



**167** → The scariest part of becoming a school bus driver is the stories I hear from my own children. You see, I am not a regular school bus driver; I am a substitute school bus driver. I have been told they get no respect. The drivers with the regular routes run their busses as if they were their own little kingdoms. They have to. Everyone reading this knows what can happen on a bus if there aren't rules that are enforced. When a substitute takes one of these routes for a day many of the kids see an easy mark. The government has fallen and they want to see what they can do with the resulting power vacuum. My daughter told me that one substitute just turns up the radio and lets the kids go crazy while he hurries to each of the stops and the final prize of an empty bus.

### PEOPLE. PROUD

The Few; The Proud;  
The Substitute School Bus Driver  
Tony C Anderson  
2012

### PEOPLE. LANGUAGE

Big in Japan:  
A Cellphone Novel for You, the Reader / Sky of Love  
Ben Dooley and Mika  
2008

### 165 → SKY OF LOVE PROLOGUE

If I hadn't met you that day...  
I don't think I would have  
Felt this bitterness.  
This pain.  
This sadness.  
Cried this much.  
But,  
If I hadn't met you...  
This happiness.  
This joy.  
This love.





**168** ← I had expected to find the experience grotesque but, instead, I was moved by their faith and found the piercings to be less about bodily mutilation and more just the outward display of their devotion. Alicia and I are planning on going back next year but on our own. I would like to have more time at the temple to watch the preparations and am even considering walking the 4.5 km route to the final temple as we saw many westerners do this year.

**PEOPLE. SCARY**

**Thaipusam:  
an Unforgettable Experience**  
niki  
2012



**PEOPLE. MASTER**

**Jiro Dreams of Sushi**  
David Gel  
2012

**169** ← What defines "deliciousness"? Taste is tough to explain, isn't it? I would see ideas in dreams. My mind was bursting with ideas. I would wake up in the middle of the night. In dreams I would have visions of sushi.



**170** — I would love to go back and relive this one amazing night at Camden Jongleurs in 1994. If you were making a teen film about a guy who dreamt about being a stand-up, it would be the final scene. I went on in the open spot so no-one knew who I was. I absolutely tore it up. I came off the stage and they were all

chanting: "We want Ed!" Meanwhile the owner of the club was on the phone to the duty manager and he asked how the open spot went. The duty manager just held up the phone to the crowd and said: "That's how the open spot went!" That was the last open spot I ever did.

### PEOPLE. ENTERTAINER

Ed Byrne Interview: "I Gradually Learned the Ways of Humans"

Jane Graham  
2013



### PEOPLE. YOUNG

Freedom

Adele

2012

**171** — I'm free guys! I literally skipped out of the exam room when I headed off to the shops with my boyfriend and it's just great to be eating good food, writing again and also browsing and buying some of the most covered clothes from Etsy! All will be revealed in due time, but for the moment I have a small army of eye candy images to show off, feelings to get off my chest and opinions to properly voice. My exciting peers are going to the After Exam Party whereas I am sitting with my feet under some cozy blankets and am scheming up a blogging binge, and I can still say with confidence that I am having a great time at home. I've always been a little strange though—a hermit and a recluse even when I was a kid, which is a bit of a problem considering you're meant to socialize at that age.



# PLACES

**172** ← "My special place is my bedroom, so I can spend time alone by myself and reflect on my life and dreams."

"The skate park because there's always something good happening."

"In Australia (anywhere) where the Aussie spirit is overwhelming—where being a 'mate' and a 'sport' are taken for granted because it's no big deal to do things for others."

## PLACES. SPECIAL

My Special Place Is...



## PLACES. MOVIE

Behind the Movies

Catie  
2010

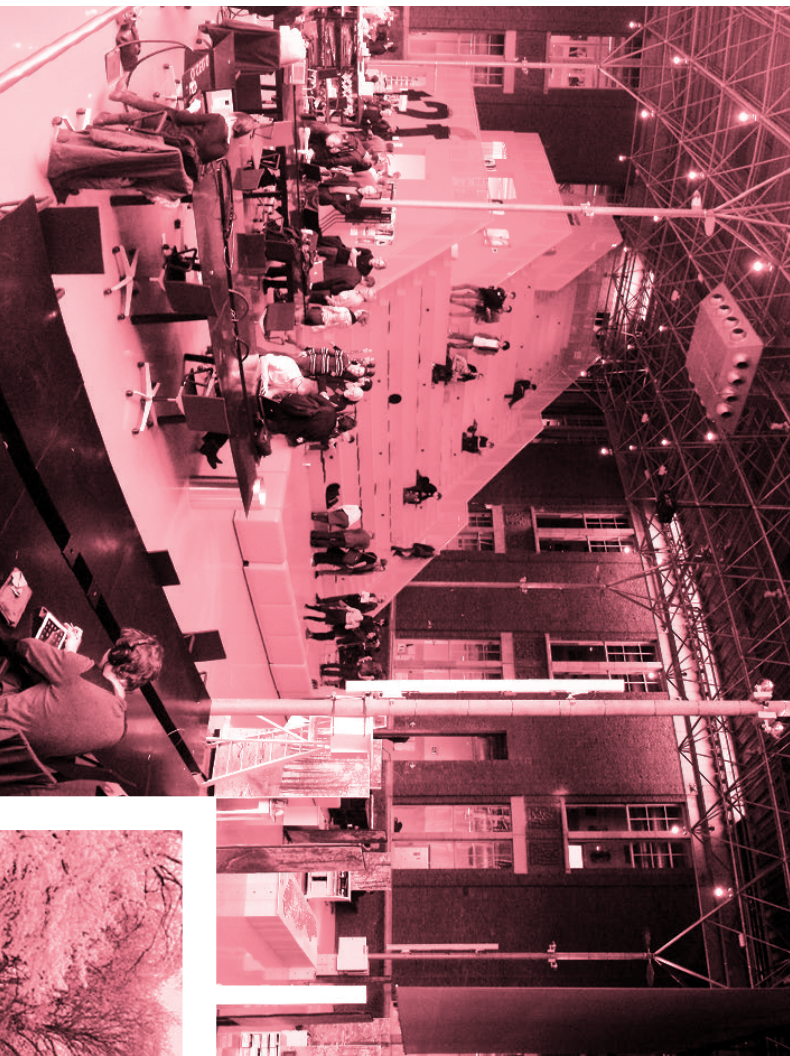
**173**

← Film is such a huge part of my life, I love watching movies of all genres, but watching the movies is not always the most important aspect to me. Exploring movie locations and sets, knowing about actors and

actresses, and learning more about a film than just what you get from watching it, are all my favorite parts of the film industry. So when visiting several new cities and countries, I've gotten to visit so many new movie scene locations.

WELCOME TO A CITY





## 176 ← WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

I'm going to picnic in every park in New York City until I'm done. Follow along! For the most part I'll be skipping playgrounds, community gardens, dog runs, ball fields, cemeteries, and other similar parkish but not quite parky places. That still leaves hundreds of city, state, and national parks in NYC! If you would like to join me on a picnic, let me know which park you'd choose and whenish at [APicnicInEveryPark@gmail.com](mailto:APicnicInEveryPark@gmail.com).

### PLACES. PARK

A Picnic In Every Park  
2013

## PLACES. SCHOOL

Things about Japanese Kindergarten (Preschool?)  
That Have Stunned Me as a Chinese Mother

maxiewawa  
2010

## 174 ← 8. EDUCATION: ALL "SMILES" AND "THANK YOU"

In this kindergarten, it seems like they don't care at all about the children's intellectual education. They don't have textbooks, just a new sketchbook every month. In the school's education plan, there aren't any subjects like mathematics, kana, art, or music. Don't even ask about English or the International Math Olympiad. They don't learn roller skating or swimming.

When you ask what they teach, you'd never guess what the answer is: "We teach the children to be all smiles!"

In Japan, no matter where you are, or who you're talking to, "being all smiles" is most important. Any girl who is "all smiles" is most beautiful. What else do they teach?—"They teach children to say thank you!"





**177** ← At last count, I am following 16 buildings on Twitter. Sixteen! How did this happen? Buildings didn't use to be something I had to worry about the interior thoughts and feelings of; I was more concerned with, well, their general interiors. Now it seems like every block of flats and its stairwell has an opinion on the latest celebrity divorce, the situation in the Middle East and whether the Olympics is a good thing for Britain or not. From what I can tell of the Shard's Twitter feed, for example, he (for something so enormously phallic must be a he) is very keen on photography, and the architecture and writing of Jean Nouvel. The Southbank Centres's Singing Lift is a big fan of the arts (this is presumably why it applied for the job in the first place), and has sadly been under the weather this week with a nasty bout of silencing lift pox.

## PLACES. BUILDINGS

**Battle of the Buildings:  
If These Walls Could Talk...**  
Nat Guest  
2012



## PLACES. STREET

**Adrift in Tokyo**  
GenKnahto  
2012

**177** ← Adrift in Tokyo is one of those films where the title says it all. Fumiyu and Fukuhara are adrift in a road movie without the road, the two travelling along the streets of Tokyo discovering things about themselves, the city and others. The setting is a Tokyo that is both familiar and unfamiliar and full of diversity. You feel drawn into the walk as you witness a heady mix of warm and natural spaces, small cosy restaurants and home settings and neon lit night time scenes. It is an exploration of sprawl but not in the pejorative sense, because the film gives mystery and depth to the urban surroundings, which paints a picture of a city full of life.



# THINGS

**179** ← But I leave him to his unrighteous communitings. He is one of those people who have what I may call an umbrella conscience. You know the sort of person I mean. He would never put his hand in another's pocket, or forge a cheque or rob a till—not even if he had the chance. But he will swap umbrellas, or forget to return a book, or take a rise out of the railway company. In fact he is a thoroughly honest man who allows his honesty the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps he takes your umbrella at a random from the barber's stand. He knows he can't get a worse one than his own. He may get a better. He doesn't look at it very closely until he is well on his way. Then, "Dear me! I've taken the wrong umbrella," he says, with an air of surprise, for he likes really to feel that he has made a mistake. "Ah, well, it's no use going back now. He'd be gone. And I've left him mine!"

## THINGS. PRACTICAL

On *Umbrella Morals*  
Alpha of the Plough  
(Alfred George Gardiner)  
1916



## PLACES. SHOW

(Politely) Gatecrashing a Wedding in Montenegro  
Pegs on the Line  
2013

**178** ← It started in the groom's bedroom. His family and friends were dancing around the room, while one man, the designated flag bearer, waved [a] pole with a Montenegrin flag and a towel tied to the end. The flag bearer is usually a distant cousin from the father's side and sharing the same last name as the groom. It's a prestigious position and one carried out with pride. He led the dancing guests through the house before everybody made their way in convoy to the bride's house. Each car had a towel attached to the bonnet to indicate it is part of the wedding procession.





# 180

## ←#948 THE MAN COUCH

The Man Couch is any couch conveniently located near the change rooms in a women's clothing store. You can tell which one's The Man Couch, because it's generally covered in man. Most are either text-messaging, napping illegally, or staring straight ahead, jaws dropped, pupils dilated, and completely zoned out, their arms full of purses and plastic bags from other stores. Now, The Man Couch really is good for everybody: For women, it gives them a convenient place to find their male shopping companion. There they are, right outside the change room!

## THINGS. AWESOME

### 1000 Awesome Things

Neil Pasricha  
2008



## THINGS. HIDDEN

### Is That an Ice Cream Truck?

Ava Apollo  
2010

# 182

← Yes, the garbage truck plays monotone children's tunes. It does this because in Taiwan, there are certain days the trash man comes around, and you had better be ready for him with everything sorted and ready to go. One can't simply jumble everything

together. Everything must be sorted, with foods, recyclables, and all else in separate, paid bags bought from 7-11 (which serves as the trash bill). Masses of people congregate on trash night waiting to hear this tune, so that they can give their trash to the trash man, and then go on their merry ways.



**183** ← The Taxi Uncle is notorious for cutting lanes without signaling, violent braking at the road shoulder to pick up / drop off passengers, reckless driving, changing shifts, lurking around during the hours of 11 onwards and refusing flag-down so that they can charge you for midnight surcharge... the list of Taxi Uncle transgressions is long. Just ask anyone. Like my mom. But sometimes when you hear them out, and sit in their taxi driver seat, the world takes on a different colour. They tell you about lost jobs, abusive customers, high taxi rental rates (it's a daily rental rate here in Singapore)... and you start to empathize and commiserate. So they aren't all bad, really.

### THINGS. MOVING

Tales from the Taxi Uncle  
Taxi Uncle  
2012



### THINGS. HELPFUL

Jesus Drinks a 40 Oz.  
Korpics  
2011

**184** ← I understood. Nobody likes to be ignored or marginalized, to feel insignificant or unheard, and as much as I sympathized with his situation, I quickly realized that this man wasn't Jesus. Just a dude with dirty dreadlocks and a slightly odd take on life. Maybe I wanted him to be Jesus, because honestly how cool would that be to ride the 5:25 with Jesus. Or maybe he liked being Jesus and we were each feeding off of each other's needs at this particular time in this particular place. Either way, I knew it had to end. My stop was coming up and I felt the need to right the world and put it back on its normal axis.



**184** ← Employee: "Technically, sir, I have to instruct you to let the airline employees deal with the other passengers." \*pauses\* "That said, I've booked you an exit row window seat for all of your remaining flights at no additional charge, and please accept these vouchers for meals valid today at any of the airports on your itinerary; in addition to the credit for a round trip ticket we had already mentioned. Here is your new boarding pass, and your new flight departs from [gate] at [time]."

## THINGS. ANNOYING

Flying off the Handle Will Get You Handled



## THINGS. INTIMIDATING

Face-kini—Face Mask Bathing Suit 2012

**185** ← Dear fashionistas, this is not a congregation of superheroes, nor the Earth being attacked by aliens, nor a joke, so you are probably wondering, like me when I saw this picture, what is this about? Well, this is happening right now while I am writing this post in Qingdao, a city in eastern China. Also known in the West as Tsingtao, and for its beer, Qingdao is making a buzz on the internet thanks to some Chinese women and men wearing a full head mask to avoid the sun.



77-99

# WALKING AROUND PEOPLE

hours of the day. The green bungalows next to the sea are supplied for the workers as accommodation for the whole season. The bungalows were built before the fall of the Berlin wall and cannot be classed as luxurious, but despite that the workers soak in the sunbathers' philosophy. Their equipment is also as old—the close range train, the conveyor belt and everything else is maneuvered by hand in the scorching heat. From this spot salt has been mined since the 3rd Century B.C., and now it can be ordered in bulk from Chernomorski Solnici's website. The water has a deep red colour because of the high levels of sodium and the high-rises in JHK. Lazur are clearly visible at the end of the pools.

A day in the life of the salt miner is not easy—you need to start the day before sunrise [so] as to escape at least partially the 40–45 degree heat. You work from August to September, when most of the water in the pools has evaporated, the rest is drained out and at the bottom there is a layer of salt left, about 15–20cm. To get there requires walking on a wooden path passing through the mud pools where the vacation makers are bathing. After all the equipment is set up, the 'group' goes in the salt pool and starts shoveling the salt onto the conveyor belt. It seems pretty straightforward, but the key is not to get any mud in the mix. All electric devices are grounded by connecting them to a steel rod that is planted about 30ft from the workers in the salt. Because the pumps are old, every 3–4 digs you get a break as you wait for the salt to go along. At the other end a couple of builders are making a rectangular pyramid out of salt. After it has dried for about 2 weeks the salt is then transported for packaging and shipping.

*SOURCE: <http://antonigeorgiev.blogspot.sg/2012/02/black-and-salty-people.html>*

## PEOPLE. FACES

### 365 Days of People

#### Chelsea Waring

#### 2013/2014

280/365

This morning I met twenty-two year old Zara. Zara is originally from Whithy, where in school she discovered she had a natural hand for art, and a big passion for hockey and netball. After competing in both the sports at a national level, still today she enjoys playing the sports, although admittedly not as often as she used to.

After school Zara decided to further her artistic studies and she moved to Leeds to study Art and Design at Leeds College of Art. The facilities were brilliant

and she loved studying in Leeds and after graduating with a first she is sure she chose the right course. Following her degree, she moved home to Whithy for a while, however a few weeks ago she returned to Leeds once more.

Zara is currently spending her own time volunteering at Leeds College of Art, gaining experience mentoring current students! Although very different to being a student herself, she is enjoying it at the moment and she is currently looking for a job to enable her to stay in Leeds full time. Eventually Zara would like to work as a practicing artist in either a big studio or art house company.

279/365

Today I met Nigel, who is in Leeds with his wife, visiting his daughter.

Nigel is originally from Rotherham and throughout his childhood his biggest passions were music and sport. Although he still enjoys both today, after school he studied Civil Engineering at College with aspirations to find a well paid job at the end. Despite not enjoying the course, Nigel stuck it out, as it seemed the sensible thing to do. After college he jumped straight into work and started working as a civil engineer.

When he was twenty-five years old, Nigel and his wife married. They had their first child a year later, and now have three children together and a busy family life. Although sometimes it can be hectic, it is definitely good.

After fifteen years of working in a job he didn't enjoy, he finally plucked up the courage to leave his job as a civil engineer and pursue his dream of starting up his own business. Luckily everything worked out and Nigel spent a good few years successfully selling catalogue clothing before moving on to sell his own brand of hair straighteners: h2d. Six years down the line, and business is going well. In the future he wants to continue growing his business and enjoying quality time with his wife.

278/365

Today I met Melvena who is originally from Bradford. Throughout her early childhood, Melvena made lots of good memories playing out and being a kid. Getting older however, she spent a lot of time searching for her identity and escaping the racist remarks she received at school. Following her bad experience with education, her passion for learning was sacrificed greatly and she couldn't wait to leave school when she was sixteen years old.

Jumping straight into work, Melvena had a job in a sewing factory for a while, before leaving to have her first child when she was just eighteen years old. Unfortunately the relationship didn't work out, but moving on, she has since had another three children; the youngest being only eleven years old! Happy being a single parent now, she has raised all four children on her own and although she admits at times it has been an uphill struggle, there is a silver lining to every cloud.

Inspired by her own experiences, when she was forty years old Melvena returned to education once more to study Counselling and Therapy, at Leeds Metropolitan University. She has now finished her degree, and for the past year she has been working as a Learner Support Coordinator, which she really loves. In the future she just wants to keep on developing the work she does.

277/365

Today I met James, who is in Leeds this evening, catching up with some friends.

James was originally born in Leeds, however throughout his childhood he moved around a lot and lived in Manchester, Kent and Cheshire, until eventually settling down in Selby where he did most of his growing up. When he was younger, James enjoyed both watching and playing football, however he quit when he was twelve years old and started focusing on education, with high hopes of becoming a doctor.

After school he moved to Newcastle to study Biology at university, but unfortunately after four years of studying, he was kicked out.

Moving on however, James has now started up his own business, selling vintage clothing online. Business is going well, and in the future he is hoping to move back into the city, any city in fact!

276/365

Today I met Louise, a huge David Bowie fan who is originally from York.

Growing up Louise wanted to be a vet as she had a big big passion for animals. However after GCSEs, she decided to follow in the steps of her artistic family and started studying Fine Art at Leeds College of Art. She enjoyed the course, but realises now that "it wasn't the best thing", and following college, the only art she has taken further is the artwork displayed on her body. After getting her first David Bowie inspired tattoo of a lightning bolt when she was young, she now has around thirty tattoos on her body and her whole leg is dedicated to the musical legend.

When she was seventeen years old, Louise moved to Manchester to live with her best friend. She still lives there today and currently works in a Workers Cooperative doing [a] bit of everything in the shop. A few years ago she began competing in Roller Derby tournaments. This has since gone on to become Louise's biggest hobby; she even competed in Amsterdam a couple of years ago!

275/365

Introducing Phil, who I met today on my way to work. Phil is originally from Leeds and growing up his biggest passion was music. With a thirst for rock and metal, he began playing the drums when he was very young, and he went on to form his first band when he was just fifteen years old. From there, Phil has been in many different bands, playing the pub scene around Leeds.

When he was nineteen years old Phil moved to the coast for a while, however he soon returned to Leeds,



seeing no other place as home. After working as a baker for a while, he found his calling in life and started working as a Mechanic. Still in the trade now, he has also spent ten years teaching mechanics! His most recent musical adventure introduced him to sixties Soul music, and after stepping in at a charity event, he now plays with a sixties soul band full time. A year ago he moved out to Harrogate to live with his current partner and they are currently excitedly planning their wedding for this September!

274/365

**78** — This morning I met Roman who is originally from the Philippines.

Growing up he enjoyed to dance and throughout the family Roman was well known as a good dancer. Getting older, he was introduced to many different types of dance, his favourites being Latin, Salsa and Philippine Folk. After secondary school, Roman studied for a Bachelor of Secondary Education, and then he went on to teach Physical Education in schools across the Philippines. The job enabled him to indulge in his passion for dance, and he began choreographing and teaching dance in schools.

After having a lifelong love for England and British History, Roman decided to move over here. He applied for a student visa in order to make the move and arrived in Leeds in 2010. Since moving to England, Roman has been studying a vocational Health and Social Care course. He loves England so much, he is hoping to win permanent residency here when his visa runs out.

273/365

This afternoon I met twenty-one year old Filomena. Filomena was born in Portugal, however she moved to London when she was just two years old. Although she speaks fluent Portuguese, she doesn't have many memories from her early childhood in Portugal. In her teens Filomena moved up North to study Japanese at Leeds University. One of the best universities to study Japanese, she quickly settled in and exclaims today that "Leeds is great".

Two and a half years into the course now, her passion for the language intensified after she spent a year studying and living in Japan! An amazing experience, she didn't want to return home and although the degree is "bloody hard and an uphill struggle" at times, there is light at the end of the tunnel. After university Filomena plans on moving to Japan long term.

SOURCE: <http://365daysofpeople.tumblr.com/>

## PEOPLE. KIDS What Happens When I Draw from My Toddler's Imagination

Chris Cook  
11.12.2013

"Coloring is AWESOME." I said to nobody in particular as I put the finishing touches on a drawing of a friendly bear in a hat. The bear's name was Briggle-bee, and the green vest and purple bowler he wore came from a dumpster he frequents every Tuesday in search of discarded pizza. After much internal debate, I decided to add a word balloon that said "I LOVE PIZZA." You know, to establish some baseline character traits.

Satisfied with my work, I showed it to my co-artist who had spent the past several minutes staring at me cautiously from a safe distance on the other side of the table. "Bear...?" she whispered meekly, unsure of herself as if her release from this Daddy-imposed prison of boredom depended on her correct identification of the drawing in question.

Just a short while earlier, my 20-month-old had been the one hunched over a piece of paper, purple crayon in hand, working on a masterpiece of squiggles and zig-zags that she deemed "HAIRPLANE!!!". At some point, however, she asked me to color a HAIRPLANE!!! of my own ("Dada-co-co") and before I knew it, I was absorbed in my own wonderful fantasy world of coloring. The community pile of crayons we initially shared slowly became my own as the one-time joint coloring venture between a father and his daughter eventually turned into an exhibition of a grown man drawing second-rate cartoon characters with a 20-month-old toddler as his only audience.

I'm not proud to say that this has happened multiple times since my daughter took an interest in coloring. Our sessions have spawned such creations as an elephant being carried off by a balloon tied to his trunk, a turtle who thinks he's a dinosaur ("ROAR!") and a short-necked giraffe who overcame his disability with courage, bravado and a jetpack. All of these, save for a few rogue crayon swipes by my daughter, have come entirely from me. It wasn't until my wife looked at me one day and said, "Where did she go?" that I realized I might be missing the point of daddy-daughter coloring time.

I should note that, in theory, I'm all for the "hang back" approach to parenting in which you let your child explore on their own and allow their creative nature to lead them in whatever direction it chooses. Practically, however, it's hard to hang back when your adorable toddler hands you a brown crayon and says "Dada bear." It's a special feeling when I start drawing a bear, she stops to watch and almost immediately yells "BEAR! Dada BEAR!" and it's one of the many daily occurrences that make the hardships of parenting well worth it.

What gets me in trouble is that in an attempt to continue entertaining my daughter, I continue drawing and ignore her, eventually driving her to become bored and toddle off to a more engaging activity. I will admit this has become a pattern of mine through the first 20-plus months of my daughter's life. She will be playing on her own, reading a book, hosting a tea party, building with blocks or what have you, and I— with all the best intentions of simply playing with my kid—swoop in and subconsciously steer playtime into what I think would be more entertaining, educational or photo-worthy. I know it's wrong, I know it's stunting her imagination, I know she's usually too sweet and trusting in her father to tell me to butt out, I know it's a parenting flaw, but I'm working on it.

The "hang back" method is one of the most "easier said than done" aspects of parenting I've encountered. You can read all the literature you want about the benefits of allowing a child independent playtime, but until you've sat there and watched your kid try to stuff a square block into a round hole for 15 minutes, you don't know how hard it truly is to let your kid figure anything out for themselves.

In the interest of keeping "co-co" time a fun daddy-daughter activity, I've had to make some... personal adjustments. Instead of hijacking the coloring session into what I want it to be, she and I draw alongside each other, and I occasionally ask her to draw her own version of what's on my sheet of paper. The result is usually more squiggles and zig-zags, but to her it's a carefully-crafted HAIRPLANE!!! just like her dad's.

**79**

— So I consider coloring a first step toward hanging back and a fairly safe trial ground to let my daughter work as she sees fit with minimal interference from her father. Since I've become more conscious of my tendency to let my daughter explore things on her own—and sometimes fall doing so—she and I have developed quite a portfolio together. They're not all award-winners—mine aren't, anyway, but I'd pay millions for hers—but I have a few favorites that I'd like to share. So without further ado, I present several of the greatest works of art in the history of the world. Or at least that's how my daughter and I see it.

SOURCE: [http://blogs.babycenter.com/nom\\_stories/hanging-back-is-easier-said-than-done/](http://blogs.babycenter.com/nom_stories/hanging-back-is-easier-said-than-done/)

## PEOPLE. LANGUAGE Big in Japan: A Cellphone Novel for You, the Reader / Sky of Love

Ben Doolley and Milka  
31.01.2008

A week ago, an article in the New York Times created a mini-turor in literary circles. As the resident Japan expert in my circle of friends, everybody was asking me, "So what's the deal with these cell phone novels?" The NYT article was the first I'd heard of them. I did a quick Internet search, and what do you know? The Times was right, they're all over the place. Google spits up thousands of pages, and several of the more popular novels are listed on the Internet Movie Database as films in production.

What does this mean for the English novel? Is this the future of literature? In Japanese, maybe. There are a number of features of Japan's language and culture that make a cell phone novel more palatable than it would be in English. First, Japanese grammar is much better suited than English to the kind of short sentences writing on a cell phone encourages. As a high-context language, a complete sentence in Japanese can consist of just a single, lonely verb. Japanese speakers and writers frequently and freely omit subjects and objects from their sentences, expecting the reader to figure out what's going on. Go figure. The use of Chinese characters also serves to compact sentences. Since you don't have to actually spell out entire words, as in English, but can represent them with an ideogram, you can say a lot more in a much smaller space.

Secondly, and perhaps just as important, cell phone novels tap into long traditions of Japanese prose and poetry. First, even a cursory examination of a cell phone novel will show a visual connection to the poetic traditions of haiku and tanka. The connection doesn't end there, at its best the writing itself has an economy and—I'll regret saying this—poetry that taps into the same tradition. The medium—you try typing a novel on the keypad of a cell phone—forces the writers to make every word count, and (in Japanese at least) it shows. The themes, as well, (hark back to traditional Japanese themes. The first "modern" novel (written by Murasaki Shikibu in 11th century Japan), The Tale of Genji, was basically a high school love story, and nothing has changed since then. In manga, on television and in literature, the amatory exploits of high school students have always captured the imagination of the Japanese public. And the long, long literary tradition there, combined with the frequent use of public transportation, means that books in general, whether written on cell phones or not, occupy a much more important place in Japanese culture than in the West.

So what are these cell phone novels like? For the curious, I've translated a short passage from Sky of



Love, the number one best seller by Mika, recently made into a movie. I've only read the first chapter, but apparently it's a heart wrenching tale of young love, as seen through a Jerry Springer filter of premarital sex, teen pregnancy, gang rape and mortal disease. Enjoy. Translation note: Two things. First, I've done my best to preserve the sentence structure and formatting of the original (at the expense of clarity and good prose, I'm afraid). This is more or less how it looks and reads in the original Japanese. Second, it's common in Japanese for people to refer to themselves in the third person. The protagonist here does that frequently. It's a habit that's considered somewhat childish and endearing.

## 80 ← SKY OF LOVE PROLOGUE

If I hadn't met you that day...

I don't think I would have

Felt this bitterness.

This pain.

This sadness.

Cried this much.

But.

If I hadn't met you...

This happiness.

This joy.

This love.

This warmth.

I wouldn't have known that either.

Today, I'm going to look through my tears and up at

the sky.

Look to the sky.

### CHAPTER ONE—A SMILE

"God, I am so hungry!"

Finally lunch time. Felt like I'd been waiting forever.

Same as always, Mika put

her lunchbox on her desk and opened it.

School is a drag.

The only thing I like about it is eating with Aya and

Yuka, my friends from class.

—Mika Tahara—

She's a freshman, who started at this school in April.

It hasn't even been three months

since she got here.

She's met some people she likes and gets along with.

She's had some pretty good times.

She's short.

And stupid.

And not that pretty.

Doesn't have any special talents.

Or even know what's she wants to do with herself

after graduation.

Bright, tea-colored hair she dyed right after she got

here.

She's wearing a little makeup, but it looks strange on

her, especially at this time of day.

She stumbled out of middle school and right into

average.

She had normal friends.

She had normal crushes.

She dated three guys.

I don't know if that's normal, or what.

But, what I know is normal,

is that those relationships all ended fast. That's what

she's saying.

She doesn't know real love.

All she knows is how to fool around,

Just that.

Love...

Who needs it?

It was right then...

I met you.

Mika's life: she expected it would end in the same

boring way it had begun. Meeting you was

going to change all that.

Like always, Mika and Aya and Yuka

wolf down their food.

Why is it everyone gets so quiet when they eat?

The classroom door rattles open,

A guy with one hand in his pocket

walks over

to the three of them.

That guy, he stands in front of them.

And he starts talking. Casually.

"Hey! My name's Nozomu. I'm in the class next door.

You heard of me?"

The three girls look at each other.

They pretend they don't know what he's talking

about.

Just keep eating their lunches.

Since I'd gotten to school, I'd heard a lot of rumors

about Nozomu.

A player.

A flirt.

A playboy.

It seemed like he was walking around school

with a different girl on his arm every day.

"Watch out for Nozomu!"

"If he's got his eye on you, you don't stand a chance."

Didn't somebody tell me that...?

He's got a well-proportioned face

on a tall body.

Highlights in his hair,

styled with wax for that "casual" look.

Eyes looking right at you, like they could see...

something.

He's got the right stuff for getting girls. There's no

question about that.

The problem is his personality.

Maybe... if he was a little more serious...

With all those rumors floating around, I don't even

need to tell you I'm not interested.

The three girls continue eating their lunches,

pretending they haven't even noticed him.

"Hey, now. You're ignoring me? Let's be friends. ♪

Come on, give me your number."

His insistence makes me thirsty.

Mika, annoyed, grabbing a bottle of barley tea in

one hand

gulping it all down.

"What do you think I'm going to do? It's cool. Just tell

me your number."

There's silence.

Suddenly, Aya breaks it.

Mika and Yuka, looking at each other in disbelief.

Aya gives him her number

with a smile.

I wait until Nozomu has left the room, all puffed up

and full of himself.

Then turning to Aya, blurring out:

"Why would you give your number to a guy like that?"

He's trouble."

Aya responds to Mika's worry, like it's no big deal.

"What can I say? I like cute guys. Ha."

Aya's a mature, beautiful woman.

She's stylish and her best feature is

her long hair, a little wavy, and the red-brown of tea.

She's got bad luck with guys. All the ones she's dated

are just playing with her...

SOURCE: <http://www.themillions.com/2008/01/big-in-japan-celiphone-no-vel-for-you.html>

## PEOPLE. PROUD

### The Few; The Proud;

### The Substitute School Bus Driver

#### Tory C Anderson

01.12.2012

I recently joined the ranks of the Juab School District bus drivers. This surprises and humors me. Never in all my days on Earth had I ever envisioned myself driving a school bus. I suppose it's fitting for a man with eight children. When hauling my children my minivan is practically a school bus. But it isn't the same at all.

I went through forty hours of classroom and driver training not counting the time I spent studying the Commercial Drivers License (CDL) book. During this training I actually parallel parked a 40 foot bus. I haven't parallel parked a car in thirty years. The training was good and has certainly made me a more conscientious driver.

## 81 ← The scariest part of becoming a school bus driver is the stories I hear from my own children. You see, I am not a regular driver. I have been told they get no respect. The

school bus driver: I am a substitute school bus driver. I have been told they get no respect. The

drivers with the regular routes run their busses as if

they were their own little kingdoms. They have to.

Everyone reading this knows what can happen on a

bus if there aren't rules that are enforced. When a

substitute takes one of these routes for a day many

of the kids see an easy mark. The government has

fallen and they want to see what they can do with the

resulting power vacuum. My daughter told me that

one substitute just turns up the radio and lets the kids go crazy while he hurries to each of the stops and the final prize of an empty bus.

I had my first substitute run the other morning. I went on a practice run a few days before to get to know the route. The bus driver I was substituting for was very responsible and had selected a student who knew the route well and who got off last to be my guide. I needed this since I would be doing the route backwards from the way she was showing me that morning. On the practice run the kids were pleasant and well-behaved.

The afternoon of my run came. My first challenge came in figuring out how to open and close the door. I had driven four different buses up to this point, but this bus was different from them all. Luckily I had left enough time to get it figured out without being late for my first pickup. I pulled into the elementary school bus lane behind four other busses. They were all veteran drivers. I definitely felt my rookie status. The moment came and the kids came streaming out of the school. I greeted each of them as they got on the bus. I noticed that each noticed I was a substitute. There was this look in their eye, like prisoners eyeing the new warden. Immediately I heard complaints about kids sitting in the wrong seats.

"Sit in your regular seats," I say, exerting my warden-ship. But I don't know which seats are theirs so I can't enforce anything. Eventually the kids sit and just in time for over the radio I hear Red Leader say, "Let's roll." The busses leave the lane like a convoy, only they all turn right and I am told to turn left. My little, eight-year-old guide is present which brings me comfort. I get a little concerned, however, when I see her hunker down in her seat with a video game.

I make another pickup at the high school and then take off to deliver my load of precious cargo. I remembered where my next stop was and figured out how I was going to get there. I couldn't remember how the regular driver gets there, but it won't matter. My precious cargo thinks differently. As I turn right from the right-turn lane of the school parking lot a horrified cry goes up from every student on the bus.

"No, left! Turn left! You go left!"

The cry was so loud and frantic that against my bet-

ter judgment I did a U-turn in my forty foot bus. I did

check for traffic first and did not cause any of those

famous CHIPS forty car pileups.

In my inside rear-view mirror I saw a student stand-

ing up. This is a safety concern and I called to him to

sit down. He did. This is when one of the cutest little

girls of about ten-years-old spoke up. She sat a few

seats back from me.

"You aren't a very good driver," she said.

"Oh?" I asked.

"Good drivers don't tell us what to do."

She looked like such a nice girl. I had [fo] repeat to myself twice what she had said to decide that she was wrong. About this time a seven-year-old boy comes running up the aisle with a pencil that he is going to throw in the garbage. We are on the highway driving sixty-five mph. It occurs to me that he



shouldn't be running up the aisle, but he does it with such confidence that I don't say anything as I wonder. It's the other kids that remind him that he was breaking a safety rule. I know he wouldn't have tried that with the regular driver. Six-year-old: 1. Fifty-two-year old: 0.

When we reach Levan I hear a frantic, "Turn here! Turn here!" This call went out as we were passing the street at thirty-five mph. My little video game playing guide hadn't looked up in time.

"I can handle this," I think. "I will just go around the block."

The kids see a weakness and pounce. "Just let us off right here," they cry. "This is way closer." I know better and keep going to their cries of dismay. Finally I end up out on Powell Lane with one little student left. She looks like she is four, but she must be at least six or seven. She doesn't give me any trouble. I drop her off at her long lane and see her mother waiting at the door. Then, with a wonderfully empty bus I drive the thirteen miles back to bus compound. I had survived my first run.

SOURCE: <http://busdriverdiaries.torycanderson.com/?p=2012>

## PEOPLE. SCARY Thaipusam: an Unforgettable Experience

niki

11.02.2012

About a month or two ago, a friend of mine called to inform me that we were going on an tour called "Understanding Thaipusam."

Um....What's Thaipusam?

Other than the fact that it was a Hindu holiday, she didn't know. She had just heard that we shouldn't miss it.

Well, I've been to Little India a few times and each time has been a great experience. My photography class during Deepavali was fantastic and I still marvel at how much color, energy, movement, music, etc can be packed into such a small area. Even not having a clue what I was in for, I knew I was going. As soon as we got off the phone, I called and signed up. We've kind of started doing that to each other. When one of us wants to sign up for something but would really like to know a friendly face when we get there, we just let the other one know when they are booked. It's a good system. ☺

So, Tuesday morning I packed up my camera with a freshly charged battery and headed off to meet the tour group. On our way to Little India and the Sri Srinivasa Perumal Temple, our guide gave us more background on the Hindu festival and how it came to being.

walking the 4.5 km route to the final temple as we saw many westerners do this year.

If you happen to be in Singapore next year during Thaipusam, you really should go to Little India and see it for yourself. It truly is an unforgettable experience.

SOURCE: <http://braveofjstucrazy.com/?p=981>

## PEOPLE. MASTER Jiro Dreams of Sushi David Gel 09.03.2012

83 ← What defines "deliciousness"?  
Taste is tough to explain, isn't it?

My mind was bursting with ideas.

I would wake up in the middle of the night. In dreams I would have visions of sushi.

DAVID GEL

Once you decide on your occupation... you must immerse yourself

in your work. You have to fall in love with your work.

Never complain about your job. You must dedicate your life to mastering your skill.

That's the secret of success... and is the key

to being regarded honorably. I have published several

restaurant guidebooks. I went to every sushi, sobs, tempura,

and eel restaurant in Tokyo. Nobody has eaten more of these foods than me.

YAMAGATA, POD WRITER

Out of the hundreds of restaurants that I ate at... Jiro was the best by far.

When I went to Jiro the first time I was nervous.

After going for years I am still nervous. Jiro has a very stern look on his face

when he's making sushi. It's comfortable for people who like to have sushi served at a fast pace.

But for people who want to drink and eat slowly while chatting... it won't be a comfortable eating experience.

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and repeating the same thing every day.

There are some who are born with a natural gift.

Some have a sensitive palate and sense of smell.

That's what you call "natural talent."

In this line of business...

if you take it seriously, you'll become skilled.

But if you want to make a mark in the world, you have to have talent.

The rest is how hard you work.

He repeats the same routine everyday.

He even gets on the train

from the same position.

He has said

that he dislikes holidays.

The holidays are too long for him.

He wants to get back

to work as soon as possible.

It's unthinkable for normal people.

Is it good?

Is it too firm?

Overall, it's a little tough.

Probably because it is young.

But the toughness isn't that bad.

If it doesn't taste good

you can't serve it.

It has to be better than last time.

That's why I always taste the food

before serving it.

NAKAZAWA, SENIOR APPRENTICE

It hasn't marinated enough.

It is a bit fatty.

This doesn't taste right either.

How long has this marinated?

For about five hours.

Put it back in.

It needs work.

Let's marinate it

in vinegar a little more.

Yes, put it back in the vinegar.

Let's marinate it again.

Put that one in the vinegar too.

Let's try that for the last time.

Okay—

I've seen many chefs

who are self-critical...

but I've never seen a chef

who is so hard on himself.

He sets the standard

for self-discipline.

He is always looking ahead.

He's never satisfied with his work.

He's always trying to find ways

to make the sushi better.

SOURCE: *Subtitles from 'Vino Dreams of Sushi'*

## PEOPLE. ENTERTAINER

### Ed Byrne Interview: "I Gradually Learned the Ways of Humans"

Jane Graham

10.11.2013

At 16 I was skinny with hair that was very close cropped at the sides and back, but overflowing down my face. I remember going to the barbers and specifically asking for it like that. Hed'd ask if he could tidy up the top and I'd say, very firmly, "No, just leave it."

My jeans were covered in Prince badges I'd embroidered onto them. Prince was a big part of my life then. I was in a Christian Brothers school. I wasn't massively bullied but I didn't enjoy the general, constant, simmering threat of violence at all times. I'd been a bit of a loner but at 16 I made some friends with normal people and gradually learned the ways of humans. I became quite a sociable person and I got very, very mischievous at school. So I got hit quite a lot.

I wasn't unhappy but I really wanted to get out of small town Swords, which was about an hour's bus ride away from Dublin, and go somewhere where life would be like it was on the television. I was watching a whole lot of American television, right enough. It didn't really represent life where I did end up, which was Glasgow. But I wanted to go to a big city where life would be very different and busy. And Glasgow was definitely that.

I'd advise my younger self to go study the arts or drama at university. I already liked the idea of being an actor. But back then I just had the notion that I had to study a 'proper' subject. So I studied horticulture. I think I liked the idea that there were clear right and wrong answers. And growing up, I'd been given the idea that boys who were clever did science. I was good with words—but that wasn't being clever. I became the head of ents [entertainment] at Strathclyde Uni and started comparing events, and then performing at a little comedy club in The Threethenth Note pub on Glasford Street. Right from the first night, which went pretty well, I started to think I could really do this. I completely reinvented myself and started anew. I don't know if I'd have got into stand-up comedy if I hadn't really uprooted myself. And as an Irish person I was a bit more exotic in Glasgow. I was always being asked to quote lines from The

Commitments.

I think the young Ed would be delighted that he'd made a living doing stand-up comedy. That would be very exciting. I used to think I was funny but thought if I could do anything it would be like hosting a game show, interacting with other people. But it's transpired that I'm much better just standing there talking.

If he thought about it for long it might slightly depress the teenage me that the stand-up wouldn't lead to anything else. I'd have to tell him: "You're just going to be a stand-up, you will go no further..." That's how it's

been for 20 years now. I've done a few minor straight-to-DVD bits of acting but stand-up is what I do.

**84** — I would love to go back and relive this one amazing night at Camden Jongleurs in 1994. If you were making a teen film

about a guy who dreams about being a stand-up, it would be the final scene. I went on in the open spot so no-one knew who I was. I absolutely tore it up. I came off the stage and they were all chanting: "We want Ed!" Meanwhile the owner of the club

was on the phone to the duty manager and he asked how the open spot went. The duty manager just held up the phone to the crowd and said: "That's how the open spot went!" That was the last open spot I ever did.

SOURCE: <http://www.digitissue.com/features/letter-my-younger-self/3205/ed-byrne-interview-i-gradually-learned-ways-of-humans>

## PEOPLE. YOUNG Freedom

Adele

18.11.2012

**85** — I'm free guys! I literally skipped out of the exam room when I headed off to the shops with my boyfriend and it's just

great to be eating good food, writing again and also browsing and buying some of the most coveted clothes from Etsy! All will be revealed in due time, but for the moment I have a small army of eye candy images to show off, feelings to get off my chest and opinions to properly voice. My exciting peers are going to the After Exam Party whereas I am sitting with my feet under some cozy blankets and am scheming up a blogging binge, and I can still say with confidence that I am having a great time at home. I've always been a little strange though—a hermit and a recluse even when I was a kid, which is a bit of a problem considering you're meant to socialize at that age.

That's OK though, because I am a modern teenage girl and free to socialize through my computer as opposed to talking to people face to face, and I can get away with creating my own little world built on fairy floss pink filtered images and photographs soaked in heavy feminine vibes for at least the next week and a half without too much harassment from my family members. Eventually I will have to begin doing the housework, clean my room and call my wardrobe heavily in order to fuel artistic endeavors but for now I can vegivate, I can vent and I can avoid picking up a pen for the next hour month!

I'm pretty sure studying too hard needs to be balanced out with a child-like enthusiasm about silly things. Or

spending spree. I have bought: two sweaters, a unicorn shaped clutch summing to about two hundred dollars within the last week. And chances are I'm only going to earn one hundred and a bit more from working this week. Oops. It seems I'll need to avoid going on the computer, or at least all the shopping sites I normally loiter about and put my energy to better use, like mashing up the keyboard. Failing that I'll begin to make my own papier mâché unicorn for my room and start to take driving seriously because I need my license. Life sucks when you need to take public transport and there are people you went to school with who already earned then lost their driver's license—although I should be pretty happy that I am not a qualified menace to society and the roads yet and I can still qualify to drive.

I'm kind of sad that I can't enjoy the slow deterioration of leaves in Autumn or feel the crunch of fresh snow under my boots, but luckily I live in Melbourne and the weather is often unpredictable. Although I, along with every other citizen, tend to invariably grumble about this fact it does give me range and flexibility to work with so I can throw together different outfits of varying layers and comfort. The worst case scenario is a horrible heat wave in which I'm trapped indoors for the entire Summer and I'm imprisoned with the knowledge that pretty outfits will be ruined by perspiration and sweating. While there's no guarantee of cute Mary Jane shoes, white socks and peticcoats I'll do my best—especially with so much free time on my hands to scour all the best second hand goods and transform them with an arsenal of ribbon roses, cute buttons and embroidery I'm dying to try out.

I was a little disappointed at the lack of good clothing when I went shopping today (I'm looking in all the wrong places hopefully) but I've been again, obsessed with hoisery and cutesy socks used to reinvent the look of an outfit—especially with sandals showing off cute and crazy patterns. That has luckily been my one let down as far as searching on Etsy is concerned; mainly because the socks are hand knitted and made with love in every stitch and cost a few tens of dollars each when I'm trying to scout out a bargain bulk lot of different patterns and colours for the same price. I won't give up yet though, especially when I've almost got my hands on my secret weapon for shoes this season! All will be revealed soon...

I wonder if Alexa here knowingly dressed in yellow lace and an army jacket to imitate what I can only assume to be her favourite fruit: the pineapple. Yes, Schoolies celebrations are in full swing in Australia where the graduates of high school launch off for a week of partying and drinking but I'm kind of glad I'm not enjoying the intoxicating atmosphere. My mind is sharp and I like to keep it that way. Today I trawled after my mother pointing out clothing and curiosities alike with comments fuelled with popular culture references as well as witty remarks. I wish I had taken the time to blog the entire day, but it is nice to mix things up when possible. Unfortunately I only learnt that fact recently and a bit too late for



my own, personal liking. As much as I'd love to be working on a potion or chemical concoction to become younger and take the world by storm as a pre-teen fashion blogger, next year I'll be applying for internships and really focusing on my degree during Summer. This year will have to be a break—but also a cultural experience in which I broaden my blogging network and also bring you more of my own outfit style posts. I'm not really sure if I'll continue to appraise collections as they're released from designers and runway catwalks—there's just been a bit too much heartbreak as well as an unmotivated mentally towards the superficial side of fashion. I might be getting in touch with Etsy stores, trying to cosy up to them and make some new friends over the Internet. I've just developed a strict policy of only writing about something I feel passionately towards—and I hope you guys are reaping the rewards of my proverbial harvest.

Again, alcohol seems to be trying to worm its way into my happy little world which I'm trying to build on teenage girl shirnes, but what I liked most about this image is the black and white outfit as well as those killer dip dye and matching lipstick in red. Black and white stripes always remind me of Beetlejuice, which is a bit odd since I haven't sat down and watched that movie but I did see the Tim Burton exhibition in Melbourne twice so that kind of counts, right? Probably not—I think my boyfriend has it somewhere and we'll be sorting through all his rable next week so as usual I'll jump on any opportunity to learn more about quirky films and educate myself in the ways of media. It's sort of a test to determine who are the cool, like-minded people that can appreciate the same sort of art you can, even if it is compacted into an hour or two. Re-watching is something I always do to soak up something in all its glory and the same applies to passages in books as well. Some of my favourite cheap plastic goodies girls show off in their rooms when video blogging come from joke shops. I now pose the question of where are these wonderful places and why can't I find cat eye glasses that are akin with batman or pink unicorn figurines? I can't even remember the last time I clapped eyes on an obscure novelty/specialty shop that had cheap but good quality bits and pieces for me to run my hands over but I suppose I think everything I had when I was a kid was great and everything sucks now. In the words of that infamous bush ranger, such is life I guess.

While driving today with my father's supervision he sneered at a girl crossing the road sporting green hair that looked more like the pale green from a chlorinated pool, as well as neat tattoos on one of her legs. It's funny how the tiniest reaction can affect someone's confidence. I was almost determined to ask my boyfriend what he thought if I dip dyed my ends and professionally had an Ombré effect touching my hair (which I would then alter daily with food dyes) for my outfit posts but now I'm as timid as ever. This photograph does seed the lovely idea of cheap extensions adding strong, bold colour without bleaching my

naturally dark hair and also a chic bun is made as sweet as peppermint hard candy in the right combination. I think I might lean towards that more than anything, because at the end of the day they can be removed or hidden awkwardly with cute bows and hair clips bought from Etsy and I can manage to again maintain my identity as the 'Secret Hipster'. Some days I wish I could come out of the closet and show my true colours. I wish my family would see that it's just hair dye and not as bad as slinging a gun around and sauntering into local businesses to terrify clerks. It's not dropping a bomb—it's altering one's appearance and it doesn't physically hurt anyone. So why am I getting so defensive and worked up by it?

SOURCE: <http://secrethipster.blogspot.sg/2012/11/freedom.html>

# PLACES

## PLACES. SPECIAL

### My Special Place Is...

"Devon Downs—on the bank of the Murray River, catching callop, boiling the billy, and listening to the whistling kites—looking for an easy prey, the smells of campfire and bacon and eggs as the sun comes up."

"My home in Murdoch, Western Australia, 15km south of Perth. Perth is where I have lived most of my 67 years. It is a place where I feel I belong because so much of it, and its people, mean many things to me over many years."

"Going shopping."  
"My lake. It is peaceful, calming and I love being around a place with an untouched environment with beautiful wildlife."

**86** — "My special place is my bedroom, so I can spend time alone by myself and reflect on my life and dreams."

"The skate park because there's always something good happening."

"In Australia (anywhere) where the Aussie spirit is overwhelming—where being a 'mate' and a 'sport' are taken for granted because it's no big deal to do things for others."

"In my garden looking at the plants, trees, listening to the birds and de-stressing."

"Bein' out in da scrub surrounded by Australia's beauty and feeling 'at home.'" — Jasmine  
"Sydney, because Nana lives there." — Tom  
"The soccer field."

"The beach—long and quiet, warm and magnificent."  
"Jindamool" near Coleraine in Western Victoria. Splendid sweeping hills, nuggetty red gums." — Steve Crosley

"Here in Australia where diversity is accepted. We have a vibrant multicultural and eclectic community which is unique. Our land harbors many treasures and is spectacular. Nowhere else in the world can you visit such an array of natural wonders, so close to each other. The bush, the outback, the sea..."  
"Sorrento: under the large fir trees beside the water's edge, hearing the water lapping on the rocks and the sea gulls waiting for food—winter or summer." — Suzanne Maher

"Morialoc because that is where I was born and that is where I spent golden days on the beach when I was little." — J M Badger  
"Papa New Guinea because that is where I grew up, near the green rainforests, in the moist air, with all my friends."

"The beach—any Aussie beach. Where the sun beats down on you and the ocean sparkles and your skin glistens and you feel like nothing bad could ever happen—I love our beaches!" — Trish  
"At home in bed with my dog on my lap."

"My beautiful East Gippsland High Country—on the Dargo River where the air, the river, and the mountains create a superb tranquil special feeling."

"Our first home in Reservoir, before the Darebin City Council stuffed it up and allowed a three-storey house to be built next door."  
"On top of the roof where I can sit and dream, as well as my balcony! (When it is raining!)"

"Any place ... as long as I'm with the people I love most and in particular, one SPECIAL person who I treasure so much."

"My nan's house, I feel safe and loved. I also like Luna Park because I have fun. I also like my backyard steps because no one goes around there and I can be alone."  
"Sitting beside the clear river listening, smelling, feeling the beauty that I belong to. A place I can visit time and time again in my mind."

"On the nebbell court. I feel I belong there and can work as a team member."  
"Australia! In my turbulent life until 1968 when my family and I arrived in Melbourne, I had no place to belong, now I belong here and I will die and be buried here, where my heart is. Home is where the heart is!"

"My story is not like the rest of yours. My sense of belonging ended when you announced yours. My memory is of a place of peace and harmony, where I could roam free, and breathe the air of my ancestors. My story is now of violence, sickness, and eventually death—at the expense of your pleasure. Couldn't you just show me some respect, some recognition, some healing? Or will I be banished like a Tasmanian." — Marcus

"Nan's back room." — Josh Newton Albany, WA

"Anywhere off the streets of Cabramatta where I lived on the streets, especially the Langton Centre & Care-takers Refuge and St Vinnies for Youth Helps Street Kids."

"Bellingen on the mid north coast as there is a real sense of community there, and amongst friends, sharing a meal, telling stories, sharing secrets with friends, men and women." — Adrian  
"NARRABRI—The place with the biggest sky. I miss the stars." — Meg

"With myself or special family or friends. In the country or seaside or city or home. It is in my emotion and mind my special place." — Helen A.

"Near my parents who are far from me now."  
"Wherever I am happy and at peace with myself and the world around me." — Sarah, Yr12

"At the Manchester home ground in Pommy Land, yelling praise and encouragement for Manchester United. Go Man-United!"  
"In the Australian bush."

"My home and my country ... Australia." — Hannah L  
"[At] the moment I feel to be and go as I please."  
"Anywhere cool in the summer, surrounded by yum-my food!" — R Black, 14 Yrs.

SOURCE: <http://www.belonging.org/misc-pages/specialplace.html>

## PLACES. MOVIE

### Behind the Movies

#### Catie

23.05.2010

**87** — Film is such a huge part of my life, I love watching movies of all genres, but watching the movies is not always the most important aspect to me. Exploring movie locations and sets, knowing about actors and actresses, and learning more about a film than just what you get from watching it, are all my favourite parts of the film industry. So when visiting several new cities and countries, I've gotten to visit so many new movie scene locations.

Some people might find it odd that when I visit The Opera House in Paris I'm most excited about picturing the movie scene from Phantom of the Opera and the actors dancing on the staircase being filmed during the Masquerade scene. Or when we visited the dining hall from the Harry Potter films in Oxford, England, and I was most interested to hear how they changed around the room and took photographs for the film and how it worked with the students on campus being there.

We've visited so many sites and places where movies and television were filmed and it's just so exciting to me. To think of all of these old historic places being