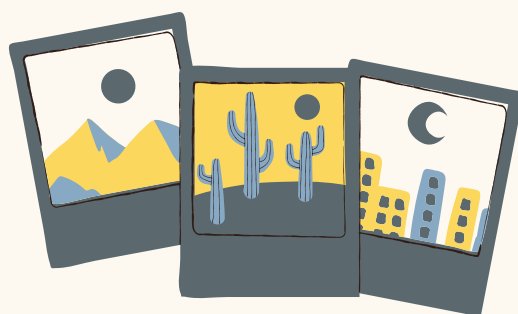
Designer: Ainun

Finding Joy in Connections & Things Unseen

Storytelling comes in many forms. One might write a book, others might speak in front of a sea of people, and some share through casual conversations. For me, I tell stories through photography.

Growing up, the last thing I could do is to settle on one interest without moving on to another. Many things intrigue me, but the excitement towards some of them died down after a certain time. Photography came to me when I least expected it, and my life has always been surrounded by it. My uncle owned a photo studio, and another close relative is a photographer. However, it was not until my teenage years that I understood the powerful expression in which photography holds. I remember scrolling through Instagram and mindlessly navigating through the algorithm. It was then I received a "Heart" from a girl from Canada.

Naturally, I clicked on her profile, and there it was, hundreds of picturesque pictures focusing on the play between shadow and light, all taken by her iPhone6. I was enthralled. Years of observing my uncle possessing gigantic DSLRs and sophisticated lenses, the strong correlation between having a "professional" camera and good photography is ingrained in my mind. Little did I know that art is multi-dimensional; the best tools without emotions or meaning do not make good art.



Since then, I have started to reject the idea that one can only do photography with a proper camera. People tend to overlook photography's power in storytelling. The art introduces perspectives of the photographer, the subject and the period in which the photo was taken. Of course, this understanding was not a Eureka! kind of thought. As someone who used to focus solely on the aesthetic, the mentality was cultivated throughout the years I pursued this passion.

I am captivated by street photography. Heart pacing, I often found myself on my feet, taking pictures of what I discovered.

“What's so intriguing about an old, pot bellied man sitting on the bench immersed in his newspaper?”

“Taking pictures of the postbox is a waste of time.”



Many people had questioned my interests in certain subjects, to which I answered with a shrug.

“They always have stories.”

The adrenaline rush from capturing the best shot of the fast-moving subject or asking a random stranger if I could take a picture of them was compelling. Furthermore, discovering the unexpected from ordinary things through the viewfinder conversely expands my perspective of the mundane.

Recently, I started learning about Vivian Maier, a photographer whose art was discovered not until she was dead. Her works became one of the most significant and brilliant photographs in the early twentieth centuries. Vivian Maier was arguably one of the most secluded and mysterious people in her community; no one knew why she took the photographs or why she did not develop them then. However, when her rolls of film were developed and made public, people marvelled at the genius in her. She focused mainly on street photography, portraying the peculiarities of early twentieth Chicago. Was and still is an enigma to many, Vivian Maier's art brought the essence of the fast-paced, evolving society around her to the present world. Through photographers such as Vivian Maier, I continue to find the significance of storytelling, especially of the mundane things, in photography.

Standing in the underground shopping district of Tokyo, my gaze lingered expectantly among the crowd. I was waiting for the Canadian girl (previously mentioned) whose account inspired me to pursue this passion. It was insane to think that I could meet a new friend from the other side of the world just because of our mutual interests in photography. Another time I recalled having made connections was in Okashi-yokocho in Kawagoe. I was standing across from the candy seller; as my heart rate accelerated, I plucked my courage and asked for her permission to take a portrait of her. Initially, she was surprised. She then gushed shyly but proceeded to smile sweetly for the picture. My heart softened as I put down my camera after the shot, knowing I will cherish the photo for years on end.

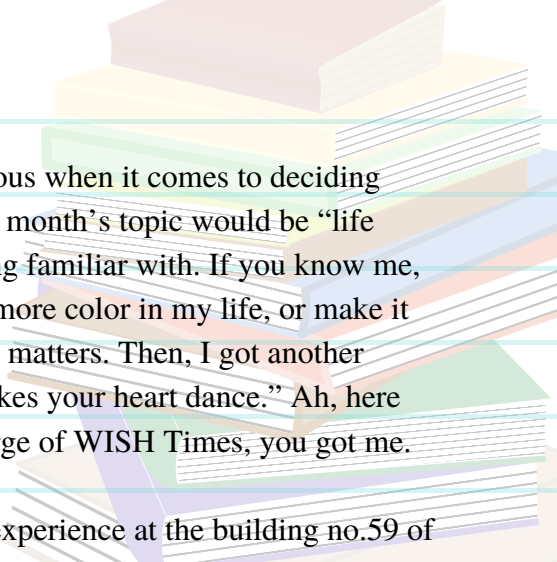


Unending assignments on top of the State of Emergency in Tokyo made me long for the day I could just wander around Tokyo taking pictures with my handy camera. I yearn for more discoveries of the common things in life, and to hear the repeating clicks of the shutter. As one's interests can be vast and rapidly changing, sometimes, we need unwavering passions to pin them down.



How It's Made: Screws

Writer: Daichi
Translator: Naomichi
Designer: Yukie



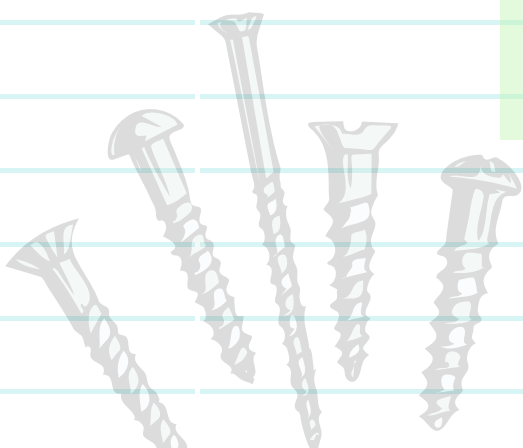
I'd like my readers to know that this periodical is nothing but ingenious when it comes to deciding fancy topics to trouble its writers—notably me. Initially, I was told this month's topic would be “life hacks and Quality of Life.” Yet another subject that I was far from being familiar with. If you know me, you'd know that I never bother myself just because I want to add a bit more color in my life, or make it slightly more convenient. Simple is the best, and no need to complicate matters. Then, I got another message, informing the writers of a new theme, “spark joy, or what makes your heart dance.” Ah, here we go again. When was the last time I had felt that? Whoever is in charge of WISH Times, you got me.

Recalling my life, I have come to the conclusion of writing about my experience at the building no.59 of the Nishi-waseda campus. If you have never been to the Nishi-waseda campus before, just picture a grey cluster of concrete. This is where having a monochrome camera from the 1960s wouldn't be a problem, because everything is whether black, white, or grey. People call this place by cheeky names, like ‘the Okubo Institute of Technology’* or something even bolder and more simple, like ‘Factory.’ As for the no.59, however, calling it a ‘factory’ is no exaggeration. The floors are crowded with machines and cables, and even the ceiling is occupied by the crane, making the rooms feel even smaller. To top it all, wherever you stand, there is constantly a thick, mixed scent of metal and oil. By ‘factory,’ I didn't mean that the students here are working up sweats while manufacturing products to cover their research budget. The facility is mainly used for training of the mechanic majors. Inside this building, students are able to practice basic manufacturing skills such as: cutting, welding, forging, casting, etc. I happen to be undergoing such training since April, which is how I found my “spark joy.” Although the expression might be exaggerating, this was the closest experience to the topic that I had.



Welding

Welding is a technique to stick two pieces of metal with heat and pressure. You know, the stuff someone with a bulky mask does, that goes “skzzzzz...” There are different kinds of methods in welding; what I did is called ‘arc welding,’ which is a method that uses electricity to melt metal. Once I put on a burn resistant apron, arm and leg covers over my coverall, and grabbed a welding shield, I was good to go. After some friction between the torch and the material, blinding light was emitted. I was shivering. Bluish flashes were shutting out my sight. Whenever I slightly lose control over my torch, it would stick on the metal. I still remember how frightened I was after seeing the red-hot material start discharging electricity with a strong, audible noise. The result came out interesting; some parts were curvy, some were disconnected, some were forming ugly lumps. It seems like I was more of an abstract artist than a mechanical engineer. Needless to say, my respect toward welders has skyrocketed ever since then.



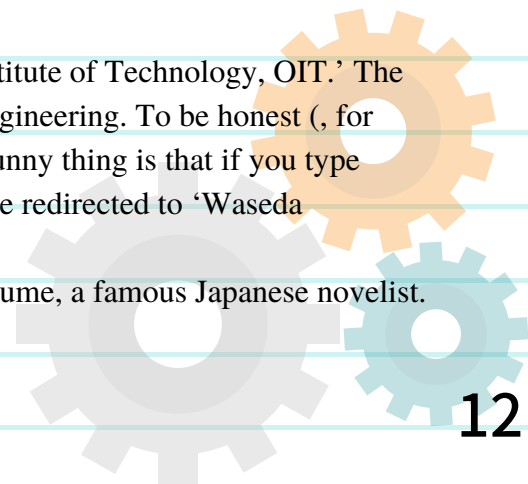
Lathing refers to the method of material processing using a lathe, and a lathe is a machine that rotates the material at high speed, so that it can be shaped by applying tools such as blades and drills to it. It is rather usual to control the tool digitally, but the training was done in the old school way. My assignment was to make a whistle out of two metal rods. No glues, no screws, but still, a functional whistle. It could even play different notes if it came out well. The lathing practice started as soon as the instructor finished his lecture. I carefully pushed the blade toward the fast rotating workpiece. Suddenly, I felt the resistance on my hand growing, and the metal rod started to get thinner and thinner, emitting tiny sparks at times. It was satisfying to see a piece of metal getting carved up as if it was a vegetable getting peeled. First I cut out the shape, and open a hole with the drill, then shave off the excess material; all that while going back and forth between measurement and lathing. Finally, after striking the piston into the cylinder with a press, the whistle was done—my first work on a lathe. The whole process felt like digging the whistle out of the metal, just like the wood carver in “Ten Dreaming Nights”^{*} describes. What I’m trying to say is that the sense of accomplishment was quite superb.



I guess it's high time that I explained the meaning of the title, although I wanted to tell you more about my training. Have you ever wondered how screws are made? Screws are often manufactured in automated production lines, but it can also be hand-made, with a special tool used to cut out the grooves. Nobody cares how screws are made, but there isn't a day where we won't see them, use something assembled with them. We constantly rely on screws. Almost every structure we see has at least one screw in it: electrical goods, cars, even buildings. Nevertheless, I had never known how this component was made until I learned it from my training. This is a shocking fact if we think about it; we live in a world built with technologies that we don't even know how they work, and our life depends on it. Perhaps people from the primitive times, who had made every tool by hand, were better off in some ways. What is slightly comforting, however, is that now I know what I don't. Socrates, the great philosopher once said that the awareness of one's ignorance is the origin of discovery. To this, as an immature apprentice of mechanical engineering, I couldn't help feeling a spark of joy.

^{*}There used to be an English Wikipedia page dedicated to the ‘Okubo Institute of Technology, OIT.’ The website was actually a description of Waseda’s Faculty of Science and Engineering. To be honest (, for which I am very proud). Although the link has already been deleted, the funny thing is that if you type ‘Okubo Institute of Technology’ in Wikipedia’s search bar, you can still be redirected to ‘Waseda University.’

^{*}“Ten Dreaming Nights” is a series of short pieces written by Soseki Natsume, a famous Japanese novelist.







Just like a Phoenix, I was Reborn



Writer: Takato
Translator: Moeka
Designer: Asami



As I slowly lowered the cumbersome weight bar towards my chest, my upper core tightened. When the bar had descended to its lowest point, I felt a blazing stretch across my entire body. As I waited for the hook of the music I was listening to drop, I let the ponderous weights calmly rest on my body. As the music started roaring into my ear, followed by a heavy grunt, I, with all my might, penetrated the bar into the air. This indefinite battle with gravity had become an everyday task for me to accomplish for the last year, and I can proudly say that it has brought only positive inputs into my life. But this whole process painted a different picture before.



Weighing only 50kgs, a skeleton, I was a 17 years old introvert confined in a frail body. Unsurprisingly, I had very low self-esteem, and I wasn't the most skilled when it came to sports either; whatever physical activities I partook in, I was either mediocre or downright bad. Moreover, my lack of self-confidence didn't help me much when it came to making friends as well, I was often teased and taunted by my athletic peers. Compressed by the malicious comments, I was forced to find some adjustments but I was clueless as to where to even start. It was my high school senior year and my dad signed up for a membership at a gym close to our home. My dad told me to take advantage of it, I initially hesitated and resisted but his will persevered and I decided to eventually listen and follow.



I can remember clear as day how nervous and out-of-place I felt the first day stepping into the gym. The place reeked of sweat and I had decided that I would only run on the treadmill for that day. Fast forward a week, I had finally gathered the courage to start lifting dumbbells. I ran my sweaty mile on the treadmill and lifted the dumbbell high into the air with my shaky arms; going to the gym gradually took part as an irreplaceable factor of my life. In addition, I started developing better sleeping patterns and ate healthier. The greens I didn't favor seeing on my white plate started becoming more and more of what I mainly ate during the day. I started seeing small progressions within my body, muscles started to grow and I could feel myself becoming steadily energetic. My chin soared high and my back stood straight like I just ruled the world. I began interacting with more people and I gained the confidence to challenge new sports. Soccer, ping pong, swimming, badminton, and volleyball were some of which I began excelling at. Before I knew it, I was asking my friends whether they were free on the weekends to play some sport.



Just like a phoenix, I was reborn. I gained 8kgs from working out, and my acquisition of this new healthy lifestyle brought out my inner potential. It can be dreadful in the beginning: starting the day off with 100 pushups and 150 sit-ups at 6:30 in the morning, running on the treadmill right after school, and challenging myself to heavier weights. However, it was through my hard work and sheer perseverance that I learned a bigger lesson in life -- the key to success is self-discipline. People around me always say to trust the process. Although it may be excruciating and tedious at times, hard work will pay off.



愛

MY LOVE FOR

○ Preface①

The 10th of June. What's special about this day, you ask? It's not someone's birthday or anniversary or anything of that sort. The last moment of the 10th of June, 11:59pm. That's right, it was the submission deadline for this article. The date today is the 11th of June, the time 12:05am. I've already missed the deadline. In summer, on the scorching sun, and behind me who continues to run past the deadline. My back hurts under the burning gaze of the editing team. It feels as though 14 laser pointers are aimed at my back, the contempt radiating from them staining my skin. I'd like you to look back on the spot and shoot through my laziness. That doesn't mean I have the courage to look back, and it's scary to look into their faces and see their facial expressions. In the wildlife world, showing your back is the same as admitting your opponent to lose. However, in this case, the only action I can take is to keep running even if I show my back.

Writer: Satoshi

Translator: Renuka & Satoshi

Designer: Satoshi

○ Preface②

This is the last article for me. If I write a sentimental sentence like this at the beginning, my fragile mind which is like a sundubu (delicious when eaten with jjigae) will quickly collapse and I move away from the deadline, but anyway, this is the last article. Looking back, I've been involved with WISH Times for over a year and a half, including when I was a dormitory student.

The beginning was that I was invited by my senior RA after the WISH Halloween event. Even then, I was reprimanded by my senior RA for having passed the article deadline, and I was cursed to keep writing articles for a year. I've been writing about hitchhiking and Koenji for over a year, and furthermore, even after graduating from university, I will be involved in the work of writing, so this is really a curse.

It's still unclear if there are readers or not, but there is definitely heavy reader here. It's me. My love for WISH Times, which I have been involved with as an editor and writer for over a year, is quite heavy. I have a deep love for editors, writers, translators and designers as well as the magazine itself. Five years have passed since the first issue of the WISH Times article, and there are a lot of wonderful articles, and there are many favorite articles that I would like to introduce. So, this time, the last one, I would like to write about my favorite WISH Times article.



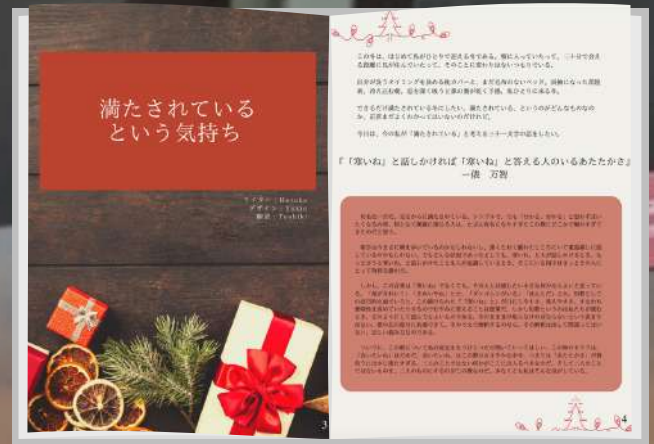
○2020 Jan. vol.36 "Bakeries of Nakano" (Writer: Moeka)

This issue is a memorable issue that I, who was a dormitory student at the time, wrote an article for the first time. Among them, the article "Bakeries of Nakano" is my favorite one. In this article, the author introduces information about the recommended bakeries around WISH, such as location, taste, and atmosphere of the store. It is written in a sentence expression that makes full use of the five senses, and the smell, taste, and texture of freshly baked bread are immediately transmitted from the paper. I recommend that you read it and spend a fresh morning eating bread at the Central Park. And, in fact, this article was written by Moeka, the current editor-in-chief of WISH Times.

The last one I personally like about this article is that the stars give it harsh ratings, although the introduction describes the good points of each store. I think it is characteristic of Moeka who is extrasensory and cherishes her likes and dislikes.

○ 2020 Oct. vol.39 “If You Gaze For Long Into An Abyss, The Abyss Gazes Also Into You.” ~ Nakano Broadway, A Labyrinth 5 Minutes Apart From The Station ~ (Writer: Daichi)

This is also the memorable issue that I was involved in as the editor-in-chief for the first time. Among them, the article with this distinctive title stood out. In this article, the author daichi, who was born and raised in Nakano and whose home is a 5-minute walk from WISH, introduces Nakano and Nakano Broadway with historical background and an interview with the president of the Nakano Broadway Promotion Association. Of course, the content is wonderful, and his words are addictive like a delicacy. Ironic humor is scattered everywhere in the skillful writing, which is very exciting. Currently, as a sophomore writer, he is leading the Japanese articles of WISH Times, and it's so surprising that the article he wrote for the first time is also professional.



○ 2020 Dec. vol.41 "A Heartwarming feeling" (Writer: Haruka)

The December 2020 issue, "Spice Up Your Life With Winter" has a high degree of perfection in articles, translations, and designs, and I think it is the best. One of the reasons I think so is haruka's article "A Heartwarming feeling". She introduces and reviews tanka that will enrich our winter life.

"I want to live in Kamakura with a cat and someone. Someone can be anybody, you also can be." - Mayumi Sato

You read this tanka, and you might think she wants to fill her loneliness with anyone, and anyone is replaceable. However, Haruka says that "I" must be you, no one but you, and "I" leave an escape route to "you" and this may be a kind of calm confession of love. Reading her thoughtful review, I doubt her age. Her writing seems to be a careful collection of vocabulary within the reach of everyday life, and it makes me feel kind when I read it. I have given up trying to imitate this sensitivity, but sometimes I wonder what kind of world I can see when I look at my daily life with this kind of sensibility.

By the way, I would like to talk about the task of editing. I really like the time I'm editing. Since WISH Times requires dormitory students to write long sentences, personality, humanity, and habits appear from each writer's words. What's more, it can be unconscious, so when I find something that is unique to that person, I'm happy and grinning about that discovery. However, since I've written a lot of articles so far, my personality and habits are leaked to everyone, but it's up to you to read it and think about my character.



○ 2021 Feb. vol.42 “Tokyo is in the forest” (Writer: Miyumi)

The theme of the February issue was "Goodbye". This issue was suddenly decided because Ms. Miyumi, a senior RA who has been making WISH Times together for a long time, said that she would like to write an article at the end. The time to publish was quite short, and it coincided with the final test period, but many members soon gathered for her who has supported WISH Times for many years. Miyumi hated birthdays, farewell parties, and other formats, but the thing she said goodbye to was the beautiful trees in Tokyo.

Her writing could only be written because she cherishes the changing seasons, the subtleties of nature, and such small awareness, so the words were herself. I don't know exactly what or who the "forest" or "trees" are metaphorizing unless I ask him, but I myself am one of those trees. I would be happy if I could, I would be happy if I myself was one of the trees. I've caused a lot of trouble for her, but I was happy to be involved in editing the soulmate who made WISH Times with me at the end.

Lastly...

The season is early summer. A season in which something born in spring begins to swell one after another and turns into many memories. The farewell season is usually the end of winter, so it's really sad to have to say goodbye to WISH and WISH Times in a season so far from goodbye. I wanted to be a little more involved in the design of everyone's writings and English translations.

Thank you very much to the editorial members, the designers who colored the article nicely, the translators to reach more readers, and the senior RA who got involved in WISH Times. I was really happy to be involved in WISH Times. Also, thank you for reading my articles.

My words sound a bit like they're aimed at the inner circle of WISH Times, but those of you reading this article are already a part of this inner circle. Your support is what motivates us to keep publishing this magazine, and we hope for you to continue supporting us. Not only that, but if you enjoy reading WISH Times, do reach out to the members of our team. Knowing that there are people out there reading and enjoying the work they have worked so hard to create will most definitely make them happy. This month's edition is, as always, filled with beautifully designed, well written articles.

This article is almost at its end, but I'm a little scared to look back at the members of the editing team, so I shall try and escape from WISH now. Bye bye. The composition of the human anatomy makes it impossible for me to look at my own back, but I sincerely hope that the heat I feel on my back, minus that from the constricting summer air, is filled with friendly warmth.

While saying that, the editorial RA spoiled me. The writers wrote great articles. The designers made the article nicely colored. The translators have translated it for more readers. The senior RA gave me an opportunity to get involved in WISH Times. Everyone at the Residence Life Center carefully reviewed it every time. I'd like to express my gratitude to all of them. I was really happy to be able to make WISH Times with you and to be involved in WISH Times. Also, thank you to all the readers who I want to believe that it exists, for reading the long crap that is as long as the report.

Even after leaving the dormitory, I will continue to be the number one reader of WISH Times.

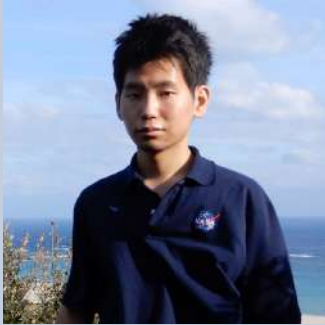
See you.

Satoshi



Contributions

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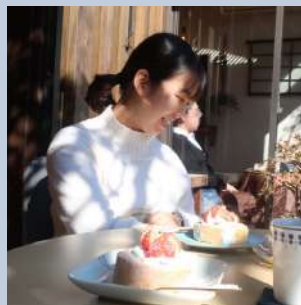
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Miho



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Non