

My Trip to Tokyo: A Personal Memoir

It was my first time in Tokyo. My body quivered at the prospect of exploring the city. I'd just had an existential crisis, so my therapist suggested I take a vacation to work things out. At first I thought of Hawaii as I have a certain aquatic affinity, but the tragic passing of that state's favorite son Don Ho was still too fresh in my mind. "Tiny Bubbles" used to be my favorite song. Now I can't even listen to it without bursting into tears.

The next place I thought of was Japan. Perhaps I could go the local Disneyland and get in touch with my inner child. God knows I needed the break. It's hard enough to be an international celebrity, what with the paparazzi and their insistently irritating camera flashes. It's particularly tough when you're in the fight game. It seems like everywhere you go some miserable miscreant is just itching to challenge you, trying to be the next superstar. I'd give it all up if it weren't for my fans. They cry out with joy when they see me, but they respect my privacy. They don't hound me for autographs like other luminaries of my stature. I've been extremely fortunate in that regard.

I decided to come in by sea. I just adore the salty air and I was never one for flying. I didn't arrive until nightfall. I thought that would be better as there would be less chance that someone would recognize me. I was dead wrong. Someone saw me and let out a shout and soon there were legions of admirers screaming for me. The little people, where would I be without them? I could just feel the love. Normally I'd have spent some time with them, but I was here for personal reflection in the supposed anonymity of a large city. I needed me time.

So ignoring my fans, I walked off the beach and headed for the city. I thought I must be getting close to Disneyland. There was a parade coming my way where the vehicles shot off fireworks.

I'd never seen a moving fireworks display before. Some of them were coming awfully close. A few of them hit me. That last one stung. They ought to be more careful. Someone could get hurt. Does this town have no fire codes? Nevertheless, it was so lovely; I had to go in for a closer look. I was almost there when suddenly the pyrotechnics ended and all the vehicles turned around and sped off the other way. I must have gotten there late, Disneyland had closed down and everyone was gone. I was, of course, disappointed, but I figured I could just come back tomorrow.

I was wandering around the streets of Tokyo wondering what happened to the nightlife (was there a curfew?), when I saw him. I could tell by the look in his eye that he was yet another aspiring punk fighter wanting to make a name for himself by taking down the big guy. Not again. I sighed. This was so tiresome; my cross to bear. My first thought was that I should just give him a hug and tell him he didn't need to prove himself to be loved, but I could tell by his inappropriate gestures and the way he stomped towards me that our interaction might just possibly result in an escalated interpersonal altercation.

Well yeah, he was trouble, but he didn't seem substantial enough to be a threat. He was obviously some local that couldn't hold down a job and had dreams of hitting the big time. He should be pitied I tried to tell myself. I was going to suggest tactfully that he consider getting therapy as it had done wonders for me, but somehow it came out differently. I can't remember exactly what I said, but I somehow managed to make degrading remarks about the legitimacy of his birth, his physical appearance and his fashion sense all in the same sentence. Not the best way to win friends and influence people, I'll admit, but besides being ill-mannered he was of surpassing ugliness. I simply couldn't help myself. Am I too superficial I wondered? Regardless,

I'm sure his reaction was totally disproportionate to whatever it was I said as he attacked immediately.

His first assault sent me crashing into a building. I could hear the sounds of breaking glass, but I emerged relatively unscathed. When you're in this business, you learn how to take a fall. I got up, brushed myself off, came at him and proceeded to pound him vigorously about the head and shoulders. Unfortunately, he was a lot tougher than he initially appeared. He was able to take the blows and then throw me into another building. The building was apparently not up to code as the force of my body crashing into it caused enough structural damage for it to collapse and bury me in rubble.

It should have ended there. I could have just lain beneath the ruins and waited until he went away. I was on vacation; this was not a title fight. I had no logical reason to continue the conflict as I tried to tell myself, but I was distraught. He had wounded my pride and caused me to be covered in filth after I had just had a bath. It was too much. I tried to calm myself by doing self-affirmations and going to a happy place like my analyst suggested, but it just wasn't working.

Sometimes bad things happen to good people for a reason. I had a revelation. It was crystal clear. I had been living a lie. I thought I was in control, all ego and superego, with no id, but it was time to admit the awful truth: "I HAVE ANGER MANAGEMENT ISSUES AND I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS". That insight immediately energized me. In a blinding flash of self-awareness, I let out a primal scream as I burst forth from the debris. I was in an adrenaline-fueled rage and this hoodlum was about to feel my pain by getting the thrashing of his life.

I raced towards him. He didn't see me coming. I tackled him head on and sent him flying into another building. This one crashed too. Did this town have no building nor fire codes? I didn't

have time to reflect on this. He hardly missed a beat and was right back at me. We pummeled each other for an interminable period of time. We rolled back and forth, crashing into more poorly constructed buildings and making a mess. I administered severe corporal punishment, but he could always take it and come back for more. Finally, I had enough. This was *not* how I wanted to spend my vacation. I had a right to my own space. I had come here on a quest for spiritual growth, not to engage in fisticuffs with some disadvantaged youth. It was time to use my secret weapon.

Yes, my secret weapon, the weapon that is both my blessing and my curse. It is halitosis. My condition is congenital. It will not respond to even the most vigorous regime of dental hygiene as it comes deep from within. It has wreaked havoc on my love life but has made me a champion. So I did what I had to do. I ran directly into him, took a deep breath and then exhaled. He crumpled. It was over. Finally, I was at peace.

I hadn't seen much of Tokyo, but somehow I was no longer in the mood. The parade, the fireworks, this fight with a total stranger in this shabbily constructed city; the combination was just all too Kafkaesque to be enjoyable. So I decided to go home and headed back the way I came. Maybe next time I'll go to Paris. They have a Disneyland too.

News flash: [Godzilla and Monster Zero trash Tokyo in epic battle](#); more news at 11:00.

[Godzilla Theme Song](#)

Primal Scream Therapy