Ochicha’s father had returned suddenly from Tokyo. Ochicha, who was in the kitchen, had been guests. 

Ochicha was in the kitchen, wrapped in a pink apron. She listened. What she could not bear was the thought of her being alone, about eleven in the morning. As the rain poured down, she ran to the window, opened it, and listened. She could not bear to think of her being alone.

The house was dimly lit by a single oil lamp. Ochicha was sitting at the table, reading a letter. Her father had returned suddenly from Tokyo. She was surprised and happy. She had been waiting for him all day, ever since she had heard that he was coming back.

"I’ve just received a letter from your father," she said to Ochicha. "He’s on his way back from Tokyo. He will be here in the morning."

Ochicha’s eyes亮亮地 lit up. "Oh, really? That’s wonderful!"

"Yes, he’s coming back for a visit. He’ll be here in the morning."

Ochicha stood up from the table. "I’ll go and see him right away."

She ran out of the room, leaving the letter on the table. She closed the door behind her as she left, her heart pounding with excitement.

As she walked down the street, she couldn’t help but think about her father. She had missed him so much since he had left for Tokyo. She had been looking forward to seeing him again for a long time.

She arrived at the train station just as the train was pulling into the station. Her father was standing at the door, waiting for her.

"Father!" she cried, running towards him. "I’ve missed you so much!"

He hugged her tightly, his face creased with smiles. "I’ve missed you too, my dear."

They sat down on the bench, talking about all the things that had happened while he was away.

"How was Tokyo?" she asked.

"It was wonderful," he replied. "I made many new friends, and I learned a lot about Japanese business."

Ochicha listened intently, her eyes shining with pride. She was proud of her father, and she was grateful that he had come back to see her.

"I’m glad you’re home," he said. "I’ll take you to the city next week."

"Oh, Father!" she exclaimed. "That would be wonderful!"

They spent the rest of the afternoon talking and laughing, their relationship stronger than ever before.

As the sun began to set, they returned home together, Ochicha’s heart full of love and gratitude. She was grateful to have her father back with her, and she knew that their time together would be filled with happy memories.

Yet, as she lay in bed that night, she couldn’t help but think about the past. She wondered what life would be like without him. She knew that she would never be able to replace him, but she knew that she would always love him, no matter what.
and regained her frosty dignity. By this time the boy had leaped across the laughing brook and was hastening breathlessly toward her, his head and shoulders against a blue brick, apparently distressed because her paper was being carried away. She turned to take the paper, but instead enclosed Ochika's hands. From holding her hands, he now pressed an arm about her. Their youthful faces came in contact, both eager and rosy, willing enough to meet each other.

"Do you know the truth Ochika-san? You naughty child, how could you do this? I will never forgive you..."

She pushed him from her, but her little hands none the less clung to his shoulders. Her eyes were fearful... too wayward.

You see; she was only a little child. He made a mock movement to obey her, when the color fled from her pretty childish face, and in a moment

On her account he felt solicitous. Opening the sliding door of her chamber, he discovered his wife on Ochika's bed, the scene of great beauty and elegance where they were having the most beautiful feast and conversation, all of which were thrilling with particular charm.

"Well, now, now, now! What does all this mean?

Eh! Ochika—my girl—you are as beautiful as a goddess. Come forward. I am almost too much moved to speak.

"What is it, Ochika? Speak to your gentle lord?

There! Let me hold your head.

A little girl, a daughter on another day, had yet been upon the bosom of her lover, so poor Ochika found a comforting place within her husband's arms. Bravely and bravely, she had to have revealed to her explosive lord the truth, the disappearance of Ochika—he thrust her from him.

The roar of the night suddenly became refined with color.