

INTRODUCTION TO *WIND HILL*

One day in January 2000, a story fell into me.

It came out of the blue.

And it took me three days to receive it.

After the three days, the story was *there*.

Ever since, even though so many years have passed, it has never left me.

Meanwhile, I kept receiving more details little by little.

The presence of the characters grew stronger and larger.

I felt I ought to do something for them.

And in here, finally, I intend to take you on a full-course journey.

One thing you have to be aware of is that your guide turns out to be one of those who speaks English as a foreign language.

I hardly ever speak this language.

But everyone in the story talked in English.

When I became conscious of that, I was very surprised.

And no one had anything to do with my culture or my language.

Consequently, I felt there was no choice but to obey and write it in English.

The fight with English grammar and vocabulary ensued.

So, you'll probably feel like you've got a tour guide who is six years old.

It is a pity that the story wasn't for children.

But I'll do my best.  
So, I hope you'll be able to bear with me.

I live in an ancient capital in the Far East, but the journey takes  
place in the West.

South and North America.

Many of the cities, states, and even countries are locations I've never  
been to with my shoes on, or I know little about even if I have visited  
with my shoes on.

Often times I won't know exactly where we are.

I don't know where you live, but it is likely that you are more  
knowledgeable about the places we are about to visit.

So, even though I'm your guide, I'm afraid that you are going to have  
to guide me occasionally and tell me where we might be.

Codes like <M1S> or <M1E> appear on the pages of the GLW  
versions.

They refer to specific pieces of music, where it starts, <M1S>, and  
ends, <M1E>.

Shortly after I received the story—the next morning to be exact—I  
started “hearing” music for some particular scenes.

Then I looked for CDs.

There were seventeen spots like that.

And I ended up stealing sixteen famous tunes.

(One tune had different emotional states and covered two scenes.)

Almost every time I finished writing, I listened to them.

Over the years, I must have listened to the music some hundreds of  
times.

They all come from an American jazz musician, Mr. PM.  
My sincere apology for stealing them, and pasting arbitrary images  
on them.

And my gratitude, as the music sustained my efforts to continue  
writing.

In other words, the musical codes indicate both the music in the  
scenes and that I “watched” many of those scenes several hundred  
times.

You’ll see some colors.

These “flares” can be seen only by you and me, and a young man you  
are about to meet.

These colors are easy to get a feel of.

I hope you’ll soon figure out what they mean and be comfortable  
with them.

I’d be happy if you could whisper me what sort of words each color  
may contain.

Many words can correspond to those colors, I think.

Feel free to come up with sophisticated words I may not know.

I’ll be carrying my digital dictionary in my pocket.

I’m taking in only one person to guide the story.

We sometimes have to hide in a small pantry or bathroom.

Two is just the right number for the journey, I think.

So, you and I will be alone in that world.

You’ll soon know the divide between their world and ours.