



Hidemi's Rambling No.221

The next bed to me in the hospital was a girl with asthma, who was two years younger than I was. Her mother visited her only on Sundays and she was practically all alone. That drove her to snuggle up to me all the time. And, she became the biggest disturbance in my hospital life. She was babbling rubbish all day long beside my bed and during the night, she would wake me up to tell me that she was going to the bathroom on her each trip there. Soon my patience ran out and we had a fight. She got on my nerves so badly that I started to hit her with a notebook in madness, as if I had been battering annoying flies. Other girls' mothers stopped me and treated me like the cruelest girl they had known. Thankfully, she got out of the hospital much sooner than I did. Nobody was happier than I was for her release...

Hidemi's Rambling No.222

I installed Cubase 5 to my new computer for mastering of our new song. I've decided to do the mastering by myself instead of taking it to a professional. Basically, I don't trust those who are so-called professionals or authorities. I believe I can do better. After working on the song for seven years, I don't feel like leaving it to someone in this very last process. It might hit a dead end, and then, I'll turn to an expert. But until then, at least I want to try and I think it's worth trying. On the other hand, by doing so, it's become uncertain whether the song should be completed by the end of this year...

Hidemi's Rambling No.223

A couple of days ago, I found a small swelling under my tongue. I was horrified if it was cancer. The next day, my lip slightly swelled. I suspected some kind of allergy. I'd never had an allergy before and I recalled what I'd eaten for the first time lately. I'd had sukiyaki sauce that had been thrown in as a freebie when I bought groceries at an online supermarket. Also, I'd started taking blueberry supplements for my eyesight, as it had become blurry for some time and I'd felt fatigue in my eyes. I stopped having either of them and the swellings subsided. I convicted sukiyaki sauce of allergy. I resumed taking blueberry supplements and today, I woke up with a big fat lip. I look like a cartoon. My funny face is even funnier. I misjudged sukiyaki sauce and the criminal was the supplements, which I dared to invest for my eyesight although it was costly. I can't go out today like this as I planned...

Hideki's Rambling No.224

Apartment hunting that I've been doing for a few months now leads me to think a lot about my future. Since the choice has to do with how much I can afford and how long I intend to live there, it's inevitable to make a long-term plan. For a person like me who doesn't have a steady income, that's extremely difficult. As the basics, I started with the worst-case scenario. It reasonably excluded some fancy apartment from my picks, and boosted fear for my future. I realized once again how uncertain my future was. Of course, there is still a possibility the best-case scenario will come into play, but if not? I might end up being a lonely old woman with no place to live. That depressed me so bitterly. After a few days of depression, I decided not to think about the future for a change, and began to live a day at a time. It worked for me. I've felt easy and full since then...

Hideki's Rambling No.225

My partner is very attentive and observant. And often, he is too much so. He does good things to me that I don't ask for. Mostly I'm happy about it but sometimes it gets on my nerves. As what he does or says is always for me, I feel like shouting 'Leave me alone!' He anticipates what I want and does that before me. Although I want to have things done to my own liking, he does them for me before I go about it and requires my gratitude. Yesterday, he cleaned the stairs of my apartment in his way that was different from the way I was going to clean them. And he pushed his kindness to me as usual. I didn't thank him because I had sensed that what he always claimed to do for me was actually for himself. In my view, he should thank me for letting him do in his way. That threw us into a fight. Too much kindness is a burden...

Hidemi's Rambling No.226

Back in my hospital life of my childhood, the next room to mine was a room for six boys. One of them was a five-year-old boy with leukemia. He often hung around my room and we got along well. I taught him how to fold origami. Because he was little, his mother stayed at the hospital with him. She frequently yelled at him, hit him and even kicked him. I was terrified of her. One day, my mother came to see me and went to take some tea for me from the free tea stand near my room. There, I saw her talking with the boy's mother and learned that he had only a few months to live. His mother sounded so gentle and so sad. I understood why she treated him like that. For the first time in my life, I realized that sorrow and desperation led to unreasonable anger. Although I was only nine years old, I had never felt mortality so closely and strongly while playing with him...

Hidemi's Rambling No.227

Since I was in the hospital for nephritis, I needed a special diet. I wasn't allowed to take in salt. Each meal for me was salt-free and it tasted horrible. My mother felt pity for me and brought salty snacks every time she visited me. She encouraged me to eat them under my bed lest anyone see that. One day, I was caught by the other kid's mother. She asked me where I got the toxic foods. She was astounded to hear that my own mother had brought them to me. After three weeks in the hospital, my condition got better and I was allowed to take a bath. My mother unusually came to see me early on that day to accompany me in the bathroom. Back in my hospital room, she bound my hair with ribbons without drying it. A nurse saw it and sharply scolded us because I might catch a cold. My mother was smiling, embarrassed, but wouldn't redo, as it was too tiresome for her to dry and bind my hair all over again. I admit I was a bad patient, but my mother was the worst mother of a patient...

Hideki's Rambling No.228

As my condition got better in the hospital, I went through a thorough examination to be determined whether I could be released from the hospital. For the examination, I was required not to eat anything but water for 24 hours. As a child, I had hardly skipped a meal before and I felt dizzy from hunger less than six hours into a fast. A girl whose bed was next to mine had put up a drawing above her bed. There was a shining sun in it, and it looked a sunny-side up egg to me. Because it was a full examination, it was going to take long in several different rooms. Although I asked my mother to accompany me during the whole process, she didn't make it, again, as usual. I gave up after waiting for her as long as a nurse let me, and went for the examination with the nurse. The building where it took place was far from my hospital room and I needed to be in a wheelchair because my illness had required me to be inactive and quiet. All those things made me very nervous, so lonely and extremely hungry. The result was good and finally, my hospital life in the summer at the age of nine ended after one month. I survived nephritis but almost died from hunger on the day of the examination...

Hidemi's Rambling No.229

It's been one of the hottest summers in history of Japan. Surely it's the hottest summer in my life. The daytime high often reaches over 95 degrees and that has locked me up in my apartment. To make the most of a day like this, I placed an order of groceries at an online supermarket and had them delivered today. They carried a special promotion to give a customer a box of laundry detergent for free any \$50 or above purchase. I had calculated carefully and made the total \$50.48. After the delivery person left, I noticed the detergent was missing. There was a piece of paper instead, that said one of the items I'd ordered was sold out and its price was subtracted from the total. As a result, the new total got less than \$50. I felt furious and was on the verge of calling for complaint when I recalled the delivery person. In the midst of the unbearable heat, he came up to my door, carrying heavy grocery bags and boxes, yet smiling and courteous. All I had to do was to receive them, and still, I was complaining about a dollar or so. I wonder why the smaller money is, the more persistently I pursue...

Hidemi's Rambling No.230

The rent of my apartment includes utilities, which means I can use them as much as I want. Since it's murderously hot everyday, I've spent most of time inside my air-conditioned apartment, working for music and watching America's TV shows. A few days ago, there was a note in my mailbox from the management company of this apartment. It said that even though it's utility-included, my usage has been so excessive that they may charge me unless the usage drops to an ordinary amount. Well, I do have my say on this. First of all, I need air-conditioning more because my room is a duplex apartment and the roof is merely nailed iron plates that conduct heat extremely well. It's their fault, not mine. Secondly, who decides the ordinary amount? Japanese people are obsessed to categorize everything and they don't allow someone or something sticks out. I hate to be categorized and fight against it all the time here. They should accept there is someone who works at home during the night and sleeps in the daytime. Thirdly, the note asked me to care about the environment. They must think using the word 'environment' makes them a saint. It was them who had chosen iron plates for the roof! Before they start charging me, I really need to get out of this apartment...