

## 第 14 回 IIBC 高校生英語エッセイコンテストの受賞者が決定 ～最優秀賞は渋谷教育学園幕張中学校・高等学校 山下 実穂さん～

日本で TOEIC® Program を実施・運営する、国際ビジネスコミュニケーション協会（IIBC）（所在地：東京都千代田区永田町、理事長：大橋圭造）では、高校生を対象に『身近な異文化体験～コミュニケーションを通じた響きあい～』をテーマに、英語エッセイコンテスト「IIBC 高校生英語エッセイコンテスト」を開催しています。

14 回目を迎えた 2022 年は、本選に 150 校・229 作品、奨励賞に 35 校・1,862 作品のご応募をいただきました。このたび本選 229 作品の中から、審査を経て、最優秀賞（1 名）、優秀賞（1 名）、優良賞（1 名）、特別賞（6 名）、アルムナイ特別賞（1 名）、日米協会会長賞（3 名）計 9 名（複数受賞者 3 名含む）の受賞者が決定いたしましたので、発表いたします。

■本選受賞者：9 名（うち 3 名は複数受賞）※受賞者のエッセイ本文および内容は 2 ページ目以降でご覧いただけます。

＜最優秀賞（1 名）＞



最優秀賞 山下 実穂さん 渋谷教育学園幕張中学校・高等学校（千葉県）2 年  
The Door to Tolerance

＜優秀賞（1 名）＞



優秀賞 鎌須賀 美空さん 渋谷教育学園幕張中学校・高等学校（千葉県）2 年  
"Out of the Box" Experience

＜優良賞（1 名）＞



優良賞 住井 円香さん 学校法人角川ドワンゴ学園 S 高等学校（茨城県）3 年  
Understanding Hidden Kindness

＜特別賞（6 名）＞



特別賞 菊池 華恋さん 岩手県立花巻北高等学校（岩手県）3 年	No Borders: School for Everyone
坂口 礼佳さん 東京都立武蔵高等学校（東京都）1 年	Courage to be Happy
高城 那奈さん 慶應義塾湘南藤沢高等部（神奈川県）1 年	Expressing Feelings Verbally
田 哲さん 芦屋学園高等学校（兵庫県）1 年	Seishun
山本 里咲さん 広島なぎさ高等学校（広島県）2 年	Art is Created Through Harmony
横田 卓己さん 報徳学園高等学校（兵庫県）2 年	Football-More than a Game

＜アルムナイ特別賞（1 名）＞



アルムナイ特別賞 住井 円香さん 学校法人角川ドワンゴ学園 S 高等学校（茨城県）3 年 Understanding Hidden Kindness

＜日米協会会長賞（3 名）＞



日米協会会長賞 住井 円香さん 学校法人角川ドワンゴ学園 S 高等学校（茨城県）3 年 Understanding Hidden Kindness  
山下 実穂さん 渋谷教育学園幕張中学校・高等学校（千葉県）2 年 The Door to Tolerance  
山本 里咲さん 広島なぎさ高等学校（広島県）2 年 Art is Created Through Harmony

第 14 回 IIBC 高校生英語エッセイコンテスト結果詳細はこちら

[https://www.iibc-global.org/iibc/activity/essay/2022\\_result.html](https://www.iibc-global.org/iibc/activity/essay/2022_result.html)

【第 14 回 IIBC 高校生英語エッセイコンテスト概要】	
テーマ	『身近な異文化体験～コミュニケーションを通じた響きあい～』
表彰内容	<p>【本選】最優秀賞：1 名／優秀賞：1 名／優良賞：1 名／特別賞：6 名</p> <p>【アルムナイ特別賞】1 名。過去の受賞者（アルムナイ）が審査員となり、独自の観点で優れた作品を選出</p> <p>【日米協会会長賞】3 名。一般社団法人 日米協会（会長：藤崎 一郎氏）が、本選応募作品の中から国際理解や国際交流の観点で優れた作品を選出</p> <p>【奨励賞】1 校 20 名（20 作品）以上の応募校へ贈られる賞</p>

審査員の紹介はこちら [https://www.iibc-global.org/iibc/activity/essay/2022\\_entry.html](https://www.iibc-global.org/iibc/activity/essay/2022_entry.html)

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**■本選受賞 9 作品****<最優秀賞/日米協会会長賞>**

山下 実穂さん 渋谷教育学園幕張中学校・高等学校（千葉県） 2 年

日本で育った私は、イギリスのカトリック系の学校に宗教への偏見を抱えながら転校した。しかし、友人との交流を通じて、偏見を払拭し相互理解を達成するには受容の精神と相手への働きかけが必要なのだと学んだ。

### The Door to Tolerance

“In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit...” Muttering these words, I clumsily made the sign of the cross with my hands. A month had passed since I transferred to this Catholic all-girls school in London, but I was still baffled by its weekly Mass, when all students gathered in the school Chapel and listened to a sermon that sounded like pure gibberish to me. As my classmates knelt gracefully on the pew kneeler and began praying, I mulled bitterly about what they were wishing for. For me, a regular Japanese girl, praying to a God was a peculiarity. And so when I grudgingly knelt with the others and closed my eyes, I did not have the slightest expectation that my skeptical and condescending attitude to religion would transform to tolerance and respect in less than a year’s time.

Growing up in Japan was a unique experience in terms of religion, even if I had not realized it during my childhood. Although a great majority of Japanese people celebrate Christmas with zeal, visit Shinto shrines and Buddhist temples on New Year’s Day, and pray to some unidentified “Kami-sama” during adversities, these habits are derived from culture and not religion. In fact, we are alarmed by the notion of religious identity. I remember being frightened by the strange ladies who came knocking at my door, inviting me to join their ritual. I remember watching a news of a terrorist attack in some distant country, and vaguely thinking that religion drives people crazy. Therefore, I felt like an alien when I moved to London and entered a Catholic school; the ease with which my classmates loved God was utterly inconceivable.

My distrust of religion must have been obvious, for one girl tried to confront it. Her name was Isabella, and as a devout Catholic who regarded religion as a natural part of her life, she found my mild atheism unfathomable. “Why don’t you believe in God?” she asked me briskly one afternoon, when we were ambling on the school field. I can still recall her electric blue eyes reflecting my bamboozled face, and how I responded with a question that had been growing inside me: why do you believe in God, then? This interaction started off a friendship that changed how we both perceived the world. Isabella taught me hymns and prayers, and through listening to her recitals of the Bible and stories of God guiding her, I gradually realized that Christianity was a crucial part of her identity and that denying it was disrespectful. In return, I described to Isabella the tepid relationship most Japanese people have with religion, and it was a pleasant surprise to see understanding dawning on her beautiful eyes. When we shared our snacks during playtime, we also shared our beliefs. When we visited each other’s houses for sleepovers, we witnessed foreign culture. When we hugged tightly on the day I was departing for Japan, we knew that no matter the disparity between our backgrounds and beliefs, we were friends for life.

Now that I am reflecting on my experience in London, I realize how fortunate I was to be able to discard my stereotypes about religion at a young age. In Japan’s homogeneous society, people often consider religion as foreign, dangerous, and beyond understanding, as I once did. Sadly, this intolerance exists all over this planet, and is applied to not only religion but to essentially anything people do not understand. It plagues the current world in the form of hate speeches, ethnic cleansings, and sheer prejudice. The interaction I had with Isabella gave me a friend, but it also gave me the open-mindedness that I believe is vital to create a world where differences are respected. However, even as I write this, I know that I still have not freed myself from unconscious biases. Therefore, I am striving to confront these biases through actively learning about others’ opinions and communicating my own, and I hope that one day, I can again aid someone in opening the door to a world of tolerance. [685 words]

今年の春休みに、私は東京ジャーミイ・トルコ文化センターを訪れました。短い時間しか滞在することが出来なかったが、ツアーガイドさんやムスリムの方々との交流は、とても貴重な異文化体験となりました。また、型にはまらない独自の考えを持ち、行動に移す重要性について学びました。

### “Out of the Box” Experience

The precise architectural details on the walls of Tokyo Jamii, a mosque and Turkish culture center in the heart of Tokyo, glowed luminously. The dazzling sunlight seeped through the geometric patterned stained-glass windows. The color variations and decorations enchanted me when I visited this spring. Truthfully, having never visited a mosque, I was skeptical of the possibility of breaking a certain rule and wondering how a “tourist” like myself could actually be allowed inside such a sacred place. However, the warmth and the welcoming ambience I felt once inside, quickly put me at ease. People smiled cordially, not a single glint of hostility in their eyes. Little did I know, there was something far beyond the mesmerizing Islamic architecture and the cordial smiles of those I passed.

The tour guide, a jolly Japanese man, generously led me around the building. He explained to me that despite Tokyo Jamii being a Turkish center, people from many countries visit the mosque, although most people live far away. However, a transfer student, one of the many people he introduced me to, added that the distance did not bother them because coming to the mosque gave them the opportunity to talk to their fellow Muslims.

The thought of hundreds of people going to the mosque every week, connecting with other people from different countries and spending their time together left me awestruck. The fact that I was never aware that a community filled with so much love that allowed people with Islamic background and Japanese people to interact, existed in a place, never too far out of reach shocked me.

As my tour guide continued to show me around, he told me of his trip to Egypt as a university student and how this had taken him to a completely different path than what most Japanese people would even consider attempting. He explained how during his trip to Egypt, he experienced the hospitality of many locals. He recounted how he was intrigued when he had learned that they were Muslims and how this experience had shaped him to become the person that he is proudly today: a Muslim himself.

During our time together, I asked him what he values most about being a Muslim. I still remember vividly how he had replied, saying how the importance of equality in Muslim teaching is something that he continues to hold close to his heart. He explained how during prayers, Muslims lineup in one row to signify that under God, everyone is equal, and how one’s value does not differ because they are a particular race. He expressed frustration towards the prejudice towards Islamic culture and Muslims that Japanese people have due to their lack of knowledge.

However, a moment later, he smiled, then said that I had given him a sense of reassurance and courage to continue his mission to tell the truth of Islamic culture. He told me he was surprised that a high school student would ever willingly come to the Tokyo Jamii, interested in Islamic culture but he was most of all delighted and encouraged to know that people do care. The hour and a half that he spent showing me around the mosque, made me realize that he was not just a tour guide, but a passionate cultural ambassador whose life’s work is to eradicate such prejudice against Islamic culture.

Being a high school student, I am often asked what I have in mind for my future. To my own dismay, I always find myself replying that I am not sure. However, my trip to Tokyo Jamii gave me a glimmer of hope. My interaction with the transfer students and listening to my tour guide share his valuable experiences encouraged me to be open to change and to think outside the box. It may just lead me to something unexpected that could broaden the possibilities of my future. However, like my tour guide whose opportunity to interact with the locals during his trip to Egypt had been the catalyst to his current path, I have realized that these unexpected twists and turns in life, are linked significantly with the people and communities one meets and interacts with along the way. [698 words]

遠方に住む祖父を年初に亡くした。祖父と最後に病院で面会した時にジェネレーションギャップを乗り越えて通じ合えたと感じた経験を通して、相手の行動の背景にある理由を考えることが異なる価値観の理解に重要だと感じた。

### Understanding Hidden Kindness

Last November was the last time I met my paternal grandfather. After a four-hour trip on the Shinkansen from Tokyo to Hiroshima, my family and I took an old-fashioned coral pink train to visit him. He had been hospitalized for months due to a disease. Looking out the train window, I thought back to the time we spent together which made me aware of hidden kindness around me.

Although I love my grandfather as he was always kind to me, there was one thing about him that was hard for me to understand; oftentimes, he hid his true feelings and acted opposite to his emotions. In my generation, it is a norm to express our emotions, especially when communicating on social media. Being used to texting online, which tends to be more straightforward communication, I often take words at face value. Therefore, when he told us that he did not need us to meet him often, I thought that he did not want to see us and that he wanted to keep his family away. Even though I later learned that he missed us at his heart, as I grew up in an environment where self-expression was valued, I could not understand why he would say something different from his innermost feelings.

The time we spent together was probably much shorter than other people's grandparent-grandchild relationships. It was not just because he refused us to visit him often. During the past ten years, we moved to the United States twice and returned to Japan. We lived in the US for a total of four years. The distance between the two countries prevented us to meet frequently.

I eventually learned that he was not meant to keep his family away. Rather, he was concerned about my family, especially about my newspaper journalist father, who had to return to work whenever a big story came out. He did not want to bother us by telling him that he wanted us to meet frequently. He had always been thinking about us even when he was enduring illness. Every time we talked on the telephone, he would always ask me about my school life and if we were doing well. One day, when we were talking on the telephone, as he always did, he asked me if my father was doing fine. While talking, I recognized him coughing and asked if he was feeling alright. He replied that he was fine; however, as the days went by, he became sicker and sicker.

Arriving at the hospital, the staff brought us to a hallway as we could not get in the room to prevent coronavirus infection. We could see him lying on the bed through an acrylic shield standing. He seemed confused and surprised by the unexpected visit as we did not tell him about the visit beforehand. To talk with him, my father had to turn on the speaker of his phone and had to hand it over to the staff in order to avoid droplet transmission. The staff then handed it over to my grandfather, but with his weakened grip, he was unable to hold it. From the phone speaker, we heard a hoarse voice saying, "Why did you come here?" My father answered, "We just wanted to see your face." The meeting time passed in the blink of an eye. At the end of the visit, I told him that I would come back to see him again. Instead of replying, he smiled and nodded. At that moment, I felt that we could finally understand each other.

My grandfather, who passed away earlier this year, was someone who had always limited his inner feelings and prioritized other people. In my generation, many of us value expressing ourselves, whereas my grandfather valued more on being patient. For him, patience meant consideration for others. His hidden kindness made me think that I might be supported by the kindness of those around me in ways I don't recognize. I believe that I would one day be able to understand people with different values by considering the reasons behind their actions and attitudes. Thank you, Grandpa, for teaching me a valuable life lesson. [697 words]



「教育における平等とは何なのか」について、日本に来た留学生が私に考える機会を与えてくれました。日本とアメリカでの考え方の違いに心を動かされました。日本では「普通のこと」でも、考え直してみると気づく何かがあるはずです。

### No Borders: School for Everyone

I have a dream. I want to be a teacher-not just to teach, but to also bring about change in our education system. Currently, in Japanese education, disabled and healthy students are supposed to take classes in separate places. Many people in Japan take this for granted. Once, I also assumed that disabled and healthy people were completely different, and I used to think that disabled people were a nuisance. However, two people changed my way of thinking drastically.

First, when I was in junior high school, I had a disabled friend since elementary school. One day, after she enjoyed playing in my class, she said to me, "I don't want to go back to my original classroom." Despite her request, and without thinking about her feelings, I told her that she should leave right away. She looked so sad. Then a feeling of regret suddenly crept within me. "Does this style of education really have beneficial effects on people?"

A year later, an overseas student came to my school from the U.S. Soon I got along with her. One day, when we were talking, the disabled student came to us. To my surprise, the American student accepted her without hesitation. Then, the student asked me why the disabled and the healthy students were in separate classes. I couldn't answer her logically, and this question struck my heart. She also taught me that all students take classes within the same place in America. Then I began to feel the difference between our cultures, and came to think that Japan's education should be changed so that all students can help each other regardless of their physical disability. In a way, she was also moved by what I had taught her. I told her that students in Japan are supposed to clean the classrooms by themselves. Cleaning can cultivate public pride. Both of us had realized the education systems from own countries. As a result, we took action. When I was in third grade, I got an opportunity to talk to the principal. I told him what I learned from the American student. I courageously told him, "Our school should adopt the type of education that allows all students to take classes in the same classrooms." Fortunately, he did so. Later on, he told me that he wanted to continue this plan because children came to help each other more than before.

On the other hand, the American student, after returning to U.S., explained to her classmates the way of cleaning classrooms in Japan. She moved the hearts of the American students. After that, students came to clean classrooms by themselves like us. This is how we affected change in each of our communities.

Second, when I became a high school student, I met an English teacher and once more my heart was struck again. He told me that unlike Japan, most students in America enter nearby high schools without strictly regarding to academic ability. It means that all students are treated equally. On the other hand, now in Japan, students are separated by differences in academic ability and presence or absence of disability. Through hearing his talk, I came to realize that Japan's schools should be changed as I expected.

Specifically, in my schools of elementary, junior high school, and high school, healthy students rarely do anything with disabled students. On the contrary, some of them sometimes bully disabled students. This situation should be changed.

Experiencing these, I finally had a clear goal: I am desperate to be a teacher. I want as many schools as possible to have a greater sense of equality. Therefore, in order to achieve this goal, I should enter college, I'll definitely study about other countries' education, and I'd like to develop a system of inclusive education.

This is my dream. A dream that cannot be done alone. A dream, that if fulfilled, can break the boundaries of the education system. A dream that needs you and me. Would you join me in making this dream come true? [677 words]

勇敢な女の子と出会った。耳が聞こえない彼女は、私よりもずっと過酷な世界で生きながらもなお、自分はとても幸せだと言う。これは、彼女の持つ「幸せになる勇気」に憧れて、躊躇いがちな私が勇気を出すまでの話だ。

### Courage to be Happy

In this world, everyone is looking for a way to be happy. This is the story of how my new friend showed me how to be happy.

She was the only one among the participants to give a speech in sign language. She also watched the participants' speeches more carefully than anyone else. Seeing her like that, I wanted to be her friend, but I hesitated to approach her. After the contest, however, she approached me, and we became good friends. It was my first time to go out with a deaf person. She usually uses sign language to communicate, but since I have never learned it we just showed each other notes from our phones. It was fun to go shopping with her. As she faced products in storefronts, she held up the little finger of her left hand and twirled the palm of her right hand over it. It is sign language for "kawaii". We looked at the various items in the store and described how cute they were. I got to know that there are various ways to express my feelings, such as sign language, gestures, and facial expressions, that are not limited just saying things out loud. Our right palms twirled again and again.

Time flew by. I began to understand what it meant to be "deaf". When we entered a restaurant, and a waitress told us what to expect there. She looked a little sad and asked me what the waitress had said. I was stunned. I noticed just how many things she could not hear, a cool piano street performance I heard that day or a song by an idol group she liked. After being by her side for only a day, I realized that she could not hear any of these. And people unknowingly remind her repeatedly of what she has lost due to being deaf. It was a big shock to me. How pitiful she was, I thought. I believed it was natural that I should feel this way.

Later, as we were walking, she showed me a note that said, "Wait a minute. There are women cosplaying my favorite characters. I want to see them." I was surprised. She left me and walked closer and closer to the cosplayers. Then she showed them the screen of her phone. I ran up to her. Her notes read, "I like these characters. Would you take a picture with me?" I said to them, "She is deaf. So, um, with notes..." She looked at me curiously. The women looked doubtful for a moment, but eventually smiled softly and said, "Okay." I took a picture of her and the women. She showed her thanks to us and looked happily at the photo of herself and the women. I asked her. "Those women are strangers, why did you want to take a picture with them?" She said, "Because they were cosplaying my favorite characters. I already told you that." What did I look like then? She laughed as if she knew how I felt. She is always perceptive. "There is nothing I should put up with just because I'm deaf." And she said, "I'm living a totally happy life."

I was with her for only one day, but my values have completely changed. There are so many things in this world that she could not perceive, yet there are just as many things she does in order to live in a world where she cannot hear any sounds. I think that I need to be more courageous to be happy, just like my new friend acting with her courage will help me encounter many different people and learn about them and their values. I want to be like her, who has the courage to take immediate action, who can confidently say that she is happy after having relationships with various people.

The other day, I was able to practice being courageous and helped an elderly person. He thanked me and smiled, which made me happy. I am going to try to continue doing this in order to pursue my happiness. I will be happy. After all, I know how to be happy.

( 696 words )

まだ小学生で言語によるコミュニケーションもままならないときに体験したエピソードをエッセイにしました。言葉が通じ合うことも大事ですが、それ以上に相手のバックグラウンドを知り、心を合わせることが大事なのだと今では考えています。

### Expressing Feelings Verbally

Life is not a storybook, but life unfolds in chapters. Some may be hard to look back on, and some may be heartbreaking. Imagine yourself not being able to speak English but thrown into a classroom with classmates from more than 15 countries and you are the only Japanese. This was me in 2018 when it was time to start a brand-new chapter. The brave ones might be excited, but I certainly was not. I was scared. I remember my legs trembling in front of the class, with twenty-six pairs of eyes looking at me. I introduced myself and spent the first week desperately trying to keep up with the class while trying not to draw attention to myself. By the end of the first week, some students had already settled in, making friends.

“You are a murderer!” The two Korean boys attacked me with these words coming out of their mouths. I still remember this moment vividly. We three were the students from EAL class who were thrown into a class with all native students. As they were both from Korea, they always spoke Korean to each other, and it only took a week for them to find a place to belong in school. Maybe having a classmate from the same country is reassuring, but both of them were aggressive to me. The word “murderer” just kept playing in my mind filled with question marks. What did I do to them? Where did I make a mistake? I headed home carrying an uncomfortable, foggy feeling.

I dawdled on my way home because I did not want to tell my mother what had happened and add to her worries. However, the next day, these two Koreans said that my father, grandfather, and other people around me were all murderers. It did not stop, and they went on day after day, relentlessly. The more they talked to me, the deeper the wound got. Eventually, I could not stand it anymore and confessed to my mother. Not only did she console me, but she also told me about the war between Japan and Korea in the past. Japan annexed Korea and hundreds of thousands of Japanese settled in the country. Not only very large numbers of Koreans died due to the Japanese occupation of Korea, thousands of Koreans were attacked in Japan too at this time. After this new discovery, I was able to understand the Korean boys’ remarks.

I was not a confused girl just standing there anymore. Wobbly English came out of my mouth saying, “Now, I know that you are talking about the war”. They seemed surprised, but they acknowledged. I remember myself making an attempt to tell them that the past is the past, the war has nothing to do with me, and how I was hurt by what they had said. The two Korean boys grasped my feelings and became more careful with their words and actions. The mother of one of the boys is a history teacher and he said it was shocking to hear about his home country losing. I was surprised at myself for being able to explain my own feelings and how that could change somebody’s behavior. My life is not a perfect fairytale, so it is not like they apologized sincerely, and we became good friends. However, they stopped bullying me and started acting civilly towards me. This was enough for each of us to have a peaceful school life.

Flipping back through pages, memories pop up and some of them are not easy, some of them are not sweet. However, I personally think memories are not final, they are built upon and developed by subsequent experiences. No matter what the result is, looking back at it later in life, it is always a good memory as it made you who you are. The experience I shared here may not be a “happily-ever-after” story, but I know it is one of the special moments that counts. It taught me how having conversations with others can change things 180 degrees. Just a few words can change both the past and the future and help add greatness to one’s life story. (697 words)

僕は今年の2月に自分の母国である韓国へ渡り、現地の学習塾で超学歴社会といわれる母国の現状を目の当たりにしました。さらに毎日のように多大なる量の勉強に苦しむ僕の従兄弟を見て、心の底から日韓両国の学生の幸せを願い彼に声をかけました。

### Seishun

In the silent and gloomy room, all I could hear was the sound of pencils. I was sweating in the stuffy atmosphere. No one complained. They just stared at their textbooks. The long frustrating lesson made me regret coming to this cram school during my stay in Korea. I finally heard someone's voice and turned around. The boy behind me was being yelled at by our teacher. He had gotten a math question wrong. I was nervous about making a mistake myself after that. When the class was finally over, I couldn't help rushing past the other students to get out first. I remembered what had brought me to such a harsh place, feeling an acute headache like I had never experienced.

Before going to Korea, I was a normal Japanese student. My mother is Korean, but we have lived in Japan since I was three. One day, there was a call from my grandmother in Korea and she asked us to go back to our hometown for a month. We hadn't been there for two years due to COVID-19. I was looking forward to playing basketball with my cousin again, but I didn't want my studies to suffer. I was obsessed with getting good grades at that time. I am usually annoyed by the long flight time to Korea, however this time it passed quickly. After arriving at my grandmother's home, I was reunited with my cousin, his parents, and my grandmother. Later that day I begged my aunt for a chance to experience Korean education and keep up with my studies. To my great disappointment, she said that Korean cram schools are too harsh for me. I knew that Korea's education system is the toughest in the world, and I should have given up then and there, but I was stubborn. My aunt finally said, "All right, I've given in to your enthusiasm." and booked some classes for me. I felt dissatisfaction with her reserving only one day. How ignorant I was!

I was proud after the lessons. I felt as if I had survived a day on a desert island. I got into my uncle's car, fell asleep immediately and I only noticed we were home when the car stopped. Then, I waited for my cousin to get home from his cram school. After a while he finally came back, but something was wrong. He looked just like a withered plant. He ran into his room without saying anything. I was worried about him, so I entered his room and he burst into tears. "I'm sick of studying!" he screamed. Listening to him, I realized what I had experienced at the cram school was something he suffered every day. Korean students are expected to overcome it. I picked up his dusty basketball, put my arm around his shoulder and took him straight to the park. When we got there, I told him about a Japanese word which doesn't exist in Korean - *seishun*. It relates to being young and making the most of our time; doing things we enjoy when we can. He thought for a moment, then smiled, took the ball and ran. He was like a caged bird released. After that, my cousin changed. He vowed to make the most of his *seishun*. He used to study all day, but now he makes time to enjoy drawing. No matter how much pressure he faces from now on, it won't deprive him of his *seishun*.

My month in Korea was eventually over. I didn't go back to the cram school. During the flight home, I couldn't help crying when I thought about my cousin. I also remembered how obsessed I had been with grades before the trip. My harsh experience and my cousin's tears had changed me. The intensity of the Korean education system and the motivation of the students impressed me at first, but it is very different to Japan. I told my friends about my experience and how lucky we are to be able to enjoy our *seishun* without such terrible pressure. I still believe that studying is important, but so is a balanced life – we are only young once. [697 words]



他者の価値観を受け入れることは、自分の個性を失わせるのではないか。そう考えていた私は、他者と協力して一枚の絵を完成させる経験を通して、多様な価値観を受け入れることが自分の成長につながることを学んだ。

### Art is Created Through Harmony

Always being “the art kid” at school, I loved drawing everywhere: in my sketchbook, in my notebook, and even in my textbooks. However, because I was also “the shy girl,” I wasn’t used to drawing with someone else, which meant I didn’t have the chance to get others’ advice. I didn’t even feel the need to, because I had the strange confidence that my painting approach, color choices, and style were all original and perfect the way they were and didn’t need any changes. I wanted to improve more, but I wasn’t willing to take in others’ techniques. I used to think that art must be created independently, and that copying others would be proof that I didn’t like my own art style. My pride didn’t allow that.

However, it was when I joined the art club in eighth grade that things would never be the same. I joined the club mainly because I wanted to use professional art supplies. I thought I would be able to concentrate on improving my own work, but what I got there was something different from my expectation. Ms. Barger, the art teacher, split us into three groups and gave us a huge canvas, along with the theme, “Sky and Hand.”

I was placed in a group with students who had totally different cultural backgrounds to me, and my nervousness was off the charts. I had never done a group project before, so I thought that it would be impossible for me to share my artistic values with others, and was afraid that I wouldn’t be “original” by embracing other views. However, the experience turned out to be quite different.

Despite my worries, the group work started right away. What we came up with first was to paint the clouds as the main focus in contrast with the other groups who were putting the hand at the center. After that, each of our ideas mixed together like magic. When I came up with the idea to draw a floating castle inside the clouds, another member had an idea to add an Asian-style castle next to it, to show her own cultural identity. That inspired the other girls. They started adding the Taj Mahal, the Eiffel Tower, a bamboo bush, and other features, which all originated from their cultures.

Similar happy accidents occurred throughout the project, and I became certain that this piece would become a true masterpiece. Because each one of us had our own art style, which was shaped by our life experiences, values, and personalities, each one of our distinctive cultures blended together as one style in this mural. We all absorbed each others’ uniqueness into our collective style naturally, making our art better. This was when I experienced the importance of accepting other cultures and perspectives.

From that day on, my thoughts changed. I learned that collaborating with others and incorporating their techniques into mine didn’t necessarily mean that I was abandoning my original style. Taking in things that I could never experience on my own, gave a new stimulation to my art. I used to be trapped in my own art style, but now, I’m embracing a wide variety of different styles, coloring techniques, and cultural perspectives. And it didn’t just stop with my sense of art. From that experience, I’ve always tried to keep in mind that others’ ideas are often irreplaceable things that I can’t come up with on my own. When I’m debating during class, when making presentations, and even when I’m having a conversation with my friends, I try to accept differences and use it as an opportunity to broaden my perspective, because I know from experience that by doing this, I will grow as a person. Just like what happened during the making of the mural, listening to others’ opinions, accepting them, and working together led to gaining multiple new perspectives and ideas, which combined with my originality, and made me more attractive to others. My values right now are based on this lesson: accepting others. Now, I love this “new me” along with my new art. (682 words)

ドイツへの短期留学で、自分自身の中にある固定観念に気づきました。サッカーを通して国籍や肌の色に関係なく行うプレーや振る舞いが大事で、生活のあらゆる状況においても相手の本質を見ることが大切だと学びました。

### Football – More than a Game

When I was in the second year of junior high school, I went to Germany during my summer holiday for about a month on a road trip with my football club. On that trip, we were scheduled to play in a match with the other kids my age from Europe. It was not just a football match, but an awesome trip aboard, an unforgettable experience.

In Germany, the other guests at the hotel I was staying at and people at the shops I visited in the city asked me, "Are you Chinese?" or "Are you from China?" Because we shared the same black hair and yellow skin, all Asians seemed to look Chinese to them.

At first, I was a little Flustered hearing that and responded that we were from Japan. Most of them replied with "Oh, Japan people?" or "Ah, I know Japan." With my long and mono-lid eyes, I guess I did look Chinese. I was upset, but my coach reminded me that we are representing Japan, so we should be aware of our actions; as we are constantly seen and feel that the citizens of other countries judge Japan by the way we behave.

My teammate and I went into our match with enthusiasm. We were keen to show our opponents the strength and potential of the Japanese through our game. "Let's make them think that even the Japanese are strong in football.", we thought. The players on the opposing teams were all White and of European descent. They were professional and sporting throughout. They did not make fun of us because we were Asian. When someone played well, they would said "Nice!"; "good job!". When there were a better play by someone, they cheered regardless of whether the players were on their team or not. When there was a rough play, there was booing in the behavior. Even when I made a mistake during the game, they said "Never mind" or "better luck next time." Though the game, I learned about perseverance-to get right back up even if I made a mistake and to change my perspective on how to view those mistakes.

After the game, the coach of the opposing team told us that their team was not made up of Germans, but also Dutch and Austrian as well. I used to resent that everyone of Asian descent was assumed to be Chinese. But I realized that I had also assumed everyone was German just because they were on the German team and that I, too, could not tell the difference between the Dutch and Austrian from the Germans.

I have met many people through football. It is a world where your skin color or nationality does not matter. Only the quality of your game does. If I play well, I will receive due praise. Similarly, I will also evaluate the players on the field based on their play and character. Their skin color does not matter and neither does their race.

In Football, we are often advised to develop "tunnel vision" which broadens our view of the game, rather than just focusing on the ball on hand. This applies not only to football but also to all situations in our lives. There are many races and people of nationalities in the world. I want to be someone who is not bounded by stereotypes but can see the underlying qualities and character of a person. [577words]

## ■奨励賞 35 校

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千葉県立千葉高等学校	東京都立雪谷高等学校
本庄東高等学校	東京都立飛鳥高等学校
専修学校クラーク高等学院（名古屋校）	津田学園高等学校（六年制）
茨城県立下妻第一高等学校	角川ドワンゴ学園 N高等学校・S高等学校
クラーク記念国際高等学校	関東学院六浦中学校・高等学校
栃木県立大田原女子高等学校	熊本県立第二高等学校
八代白百合学園高等学校	国府台女子学院高等部
近畿大学附属高等学校	山梨県立甲府西高等学校
長崎県立口加高等学校	頌栄女子学院高等学校
私立中京高等学校	早稲田大学系属早稲田渋谷シンガポール校
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