

リスクライド

RISK RIDE

苦難の 果てに—

Beyond
the threshold
of pain

Art
Kelly Shinozawa

Script
Dr. Andy Meeko



Misery bides it's time.

*No one knows, when it will strike.
How deep it will drag you...*

*When all hope is lost,
What then?*



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*I never did
really want you.*



Sachi...



*OF ALL PEOPLE,
OF ALL TIMES!
THIS SUCKS!*

UGH

**POLISH
THAT
BIKE
OF
YOURS!**

**WE'RE
GONNA
RIDE THE
SHONAN
COAST
DUDE!**



*Do the ride,
then finish business
the next day...*

*Don't want to
exit with
a broken promise...*



The next day...

**A friend
may
arrive.**

NA, REALLY,
THANKS
FOR
COMING.



I REALLY NEEDED
THIS TRIP BAD.
HEY, WE FRIENDS
COME THROUGH FOR
EACH OTHER
DON'T WE?

WELL- I JUST
THOUGHT
YOU NEEDED
ANOTHER LESSON
ON HOW TO
REALLY RIDE.



The embodiment of some forlorn prayer.

**Facing all dread...
to trust.**

**But then to grasp the
outstretched hand.**

**So much more
familiar...**

Ahhh,
the other way be
so much easier.



GET
AWAY
FROM
ME!!

ALL
RIGHT!
YOU
MADE IT.



I never
really

wanted you.









Then she turned

and left me standing
there alone!



I NEVER
REALLY
WANTED
YOU.



THAT
DAMN
BOSS!.

EVEN
SACHI
!

MASH



DOUBLE
DUMPED.



Left me...

...



SO WHERE
DO I GO?

HUH?



I had to tell Sachi...

Sure it wasn't so cool...
but I was hoping ... for even just one kind word.



Okay. So things weren't
going so great with us.

But of all days!!



YOU'RE
NO
LONGER
NEEDED.

JUST
LIKE
THAT!

THEY
DUMPED
ME!
DAMN
THEM!

SLAM







...
OH MAN...
FREAKIN' CRAZY...



UM-
EARTH
TO KENJI.

YOU
OUT
THERE
KENJI?



I'M
HERE!

KENJI,
THIS IS
EARTH.
DO YOU
READ
ME?



snap

?

JUST
WONDERING
WHAT'S THE
NEXT BOMB
YOU'RE
GONNA
DROP.

THAT
DREADED
QUESTION...



So come...

It's peaceful

Come...



Never really
wanted you...

Good bye
Kenji...

AH

Never should
have had you...

AH

NO...

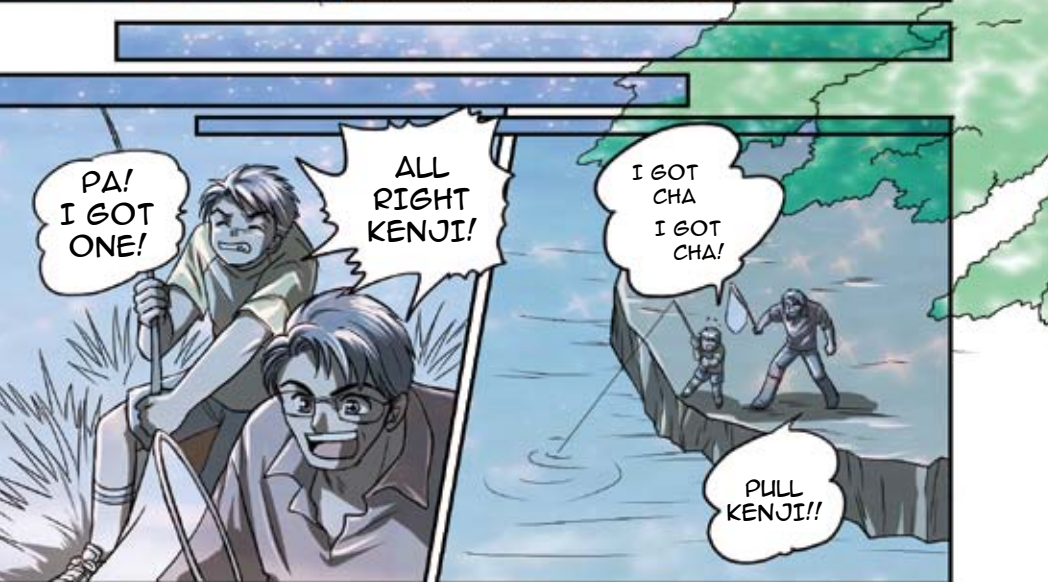
FLAP

SO...

Kenji -
No one wants
you here...



TH... THIS?

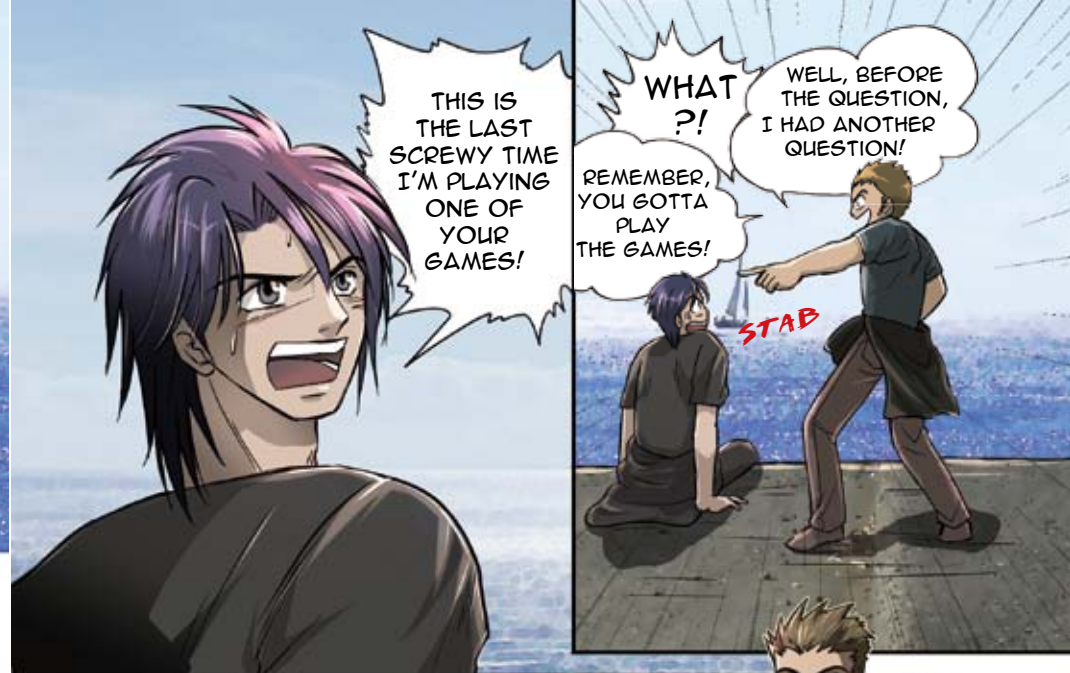


PA!
I GOT
ONE!

ALL
RIGHT
KENJI!

I GOT
CHA
I GOT
CHA!

PULL
KENJI!!



THIS IS
THE LAST
SCREWDY TIME
I'M PLAYING
ONE OF
YOUR
GAMES!

WHAT
?!

REMEMBER,
YOU GOTTA
PLAY
THE GAMES!

WELL, BEFORE
THE QUESTION,
I HAD ANOTHER
QUESTION!

STAB



YOU
IGNORING
ME?!
...

I'VE
ALWAYS
WONDERED
...

FORGET
IT THEN!

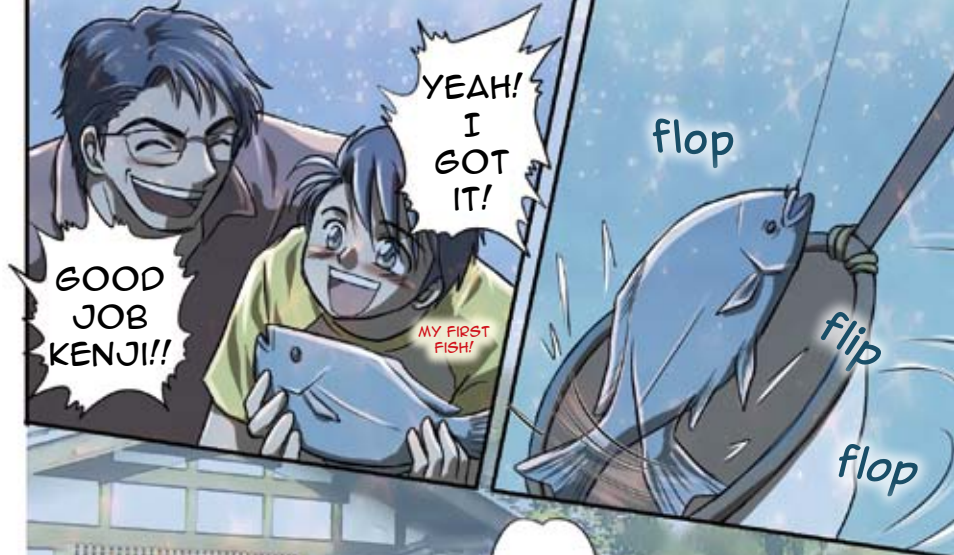
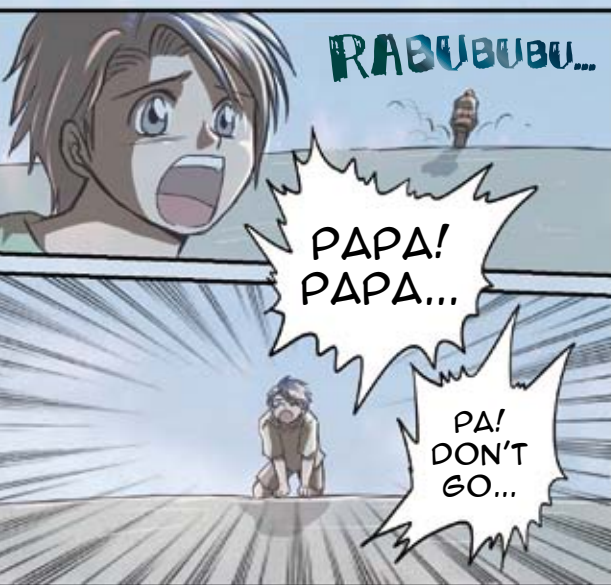
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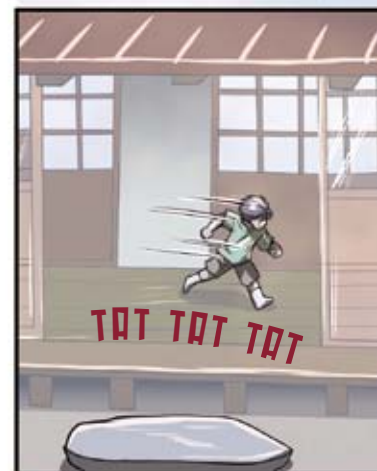
YOU
MIGHT
NOT
LIKE IT

UM...



HOW DID
YOU GET
THAT
SCAR?







BUT ITS
THERE
JUST
THE
SAME.

I GUESS WE
PROBABLY ALL HAVE
A SOMETHING
LIKE THAT,

MAYBE
JUST NOT
SO VISIBLE,



I STILL
HAVEN'T
ASKED MY
QUESTION,

BUT I'LL
CUT YOU
SOME
SLACK.

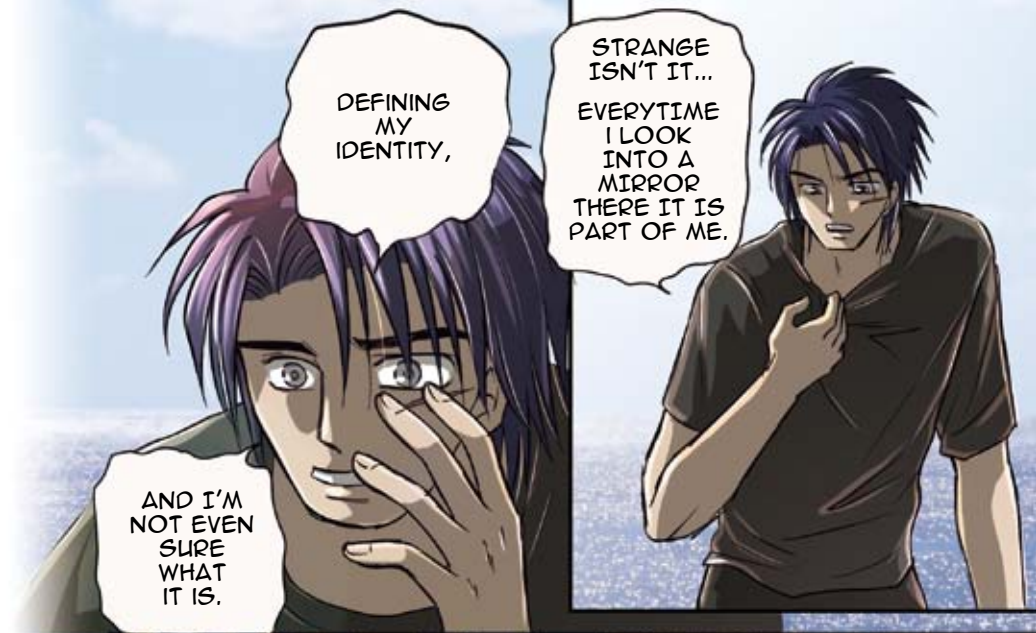


I JUST WANT
TO MAKE ONE
MORE STOP
IF YOU'RE UP
FOR IT.

NO CRAZY
RIDING!
THIS TIME.



...



DEFINING
MY
IDENTITY,

STRANGE
ISN'T IT...
EVERYTIME
I LOOK
INTO A
MIRROR
THERE IT IS
PART OF ME.

AND I'M
NOT EVEN
SURE
WHAT
IT IS.

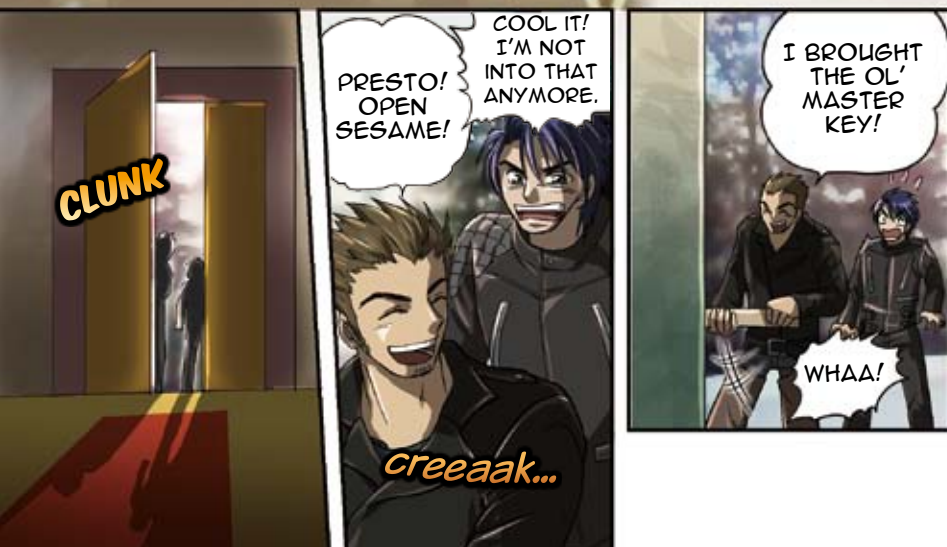


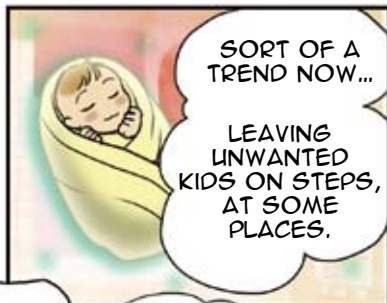
SMILE

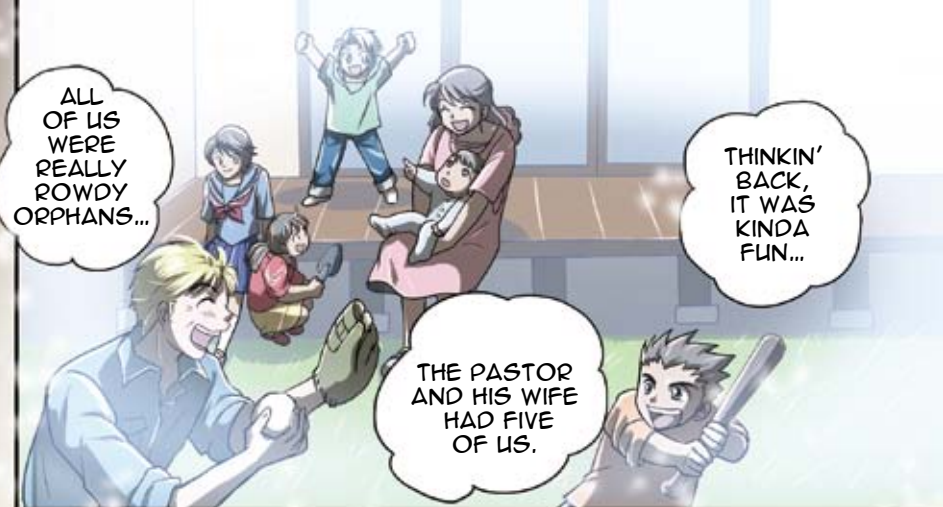
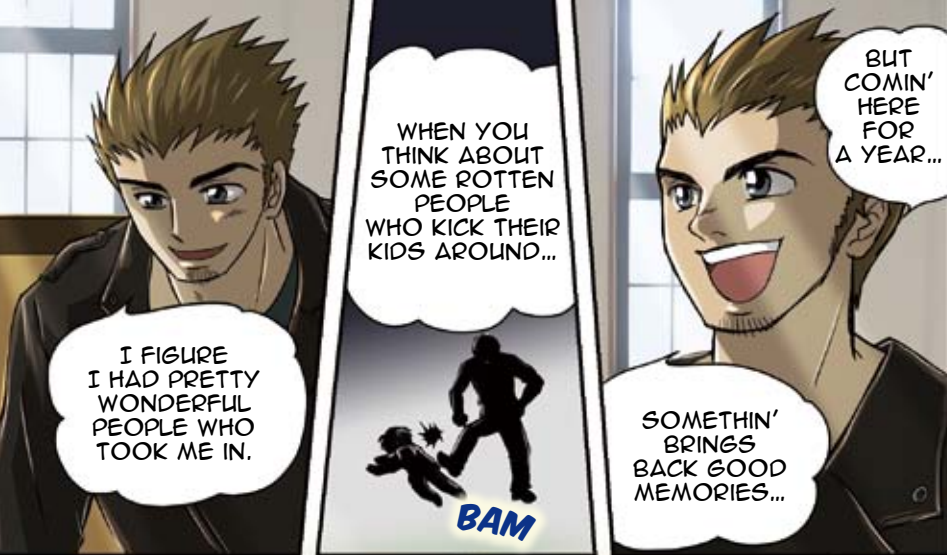


SO
WHY DYA
HAVE TO
ASK ?

IF YOU CAN'T
REMEMBER,
YOU CAN'T
REMEMBER.
DON'T
SWEAT IT
MAN!











BIGGER
THAN
THEM
ALL.

WHAT
WE
NEVER
KNEW.



...



WHAT
I'VE
LOST.

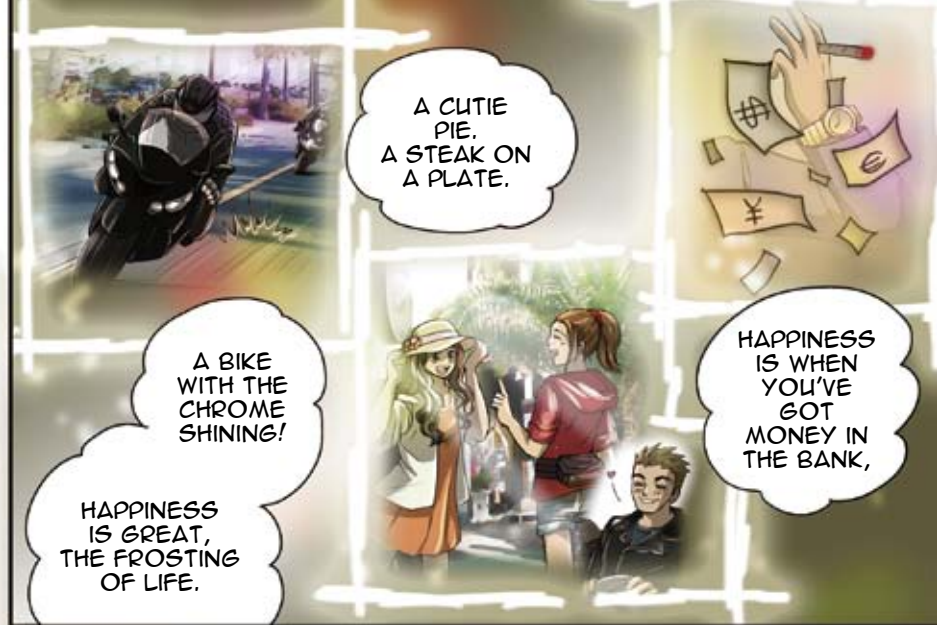
OR
WHAT
I NEVER
KNEW.

WHAT
I'VE
GOT.

END
OF
SERMON.

THERE
!

SHOULD
I TAKE
AN
OFFERING?



A CUTIE
PIE.
A STEAK ON
A PLATE.

A BIKE
WITH THE
CHROME
SHINING!

HAPPINESS
IS GREAT,
THE FROSTING
OF LIFE.

HAPPINESS
IS WHEN
YOU'VE
GOT
MONEY IN
THE BANK,



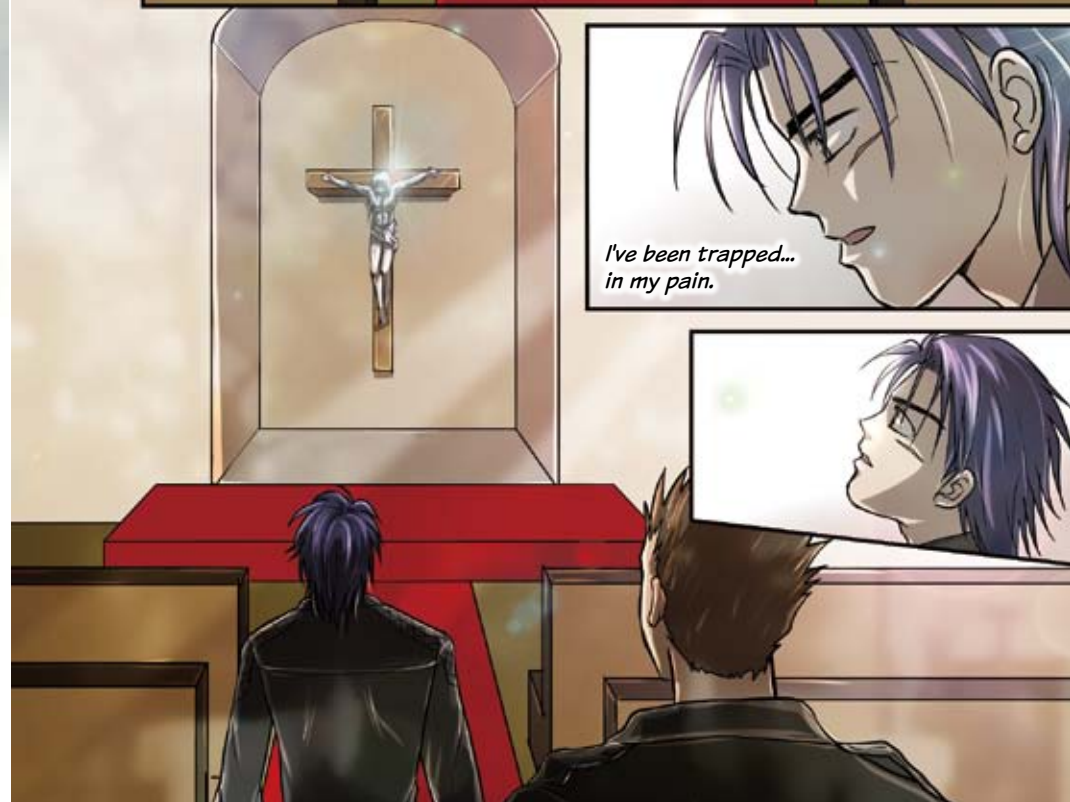
JOY IS
DEEP AND
IT DOESN'T END.

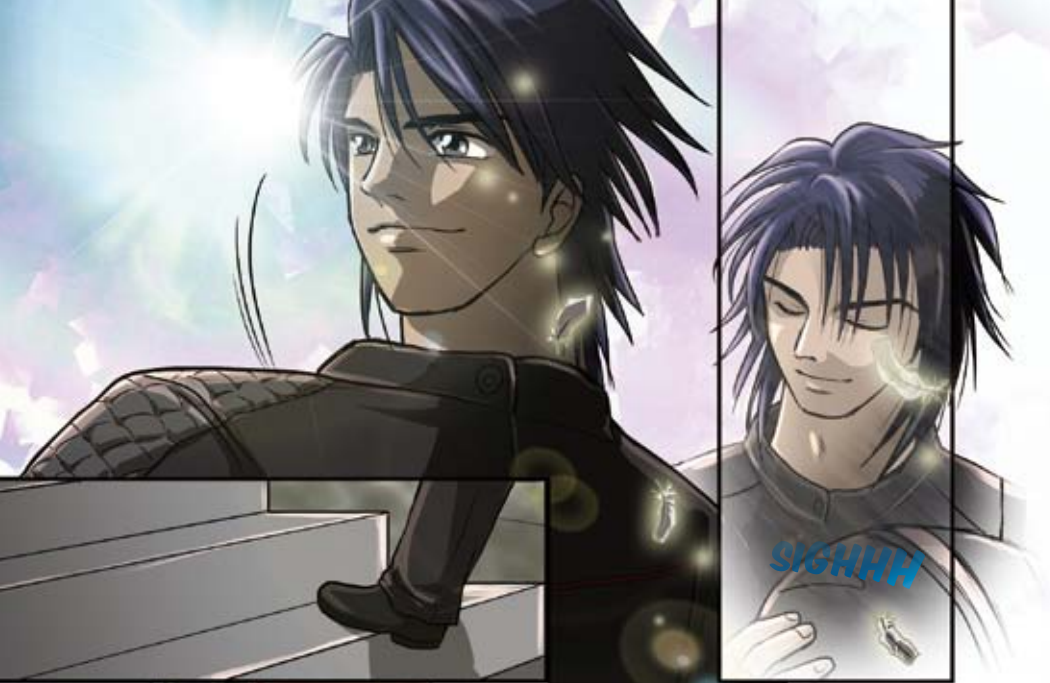
WHEN THE CASH,
THE GIRL, THE
BIKE, THE FOOD
ARE ALL GONE,
JOY HANGS IN
THERE.

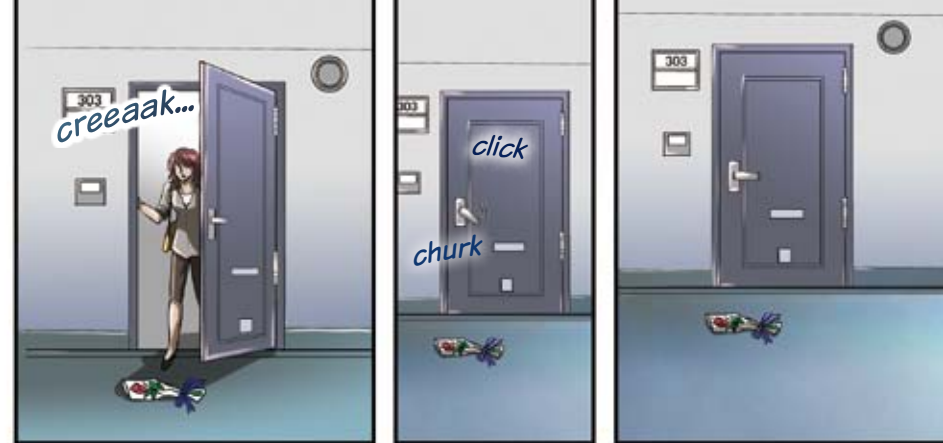
BUT JOY
IS FAR
BETTER...

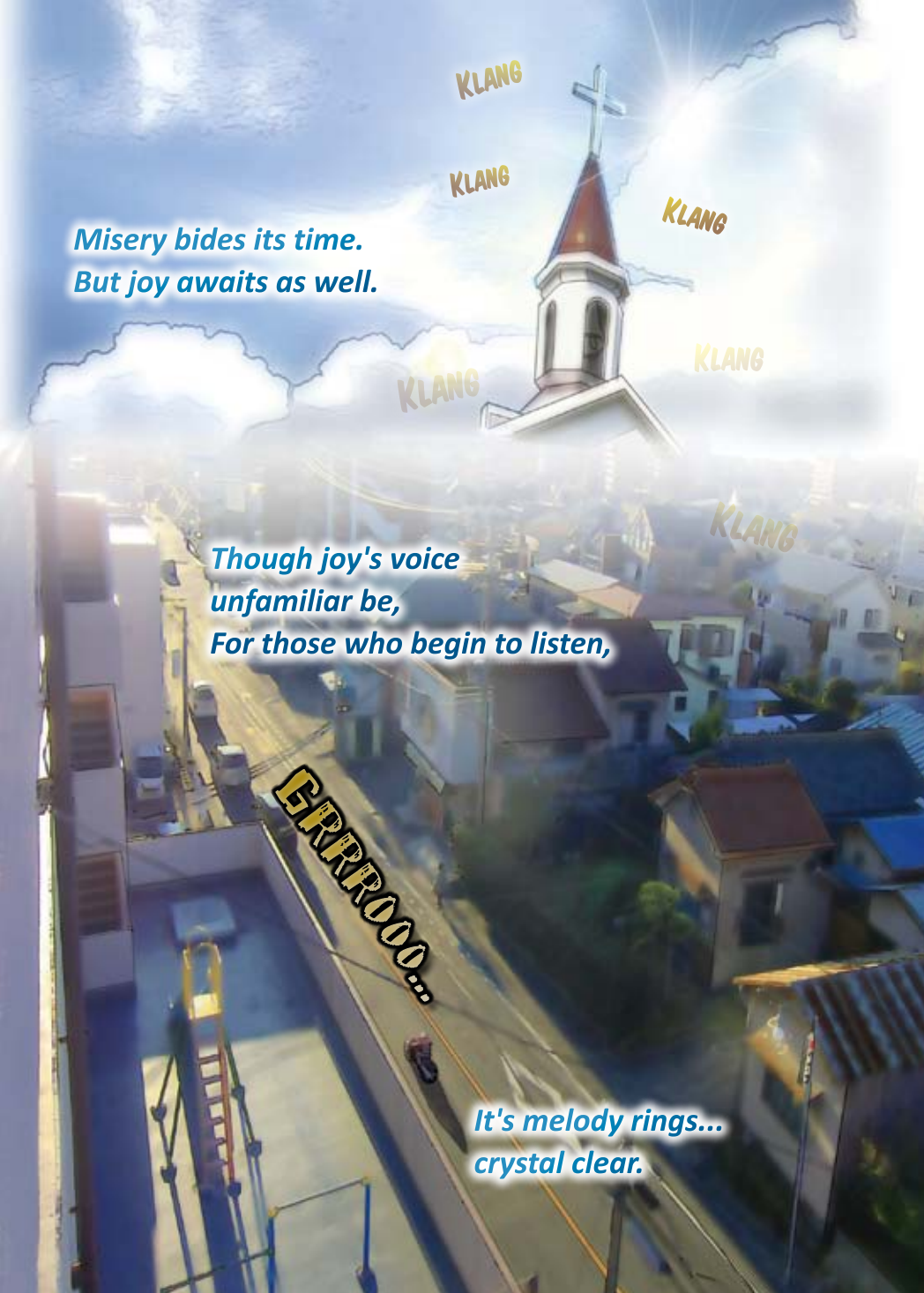
JOY IS
BIGGER
THAN WHAT
WE'VE GOT

OR WHAT
WE'VE
LOST,









*Misery bides its time.
But joy awaits as well.*

*Though joy's voice
unfamiliar be,
For those who begin to listen,*

*It's melody rings...
crystal clear.*



OH YEAH...



SECRET ESCAPE

I have a secret place. A place I go to get away... to find a little peace. It's on a hill near the ocean. A cedar cabin, surrounded by pines. With a hawk that often soars quietly above. I can hear the waves softly breaking near. I lie on the grass and look high up into the branches and the clouds drifting through a blue sky. Sometimes I roast fish and sweet potatoes and chow down on them while sitting on the front step and thinking "life is good".

But then a devastating tsunami raged by and around my hill. It tore away the surrounding town. Lot's of people lost everything. But my cabin still stands. Still sits somehow on its old foundation stones. A 9.0 severely shook it, but it's alright. It really shouldn't still be standing, but it is.

My first trip there was when I was ten or eleven. The cabin seemed much bigger then. Though it really hasn't changed much, I guess I've changed a lot. And through the years I have needed a secret place to go to, even if just in my mind, for a few minutes when I was riding a city train stressed out, or tossing and turning in my futon. I could go there. It was always waiting for me.

Perhaps we all need some place like that. A place where we can find a little peace, because there are



earthquakes and tsunamis in our lives, there are broken dreams and lost hopes and disasters we seemingly can't escape.

Perhaps your place is a coffee shop with the rain quietly falling outside the window, or a sun brightened garden with butterflies, or sitting on a grassy hillside watching a sunset, or soaking in a hot spring with the snowflakes slowly drifting down, a private beach with coconut palms and colorful rainbows of fish swimming turquoise waters. It can be a real place, it can be a place completely of your dreams, and you can go, no matter where you may be...no matter how unbearable life gets.

HOMETOWN PARADISE

I used to live in paradise, well actually, the island of Maui in the Hawaiian Islands. People dream of going to Hawaii, and in Hawaiian we say; "Maui no ka oi" meaning; "Maui is the best." It's an amazing place with deep green jungles, dazzling seashores and some of the greatest stargazing on the planet. But while I was living in "paradise" one year, my brother, my father, and then a best friend all died one after another. I remember driving to school with a dull, dead feeling. I looked out the car window through the endless sugar cane fields and thinking; "I want to go out there, lie down, and rot." Even in paradise—I felt like hell.

Did you ever feel like that? Maybe you live in a hell right now. Like Kenji,



you want to damn it all. You may wonder; "What's the point!" Most people feel that way at some time. Life can get pretty damn rough. You may even think that there is only-one-way-out. Like Kenji, you may be making plans...But the reality is, THINGS WILL CHANGE. You know, eventually my old feelings improved. My situation completely changed as well. And now, I am stronger. I am deeper. You will be too.

But wait. I've only shared part of the story. There is a place even better than a secret place, better than a paradise. An eternal place. Maybe deep down you sort of wished it, or sort of known it must be there. A place where peace and joy flow like a river. A place that will get you through the greatest horrors and will fill your dreams in living color.

But things seem to keep you from getting to that place...

NOTHING BUT EVERYTHING

Some years ago I lost a friend. From most people's perspective he didn't have much going for him. He was born blind and mentally-disabled, plus he had a fatal disease. He had very little to smile about...but he smiled. His name was Shotaro, everyone called him Little Sho.

Each Sunday we would go up on the soot stained roof of the office building where the church met in Tokyo and I would tell him stories about Jesus. We would also sing songs. His favorite was "God is so Good". I taught Little Sho, but maybe it was more like he taught me. Even though



he had so little, and seemingly less to hope for, he was sure that God was good. It made him smile.

I moved away, but years later, while visiting Tokyo I heard that Little Sho was doing pretty bad. Before catching my plane at Narita International, I went to visit him in the hospital. All it seemed left were skin and bones with tubes hanging out. His playful personality was gone, he was merely hanging on.

I had brought a dessert which before he would have happily slurped down, but his mother told me he couldn't eat. Besides that, he couldn't sit or stand or walk. And the mouth that used to laugh and joke, couldn't talk. He lay chained inside a busted body, shackled in darkness.

I talked to him, I prayed for him, and it was like facing a stone wall. But then his father hoisted him up on the edge of the bed and braced him so we could sit side by side. Taking hold of his stiffened hand, with the fingers permanently clawed outward, I began to slowly sing our old tune, "God is so good. God is so good. God is so good. He's so good to me". It seemed like the stupidest song in the world. After all, this is not good, it's stinking rotten!

Afterward, his parents wheeled him down to the hospital entrance to say good bye. And then, as I parted, Little Sho actually managed to get one stiffened arm up to wave to me who he couldn't even see. As I turned to leave I couldn't keep back the tears. Little Sho had nothin', but, in another sense he had everything. He got it. He found the gift of God. Nothing could ever take that away. I will never forget his blind face smiling and I believe I will see him again, smiling from a new body and in a new place.

NON STOP MERRY-GO-ROUND

The most important One, the eternal One, for some crazy reason, thinks you are worthwhile. He was there at your first heartbeat, he saw your first step, heard your first cry, celebrated every birthday, knew every tear, attended every graduation. He knows everything about you--better than you yourself--even the not such pretty stuff (uh-oh). And you know what? He still can't help loving you. It's insanely cool--bazaar it may be, He is all for you. He gave everything He had to urge you back to Himself--even gave His life's blood.

The tragedy is many people go through life and miss what life is all about. They suffer, they are deep-down lonely, trying to distract themselves with accomplishments, acquisitions, entertainments. Another game, another goal. Never really finding...

It keeps them from thinking about life. Perhaps they convince themselves that this is what life is. But deep down they wonder and wish for more.

I met a lot of university students in Tokyo, it seemed like all they wanted to do was party and have a good time. Hey everyone wants a good time right? Getting rowdy, laughing hard, having a few cold ones and singing your loudest karaoke favorite. Remember when you laughed so hard you cried? It's great fun! But life can't stop there.



RIDE OF YOUR LIFE

But then the brutality of life forced you into a corner. And you considered stuff...When you find the real thing it changes everything. You are not dependent--you can really get off on stuff without the needy attachment--and you can take the hard punches of life knowing that they are leading to something extremely valuable--something that could not come any other way. Sure the whole picture isn't clear, we don't know the future, but now we know Who holds the future, and we are learning to trust Him. There is new peace. There is mysterious joy. Though a tear may wet our eye, we are okay, we will get through it.

*If the One who placed the stars,
and holds a cosmos in His hand exists,
He might be worthy of your attention.*

*If he loves you...loved you before you were...and for that,
got nailed to a cross naked and bloody.
Then His love for you is crazy.
But just maybe the kind of crazy love you always wished for.*

*If God almighty became God all-bloody,
don't you think you might just want to know Him.
Could it be, you just might need to know Him?*

*He is not far. And He's been
waiting all along...*

*Waiting to take you
on the ride of your life.*



Raised in the US and Japan: a third-culture-kid. Though the name Meeko comes from Hungary it has been legally Japanized with the characters 美湖 (Beautiful Lake). Published in many countries in both non-fiction, scholastic, and fiction as well, Dr. Andy specializes in training counselors in the Tokyo area and beyond.



Profile & Message

Script
**Dr. Andy
Meeko**

Born in Toyota City, Manga Ribbon SB Award from Shuei Publishing and began professional manga-illustrator career. Gained interest in Christianity during US visit and was baptized at Nichibei Union Church, Manhattan, New York. Illustrator of Manga Messiah, translated in 23 countries. Albums Primes award in France 2010.



Profile & Message

Art
**Shinozawa
Kelly**

A Bike, Ramen, and a Manga

I grew up in Tokyo, with things like Kamen Raida V-3 and Gatchaman and wondering if I should spend my allowance on a manga or a bowl of ramen. Yeah, later friends in Hawaii said I was an egg, white on the outside and yellow on the inside. I hit back saying they were bananas, hey, the world ain't what it seems! Anyhow, the Risk Ride story is part of me. Kamen Raida's motorcycle, awesome ramen, and manga.

And another part too. When I moved back to Tokyo after college I came from Honolulu. Blue-green Hawaii and hugs and kisses from friends at the airport to the colorless gray of Tokyo in January. In the biggest city of the planet I learned about cold loneliness. Millions of people everywhere, but very alone.

The story also comes from someone else. Once a TV producer and I were sitting in a Yamagata hotspring, soaking away the stress (hot springs are my favorite place on the planet). We sat there silently... and his story came out. A story of rejection. It was Kenji's story... alone, dragging a load of aloneness.

I began to wonder. Could manga be used to melt loneliness? Could it be a way for people to open up and tell their story, like a hotspring... relaxing together and realizing you aren't alone. And somehow in sharing story and heart, come alive? So I gave it a go!

Bottom line, what I realized is that Kenji and Shin are a part of all of us. Each day I can choose to be more one or more the other. Things can be bad, things can get even worse, and I will choose either Kenji or Shin. My choices create my world. They write my story.

Dang! If that's the case, let me jump on a bike and ride free the big seaside!
Brmm Brmmm! Hope to see you along the way!

2 Years. Measureless Pain.

I first encountered the Risk Ride story two years ago at my first meeting with Dr. Meeko. He lamented over the great number of people in Japan who languished in sorrow, without direction in their lives. He said, "Let's somehow touch those lives". That was how I became involved and this is what is at the heart and the root of the story.

Having never driven a motorcycle I lacked the experience of the "ride" but I have raced as an alpine skier (and been hauled away in an ambulance!). Maybe it's the same kind of thrill? I think I got a little of that "thrill feeling" into the pictures I drew, putting myself in Kenji's place as he plunged himself into the speed of the moment. However, there was an even more potent place where I connected with Kenji. I myself fell deep into depression once. Numerous times I slit my wrists and ended up in the ER. My beginnings with speed skiing was an attempt to battle my depression. Nevertheless, no matter how good I got, or who I beat out, no matter how awesome the thrill of the daredevil decent, I all too easily fell back into darkness and the heaviness of depression.

Kenji and I raced a parallel run... And then, while illustrating the story, the most terrible thing happened. Just two weeks after the 2011 tsunami hit Japan, I lost my baby boy. As Kenji, I had lost someone... someone so very precious. My heart cried out and the agony of death throes consumed me. As I drew the pictures, I was right there with Kenji, but then just as he, I encountered that "big something". An ancient Love that never changes, never wavers. The hand of that "big something" was not only warm, it was also wounded. Now that very hand is what carries both my heavy burdens and me.

It is actually very easy to miss that Voice. But in times of suffering, when you feel like giving up; listen. The same tower bell that Kenji heard, you also can hear ringing. It is not far off, if you are listening.

Free view animation on the Web

My Last Day

**The one event that determined
the fate of humanity...**



<http://mylastdaymovie.com>

mylastdaymovie.com

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**A story as seen from the eyes of a criminal
crucified with Jesus Christ.**

Produced with Disney's Barry Cook (Mulan), Tokyo's
Studio 4°C (Tekkon Kinkreet) and ©INSPIRATIONAL FILMS

