

Hello, everyone. I'm very honored to stand here again. This time, I'm speaking about a word: "*ikumen*", men who actively take care of their children. How could I say "*ikumen*" in English...men in apron? Anyway, I hope you'll enjoy my speech.

An American friend of mine laughed at my words: I've been single since I was born. Yes, I am single. I haven't married anyone. Unfortunately, I have never ever delivered any babies. I know it's an impossible dream. So, I had nothing to do with the word "*ikumen*" until this summer. My sister came back home with her four-year old son in order to give birth to another baby. A baby girl. She nailed me.

The emergence of the baby girl brought me some changes. First, I became a patron to my four-year old nephew. My nephew frequently asked me to take him to a lot of places such as shopping malls, aquariums, and museums. A lot of instruments in my room attracted my nephew and pinned him down in my room. My business schedule always went ruined every time my nephew called my name with delight.

Second, I got aware of the strength that women have. I saw my sister and mother holding the baby girl in another room always. Yes, literally, ALWAYS. Holding the baby girl in turn, my sister and mother were sitting on the floor in the room, leaning back against the wall for a long time, with their eyes closed. The posture was like Buddhism priests in meditation. I don't think I can do the same thing.

I got a chance to hold the baby girl in my arms. I couldn't do that four years ago. The baby girl in my arms. The baby girl wasn't as heavy as I thought, but her temperature was much higher than I expected. I felt heavy sweat welling from head to toe, but I couldn't do anything to wipe it because the baby girl was incapacitating me. Like doctors during surgery, I shouted "Wipe the sweat! Wipe the sweat! Somebody help me!"

To my surprise, my sister and mother tactfully grabbed some piece of food in their right hand with the baby girl in their left arm. Incredible. I just came to know the long long stairway to "*ikumen*" was lying ahead of me. I said to my sister, "The word, "*ikumen*", it's difficult for me to become it. I'm definitely not a man in apron. I'm just a patron. Yeah, I'm a patron in apron."

Thank you.