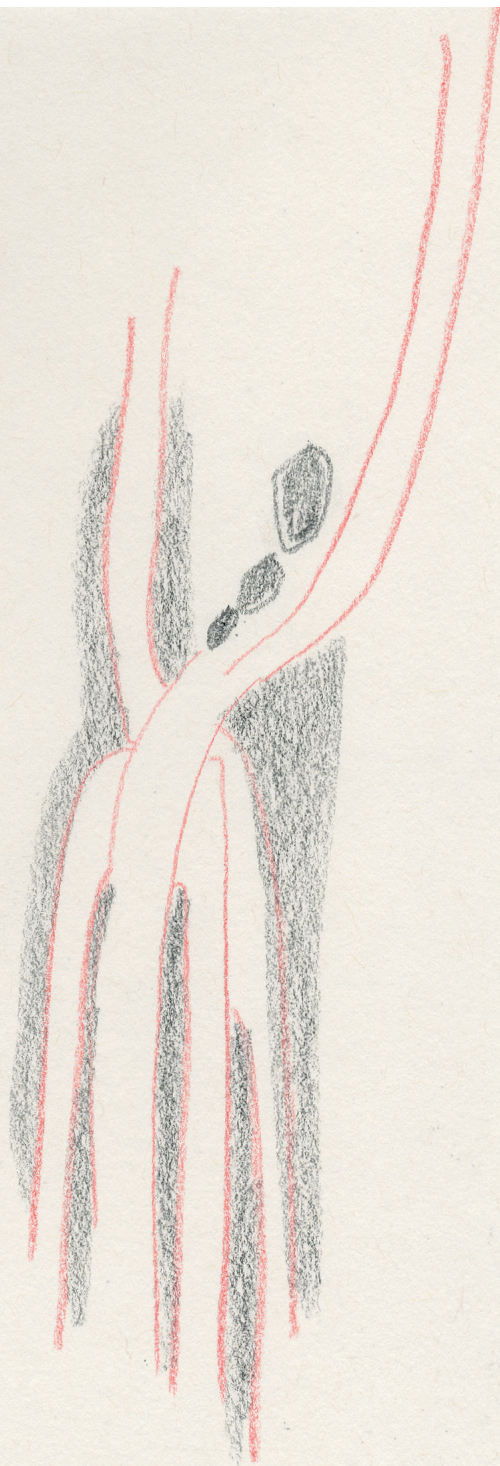


Before Naming Its



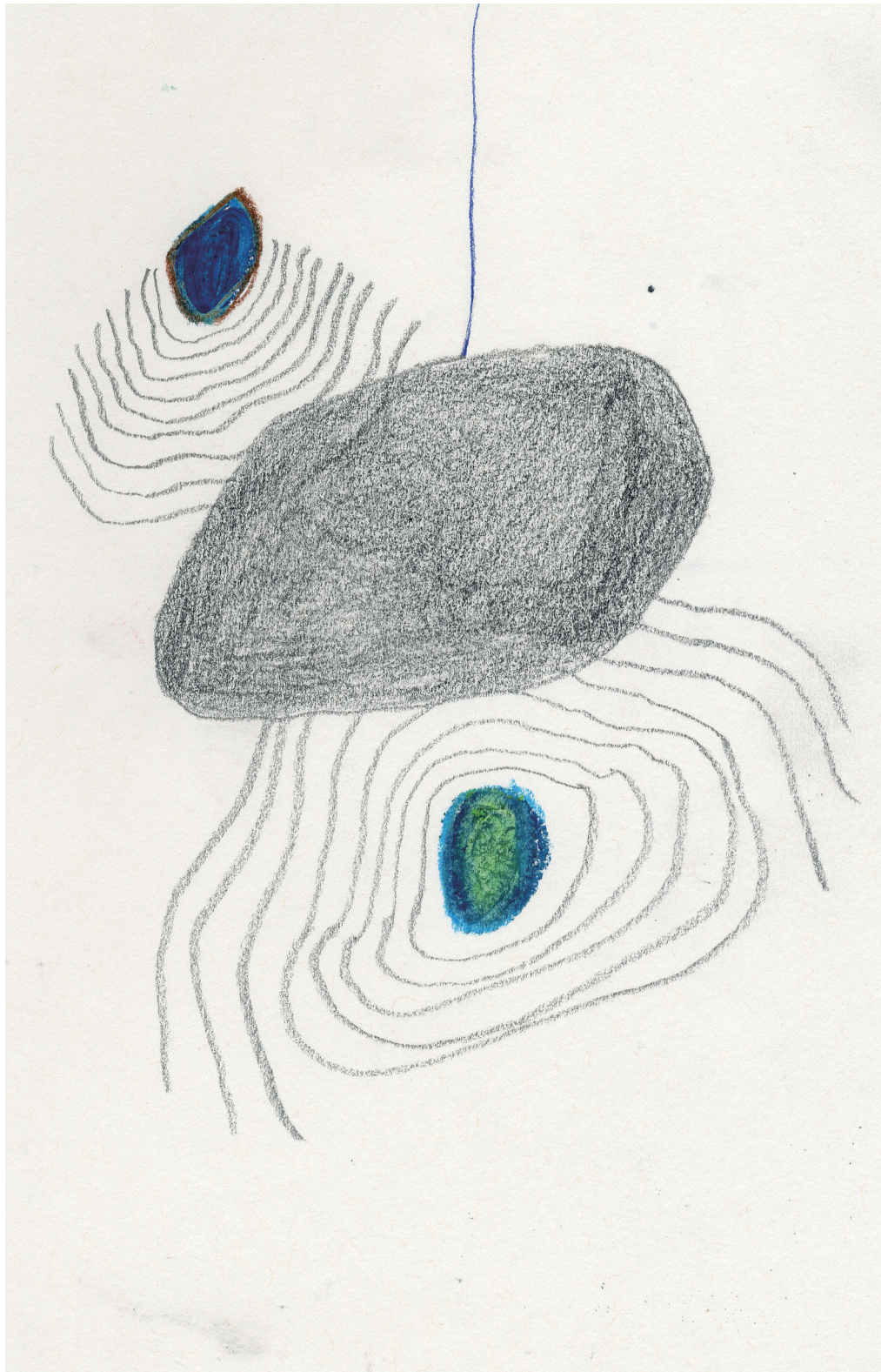
It was pretty and lively. It looked like a sprouted avocado seed. It is smooth and soft, and Its lightness is just right, not too light, not too heavy. I am not sure because I have never seen the inside of It, but It is probably a very hard, thick shell that holds a small space inside. It is placed in a small corner of the breast, slightly to the right from the center of the chest, where the right side of the chest begins to rise. It shakes and chatters with excitement like the sound of a girl's laughter.

I wondered if I should break It.

"It's all right," said It.

It seemed to think that Its fate later was not important compared to this pleasant happiness now. I was sad to see It, but It was not sad. I took off to go to a place where I felt sadness.

I met again the round, flat, large Softy. It was living in a stomach, unlike the first time we met. Last time It was all over my chest. This time It was taking my whole stomach. Last time It was made of steel, but today It was a shale-like rock. As soon as I felt Its presence, I kept crying because I felt lonely and sad. Softy had a sour personality. It did not care if I was around or not. It wanted me to break Itself down. But I could not figure out how to break It. I immediately jumped into the middle of It. Shale Softy then seemed to have forgotten whether It wanted me to destroy Itself or not. I could not figure out how to break It and was a little helpless. So, I groped along the edge of It by hand and observed Its shape and texture. It was pretty. Sadness diminished in the act of groping and curiosity rose. I also wanted to be mesmerized by Its mystique.



What I could tell by groping at that hard, warm edge was the intention that this fellow would never hurt me. It had blown up Its body flush to the boundaries of my body, but It had no intention of penetrating my flesh. Just taking up as much space as was given, and I had no complaints about that. I was grateful for that. Softy told me to go for now. I thanked Softy for letting me sit on Its body, that it was nice to meet you, and I asked It to meet me again. Softy moved and changed Its shape as I was about to leave. It was changed to a shape like a model key roughly made by a Paleolithic man. The size had also been reduced a little. It seemed to mean that Softy did not hate this meeting.

Stiffly

From the right lumbar spine to the inside of the thighs,
 the inside of the calves, and the big toe,
 long black flat, flat, burnt, tough wood.

It wants to slip down, but It is dead and cannot move alone.

I can let It out, but I am not willing to.

It was pitiful.

The crossroads crossed my mind.

The texture becomes thicker, and the feeling of roughness
 becomes clearer near the thigh.

I felt It was clearly separated from my body.

It did not seem to have much to say. It only knows It has to go
 out. I know It would end up out because It is dead.

It said sorry to me. And It said It does not want to go out yet.

I stroked It with my hand. From the beginning, I wanted to
 stroke It with my hands.

I patted It with my hand.

It seemed to turn white.

Funny Softy

It was dancing. On the left backside.

A little bigger than a fist, a translucent black but grayish, slime-
 like jellyfish movement.

At first, I did not know what It was, but when asked if It was
 Softy, I knew It was It.

As I noticed, I felt It. I was glad, and Softy was very glad that I
 was glad.

"Good-bye," It said in a cheerful voice.

I poked It with my finger, and it went in.



It was moist. It is like slime when I stab, but It quickly comes back to Itself and dances like a jellyfish. It wants to continue living in my body now. It is just having fun dancing. It told me that everything was fine, and to just have fun (not together though, as It was fully enjoying Itself).

It told me to rest.

That rest feels good.

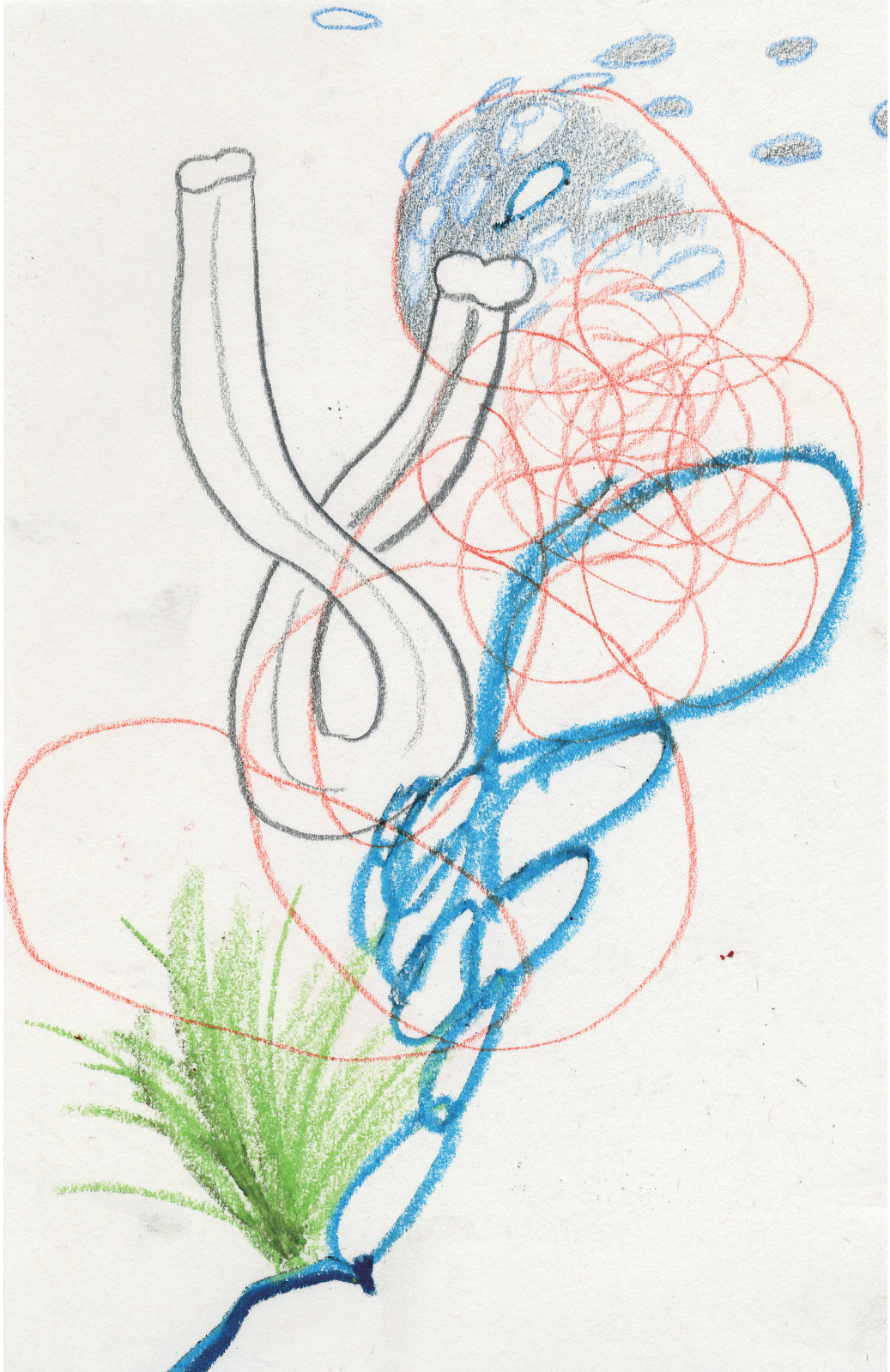
I hugged It as hard as I could. I gave It a kiss. I said we should meet again next time, and It did not seem to worry about that. I thought It was such a funny one.

Bravely

In the center of the chest, there was a white round It slightly smaller than a table tennis ball. It looked soft and white, when I touched It, It was velvet, and the color was slightly ivory. It was light and hard. There was no movement. It told me to work. It told me to protect myself. It said I was doing well. It told me not to force it. To be free and not to push it. I thought if It was my sister. The friends, who gave me encouraging words today, came to mind. This one was not me. It is the courage I borrowed from other people. It seemed to be fixed in the center of my chest without moving. It was reassuring.

When I came out after saying good-bye to every It, my body felt tired, stiff, and stiff.

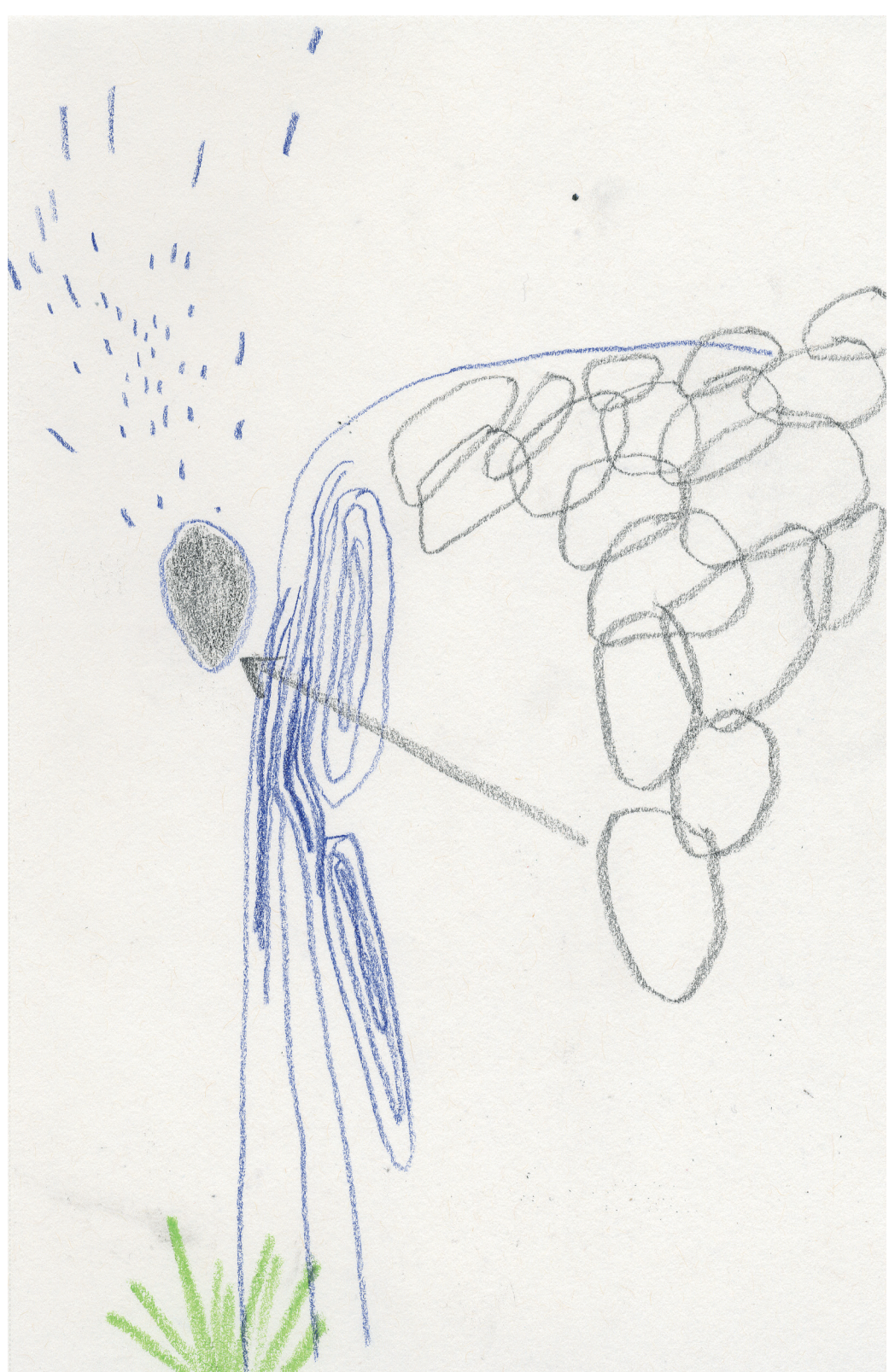
Stiffly might want to stay longer, I thought.



I was analyzing everything in my body.
My friend told me not to think too much,
but to feel it with my body.
Let's not think about what It is, why, and all those things.
I already hate that part of me, because—

It is a very neurotic whining thing. It was ugly.
It was a small ball, but It was constantly ringing.
Shut up.
I really hated It.

Friend said It was cute.



Squeak, squeaking.

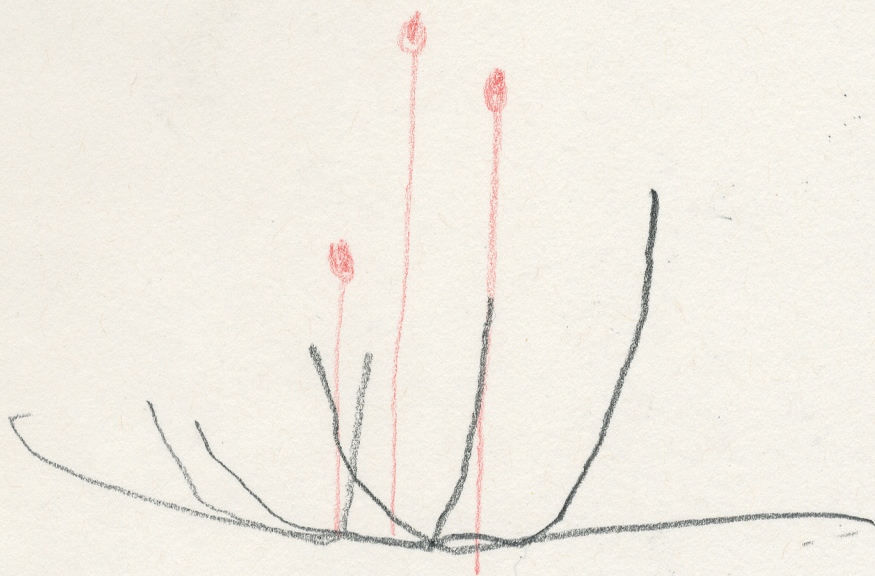
I felt heavy and drowsy.

I feel a hidden anxiety. Confident words once I said echoed hollowly in my head. I have said I have no doubt that I would live a happy life. I could not help thinking that there is no use because there is no one to share it with. But I soon believe the following statement. I am surrounded by hearts that care for me.

It is happy to share.

At the beginning of the left rib, red berries were there at each joint of the rib. A thin branch of red fruit that grows in the same direction at the same interval.

Somewhat like cornelian fruit. They were dignified. It felt like a medal to me.



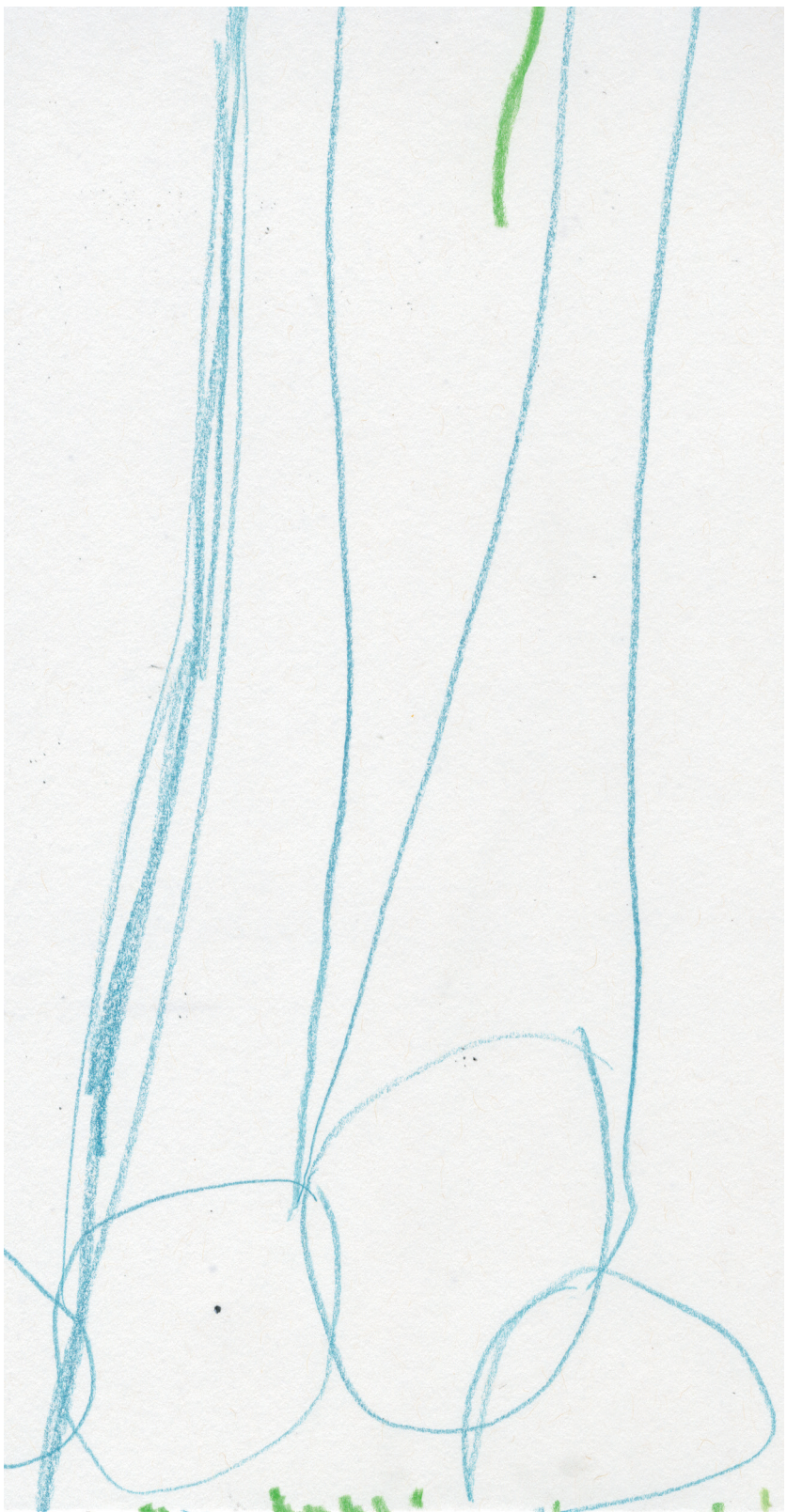
There is a small crack in the waist of the right pelvis.

Light green shoots sprout out of the wound.

The wound is dark and deep like an old crevice.

The sprouts are like the green leaves of April I see these days.

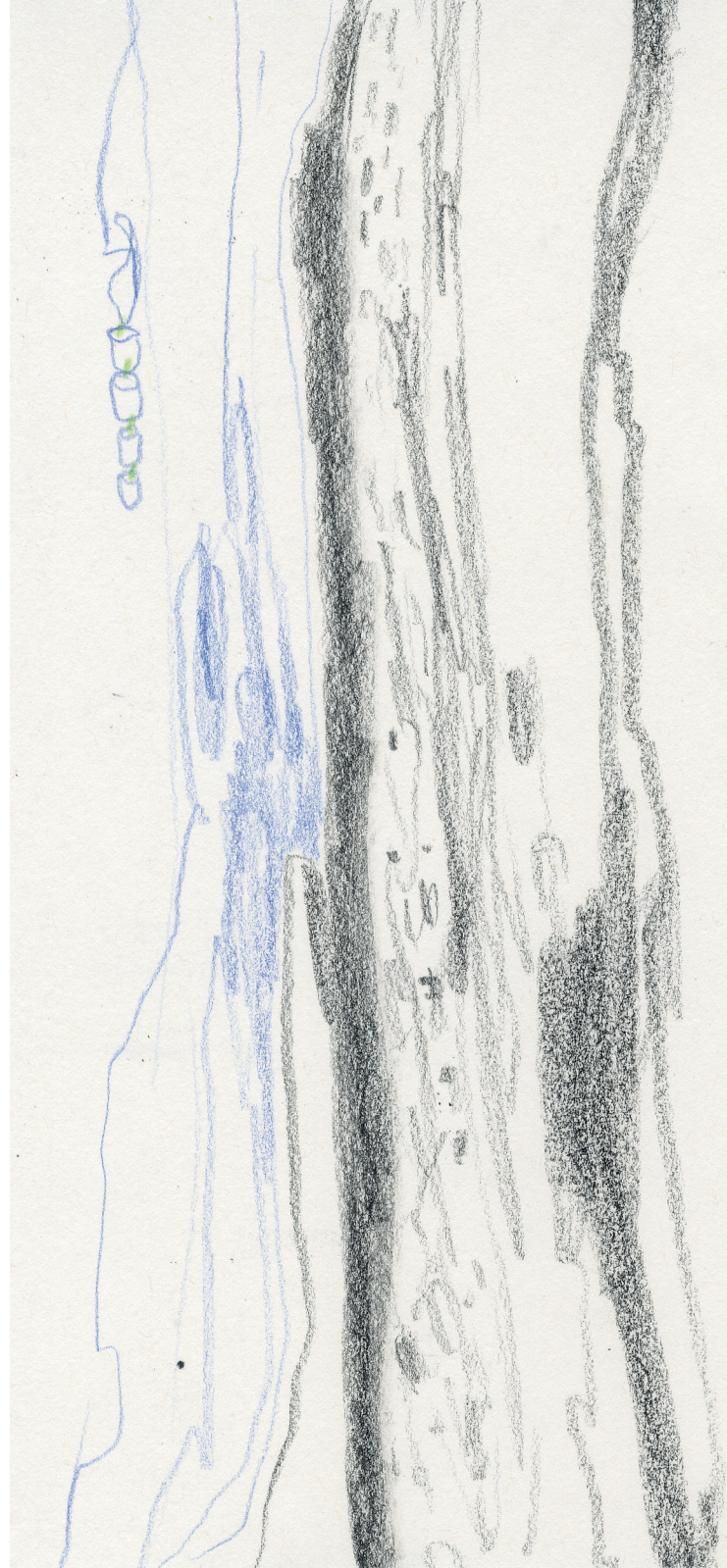
It moved gently. It has tremendous vitality.



The whole body is like the sea.
The whole body is like waves that are flowing along my body.
I see Softy and a few friends living all over the body.
They are all very, very small.

My stomach is covered with mud.
It is sticking out from a net.
I blow It with my lips.
The surface of the mud hardens.
The dried surface turns deep blue as soon as my breath touches
It.
Round crystals are formed.

In the middle of the waist, the buds are turned into trees.
Two buds in a bright soft green like this spring are shaking.
The trees are growing.



Something like soft white flour dough occupied the upper body. It looked and felt like a Focaccia dough. It was flat and heavy. Interestingly, It was constantly trying to move forward and backward. The dough touched my inner flesh over and over and over again.

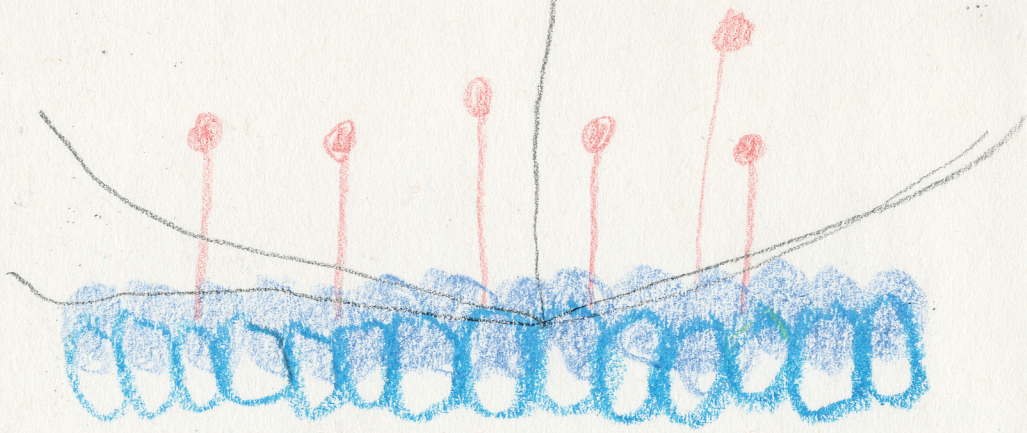
I thought. If a snail needed a solid house, now I'm a snail inside me. But the house that I am in is still me, my body, a very soft and mushy one.

I poked finger holes to the dough. Poke, poke, poke.

I asked for Its name. It did not say anything.

“You're the kid who doesn't speak,” I told It.

I liked the silence too.



Tendery

There is another white dough in the belly.

It is smaller than the one I met yesterday.

On the foot side, the waves seem to rise above and disappear.

“What is your name?”

As soon as I asked It, I knew this soft dough was the kid I met yesterday.

I noticed Its softness. This time, It tells me Its name.

Saying Its name, It seems to grow back big.

“Why are you here?” I asked.

“To make comfort,” It said.

“Wouldn't it be frustrating if you grew up like that?” I asked.

Then, Tendery reduces itself in an easy manner. It had no intention to question me. So, the body is emptied. The emptiness is warm. It wanted to move and approach the left arm. It wanted to bounce around like a ball. I follow It.

“Can I sit next to you?” I asked.

Warmth was felt; I was comfortable.

This time Tendry asks me, “Why are you coming here?”

“To be comfortable,” I said.

“Is it comfortable here?” It asked.

“Yeah, I think it's comfortable here,” I said.

Then It said nothing.



I find a large leaf covering my back. It was just a figure at first. It moves like a fire, as if there would be nothing to touch, but to feel. It was very bright and deep red, then dark brown, then red again, and soon the movement calms down, and the remaining ashes become hard scabs and sit on the back.

I approached It.

I could not ask for Its name.

Next to It, I became very, very small.

I asked instinctively, "What are you?"

"A broken soul," It said.

'Now, that's very funny.' I thought.

"Why did It break?" I asked.

"To be born again," It said.

I could not keep It as a friend. Unlike other ones,

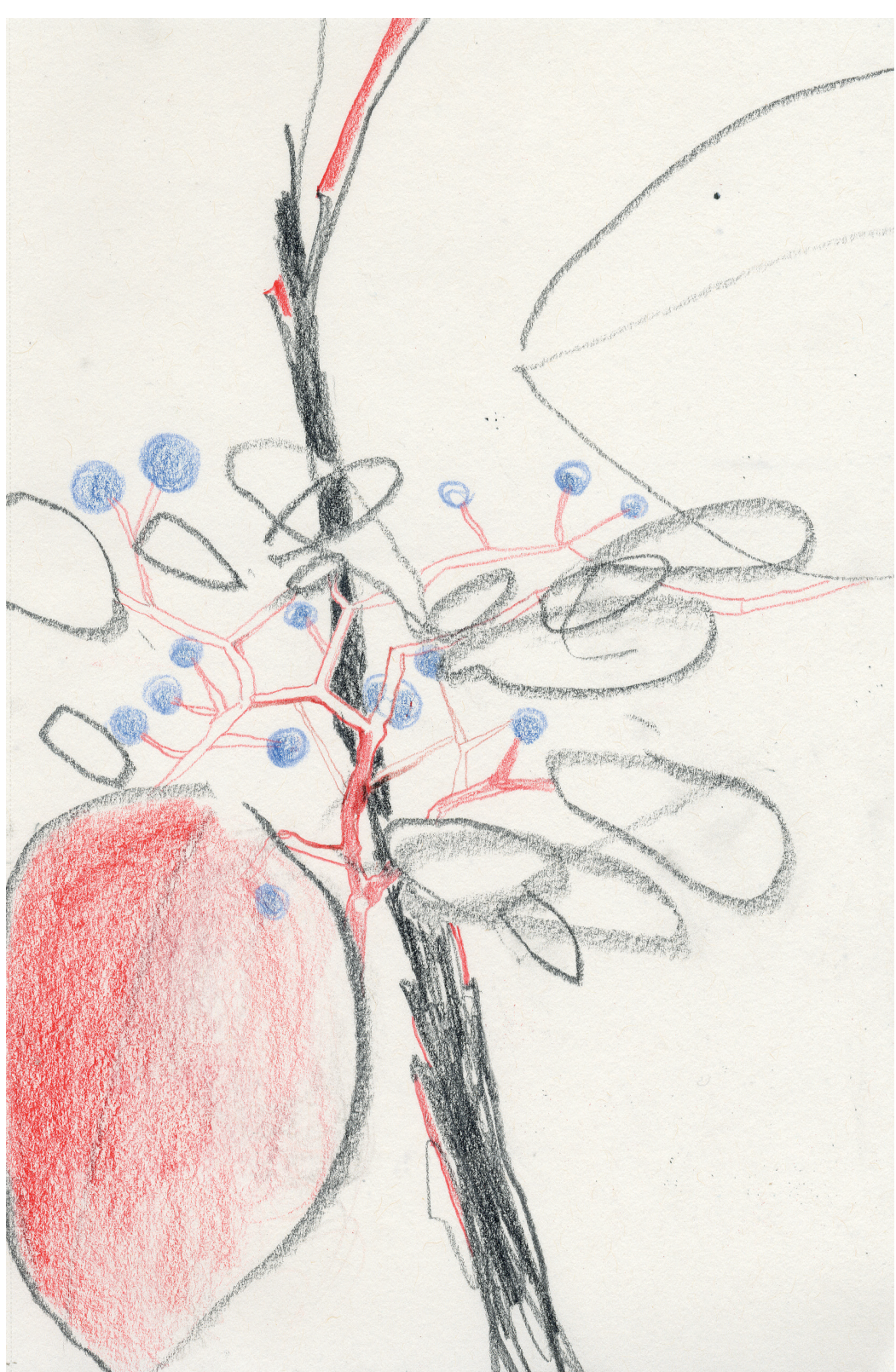
It was not me.

It was rather a moment.

I did not know whether to be sad or happy.

Farewelling from certain memories was not as big a thing as the wind going over the hill.

I was a little sad about it but a little relieved that I did not have to collapse on it.



I closed my eyes.

A white membrane was rolling on my back. It was a blanket that covered both arms and thighs beyond the range of the back. Its texture was like a thin, translucent cotton cloth, and towards my body were thin, soft spinal cords touching my back very, very gently. I did not feel any pressure at all, but I noticed the touching is some kind of a massage. It was touching the surface of my back with very, very fine energy. I knew that to get to It, I had to widen my body and be the same size as It was. I went behind It and hugged It, just like It was holding me from my back. I felt like I was waving like a sky.

“Who are you?” I asked.

“I'm a whisper,” It said.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“I'm protecting you,” It said.

I did not like Its words coming out right away.

I felt that my question was wrong.

I remained silent and focused on the senses. It shrank little by little as I focused on It until It is just the right size to cover the back. It continued to gently wave. I noticed a stronger, brighter, and thicker texture along where the spine was. I also noticed a hard, rough, brown, wood-like It just below the right neck of the spine. But that did not keep my attention. I thought I had no choice but to ask the question again.

“Why are you here?” I asked.

“I'm protecting you,” It said.

“Is there anything you want to tell me?” I asked.

“Don't be in such a hurry,” It said.

“I'm not in a hurry, I'm trying to be quick and efficient,” I said.

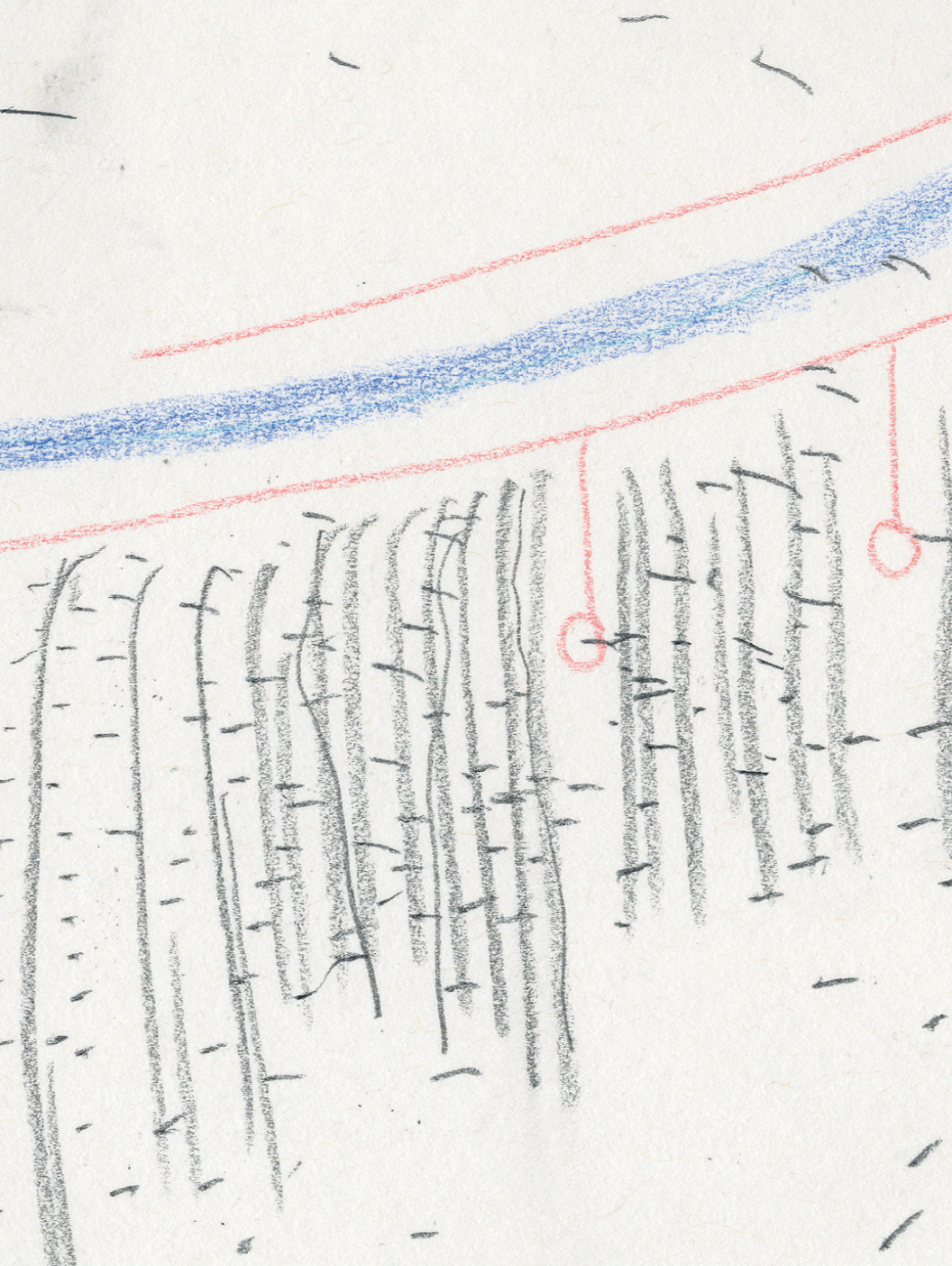
“You're already happy,” It said.

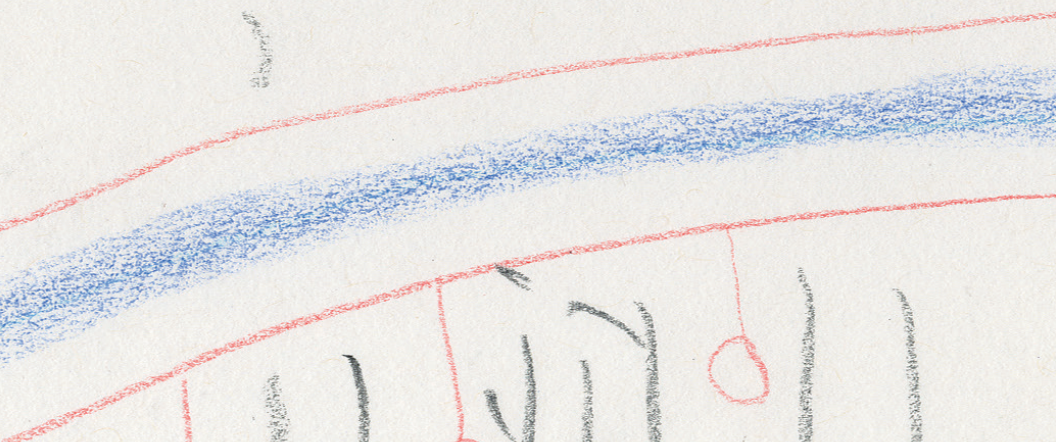
It suddenly rolled into a ball the size of a fist. Flew lightly inside my body. Then It went to my right wrist and started massaging.

“Thanks for coming!” I shouted.

“Is there anything else you want to say to me?” I asked in a high voice.

"You! Take it easy!" It shouted from afar.





Handwritten text in black ink, consisting of several lines of characters. The text is written in a cursive or semi-cursive style. There are three red circles drawn around specific characters in the first three lines of text. The circles are connected to the top red line by thin red lines. The text appears to be a list or a series of notes.

I see a bright, low-chromatic yellow ball on the spot where the brown wood was yesterday.

I approached It. Its artificial appearance and texture were very unusual.

It felt a little heavy, but at the same time It felt no weight.

It hung there without a movement. I was uncomfortable because Its lack of movement and Its color and surface are different from mine.

I asked It. "What are you?"

"I'm your weight," It said.

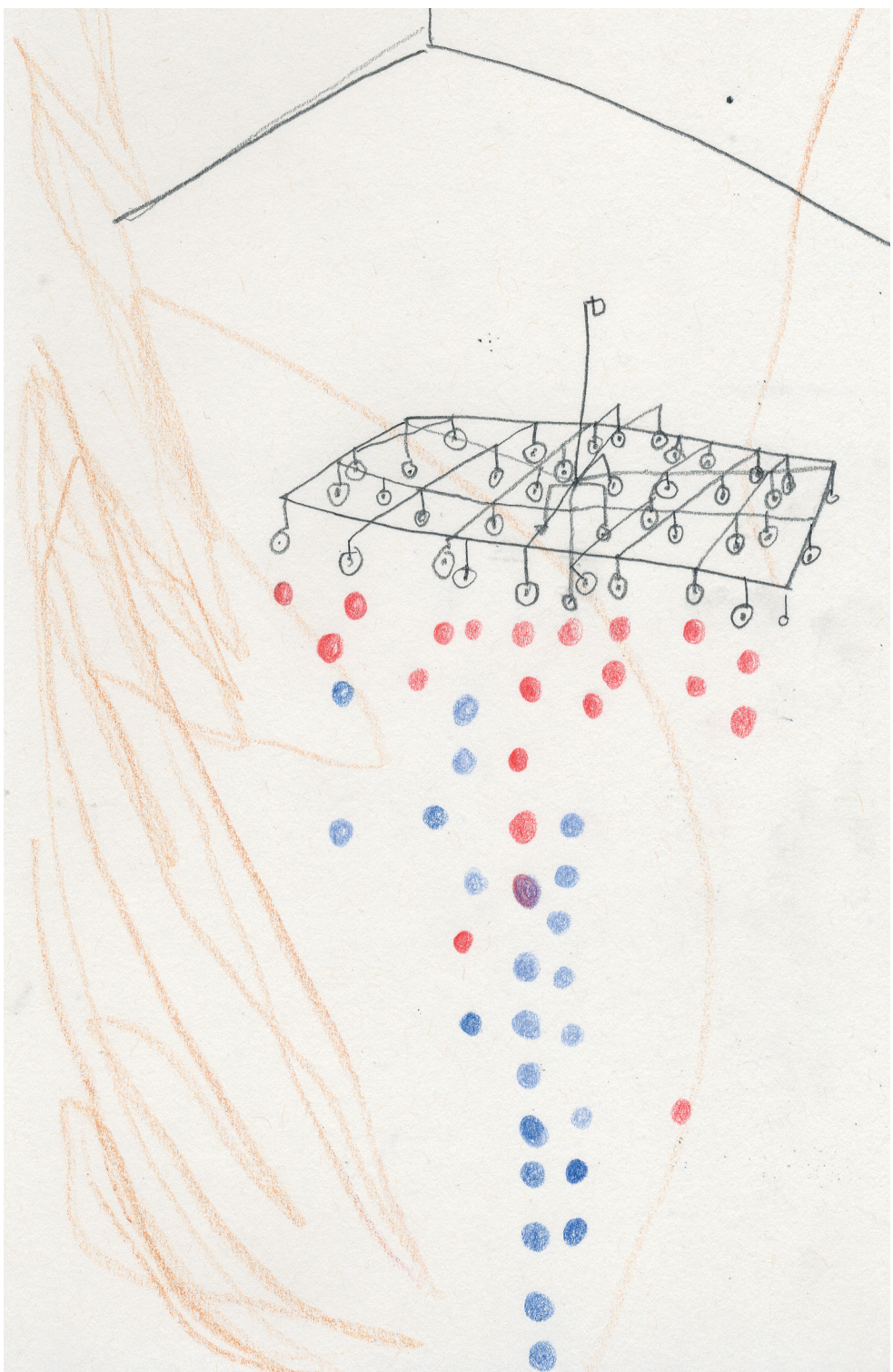
The words scared me a little.

"Can you be smaller?" I asked.

"I never get smaller," It said.

I did not like the words It was using.

"I only get lighter."



I carefully selected the words to compose my question.

"But I don't like you being there. I wish you could be smaller."

It spoke in a very simple tone.

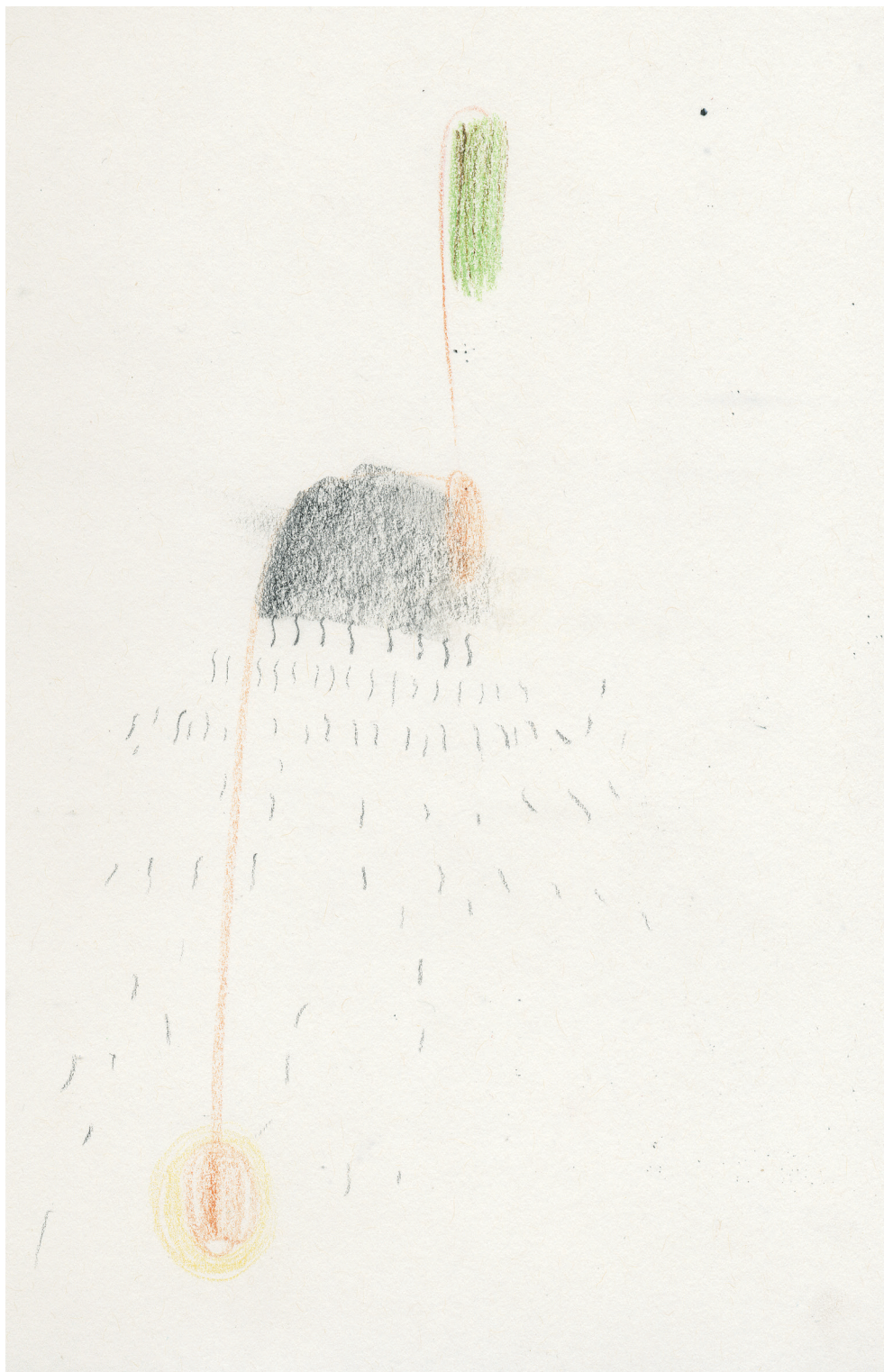
"I won't get smaller. But you can pick me up with your hand."

Oh, I loved that answer!

I took It lightly with my right hand. My hand was full, and I felt no weight, but It was light and hard like a ping-pong ball. I looked carefully to It. It is like a massage ball.

It told me,

"You can hold me in your hand, or you can put me in your pocket. So that you can walk with me and run with me. But when you run, I guess it's better to hold me in your hand."



There was something strange made of plastic on my head. It looked similar to a structure that would be worn when running an EEG test. It was a symmetrical structure consisting of irregular lattice patterns. It also seemed like a fence made of iron, but painted orange. The thin lines were locking the head, connecting the eyes and nose.

I was offended by how It looked. I felt It had to be a different form. Then, It melted very, very slowly and slowly trickled down. When It reached my shoulder, It created another structure on it. I wanted It to go further down again. Very slowly, It went down, was held in the waist, then in the knees, and down and down It went. It reminded me of the sweet bitter orange liquid cold medicine for children.

It crawled through my body and went away somewhere, but a sticky liquid remained all over my body.

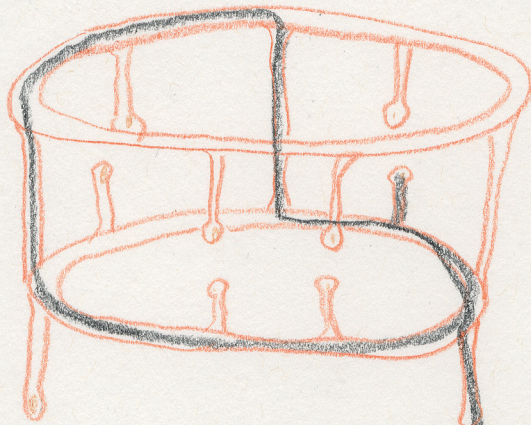
I sighed and approached It.

I thought for a moment about how to change this.

I touched It with my hand. Then the sticky liquid hardened to a crisp. When It hardened, It made a shiny color.

I patted my whole body with excitement. My body shone brightly.

With relief, I soon started to slowly open my eyes. The orange color seemed to turn blue.



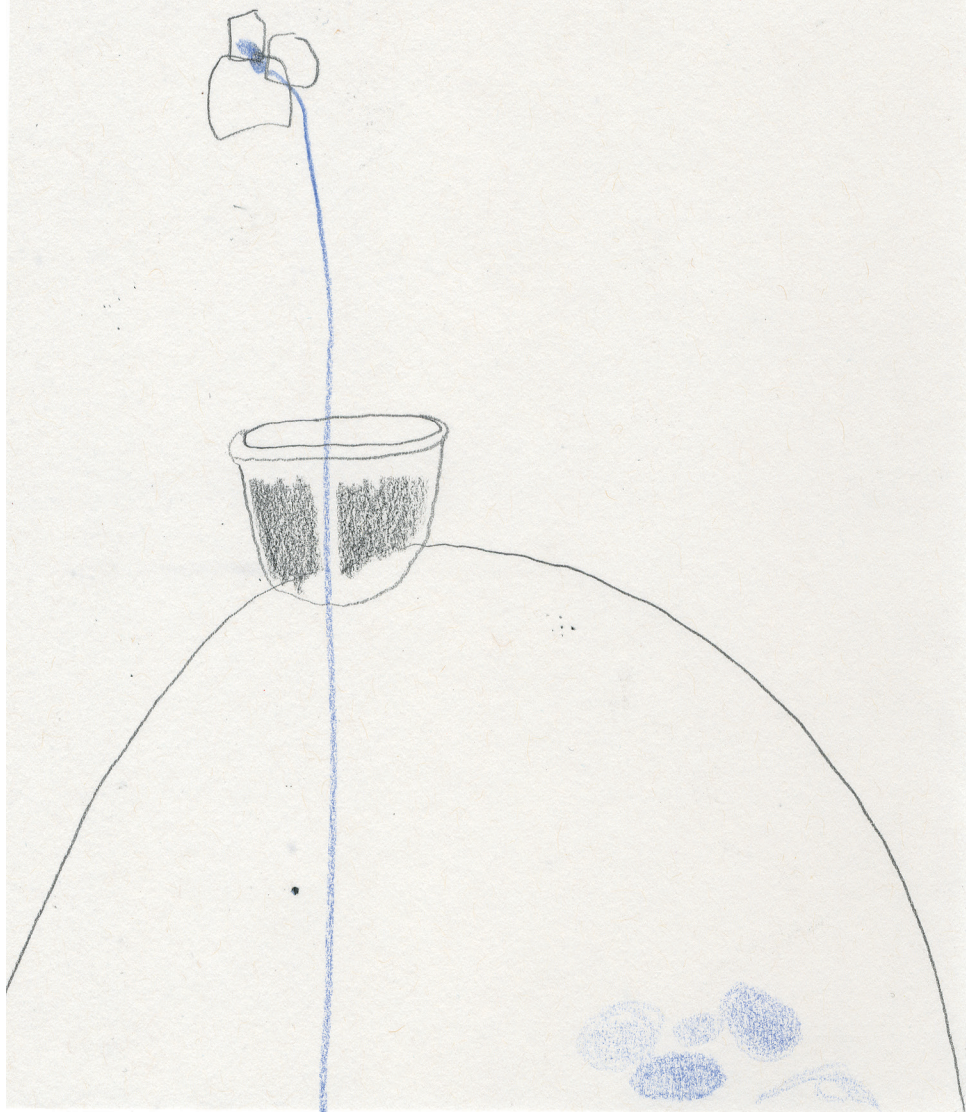
I have a pain in my shoulder lately. I closed my eyes feeling the pain.

On my right shoulder, chubby round eucalyptus leaves lay still. A very pretty white bluish green. It quickly becomes two. They fluttered on my shoulder with a sound of them rubbing. There was a strange rhythm in their rippling. It was like dancing. It is a very simple dance.

It moved to the left waist and started the dance again.



There is a very, very small bottle of glass the size of a thumb nail where the lower left hip starts. I felt strange that It is there. I approached slowly. When I touched the glass bottle with a wonder, It became a ceramic bowl that could be held with both hands. It was a white porcelain that is well glazed and shiny. Touching It still, liquid filled It this time. In a second, It was full of blood. I got scared. I quickly changed the liquid into something else. There was transparent water in It. But I soon thought there was nothing to fear from whatever that happens in here. Then the liquid became white and savory milk. I picked up the bowl with both hands and poured the milk into the sore part of my body. Waist, wrist, shoulders. It felt clean and cool. The smell of milk vibrated.



There is a big Softy in my stomach.

“Hey, softie. Long time no see,” I said.

“Yes,” said Softy.

I am glad to see It and to be affectionate to It. I am no longer cautious with this fellow.

“Hey, I'll plant a plant in you. It's already May and my daffodils don't even show buds. I hope it becomes your hair,” I said.

I planted the long, straight daffodil leaves in Softy.

Softy giggled that it was tickling.

I noticed that Softy is not thin and flat today, but a round stone down.

‘Will the daffodils grow well?’ I thought.

“You're thicker today.” I said with curiosity.

Then, the softie said,

"I can even change into water."

It turned into water in an instant. The water fell in all directions inside my stomach.

Then the lower abdomen became soil and daffodils were planted right in it.

Long, dense daffodils were swaying in me.



Written and drawn by
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