

~~Often~~times I remember that story my mother told me when I was a little girl. Her stories

stories often had a moral and this particular one was to teach me never to abuse dumb animals. One day a woman was out in the rice fields working. ~~Out of pure caprice~~ Suddenly she saw a turtle wending its slow way. Out of pure caprice she picked up a little twig and thrust it in its mouth so that it could not close its little mouth. Something else distracted her attention and she went on her way. A year later she had had a child born with a hare-lip. One day as she went out into the fields again, she noticed this poor turtle with its mouth lifted underneath the corner eaved where water was dripping. With horror she released the stick from its mouth and felt that her child had been punished by the gods because of her cruelty. Through the years I have wondered about that story.

I wonder if that woman ever did see that turtle again. Chances are that she never released that stick but that turtle, after a period of suffering, and it adjusted to his discomfort. Sometimes another turtle would let him know when he found easy food or water. Otherwise he lived the best he could manage and ~~some-~~eventually times he even enjoyed a measure of happiness. Another ~~point~~ point in the story that has always impressed me is one of the most poignant things of tragedy.

How generous and is the commotion of sympathy when tragedy does befall one of us. Then it subsides.

Then it is forgotten. One day we see that person after some lapse of time and discover he had lived it everyday since like that poor mistreated turtle.

He is still struggling on his way carrying his mishap. *It is the everydayness of tragedy that is appalling.*

Often I look into my retarded son's face and ~~see~~ wonder what he would have been like if he had been whole. He is sweet and good-natured as none else I know. ~~No/ Knowledge will never light his~~ The thrilling experiences of knowledge are closed to him forever. His face will never become transparent with love as he gazes into the face of the woman he loves. ~~I think~~ My mind traveled back a million times to that interview in the doctor's office where I had been under treatment for kidney trouble ~~when~~ I discovered my pregnancy. He

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Tamako

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Then it is forgotten. One day we see that person after some lapse of time  
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He is still struggling on his way carrying his burden. *to the struggle*  
Sometimes I look into my rearward son's face and wonder what he would

have been like if he had been whole. He is sweet and good-natured as none  
else I know. *My knowledge will never light the thrilling experiences of*

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