



The Kurodahan Press Translation Prize

It gives us great pleasure to announce the Kurodahan Press Translation Prize, awarded for excellence in translation of a selected Japanese short story into English. We hope that it will be possible to continue this prize as an annual event.

Kurodahan Press was established to preserve and circulate contemporary and historical observations of Asia, and to produce informative and entertaining translations. The Japanese literary world needs no help from us in producing outstanding works, but they cannot be introduced to a broader, global audience without skilled translators capable of rendering delicate nuances and atmospheres into another language.

The Kurodahan Press Translation Prize is held to help locate and encourage these translators.

The short story to be translated is 忠告 by 恩田陸, and is extremely short: only about 1,700 characters in length. That's right, 1,700.

Submissions will be accepted through September 30, 2010, Japan time.

The winning entry will receive a cash prize, and an additional payment for first English publication rights in our upcoming SF&F anthology. Submissions will not be returned, but translators will retain all applicable rights to their work.

For additional information and the contest package download, please see our website:

<http://www.kurodahan.com/mt/e/khpprize/>

or write us at:

Kurodahan Press
3-9-10-403 Tenjin
Chuo-ku, Fukuoka
810-0001 JAPAN



The 2010 Kurodahan Press Translation Prize

Kurodahan Press is pleased to announce the 2010 Kurodahan Press Translation Prize, awarded for translation excellence of a selected Japanese short story into English. In the event that the prize is awarded, the winning translation will be published in an upcoming Kurodahan Press anthology.

1. Eligibility

There are no restrictions whatsoever on translator participation. All translators are encouraged to apply, regardless of whether or not you have worked with us before.

2. Submission

Send your translation to the below address, by regular postal mail or (preferably) E-mail.

Please be sure to read the submission instructions, which cover formatting requirements (for both printouts and electronic files) and provide information on Kurodahan Press standards and other points. Submission instructions are given in the style sheet included in the contest package at:

<http://www.kurodahan.com/mt/e/khpprize/2010prize.pdf>

Submitted translations will not be returned, but the translator will retain all rights to the translation. Kurodahan Press will receive first publication rights to the winning translation, to be arranged under a separate and specific agreement.

No information about any submissions, including the names or contact information for people submitting translations, will be made available to any third party, including the judges, with the exception of the name of the winner (or a pseudonym, if the winner prefers). Translators are of course welcome to tell anyone they wish that they have made a submission.

3. Source material

The story to be translated is

忠告 by 恩田陸 Roughly 1,700 字

The submission package, including provisional table of contents for the anthology, style sheet and instructions, is available as a downloadable PDF. Note that because the story is in print, translators are requested to purchase the book (虚構機関—年刊日本 SF 傑作選), which is available at most bookstores, including Amazon Japan:

<http://www.amazon.co.jp/dp/4488734014/kurodahanpres-22>

However, the author has graciously authorized us to attach a scan of the story to this PDF.

4. Application Deadline

Translations must be received no later than September 30, 2010. A notice confirming receipt will be issued. The results should be announced by the end of the year.



5. Submission address and contact

Grand Prize / one winner

30,000 yen prize money, and contract for publication in an upcoming Kurodahan Press anthology (Speculative Japan Volume 3) for an additional payment of 15,000 yen (first English publication rights; translator keeps all other rights to translation).

Note: Prize payments will be subject to source-tax deductions as required by Japanese law.

Submissions should be sent to:

Kurodahan Press

3-9-10-403 Tenjin

Chuo-ku, Fukuoka

810-0001 Japan

Electronic submissions preferred via our website.

6. Notification

All contest entrants will be informed of the contest results. The winner's name (or a pseudonym if desired) will be posted on the Kurodahan Press website.

7. Judging

All decisions will be final and except in extremely unusual circumstances the reasons for the decision and the specific votes of the judges will not be revealed. The goal of the contest, simply stated, is to produce an English translation faithful to the original, which can be read and enjoyed by someone with no specialized knowledge of Japan or Japanese.

The winner will be selected by the following three judges:

- Alfred Birnbaum
- Juliet Winters Carpenter
- Meredith McKinney



Style Guide for Kurodahan Translation Contest Submissions

v1.1 of May 31, 2008

This document is in two parts. The first part refers to the technical specifications we expect to see in documents submitted to us. The second part covers conventions of usage we prefer to see. As one might expect, the first part is less open to modification than the second part.

Part One: Technical Specifications

Word processing:

Please submit documents in Microsoft Word DOC format if possible. RTF or TXT files are also acceptable, but DOC files are preferred. If you would like to use a different file format please contact us in advance.

Document formatting:

Use a common font (such as Times) at 10 or 12 point size.

As much as possible, use only one font at one size throughout your document. See part two for a discussion of special accented characters.

Use italics for emphasis.

Do not start paragraphs with tabs, and do not insert an extra return between paragraphs.

If there is a blank line in the source text, use "***blank line" in the document.

You can use headers and footers if you wish, but do not put important information in headers or footers if it does not also appear somewhere else. If possible (depending on your software), put page numbers and your name in either the header or footer on every page.

Document layout:

On the first page of your document, include the following information in the following order. Please put

(1) Your name. (This line can also include the translator's assertion of copyright.) You may of course specify a pseudonym for public release if you prefer, but please make it very clear which is which.

(2) Your contact information (current mailing address, telephone number and email). This information will be kept confidential from everyone except KHP administrative personnel and Japanese tax authorities. Specifically, it will not be released to other contestants, judges or the general public. It is required for Japanese tax purposes, however.

File name conventions:

Please give the file your own name, without spaces and using only letters and numerals. If your name is Fred Smith, for example, name your file something like FredSmith.doc. Please add the correct extension for the file type if you are using a Macintosh, UNIX or other non-Windows system.

In general:

Avoid fancy formatting of all types. The contest judges your translation and writing abilities, not your artistic skills.

Make your document plain and simple. It may not be as attractive as you might like, but it will keep problems and file sizes to a minimum.



Part Two: Style Conventions

For the sake of convenience and to aid in mutual understanding, Kurodahan Press turns to the Chicago Manual of Style to answer questions as they arise. We will not always follow the Chicago Manual's advice, but we will start there to explain what we prefer to see in print.

For information on handling uniquely Japanese situations, we refer to the style guide of Monumenta Nipponica, which is available as a downloadable PDF from

http://monumenta.cc.sophia.ac.jp/MN_Style.html

Kurodahan Press uses American English as the basis of its own documents and most of its publications. If a translator prefers to use a different set of spelling and usage conventions, we will not object, but we will insist on internal consistency. Punctuation will follow American usage as outlined in the Chicago Manual.

We also use the following general reference works as authorities: Encyclopaedia Britannica, and for U.S. spelling, and Webster's Third New International Dictionary (the big heavy one that was in your school library).

We view matters of style and usage as conventions, not laws, and so we are open to reasoned argument if a translator wishes to do something other than what we initially require. Please be aware that "this is right" and "this is wrong" are not in themselves convincing arguments.

Representing the source language in the translation:

While Kurodahan Press normally romanizes extended vowels with macrons, people submitting translations may have difficulty with these special characters. For that reason, while we welcome the use of macrons or circumflexes over extended vowels, they are not required and will not be considered when judging a submission.

Chinese, Japanese, and Korean names are given in Asian order (for example: Murakami Haruki). Western names are given in Western order (for example: Tom Hanks). The general principle we follow is this: we wish to represent names as they would be represented in the source language culture. We recognize that this gets tricky sometimes, so discussion is possible in special cases. The name of a character in a Japanese novel is not, in our view, a special case.

Recasting passages:

Recasting is often necessary to make an original text read smoothly in English. Our goal is to produce texts that will appeal to general readers: translations should read smoothly, and should not attract attention to themselves in places where their original authors did not intend to attract attention.

Allusions in the source text:

A source text will often refer to a work of art or literature, to a cultural practice, proverb, famous place, or other aspect of common culture that readers of the original can be expected to understand. In cases where English readers could be expected to follow the allusion, the translation should attempt to reproduce it as closely as possible. If the source text refers to something which would be unfamiliar to English readers, the translation should recast the passage to retain the flavor of the original as much as possible. This may involve brief, discreet definitions (something like: "Amaterasu, the sun goddess") or more substantial recasting.



Quoted titles of works in the source language:

If a work makes reference to a publication in the source language, the translator should (a) romanize the reference if the work is not available in English translation, or (b) replace it with a reference to the most recent published English translation. If the atmosphere conveyed by a title, rather than the specific text being referred to, is most important to the meaning of a passage, the translator might choose to translate the title. This applies to works of fiction intended for general readers – specialist texts, nonfiction, and bibliographies require different treatment.

Unusual dialects

This is a constant problem, and many attempts at dialect can be way off course. You should try to suggest regional accents or bumpkin-ness through a few well-chosen words and phrases, and leave most of the sentences as standard speech.

Many translators have suggested or used many different ways of doing this, but (in our considered opinion) none of them is really successful. For example, "Them people up there" as opposed to "those people" is preferable to "Them people uppa yonder." We want to suggest something of the flavor of the original, but we can't slow readers down, or make them laugh when the scene isn't funny, or (the worst) make them stop and think "that's odd." Using prohibition-era gangster slang for a yakuza speaking Osaka dialect just doesn't work.

Scoring scheme for Kurodahan Press Translation Prize submissions

The goals of the contest are given in the announcement as “to produce an English translation faithful to the original, which can be read and enjoyed by someone with no specialized knowledge of Japan or Japanese.”

Scoring is broken down into three sections, all of which are left up to your individual subjective judgments. You do not have to give any reason for your decisions; that’s why you’re jurors. This is merely a suggestion as to one possible way of judging the entries. Be sure to read the paragraph at the very bottom, too!

1. Translation accuracy

This part is fairly straightforward, and can be handled fairly simply by merely rating the translation as

Unsatisfactory: 0 points

Significant translation errors or Japanese-specific issues that are not explained sufficiently for the English-only reader.

Acceptable: 5 points

No major problems, but a lot of nuances and peripheral meanings that would add depth to the work in English have been lost in translation.

Good: 10 points

Pretty obvious.

2. Representation of the original

Probably the most subjective part of all, this is your judgment of how well the translator captured the style, atmosphere, thrust, etc of the author. Naturally no translation will provide the same reading experience as the original, but how close did the translator come? Do you feel that the translator has inserted too many of his own interpretations? Or failed to reasonably convey the intent of the author?

Just go ahead and assign a point total from 0 (terrible) to 10 (superb). Again, 5 would be “acceptable,” representing the average translator.

3. English flow

Regardless of how the translator has actually translated the work, how was the English itself? Vocabulary, structure, readability, flavor, etc. Does it still have that “醤油臭さ” with the source Japanese visible between the lines? Does it feel like it was written in English? Perhaps all traces of Japan have been obliterated and it could work equally well in Poughkeepsie?

Just go ahead and assign a point total from 0 (terrible) to 10 (superb). Again, 5 would be “acceptable,” representing the average translator.

If everything works properly, this should give each work a total point count of from zero to 90 (three jurors), which should be enough to eliminate ties.

Note on Romanization:

There are many ways to Romanize Japanese, and I don’t think we should penalize translators for using uncommon ones. Translating 太郎 as Tarō, Tarou, Taroh or Taro is acceptable (although I personally prefer the first one). If the translator chooses to write Tom instead, that’s just flat wrong.

Special note for judges who really don’t have time for all this nonsense:

The point is to try to make sure different submissions end up with different point totals. As long as that can be accomplished, you can forget about the scoring methods describes above and just assign a single total score of zero to ten, with ten being best. The goal is to figure out which translation is best, not eat up all your spare time!

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Dear Master

「忠告」 (*chūkoku*, The Warning) by Onda Riku

Dear Master,

Thank yoo for always taking mee for walks and playing ball with mee. This summer it is very hot and cool sheet yoo put out for mee is very comfortbul. It is getting hotter and hotter every year. Global warming, I guess. It is getting harder on feet, walking barefoot.

There is a lot I want to talk about, but I'm in a hurry, so I will keep it short.

I'm very worried about yoo, Master. Fact is, Master, yoo're in danger. Run away. Master's wife is scary, awful person. She kick mee, hit mee with tin can when yoo're not around.

But she's all smiles when yoo're nearby. All smiles. Scary person. When yoo're out, Master, man from house with blue roof comes. Man with beard. He is very friendly with Master's wife.

They are always talking about yoo. Not nice thingz. Very friendly, those two. They make believe. They fooling yoo.

Other day they say kill yoo, make it look like burglar, funeral. They very friendly. Run away. They talk it over, the two of them. Master, they awful.

I very worried.

At night, doorbell ring four times, burglar, beard man from house with blue roof. Believe mee. Believe mee, Master.

This is John. John the dog. Sleep on cool sheet by front door. I am John.

The reason I can write is amazing, amazing.

Last month, at night, everyone away on trip, I alone, big round disc in sky, I barked and barked. Strong light white light shine on mee. I abul to read and write. I can write but it's not easy to write with pen in mouth. But I couldn't bear to stand by without saying sumthing.

Master, run away. I worried.

Believe mee. This is John. Master's shoo, when we take walk I see triangle scratch I always look at yoor shooz.

This week, night, for sure. When doorbell ring four times.

**blank line

The man had read this far in the letter when he heard his wife call out, "Who's the letter from?" She had peeked out from the kitchen and was looking at him oddly.

The man quickly folded up the letter. "No one. I mean, it just looks like some kid's prank. Pretty good job, too." He looked down at his feet and saw that his dog John was wagging his tail and looking up at him with a pleading look.

"There, boy. Good boy, John." When the man went to pat his head, the dog started licking the man's leather shoes while still wagging his tail. As he watched the dog, he noticed for the first time that there was a triangular scratch on one shoe right where the dog had been licking.

"Dear, would you put out the glasses?" He heard his wife call out from the kitchen.

"It can't be." He walked toward the kitchen shaking his head.

John kept wagging his tail for a short while as he watched his master walk away, but then he suddenly headed for the front door and started barking vigorously. The man stopped walking and stared at John.

"John, what's the matter, boy?"

"It sounds like someone's at the door. Would you get it, dear?"

"Who would it be at this hour?"

Before the man reached his front door, the doorbell rang four times.

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Chukoku: Warning
Onda Riku

deer mester im deeply in yoor favor
 thenk yoo for walking and pleying ball wit me this summr wuz veree hot the cold sheets wur helpful
 it gets hotter evree yeer its becuz of globul warming isnt it it gets harder to walk outside barefeet
 evree yeer
 id like to rite more but im in rush ill get to the point
 im veree wurried mester
 truth is mester yoor life is in denjer pleez run away
 mester yoor wife is skaree terribul purson
 wen yoor not round mester she kick me and throw empte cans at me
 but in front of yoo mester she is always smiling she is skaree purson wen yoor away the man from
 bloo roof house comes a beard man comes and is making nice with her
 they always call yoo names and making nice
 they cheeted behind yoor back all this time
 im veree wurried but recentlee they talked about making it look like robree and killing yoo making
 nice after fyoonral and run away they r terribul mester
 im veree wurried
 at nite if door bell rings for times bloo roof man beard man come for robree
 pleez beleev me pleez beleev me mester
 im jon yoor dog jon im jon i sleep on cold sheets neer the front door
 y ken i rite it must be strenj its strenj
 lest munth at nite wen evreeyun wuz away on trip thayr wuz a round big disk in the sky at nite I
 barkd and barkd and wuz washd in strong wite lite i ken now reed and rite
 i ken rite letters its hard to rite wit a pen in my mout but i ken not sit still
 mester pleez run away im wurried
 pleez beleev me im jon wen we go walking I always see triangul skcratch on yoor shoo
 im shoor this week at nite wen the door bell rings for times...

**blank line

The man had read this much of the letter when his wife called him.

"Who's that letter from?"

His wife peered from the kitchen and gave him a strange look.

The man hastily put it away.

"It's nothing. It looks like some kid's prank—and a pretty sophisticated one at that."

When he looked down at his feet, his dog Jon was suddenly there wagging its tail and was gazing at him pleadingly.

"That's a good boy, Jon."

As he attempted to pat Jon's head, the canine licked at his shoes while wagging its tail. When he looked where Jon was licking, there was a triangle-shaped scratch that he never noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen.

"Could you bring out the drink glasses, dear?"

"Nah, it can't be..."

The man shook his head as he headed to the kitchen.

Jon followed the man for a moment while wagging its tail but abruptly turned toward the front door and began to bark wildly. The man stopped and silently stared at Jon.

"What's wrong, Jon?"

"Looks like someone's at the door. Could you see who it is, dear?"

In the time it took for the man to reach the front door, the doorbell rang four times.

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A Warning

_deer Master thank u for evrythings
 all ways taking wark plaing with borl thank u the coled mat this hot summa was gud evry yeer is getting hot becos
 global warming isnt it?
 in bear feet walking owtside evry yeer is getting hard
 i want tork mor abowt things but I am in a huree so I carnt
 i am very wuree Master
 to tell the truth u ar in danger plees run away
 misses Master is a scary bad person
 when Master is not there I am all ways kicked and empty tins thrown at me
 when Master is there she is a smiley smiley person but when Master is gon blue-roof-house man with mustash
 cums misses Master gud frend
 all ways gud frend say bad thing abowt Master
 all ways pretend not to know
 but these days pretend burgla kill Master funeral gud friend run away tork abowt Master bad
 very wuree
 nitetime bell 4 times burglar blue-roof-mustash man
 beleev me beleev me Master
 im JOHN JOHN the dog hall coled mat sleeping JOHN
 wy I can rite the letters its strange
 last month nite everybody owt empty house nite sky big rownd thing I was barking and barking strong lite wite lite
 now reeding riting I can do
 wurd I can rite but with pen in mowth riting is hard but I carnt wate
 Master run away wureed
 beleev me im JOHN Masters shoes taking wark the triangul scratch all ways lukking
 this week nite probly the bell ring 4 times‘

That was as far as he had read when his wife called to him.

_Who is it from?‘

She leaned her head round the kitchen door to look at her husband; she was curious.

He quickly folded up the letter.

_I‘m not sure. It looks like a children’s prank ... It’s quite elaborate.‘

The man looked down to find good old John looking up at him with an imploring look, tail wagging.

_OK. OK, John.‘

He went to pat the dog’s head. Still wagging its tail, John licked the man’s shoes. The man looked down at where the dog was licking and noticed, for the first time, a triangular scratch on the side of his shoe.

His wife called from the kitchen.

_Could you get the glasses, darling?‘

_... It can’t be.‘

The man walked towards the kitchen shaking his head.

John continued to follow the man with his eyes, his tail still wagging. Then, suddenly, he turned towards the hall and started to bark furiously. The man stopped and stared at the dog.

_What’s wrong, John?‘

_It sounds like there’s somebody there. Could you get it, darling?‘

_Who could it be at this time?‘

As he walked towards the hall, the bell rang four times.

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Warning

by Onda Riku

dear master
 thank you for everything
 thank you for always walking me and playing ball with me summer was so hot this year but the cold sheet
 helped a lot global warming is making it hotter every year isnt it walking barefoot outside will probably get
 harder every year
 there are many more things i want to say but this is urgent i will get right to the point
 i am very worrying for you master
 danger is closing in on master please run away
 it is masters wife she scares me she is terrible person
 when master is gone she always kicks me hits me hard with empty cans
 but in front of master wife is always smiley smiley she scares me when master is gone the man from the
 blue roof house comes the man with the mustache comes here is very friendly with wife
 they always say bad things of master are very friendly
 fooling master pretending since long ago
 but now they are planning together it will look like a robbery they will kill master have a funeral they
 are very friendly will run away together they are terrible to master
 i am very worrying
 night when the doorbell rings four times robbery the blue roof the man with the mustache
 please believe me please believe me master
 i am john your dog john i am john who sleeps on the cold sheet
 how i learned to write words is strange thing strange
 one night last month when everyone was away on trip it was night in the sky round thing big thing
 like frisbee and when I barked and barked at it strong light white light it shone on me and then i learned
 words i could read words i could write words
 i can write words but i cant say words writing words is hard but i cant just sit and do nothing
 please master run away I am worrying
 please believe me i am john when master walks me on masters shoe i always see the triangle scratch on
 masters shoe
 this week for sure night when the doorbell rings fourth time -- "

* * *

"Did you get a letter from someone?" his wife called out when he had read that far.
 She had poked her head out of the kitchen and was looking at her husband with an odd expression as he read
 the letter.

He hurriedly folded it up.

"Nah, just neighborhood kids up to no good. Pretty involved little prank, though."

When he happened to look down at his feet, he saw his dear old dog looking back up at him, wagging his tail
 -- almost as though he were pleading with him for something.

"Hey there, John," he consoled. "It's all right."

He reached out to pet his dog on the head, but John -- still wagging his tail -- turned and started licking his
 shoes instead. They lay on the tile floor of the entryway, right where he left them each evening when he arrived
 home from work. When he looked at the spot where John was licking, he saw a triangular scuff mark. The shoe
 must have gotten scratched at some point without his noticing.

"Honey, set out the glasses, will you?" his wife called from the kitchen.

"That just isn't possible, though..." he muttered.

Shaking his head, he turned and headed off toward the kitchen.

John just stood there for a while wagging his tail, watching him go. Then suddenly, he whirled around toward
 the front door and began barking at it ferociously. The man stopped and turned to stare at John.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"Sounds like someone's at the door. Can you answer it, dear?"

"Who'd be coming here at this time of night?"

As he was walking toward the entrance, the doorbell rang four times.

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The Caution

By Onda Riku

Dear kind Master

Thank yu for always taking me walkies playing ball this year was hot cool sheet helped every year gets hotter
problem is globul warming go walkies paws outside gets tuffer every year

i want to say more but in hurry

i very worried Master

danger is coming to Master please run

Masters wife is scary very bad woman

when Master not there she always kick me throw empty cans at me

but in front of Master smile scary person when Master out man from blue roof house come man with beard
comes friendly with wife

friendly always talk bad about Master

always pretend tricking Master

but now plan to kill Master make look like burgalry after fewneral talk about friendly run away together very bad
Master

i very worried

in evening bell ring 4 times burgalar come blue roof man with beard

beleeve me please beleeve me Master

i am john your dog john sleeping in porch on cool sheet

it strange i can rite strange

last munth at night everyone away only i here large round frizbee in sky i bark and bark strong white light on me
now can reed and rite

can rite letters but riting pen in mouth is difficult but had to

Master please run i worried

beleeve me i am john always looking at triangle scratch on Masters shoe when walkies

this week in evening bell will ring then...

**blank line

He had just read that far when his wife called out to him.

—Who's the letter from?" She had popped her head out of the kitchen and was looking strangely at her husband, who was reading a letter. The man hurriedly folded up it up.

—No-one, just a kid's prank but it's cleverly done."

He happened to glance down at his feet and his faithful dog was suddenly there looking up at him, as if trying to say something, wagging its tail.

—Good boy, John"

When he tried to stroke the dog's head, the dog licked his leather shoe and continued wagging its tail. Looking at the place the dog was licking he saw a triangular mark that he had not noticed before. His wife called from the kitchen.

—Can you put the glasses out, dear?"

—It couldn't be..." he shook his head and walked towards the kitchen.

John watched him go, still wagging his tail, but then turned towards the porch and started barking furiously. The man stopped and stared at John.

—What's wrong, John?"

—Someone's at the door. Can you see who it is, dear?"

—Who can it be at this time?"

As the man walked towards the front door, the door bell rang four times.

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Yours Faithfully

By Onda Riku

deer master

*thanks for walking and playing ball with me was hot this summer loved the cool sheet eech yeer is hotter cos of
global warming eech yeer its harder to walk barefoot
theres lots i want to tell yoo but im in a hurry so wont rite much
im very wurried for yoo master
in fact master yor in danger run away
yor wife a scary terrible person
when yor away i get kicked and hit with empty can
but when yor home she always smiles she scary when yor out man from the bloo roof house comes
man with beard comes theyre frends
they say bad things about yoo theyre frends
she plays innocent but shes a cheet
but lately planning staged robbery kill yoo master fyooneral theyre friends run away both of them
master its terrible
im very wurried
nite bell ring 4 times robbery bloo roof man with beard
pleez beleev me pleez beleev me master
its me jon the dog i sleep on the cool sheet neer the front dor its me jon
its weerd but i can rite
last month at nite yoo wer away i saw a big circle in the sky i barked and barked strong wite lite shon
on me and i found i cood reed and rite
i can rite i hold a pen in my mouth wen i rite its hard but i had too tell yoo
master run away im wurried
pleez beleev me its me jon on our walks i see triangle scratch on yor shoo
this week night bell ring 4 times*

The man had read this far when his wife called out.

—Who’s the letter from?”

She looked in from the kitchen, curious to know what he was reading.

He hurriedly folded the letter.

—Oh, it’s obviously some kid’s prank. Quite an elaborate one at that.”

He looked down towards the floor and noticed that his dog was wagging his tail as if trying to tell him something.

—OK, Jon, alright.”

As he patted Jon’s head, the dog began licking the man’s shoe. It was then that he noticed the triangular scratch for the first time.

—Honey, could you get a couple of glasses for me?” called his wife from the kitchen.

—..it couldn’t be” he thought as he shook his head and walked towards the kitchen.

Jon wagged his tail and followed his master for a moment, eventually going back out to the hall, where he began to bark wildly. The man stood still and looked towards his dog.

—What’s up, Jon?”

—It sounds like there’s somebody at the door. Will you go and see who it is, honey?”

—Who could it be at this time of night?”

While the man walked towards the door, the bell rang four times.

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to my kind mastir

thank you—always walking me—playing ball—this summer was—hot—so the cooling mat really helped—every year—its getting hotter—its global warming isnt it—every year—its getting harder—to walk outside barefoot

i want to tell you—so much more—but i have to hurry

mastir—im—very—worried

mastir—i need to tell you—youre—in—dangir—please run

mastirs wife—scary—terrible—person

when you are—gone—i am always—kicked—and cans—kicked hard at me

but—when mastir is here—wife always smiles happy smile—scary person—when you are gone—a man—comes—from the house with the blue roof—a man—comes—a bearded—man—comes—he is very friendly—with wife always—very friendly—saying bad things—about mastir

always—hiding—tricking you

but recently—talking together—about fake robbery—kill—mastir—funeral—run away very friendly—mastir—theyre terrible

im very worried

at night—when the doorbell rings—four times—robbery—bearded man—blue roof

mastir—please believe me—please believe me

its me jon—the dog—jon—at the entrance—cooling mat—sleeping—its me jon

why—i can rite now—is a mistery—its a mystery

since last moth—everyone—traveling—at night—i was home alone—big—round—circle—in the sky—i howled and howled—then—a strong light—white light—fell on me—and i could read—and rite

i can rite—but—holding the pen—in my mouth—to rite—is ruff—but i have to do—something

mastir—please run—im worried

please believe me—its me—jon—i always see mastirs shoes—when we walk—triangle scratch—shoes—i always see it

certainly—this week—night—when the doorbell—rings—four times

After the man had read that far, he was interrupted by his wife.

"Who's the letter from?"

The wife was sticking her head out from the kitchen and looking curiously at her husband.

The man hurriedly folded the letter.

"It's just some prank. They did a pretty good job though."

When the man glanced down at his feet, he noticed that his beloved dog, Jon, was there. Jon was wagging his tail and looking up at the man as if trying to say something.

"That's a good boy Jon."

When the man tried to pet Jon on the head, Jon, with his tail still wagging, started licking the man's leather shoe. Looking at the place where Jon was licking, the man saw a triangular scratch-mark that he had never noticed before.

The man's wife called from the kitchen.

"Dear, could you take out the glasses?"

"...There's no way."

Shaking his head, the man walked toward the kitchen.

Wagging his tail, Jon watched for a few moments as the man walked away. Jon suddenly turned his head toward the entrance and started barking violently. The man stopped and looked steadily at Jon.

"What is it Jon?"

"Someone must have come. Could you answer the door? Dear."

"Who could it be at this time?"

As the man walked toward the entrance, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\012.doc

—A Warning” by Takashi Onda

Dear Beneficent Master,

Thank you for always taking me out for walks and playing ball with me We had a hot summer
 this year but the chilled sheets you provided kept me cool Every year gets a little hotter
 and each summer walking barefoot outside becomes more insufferable It seems that all the talk about
 global warming has some weight after all
 I would love to go on talking about these and other such matters but time is short
 so I must get to the point

Dear Master Im troubled

Fact is youre in danger Please get away
 That wife of yours is a dreadful vicious person
 In your absence Master she kicks me and throws empty cans at me
 But when youre nearshes all smiles What a terrible person she is And when My Dear
 Master is away the fellow who lives in the house with the blue roof comes over to see her
 You know the fellow with the beard He and Madam get along very well

<BLANK SPACE>

Always speaking disparagingly of My Master They get along well
 Madam pretends innocence but shes deceiving you
 But soon robber posing kill you funeral They get along very
 well

Run away advice Those two My Master vicious
 Im very worried
 One night when the doorbell rings four times robber blue house
 fellow with beard

Please believe me Dear Master Please believe me
 This is John your dog John sleeping on the chilled sheet in the foyer
 You must be wondering how I learned to write It must seem strange to you
 Well One night last month when everyone was away on vacation a large round
 disk in the sky I howled and it showered me with intense white light
 Then suddenly I could read and write
 But even though I can write its painful holding a pen in my mouth
 Even so having learned I cant keep from it
 Dear Master please run away I fear for your life
 Please believe me This is John who always looks triangular scar
 shoe when we walk
 This week night surely doorbellwhen rings four times

<BLANK SPACE>

This is as far as he'd read when his wife called him.

—Who's the letter from?" she asked, poking her head out of the kitchen and looking at her husband curiously as he read it. Caught off-guard, he panicked and folded up the letter.

—What, this? Oh, it's just a letter from the school. I guess the boys are having trouble with a bully, or something. If it's not one thing, then it's another!"

He glanced at his feet and for the first time noticed his dog John there, wagging his tail with a look of supplication in his eyes.

—There, there, John. Good boy." he said, rubbing the dog's head as it wagged it's tail and lapped his boots. He looked down at the spot John was licking and caught sight of a triangular scratch that he'd gotten unawares. Just then, his wife called him from the kitchen again.

—Honey? Come and get the glasses from the cupboard for me, would you, please?"

—Give me a break, *will you!*" he muttered, shaking his head as he walked toward the kitchen.

John stayed behind, still wagging his tail as he saw his master off, but a moment later the dog spun around toward the entrance and began howling fiercely. His master stopped, turned around, and fixed him with a stare.

—What is it, John?" he asked.

—Sounds like someone's at the door." his wife called. —Could you get it?"

—Who in the world could it be at *this* hour?" he huffed as he approached the entrance.

John's master had gotten only a few steps toward the door when the bell rang four times.

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Warning

By Onda Riku

—Dear Master You look after me well

Thank you for walking me and playing ball with me always Very nice to have a cool sheet as this summer has been very hot Global warming must be making it hotter every year Walking outside with bare feet is getting more and more painful

I would love to talk more but have to stop now as I have no time

I am very worried my Master

You are in grave danger Please run

Your wife is a scary bad person

When you are not here she always kicks me and throws an empty can at me

But she smiles in front of you Scary person When you are out the man from the blue roof house comes here

The bearded man comes Close to your wife

Always saying bad things about you Very close

Pretending cheating all this time

But recently they have been talking about killing you making it look like a robbery Talk about getting away together after your funeral Bad

I am very worried

If the doorbell rings four times at night it's a robber the bearded man blue roof

Please believe me believe me Master

I am John Your dog I sleep at the front door on the cool sheet John

You wonder why I can write? Strange

Last month at night when you were all away on a trip I saw a big round disc in the sky I barked and barked and this bright light white light flashed on me and I was able to read and write

I can write Hard to write with a pen in my mouth but I have to write to you

Master please run I'm worried

Please believe me I am John I always watch a triangle mark on your shoe when you walk me

This week at night if the doorbell rings four times"

**blank line

At this point the wife called out to the husband.

—Who is that from?"

The wife popped her head out of the kitchen and looked curiously at the husband as he read the letter.

Hastily he folded up the letter.

—No, I think it's a prank... quite elaborate though"

He looked down and there was his beloved pet dog John, wagging his tail and looking up as if he wanted to tell him something.

—Good boy, John!"

When the husband reached to pat John's head, the dog licked his leather shoe as he wagged his tail. The man turned his eyes to the spot that John was licking and saw a triangular mark that he had not noticed before.

The wife called out again from the kitchen.

—Darling, can you get me some glasses?"

—... can't be"

The husband shook his head as he walked toward the kitchen.

John watched him while wagging his tail, then suddenly turned to the front door and began to bark furiously.

The husband stopped and stared at John.

—What's the matter, John?"

—Darling, someone's at the door. Can you get it?"

—Who can it be, this late at night"

As the husband walked toward the front door, the doorbell rang four times.

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 –A Friendly Warning”
 Onda Riku

~~dear~~ master

thank you for always taking me out on walks and playing ball with me it was hot this summer and the cool plastic bedding was a real lifesaver it must be global warming that makes it hotter every year walking barefoot outside gets harder every year to

i wish i could write more but i am in a hurry i must get to the point

i'm very worried master

master is in danger please run away

master's missis is a scary bad person

she always kicks me and throws cans at me when master is not around

missis always smiles in front of master but she is a scary person when master is not home man from the house with blue roof comes that man with beard comes and plays with missis

always badmouthing master and have fun together

for long time they pretend nothing's wrong and trick master

but now they plan to make look like burglar and kill master and do funeral and run away together the two of them it's terrible master

i'm very worried

when door bell rings four times at night is burglar the blue roof beard man

believe me please believe me master

this is John John the dog John sleeps on cool plastic sheet by the front door

isn't it odd how i learned to write yes it's odd

one night last month nobody home away on trip one night a big round saucer in the sky i bark and bark then big flash white light hit me and now i can read and write

i can write now holding pen with my mouth and writing is hard but i can't stand this any more

master please run away i'm so worried

please believe me this is John master's shoe when we go for walks i always see a triangle scuff on master's shoe this week at night for sure when the doorbell rings four times”

That was as far as he got when his wife called out to him. “Did someone write you?” She peered out from the kitchen, looking quizzically at her husband reading the letter. Flustered, he quickly folded the letter. “No, probably just some kid’s prank – pretty elaborate, though.”

He happened to look down by his feet, and found his dog John looking up at him with his tail wagging, as if trying to tell him something. “Good boy, John,” he said, and reached down to pet the dog’s head. John, wagging his tail, then started licking the man’s leather shoe. He looked to see where the dog was licking. There was a triangular scuff mark he had never noticed before.

His wife called out from the kitchen, “Honey, can you get the glasses out?”

“No way,” the man shook his head and walked toward the kitchen.

His tail wagging, John watched the man walk away. Then he quickly turned toward the front door and began to bark ferociously. The man stopped, staring in at John. “What’s wrong, John?”

“I think someone’s at the door. Can you get it, honey?” his wife said.

“Who can it be at this hour?” As he walked toward the door, the bell rang four times.

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The Tip-off

by Riku Onda

'Dear Master,
 I am as always in your debt.
 Thank you for always taking me for walks and playing ball.
 Summer was hot this year so the cooling mat was helpful.
 Going for a walk too gets harder each year.
 There are so many more things I want to talk about but no time.
 I am very worried, Master.
 The truth is, you are in danger, Master, please run away.
 Your wife is a frightening and terrible person.
 She kicks me and throws things at me when you are away.
 But whenever Master is around she just smiles and smiles. She is a scary person.
 When Master is gone he comes from the house with the blue roof, the man with the beard, he and your wife are close.
 They are close and always talk badly about Master.
 They pretend they don't know and have been fooling you for a long time.
 But lately they talk of faking a robbery, kill Master then get close at the funeral.
 Talk about running away together, Master, this is terrible.
 I am so worried.
 When the bell rings 4 times in the night, robbery, the man with the beard from the blue roofed house.
 Please believe me, please believe me, Master.
 I am Tarō, Tarō the dog. I sleep in the front hall with the cooling mat.
 It is very odd how I learnt to write, it is strange.
 One night last month everyone was away traveling.
 In the night there was a large round disc in the sky.
 I howled and howled, there was a strong light, a blinding white light.
 I became able to read and write words.
 I could now write.
 Writing with this pen in my mouth is hard but my heart will not let me sit by and do nothing.
 Master, please run away.
 I am so worried.
 Please believe me.
 I am Tarō, when we go for a walk I always see a triangle shaped mark on your shoe.
 One night this week when the bell rings four times...'

Just as he reached that point he was called by his wife.
 "Is it a letter from someone?"
 The wife poked her head out of the kitchen and looked strangely at her husband reading the letter.
 The man folded it up hastily.
 "No, it looks like a kid's prank...if so, it's a pretty elaborate one..."
 He looked down at his feet and there was his beloved dog Tarō looking up at him, wagging his tail as though he had something to say.
 "Good boy, Tarō."
 As he went to pat the dog's head, it wagged its tail and licked his shoe. When he looked at the wet patch he saw a three sided mark he had never noticed before.
 His wife called from the kitchen.
 "Dear, can you take out the glass for recycling?"
 "...this can't be real..."
 He shook his head and walked towards the kitchen. Tarō briefly wagged his tail and watched the man walk away.
 Suddenly the dog turned towards the front entrance and started to bark violently. The man stopped in his tracks and looked straight at Tarō.
 "What's wrong, boy?"

big round saucer in night sky
 howld and howld at it
 then
 bathed in brilliant light
 white light
 then
 cud reed and rite
 can rite now
 pen in mouth and rite
 so difficult
 but just had tell you
 master run way
 worried
 pleez believe me
 john
 on walks
 always see
 your shoe
 triangle-shaped mark
 this week
 night
 for sure
 doorbell ring
 four times
 then
 **blank line

He had gotten that far when his wife called out to him.

–Who’s the letter from?” the woman poked her head out from the kitchen and looked curiously at her husband reading the letter.

He hastily folded up the paper. –It’s just some kids playing a joke. They’re pretty good.” Suddenly he glanced at his feet. His faithful dog John was there, wagging his tail and looking up at him entreatingly. –Good John.” The man pet his dog’s head.

The dog continued to wag his tail as he licked the man’s shoes. The man looked down to the place where the dog was licking and saw something he had never noticed before – a triangle-shaped mark.

The woman called out from the kitchen. –Could you get some glasses out, please?”

–There’s no way...” the man said to himself. He shook his head and headed for the kitchen.

John continued to wag his tail as he watched the man head toward the kitchen. Suddenly John turned and began to howl in a strange way in the direction of the front door.

The man stopped and looked at the dog. –What is it, John?”

–Someone must be at the door. Can you go see who it is? Dear.”

–Who could it be at this hour?” The man turned to walk toward the front door.

The doorbell rang four times.

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Warning

dear master thx for the treats.

all that walking and playing catch too. thx. and this summer was hot so the cool seat was nice. it is getting hotter every year. global warming huh. just goin out with bare feet harder and harder. well i would love to chat some more but i am in a hurry so i will leave out the rest.

im real worried master. the fact is yr in danger. pls run. master your wife is scaring me. she is a monster. she kicks me and trows empty cans when you are gone. but when you are there she just smiles. shes a monster. when you are at work a man cmz over from that house with the green roof. he has a moustache. they are good friends. he is always saying bad things about you master. they pretend to be nice and you blieve them. but this time the man will pretend to be a robber and he will kill you. there will be a funeral. the man will run. later she will meet him. such monsters master.

im real worried. when it is dark the doorbell will ring four times and there will be a robber. pls believe me. pls master. this is jon. jon the dog. im always in that cool seat on the porch.

you are probly thinking it is strange that i can rite. sure its strange. one night when everybody was gone there was a big round saucer. i barked and barked and it drenched me in hot white light. soon i was abel to read. i can rite now but i have to hold the pen in my mouth so its hard but i cant hulp it.

pls run master. i worry.

pls believe me. this is jon. you have a small crack like a triangle in one of your shoes. i saw it when we were walking. im always looking after your shoes.

it will happen sometime this week. the doorbell will ring four times and

***blank line*

Here the man's wife interrupted.

—Who's the letter from?" she asked, poking her head out of the kitchen and giving him a strange look. Startled, he folded up the letter.

—What? Oh, one of the kids, I think. Some kind of prank. The writing's pretty haphazard." Lowering his eyes, he noticed his dog Jon there at his feet, wagging its tail and gazing up at him as though begging for something. —Good boy, Jon! Good boy," he said, and reached down to give it a pat on the head. The dog ducked, and licked one of his shoes, wagging its tail all the while. Where it had licked, the man noticed for the first time a small, triangular flaw in the leather. His wife called again from the kitchen.

—Be a dear and take out the recycling, will you?"

—It's simply not possible," he said to himself; and, shaking his head, he stood up and walked to the kitchen.

The dog sat there for a moment, wagging its tail and watching the man go. Suddenly it turned toward the door and started howling. The man paused in mid-stride and stared at the dog.

—What's the matter, Jon?"

—Must be someone at the door. Would you mind getting that?" said his wife.

—Who could it be at this hour?" he wondered aloud, and as he crossed the room the doorbell could be heard to ring four times.

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Warning

Dear master

I am grateful that you always take good care me. Thank you for taking me for walking, and thank you for playing ball with me. This summer was really hot so I really appreciated the cool seat in the hallway. Global warming must be the reason for the rising temperature. Because of the heat, it is becoming less and less enjoyable to walking outside. Well, there are many other things that I would like to talk about but I do not have much time so I spare them.

I am very concerned about you, dear master. The truth is your life is in danger. You need to escape. Your wife is a very scary and terribly person. When you are not around, she kicks me, and throws me empty cans. But she always pretends to be a nice person and smiles in front you. But she really is an evil person. In your absent, the man come over from the house with a blue-colored roof. The bearded man come over and make friends with your wife. They always ill speaking you and be friends to each other. She has been keeping it a secret and deceiving you. But they recently planning together to killing you disguising it act of robbery, have a funeral and run away together. They are evil. I am very worried about you, dear master. If you hear the door bell ring four times, it is the robbery, the bearded man from the house with a blue-colored roof. Please believe me, please, dear master. I am your dog, John. I am John that always lying on the cool seat at the hallway. It is strage. It is strenge that I have suddenly become able to write. It was last month when everyone away for a trip. A big circle object appeared in the sky at night. As I kept burking at it, very bright and white light hit me and I have become read and write can. Although I have become able to write, it is hard for me to write holding a pen in my mouth. But I could not sit still. Dear master, please you need to run away. Please believe me. I am John. I know that there is a triangle scratch mark on your shoe that you always wear when you take me for a walk. I am always seeing it. When sometime in this week, the door bell ring four times at night,..."

When he read till then, his wife called him.

—Who is the letter from?" She asked him as she appeared from the kitchen. She looked at her husband curiously. He folded the letter in haste. —Oh, it's nothing. It must be a bad joke from the kids in the neighborhood. Kids these days have a lot of imagination" When he lowered his gaze, his pet dog, John was there at his foot. It was wagging the tail and gazing at him as if it was trying to say something. —John, Hey buddy." As he tried to pat its head, the dog wagged the tail and licked his leather shoe. When he looked at where the dog licked, there was a triangle scratch mark that he did not notice before.

—Honey, can you put the glasses on the table?" the wife asked from the kitchen.

—.. no, no ...it can not be." the man shook his head and headed towards the kitchen.

The dog was wagging its tail and kept gazing after the man for a moment but suddenly it turned to the hallway and started burking fiercely. The man stopped and stared at John. —What's wrong John?"

—It seems someone's at the door, can you get the door? Honey?" the wife said.

—I wonder who would it be at this time of the day.." As he was walking towards the hallway, the door bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\020.docThe Warning

By Onda Riku

Dear Master,

Thank You For Always Taking Care Of Me
Thank You For Taking Me For Walk
Playing Ball With Me

This Summer Was So Hot
The Cool Seat You Gave Me Really Helped
Hey Its Global Warming
Thats Making It Hotter Right
Even Going Outside Barefoot Can Be Painful

I Wish I Could Chat For Longer
But Im In A Rush So I Will Be Quick
Im Really Worried For You Master

The Fact Is You Are In A Danger Master
Pleez Run Away
Masters Wife Is A Terrible Scary Person
I Always Get Kicked
And Empty Cans Thrown At Me
When Youre Not Around
But In Front Of You I Smiley
She Is Scary Person

When Youre Away A Man Comes
From The House With Blue Roof
The Man With Beard Comes
Hes Friends With Your Wife
Always Speaking Bad About You Master
But Friendly With Your Wife
I Keep Tricking Them Pretending I Dont Know

But The Other Day
The Two Of Them Discuss Fake Robbery
Kill Master
Your Funeral
Run Away
They Are Friends
Its Horrible Master

Im Really Worried

At Night Once The Bell
Rings Four Times
The Blue Roof Guy
The Guy With Beard
He Will Rob You
Pleez Believe Me
Pleez Believe Me Master

I Am John
Your Dog John
I Sleep On The Cool Seat

By The Front Door
I Am John

How Come I Learned To Write
Its Strange Right
It Strange

Last Munth
At Night
Everyone Was Away On Holiday
At Night A Big Round Disk
In The Sky

I Barked And Barked
Then A Bright White Light
I Was Covered In Light
I Was Abel To Read And Write

I Can Write Words
Even Though Its Hard To Write
Holding Pen In Your Mouth
But I Cant Just Sit Here And Do Nothing
Knowing What I Know

Pleez Run Away Master
Im Worry

Pleez Believe Me
I Am John
I Always See The Mark
On Your Shoes
The Triangular Mark
On Masters Shoes
When We Go For Walks

This Week
The Bell Will Ring
Four Times
It Will Ring

Just as he read that sentence, his wife called.

"Who's the letter from?"

She poked her head out from the kitchen and looked curiously at her husband reading the letter. Flustered, the man folded it away and said,

"Oh, it's some kid's idea of a joke, a pretty involved one though."

Casually looking down at his feet, he saw his dog John wagging his tail and staring up at him as if he had something urgent to say.

"There, there, John."

As he reached out to stroke his head, John started to lick his leather shoes excitedly whilst wagging his tail.

Looking at where John was licking, he saw there was a triangular mark he had never noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen,

"Honey, can you get the glasses out?"

"Not again...." he muttered. Shaking his head, he headed into the kitchen. John followed him off for a while, wagging his tail, but suddenly made a change of course for the entrance hall and started barking furiously. The man stopped in his tracks and stared fixedly at John.

"What is it, John?"

It was his wife who replied.

"Looks like someone's here. Will you go out and check, darling?"

"Who could it be at this hour?"

As the man headed out into the hall, the bell rang four times.

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A Warning Letter

By Onda Riku

—Dear Master,

Thank you for everything you have done for me.

Thank you for taking me on walks and playing ball with me. This summer was really hot, so the cooling pad you got me was a god send. Year after year it is getting hotter because of global warming. It makes it hard to walk outside bare foot.

There are still lots of things I want to tell you, but I will get to my point because I am in a hurry here.

I am really worried about you, Master. In fact, you are in danger. Please, you have to get out of there.

Your wife is a scary person, Master She is a terrible person. Whenever you are not home she kicks me around and kicks empty cans at me. In front of you she is always smiling but she is so scary, so terrible. You know that man from the house with the blue roof, the man with the beard? When you are away from home he comes over and he gets very friendly with your wife. And they always say bad things about you when they are getting friendly with each other.

I have kept quiet about it and pretended not to notice. But lately, the two of them have been talking about killing you and making it look like a burglar did it and then running off together. Oh Master, it is horrible! And I am really worried about you.

It will happen at night, when the door bell rings four times. The burglar will be the man with the beard from the house with the blue roof.

Please believe me, Master. Please believe me.

I am John. Your dog, John. I sleep on the cooling pad by the front door. I am John.

How did I become able to write? It is a very mysterious story. It happened one night last month, when you were all away on a trip. There was a big round flying saucer outside. I barked and barked at it and then I was bathed in an intense white light. After that I was able to read and write.

Of course, in order to write I have to hold the pen in my mouth and it is really hard. That being said, I have to make the effort here.

Please Master, you have to get out of there. I am worried about you.

Please believe me. I am John, your dog. I am always looking at your shoes when you take me on walks. One of them has a hole in it that is shaped like a triangle.

One night this week, when the door bell rings four times...”

**blank line

The man had just read up to that point when his wife called for him.

—Hey, who’s this letter from?” he asked.

His wife poked her head out from the kitchen and saw him reading the letter. She gave him a cryptic look.

Puzzled, he folded up the letter.

—Oh, don’t mind that. It’s just some prank being played by the kids. A pretty elaborate one, too.”

The man glanced down at his feet to see his dog John looking up at him and wagging his tail as if he was begging for something.

—Easy there, John.”

As the man went to pet John’s head, the dog licked the man’s shoes while continuing to wag his tail. When the man saw where the dog was licking, he noticed a triangular hole in his shoe that he had not noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen.

—Honey, get me a glass, would you?”

—Oh, come on...”

Shaking his head, the man started walking toward the kitchen. John sat there for a while watching the man go off, still wagging his tail, but before long he headed back to the front door and started barking furiously.

—What’s wrong, John?”

—Oh, looks like someone’s at the door. Can you go and answer it for me...honey?”

—Who could it be at this hour?”

As the man walked toward the front door, the door bell rang four times...

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Warning
by Onda Riku

*dear master who always looks after me
thank you for all the walks and ball playing. this summer was very hot so the cold sheet was a lifesaver. it is
because of global warming that it gets hotter every year isnt it
it gets harder every year to walk around outside barefooted as well
i want to talk more with you but i am in a hurry so i am going to have to keep this short
i am very worried master
danger is approaching master please run
masters wife is a scary terrible person
she is always kicking me hitting me with empty cans when master is not around.
but in front of master she is smiling smiling. she is a scary person. when master is away a man from the blue-roofed
house comes. a bearded man. chummy with master's wife*

***new page*

*always saying bad things about master. chummy.
she has been pretending all this time tricking master.
but now they plan to kill master disguising it as a robbery. funeral chummy run discuss together master terrible
i am very worried
when the doorbell rings four times at night it is the blue-roofed bearded man
please believe me please believe me master
i am john. your dog john. john who sleeps on the cold sheet by the front door
it is strange that i can write. strange
a night last month a night when everyone was away in the sky a large round disk. when i barked at it i was bathed
in a strong light pure white light and i became able to read and write.
i can write but holding a pen in my mouth is difficult but i am desperate
master please run. i am worried
please believe me. i am john. during our walk masters shoes got a triangular scratch. i am always looking at
masters shoes*

***new page*

on a night this week without fail when the doorbell rings four times

***blank line*

Having read that far, he was called by his wife.

"Who is it from?"

The wife poked her head out from the kitchen, and looked perplexedly at her husband reading the letter.

He folded up the letter hastily.

"Ah, it's just a kid's prank - pretty elaborate one though."

He glanced at his feet, and found his dog John, looking up at him as if trying to express something, his tail wagging.

"There, there, John."

He gave John a pat on his head, causing the dog to lick the man's leather shoes, tail still wagging.

He looked down at the spot where the dog was licking. There was a triangular scratch there he hadn't noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen.

"Honey, can you take out the glasses for me?"

"It couldn't be..."

Shaking his head, he proceeded to the kitchen.

Tail wagging, John watched his owner leave for a moment, but soon spun around to the front door and started barking furiously.

The man paused and looked fixedly at John.

***new page*

"What's the matter, John?"

"It seems someone is at the door. Could you get it, Dear?"

"Who could it be at this hour?"

As he started to walk towards the front door, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\025.doc

The Warning
By Onda Riku

~~Dear~~ Master

Thanks for taking care of me

Thanks for always walking me and playing fetch with me This summer was hot so the cool sheet really helped me out I guess it's getting hotter every year from global warming It's getting harder every year to walk outside barefoot

I want to tell you lots of things but I'm in a hurry and have to keep this short

I'm very worried Master

Actually Master you are in danger You must escape

Your wife is a scary terrible person

When you are not around she kicks me and throws empty cans at me

But in front of you always smiling She's a scary person When you're out the man from the house with the blue roof comes The man with the mustache Buddies with your wife

Buddies always saying bad things about Master

Always acting like nothing is going on She's tricking you

But lately they talked Pretend to be a burglar and kill you Funeral Buddies escape Master they're terrible

I'm so worried

At night when the doorbell rings four times A burglar The man with the mustache from the house with the blue roof Please believe me Please believe me Master

I'm John John the dog John who sleeps on the cool sheet on the front stoop

It's strange the reason I can write Strange

Last month one night Everyone away on vacation One night there was a big round saucer in the sky When I barked and barked at it a strong light bright white light shone on me I could read and write

I can write letters Writing with a pen in my mouth is hard but I just had to do something

Master escape I am worried

You gotta believe me I am John I always look at your shoe The triangle scratch on your shoe when you walk me

This week At night When the doorbell rings four times..."

**blank line

The man had read up to that point when his wife called out to him.

~~Who's~~ the letter from?" His wife poked her head in from the kitchen, and gave her husband, who was reading the letter, a strange look. The man quickly folded the letter.

~~Looks~~ like a kid's prank. A pretty elaborate one."

He glanced down at his feet to find his pet dog, John, wagging his tail and looking up at him as if to tell him something.

~~It's~~ all right, John."

He went to pat his head, and John, tail wagging, licked the man's leather shoe. He looked at the spot the dog had licked and saw a triangular scratch he had not noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen. ~~Honey~~, can you bring me your glass?"

~~It~~ can't be..." Shaking his head, the man walked toward the kitchen.

John, wagging his tail, followed him for a bit, then suddenly turned toward the entryway and started barking furiously. The man stopped and stared at John.

~~What's~~ the matter, John?"

~~Looks~~ like someone's here. Can you get the door, honey?"

~~Who~~ could it be, at this hour?"

As the man was walking toward the entryway, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\026.doc

Warning
By Onda Riku

DEAR KIND MASTER

THANK YOU FOR ALWAYS WALK AND PLAY FETCH WITH ME THIS YEAR WAS HOT SO COLD SHEET WAS NICE GET HOTTER EVERY YEAR BECAUSE GLOBAL WARMING EH? GET HARDER WALK AROUND OUTSIDE BAREFOOT TOO I WANT SAY MORE BUT IT EMERGENCY SO I SKIP IT I VERY WORRIED MASTER BAD THING COMING FOR YOU PLEEZE RUN MASTER WIFE SCARY MEAN PERSON WHEN MASTER NOT HOME SHE ALWAYS KICK ME AND KICK CAN AT ME BUT WHEN MASTER AROUND SHE SMILE SCARY PERSON WHEN MASTER HOME MAN FROM BLUE ROOF HOUSE COME MAN WITH BEARD COME HE FRIEND OF WIFE THEY ALWAYS TALK BAD ABOUT MASTER THEY FRIENDS ALWAYS PRETEND NOTHING UP TRICK YOU I VERY WORRIED NIGHT WHEN BELL RING FOUR TIME ROBBER COME HE MAN WITH BEARD FROM BLUE ROOF HOUSE PLEEZE BELIEVE PLEEZE BELIEVE MASTER THIS IS JOHN YOUR DOG JOHN I SLEEP ON COOL SHEET NEAR FRONT DOOR IT PROBABLY STRANGE WHY I CAN WRITE STRANGE LAST MONTH NIGHT EVERYONE OUT I HOME ALONE NIGHT BIG ROUND DISK IN SKY STRONG BRIGHT LIGHT SHINE ON ME WHEN I BARK AT IT NOW CAN READ AND WRITE WORD CAN WRITE ABC BUT WRITE WITH PEN IN MOUTH HARD BUT MUST WRITE PLEEZE BELIEVE THIS JOHN I ALWAYS SEE TRIANGLE MARK ON MASTER SHOE WHEN WE WALK THIS WEEK NIGHT BELL RING FOUR TIME FOR SURE

**blank space

The man had read up to that part when his wife called him.

"Who's the letter from?" she asked sticking her head in from the kitchen. She eyed her husband strangely. The man folded up the letter hurriedly.

"Huh? Oh nobody. Just some kid playing a joke I guess – it's a good one, though." Suddenly, the man looked down and saw his dog John wagging his tail and looking up as if trying to say something.

"Hey, John. That's a good boy." The man was about to scratch his dog's head when John started licking at the one of the man's leather shoes, his tail flipping back and forth. The man looked at where John was licking and saw a triangular mark he had never noticed before.

"Honey, get the glasses out, please," the man's wife called from the kitchen.

"Nah, it couldn't be," the man said to himself while shaking his head. He walked into the kitchen. John stood there wagging his tail for awhile and watched the man leave, but then he spun around and darted to the front door where he started barking wildly. The man stopped and stared at John.

"What is it, boy?"

"Looks like someone's at the door," the man's wife said. "Could you see who it is, honey?"

"Who could it be at this hour?"

As the man walked to the front door, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\027.doc
The Warning
by Onda Riku

deer master greetings I hope you are well
 thank you for always walking me playing ball with me this summer was vary hot so I reely apreshiated the cool
 sheet it is more hotter every yeer becaws of global warming walking owtside in bare feet also is more harder every
 yeer
 I want to talk more abowt many things but in hurry so will save for later
 master I vary worried
 to tell truth master in danger vary soon plees get away
 masters wife fritening terrable person
 always when master not arownd get kicked get empty cans throne at me
 but in front of master smiling smiling she is fritening person when master gone blue roof howse man comes beerd
 man comes he good frend with wife
 always say bad things abowt master good frend
 long time she pretend not know tricking you
 but lately kill master fyuneral make look like robbary run away with good frend discuss together master
 terrable
 I vary worried
 nite doorbell if rings fore times robbary blue roof beerd man
 plees beleeve me plees beleeve me master
 I am jon jon the dog I am jon who sleep on cool sheet neer front door
 how I can rite is a mistary a mistary
 last munth nite everybody gone take trip nite in sky rownd big sawser I bark and bark then brite lite vary
 wite lite on me then I can reed and rite words
 I can rite but riting with pen in mowth is hard even so I had to do sumthing
 master plees get away I worried
 plees beleeve me I am jon masters shoo when we walk I always see triangul skrotch on shoo
 this week nite doorbell if rings fore times
 **blank line

That was as far as he had read before being called by his wife.

—Who's the letter from?"

Poking her head in from the kitchen, she looked inquisitively at her husband reading the letter.

The man hastily folded up the letter.

—I think it's just some kids playing a prank—looks like they put a lot of work into it."

Looking down at his feet, the man suddenly found his pet dog John looking up imploringly, tail wagging.

—Attaboy, John."

As he bent to stroke the dog's head, John, wagging his tail, licked the man's leather shoe. Looking at where the dog had licked, the man noticed a triangularly shaped scratch that he had been unaware of.

His wife called from the kitchen.

—Honey, can you put out some glasses?"

—There's no way this could be ..."

Shaking his head, the man walked to the kitchen.

John, wagging his tail, momentarily watched the man leave, and then abruptly headed toward the entranceway and began barking furiously. The man stopped and gazed intently at John.

—What's the matter, John?"

—I think someone's at the door. Can you answer it, honey?"

—Who could it be at this hour?"

As the man walked toward the entranceway, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\028.doc
 忠告 Chu_koku 恩田陸

Dear Pack LEADER Sir,

Always grateful to YOU, honourable Pack LEADER Sir. Thanking you for never failing to take me for WALKIES, and for playing BALL with me. The cool TARP you gave me has saved my hide cos its been such a SCORCHER this summer. Global WARMINGS to blame for it getting hotter each year, dontcha think? Each year it gets harder and harder to walk BAREFOOT outside.

Theres much more id like to talk about but ill have to skip it cos im so RUSHED. Pack LEADER Sir, im really very WORRIED. In actual fact, Sir, TERROR is just round the corner. Pack LEADER Sir, plse flee to SAFETY. Forgive me for saying so, but Dear Pack LEADER Sirs lady wife is a SCARY person, a VICIOUS person. Im forever being KICKED or having empty cans KICKED at me when you are out, Pack LEADER Sir. But in front of you, Pack LEADER Sir, she is all smiles, always smiling. She bee a SCARY person. When you are out, Pack LEADER Sir, MAN from BLUE ROOFED house comes over, bearded MAN comes over, gets very FRIENDLY with lady wife. Speaks BADLY of you, always, Pack LEADER Sir. Very FRIENDLY. All this while they pretend to know NOTHING. But TRICKING, Sir. Soon PRETEND to commit BURGLARY. KILL Pack LEADER Sir. FUNERAL. Very FRIENDLY. Plse FLEE to SAFETY. PLOTTING, the two of them, Pack LEADER Sir. Oh, itis AWFUL, Sir. Im SO WORRIED, Sir, Iam.

If dorbell rings FOUR times at NIGHT it be BURGLARY, Sir. BLUE ROOFED house, bearded MAN. Oh, Plse BELIEVE ME, plse BELIEVE ME, Pack LEADER Sir.

I, JOHN, your dog JOHN. JOHN who sleeps on the cool TARP in the front DOORWAY. Im that JOHN.

Tis a MYSTERY Sir, a MYSTERY how i be coming able to WRITE, Sir. One NIGHT when everyone was out travelling last MONTH there was Big round SAUCER in the SKY. I BARKED and BARKED. A strong LIGHT, a pure white LIGHT, i was showered. Then I coming ABLE to WRITE letters. Holding pen in MOUTH is so DIFFICULT but i CANT contain my FEELINGS. Pack LEADER Sir, plse FLEE to SAFETY. I so WORRIED. Plse BELIEVE me. I JOHN. When we go WALKIES i am always looking at TRIANGLE shaped HOLE in Pack LEADER Sirs SHOE.

One NIGHT this WEEK if DOORBELL RINGS FOUR times then SURELY ...”

After I’d read this far my wife calls me.

Who’s that from?

My wife pokes her face out from the kitchen and looks at me curiously as I read the letter. I quickly fold up the letter in an embarrassed fluster.

Nah, it’s just some sort of kid’s joke—but a pretty good one at that.

Quickly looking down at my feet I see—before I even knew it—my old beloved canine companion, John, sitting there. He’s looking up at me as if he’s trying to tell me something. He’s wagging his tail.

Good on ya, John, good boy.

As I try to pat his head, John starts merrily licking one of my leather shoes, all the while wagging his tail. I look down at the spot where he is licking and discover, to my amazement, some unseen triangular hole in my shoe that had opened up without my even knowing.

My wife calls from the kitchen again.

Hon, bring us ya glass.

..... it couldn’t be, could it?

Shaking my head I walk into the kitchen and John continues to wag his tail as he watches me walk off. Eventually, however, he nimbly turns back toward the front doorway and starts barking as if possessed. I stop in my tracks and stare at John.

What’s wrong, John?

Looks like someone’s here! Can you get the door? Hon?

Who the hell could it be, at this hour?

As I walk over to the front doorway, the doorbell rings four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\029.doc
 The Warning
 By Onda Riku

→Dear Master,

Thank you for taking good care of me.

Thank you for always taking me for walks, playing with the ball. Since this summer was very hot, the cool sheets helped a lot. As years go by it's getting hotter and hotter. That's the fault of global warming, right? Each year it's getting more and more painful to walk bare feet.

I would like to talk to you about all sort of stuff, but unfortunately I haven't got much time so I'll make it short.

I'm very worried, Master. The truth is that danger is drawing near. Please run away.

Your wife is a scary, very bad person. Always when you're not around I'm being kicked and thrown empty cans at.

But in front of you she smiles as if nothing happened. She's a scary person. When you're not at home, the man from the house with blue roof is coming. The man with beard is coming. He gets along very well with your wife.

Always speaking ill of you. Good friends.

Always cheating on you but pretending nothing happened.

But these days a fake robbery... Kill Master... Funeral... Good friends... Run away... Discussion... Two of them...

Master... Very bad...

I'm very worried.

When the doorbell rings 4 times at night, robbery... The bearded man from the blue roof...

Please trust me. Please trust me, Master.

I am John. I am John, the dog. John, which is sleeping in the entrance hall on cool sheets.

Why am I able to write? Strange, isn't it? It's strange.

Last month at night all gone on trip. Me, alone at home. Night. In the sky, a big round disc.

I barked. When I barked a strong light, a white light hit me and so I began to be able to read and write.

I can write now. But it's difficult to write by holding the pen with the mouth. Still I can't stand doing nothing.

Master, please run. Worried.

Please trust me. I am John. When you take me for a walk, I'm always looking at your shoes, the ones with a triangle shaped scratch on.

This week at night for sure if the doorbell rings 4 times..."

**blank line

When he was getting at this point of the letter, his wife called him.

– Who's this letter from?

The wife was sticking her face out of the kitchen and looking curiously at her husband, who was reading a letter.

The man folded the letter in a flurry.

– It's nothing, just some children's prank- it's pretty well done.

Suddenly, when he looked at his feet, as if out of nowhere, his pet dog, John was wagging his tail and looking at him as if to reproach him something.

– Good boy, John.

When he tried to pet his head, John licked his shoes while wagging his tail. When he looked at the place the dog was licking, he realized that a scratch in the shape of a triangle had appeared there without him noticing it.

His wife called him from the kitchen:

– Honey, please take out the glass garbage!

– That can't be possible...

The man walked to the kitchen, nodding his head.

John watched him go for a while, wagging his tail, but not before long it turned itself towards the entrance and started barking violently. The man stopped and stared at John.

– What's the matter, John?

– Somebody seems to have come. Honey, could you please see who it is?

– Who could it be, at this hour?

While the man was walking toward the entrance, the doorbell rang 4 times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\031.doc

Warning

by Riku Onda

"dear master who takes care of me,
thank you for always going walks with me and throwing the ball. this summer was so hot but the cool sheet helped me so much. every year it is hotter and hotter and its global warming's fault. every year it is harder and harder to walk outside in barefeets.
i want to talk about so many things but i have to hurry so i will skip it.
i'm so worried master.
actually danger is coming to master.
master's wife is a horrible nasty person.
always when master is not there she kicks me and throws cans at me.
but in front of master she is smiley smiley, she's so scary master.
when master is gone, the man in the blue roof house comes. the man with the beard comes and he is good friends with the wife.
they always talk bad about the master and are good friends. i always pretend i don't understand and trick them.
but then they said they will pretend there's a robber and they will kill master and then the funeral and be friends and run away. master, it's terrible.
i'm so worried.
in the evening when the doorbell ring four times the blue roof beard man will be the robber.
please believe please believe master.
i'm john. john the dog. i sleep on the cool sheet by the door. i'm john.
why can i read and write i don't know it's a mistery.
last month at night everyone was gone on a trip. at night in the sky there was a big round plate. i barked and i barked and then a bright light, a white light fell down on me and then i could read words and write them.
master please run away. i'm worried.
please believe i'm john. when we go walks i always look at master's shoe with the triangle scratch.
this week at night when the doorbell rings four times"
**Blank Line
His wife called out when he'd got that far.
"Who's the letter from?"
She had poked her head out of the kitchen, and was watching her husband read the letter with a puzzled look.
He folded it, disconcerted.
"No...ah, it's probably just some kids playing a prank. It's a little weird."
He looked down at his feet, and noticed that the dog had raised its head and was looking up at him in silent appeal, tail wagging.
"That's a good boy, John."
He reached out to pet the dog's head, and it started licking his leather shoes. He looked at the place the dog was licking and saw there was a triangular scratch there he'd never noticed before.
"Dear, could you put out the glasses?" his wife called from the kitchen.
"...it couldn't be." he muttered.
Shaking his head, the man walked toward the kitchen. John watched him go for a moment, then suddenly turned toward the front door and started barking violently.
The man stopped and stared at the dog.
"What's the matter, John?"
"Dear? I think someone's here. Could you get the door?" his wife said.
"Who could it be at this hour?" he said.
He turned, and as he was walking to the door, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\032.doc
 "The Warning"
 By Onda Riku

"dear master thank you for your care
 thanks for always taking me for walks
 and playing ball this summers been hotso
 the cool seat really come in handy year
 after year its getting hott from global
 warming isnt it walkin barefoot outside too
 year after year get hard
 ireally want to talk somany things more master but iam rush so ileavet
 iam really worryd master
 actually master danger is approaches runaway
 masters wife sa scary terrible person
 where you are not there iget kickd around an empty can beat
 en and kickd and stuff
 but in front of master smiling smiling shesa scary person when ma
 ster is out man from blueroof house iscome beardman iscome pal
 saround with your wife
 always talks bad things about master palsa round
 alalong he playtend innocense fooling
 but these days makes looks like robbery kills master funeral pal sa round
 run away powwow together master terribl
 im really worryd
 atnight when doorbell rings for times robbery blueroof beardman
 plez belev me plez belev me master
 iam john the dog john isleeping cool seat front hall
 its john
 why idid can write abcs strange huh strange
 last munth everyone trip away night in sky round big disc
 when ibarkdbarkd bathd bright light snow white
 bcameable to reading writing words
 ableto write abcs but writing pen inmouth tough but dy
 ing to tell you
 master runaway plez worry
 plez belev me im john shoes on walks tri
 angle hole always looking masters shoes
 this week night definitely when doorbell rings fortimes"

The man stopped reading when his wife called.

"Who's that letter from?"

His wife peered out from the kitchen at her husband reading. She had a quizzical look on her face.

The man came to and abruptly folded up the letter.

"Oh, it's nothing... Seems like it's a kid's prank ---- Well crafted, though..."

When he chanced to look at his feet, his beloved dog, John, was looking back up at him. John wagged his tail as if to bring something to his owner's attention.

"Good boy! Good boy, John!"

He tried to pat John's head, but John lapped at the man's shoes and wagged his tail. The man glanced at the spot John was licking. There was a triangular tear in his shoes he had never noticed before.

His wife called out from the kitchen.

"Darling, could you get out the glasses?"

"---- It couldn't be ... could it?"

The man shook his head as he walked to the kitchen.

John wagged his tail awhile. His eyes followed the man to the kitchen.

Suddenly, he turned to face the front hall and began barking frantically. The man brought his feet to a halt and stared intently at John.

"What's the matter, John?"

"Honey, looks like someone's at the door. Could you get it?"

"Who could it be at this hour?"

As he walked to the front door ---

The doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\033.doc

Dear Master

Greetings

I always love our walks together and playing catch last summer was so hot the cool mat you put out for me really helped it gets hotter every summer must be global warming every year it gets tougher to walk outside barefoot

There is much more I'd like to tell you, but there's no time so I'll keep it short.

I'm very worried Master

The truth is you are in danger you have to run away

Your wife is a scary and mean lady

when you're not around she kicks me sometimes she really kicks me good

but in front of you she is smiles and smiles shes a scary mean person when your not home the man from the house with the blue roof comes gets along great with your wife

together they talk about you bad talk together

I've been pretending not to notice

but they talked together lately fake break-in kill funeral Master escape those two are mean

i'm very worried Master

when the bell rings four times break-in blue roof man with a beard

please beleive me beleive me Master

i am john john the dog john that sleeps on the mat by the front door

it is a mystery how i leanred to write i don't understand

last month at home alone night big round plate in sky i bark and bark and strong light white light all over me and i leanred to read and write

well, i can write but it is hard to write with a pen in my mouth but i had to do something

Master run away i'm worried

please beleive me i am john i alwyas look at your shoes when we go for walks i see the triangle scuff shoes

this week i know night when the bell rings four times

**blank line

When he had read that far, he was called by his wife.

"Who's the letter from?"

The wife put her head in from the kitchen, and looked at her husband quizzically.

The man panicked and folded up the letter.

"Just looks like a prank by some kids. Pretty elaborate stuff."

Glancing down at where he was standing, he noticed that his dog John had appeared, wagging his tail and looking up, as if pleading with him.

"Alright, John, alright."

The man moved to pet the dog, but John, wagging his tail, set to licking the man's shoes sloppily. Looking down at what the dog was licking, the man noticed that there was a triangular nick in his shoe.

The wife called from the kitchen.

"Do you mind putting out the glasses, honey?"

"...but there's no way..."

The man walked toward the kitchen, shaking his head.

John wagged his tail as he watched the man go, but then turned sharply toward the front door and began barking fiercely. The man paused, and looked intently at John.

"John, what is it, boy?"

"Sounds like somebody's here. Will you get it, dear?"

"Who is it at this hour?"

As the man walked toward the front door, the doorbell rang a fourth time.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\034.doc

The Warning by Riku Onda

dear Master

thank yoo for Walking and playing Ball with me and yor cool mat is so nice in this so verry hot summer the glow ball warming mayking evryear hoter and hoter evryear bair pawz hurts more on the ground so much wants to say but must hurrying to the point very worryd Master

Master in daynger pleez get away from hear

Masters Wife skairy wiked person

when Master away she is kiking and throwing emty cans to me

but with Master is smileing smileing dredfull she when Master away Blue Roof House man come facehair man good frenz is they

longtime is speeking bad words about Master

allways behind Masters back

but recent words is like faik robbery kill him fyooneral run away together diskushon is dredfull Master feer for yoo

one evening bell will ringing 4 times rober come is Blue Roof facehair man

beleev me Master beleev me

i is john yor dog john

cool mat by The Front Door sleep john

why can i be writeing is straynge most straynge

last munth onenight evryone is awaying and i is seeing big round thing in sky and i is calling calling then brite lite come all white all arounding and then reading writeing cood i

alfabets can write but so hard with pen in mouth must do sumthing though

run away Master i feer for yoo

beleev me Master i is john when Walking i always seeing the scrach haveing three sides on Masters shoo onenight this week bell will ring four times and then

His wife's voice cut in before he could read any further.

—Who's that from?"

She had popped her head out of the kitchen and was eyeing her husband with a quizzical expression as he took in the contents of the letter.

Hastily, he folded it away. —Oh, it's nothing. Just some kids playing a prank. Quite the masterpiece."

Glancing down at his feet, he realized his beloved John had been sitting there, unnoticed. The dog gazed up at him with a pleading look, tail wagging.

—Good boy, John."

He went to stroke the dog's head but the creature began licking his shoe. Where it lapped, he saw a triangular shaped tear in the leather. It was the first time he'd noticed it.

—Darling, will you get some glasses out?" came his wife's voice from the kitchen.

—Impossible..." he muttered to himself.

Shaking his head, the man started towards the kitchen.

For a few moments, John watched him go, tail flicking back and forth. Then, all of a sudden, his head jerked towards the front door and he began a terrific howling. The man stopped and stared intently at the dog.

—What is it John?"

—There must be someone coming. Could you get it..., darling?"

—Who can it be at this time?" the man said. As he turned and paced towards the door, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\036.doc

The Warning

Onda Riku

Dear Master,

Thank you for everything Thank you for always taking me for walks and playing ball with me This summer was hot so the cool sheet you put down for me really helped It's getting hotter every year cause of global warming isn't it Getting harder to walk outside barefoot every year too

I want to talk to you more about things but I'm in a hurry so I'll have to keep it short

I'm really worried Master

The truth is that you're in danger Please run away

Whenever you're not around I'm always kicked and pelted with empty cans

But in front of you Master she's all smiles She's a scary person When you're out Master the man from the house with the blue roof comes The man with the beard comes and cozies up to the Mistress

Always saying bad things about you Master and cozying up I always make like I don't notice and keep quiet

But these days Pretend there's a robbery Kill Master Funeral Cozying up Run away Consult The two of them Master They're bad

I'm really worried Master

At night when the doorbell rings four times Robbery The bearded man from the house with the blue roof

Please believe me Please believe me Master

I'm John Your dog John I sleep on the cool sheet by the front door I'm John

It must seem strange that I have become able to write It's a mystery

Last moon at night Everyone away on holiday House empty At night Big round disk in the sky When I barked and barked A strong light A bright white light came down over me and I could read and write

I can write but it's hard to write with a pen in my mouth But I can't not do it

Master Please run away I'm worried

Please believe me I'm John Master Your shoes When we go for walks I always look at the triangular scrape on your shoes

This week At night Most likely When the doorbell rings four times

Just as he reached this point, he was called by his wife.

—Who's the letter from?"

His wife poked her head out from the kitchen and gave her husband an odd look as he read the letter.

The man hastily folded up the letter.

—It's nothing — just seems to be a kid's prank. It's a very elaborate trick."

He happened to look down, to find that his loyal dog John had crept up out of nowhere and was looking up at him as though pleading with him, wagging his tail.

—Good boy, John."

When he went to stroke the dog's head, John began licking his leather shoes, while wagging his tail. When he looked at the place that John was licking, he found that there was a triangular scrape which he had not noticed before.

His wife called him from the kitchen.

—Darling, could you get the glasses out for me, please?"

—. You're kidding."

Shaking his head, the man walked into the kitchen.

John watched the man go, wagging his tail; shortly after, he abruptly turned back towards the entrance hall and began barking madly. The man stopped in his tracks and gazed intently at John.

—What's up, John?"

—It looks like someone's come. Would you go out and see, darling?"

—Who on earth could it be at this hour?"

As the man walked towards the entrance hall, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\038.doc

"The Warning"
Onda Riku

"dear master who always takes care of me
thank you for always taking me on walks and playing fetch even though this summer was hot that cool bed really
saved me its that global warming that every year it gets hotter huh even walking barefoot outside hurts more and
more every year
there is so much more want to say but i must hurry so will leave out
i am very worried master
the truth is danger is coming master please run away
the masters wife is a scary mean person
whenever master is not here im kicked hit with empty cans
but in front of master smiley smiley scary person she when master leaves his man from the blue roof house his the
beard man he is close with masters wife
always insulting master close friends
i pretend dont notice deceiving master
but soon they pretend robbery kill master funeral close friends escape planning those two master are mean
i am very worried
night when the bell rings four times a robbery the beard man from the blue roof
please believe me you must believe me master
this is john your dog john i sleep in a cool bed by front door john
how i become able to write is mysterious mysterious
last month one night everyone was gone on trip a big round saucer in sky i barked and barked and then a strong
light bathed in blinding white light became able to read and write
now i can write but writing with pen in mouth is so hard but i cannot contain myself
master please run away i am worried
please believe me i am john when we take walks i always looking at triangle scratch in masters shoes
im sure this week at night when bell rings four times"

**blank line

The man had just read to here when his wife called him.

"Who's that letter from?"

She appeared from the kitchen, looking strangely at her husband reading the letter.

The man hastily folded up the letter.

"Ah - no one, looks like some kind of kid's prank...quite an elaborate one at that."

Suddenly, when he looked down at his feet, there was his dog John, looking up at him for attention and wagging his tail.

"There, there, John."

When he tried to pet him on the head, John began licking his leather shoes while he wagged his tail. In the spot where John was licking, the man saw a triangular scuff that he hadn't noticed before.

His wife called for him from the kitchen.

"Honey, could you get a glass for me?"

"...Oh, come on."

The man shook his head as he walked toward the kitchen.

John wagged his tail and let the man go by, but suddenly he turned to the front door and started barking at the top of his lungs. The man stopped and stared at John.

"What's up, John?"

"Sounds like someone's at the door. Could you go check? Honey?"

"Who could it be, at this time of night?"

As the man started heading towards the front door, a bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\039.doc
Admonition

Welcome home master. You are always looking out for me. Thank you so much for taking me on walks and playing ball with me. This summer was incredibly hot, but lying on the cold floor helps a lot. Walking outside barefoot is becoming more difficult, due to the raising temperature of the earth. There is more I would like to talk to you about, but am busy so will cut to the chase. I am really very worried for you master! In fact you are in great danger. Please run away. Master, your wife is a scary, horrible person. When you are not near I am always being kicked around. Before you, however, she is all smiles. I am so scared. When you are not here a strange bearded man comes over to your house. He is very friendly with your wife.

They are always speaking ill about you master. Plotting ways to deceive, and trap you. But this time he will come dressed as a burglar, will kill you, and have a funeral. Then the two of them will run away together. It is horrible. I am really worried for you master. In the evening when the doorbell rings four times the bearded burglar will be at the house with the blue roof, your home. Please believe me. I am John, the dog in the hallway on the cold floor, waiting for the betrayal.

Why is it that I can write? It is really a mystery. The other day when everybody was out I went outside and barked at a large round disk. I was bathed in a strong pure white light and I became adept at language, reading and writing. Forming the letters would be easier if I did not have to hold the pen in my mouth.

Run away please master. I'm worried. Believe me, I'm John. When we go for walks your shoes are always looking out for wounds on your feet. This week in the evening surly the doorbell will ring four times.

Having read this far the wife called out.

—Who sent the letter you are reading?”

The wife stuck her head out from the kitchen and saw her husband reading a letter in a strange fashion. Hurriedly he folded the letter back up.

Nothing, it is some kids prank. See how the hand is so unsteady. With the envelope underfoot, quite unnoticed John was looking up with as if in appeal. His tail was wagging violently.

That-a-boy, John. Still wagging his tail, John received some patting on the head, and started licking his master's leather shoes. At that moment a third blow was about to strike.

The wife called from the kitchen, —Take out the glass for me”. —You don't say, at a time like this.” As he turned his head around, the husband walked towards the kitchen. John, waiting patiently and wagging his tail, saw his master off. Before long John turned around to the hallway again, and started barking violently. The master stopped in his tracks, and stared unblinkingly at John.

—What is the matter John?”

—It looks like somebody is coming. Do you need to go out?”

—Who is it, at this time of day?”

As he was walking across the entranceway, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\040.doc
Loyalty

Dear Master

I want to thank you for taking care of me

Thank you for taking me on walks and playing ball with me

Summer this year was so hot and the cool sheets you gave me really helped a lot

We must have global warming to thank for this rise in yearly temperatures

It makes it harder and harder to walk around outside on my bare paws

I have so many other things to tell you but I am in a hurry so I will get to the point

I am very worried Master

Actually Master is in danger You must escape

Masters wife is scary horrible person

When Master is gone I always get kicked and have cans thrown at me

But when Master is here the wife always smiles and smiles She is scary person

When you go out man from house with blue roof comes Beard man comes

Make good friends with the wife

Always bad mouth Master

Make good friends with the wife

Always look innocent but it is trick Master

But recent they plan to look like robbery

Will kill Master

Have funeral

Make very good friends

Run

Two talk together Master

Bad people

I so worried

At night doorbell ring for times blue roof beard man

Believe me Master believe me

It's John -- dog

front door

Cool sheet

Sleep

John

The reason I can write is wonderful strange

The other day everybody out

I home only

In sky big round dish

I bark bark bark

Strong light white white light all around

And I now can read and write

I can write but hold pen in mouth and write is so difficult

I can't write so long

Master run I am worried

Please believe me it is John

Masters shoes I see three side mark

This week at night you hear bell for times

**blank line

The man had read that far when his wife called out.

"Who's the letter from?"

His wife stuck her head out of the kitchen. When she saw her husband reading a letter, a strange look came over her face.

The man hurriedly folded up the letter.

"It looks like some kid playing a trick. They did a pretty good job."

The man looked down. He suddenly noticed his dog sitting there looking up at him with an expression that seemed to say he had something to tell his master. He was wagging his tail.

"Good boy, John, good boy." The man patted John on the head and John began licking his shoes.

Watching the dog lick his shoes, the man suddenly noticed the triangular mark on his shoe.

“Could you get some glasses out of the cabinet, honey?”

It couldn't be—the man thought to himself.

Shaking his head, he started for the kitchen.

Still wagging his tail, John started to follow the man, but he suddenly turned and made for the front door. He began barking furiously. The man stopped, turned around and stared at John.

“What's the matter, boy?”

“It looks like somebody is at the front door. Go see who it is, would you, honey?”

“Who could it be at this time?”

As the man was headed for the front door, the doorbell rang. Once. Twice. Three times. Four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\042.doc

Warning

boss it is me
 thank you always play walk fetch this summer hot cold sheet every year hotter and hotter probably global warming
 every year walk bare feet more painful
 want talk more hurry must omit
 very worried boss
 big danger boss run please
 boss wife scary mean person
 boss not home wife kicks me hits me with can
 boss home wife always smile scary person
 boss not home blue roof beard man come friendly with wife
 always talk bad boss
 always pretend deceive
 but soon make seem robbery kill boss funeral friendly
 run scheme together boss cruel
 very worried
 evening doorbell rings four times robbery blue roof beard man
 believe me believe me boss
 i am john the dog sleep on cold sheet entrance way
 why i can write is strange yes
 last month everyone away on trip evening big round dish in sky
 i bark and bark bright light white light can read write
 write with pencil in mouth hard but must write
 run boss worried
 believe me i am john when walking always look triangle hole in shoe
 boss evening when doorbell rings four times
 surely the –
 **blank line
 "Who's the letter from?" his wife suddenly asked.
 She had poked her head out of the kitchen and was looking at her husband curiously.
 –Oh, it's nothing. Just some kids playing a prank."
 –And a quite elaborate one at that," he thought to himself.
 As he quickly folded the letter back up, his attention was drawn to his feet.
 His dog John had come over to his side and was frantically wagging its tail, almost as if trying to tell him something.
 –There there boy."
 As he stretched his hand to pet his dog on the head, John started licking at what on close inspection turned out to be a triangular puncture in his shoe. A puncture that he hadn't noticed before...
 –Could you take out the glass, honey?" his wife called.
 –...could it be?"
 As the man went into the kitchen, John kept wagging its tail for a moment but then dashed to the front door and started barking.
 The man stopped in his tracks.
 –What's wrong boy?"
 –Someone's at the door, honey. Could you get it?"
 –At this hour? Who would..."
 As the man approached the door, the bell rang a fourth time.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\043.doc

The Warning

by Onda Riku

Dear Master,

You always takes such good care of me – taking me on walks, playing ball, and putting down the cool sheet in this summer that is so hot. It seems to get hotter every year, maybe because of that global warming, and it gets harder on my paws to walk outside.

There's so much I likes to tell you, but I is in a hurry, so I cuts it short.

I is very worried, Master!

Something bad is going to happen to you, so please run away!

Mistress is very scary and a bad-bad person.

Whenever Master is not here, she kicks me and throws empty cans at me, but when Master is here, she smiles all nicey-nicey. She is a scary person, Master.

When Master is not here the beard-man from the house with the blue roof comes, and is friendly-friendly with Mistress, and talks bad about Master. She is fooling you for a long time.

But recently, they talk a plan, Master, to kill, and have a funeral, nicey-nicey, run away together. They are bad-bad, Master. I is very worried.

When the doorbell rings four times at night, a burglary – the blue-roof beard-man – please believe, please believe, Master!

It's me, Johnny, your dog Johnny, Johnny who sleeps on the cool sheet by the door.

How I learned to write – that's a strange thing, a strange thing. Last month, one night, while you were all away on a trip, a big round disk in the sky – I barked and barked, and a strong bright light covered me, and suddenly I could reads and writes! Read I can, but it's hard for me to write with the pen in my mouth – but I can't stand by any longer! Run away, Master! I is worried! Please believe, Master, it's Johnny – only I could notice the small triangle tear in your shoe, I saw on our walk...

This week, when the bell rings four times at night –

**blank line in original

He had read that far when his wife called out to him.

–Who's that letter from?" She stuck her head out of the kitchen, looking oddly at her husband as he stood reading the letter. He hurriedly folded it up.

–Oh, nothing – probably some kid's practical joke. I can hardly read the handwriting."

He glanced down, and saw his faithful old dog looking up at him as if he were pleading for something, wagging his tail.

–Hey, Johnny!" When he scratched the dog's head, Johnny licked his shoes as he wagged. The man looked at the spot where the dog had licked, and saw an odd little triangular scratch he hadn't noticed before.

–Get some wine glasses, would you?" his wife yelled from the kitchen.

–Nah, couldn't be," he said to himself, shaking his head as he walked to the kitchen. Johnny kept on wagging his tail and looking after the man, but finally he turned and went back to his spot next to the door, and began to bark sharply. The man stopped and stared at Johnny.

–What's the matter, Johnny?"

–Somebody's at the door. Would you get it?" his wife called.

–Who could it be at this hour?"

As the man walked toward the door, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\045.doc

-Warning"

Onda Riku

Dear Master

Your kind efforts on my behalf

For the walks and ball-play thank you

Because this summer was hot the cool sheet helped a lot

Every year it gets hotter global warming, they say

Walking naked outside year by year becomes more painful

There are many other things I want to tell you

but I must hurry to a more pressing matter

I am very worried Master

As a matter of fact danger threatens you Master you must flee

Your wife Master frightens me an awful person

When you are not there Master I am kicked cans thrown at me

But in front of you Master she is all smiles all smiles a scary person

When you are absent Master the man from the blue-roofed house comes

With the beard they are very friendly together

They say bad things about you Master together

To fool you pretending they don't know each other

Recently they plan a setup to look like armed robbery but to kill you Master a funeral then to run away together this is what the two discuss awful

At night when the bell rings four times the signal for the robbery blue roof the bearded man

Please believe me believe me Master

I am JOHN the dog JOHN that sleeps by the entranceway on the cool sheet that JOHN

Why is it I can write letters strange isn't it? a mystery

Last month at night the house empty everyone away that night in the sky a large round disc I howled

and howled then an intense bright light poured on me I became able to read and write words

Though I can write grasping a pen in my mouth is painful but I had to do this

Master run away I'm worried

You must believe me I am JOHN during walks Master I always see on your shoe a triangle-shaped scratch your shoe

This week at night when the bell rings four times you must be sure to

**blank line

He had read this far, when his wife called out.

-Who's the letter from?"

She had looked out from the kitchen and seen something odd about her husband as he was reading.

The man in a confused haste folded up the letter.

-I don't know --some kid's prank -- quite a production."

He looked down at his feet. In an instant, his dog JOHN was there, looking up at him as though pleading, his tail going back and forth.

-OK, OK, John."

As he reached to stroke JOHN's head, the dog, still wagging his tail, began licking his leather shoe. When he looked at the place the dog was licking, there was a scratch on his shoe he hadn't noticed before, a triangular scratch.

His wife called from the kitchen.

-Honey, can you take out the glasses?"

-It's not possible----" Turning his head back and forth, he went toward the kitchen.

JOHN followed the man with his eyes, still wagging his tail. Then he suddenly turned and ran back to the entranceway, and began barking loudly. The man stopped in his tracks, and turned, staring at JOHN.

-What's the matter, John?"

His wife called out. -Someone's at the door, it seems. Could you go check?"

-Who can it be, at this hour?"

As he walked toward the entranceway, the doorbell rang, four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\047.doc

Warning, by Riku Onda

-Dear Master thank yu for being my mastr
 thank yu for al the waks and gams of cach its ben very hot ths sumr so I was glad to hav the cooling pad it must be
 global warmng making it hottr evry yer it get more painfl to wak outsid barfoot evry year to
 I hav much mor to tak about but Im in a hurry so I wil stop
 Im very worry Master
 Yu ar in danger Master pleas run way
 Yur wife is scary an mean
 Wen yur not home she alvays kiks me and thros emty cans at me
 But she smils and smiles wen yur here shes scary wen yur not home man from blu roof hous coms man with a
 beard hes good frens with vvife
 They always say bad things about yu they frins
 She acs lik nothings going on shes triking yu
 But latly they steal they act nice they good frends togethv tak about kil Master funerl run away mean to Master
 Im very worried
 Tonit wen bel rings for tims they steal blu roof beard man
 Pleas bliev me pleas belev me Master
 Its me John yur dog John I sleep on cooling pad in hall John
 I donl now wy I can rite its a mystry
 Last month niht evryon gon on trip I was al home nigt big roun disc in sky I barkd and barkd brit lit white lgt shon
 on me now I can read an rite
 I can rit but ils hard with pen in mouth but I had to do sonthin
 Master pleas run Im worid
 Pleas bliev me Im John Mosters shoe vven we go on waks I always see trangl scuf on shoe
 Tnihl when bel rings for tims
 **blank line
 At that point in his reading, the man's wife interrupted.
 -A letter? Who is it from?"
 She asked, poking her head out of the kitchen and looking curiously at the letter in her husband's hand.
 He hastily folded up the paper.
 -Oh, it's just some kid's prank. A pretty elaborate one, too."
 He happened to glance down at his feet, where his pet dog John had appeared, wagging his tail and gazing
 imploringly up at his master.
 -Good boy, John."
 He reached down to stroke the dog's head, and John, his tail still wagging, started to lick a spot on the man's leather
 shoe. The man looked at the spot and discovered a triangle-shaped scuff that he hadn't noticed before.
 His wife called from the kitchen.
 -Dear, will you get out the glasses?"
 The man shook his head as he walked to the kitchen.
 ---It can't be."
 John watched him go, his tail constantly wagging, but before long, the dog snapped his attention toward the front
 door and started barking wildly. The man stopped and stared at John.
 -What's wrong, John?"
 -I think we have a visitor. Would you get the door, Dear?"
 -Who would be visiting at this hour?"
 As the man approached the front door, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\050.doc

The Warning

by Onda Riku

“dear master I’m grateful to you
 the daily walks playing with the ball thank you it was very hot this summer the cooling bed you bought for
 me a relief gets hotter year by year must be global warming I presume year by year gets harder to walk
 along the road barefoot
 so many things I want to tell you but I’m in a hurry they can wait
 I’m very worried master
 you are in great Danger you must run away
 the mistrustful frightful terrible person
 when you’re not around I get kicked hit with empty cans
 but in your presence master she is all smiles smiles terrible person when you’re away he comes from
 the house with the blue roof the man with a beard the mistress and bearded man best of friends
 always talking about you master saying bad things best of friends
 never a sign never a hint of their treachery
 but recently a plan make it look like a burglary murder you funeral best of friends conspiring to run
 away the two terrible
 I’m very worried master
 when the doorbell rings four times in the night burgler the bearded man with the blue roof
 believe me dear master please believe me
 I am Jake your faithful dog Jake sleeping on the cool mat in the hall by the front door
 how can Jake write this letter your wondering
 I find it strange too
 one night last month the family away on a trip guarding the empty house in the night sky a huge round
 saucer
 I woofed and woofed it blasted me with a bright white light then I was able to read and write
 holding a pen in my mouth is not easy but I could not wait a minute longer
 please dear master run away I’m worried
 believe me I’m your obedient dog Jake I know the triangle on your shoe I see it every time we go for a walk
 this week for sure when the doorbell rings for times”

**blank line

The man had almost finished reading the letter when his wife called out.

“Who’s that letter from?”

She had poked her head out of the kitchen and was looking at him quizzically.

The man hastily folded the letter.

"Oh, a neighborhood kid, I guess. Some kind of impractical joke."

He looked down and there was faithful Jake looking up at him with doleful, pleading eyes and wagging his tail.

“Good dog, Jake.”

As he reached down to pat Jake’s head the dog started to lick his shoe. He peered at the spot Jake was licking and saw a triangular scuff mark. He had not noticed it before.

His wife’s voice wafted in from the kitchen.

“Would you get the glasses for me?”

“It’s absurd,” he muttered softly, shaking his head, and started to walk toward the kitchen.

Jake was still wagging his tail, his eyes following his master, when with a start he turned his gaze in the direction of the front door and began to bark furiously. The man stopped dead in his tracks and stared.

“What’s the matter, Jake boy?”

“Must be someone at the front door. Go look, would you dear?”

“Who could it be at this ungodly hour?”

As the man walked toward the foyer the doorbell was ringing. It rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\051.doc

–The Warning” by Onda Riku

–dear master thank you for evrything

thank you for the walks and playing ball it was hot so the cold bed was a godsend it might be global warming that makes it so much hotter evry year wakking barefoot outside is getting painful evry year

id love to talk more but im in a hurry so ill just say it

im so worrid master

the truth is master is in danger of attuk pleas run away

masters wifes a scary tarrible person

when master is not there i get kicked and she throws cans at me

but in front of master shes smiley smiley shes a scary person when master is gone the man from the blue roof house coms the bald man coms and hes frends with mistress

they always insult master those good frends

i pretended not to know so long and stayd quiet

but now the two talk about fake robbery kill master funeral good frends run away and master its tarrible

im so worrid master

at nite when the bell rings four times the blue roof bald man robbing

pleas believe me pleas believe me master

i am jon your dog jon i slep on the cold bed by the doorway i am jon

its strange how i got to rite its strange

last month at nite evryone on a trip and gone at nite and in the sky a round dish and when i bark barked a strong light a white light washed over and I coud rite and read words

i can rite words but it is hard to rite with a pen in my mouth but i havto do something

master pleas run away im worrid

pleas believe me i am jon and masters shoes when we go on walks im always look at the triangle scratch shoes

im sure this week at nite when the bell rings four times--”

He had read this far when his wife called out to him.

–Who is that letter from?” Peeking from the kitchen, she looked perplexedly at him, reading the letter.

–Nothing, looks like some kid's prank... It's fairly elaborate.”

The man happened to look down at his feet, and his dog, Jon, looked up at him as if asking for something and wagged his tail.

–Good boy, Jon.” When he tried to pet him, Jon licked at his shoes, tail wagging. As he looked at at the area Jon was licking, he saw there was a triangular mark there. His shoe must have been scratched without him noticing. His wife called to him from the kitchen.

–Dear, put out the glasses, won't you?”

–..No, it couldn't be...” The man walked to the kitchen, shaking his head.

Jon watched after the man, wagging his tail, but after a moment he turned quickly round to the entry way, and began to bark furiously. The man stopped mid-stride, and stared at Jon, transfixed.

–What's wrong with you, Jon?”

–It looks like someone's come. Go out and see who it is, won't you, dear?”

–Who could it be at this hour?”

As the man walked toward the entry way, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\052.doc
 The Warning
 Onda Riku

respectful greetings and my deepest appreciatn for all you have done for me master
 thank you kindly for always walking ball playing the cool sheet you have put down for
 me is a great help as it has been a hot summer this year with every passing year it
 gets hotter it is probably global warming i expect with every passing year it gets
 harder to wak outside it is hard on the paws
 there are indeed very many things i would like to talk to you about but i am in a hurry
 and so must leave them aside for now
 im terribly worrid master
 th truth is that you are in dangr master you must get away from here plese
 master's wife is a frightening horred person
 when master is not ther she kicks me she throws cans at me
 but in front of master she smiles and smiles shes a frightening person when master is
 gone the man from the house with the blue roof coms the man with the beard coms he
 and masters wife are very good friends
 they say bad things about master all the time they are very good friends
 they pretend nothings wrong theyve been deceving you all along
 but now robbery scheme kill master funeral escape be together plan those two master
 its awful
 im terribly worrid
 if the doorbell rings four times at night its robbery the blue roof beard man
 plese believe me plese believe me master
 its me john its john the dog the one lyng by the door on the cool sheet
 it is a mystry isnt it that ive com to be able to write letters it is a myster
 one night last minth everyone was away no one home that night a bg round saucer in
 the sky i barked and when i barked bright light pure white light poured over me and i
 coud read and write words
 though im abl to write letters now holding the pen in my mouth to writ is a trial yet i
 culd not reman silent
 plese master you must get away from here i am worried
 plese believe me it is me john on masters shoe there is a scratch with three corners
 on our walk i saw it i always lok at shoes
 this week if doorbell rings evening four times for sure its

**blank line

He had read this far when he heard his wife calling to him.

"A letter from someone?" She stuck her head out of the kitchen and looked at her husband quizzically. Flustered, the man folded the letter. "No—some kid's prank, looks like. It's very...elaborate."

He looked down at his feet, where his dog John had suddenly appeared, looking up at him as if in appeal and wagging his tail.

"Good boy, John." As he moved to pat the dog on the head, John licked the man's shoe energetically, still wagging his tail. When the man looked down at his shoe, there was a small triangular scratch on the leather he hadn't seen before.

His wife called from the kitchen. "Could you put the glasses out, honey?"

He walked toward the kitchen, shaking his head. "Impossible," he said to himself.

John looked after him for a while, wagging his tail, and at last sprang back toward the front door and began to bark loudly. The man stopped walking and gazed at John.

"What is it, John?"

"Sounds like someone at the door. Answer it for me, would you?"

"Who could it be, this late?"

As the man turned and walked toward the door, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\054.doc

Warning
by Onda Riku

my dear master

thank you always taking me for walks and playing fetch it was really hot this summer and i love that kool doggie bed you put down for me its getting so hot because of global warming, right?? its gonna hurt to keep walking outside on my bare paws

there's so much i wanna say but im in a hurry so right to the point

im so worried about you, master

your in such danger run!

master's wife, she's scary she's bad woman

whenever your not around she kicks me and throws empty cans at me

in front of you she's all smiles, oh she so scary when your not around that man from the house with the blue roof

come over the man with a beard him and master's wife they lie down

they always talk bad about you master and lie down

she pretends nothings going on

they lie down and make plans, their gonna kill you and make look like robbery run master run

im so worried

the doorbell ring four times at night, blue roof bad man

pleeze believe me master believe me

its joan your dog joan i sleep by front door on kool doggie bed

its so strange, so strange how i learned to write

last month at night everyone on trip just me at night there was big round flying saucer in the sky i barked and barked and this bright light it was all white it shined on me and i could read and write

but its not easy to write i have to hold pen in my mouth but im so worried about you i cant stand still master run away

pleeze believe me its joan when we go for a walk im always staring at masters shoes the scratch like a triangle

this week one night doorbell its gonna ring four times

****blank line**

That was as far as the man had read when his wife interrupted him. "Who's the letter from?" she asked, sticking her head out of the kitchen and giving her husband a funny look.

The man folded up the letter in a hurry and said, "Just some kid's prank. They really outdid themselves though."

He glanced down at his feet and found that his dog Joan was staring up at him and wagging her tail, as if she were trying to tell him something.

"It's OK, girl" he said. But when he tried to pat her on the head, Joan started to lick one of his leather shoes, wagging her tail the whole time. He looked at where she was licking and realized his shoe had a triangular scratch that he'd never noticed before.

"Honey, would you put out the recycling?" rang out his wife's voice from the kitchen.

"No, it can't be" the man said, walking to the kitchen and shaking his head in disbelief.

Joan followed him for a few steps, wagging her tail, but then she suddenly turned towards the front door and began to bark ferociously. The man stopped and stared at her.

"What's wrong, Joan?" he asked.

"I think someone's at the door. Would you see who it is, honey?" called out his wife.

"Who could it be at this time of night?"

As the man walked to the front door, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\055.doc
 The Forewarning
 by: Riku Onda

dear master thank you for looikng after me
 always walk me play *fetch* thank you this year was hot this sumemr that cool *sheet* was good
 thank to global warming every summer is hotter walking barefoot outisde is more harder every
 summer
 i want to chat more more in hurry so i leave out
 master i much worry
 master danger coimng run away
 wife master horrbile cruel person
 when master is not here she kcik me she throw at me empty cans
 in fornt of master she smile she smiles horrible cruel person master is out man of blue roof
 house is coimng bearded man coimng friendly to wife master
 blank line
 always bad mouth master friendly
 always pretending and tricikng nonchalant
 but now fake burgary kill master funeral friendly together run away they talking poor
 master
 master i much worry
 when night dark as black door Hell four rings burglary bearded man of blue roof house
 master beleve me beleve me
 i am *john* your dog john i am *john* sleeping entrance *cool* sheet your *cool* sheet
 how can i *john* write strange huh so strange
 last motnh one night vacation house empty one night i saw big flying disc i howl i howl
 strong pure white light shower me i can read write your words
 i can write your word difficult with pen in mouth i cannot be silent anymore
 master run away i much worry
 master beleve me i am *john* master your shoes there is a triangle mark on master your shoes
 walk me i see it always
 blank line
 this week night time surely door Hell ring four times
 blank line

Just as the man finished reading that sentence, his wife called him over. "Whose letter is that," she asked as she looked out from the kitchen. She stared at him, puzzled. The man stumbled and quickly folded the letter.

"It looks like kids playing a prank – it seems quite an elaborate one too." Just then, the man looked down to his loving dog, John, who is looking up in anticipation, wiggling his tail.

"Good boy, John!" When the man tried to pat John, the dog starting licking his leather shoes, his tail still wiggling. Moving his eyes towards where John was licking, there were triangular scratches that he hadn't previously noticed.

From the kitchen his wife called, "Honey, could you take out the glasses, please?"

" ---- It can't be..."

The man stepped into the kitchen, shaking his head. For a while longer, still wiggling his tail John's eyes followed his master's steps.

Just then, he quickly faced the entrance of the house and started violently barking and howling.

The man stopped in his steps, and stared at John. "What's the matter, boy?"

"Looks like someone is at the front door, do you mind getting that please," said the man's wife from the kitchen.

It was black outside. "Gee I wonder, who could it be at this time of night," said the man as he thought aloud.

As the man walked over to the entrance of the house, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\056.doc
The Warning

*dear master
 i hope you are well
 thank you for taking me walkies and playing fetch
 it was very hot this summer so the cool gel mat you gave me is great
 each year it gets hotter each summer when i walk outside my paws hurt more and more i hear its from the global
 warming
 so many things i want to talk about but theres no time now im very worried master
 youre in danger master please run away
 masters mate is very scary very bad human.
 when masters not here she always kicks me she throws empty cans at me
 but when masters here shes all smiley smiley shes scary human
 when masters out of house the human from house with blue roof comes the male human with fur on chin hes very
 good friends with masters mate
 they always say bad things about master they pretend a long time they fool you
 but lately they plan to kill master and pretend its burglary
 they run away together after funeral the good friends they planned it
 its terrible master im very worried
 in night if doorbell rings four times its blue roof furry face human come to do burglary
 please believe me master please believe
 this is john im john the dog sleeping by the door on my cool gel mat
 dont know how i learn to write its a big big mystery
 last month when you humans all away at night i see big round dog bowl in the sky so i bark and bark and bright
 white light shine on me and i can read and write letters
 can write but so hard to hold a pen in my mouth
 but have to warn you
 master please run away im worried
 please believe this is john
 masters shoe has triangle scratch when we go walkies I always look at masters shoe
 this week for sure doorbell rings four times in night*

This was as far as he'd read when his wife poked her head around the door from the kitchen and looked at him curiously.

—So who's the letter from?"

He hurriedly folded it up.

—Oh, it's nothing. Just some kids fooling around – quite an elaborate prank really."

He happened to glance down and noticed his pet dog, John, had come over and was looking up at him, tail wagging, as if trying to communicate something.

—Hey there, John-boy." As he reached down to stroke his head, the dog, tail still wagging, began to lick his shoe. Right by his tongue was a triangular scuff mark that the man had never noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen, —Can you get the glasses out for me?"

It's not possible...

He shook his head and set off for the kitchen.

Tail still twitching, John stood watching his master. Then, all of a sudden, he turned and bolted towards the front door, barking at the top of his lungs. His master stopped and turned to stare at him.

—What is it, John?"

—Honey, I think there's someone at the door. Can you get it?" came his wife's voice from the kitchen.

—Who could it be at this time of night?"

As he headed for the door, the bell rang once, twice, three, four times...

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\057.doc

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

by Onda Riku

dear master

thank you for walking and play with ball hot summer this year so i apprected cold sheet too every year
 get hotter because globalwarm walk outside every year get hurter too
 have much to say but no time so i will get to point
 i am very worried master
 in fact master you are in danger plese run
 your wife is scary cruel person
 when you ar away i am kicked and empty can throw at me
 but in front of you always smile smile scary persn when you ar out nextdoor house man come beard man
 come together with wife
 always say bad of you together
 pretend do nothing trick you
 but now planning pretend burglar and kill you master funeral then run together
 i very worried
 at night when doorbell rings four times burglar nextdoor house beard man
 plese believe me plese believe me master
 i am jon jon the dog i am jon sleping near front door on cold sheet
 last month at night master everyone travel away big round disc in sky i bark and bark and then bright
 light bright all white light bathe me and then can read rite words
 to rite i bite in mouth pen riting hurt but what olse to do
 master plese run worried
 plese believe me i am jon your shoe on walks i always see tringle scratch on your shoe
 this week at night when doorbell rings four times

**blank line

"Who's the letter from?" asked the man's wife, interrupting his reading. She had poked her head in from the kitchen and was watching him read with a curious expression.

The man folded the letter up hastily. "Just some kid fooling around," he said. "I'll give him an A for effort, though."

He glanced down to see John, their dog, wagging his tail and looking up at him solicitously. "Hey, boy," the man said, and reached down to pat the dog's head. John ducked the man's hand, lowering his head and beginning to lick his shoe instead. As the man watched, he realized that John was licking at a small, triangular scrape on his shoe that the man had never noticed before.

"Can you get out the glasses, honey?" the man's wife called from the kitchen.

Come on, that's just crazy! The man shook his head and began walking towards the kitchen.

John, still wagging his tail, was watching the man leave when he suddenly span to face the entryway and began barking furiously. The man paused in mid-stride and looked closely at John.

"What is it, John?" he asked.

"Sounds like someone's at the door. Can you get it, honey?"

"Who could it be at this hour?" the man wondered aloud, walking back towards the door.

As he approached, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\058.doc

A Warning
by Onda Riku

DERE MASTER

THANK YOU FOR GOING ON WALKS AND PLAYING BALL WITH ME THIS SOMER WAS
HOT SO THE COOLING MAT WAS NICE GLOBAL WARMING SURE MAKES EVERY YEAR
GET HOTER WALKING BEARFOOT OUTSIDE GETS HARDER EVERY YEAR TO
ID LIKE TO TALK ABOUT MORE THINGS BUT I MUST HURY SO I CANT
IM VERY WORIED MASTER
AKSHULY MASTER YOR IN DANGER PLEES RUN
MASTERS WIFE IS SCARY TERIBEL PERSEN
WHEN MASTER IS GONE SHE ALWAYS KIKS ME AND THROS CANS AT ME
BUT IN FRONT OF MASTER SHE SMILES SMILING SCARY PERSEN WHEN MASTER IS
AWAY THE BLOO ROOF HOWSE MAN COMES THE MAN WITH WISKERS COMES CLOSE
WITH MASTERS WIFE
THEY ALWAYS CALL MASTER NAMES VERY CLOSE
I ALWAYS PLAY DUM AN BE KWAET
BUT THESE DAYS STAGE A ROBERY KIL MASTER FUNEREL VERY CLOSE RUN
AWAY TAWK IT OVER TOGETHER MASTER ITS TERIBEL
IM VERY WORIED
AT NITE WHEN THE BEL RINGS FOR TIMES ROBERY BLOO ROOF THE MAN WITH
WISKERS
PLEES BELEVE ME PLEES BELEVE ME MASTER
IM JOHN IM JOHN THE DOG IM JOHN THAT SLEEPS ON THE COOLING MAT BY THE
FRUNT DOR
ITS STRAYNGE HOW I CAN RITE STRAYNGE INDEED
LAST MUNTH AT NITE THE NITE EVERYONE WAS TRAVELING THERE WAS A BIG
ROWND DISC IN THE SKY I BARKED AND BARKED AND STRONG LITE WITE LITE CAME
OVER ME AND I COUD REED AND RITE
I CAN RITE BUT ITS HARD RITING WITH A PEN IN MY MOWTH I ALWYS STAND AN
CANTS EE
MASTER PLEES RUN IM WORIED
PLEES BELEVE ME IM JOHN I ALWAYS WATCH MASTERS SHOOS TRYANGLE MARK
SHOOS WHEN WE WALK
THIS WEEK AT NITE WHEN THE BEL RINGS FOR TIMES

**blank line

That was as far as he had read when his wife called.

“Who’s the letter from?”

She stuck her head out of the kitchen, looking curiously at her reading husband.

He abruptly folded the letter.

“Nobody. It looks like a prank – like something a child wrote.”

Glancing at his feet, their dog John appeared, looking up pleadingly and wagging his tail.

“Hey there, John.”

As he went to pat the dog’s head, John, tail wagging, began to eagerly lick his leather shoes. Paying attention to the spot where John was licking, he saw a triangular scuff he hadn’t noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen.

“Dear, will you get the glasses?”

“Wait—there’s no way...”

He set off towards the kitchen, shaking his head.

John watched for a moment, tail wagging, but soon turned abruptly towards the entranceway and began barking loudly. The man stopped, fixing his gaze on John.

“What’s the matter, John?”

“Sounds like somebody’s here. Will you go out and check, dear?”

“At this hour? Who could it be?”

As he walked towards the entranceway, the bell rang. Four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\059.doc

Warning

Onda Riku

Dear Kind Master,

Thank you for always taking me on walks and playing fetch with me. This summer was hot, so the cool seat really helped. We can blame global warming for the fact that it keeps getting hotter year after year, wouldn't you say? It also becomes harder to walk outside barefoot year after year.

I want to tell you about various other things, but since I'm in a hurry, I'll cut the extra conversation short.

I am really worried, Master.

To tell the truth, danger is approaching you. Please escape.

Your wife is a scary, horrible person.

When you are not around, she kicks me and throws cans at me.

In front of you, though, she is smiling—a smiling, scary person. When you are not at home, the man who lives in the house with the blue roof—the man with a beard—comes over. He is close to your wife.

He is always saying bad things about you, and he is close to your wife.

I have always been quiet and pretended not to notice.

This time, however, there was discussion between the two of them about staging a robbery and killing you, a funeral, being close to each other, and escaping. It's horrible, Master.

I am really worried.

At night, when the doorbell rings four times, there will be a robber. The robber is the bearded man who lives in the house with a blue roof.

Please believe me. Please believe me, Master.

I am Jon, your dog Jon—Jon who sleeps on the cool sheet in the entrance.

How I came to be able to write is a strange matter. It is strange indeed.

On a night last month when everyone was away on vacation, a big round disk appeared in the sky. When I howled and howled, a strong light—a completely white light—streamed down on me, and I became able to read and write words.

I did become able to write words, but putting words into my mouth and then writing is hard work. I just can't sit still and do nothing, though.

Master, please escape. I'm worried.

Please believe me. I am your dog Jon. When I go walking with you, I always stare at your shoes and your triangular-shaped scratch.

For sure a night this week, when the doorbell rings four times...

**blank line

After he had read that far, his wife called him.

"Who is that letter from?"

His wife stuck her head out of the kitchen and looked suspiciously at her husband, who was reading the letter.

The man hastily folded the letter.

"Nothing much, it seems like a child's prank, albeit a pretty elaborate one."

When he casually peered down at his feet, his beloved dog Jon gazed up at him imploringly, wagging his tail.

"There, there, Jon."

When the man tried to pat Jon's head, Jon lapped the man's shoes and wagged his tail.

When the man looked at Jon lapping his shoes, he noticed the triangular scratch he had gotten sometime when he was not paying attention.

His wife called from the kitchen.

"Can you get me a glass?"

"It's true!"

The man shook his head as he walked to the kitchen.

Jon, wagging his tail, walked with the man to the kitchen for a while but suddenly turned towards the front hall and began howling violently. The man stopped and stared at Jon.

"What's wrong, Jon?"

"Someone's here," said his wife. "Can you answer the door?"

"Who could it be, at this hour?"

As the man approached the entrance, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\061.doc

Warning

_dear master thank you for taking care of me
 _and always taking me for walks and playing ball and this summer it was hot so the cool sheet to sleep on helped
 every year is getting hotter thats because of globel warming right every year walking outside barefoot is worse
 _theres a lot of things i want to talk about but i have to hurry so leave them out
 _master im really worried
 _actually master danger is coming pleaz getaway
 _masters wife is scary mean person
 _when masters not there i get kicked and cans thrown at me
 _but in front of master smiling smiling scary person when master is not there blue roof house man come beard man
 come friends with your wife
 _always badmouthing master friends
 _i always quaiet pretend dont know
 _but recently two talking kill master look like robbery funeral friends run away master terrible
 _im very worried
 _at night when door bell ring four times robbery blue roof beard man
 _pleaz believe pleaz believe master
 _im jon the dog jon sleeping on cool sheet in front hall jon
 _why i can rite now probably strange right really strange
 _last munth night everyone on vacation away night in the sky big round disk when i barked and barked then strong
 light white light all around could read rite words
 _can rite but riting with pen in mouth hard but couldnt stand it
 _pleaz master get away worried
 _pleaz believe im jon on walks always see masters shoes triangle scuff on shoe
 _this week at night definitely when bell rings fours times‘

**blank line

The man had read that far when he heard his wife calling out to him. —Who’s the letter from?” She stuck her head out of the kitchen and gave her husband a questioning look. Hurriedly, he folded it up.

—Nothing, just some kids’ prank — a pretty elaborate one, actually.”

He glanced down and saw that at some point, his dog John had started gazing up at him beseechingly, accompanied by tail-wagging.

—Alright, John, that’s a good boy.” He reached out to pat the dog’s head. But John, still wagging, licked at the man’s dress shoes. He looked, and for the first time noticed a triangular scuff mark.

His wife called from the kitchen, —Dear, could you set out the glasses?”

—No way it’s for real,” the man said to himself. He shook his head and headed for the kitchen.

John watched the man go for a few moments, whipping his tail back and forth all the while. But then he suddenly turned toward the door and began to bark furiously. The man stopped and looked at him intently.

—What’s the matter, John?”

—Maybe somebody’s at the door. Will you take a look, dear?”

—Who could it be at this time of night?”

While the man was still on his way to the door, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\062.doc

Dear master

First I want to thank you your kindness.

Thank you for take me walks every day and play ball with me. It was so hot this summer the kool mat was a great help. It must be this global warming that makes it grow hotter every year don't you think. Every year it gets harder to walk outside in bare feet.

I have so much more I want to say but there's no time to lose now.

I am very worried master. You are in danger master. Get away now.

Mistress is a terrible scary person. When master not around she always kick me and throw empty cans at me.

In front of master she all smiles. All smiles but she is scary. When master not home the man from the house with a blue roof comes. The man with the beard comes. He very friendly with mistress.

They are always very friendly each other and say bad things about you master.

All along she acts as if nothing is happening. But she cheating.

And now they hatch a plan a fake robbery master killed a funeral then away together. Its terrible master. I am so worried.

At nighttime when doorbell rings four times a robbery the man with the beard from the house with the blue roof believe me master believe me.

Its me master jon your dog jon who sleeps on the kool mat by the front door.

I know its crazy. How come I can write. Its crazy.

It was last month nighttime you were all away on that trip. A giant disc appeared in the night sky. When I barked and barked at it I was bathed in a powerful light a white light and after that I could read and write.

I can write by gripping a pen in my mouth. Its very difficult but I have to do.

Get away master. I am worried.

Please believe me. Its jon. There is a triangle mark on your shoe. I see it every time you take me walk. When doorbell rings four times this week..."

At that point the man's wife called out, "Who's the letter from?" Popping her head round the door from the kitchen, she looked quizzically at her husband standing there with the letter in his hand.

He folded the letter hastily. "Oh, just some kids playing a practical joke by the look of it," he said. "It's a pretty elaborate one." So saying he happened to glance down, to see his dog, John, who had seemingly appeared from nowhere and was now staring up at him as if pleading for something, his tail wagging.

"Good boy," said the man, and as he bent down to pat him on the head the dog began licking the man's shoes eagerly, his tail wagging all the while. The man's eyes rested on the spot where the dog was licking and saw a scratch in the shape of a triangle. He had never noticed that before.

From the kitchen came his wife's voice again, "Honey, can you put the glasses out?" "No, it couldn't be..." he muttered to himself and walked into the kitchen shaking his head.

John followed him, his tail swinging from side to side constantly. Suddenly, he turned towards the front door and began barking furiously. The man stopped in his tracks, turned and stared at the dog intently.

"What's the matter, John?"

"I think it's someone at the door. Can you see who it is, honey?" said the man's wife.

"Who'd be calling at this hour?" said the man.

As he walked towards the door, the doorbell rang four times...

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\063.doc
The Warning by Onda Riku

dear master
thank you for always taking me for walks and playing ball with me summer was hot this year so im
glad its cold now every year it gets hotter and hotter maybe its because of global warming every
year it gets harder and harder walking outside barefoot
i want to say a lot more but im in a hurry so ill get to the point
im very worried master
the truth is youre in danger
your wife is a scary horrible person
when youre not there she kicks me and throws cans at me
but in front of you shes always smiling shes a scary person when youre out the man from the house
with the blue roof comes the man with the moustache him and your wife are friends
theyre always saying bad things about you
i listen but pretend i dont understand
but this time theyre going to fake a robbery and kill you master go to your funeral together run
away theyve been talking about it together master theyre horrible
im very worried
if the bell rings four times at night itll be the robber the moustache man from the blue roof house
believe me master please believe me
im john john the dog i sleep in the cold by the front door
i know its strange that im writing to you very strange
last month when everybody was away there was a big round saucer in the sky at night i barked and
barked at it and then a bright white light showered me and then i could read and write
even though i can understand its hard for me to get the words out or to hold a pen but i cant sit back
and do nothing
please run away master im worried
please believe me im john when we go for a walk i look at your shoes i always look at the
triangle scratch on your shoe
itll be one night this week im sure if the bell rings four times...

The man looked up from the letter at the sound of his wife's voice.

—Who's the letter from?"

His wife popped her head out of the kitchen and looked at her husband with suspicion. He hurriedly folded the letter up.

—It's nothing – just some kid's idea of a practical joke. A pretty elaborate one at that."

The man happened to glance underfoot, where his pet dog John had been sitting unnoticed, looking up at him with a pleading look and wagging his tail.

—Good boy, John."

As the man went to stroke his head, John, still wagging his tail, started to lick his leather shoes. Watching the dog licking his shoes, he spotted a triangular scratch that he hadn't noticed before. His wife called out from the kitchen.

—Will you bring your glass out, dear?"

—...Surely not...?"

Shaking his head, the man walked out to the kitchen.

John sat for a while, wagging his tail, watching the man as he walked off, but then suddenly turned towards the front door and started to bark furiously. The man stopped in his tracks and stared hard at John.

—What's wrong, John?"

—I think there's someone at the door, dear. Would you have a look?"

—Who'd call at this time of night?"

As the man turned and walked towards the door, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\064.doc

Warning

by Onda Riku

"dear sir
 i appreciate all your kindness master
 thank you for always taking me for walks and playing ball it was a hot summer this year so i was glad of the cool
 weather it is hotter every year maybe it is global warming
 working outside without shoes hurts more every year
 i would love to speak further with you but i am in a hurry so i will refrain
 i am very worried master
 the truth is master you are in danger please escape
 the master's wife is a horrible scary person
 when the master isn't there i am always kicked and cans thrown at me
 but in front of the master smiles scary person when master is out man from the blue roof house comes the man
 with the beard comes close friends with wife
 close friends always complaining about master
 she always pretends tricking you
 but master recently two planning fake a robbery kill master funeral close friends run away horrible
 i am very worried
 night door bell rings four times robbery blue roof man with the beard
 please believe me please believe me master
 i am John the dog John i am John i sleep on the cool sheet at the front door
 you may think it's strange why i can read letters it's strange
 a night last month every one away traveling a big round disk in the sky when i barked and barked a strong light bright
 white light over me then i can read right words
 i can read words but writing with the pen in my mouth is hard but i have to do something
 master please escape i am worried
 please believe me i am John we work i always look on the master's shoes at triangular tear on the shoe
 night this week if the door bell rings four times"

**blank line

He had read up to that point when his wife called him.

"Who's that from?"

She stuck her head out from the kitchen and looked curiously at her husband reading the letter. The man hurriedly folded it.

"Oh, it looks like a kid's prank – very elaborate work."

When he glanced down at his feet, his beloved dog John immediately looked back up and wagged his tail, as if appealing to him.

"Nice doggie, John."

When the man tried to pat him on the head, the dog kept wagging his tail and lapped at the man's foot. The man looked at the spot John was licking, and noticed for the first time the triangular tear on his shoe.

His wife called out from the kitchen again.

"Can you set out the glasses for me?"

"...No, surely not." He walked towards the kitchen, shaking his head.

John wagged his tail for a little longer as he watched the man walk away but then turned sharply to face the front door and began to bark violently. The man stopped in his tracks and stared hard at the dog.

"What is it, John?"

**blank line

"Someone's at the door honey, will you get it?"

"I wonder who it could be, at this time of night?"

As he walked towards the door, the bell rang out four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\065.doc
The Warning

By Onda Riku

“dear master
 you always take good care of me
 thank you for always walking me and playing ball
 this summer was hot so the cool sheet really helped me
 it gets hotter year by year its because of global warming or something isnt it
 walking outside barefoot gets harder every year
 i want to say so much more but there is no time so i must be brief
 i am very worried master
 the thing is
 danger is pressing in on you master
 please run away
 masters wife is a terrible frightening person

whenever master is not around she kicks me or throws empty cans at me

but in front of master she smiles and smiles
 a frightening person
 when master is away the man from the house with the blue roof comes the man with the beard comes he is close
 with your wife

they always speak badly of master
 close friends
 always acting innocent
 she is deceiving you
 but some time soon disguised as a robber he will kill my master
 your funeral those close friends run away their plans those two master its terrible
 i am very worried
 one evening when the doorbell rings four times a robber the blue roof beard man
 please believe me please believe me master
 i am john john the dog john who sleeps on cool sheets in the doorway
 how did i become able to write words
 isnt it strange
 so strange
 last month at night a night when everyone was on holiday a huge round disc in the sky
 when i barked and barked a strong light a pure white light showered on me and i became able to read and write
 i became able to write words but to write holding a pen in my mouth is tough
 but i just had to do something
 master please run away
 i worry
 please believe me i am john
 your shoes master when you walked me a triangle shaped scuff
 i always look at your shoes
 this week at night if the doorbell rings four times you must –”
 Just as he has read this far, his wife calls out to him.
 “Who’s that letter from?”

His wife pokes her head out from the kitchen and looks strangely at her husband, reading the letter.
 The man folds the letter, flustered.

“Oh, it’s nothing, I think it’s just a childish prank – though they’ve gone to some trouble over it...”

When his eyes slip to his feet he sees that their pet dog, John, is there, looking up at him as though making some
 kind of appeal, and wagging his tail.

“Well now, John”

When he goes to stroke the dog’s head, John laps at his leather shoes, tail wagging. He looks at the spot the dog
 was licking, and sees a triangular scrape there; he must have scuffed them without noticing.

His wife calls out from the kitchen.

“Darling, could you get some glasses out please?”

“...It couldn't be...”

The man walks over to the kitchen, shaking his head.

John starts to escort the man, tail wagging, but a moment later he suddenly turns towards the front door, and begins barking violently.

The man stops in his tracks, and stares fixedly at John.

“What's the matter, John?”

“It sounds like someone's at the door. Could you get it please, darling?”

“Who could it be, at this time?”

As the man walks towards the front hall, the doorbell rings out four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\066.doc
The Warning

dearest master

thanks always for ketch and wocks. thanks also for cool sheet as summer has been quite hot this year. must be because global warming it get hotter every year. it get harder every year to work barefoot too. i have much to discuss but i am hurry so i will forgo the blizzards.

i am so worried master. you are in great danger. run away! master's wife is mean and i am scared of her. when master not there she sometimes kick me and kick emtee kan at me. but in front of master always smiley smiles but she is bad person. when master away from home man from house with blood roof come. beerdy man come and make friendly with master's wife. they always make friendly and talk bad about master. always keep quiet and fool master. but now saying fake robbery kill master then friendly and run away together master terrible! i am so worried.

nitetime if doorbell ring 4 times robbery blood roof beerdy man. please believe! please believe master! i am john. john your dog. i am john sleeping on cool sheet by front door. are you surprised i can write? very strange!

last month nitetime everyone go away on trip. nitetime big round disk in sky. i bark and bark then bright light shine on me and i can read and write. can write alphabet but pen in mouth hard to write though but can't just lie down and play dead.

run master! worried. please believe. i am john. i always see triangular hole master's shoes on wocks. this week at night if doorbell ring 4 times

**blank line

When he had read that far, his wife called.

"Who's the letter from?" She stuck her head out from the kitchen and gave her reading husband a curious look. He folded the letter up hastily.

"It's nothing. Just some kid's prank, I guess. They really put some effort into it."

When he glanced toward his feet, all of a sudden his beloved dog, John, was looking up at him and wagging his tail, as if to tell him something.

"Who's a good boy?"

When he went to pet John's head, the dog wagged his tail and licked at his leather shoe. He looked where the dog was licking, and found a triangular tear he had never noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen, "Honey, can you put the glasses out, please?"

"...couldn't be." Shaking his head, he walked to the kitchen.

John watched him for a moment, wagging his tail, but at last spun quickly toward the front door and began to bark loudly. His master stopped short, and stared at him.

"What is it, John?"

"Looks like someone's here. Can you go let them in, sweetie?"

"Who could it be at this hour?"

As he walked toward the front door, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\067.doc

The Warning

dear boss

my warmist greetings

thanks for the walks and throwing the ball for me. so hot this year. that sheet you put out for me is much cooler, much preciated. every year getting hotter like this, must be globel worming. getting hotter and hotter to wolk outside barefoot too.

so many things i'd like to talk about, but this is urgent, i'll get rite to the point.

boss, you're in danger, you need to escape. your wife scares me, she's bad.

when you're not here, she kicks me, boss, and throws empty cans at me.

but when you're here, she's all smiley goody goody. she's bad. she's scary.

when you're not here, the man from the house with the blue roof comes round. he has a beard. he's friends with your wife. they say bad things about you. they have fun together, they're close. she never shows it on her face, she's always fooled you.

but now, faking a robbery, kill you, a gang, that kills, they're close. escape! they talk about it, together. boss, it's terrorbull. i'm scared for you.

at night, when the doorbell rings 4 times, robbery, man from blue roof, beard man.

beleeve me, boss, beleeve me.

i'm jon, the dog, jon. i sleep at the front door, on the cool sheet, that jon.

wundering why I can rite? it is strange.

last munth, at night, everyone away on a trip, house empty, at night, big round circle in the sky. i barked and barked, then a big white lite shined down on me, and I could reed and rite.

but even thogh I can rite, sure is hard to hold a pen in my mouth, but i just had to do something.

boss, escape! i'm so worried for you.

beleeve me, it's jon. your shoes, i'm always watching them, they have a triangle rip in them.

this week for sure, at night, when the bell rings 4 times,

***blank line*

His reading was interrupted then when his wife called out to him.

—Who's the letter from, sweetie?"

She poked her head out from the kitchen and looked inquisitively at her husband reading the letter. He hurriedly folded it away.

—Nah, nobody, I think some kids are playing a joke. They've really put some work into it though."

He glanced toward his feet and noticed the dog there, good ol' John, looking up at him with pleading eyes, wagging his tail.

—Good boy, John, good boy"

He went to stroke the dog on the head, but John started licking eagerly at his shoes, still wagging his tail. When he looked where John was licking, he saw a triangular rip in his shoes that he hadn't noticed before.

His wife called out from the kitchen, —sweetie, could you put some glasses out please?"

—.this can't be happening."

He shook his head walking to the kitchen. John kept wagging his tail and looking at him, but then suddenly raced toward the front door and started barking furiously. The man stopped in his tracks and stared at John.

—What's the matter John?"

—Looks like someone's at the door, sweetie, could you go?"

—Who could it be? At this hour?"

As he was making his way to the front door, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\068.doc
-Bone of Contention"

Dear Massa,

Thank you for always walkin' and playin' fetch with me. It was extra hot this summer and that cool sheet you gave me really saved my hide. Do you think the arf is gettin' hotter because of global warming? Every new year it's gonna be that much harder to walk outside on yo' bare paws.

There are a lot of things I want to say, but I ain't got time, so I'll jess cut to the chase.

Massa, I am powerful worried about you.

To be perfectly frank, your life is in danger, and you need to *get out*!

Massa's wife is a scary and cruel person.

When Massa is gone, she always either kickin' me or hittin' me with empty cans.

But in front of you, she always smilin'. She is a scary person. While Massa is out, the man from the blue roofed house comes, the bearded man comes, he good friends with Massa's wife. They always sayin' mean things about Massa, they *real* good friends, they pretend like nothing is goin' on, but they are playin' you for a fool.

But this time, they goin' to fake a robbery! Kill Master! funeral! *real* good friends! runaway! secret meetings! Just the two of them, Massa, how cruel.

I am powerful worried about you.

If the doorbell should ring four times this evening, the robber! the blue roof! the bearded man!
Please believe me, you've gotta *believe* me, Massa.

It's me, John. Your own faithful dog, John. The John that sleeps with the cool sheet in the hall next to the door.

How I came to be able to read and write is strange, very strange indeed.

It was last month, everyone had gone on a trip that night, and I was watchin' the house like I always do - in the sky, a large, round disk - I barked and barked, and then a bright light, white as a sheet, came over me, words - I could read. and write.

Yessir, I can write now, but anyway you slice it, holdin' a pen in your mouth and writin' is real tricky.

Massa, you simply gotta run away, I'm real worried about you.

You gotta believe me, it's John. Massa's shoes, the triangle-shaped rip, the shoes, I am watching.

This week, after dark, if the doorbell rings four times you *got* to - !

**blank line

He had read that far when his wife called out from the next room, "Get a letter from someone?"

She popped her head in from the kitchen, giving her husband, who was deep in thought, a puzzled glance. He folded the letter up hastily.

"No, no, probably just some kid playing a prank - albeit a pretty darn good one..."

He glanced down at his feet, only to find at some point his faithful pet had started looking up at him, wagging his tail back and forth as if he were begging for something.

"Hey there, boy."

The man went to stroke his head, but instead the dog started to lick the man's shoes with a frenzy, wagging his tail like an air traffic controller trying to get his attention. When he looked at where his dog was licking, his gaze caught a triangle-shaped rip he had never noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen.

"Could you grab me a glass, Dear?"

"How in the world..."

The man walked back into the kitchen, shaking his head.

For the moment John kept wagging his tail, following the man to the next room with his eyes, but before long he gave up and jumped back towards the doorway, and started barking like he had just seen a ghost. The man stopped in his tracks and stared bewilderedly at John.

"Hey, what's wrong, John?"

"Sounds like someone's at the door; do you mind checking for me, Dear?"

"Who could possibly be stopping by at this hour...?"

While the man turned and started towards the doorway, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\069.doc

A Warning

By Onda Riku

—greetings master.

thanks for always going for walks with me and playing ball with me. this summer was especially hot so thanks for that cooling seat it was very helpful. global warming must be the reason it has been becoming hotter and hotter each year don't you think. it's making walking outside barefoot harder and harder each year too.

i would like to tell you more about recent happenings but i'm in a hurry so i'll leave it at that.

master. i'm really worried.

danger is coming to you master. please run away.

your wife is a frightening and terrible person.

when you are not around she often kicks me and throws empty bottles at me.

but when you are around she is all smiles. she is a scary person. when you are away the man from the house with the blue roof comes. the man with the beard. he is very friendly with your wife. together they talk bad about you while being friendly with each other.

she's always playing innocent and tricking you.

but recently they talk to fake robbery then kill master then have funeral then run away together. they are terrible.

i'm really worried.

if doorbell rings four times at night it is bearded man from the house with the blue roof for robbery. master. please believe me. please believe me.

i am john. your dog john. i sleep at the front door with the cooling seat.

it's strange that i can write isn't it. so strange.

last month one night when everybody away on trip a big round disk in sky. i barked and barked then strong light bright white light shine on me and i could read and write.

i could write. it is tough to hold the pen in my mouth to write but i cannot help myself.

master. please run away. i'm worried.

please believe me. i am john. i always see your shoes with the triangle scuff when we go for walks.

one night this week when the doorbell rings four times be sure..."

**blank line

He had read up to that point when his wife called him.

—Who is that letter from?"

His wife stuck her head out from the kitchen and gave him a strange look as he read the letter.

He hurriedly folded up the letter and said, —Ah, seems like it's some prank some kids pulled... pretty elaborate though..."

He looked down at his feet and noticed that his dog John was there, looking up as if he wanted to say something and wagging his tail.

—Hey there John."

When he went to pet him on the head, John started licking his shoes while still wagging his tail. He noticed that there was a triangle-shaped scratch on his shoe where John was licking that he hadn't noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen, —Darling, could you get the glasses out?"

—Couldn't be..."

He headed over to the kitchen while shaking his head doubtfully.

John wagged his tail and watched him walk towards the kitchen for a while, but before long he suddenly turned to the front door and started barking furiously.

He stopped in his tracks and stared at John.

—What's the matter John?"

—Looks like someone's here. Could you go get the door dear?"

—Who could it be at this time of night?"

While he was on his way to the door, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\071.doc

Loyalty
Riku Onda

DEAR MASTER THANK YOU FOR TAKIG CARE OF ME
THAK YOU FOR ALWAYS GOING ON WALKS AND PLAYING BAL IT WAS HOT THIS
SUMMER SO THE COOLING MAT REALLY HELPD THE REASON ITS GATTING HOTTER EACH YEAR
IS BECAUSE GLOBAL WARMING ISNT IT WALKING BAREFOOT OUTSIDE WILL GOT HARDER TOO
EACH YEAR
I WANT TO TELL YOU LOTS OF OTHER THINGS TOO BUT IM IN A RUSH SO ILL KEEP THIS
HORT
IM SO WORED MASTER
THE TRUTH IZ MASTER YOU ARL N DANGER PLEAE GET AWAY
YOUR WIFE IS A SCARE BAD WOMAN
WHEN YOU ARE NOT THEIR SHE IS ALWAYS KICKING ME OR KICKING EMPTY CANS AT
ME
BUT IN FRONT OT YOU SHE SMILES AND SMILES SHS A SCARE WOMAN WHEN YOU ARE
OUT THE MAN FROM THE HOUSE WITH THE BLUE ROOF COMS OVER THE MAN WITH THE BEARD
COMS OVER HES FRIENDLY WITH YOUR WIFE
THEY ALWAYS BADMOUTH YOU AND THERE FRIENDLY
ALL THIS TIME THEY HAVE DEEN MAKNG YOU THINK NOthings GOING ON
BUT NOW THERE TALKING ABOUT KILLING YOU MASTER MAKING IT LOOK LIKE A
ROBBERY AND RUNNING OFF FROM THE FUNERAL TOGETHER THOSE TWO ARE REAL BAD
MASTER
IM REALLY WORED
AT NIGHT WHEN THE DOORBELL RINGS FOUR TIMES THATS THE ROBBER THE BLUE
ROOF MAN WITH THE BEARD
PLEAE BELIEVE ME PLEAE BELIEVE ME MASTER
ITZ JOHN YOUR DOG JOHN LYG THE COOLING MAT B THE FRONT DOOR ITS JOHN
YOU MUST WONDRE HOW I CAN WRIFE ITS STRNGE
LAST MONTII ONE NIGHT YOU WERE ALL AWAY TRIP AT NIGHT SKY A BIG ROUND DISK I
BARKED AND BARKED AND STRONG LIGHT PURE WHITE LIGHT SHONE ON ME AND I COUD
READ AND WRITE WORDS
I COULD WRITF BUT HOLDING A PEN MY MOUTH TO WRITE WIS HARD BUT I COUD NOT
STAMD IDLY BV
MASTER PLEAE GET AWAY IM SO WORED
PLEAE BELIEVE ME ITZ JOHN WHEN WE TAKE A WALK I ALWAYS SE YOUR SHOE HAS A
TRIANGULAR SCRAPE ON YOUR SHOE
THIS WEEK SOME NIGHT FOR SURE WHEN THE DOORBELL RINGS FOUR TIMES

When he had read this far, he was interrupted by his wife.

"Who's the letter from?" She stuck her head out from the kitchen and looked curiously at her husband. He folded the letter up hastily. "Oh, it looks like it's just some kids' prank. It's very elaborately done, though." He glanced down toward his feet and realized that for some time his pet dog John had been there wagging his tail and looking up at him as if to tell him something.

"Good boy, John." When he bent to pat the dog on the head, John licked the man's shoe and kept wagging his tail. He looked at the place John was licking and saw a scrape there that he hadn't noticed before. It was shaped like a triangle.

His wife called from the kitchen. "Honey, could you put out the glasses?"

"No...it couldn't be..." The man walked toward the kitchen, shaking his head.

John watched him go for a moment, wagging his tail, but then suddenly turned toward the front door and began barking furiously. The man stopped short and stared hard at the dog. "What is it, John?"

"Honey, I think someone's at the door. Would you go and see?"

"Who could it be at this hour?" As he walked toward the door, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\072.doc

WARNING FROM A FRIEND

Onda Riku

*to my kind Master greetings
i want to thank you for all the walks and playing fetch with me i appreciated the canine cooler bed it was extra hot this summer the increesing hot summers must be from global warming it makes walking outside barefoot more and more uncomfortable every year
theres a lot more id like to talk about but theres no time ill have to refrain for now
im very worried for you Master
your in danger Master you need to get out of here
your wife is an evil cruel woman im not kidding
whenever you arent around she hurts me kicks me kicks cans at me
but shes all sweetness and smiles when your around majorly scary woman Master when your not home the man from the house with the green roof comes over the one with the beard he is great pals with your wife
always putting you down Master great pals
shes been fooling you a long time like she doesnt notice him
but lately they are planning to fake a robbery kill Master funeral great pals make a getaway Master they are evil
really worried for you
one night the doorbell will ring four times robbery green roof man with the beard
Master you have to believe me please believe me
this is jonny your dog jonny i sleep in the canine cooler bed near the front door its me jonny
you must be wondering how i learned to rite it is a strange story
one night last month everyone away on vacation a big round disk in the sky i barked and barked a bright light white light shone on me after that i could read and rite
even though i can rite its painful to rite with a pen in my mouth but ive got to do something
im too worried Master please get away from here
you have to believe me this is jonny i see your shoes every time we walk you have a triangle scratch mark on your shoe
one evening this week for sure doorbell will ring four times and....*

The man was just inside the front door, still wearing his shoes. He had read up to this point when he was interrupted by his wife's voice.

—Who's the letter from?"

She was watching him from the kitchen as he read, a quizzical look on her face.

Flustered, he hastily folded up the letter.

—Must be some kid's idea of a prank. A pretty elaborate one, I must say."

He glanced down at the floor. Johnny, their pet dog, was right there wagging his tail, looking up as if he were trying to say something.

—Hey there, buddy."

As the man reached down to stroke Johnny's head, the dog, wagging his tail, licked his shoe several times. Right where he was licking was a triangular scratch mark the man hadn't noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen.

—Honey, could you get the glasses out?"

Leaving his shoes at the door, he walked toward the kitchen, shaking his head in puzzlement. —That's ridiculous," he muttered.

For several moments the dog stood gazing after the man, his tail wagging. Then, with a start, he turned toward the front door and began to bark frantically. The man stopped in his tracks. He stared at the dog. —What's wrong, Johnny?"

—I think someone's at the door," the wife said. —Could you answer it for me, honey?"

—Who could it be, at this time of night?"

As he was making his way to the door, the bell rang four times.

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A Warning

by Onda Riku

dear master thank you for always take care of me
 for always taking wocks and playing ball thank you very much
 this summer was hot so i grateful for cool mat you put on floor
 i keep thinking become hot is global warming dont you think that is reason
 i keep thinking wocking outside in bare feet is get painful
 i want to talk to you more about all sorts things but im hurry so sadly must leave out
 im really worry master
 the trooth is master is in danger pleese run away
 masters wife is scary crool person
 when master is not there she always does things like kick me throws cans at me and atack me
 but in front of master she is smiling smiling a scary persun when master is out man from blue roof house coming
 man with mustache coming friends with masters wife
 friends who always say bad things about master
 all this time faking it and triking you
 but recently pretending be robber kill master have funeral be friends run away discussing the two of them master
 they are terrible
 im really worry
 at night when doorbell sounds four times robber mustache man from blue house
 pleese believe me pleese believe me master
 im john your dog john
 im sleep on nice cool mat on floor of foyer im john
 why am now able to write leters is wondrous thing isnt it wondrous
 last moonth night everyone travel home alone night in sky big round disk
 i barked and barked strong light all white light poured down and i became able read write
 able write leters but write by holding pen in mouth is tough but i cant help doing this way
 master pleese run away worry
 pleese believe me im john on masters shoe there is triangle scratch im always looking at your shoe
 night this week for sure when doorbell rings four times
 **blank line

He had just read up to that point when his wife called.

—Who's the letter from?"

She peeked out of the kitchen and gave him a funny look as he read.

Flustered, the man folded the letter.

—Ah, looks like a kid's prank—the writing's all messy."

He glanced down at his feet. Suddenly his pet dog John was there, looking up at him like he was trying to make some kind of appeal. He wagged his tail.

—There, there, John."

When he reached out to stroke the dog's head, John, tail wagging, licked the man's leather shoes. On the spot John was licking, there was a scratch he hadn't noticed before, in the shape of a triangle.

His wife called from the kitchen.

—Honey, get some glasses out, would you?"

—nah, couldn't be."

Shaking his head, the man walked into the kitchen.

John wagged his tail for a while as he watched the man go; then after a while, he turned back toward the foyer and started to bark with a vengeance. The man stopped in his tracks, staring intently at John.

—What is it, John?"

—Looks like someone's here. Go out and see for me, would you, dear?"

—Who could it be? At this time of night...."

As the man walked toward the foyer, the bell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\079.doc
Warning by Onda Riku

_dear master who look after me

thank you for taking me walkies and playing ball with me the cold sheet helped as summer this year was really hot its due to global warming that its getting hot every year isnt it each year it get harder to walk around outside bare foot

i want to talk some more about various other matters but ill leave those out because im in hurry master.

i very worried

actually you are close danger run away your wife is a scary horribble person

when youre not around she always kicks me and hits me with empty cans and so on

but when youre around she just smiles and smiles shes scary when you are away the man from the house with the blue roof comes the man with a moustache he is the best of friends with your wife

they always bad mouth you and they are the best of friends she is pretending nothing is going on and is deceiving you but recently they will pretend a robbery has occurred and they will kill you there will be funeral run away

those two people are talking about it master it is terrible i am very worried at night the man with the moustache from the blue roof is the robber and will come when the door bell rings four times master believe me please believe me i am john, john your dog john who sleeps on the cold sheet at the entrance

it is strange i dare say strange how i able to write words

last month one night when everyone was travelling at night in the sky a big round flying saucer came

when i barked and barked a strong and pure white light shone down i was able to understand language reading and writing

im able to write but even though writing with a pen in my mouth is tough there no other way for me to tell you this. master please run away im worried.

please believe me i am john when we go walkies, i always look at the triangular scuff on your shoes.

this week at night when the doorbell rings four times there will certainly‘

**blank line

The man was called by his wife when he had got that far in the letter.

_Who was the letter from, darling?‘

She poked her head out from the kitchen and looked at her husband strangely as he read the letter. He folded the letter in a panic.

_Er, looks like some kids have been monkeying around with some prank...it’s quite elaborate.‘

For some reason when he looked at his feet, his pet dog John, before he realised it, was looking up at him, as if he was appealing for something and wagged his tail.

_There, there , John, old boy.‘

As the man was about to rub John’s head, John licked the man’s leather shoes, wagging his tail at the same time.

When he looked at John licking, he suddenly noticed a triangular scuff.

_Darling, can you take out these glasses?‘ called his wife from the kitchen.

_...There’s no way this can be for real.‘ muttered the man, shaking his head as he walked to the kitchen.

John watched the man go off, shaking his tail for a little while, but before long, he suddenly turned around towards the entrance, and began to bark furiously. The man stopped in his tracks, keeping his eyes riveted on John.

_What’s up, old boy?‘

_I think someone’s at the door. Could you answer it, darling?‘

_Who could it be at this time of night?‘

While the man was walking towards the entrance, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\082.doc

The Warning by Onda Riku

dear masster.

thank yu for being nice gud kind masster.

thank yu for outsid walk and pley fetch. i like. i very apresheate the cool sheet yu set out for me. very hot this summer. more hard to walk outsid barfoot than last year and more than last last year. i think world warming is making world hoter each each year.

i want rite more but i very hurry so i stop chitchat.

i very worry for masster.

true story. yu are very danger. yu must go away.

masster woman is terrible awful peeple.

wen yu not close she kik me and throw empty metel can at me. and wen yu close she ever smileyng. i very afraid her. yu go out and bluroof house man comes. man with fur face. he and masster woman are very friendly togethr. they ever talk bad about masster. very very friendly together.

masster woman ever pretend nothing wrong and say nothing.

but some days ago they plan crime togethr. murdur funeral steal then run away and very very very friendly together. terrible awful.

i very worry for masster.

outsid dark time. doorbell ring 4 times. bluroof house man burglar. fur face man burglar.

believe me masster pleeze.

i jon. masster dog jon. i sleep at door on cool sheet. i jon.

i can rite words. reason very strange.

last moon masster and masster wicked woman go holaday. jon alone. outsid dark time. silver frisbee in sky jon bark bark bark. jon bark bark bark. silver frisbee light touch jon. very bright very very white. then i can rite i can read.

i can rite i can read but mouth pen very difficult. but i must warn masster. i must try.

i very worry for masster.

believe me masster pleeze. i jon. yu must go away.

wen outsid walk jon watch 3 side scratch on masster shoe. jon ever watch.

very soon doorbell bong bong bong bong 4 times. very very soon. yu must go away soon.

**blank line

The man had read up to that point when his wife poked her head out from the kitchen with a queer expression and asked –Who's the letter from?"

Startled, he quickly folded up the letter.

–Oh it's nothing, just some kids playing a practical joke. I can hardly make sense of it but there are things in here that..." he trailed off. –No kid could know." He thought.

As he mused his dog appeared at his feet wagging his tail and looking up at him with an expectant gaze, as if he were trying to tell him something.

He reached down and patted the dog's head saying –Good boy Jon. Who's a good dog?" Jon wagged his tail and began to lick the man's shoe. The husband looked down at the spot Jon was licking and saw a triangular scuff on his shoe.

–Honey, could you put the glasses on the table." His wife chimed from the kitchen.

Jon's eyes followed his master as he walked off toward the dining room.

–No... It can't be. That's impossible." the man muttered.

Jon spun around and raced to the front door barking. The husband jerked to a halt and looked at the dog. –What's the matter Jon?" He asked.

–Someone's at the door honey, can you see who it is?"

–Now who could that be at this time of night?" He turned and grumbled.

As he was making his way to the front door the bell rang, four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\083.doc
"Chukoku -The Whistleblower-" by Onda Riku

"dear master i am always grateful
thank you for always taking me to walk and to play ball
it was hot this summer so the cold blanket was relieving
year after year it's hot because global warming
it's tough year after year to walk outside barefoot
many things i want to talk about but must hurry so i keep short
i am worried master
danger coming to master please run away
master's missis scary terrible person
everytime when master is away she kick me and hit me with empty cans
but in front of master she smiles and smiles
scary person
when master is away man from house with blue roof come
man with beard come
pals with missis
pals always talk bad about master
always pretend everything fine and cheat
but recently the two pals discuss plan
disguise burglary
kill master
funeral
pals run away
master it's horrible
i am very worried
at night when doorbell ring four times
it's burglar it's bearded man from blue roof
please believe me believe me master
i am john
john your dog
john that sleep on cold blanket at front door
why i can write master may wonder
it's mysterious
last month at night
everybody away on trip
round big disk in night sky
i bark and bark
then strong light white light cover me
and i become able to read and write
become able to write words
but write with pen in mouth is difficult
but i unable to sit still
master please run away i am worried
believe me i am john
i see master's shoes at walk everytime
shoes with triangle scar
this week at night
doorbell will ring four times and then"

**blank line

"Who's the letter from, honey?" He heard his wife ask as he was about to continue.
She was at the kitchen, eyes curious, watching her husband absorbed in the letter.
The man refolded the letter in a hurry.

"Oh, it's nothing. Kid's prank I guess."

"Quite elaborate though," he added.

He glanced down at his feet and found his pet dog John sitting there, wagging its tail and watching him with eyes that looked as if it had something to say.

“Hiya John.”

As he stooped to pat its head, John began to lap at the leather shoes the man was wearing, tail thumping contently on the floor. Seeing the spot where John was working on, the man froze, his eyes registering a triangular shaped scar he was previously unaware of.

“Darling, please set the wine glass,” his wife called from the kitchen, snapping him out of his thoughts.

“Aw, humbug.”

The man stood up shaking his head and walked towards the kitchen.

John watched as the man walked away, its tail still in motion.

Then all of a sudden, John turned to face the front door and began to bark ferociously.

The man paused, and turned to look at John.

“What’s the matter John?”

“I think someone’s here. Darling, can you get the door?”

“At this hour? Expecting someone?”

As the man headed for the door, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\085.doc

Warning
by Onda Riku

-Greetings I really appreshiate you taking care of me master
 Thank you very mutch for always going walkies playing ball This summer was hot so the cooling sheet
 really helpt It's getting hotter year by year because global warming It gets harder year by year goeing
 outside barefot
 I want to talk about a lot more but i'm in a hurry so i'll get strate to the point
 I'm worried a lot master
 To tell the trooth master in reel danger Pleze run away
 Master's wife is scary horrible person
 Wherever master is out i'm always get kicked and throwed tin cans
 But in frunt of master smiling smiling She's scary person When master's away house with the blue
 roof man is come Bearded man is come Chummy with wife
 Always say bad things about master Chummy
 All the time trickt you pretend nothing happen
 But nowerdays they plan fake robbery Kill master Funeral Get chummy then run off The two
 talking It's horrible master
 I'm worried a lot
 At night if doorbell ring four times it's robbery it's blue roof bearded man
 Pleze believe me Pleze believe me master
 I'm john John the dog John who sleep entrance hall cooling sheet
 Why i become able to rite? Strange isnit Is strange
 Last munth at night everyone trip away At night a big round disc in the sky
 When i barked and barked a bright white light washed over me and i becom able read rite words
 Am able to rite but riting with pen in mouth is hard Yet i can't just sit still and doe nothing
 Pleze run away master Worried
 Pleze believe me I'm john Master's shoe When we go walkies I always look at triangle scratch on
 shoe
 This week at night if doorbell ring four times you must - "
 [**blank line]
 He had read up to this point when his wife called him.
 -Who's the letter from?"
 Sticking her head out from the kitchen, she looked quizzically at her husband as he read the letter.
 He quickly folded it up.
 -Oh, it's just some kid's prank - a pretty elaborate one."
 Happening to glance down, he found his pet dog, John, looking up at him beseechingly, wagging his tail.
 -There, there, John."
 He was about to stroke the dog's head when John, wagging his tail, started to lick his shoe. He looked at where
 the dog was licking, and saw that the leather was scratched with a triangular mark he hadn't noticed before.
 His wife called him from the kitchen.
 -Could you get the glasses for me, darling."
 -It can't be!"
 Shaking his head, he walked off to the kitchen.
 John, wagging his tail, watched him go, and then promptly went over to the entrance hall, where he started
 barking fiercely. The man froze, and stared at the dog.
 -What is it, John?"
 -There must be someone there, darling. Could you go and see?"
 -Who could it be, at this hour?"
 As the man walked towards the front door, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\086.doc

The Warning

By Riku Onda

To my Dear Master,

I am always grateful for your loving care.

Thank you so much for taking me on walks and throwing balls for me to catch. This summer was a doggone hot one. That chilled sheet you laid out for me was a lifesaver. It seems to be getting hotter as each year passes. I suppose it's due to this global warming business. Every year, it gets tougher and tougher to pad around outside in my bare feet.

I have many other things I want to talk about, but this is urgent. I will be brief.

I fear for you, dear Master.

Truth be told, danger encroaches. Please flee!

The mistress is a terrible, horrible person.

When my master is gone, I am kicked. Empty cans fly at me.

When my master is here, the lady is all smiles. All smiles. She is a terrible person. When you are away, the man from the house with the blue roof comes to visit. That man with the beard comes to visit. Very friendly with the lady of the house.

They always talk badly of my master. Very friendly.

They pretend not to know each other, but they deceive you.

These days, they plan a phony robbery. Kill my master...funeral...must escape...plotting together against you...horrible.

I fear for you.

Nighttime, four chimes of the doorbell. The robbery. The man with the beard and the blue roof.

Please believe me. Please believe me, dear Master.

This is John. John your dog. John who rests on the chilled sheet at the front door. Your John.

I don't know why I am able to write now. It is curious. So curious.

Last month, at night, everyone was out of town and I was left at home alone. At night, a huge disc appeared in the sky. I barked and barked. I was bathed in a powerful light, a pure white light. Then, suddenly, words. I was able to read and write words.

Yes, I can write letters, but it is a struggle to hold the pen in my mouth. Yet, I just can't leave things be—I must inform the master.

Please flee, my Master. I fear for you.

Do believe me. I am John. On our walks, I am the one always looking at that triangular scratch on your shoe.

This week. At night. When the doorbell chimes four times...

At that point, the wife called out.

—Who is the letter from?"

The wife pokes her head out of the kitchen and gives her husband an uneasy look.

The man hurriedly folds the letter.

—Ah, probably some prank by a kid. Pretty well thought out, though..."

Glancing downward, he notes that his beloved dog, John, seems to have appeared out of nowhere, wagging his tail in a plea.

—Good boy, John."

As the man goes to pat the dog's head, John, wags his tail and licks the man's leather shoes with his wet tongue. The man notices a triangle-shaped scratch on his shoe where John has licked it.

His wife calls out from the kitchen.

—Honey, could you get a glass down for me?"

"...it just can't be..."

Shaking his head, he starts for the kitchen.

John continues to wag his tail as he watches the man walk away. Suddenly, he spins around toward the front door and starts barking furiously. The man stops in his tracks, staring at John.

—John, what is it?"

—I think someone's at the door. Can you get it, honey?"

—At this time of night? Who in the world..."

As the man advances toward the entryway, the doorbell rings. Four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\087.doc
THE WARNING

dear sir i'm forever in your debt my esteemed master
all the time walk with me play ball many many thanks
Summer this year so hot the cooling mat a real boon

heating up year by year global warming that's for sure
walking outdoors in barefeets harder and harder year by year
love to say more but time is short so i'll be brief

so worried o master
truth be told master in danger run away

wife of master scary horrible
when master not around kick me throw empty can
that said near master smiley smiley horrible

when master away man come man with beard from blue roof house
all friendly with master wife talk bad of master all friendly

make like not notice fool them good

that said of late pretend to rob kill master funeral all friendly
those two plotting run away horrible o master

beside myself with worry

doorbell ring four times at night robbery blue roof bearded man
please believe please believe o master

this is jon
jon the dog
sleeping at door on cooling mat

odd i can write don't you think?
last month night time all on holiday nobody here big round disc in sky
bark and bark then bright light
pure white shine on me

after that can read and write print letters
that said write with pen in mouth no mean feat

that said couldn't just sit back twiddle thumbs
o master please run away worried

please believe
this is jon

walking together always see triangle mark on master shoe
this week night time for sure doorbell ring four times...

Having read thus far, the man heard his wife shouting.

"Who's the letter from?"

Poking her head out from the kitchen, the wife eyed her husband strangely as he read the letter.
Flustered, the man folded the letter up.

"Looks like kids playing a joke – done a good job though."

Glancing down, the man saw his beloved dog John staring up at him, wagging his tail and looking like he wanted to tell him something.

“Hey there John old boy.”

The man went to pat John on the head, but the dog began to lick sloppily at the man’s shoe, tail flicking away.

Right at the spot where John was licking, the man saw a triangle-shaped scuff mark he’d not noticed before.

His wife shouted from the kitchen, “Bring the glasses through, would you.”

“—Surely not...”

Shaking his head, the man walked towards the kitchen.

John watched, tail wagging, as the man walked off. Then, suddenly, John spun round to face the front door and began barking madly.

The man stopped in his tracks, and fixed his eyes on John.

“What’s got into you, John?”

“There must be someone at the door. Could you get it dear?”

“Who could that be, at this time.”

As the man walked towards the door, the doorbell rang four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\088.doc
The Foretoken

—dear Master oblied to you for the looking after alwayz walking twogether playing fetch summer woz awful hot nise cool mat helpd soo much geting hoter by the year must be globel worming to blaym bear foot outside getting wurser by the year too like to rite more but urjent mater forsez to stop very wurried Master in danjer Master must leev heer

Masterz Darling is a *terribulcruelwuman* when Masterz away shee kiks me throwz empty cans to me but in front of Master awl smiles *terribulwuman* when Masterz out house with blue roof man comes man with beard man and Darling so happy twogether

—**blank line

alwayz saying bad thingz about Master smiling and lauffing pretending nuthing going on theez dayz pretendz to burgel *murder Master* fewnral run away twogether happy ever after *my word Master terribul* two of them! *soo* wurried Master at nite when doorbell ringz four timez *theburgeler* blue roof man with beard beleev pleez beleev Master riterz jon Masterz dog jon he sleeps in porch on nise cool mat Master must wondering how jon can rite straynj indeed last munths night everyone on holidayz jonz lownly nite big dish round in sky barks at *howlz* after shiny lite snowy lite down on jon since noze how to read and rite *noze* riting but with pen in mouth not *eazy* riting cant just sit and wotch *yowling* to tell!

Master must run away so afraid *beleeev* Master this is Masterz dog jon always lukiing at Masterz shooz when walkeez time tryangel skrachd jons *always* woching sum nite this week if doorbell rings four times jons shoor

—**blank line

Just as Tadashi had read that far, his wife called to him from the kitchen. —Who's the letter from?" Leaning her head round the door, she peered curiously at her husband as he read. He hastily folded the paper up.

—Just some kids' prank . . . sure have a good imagination . . ." Glancing down, his dog John had appeared at his feet all of a sudden, tail quivering, looking up as if to tell him something.

—Good boy, John," he said, stretching out his hand affectionately to pat the dog on the head. Tail wagging, John, however, began vigorously licking Tadashi's shoe, drawing his attention to a peculiar scratch in the leather—shaped like a perfect triangle. He wondered how he could have never noticed it before.

—Could you get some glasses out, darling?"

—It couldn't be . . ." shaking his head, Tadashi walked towards the kitchen.

Tail beating, John followed his master with keen eyes for a moment before whirling around to face the front door, barking ferociously. Tadashi froze, looking hard at John.

—What's the matter boy?"

—Seems there's someone at the door darling, could you see who it is?"

—Who could it be at this time of night?"

As he made his way down the hall, the doorbell rang, four times.

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\089.doc

deer master

*thank you verry much for wawks and playin bawl with mee awlwayz kool mat yoo gave mee
verry yoosful this hot summer getting hotter and hotter evry yeer globel wawmin izn it evry yeer
goin out get wurse and wurse with bare paws therez lot I wud like to say but muss be kwik so
regrettfully will refrane*

um very wurried master

fakt iz master in danjer

master wife fritenin eevill pursen

wen master not there she awlwayz kikkinn mee throwin empty kanz at mee

but wen master there wife awlwayz smilin smilin she fritenin

*wen master away bloo roof howse man cum beerd man have nice time with master wife awlwayz
rood about master have nice time together*

til now i fool them preten not notis

*but now they tawkin fake burglary kill master fyoonerel run away have nice time together evill
master*

um verry worried

nite time dawbell ring faw timez burgler bloo roof beerd man

pleez beleev master pleez beleev

*um bob yaw dog bob lyin on kool mat in hawl yoo thinkstranje bob kan rite don yoo yesstranje
larst munth evrywun away on trip big round disk in sky um barkin barkin wen strong lite pyaw
wite lite shine on mee and then I kud reed and rite*

difikult ritin with pen in mouth but must must rite this

pleez get away master wurried

*pleez beleev mee um bob yaw shoo awlways lookin at tryangl mark on yaw shoo wen wawkin
this week nite um shaw bell ring faw time and*

When he had read that far he heard his wife's voice

'Who's the letter from?' she called.

She put her face round the kitchen doorway and looked quizzically at her husband reading.

The man hurriedly folded the letter.

'Some children's prank....it's rather impressive.'

He glanced down and saw that his dog Bob was looking up at him, wagging his tail, as though he wanted something.

'Good boy, Bob.'

He bent down to stroke Bob's head, while Bob, still wagging, started to lick one of the man's leather shoes that were in the hallway. Looking at the part of the shoe that Bob was licking, the man saw a triangular mark that he hadn't noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen.

'Darling, get some wine glasses out, could you?'

'...it can't be real,' the man muttered. Shaking his head he walked towards the kitchen.

Bob, wagging his tail, followed the man with his eyes for a while, and then suddenly turned towards the front door and started to bark ferociously. The man stopped and stared at him.

'What's the matter, Bob?'

'I think there's someone at the door,' said his wife. 'Could you get it, darling?'

'Who could it be, at this time of night?'

As the man walked towards the front door, the bell rang four times.

Note: The dog's name has been changed from John to Bob, on the basis that John is not in my experience a usual name for a dog in English and that it might therefore attract more attention in English than in Japanese, and so disrupt the flow of the story..

C:\Kurodahan\KHPprize\2010 submissions\Individual files\092.doc
The Warning, by Onda Riku

"My Dear Master

*Am grateful for everything Master.
 Am so grateful for go-for-walk and throw-the-ball. This summer was hot - thank you for cool seat! really helped.
 Getting hotter every year is because global warming isn't it. Walk-outside-barefoot's getting harder too.
 Wanna talk many things, but i am in hurry, so i will cut to point.
 Am very worry, Master!
 Truth is, Master in grave danger please run away!
 Master's wife horr'ble hag.
 When Master not around, i am kicked and hit with empty cans.
 But in front of Master she always smiles... the scary hag... When Master away, man from house-with-blue-roof visits... man with beard... friendly with Master's wife.
 They curse you, Master.
 Am always iGnore them and keep quiet.
 But recently, they talk: pretend-to-be-burglar, kill-master, funeral, run-away-together. Master, it's terr'ble!
 Am very worry.
 When doorbell rings four times at night - burglar, blue-roof bearded man!
 Please believe me. Master, please believe me.
 Am john. Am your dog John. John, who sleeps on cool seat in entrance.
 It must seem strange that I can write, very strange!
 Last month...at night...everyone away...big round disc...in sky. When i bark ...strong white light...shone on me...
 then... could read and write!
 Can write, though write-with-pen-in-mouth very difficult, but...am desperate, you see
 Master, please run away. Am very worry.
 Please believe me. Am john. Master's shoe, when we go-for-walk, am always look at Master's shoe...the one with triangle-hole in it.
 This week, night, when bell rings, four times, definitely...*

Before he could read any further, his wife called out.

—Who's the letter from?"

Poking her head out of the kitchen, she looked suspiciously at her husband reading the letter. He quickly folded it away.

—Oh, it's nothing, just some kid's prank - quite well done actually."

Looking down at his feet, he noticed his dog John looking up as if pleading something, wagging his tail.

—Good dog, john."

He tried to pat the dog, but John wagged his tail and began to lick his owner's shoe earnestly. He looked at the spot where John was licking. There was a triangular tear in the leather he hadn't noticed before.

His wife called from the kitchen.

—Get me a glass, will you?

—God, this is weird," he thought.

Shrugging, he walked to the kitchen.

John wagged his tail, watching him go, then suddenly turned towards the front door and began to bark loudly.

The man stopped and stared at John.

—What's wrong, John?"

—Someone's at the door. Would you get it?" called his wife.

—Who could it be at this hour?"

As he walked to the front door, the doorbell rang...four times.