



Tokyo is an **ugly** city. There are hardly any **beautiful** or even **good** buildings; there are few parks; there are no mountains or even hills inside or outside the city; there is no **green** belt; there are few monuments worth looking at; the air pollution is **terrifying**; the **perpetual** noise **deafening**; the traffic **murderous**.



But not all is ugliness in Tokyo. There are a few **good** buildings and **impressive** temples and shrines; there are a few parks worth visiting. And the overcrowding, the lack of space, has one advantage, pleasing at least to the eye. Everything has to be **small** in Tokyo: houses, rooms, shops – even, one feels, people, to fit into the **small** houses. **Long** side-streets consist of **tiny** houses only, and this often creates a **toy-like, unreal** quality, with **small** women tip-toeing along in their *kimonos* and equally **small** men sitting, motionless, inside their **tiny** shops.

George Mikes, *The Land of the Rising Yen*

(Reading 2, Simon Greenall & Diana Pye, Penerbit Kanisius)