



















Crimson Goddess:

Who calls for me?

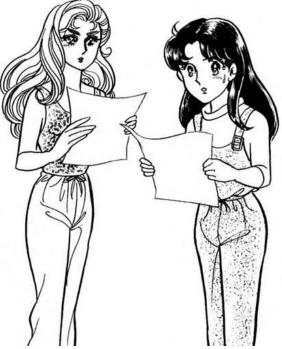
Is it the echo of the forest?

The silence of the night?

No, it is the stench of blood.

I see two eddies opposing each other.

The red whirlpool and the white whirlpool, like two spinning tops that wreak havoc upon the world.



I do not understand.

Why do humans fight one another? Why do they spill blood and wreak destruction?

Do they not hear the voice of the heavens?

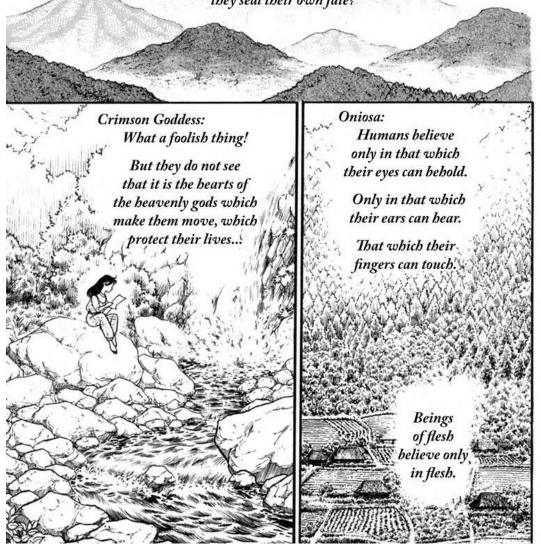
Do they not hear the cry of the earth?

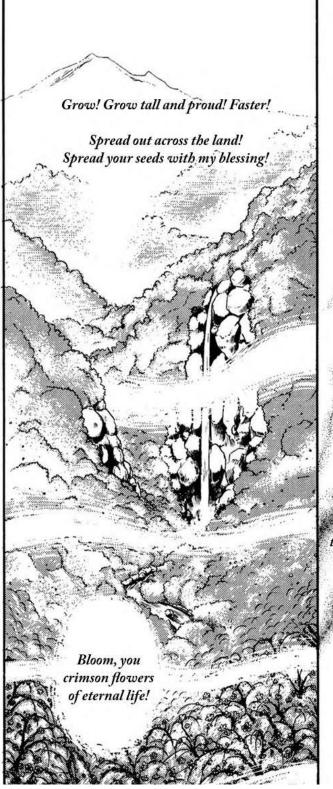
Not hear the song of the gods who tend to life's pearls,
binding together Heaven and Earth?

Why can they not see?

They bring naught but evil into the world.

How can they not understand that
by allowing evil to taint their thoughts,
they seal their own fate?





The tree and the spirit.

The spirit of the Earth's gods grows and shows itself on the surface.

Here in this holy ground, where gods thrive, I have the shape of a plum tree.

My strength spirals up towards the heavens, watching over the creatures of the Earth and of the water...

...and over those that stretch their roots beneath the ground, those that slither over the ground, those that fly, walk or swim.

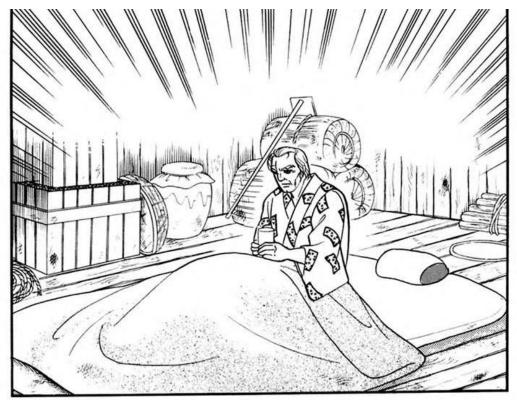








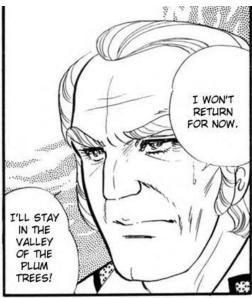


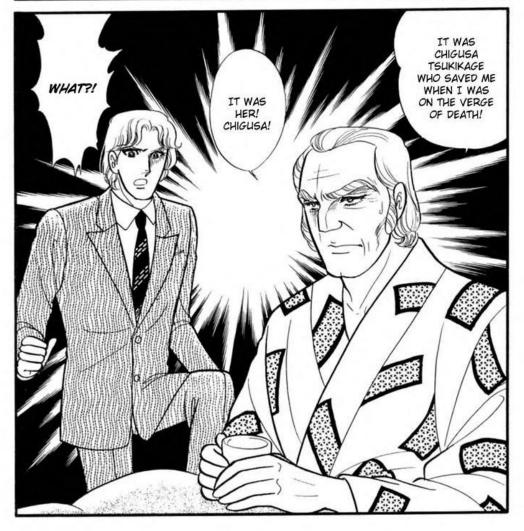


















National Drama Association President's Office

