

SPECIAL



My passion hadn't meshed,
My affection had been slashed.

Those days I had given up something,
And I had been eager for something.

I had wanted to go on a journey from this my daily life,

Maybe for a long time...

I set out on a special journey
with my special car
On a special day.



SPECIAL



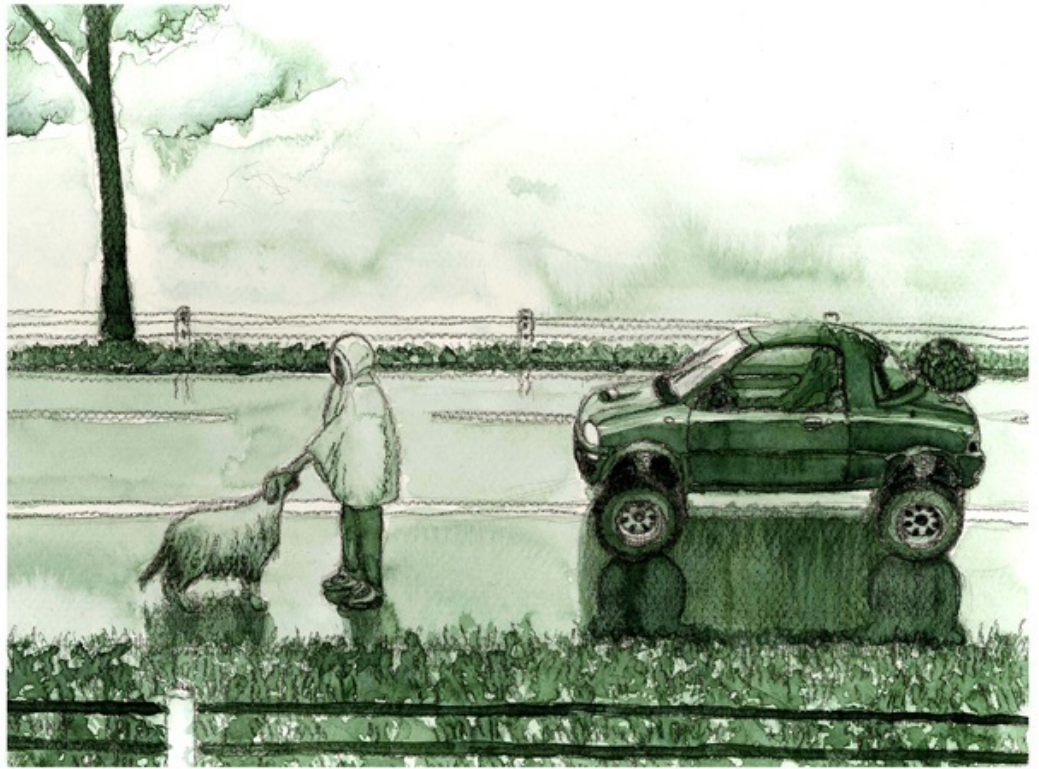
It's not so important for me any more
What was the reason once,

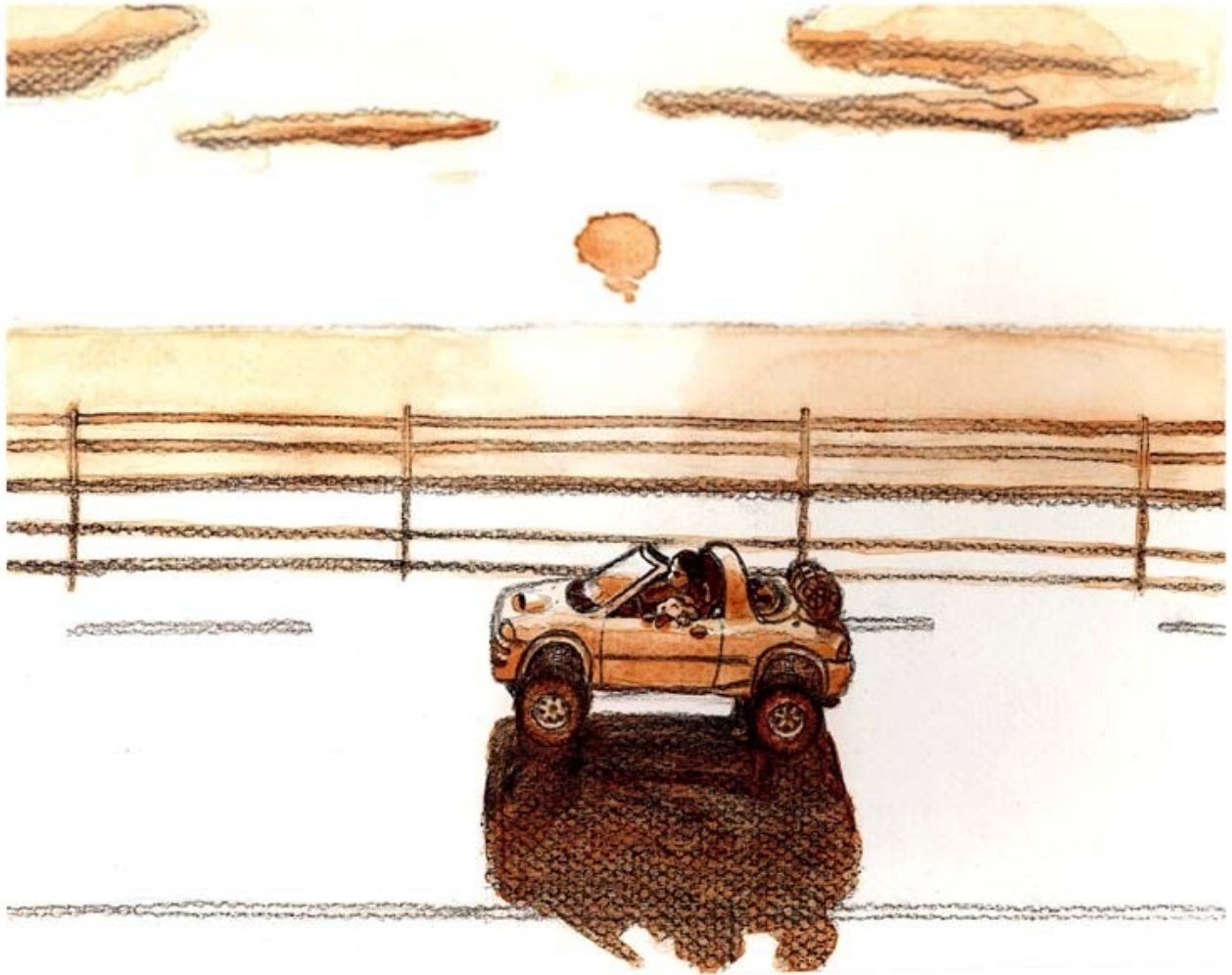
I had started making this special car
With most of my savings
When I realized.

Maybe for that day...



Are you alone, too?
Want to go with me...?









Sometimes it flashes across my mind.

What was wrong?

I knew what to do. But I thought no one wanted to do it.

I wanted to do what made everyone happy.

“Why do I always have to do that?”

I felt that everybody passed the buck to somebody.

Those days I had a tough time with a sigh...



What is “Gambaru”?

Does it mean that you manage according
To a tight schedule?

Does it mean that you keep on overworking
Until you crumple?

I went to work and just came back home everyday.
That's all.

My home was just a place after working like a dog,
My day off just a time for sleeping like a log.

Everyone was coldhearted in my family.

I was not comfortable at home really.

“You just think of yourself. You’re selfish!”



That's enough...

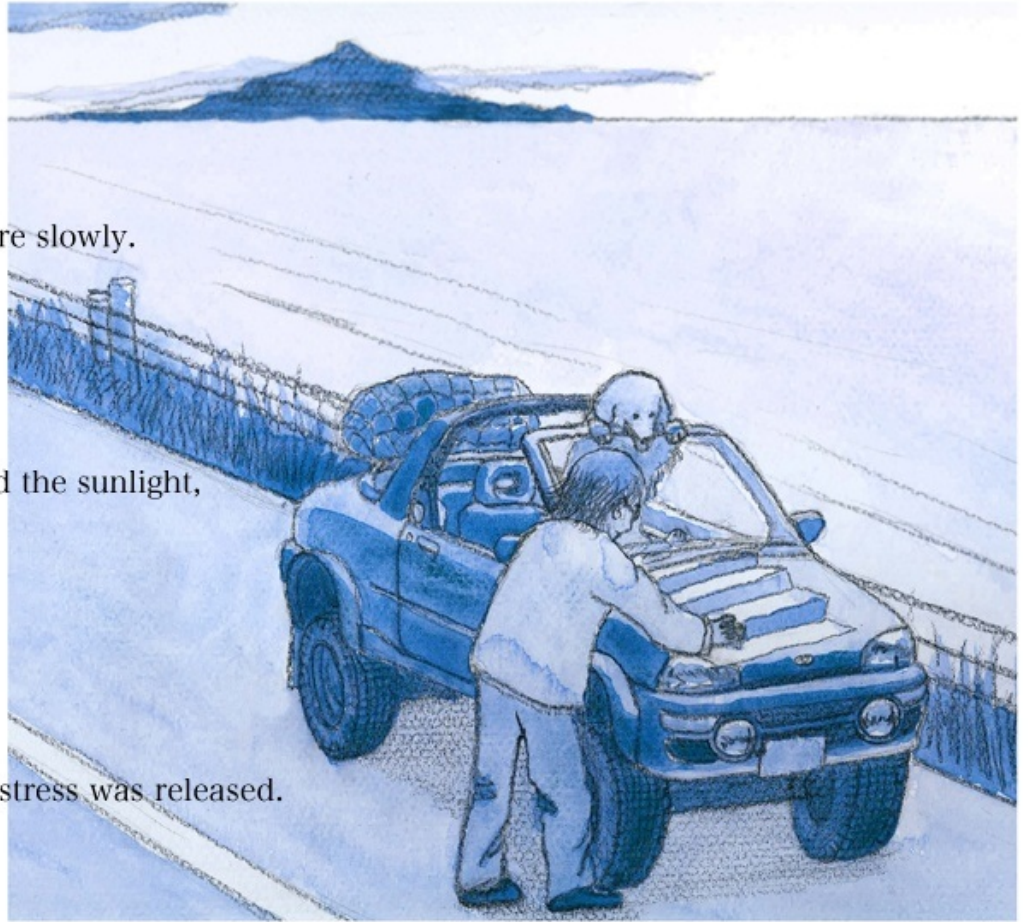


I felt the time went more slowly.

The trees, the wind and the sunlight,

I thought tenderly.

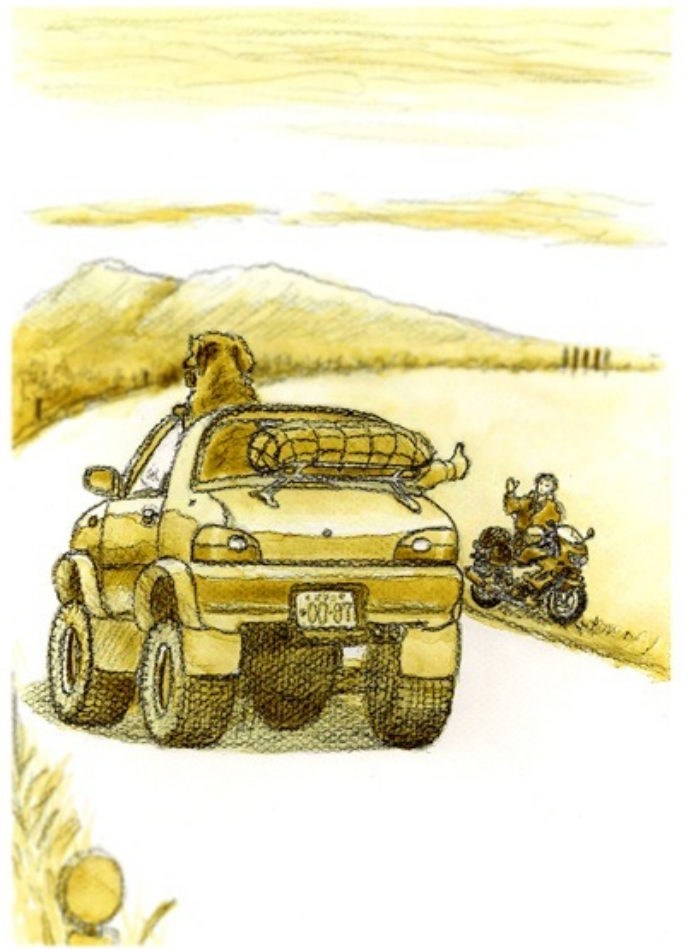
I felt I relaxed and my stress was released.





I wish such a wonderful day

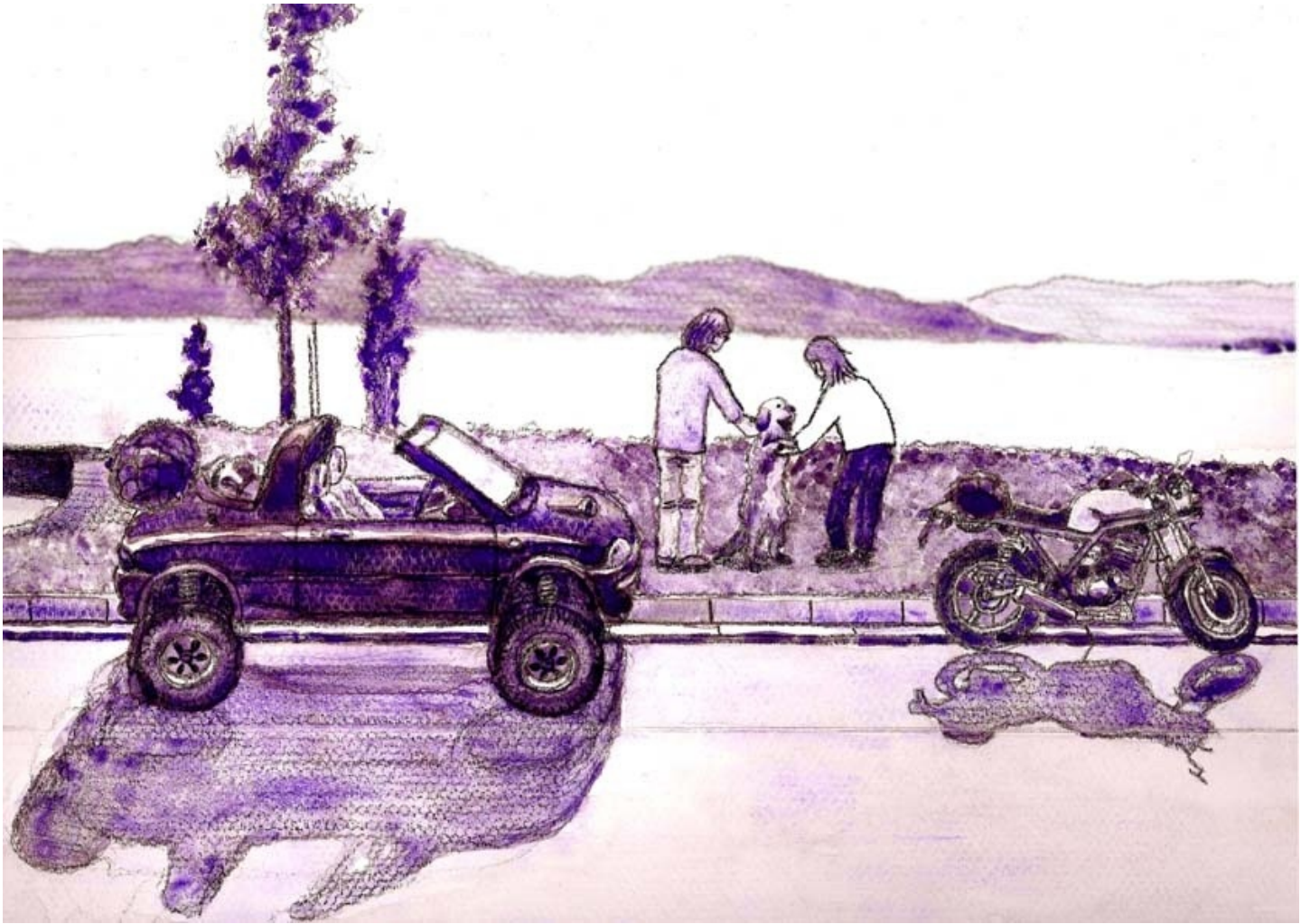
went on for good...





I always imposed my opinion on others...

I felt like that...



“This way is more inefficient…”

In the way of working,

In the way of living…

I persuaded myself that my way was right…





What is the good way of living?



What is happiness?





It's sometimes a scene heartwarming,
And it's sometimes loneliness for something

I couldn't get...



I remembered something I had forgotten.

Something good old...

Something very important...









It was as if water was sinking

Into the desert...

I felt not only comfortable but also having

A warm heart...

All of sudden, a word dropped off

I had wanted to say...



“Lonely…”



Perhaps...

I may make the same mistake again...



Yet...



Once again...

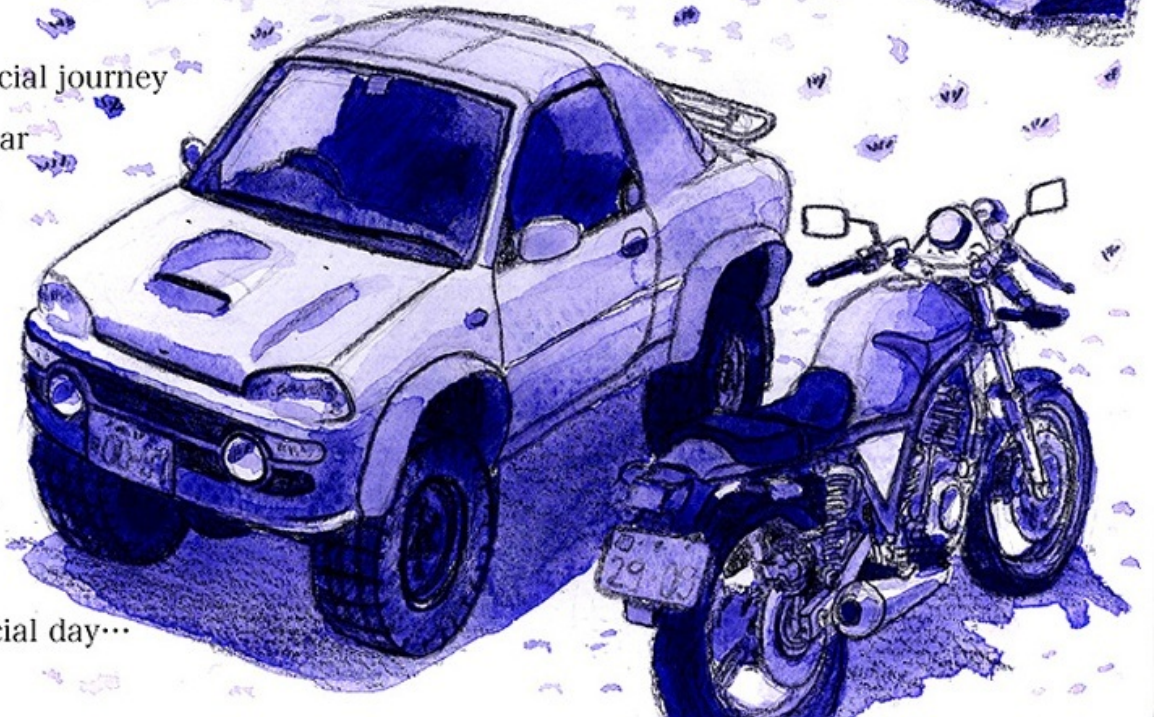


Once again

I want to believe...



I set out on a special journey
with my special car
On a special day.



And another special day...

Special days...

My life is...

Only once...



Special thanks Miss.Hiroko Imamura.