

# Stillness Papers #5

*From the diary of Kay Hito, dated three weeks ago*

This place doesn't suck, but I'm starting to wonder what I'm going to do after the novelty wears off—like, tomorrow. I mean, I've been here for two days and I've already met everyone in town and seen most of the sights. Yeah, it's great scenery, but come on! You can only check out so many treacherous cliffs before even deadly gorges get boring.

Nakamura's okay, but he's a little too old to get where I'm coming from. What am I saying? No one here is under 60! Compared to the monks, Nak's a punk kid. But at least he tries.

Speaking of monks, I should check out the monastery tomorrow, or what's left of it. If I'm looking for cultural heritage and all that crap, it's probably the best place to look. Maybe check out their sunrise meditation. Not like I'll be sleeping at five in the morning—with these stupid nightmares, I'm waking up cold and sweaty every two hours.

*Dated two weeks ago*

Yeah, it's been a week since I wrote. Sue me. I've been busy.

Well, not really busy, just hanging with the monks and stuff. I've even started meditating with them in the morning and sometimes at night if I'm in the mood. It's actually pretty relaxing. When I do, I can

feel my old friend sitting in the back of my head. Not sure if that's good or bad, but if it's gonna come back, I guess this is the best place for it. Somehow, I don't think these folks would turn on me and start blaming me for all their problems. And if they did, screw 'em. I'll just go home—or maybe L.A., go hang with David for a while.

The monks are pretty cool, though a couple of them are starting to get on my nerves. Takashi, for one, won't leave me alone. If he sees me in the village, he comes up and starts babbling away, grinning that idiot grin of his. Never makes any sense, of course, speaking half Japanese and half English. No idea what the moron is saying. I'm afraid he's got some sort of crush on me. Shudder.

And then there's Soko. I'm sorry, but the guy just creeps me out. He keeps staring at me like something he scraped off the bottom of his shoe, and barks at me in Japanese even though he knows I don't speak a word of it. Don't know what I did to make him so mad at me. Yesterday he started yelling at me again and looked like he was gonna slap me or something, but Kage stopped him. Kage's the only one who can keep the old psycho in line.

Tomorrow, I think I'll skip out on the monastery and go climbing the cliffs, maybe try to find this glen they keep talking about. Or maybe stop by the observatory again. If I don't find something to do, I'm going to go crazy.