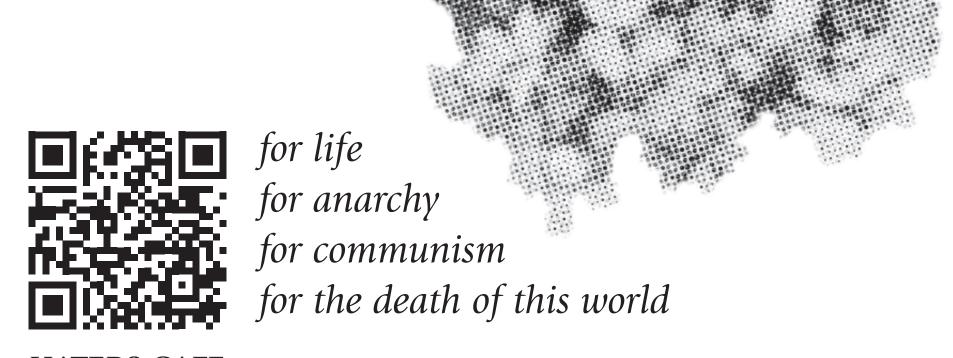
"

The little weed twisted around my finger. / When I tug at it gently, it cries out faintly, / "I want to live." / Hoping not to be pulled, it digs its heels in. / I feel mean and sad. / Is this the end of its bitter struggle for life? / I chuckle softly at it. /

> - Kaneko Fumiko (1903-1926), Japanese Anarchist failed regicide



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