

In July, I took a Japanese test. In late August, early September, I learned that I passed my test. I was so happy. In December I am going to take the next level up, so I'm studying hard. I want to increase my fluency so that I can talk to more people.

On a different note, one day while taking a break from grading, I decided to see what my students were up to. I thought they were going to practice the *Soran*, so I went to the gym and sat next to an English teacher that I often talk to. Turns out they were having a meeting about Sports Day, introducing the team leaders and the team's teachers. One by one the teachers got called up to make self-introductions. Suddenly, a third year points at me. They told me to come make a speech. I was caught off guard. As I walked up, the third years chanted. They demanded I try to do the speech in Japanese. Tried I did. It didn't work, but I did my best. I guess I was amusing enough to be given a color. From then on, I was a part of Pink Team.

At every practice, everything that the students did, I would try too. I guess my American was showing because the third years would tell me that they couldn't hear the first or second years, but they could hear me. Everyone seemed happy that I was trying, which made me happy. Then the day came. It was Sports Day. We did our best and had fun doing it. We didn't make top 3, but it was a great memory all the same. I'm so happy I was a part of the team. Thank you Pink Team. "We are pink champions!"



After Sports day was over, it was time to get back to it. The first years had fun making monsters as everyone on the third floor could hear us scream "HOW MANY EYES?" The students laughed at the creative ways they would add the strange number of body parts to their monsters. Some were cute, some were terrifying.

The Second years had a more intense return from break. Many of them were still doing presentations, which I had the honor of helping out with. It was fun to see how much they improved their pronunciation and sentence structure while I wasn't looking. After, they had story time. By using a PowerPoint story I made, I told them the tale of "The Carpenter's Gift." They all laughed when Ben dragged the cow off screen with a sled. I'm glad they seemed to enjoy the story, even though we had to summarize it after, which more often than not became homework.