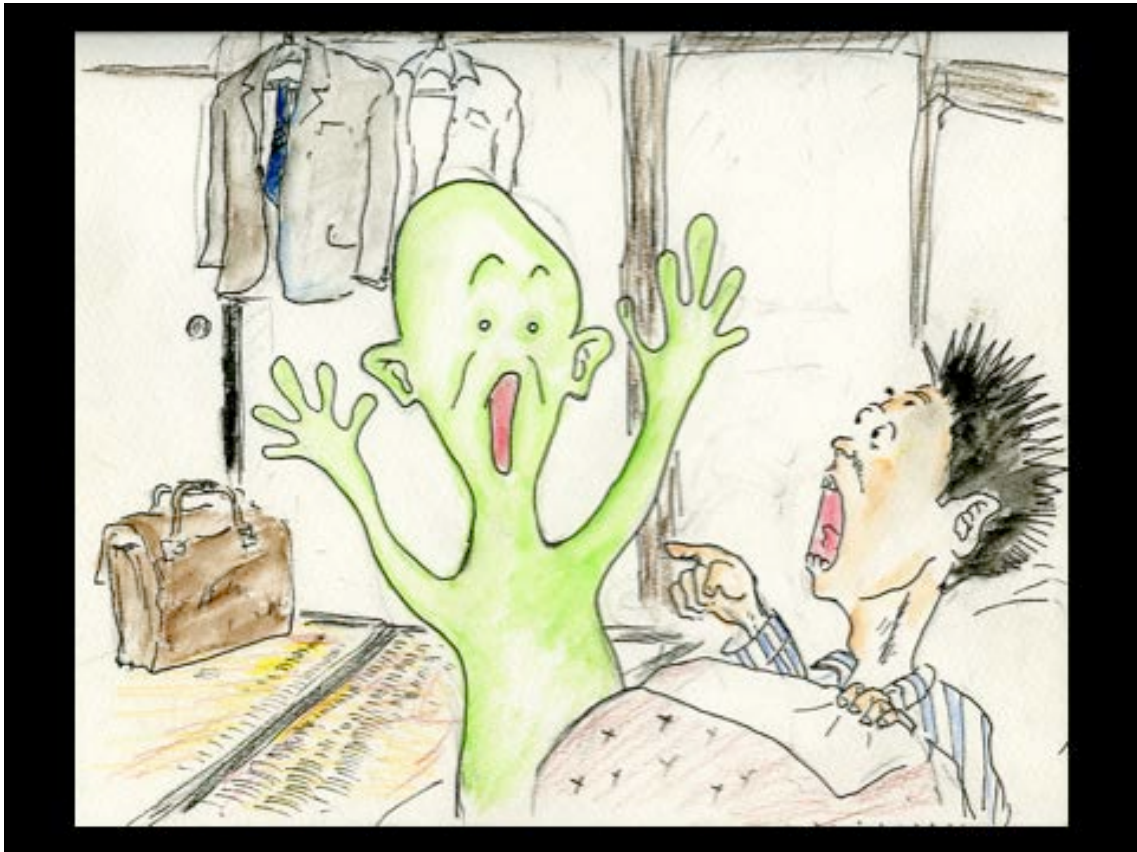




It happened a long time ago, so I guess it is all right to talk about it now. Well overall, it was really strange that I had been given various names to my disease and sent around to various department of hospitals. Starting from the department of internal medicine, orthopedics, neurology and psychiatry etc. All of this is just because of that guy.

But first of all, I tell you I have no grudge against him any more now. Because I'm sure that he has also been suffering from the pain like me.

His name is Sticky Ghost. Did you get horrified by the ghost? Yeah, I was also frightened and jumped up when I saw him for the first time. But it wasn't from the fear. Because nowadays, ghosts are just out of date and he appeared as the figure of a very slovenly old man. And he spoke to me crying big tears and runny nose on his hangdog looking wrinkled face.



“Sorry, I’m very sorry my brother. I have no place to go so I’m sticking you. Don’t take it bad.” (Sniffing his nose).

To make matters worse, it happened at 2 o’clock in the morning. I woke up and he appeared 30cm in front of my eyes. This guy was sitting astride on my bed.

He talked to me in a loud voice with his mouth close to my ear, maybe because he was hard of hearing. I couldn’t move at all with him on me. I tried to scream with the surprise, but I couldn’t. For a while, he was apologizing for his sticking to me and crying so much, but he soon disappeared.



In the next morning, my shoulders became languid . I had no idea that it is because of the sticking ghost. I felt somehow bad and didn't want to go to my company. I forgot to tell you I was a 27 years old office worker at the time. I had a wife and 2 children. They should be grown up now. Why I said they should? Yes, now I don't meet them under this special condition.

Anyway in the morning, I felt my shoulders languid, so I took day off from my company to go to see my doctor.



He is a bit unreliable person, but I could see him quickly because the surgery was not so crowded. Then this doctor checked my throat lifting his glasses and told me,” Oh, you have a cold because your throat is swollen. I write a prescription for you. Then, get well soon.” I thought he diagnosed too carelessly as having cold even though he didn't use a stethoscope.

Well at the time I kept on taking the medicine the doctor advised. But I couldn't get better at all. I was afraid that I could be fired by my company if I couldn't go to work, so I went to the surgery again .Then the doctor told me leaning his head to one side,

“You still haven't got better? It's strange. This may not be the internal disease, so you should visit the orthopedics department.” In short, he gave up curing me in his department.





The introduced orthopedist was a macho with a heavy mustache.

“I see, according to your introduction letter, your shoulders are awfully languid, right? Now let me see your shoulders. ”

And suddenly he twisted back my painful arm. I screamed with the pain.

“Oh what a feeble man! Be patient! ”

He threatened me. But painful is painful. He gave me severe pain like that, and in the end he told me, “You might have something malignant in your spinal cord. You must be admitted to the hospital and get medical examinations.”

I had no other choice after I was told the possibility of cancer. And I was hospitalized to the city hospital to get heaps of medical examination. Like CT, MRI, myelography etc. These tests were like torture for me.

As the result, they couldn't know what the disease was. And to make matters worse, the admission fee was terribly expensive, with the special room charges, extra attendant fee and so on.

I tell you the medical service is almost same as burglary. You know, if you ask the electrician to fix your broken TV set, and he tells you he couldn't fix it but pay him the fee, no one would pay him. I was very angry with them. But I have no one else to rely on. However in the orthopedics department, I was expelled because they couldn't know the cause. My shoulders were just getting more and more languid. At the time, it was impossible for me to go to work even after leaving the hospital, and I was spending all day time in bed at my house.

I got fired by my company.



One day, I confessed to my wife about him. “I had a nightmare when I got my disease for the first time. A dirty old man whose height is about 50 cm was riding on me. I couldn't move at all because of him. He put his face close to my eyes. He told me he is a sticking ghost. I guess my disease is caused by him” She got surprised with her eyes blinking. “What are you telling me my dear? Are you OK? You think your disease is caused by a sticking ghost. Oh I got it. You might be suffering from narcolepsy. Yes because you sleep suddenly these days. That should be an episode of sleep. In the case of narcolepsy, the patient often has hallucinations.” My wife is a nurse and she knows well about diseases.



She took me to the specialist of neurology and internal medicine. The doctor asked me some questions and he simply told me, “You may have narcolepsy. Then please take this medicine.”

And he prescribed it to me. The name on the bottle was amphetamine. Though my major wasn't the science field, I knew it is a kind of stimulant drug. Then I asked my wife, “Isn't it a dangerous drug?” But she might not know well about that and replied to me ambiguously, “I think you'd better take it because the doctor told you to take it.” She was so cold hearted to me taking it just as my own thing...no, I won't moan about that.

Then I took the amphetamine, and got an awful effect. That old man began to appear all the time. He was crying bitterly sticking on my back, and told me,

“Sorry, I'm very sorry for troubled you so much.”

I got angry with him and told him,



“You bastard! Go away! You goddam old man, I was fired by my company thanks to you!”

I struggled a lot to throw him off. I told my wife,

“Dear can’t you see this old man? All of my suffering are from him. Please take him off from my back. Please!”

But he might be invisible to others. They could see me alone just struggling around there. My wife and children got afraid of my struggling and thought I had gone crazy.



When I came to myself, I found myself in the bed of a private room in a mental hospital. And that old man was still sticking on my back. Then, a lanky psychiatrist came in and talked to me,

“Hi, how are you feeling? You still have an old man on your back?”

When I answered yes, he told me with a sad face,

“Oh I see, then I will give you more medicine from tomorrow.”

Then the doctor went away. After I had been given more medicine, the old man became more powerful and cried in a loud voice. Though he apologized me, he won't go away from my back. Even I couldn't sleep because of his noisy crying voice. I started to hate him and hit my back against the wall. But I just got hurt my backbone got bruised though he got no damage. Then he was just crying telling me, “I'm sorry, I'm sorry.”

I asked my psychiatrist, "Please take away this old man. I can do nothing with him."

Then the doctor told me, "Oh you hurt yourself badly hitting your back against the wall. It's a big problem."

And he went away. After he left, 3 macho nurses came to me. I was forced to get dressed in a straitjacket quickly and was bound hand and feet. This was a very bad development. You know, because other people couldn't see him, when I told about him, they just thought it was because my symptom was getting worse and I had a worse hallucination. Then I stopped telling others about him.



“How is your feeling? Still you can see that old man?”

The psychiatrist asked me. But I couldn't answer because I got a gag put in my mouth.

“Oh excuse me. You can't speak with the gag. Take it off please.”

He told to the nurse and my gag was taken off.

“No I can't see the old man. It was just my hallucination. Thank you Doctor. Thanks to you, I have recovered perfectly now. ”

To tell the truth, I could see that old man clearly but if I talked about him, more and more, I got more suffering from the others. So I determined to stop to telling about the sticking ghost.

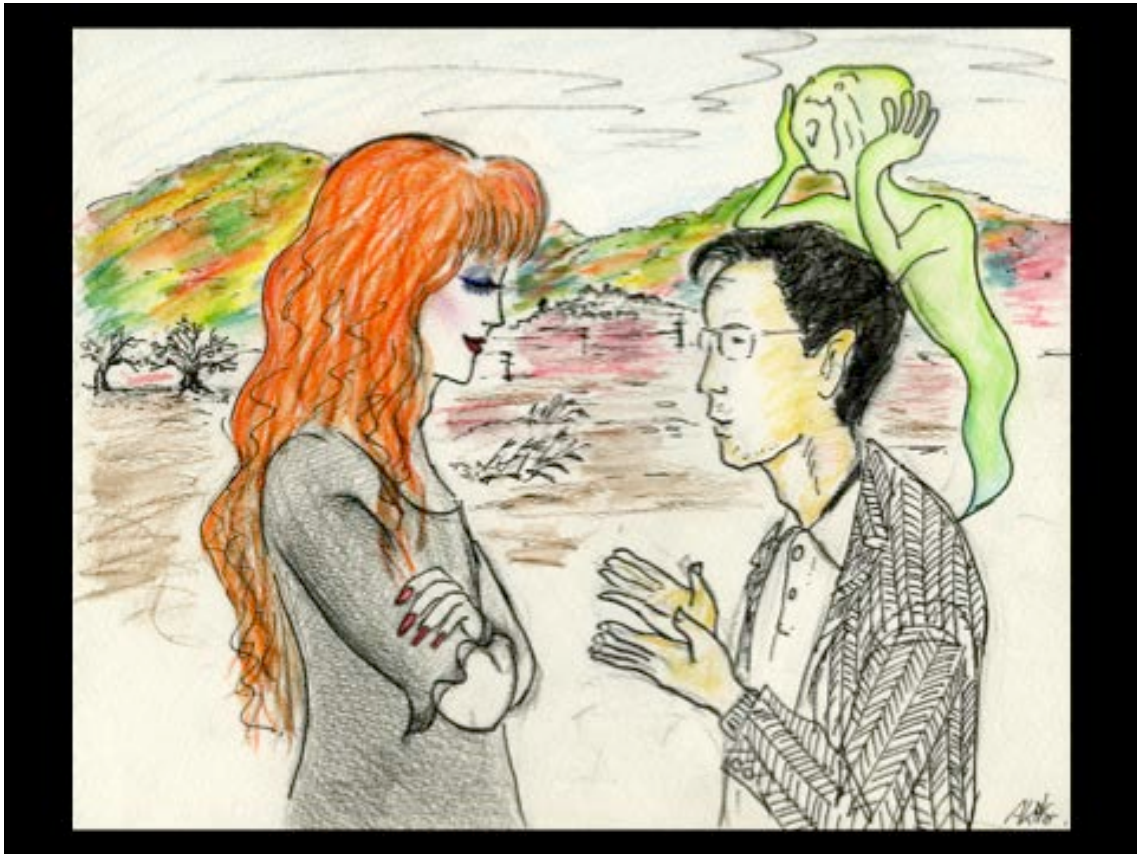
I also tried to think that he was just my hallucination. They thought my hallucination has disappeared and permitted me to leave the mental hospital. But the person who came to pick me up was not my wife but my paternal grandmother. My wife had divorced me taking our 2 children with her. My parents passed away when I was very young, and this grandmother brought me up. Then she took me to the countryside where she is living. I settled in there.





I can see a white birch forest in the distance. In front of my eyes, I can see a crystal clear blue lake. The white birch forest is reflecting clearly on the water surface like a mirror. Sometimes sudden winds touch on the surface and shake the images of the trees. 3 years have already passed since I left the mental hospital. After that, I have been staying for recuperation here.

I lost my job, my wife, children and friends. All of these were caused by the sticking ghost. I kept hating this ghost who is sticking to my back.



Then I went to see a psychic to help me remove this ghost ,and the secret I was keeping from my grandmother.

This psychic had a lot of make-up on her face and was dressed in a flapping black dress. To my bigger surprise, when I hear her voice asking me “What is your problem? “, I found it very deep and knew he was a man. I step back from him. He told me,

“Oh you such an impolite man. I’m an excellent psychic. Come nearer to me as I can I see you. ”

And he caught me with his big and hairy arm.

“Oh, you got a big trouble. This is a wicked old man ghost. But don't worries, I can cast a lethal spell. “

Soon after, he spelled some phrases like a Buddhist chant and screamed “Yaa”, like Bruce Lee. He repeated it again and again. Each time he screams “Yaa”, that old man on my back suffered from a pain.

“Stop it please! Stop it please! ”

He screamed and he crept into me through my back to escape from the pain. I screamed to stop it. He told me apologetically,

‘My brother, I’m sorry. Please allow me to put my half body inside you.’

No kidding. As the result, my condition became worse thanks to the psychic.



After this incident, I gave up relying other people and tried many methods by myself. I thought it was effective not to eat anything to kill him from starving because he was my second self, and I went on a fast. Then my grandmother and villagers came to see me admiring me like “He is practicing a noble asceticism.”

But no way, it wasn't noble at all. I just hated the old man and was preparing to die together with him. To my expectation, the old man was growing weak crying “I’m hungry, I’m hungry...” I felt it was very effective.



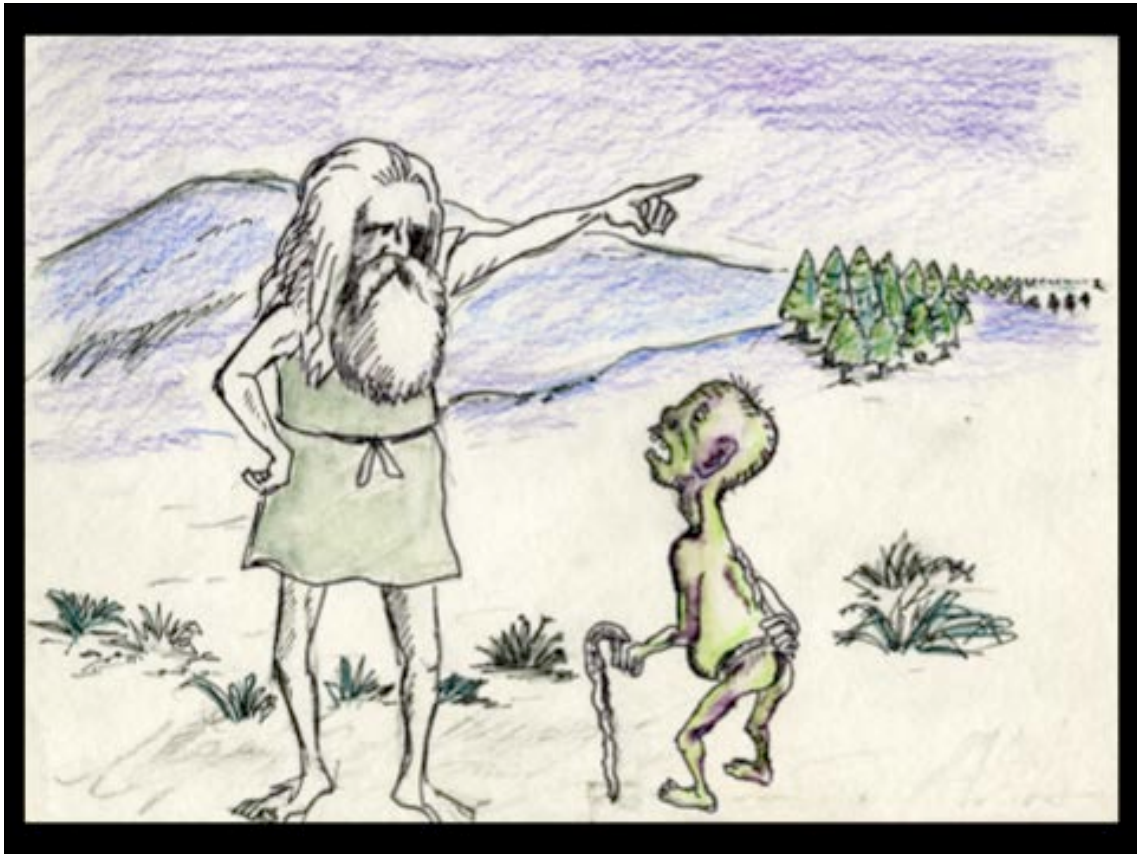
Then next, I ran around the mountain like an itinerant Buddhist monk.

He grew weaker and weaker, crying

“It hurts! It hurts me! “

I told him, “It serves you right!” But after a while, the rumor was prevailing all over the village that I was taking a hard asceticism. Then even from another villages the people came to fold their hands to me believing I am a noble and severe trainee monk attain Buddhahood Enlightenment. Some people asked me to give them a preaching. But I was not doing anything noble. I declined them. But all the more for that, they valued me such as a modest ascetic. It was unmanageable situation for me.





As the time goes by, I became all skin and bones and looked like a skeleton. But spiritually, I became very healthy and joyful. Because I found that hateful old man at his gasp.

“Hey how are you feeling old geezer. It makes you feel awful, isn’t it? It serves you right!” I talked to him. It was my first time to speak to him from my side. Anyway, I hadn’t felt like talking to him because of my big hate. He is such a goddamn old man who fastened on me and ruined my life. He was still crying breathing with difficulty.

“Oh young man, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

“You idiot, old bastard! I’m not young any more. I’m already 68 years old now, 68! Thanks to you, 28 years old young handsome became a dotard in the suffering. Suffering for 40 years! How you could keep on fastening on me without giving it up. But it’s all up with you now.”

I told him triumphantly. Then he asked me with his head down sadly.

“My brother, please take me out from your body. I don’t have the power to go out of you by myself anymore.”

“Hey old geezer. What did you say now? You go out of my body? ”

“Ai.” He replied with his toothless mouth.

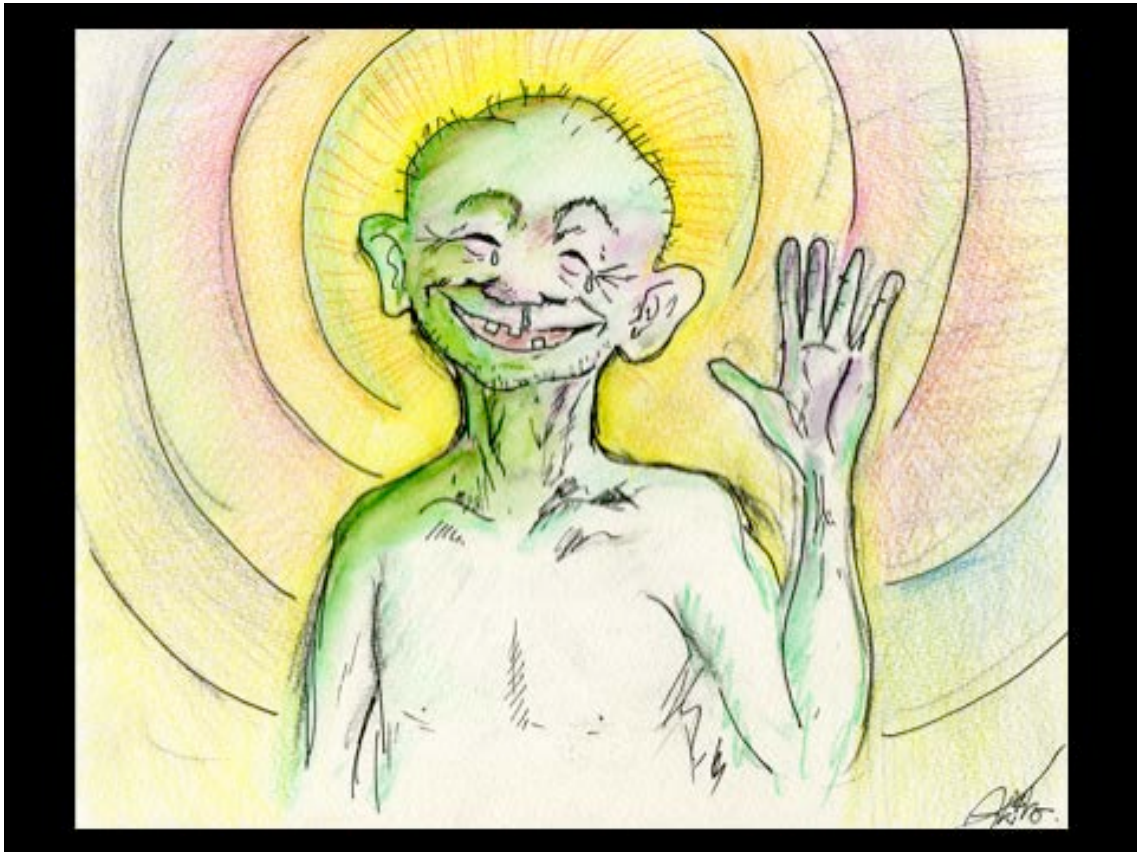
“And what happens to you after you go out of me?”

“Me, I has the destiny to go to hell after going out of your body. I had been afraid of that and troubling you on your back. But it is a high time to go. Sorry for every troubles I caused to you up to now.”

I got astonished by this unexpected development. And something burst inside me. I told him in a small voice.

“Old man, the hell is scary place...I allow you to stay inside me a little longer.”

“Thank you my brother. I really thank you from the bottom of my heart. You are a kind man. I feel better now. Then I really thank you. Good bye...”



In the moment, his usual crying face with runny nose turned to the bright smiling face. Then in the next moment, he has disappeared.

“Hey old man! Where did you go? You told me that you were powerless. You asked me to take you out. Hey old man! Old geezer! Come back here!”



I was feeling somehow sad and crying big tears. My face turned like the one of that old man who used to be with me for long.



Well, 5 years has passed since then. Though now I'm 73 years old, I'm in the best of health. I don't take a hard training any more. Sometimes I tell my story in a meeting to the people who want to listen to it. I tell about life to the people who are fighting becoming bloody. What I want to say is that our enemies also have much sorrows. When we stop our hate against them and accept them, we can feel a bit better, regardless of our enemies are human, diseases or whatever.



