

# Shimanami Speech Summit

Yoko Rivera

On the sunny, cold day of December 10th, the 3rd annual Shimanami Speech Summit – Sky's the Limit – was held. There were eleven wonderful, inspiring speeches on various subjects. In addition, three fascinating workshops were given. Many questions were asked between the speeches and during the workshops. The entire place had a very supportive atmosphere. Some people gained confidence as they experienced the workshops, and one person even said that they are now brave enough to speak up in front of people. The Shimanami Speech Summit is an event that encourages people to test their limits and step up to the next stage. With the help of many different people, this event can keep growing. The Shimanami Speech Summit is always waiting for your participation, so why not join us for next December's event?

## Perfect Croquette

Mao Sogabe

Bang! Bang! Bang! Come out! Bang! Bang! I felt a tear falling down my face. I was in my pitch black bathroom. It all started from a small quarrel. When I was watching TV and using my phone after dinner, my mother asked me, "Did you study today?" I ignored her and kept using the phone. It's my so-called rebellious age. "Why do I have to listen to my mother?" I was thinking. Then my mother said, "I'll cut off the Wi-Fi." She started threatening me like she does all the time. Usually, I start to study at this point, but this time was different. "Go ahead, I can still use the phone without it."

"I'll take it then." She tried to snatch it from me, but I ran into the bathroom and locked the door. "Come out!"

"No way! I don't want to study. I'm going to live here." The bathroom was dark and cold. My anger welled up, and I was tearing up toilet paper.

"What are you going to do about school?" My mother shouted. "I will never go back there." "Don't test my patience." "Go away already!" To be honest, I wanted to get out of the bathroom and apologize to her, but I pushed too much, so I couldn't. After a while, my mother said "I'm sorry. Can you come out now?" She was compromising, but I kept going and hurt her more. In the end, I went out from the bathroom to take a bath, but I still wasn't able to apologize to her yet.

For a few days, we had awkward relations, but my mother asked me if I wanted to make croquettes. She didn't say it, but I knew she was trying to make up. My mother is good at cooking. She always makes really delicious food. I often learn how to cook from her when I help her. That time we made croquettes. We boiled some potatoes. It smelled very good when I threw the hot water away. In the meantime, my mother cooked other vegetables and mixed them with the potatoes. Then she shaped the croquettes and fried them.

It sounded appetizing when they were being fried. We took them out from the pot and the fresh croquettes were ready. It sounds easy to make, but I can't do it like my mother does. When we were cooking, my mother said, "I understand it is important for you to enjoy talking with your friends on the phone." Then she looked at my hands and said "You break the croquette because you squeeze it too much. Calm yourself and be gentle." She was smiling. My mother was holding a perfect croquette but I couldn't admit it so instead I nudged her and said, "Hush!"

When I have fights with my friends, we argue but make up again or one of us apologizes and makes the end of the fight clear. I sometimes can't agree with the result.

However, even when I'm really stubborn, I notice that I'm talking with my family before I know it. I say terrible things, but I feel comfortable to say whatever I want. If my mother didn't come closer to me, I'm sure I would still be fighting with my mother. I'm thankful for my mother who teaches me what is right and helps me. I want to become a person who can think of other people. I want to be kind like my mother because I don't want to fight any more. Someday, I want to be able to make a croquette that is big and rich.

