

works there doesn't like me because one time she made a mistake with my order. So, I don't buy my lunch from the restaurant any more—I buy a sandwich from the store on the way to work and eat it there. I don't know how to cook, so I usually buy cheap food that is ready to eat.

I can hear some of my **colleagues** in the restaurant talking about their husbands and children. To a customer, I am just like my colleagues, wearing the same orange shirt. But I'm not like them, and I usually try to stay away from them. I don't like working here but it was the only place that gave me a job. Eden is also in Tokyo, and I don't want to go back to the countryside where there is just rice field after rice field and only one store. Tokyo has always been my dream city, and I still love it, but what about the future?

When I lived in the countryside, people thought it was wonderful that I was moving to Tokyo. They thought that I was great. Saya still thinks it's good that I live here and that I have a great job. I won't tell her that I only work in a clothes shop. I'm **embarrassed**. I'm not great, and I have no **ambition** to *be* great. I don't even have a boyfriend. I worry that I'll be at Eden until I'm my mother's age, like Mrs. Numauchi.

"Hey, Tomoka," calls Kiriya. He works at the glasses shop. He is around the same age as me and the only person I can talk to. "Is it OK if I join you for lunch?" he asks while carrying some food.

"Sure," I say.

Kiriya sits down in front of me. He is wearing a nice



pair of glasses that look really good on his face. You can see that he is great at his job. "Hey, what did you do before working here?" I ask.

"I worked for a **magazine**," he says.

"Really? I didn't know you worked in **publishing**," I say.

"Are you surprised?" he asks.