

Japan Earthquake Charity Literature

Mieko Kawakami

March Yarn

Translated by Michael Emmerich

WasedaBungaku 2011

“I’m so not looking forward to tomorrow, everything going back to normal,” she said as she thumped her calves with her fists, her tone genuinely despondent. “It’s always the same thing, again and again, and before you know it your life is over. The fun things happen so quickly, and the rest, the stuff that wears you down, it just keeps coming. You get these little slivers of life to fill in whatever time is left, and that’s it.” She sighed. The sound of her fists slapping her calves grew louder. “Look at this swelling. They don’t even look like my legs.”

A little past one in the afternoon, we had arrived in Kyoto.

We were on our way home after visiting her parents in Shimane. She had decided not to go stay with them for the birth, so we figured we’d better go and see them while we were still mobile. Then, two nights earlier, she had suggested out of nowhere that since we wouldn’t be able to travel for a while once the baby was born, we should go on an excursion somewhere on the way home. We had never traveled much, and the thought of randomly choosing some destination, booking a hotel, and staying there with no clear purpose in mind made me feel a bit tense. I told her that was fine with me, but I couldn’t think what to say next. After a while she realized I had nothing specific to propose, and she gave a little sigh.

“If you don’t want to do it just say so,” she said. The truth was that it was draining enough just getting ready to make the thousand-plus-kilometer trip back home with a wife eight months pregnant, lugging our big suitcases, and I wasn’t all that eager to add a bit of unanticipated sightseeing, but I kept that to myself. She shot me a glance and then, making a face like all this was nothing unusual, she actually set out on a whim for parts unknown all the time, she punched away at her cell phone, did a few searches for tourist spots and hotels, and said, “How about Kyoto? This is just the season for a trip to Kyoto.”

It was too early to check in to our hotel in the vast expanse of Kyoto Station, so we decided to leave our luggage at the front desk and go see the raised platform at Kiyomizu Temple.

We weren’t especially excited about seeing the temple, or interested in it, but the person at the hotel recommended it as the “liveliest” tourist spot, so we decided we might as well go. We carefully checked the destinations on the busses that kept rolling endlessly into the rotary, and after about ten minutes we were able to get on one. Even though it was a weekday, both the plaza outside the station and the bus itself were packed with tourists and young couples. Fortunately a large

white woman noticed my wife's stomach and let her have her seat. The woman's smile made me think of some sort of fruit split down the middle.

"Oh no, this is much too steep," she said. "There's no way."

The bus had driven for about ten minutes before pulling into the bus stop. We walked quite a while, following the crowd, until we came to the wide flight of steps that led to the temple, and then she looked up and decided she'd rather not.

"You aren't feeling well?"

"It's not that. But just look, there's no way I can climb these. Let's just get tea somewhere and go back to the hotel."

We settled on a random café among the crowd of souvenir shops.

As we were waiting for our drinks, I folded my arms and closed my eyes.

"Why are you so sleepy all the time?" she grumbled. "You sleep just fine."

I would have liked to say that you don't need a reason to be sleepy, but whenever I see that look in her eyes, like she's waiting for me to say something, the words die on my lips.

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe I don't sleep deeply enough."

“You’re always like this now. You didn’t used to be. Why are you so tired?”

“I really don’t know. Something about the way I’m sleeping, I guess.”

“Yeah,” she sighed, “just wait until the baby is born. You know how many times we’ll have to get up every night, right? I’ll only get to sleep two hours at a time, and the baby will cry at night – we’re in paradise now, compared to that.”

I nodded. “I know.”

My ice coffee and her ice tea with lemon came; we drank in silence.

“The thing I want to know,” she said eventually, “is why the tiresome things in life always overwhelm the fun stuff? That’s the question.”

She talked as if she were picking up the thread of an earlier conversation, but she wasn’t and I didn’t know what she was talking about. I just mumbled something and stared blankly at the needles of light radiating from her glass of ice tea.

“Why are fun things always followed by something dreary?”

“You don’t like having them alternate, is that it?”

“That’s not what I’m saying. After you have fun, something dreary happens afterwards, right? Every single time, without

fail. That's what bothers me."

"The order, you mean?"

"No, it's about the amount."

I didn't really understand what she was getting at, or what I myself was saying in response. I took a big sip of ice coffee to camouflage the sleepiness welling up inside my head, behind my eyes, then spun the straw noisily around in my glass, creating a little whirlpool.

"Maybe I'm just wondering, you know, why things never continue very long, and realizing there's nothing we can do about it. Maybe this is me giving up."

I nodded, made a noncommittal sound, drank the last of my ice coffee.

I don't know why, but a few months after she got pregnant, around the time her belly started to show, I started getting sleepy all the time. A thick fog of tiredness would form in the front of my brain, totally obscuring whatever had been on my mind a moment earlier – that month's credit card bill, the grading I still had to do, the crown that had come off my left wisdom tooth. My eyelids would get heavier and heavier with each passing second, until I simply couldn't keep my eyes open any longer. Heat spread from my palms up through my

arms and on out from there, until my whole body felt warm, and I'd have a vision of someone slowly drawing a huge curtain toward me, big enough to cover the sky. Nothing helped: not coffee, not going to bathroom and washing my face. Even allocating time for an afternoon nap was no use. It reached the point where I was zoning out at work, and one of my colleagues got so annoyed he came to talk to me. "Yeah, I know," I told him. "I'm sleeping well enough, but I just get so damn tired. Maybe it's narcolepsy." He eyed me as I tried to make a joke of it, then grinned and said, "With what you've got, I don't think sleep will help." I didn't know what he implying, but it was true: I had a sense this drowsiness wasn't something I could fix by sleeping more. It had come from somewhere unrelated to the everyday sort of sleepiness I was used to, and it was urging me toward some state altogether different from sleep.

The room the bellboy showed us to was on one of the upper floors; it wasn't too big, but it wasn't too small, either.

She glanced around contentedly and said it seemed pretty cheap for such a nice room.

"Ugh, my legs are so swollen I can't move. Look at them."

We shut the suitcases in the closet without unpacking, then

took off our shoes and put on the hotel slippers. She lay down on the bed, bent her legs, and pummeled away at her calves just like always, as if it were a ritual. Then she moved to the sofa, picked up the neatly folded newspaper from the table, and opened it. Somewhere deep in my ears, I could still hear the dull slap of her hitting her calves. It wasn't exactly a slap, or a whack – the sound was unlike any word I could pronounce, and it made me think of the dark, a rounded sort of darkness that was neither faint nor intense, just there. Then I found myself remembering the first time she had told me to feel her belly: the firmness of that enormous swelling, a firmness that was like nothing else in the world, and how it had stayed with me.

“Apparently they’re bringing some pandas over,” she said dully.

“Yeah, they were talking about it on TV the other day.”

“They’re talking about it in the newspaper, too.”

She went back to the bed, leaned into the pillows heaped over the headboard, and began checking her messages on her cell phone.

“I always get annoyed watching pandas. I hate it when they eat bamboo.”

“Why?”

“It feels like those leaves would jab your throat,” she said.

“Well it’s not your throat,” I said.

“Is there a rule saying I can’t get annoyed unless it’s my throat?”

I took a bottle of water out of the fridge, poured some into a glass, and drank. I turned on the TV and the word WELCOME appeared, followed by a standard sort of welcome message and my name. I gazed blankly at the words for a while, and the screen switched to an ad for a massage service, then showed images of featured dishes at the restaurants. The screens kept popping up silently in sequence, again and again.

“When can we go back to Tokyo?” she asked eventually.

I sighed and looked over. We’d had this discussion any number of times. Without raising her eyes from her phone, she heaved an even louder sigh, as if to drown out mine.

“I don’t know if I can take this anymore, unless there’s a limit to how long we’re staying. We’ve been there six months now, and I’ve seen all there is to see.”

“I’ve told them that’s what I’d like,” I said. “But there aren’t many openings, and you know how hard it was just getting to the school I’m at now.”

“What separates teachers who get positions in Tokyo from

those who don't? Teachers who get what they request and teachers who don't?" she asked. "Is it luck?"

"Well, sort of," I replied. "It's all timing."

She stared at me for a while, looking like she was peering into a cave, then placed her cell phone on the nightstand, gave her head a little shake, and smiled. She slowly got up from the bed, making something of a display of how hard it was, massaged her hips, then peeled the covers down, lifted the sheets, and slid back into bed. I heard her mumble something, but I couldn't hear what it was.

I woke up at five.

Evidently I'd fallen asleep on the sofa. For a second I didn't know where I was, but after a few blinks I returned to my senses. I had sweat a lot in the afternoon, but by now my body had cooled, and I felt a twinge of pain behind my eyes when I moved my head.

The bed seemed to levitate in the dimness, white in the middle of the dim room. I gazed at her for a while where she lay wrapped in the covers; she was as still as a statue. The longer I stared at her form, made bulkier by the wrinkles and shadows in the fabric, the less human it looked. I started to feel as though maybe there wasn't anything under there at all.

Maybe all there was under that white swelling was darkness. A hollow that would cave, just like that, if I pushed my fist into it.

I got up and walked over to the window, pulled the curtain, looked out at the city spread below me. The buildings, the rivers of cars, the sky – everything was sinking into that final dusky vagueness that comes just before the night paints everything black.

I grabbed the room service menu from the table and flipped through it. It had been more than six hours since we'd had lunch, and I was getting hungry, and yet somehow none of the pictures tempted me at all. I sat back down on the sofa, folded my arms, then stood up again and sat on the windowsill, watching as the lines between things grew progressively less distinct, watching the colors of the darkening town. The air conditioner hummed quietly. A little later, her cell phone rang once, announcing the arrival of a text message. After that, it was silent.

I'm not sure how long I sat there. Eventually, sensing something behind me, I looked back and saw that she was watching me from the bed. She was still wrapped up in the sheets; only her face was visible. Her wide-open eyes, clearly visible in the darkness, were looking straight into mine. I stared back at

her for a moment, and she at me, until she was awake enough to realize that she was looking at me.

“I had all these dreams,” she said after some time, as if to herself. “All kinds.”

Her tone of voice was very crisp, yet she didn’t seem to have grasped that she was awake. Her eyes were wide open, but some crucial part of her was swirling, muddy, and everything else about her was perfectly still. She just kept staring at me.

“About giving birth.”

“Did you?” I nodded.

“Our baby was born,” she said. “It was yarn.”

“Yarn?” I said, taken aback.

“Yes,” she said quietly. “It was a world where everything was made of yarn. Water, people, train tracks, the ocean – all yarn. The ground, cups, clothes, date books. Things were knitted from this very soft, sturdy yarn. Everything. All yarn.”

The room was darker than before; I noticed that her face was dotted with odd little specks of color, as if were being illuminated by some special sort of light. There weren’t many of the spots; they were a color that could have been a very faint lavender or a very faint green. Where was the light coming from? Was it reflecting off of something? I glanced around the room, but I couldn’t identify the source.

“When something unpleasant or dangerous happens, things suddenly come apart. They go back to being just yarn, they wait it out.”

“Interesting,” I said, and nodded again.

“They’re yarn, after all. Sometimes the yarn turns into sweaters, or mittens, and that’s how they protect themselves. When something scares them, that’s how they get through it.”

“And our baby was yarn, too?”

“Yeah. It came straight out in a long line, as plain old yarn, and then when it was all out it sort of knitted itself into a baby shape, and I was the mother of a yarn baby. You were the father of some yarn.”

She didn’t say anything after that. The silence continued for some time. I remembered that her cell phone had rung earlier and mentioned that, but she didn’t respond.

“Even March was yarn,” she said eventually.

“March?” I repeated.

“Yeah. March.”

“March was yarn?”

“That’s right,” she said. “In that world, even March was made of yarn.”

“I don’t think I get it,” I said after a while.

“What’s not to get?” she said.

“I can see how books and bags and stuff could be made out of yarn, but March isn’t a thing, right? It’s just a name we give to a segment of time, and how can you make something like that out of yarn?”

She looked at me like I was talking nonsense.

“I told you. In that world even March was made out of yarn.”

“But what does that mean?” I said. “March is made out of yarn?”

“I told you. It means March is made out of yarn.”

We lapsed into silence. Neither of us spoke for a while.

The silence then was total: the clock didn’t tick, the air conditioner didn’t hum. This was a bad sign. Whenever we stopped talking like this, I had to try and find a way to shift the topic as fast as I could. If I didn’t toss out something specific that would elicit a specific response, we’d end up going through the same routine as always. And I was really not looking forward to that. We kept repeating the same thing again and again, and each time it got worse. This silence was the sign that we were heading into another tiresome back-and-forth.

I sighed, finished the water in my glass, and after a moment of hesitation started to tell her about a shirt I’d seen a

foreign tourist wearing near Kiyomizu Temple. Before I could get into it, though, her cell phone rang. She slowly raised her upper body and reached to take it from the nightstand, only to have it stop ringing. She checked the screen and said she didn't know the number. She tried calling, but there was no answer. She tried calling a couple more times, but she couldn't get through—evidently the phone on the other end didn't even ring.

She looked up. "I had a message from Ono. She said she wanted to make sure we were okay after the earthquake."

"The earthquake?"

"That's what it says." She peered down at the screen.

"There was an earthquake?"

"I don't know, I guess there must have been."

"Was that her calling before?"

"I don't think so. I didn't recognize the number. . . . I wonder who it was. Strange."

"The reception is bad up this high. Try calling again later."

She thought a moment, then said she would. She bundled herself up again in the sheets and lay without moving.

"Hungry?" I asked. She didn't answer. I told her they had all kinds of restaurants, and that if she wasn't feeling well we could order something from room service. I told her I'd

noticed bouillabaisse on the menu. She didn't reply to that either. So I gave up, went over to the sofa, folded my arms, and closed my eyes.

Sometime later I heard her crying. I heaved an inward sigh and went and sat on the edge of the bed. The sky was a good deal darker than before, though I could still see long slivers of orange, any number, piled in the west, just over the horizon. She lay sobbing for a while with her back to me. She started sniffing, so I took a few tissues from the box on the nightstand and held them, waiting as I always do for her to turn and face me.

It was a while before she spoke, and when she did her voice was hoarse.

"You saw that man bleeding before, right?"

There was no light in the room by now, but still I could see that the area below her nose and around her mouth was glistening with mucus.

"I saw him." I nodded, wiping her nose with the tissues.

"On the steps. Someone had to have punched him. He was bleeding so much, crouching there on the ground. I mean, he was an old man!"

"Yeah."

“I have no idea what happened, of course, but whatever it was, somewhat hit him, a guy like that, a homeless guy, on those steps. There’s no reason to hit a guy like him, he looked so weak, but someone obviously punched him as hard as he could. That’s why there was so much blood.”

“Who knows, maybe he just fell,” I said tentatively.

She shook her head and sighed.

“It makes me so scared when I see things like that. People seem like such monsters. I’m not talking about specific people, just in general – they’re monsters. And I can’t help it, I start thinking there’s seriously no hope for this world, it’s past saving. Someone gave birth to them too, you realize, that old man, and whoever beat him up, and eventually that’s how it ends up, no matter how people want it to turn out. You go along living your life, and things happen, you get drawn into these things. Every day, day after day, there’s always someone bleeding somewhere, and the only reason it hasn’t been us yet is that our turn hasn’t come, that’s all. Maybe it’s just not the right time yet, that’s why we didn’t bleed today, that’s why we’re here in this hotel. Maybe we were just lucky.”

I took the wad of tissues, damp with tears and mucus, and dropped it in the trash. Then I took a few more and handed them to her.

“And much, much worse things can happen in this world. Things so awful you can’t even imagine it. Is it really so wonderful to be born into a place like this? Is it? If we’d never been born none of this would have existed, but we’re here now, and now I have to – ”

“Calm down.”

“What if we’re doing something terrible? Maybe this whole thing is a horrible mistake, so horrible it’s beyond anything we’ve ever imagined, and it’s already happening. Something we can never take back. Something truly awful. Maybe some awful future is waiting for us, and there’s no turning back, and I’m about to start it all.”

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed, her whole body shaking. I got into bed beside her and put my arms around her shoulders, told her it was okay.

“It’s not all bad,” I said. “There’s a lot of bad in the world, but there’s just as much good. Sure, there are guys who’ve been punched until they bleed, and that’s not going to stop, but not everyone’s bleeding, you know.”

She listened to my voice, squeezing the tissues against her eyes.

“Besides, maybe he really did just fall.”

“How come you’re so optimistic?”

“I’m not optimistic, just noncommittal,” I said. “I don’t feel stuff in such an extreme way. I try not to think too hard about things that happen to me, and what I’m doing.”

“Have you always been that way?”

“Always. It makes it easier.”

She blew her nose loudly, then spent a long time rubbing her eyes with her palms. She lay on her back, rested her hands on either side of her bulging stomach, and stared at the ceiling, quietly trying to control her breathing.

“I said I don’t like where we’re living, but I did like that place we went the other day, with the boats shining all over the ocean, those boats, whatever they were.”

“Squid boats. Firefly squid.”

“The flags were beautiful. All those colors.”

“They were.”

“I’d like to go back.”

“It’s close enough, we can go as soon as we get home.”

She nodded, then rested her head on my chest and stayed very still. Soon, as if the thought had just occurred to her, she whispered, “I’m so tired. I think I’ve caught what you have.” I told her she should get some rest, sleep as much as she could. As long as she wasn’t hungry, she could sleep right now, and in the morning we’d get a nice breakfast.

“That sounds nice.”

“Goodnight. We’ve got a long day tomorrow, so you better sleep well now.”

Night had all but filled the room. A warm darkness had dissolved all the forms surrounding us, embracing us as we lay with our fingertips locked together, like drifters with no hope of ever settling anywhere. She was sound asleep. Peering at her, I noticed that her swollen belly was hovering a few centimeters above the bed, rising and falling like a ball floating on the waves. A single piece of yarn was climbing from the area around her belly button, higher and higher, like some living creature with a will of its own, and little by little the skin there was coming undone. I watched, feeling myself begin to crumble into sleep. Here, right at this moment, all the different sleeps people were sleeping, all across the world, had started spinning slowly into whirlpools that knocked gently against each other, combined into a vast swell that was pushing us, and our hotel room, toward some place neither of us had ever seen. I knew what I needed to do: I had to hold tight to the bed and lean out over the edge, try to see what was at the center of the whirlpool. But my eyelids felt so heavy, and my hands were coming undone; there was no strength

in them now. I heard a phone ringing in the distance. It kept ringing and ringing, like a voice calling after someone, trying to keep him from going. Seventeen times, twenty-one times – still it rang. I gave up counting and closed my eyes, sure that this time, this time, I would make it all the way down to the bottom.

Mieko KAWAKAMI

Mieko Kawakami was born in Osaka in 1976. In 2007, she made her debut with the novel *Watakushiritsu in Ha – matawa Sekai*. This novel was widely recognized as it became the nominee for the most renowned award in Japan, The Akutagawa Ryûnosuke Prize. She won this award with the novel, *Chichi to Ran*. She was described as “Depicting objects with shapes in front of her eyes, like the touch of the hand, trailing her finger tips through them, with her very own stroke of gest. While she appears to be freewheeling, in truth her ability to weave the words with the utmost care is quite remarkable”. She is also active as a singer and a poet. She was awarded The Nakahara Chûya Prize in 2009, with her poetry collection *Sentan de Sasuwa Sasareruwa Soraêwa*. Her first full length novel *Heaven* won The prize of MEXT (the Ministry of Education, Culture, Sports, Science and Technology in Japan) and The Murasaki Shikibu Prize. She is widely recognized as the most sought after writer in Japan today.



Michael Emmerich

He received his PhD in East Asian Languages and Cultures from Columbia University in 2007. He is the editor of *Read Real Japanese Fiction: Short Stories by Contemporary Writers* (Kodansha International), and the translator of books by Yasunari Kawabata, Banana Yoshimoto, and Gen'ichirô Takahashi. His most recent translation, Hiromi Kawakami's *Manazuru* (Counterpoint), was awarded the 2010 Japan-U.S. Friendship Commission Prize for the Translation of Japanese Literature. Emmerich teaches Japanese literature at the University of California-Santa Barbara.

Waseda Bungaku's charity project:

Japan Earthquake Charity Literature

The earthquake and tsunami that struck Japan on March 11, 2011 claimed the lives of more than 15,000 people, displaced many more times that number from their homes, schools and workplaces, and triggered a nuclear accident whose effects are sure to last for decades. These unprecedented events have forced people in Japan to think and act in new ways. We recognize our responsibility to mourn the dead and do what we can to help the people whose lives have been turned upside down. We realize that we are victims ourselves – both of the short to mid-term damage from the earthquake and the long-term damage from the nuclear accident. We cannot escape the fact that we are somehow

responsible for the effects that the contamination from the nuclear accident will have on current and future generations both at home and abroad.

In towns where street lights and neon signs have been dimmed and where air-conditioning and the number of trains running have been reduced, everyone – regardless of whether they were directly affected or not – has been thinking about what they can do as well as what it means to use nuclear energy. Writers are no exception. Jean-Paul Sartre once famously asked what literature can do for starving children. Each one of us began to ask ourselves similar questions: What can we write or not write? What can and should we be doing other than writing? What is it that we really have to offer? The damage wrought by the disaster and the reconstruction process that followed on the one hand, and the accident at the nuclear power plant on the other, each raised issues that had to be thought about quite separately.

In responding to the first, we searched for words to mourn the dead and encourage survivors who were trying to get back on their feet. Some tried to write pieces that would bring solace to these survivors, while others composed re-

quiems, just as Shoyo Tsubouchi, one of the founders of Modern Japanese literature, did in 1923 following the Great Kanto Earthquake. It is often said that “authors always arrive last”. Some made a conscious decision not to write, choosing instead to write about these events as history one day. There were those who questioned the value of writing fiction, while others did not hesitate to write when asked to do so. Some considered it their duty as a writer not to be moved by it all and chose to go on as always with daily life.

It was (and continues to be) terribly difficult to find the words to offer those who have been directly affected by the disaster. Faced with the continuing effects of the nuclear accident, some shed tears thinking of the people in Fukushima they had grown up with; others joined demonstrations calling for the government and the electricity company to be held responsible for their mismanagement; still others began to rethink the way they had lived, dependent on electricity supplied by nuclear power; and some even called for the need to reevaluate the modern era that had “progressed” in that direction.

Such reactions naturally extended beyond the borders

of Japan. We all imagined, lamented, and felt anger at the thought of the many devastating disasters that have shaken our world, the accidents that all kinds of technologies have caused, and similar events that are sure to happen again in the future, as if they were happening to our neighbors, our friends, and to ourselves. We think of Hemingway rushing to Madrid with rifle in hand to report on the Spanish Civil War as we head to Fukushima armed not with rifles, but buckets and shovels.

But for those of us who make a living by writing, it is clear that the biggest contribution we can make is through doing what we do. (Standing in front of a mound of rubble and debris with shovels, we are far less useful than local high school students.) Although they have used different methods and approaches, all the authors who participated in this project chose to try to do something for the areas and people affected through their writing. They all struggled in different ways as they wrote these short pieces that have been made available in English through the efforts of a number of translators.

This program aims to give serious thought to the disaster

and accident, then bring these words that were born, directly or indirectly, through this thought process, to people across the world. We hope that after reading these texts you will choose to make a donation to the Red Cross in Japan or in your country or to another charity.

We hope that these pieces, written for ourselves as much as for anyone else, will reach people around the world, and eventually, in some small way, also serve to help the people in northern Japan who are now working hard to rebuild their lives.

Makoto ICHIKAWA (literary critic / director of The WASEDA
bungaku)

September 11, 2011

This story was written primarily for use in *Waseda Bungaku's* charity project for the Great East Japan Earthquake of March 2011 and for distribution via the *Waseda Bungaku* website in PDF form. An e-book publication of this story will also be made available in Japan. All proceeds from sales will be donated to the families of victims and survivors in areas affected by the disaster.

PDF files of all the stories in this collection will be available to download from the website until March 2012. Sending these PDFs to third parties via e-mail, and posting the URLs to third-party sites, is permitted. (though *Waseda Bungaku* will take no responsibility for the content of such third-party sites). However, reproduction, in whole or in part, of the data on these PDFs in any printed media by any unauthorized third parties is strictly prohibited. Data alteration is likewise strictly prohibited. We hope that after reading these texts you will choose to make a donation to the Red Cross in Japan (details below) or in your country or to another charity supporting disaster relief. In case of data transfer, we suggest you send

us notification beforehand.

Donation Bank Account 1

Name of Bank: Sumitomo Mitsui Banking Corporation

Name of Branch: Ginza

Account No.: 8047670 (Ordinary Account)

SWIFT Code: SMBC JP JT

Branch Number: 026

Address of Bank: Ginza Joint Building 6-10-15 Ginza Chuo-ku
Tokyo JAPAN

Payee Name: The Japanese Red Cross Society

Payee Address: 1-1-3 Shiba-Daimon Minato-ku, Tokyo JAPAN

Donation Bank Account 2

Name of Bank: The Bank of Tokyo-Mitsubishi UFJ, Ltd.

Name of Branch: Tokyo Government and Public Institutions
Business Office

Account No.:0028706(Ordinary Account)

SWIFT Code: BOTKJPJT

Branch Number: 300

Address of Bank: 3-6-3 Kajicho Kanda Chiyoda-ku Tokyo JA-
PAN

Payee Name: The Japanese Red Cross Society

Payee Address: 1-1-3 Shiba-Daimon Minato-ku, Tokyo JAPAN

Donation Bank Account 3

Name of Bank: Mizuho Bank, LTD

Name of Branch: Shinbashi Chuo Branch

Account No.: 2188729 (Ordinary Account)

SWIFT Code: MHBK JP JT

Branch Number: 051

Address of Bank: 4-6-15 Shinbashi Minato-ku Tokyo JAPAN

Payee Name: The Japanese Red Cross Society

Payee Address: 1-1-3 Shiba-Daimon Minato-ku, Tokyo JAPAN

(All bank accounts above are open until March 31, 2012.)

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