After the young Japanese had died, the American woman stood there, blankly standing, her face composed, her hands clasped behind her back, a look of determination on her face. She had known him for some months, he was a student friend of hers, in whom she had had an unusual interest, not only on a personal level, but in a professional one as well.

The Elgin, Illinois native stood in silence, her hands clasped behind her back, a look of determination on her face. She had known him for some months, he was a student friend of hers, in whom she had had an unusual interest, not only on a personal level, but in a professional one as well.

As she spoke, she spoke with a confidence and a strength that was almost palpable, the way she held herself and her hands clasped behind her back, a look of determination on her face. She had known him for some months, he was a student friend of hers, in whom she had had an unusual interest, not only on a personal level, but in a professional one as well.

"I am going to make a conquest, you will see, with your American ways, you will be a success, you will be loved, you will be admired, you will be everything you could ever want."

She turned around and walked away, her hands clasped behind her back, a look of determination on her face. She had known him for some months, he was a student friend of hers, in whom she had had an unusual interest, not only on a personal level, but in a professional one as well.

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