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MUJINA (New prince English course version)

Kinokunizaka was a long slope in Tokyo.  
On one side of this slope there was an old moat.  
It was deep and very wide.  
Long ago Kinokunizaka was a lonely place after dark.  
People used to say, 'don't go near there after dark.  
A mujina lives there'.

One night an old man was walking at the slope on this way home  
He saw a woman by the moat  
She looks like a young girl a good Family  
he said setting there at this late hour  
The woman was crying the old man came at him self  
Don't crying like the young lady what's the matter  
the woman did not say anything  
she was hiding her face from

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MUJINA (New prince English course 2 version)

Long ago, there was long slope in the city of Edo.  
It was a very lonely place.  
People stayed away from the slope after dark.  
People walked there only in the day.  
People talked about the slope.  
Don't go near the slope at night.  
A mujina lives there.

One night, one old man was walking up the slope on his way home.  
He saw a girl. She was sitting behind a tree.  
She is wearing a beautiful kimono.  
Why is she here at this late hour?  
The old man came up and said to her gently.  
What's the matter?  
The girl didn't answer.  
Slowly she got up, but she turned her back to the old man.  
Please listen.  
This is not a place for a young girl at night.  
The girl did not say anything.

She was crying.

Why are you crying?  
Can I help you?  
The girl did not answer.

Slowly she got up, but she turned her back to the old man.

Then, the girl turned around.  
She moved her hand slowly from her face.

Look!

She did not have any eyes, or nose, mouth.

The man cried out and ran away.

The old man ran and ran along the slope.

He saw a light far away.

He ran to it.

It was from a soba stand by a big tree.

What' the matter?

I saw I saw a girl

And her face was

Well, was her face like this?

The soba man moved his hand slowly over his face.

And then, it became like an egg.

At the same time the light went out.

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## MUJINA

On the Akasaka Road, in Tokyo, there is a slope called Kii-no-kuni-zaka,--which means the Slope of the Province of Kii. I do not know why it is called the Slope of the Province of Kii. On one side of this slope you see an ancient moat, deep and very wide, with high green banks rising up to some place of gardens;--and on the other side of the road extend the long and lofty walls of an imperial palace. Before the era of street-lamps and jinrikishas, this neighborhood was very lonesome after dark; and belated pedestrians would go miles out of their way rather than mount the Kii-no-kuni-zaka, alone, after sunset.

All because of a Mujina that used to walk there. (1)

The last man who saw the Mujina was an old merchant of the Kyobashi quarter, who died about thirty years ago. This is the story, as he told it:--

One night, at a late hour, he was hurrying up the Kii-no-kuni-zaka, when he perceived a woman crouching by the moat, all alone, and weeping bitterly. Fearing that she intended to drown herself, he stopped to offer her any assistance or consolation in his power. She appeared to be a slight and graceful person, handsomely dressed; and her hair was arranged like that of a young girl of good family. "O-jochu," [1] he exclaimed, approaching her,--"O-jochu, do not cry like that!... Tell me what the trouble is; and if there be

any way to help you, I shall be glad to help you." (He really meant what he said; for he was a very kind man.) But she continued to weep,--hiding her face from him with one of her long sleeves. "O-jochu," he said again, as gently as he could,--"please, please listen to me!... This is no place for a young lady at night! Do not cry, I implore you!--only tell me how I may be of some help to you!" Slowly she rose up, but turned her back to him, and continued to moan and sob behind her sleeve. He laid his hand lightly upon her shoulder, and pleaded:--"O-jochu!--O-jochu!--O-jochu!... Listen to me, just for one little moment!... O-jochu!--O-jochu!"... Then that O-jochu turned around, and dropped her sleeve, and stroked her face with her hand;--and the man saw that she had no eyes or nose or mouth,--and he screamed and ran away. (2)

Up Kii-no-kuni-zaka he ran and ran; and all was black and empty before him. On and on he ran, never daring to look back; and at last he saw a lantern, so far away that it looked like the gleam of a firefly; and he made for it. It proved to be only the lantern of an itinerant soba-seller, [2] who had set down his stand by the road-side; but any light and any human companionship was good after that experience; and he flung himself down at the feet of the soba-seller, crying out, "Ah!--aa!--aa!!!"...

"Kore! kore!" (3) roughly exclaimed the soba-man. "Here! what is the matter with you? Anybody hurt you?"

"No--nobody hurt me," panted the other,--"only... Ah!--aa!"

"--Only scared you?" queried the peddler, unsympathetically. "Robbers?"

"Not robbers,--not robbers," gasped the terrified man... "I saw... I saw a woman--by the moat;--and she showed me... Ah! I cannot tell you what she showed me!"...

"He! (4) Was it anything like THIS that she showed you?" cried the soba-man, stroking his own face--which therewith became like unto an Egg... And, simultaneously, the light went out.