

## The Suprising Son

By Lewie JPD

Hello. Allow me to introduce...

My name is Taro Fuji.

I come from Shinagawa-ku, Tokyo, Japan

I work for Tanaka Electrics Company... in the computing – and hiding in the stairwell department. It is just twenty three person in small office about the size of laundry room above the train station at Nishi Nippori on the Odakyu line – just next door to *Mayumi Beauty Salon* – do you know?

In all my years working next door to the salon I never went to there for a haircut. I can't say why exactly – but I believe it is perhaps because I am very shy man – with a small pinky - and a cornucopia of at once delightful and quite distressful psychological issues.

The owner of the hair salon is called Mayumi – her name means True Beauty – literal translation is *Dreaming of Going to Pee Pee on the Futon While Sleeping* – but I think her parents were intending the first one when naming her.

Anyway she was very pretty – and she did such a splendid cut and blow. But never me. Just tacky upper management men's hair –I was not worthy. I had no fast computer, no fancy hard drive – just a floppy disc.

I wrote her some love poems – but I could not ever show it to her. In Japan, poems is called *haiku*. Do you know? They are three lines. It's quite easy and natural to write. And good for sharing with people.

The first one is about the demure nature of Japanese girls:

Giggling and cute

So innocent  
Until finally

I must say - I am not speaking from experience. Because I am a virgin.  
Virgin is good. It's easy for me.

During the time when I was meant to lose my virginity – in highschool and university for example – I could not. I found it in the same place every morning. And its still there!

School in Japan is very demanding – big pressure for success.

Some students cannot handle it and in extreme cases commit – *hari-kiri* ... suicide. Sayonara stomach slicing. Tummy as tofu. Do you know?  
This is very sad thing. Especially for the cleaners.

Myself - I considered it at times – especially on days before big exam in complicated *kanji* calligraphy or Oriental physics class – questions like what is the density of a karate chop? And which is better condiment for it – ketchup or teriyaki sauce? They had me stumped. And miffed. And perplexed. And bamboozled. And I love the English Thesaurus! Don't you?

Generally speaking, I detested examinations in school. It is too much pressure and expectation. I think that in Japanese society – and the rest of the world too - excluding Montenegro and Tasmania - losing is under-rated.

There's only one first place – but there's so many who never make it. Like me – and you –and you....

One of my dreams – after I do my laundry - is to start my own international organization like the UN. United Nations. Do you know?

My version is called....  
You You – its me!

UU stands for - Underachievers Unified.

Underachievers Unified – it's me!

Where all the losers can be happy. Welcome to my fourth world dimension.

I wrote a haiku about my highschool days:

### **School boy's dilemma**

So much homework

What should I do?

*Harikiri* or Nintendo?

My neighbour in Setagaya-ku – Mrs Shimabukuro - had a Afghan Hound with Western name - called George – it was belly, belly funny for me – because it is exactly the same name as my first English teacher. His name was... Kenny. ...Oh, not the same! Sorry.

But Kenny was quite a hairy man – and after food he would lick his hands.

And I think one time during lesson - he tried to smell my bottom under my *yukata*.

He told me that Shakespeare did it, too.

“Smelly or not smelly?”

It's the big question.

I had a pet chicken. It was quite popular custom in Japan in the eighties. They are good house pets. You could have their vocal chords removed for quietness. But they still do very funny dancing. It's my pleasure.

I called my chicken Kenta Fumi Chan – his initials were KFC. Ha ha.

Its Japanese irony.

Other examples of Japanese irony are: Pearl Harbour – it was just a joke on the Yankee boys – but they didn't get. Too bad.

Also, sumo – with the fat men fighting – it was started as a drunken party trick during the Nara Period in the 8<sup>th</sup> century. And it just got out of hand – became a national sport. Personally I think very flabby people who wear nappies should not bicker in public.

Anyway, finally, when KFC was old I did not kill him. I wrapped him in pink bubble wrap and sent him to the emperor as an imperial gift. I hope he liked it. I did not hear back.

There's not many gardens in Tokyo. So, many dogs live inside. Recently – they have robot dogs. Many of them are called names like – *Chip* or big ones called *Mega Byte*. I think there's a new Intel Terrier! But still problem for owners in the morning - they leave little batteries on the carpet.

For a while, as an escape from my job - I delighted in betting on dogs, and then after – also roulette - it was crazy – eventually, I lost all my yen for living. I made a haiku of this epoch:

Yellow man bets

Black or red, red or black

Finally, he is blue

I have a last tale to share – it's a 'good news and bad news' kind of story...

When I was thirteen – I fell out of a tree.

But the good news is – it was a *bonsai* tree – miniature Japanese horticulture. Do you know?

But the bad news is – it was on the balcony - and my family lived on the ninth floor of the *Minami Haitsu* apartment building – a long way up.

But the good news is – I was luckily cushioned my fall by landing on another tree in the garden.

Bad news is – it was a cactus.

Good news is – I didn't need to have acupuncture for many months.

Bad news is when I drank green tea – I leaked on the tatami mat and all over the place.

Good news is my mother didn't need to water her bonsai collection when I was home.

So – that is where I will leave it – with good news. Sank you. And sayonara.