Minoguli Minoguli

Under a street-lamp softened by the fog, a salitary figure paused, tenderly smoothed a cigarette stub and carefully lit it. He took a long meditative puff then walked heavily to the railings of the bridge nearby where he made a dark mass in the shadows. He watched the inky waters slowly flowing under him.

Ten years ago he, Hroyuki Shinohashi, had been a jolly young man. He had walked over this same bridge hundreds of times to and from the gay quarters. He had laughed and joked and frolided without any thought of the future. But that was ten years ago.

He dropped the cigarette over the railings and watched the red trail disappear into the darkness. Ten days without food! For ten days his pride had kept him from gegging. Now he had to get food. How? Stealing? No! Begging? Yes, whay not? To hell with pride! He had to life. To live he had to eat!

He turned to go back to the center of town but a bad spell of coughing overthok him and left him very weak. He leaned against the railings for support. His coughing ceased but he was too weak to walk. He slumped down. His had was knocked off but he did not feel like witing it just then.

A few minutes passed when a skinny dog trotted by and sniffed the lamp-pest. At that time a middle aged man who appeared to be in a jovial mood whistled for the dog and gave it some food. Hiroyuki watched the brief scene with/hungth/ehes. hungrily.

He tried to call for help but no sound escaped his lips. He tried to stand but his feet were cold and numb. He saw through the eyes the dog and the man walk slowly away. He became very cold. Once in a while he heard the shuffling of feet and the

clinking of metal., which reminded him of the times when he used to toss nickels into collection plates...

The next day in a small corner of the morning newspaper appeared a short article with the caption:

'Man fould dead on Nihombashi with hatful of coins'.