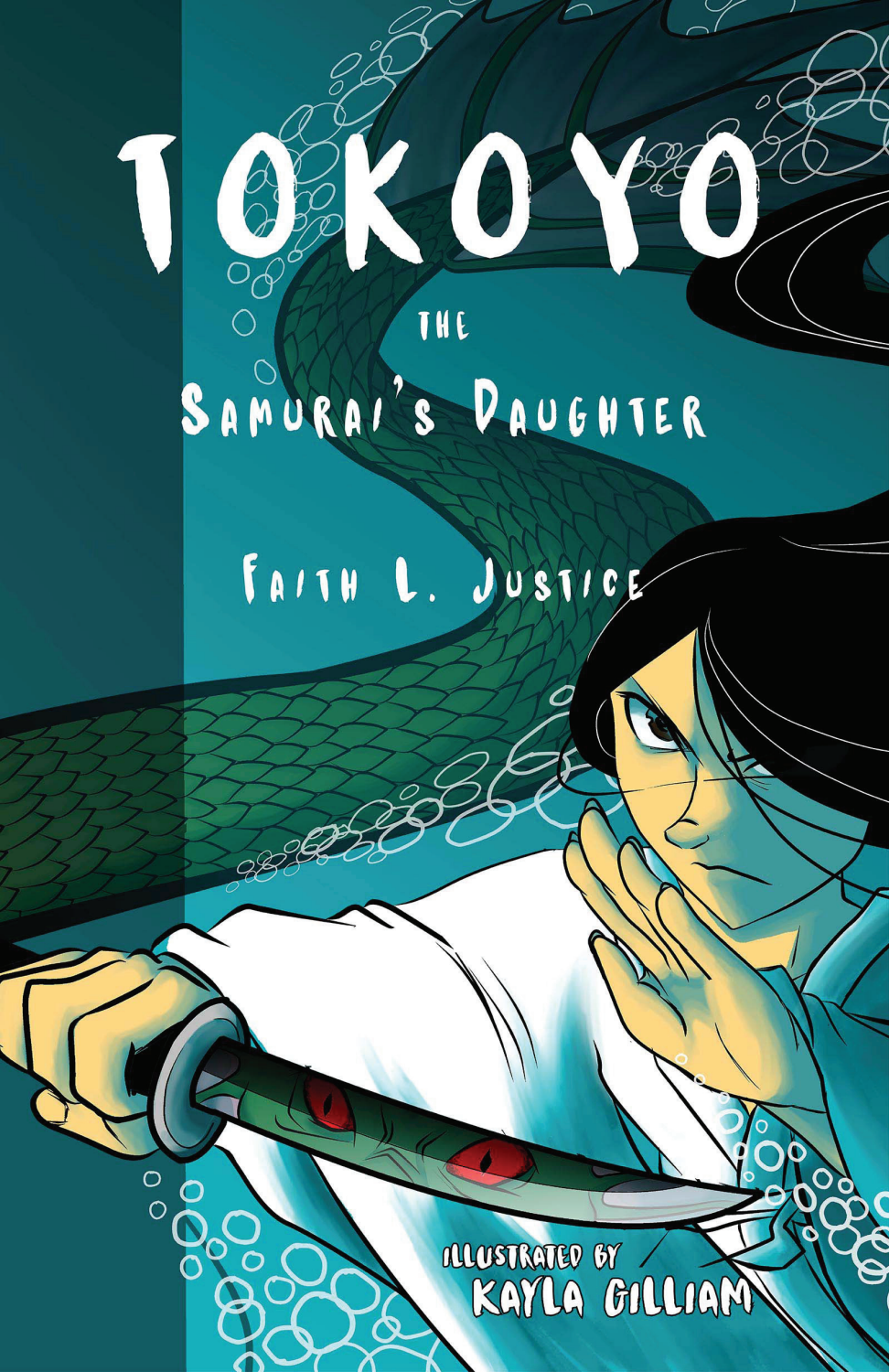


TOKOYO

THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER

FAITH L. JUSTICE

ILLUSTRATED BY
KAYLA GILLIAM



TOKOYO

**THE SAMURAI'S
DAUGHTER**

WRITTEN BY

FAITH L. JUSTICE

ILLUSTRATED BY

KAYLA GILLIAM

Tokoyo, The Samurai's Daughter

*Copyright © 2017 Faith L. Justice.
All rights reserved.*

2017
Raggedy Moon Books
raggedymoonbooks.com

*Cover and interior images © 2017 by Kayla Gilliam
licensed for the length of the book copyright*

*Interior book design © 2017 adapted from
BookDesignTemplates.com*

*Print ISBN-10: 0692677089
Print ISBN-13: 978-0692677087
Library of Congress Control Number: 2017930973*

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the author and publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are a product of the author's imagination. Locomotives and public names are sometimes used for atmospheric purposes. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, or to businesses, companies, events, institutions, or locales is completely coincidental.

Ordering Information: Special discounts are available on quantity purchases by schools, libraries, and others. For details, contact the publisher at the website above.

*To my nieces Sophie and Lexie
and all the adventurous girls and boys out there.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It's rare that an author writes a book all by herself and I'm no exception. Thanks to Nathan Reynolds, teacher at Leipsic Elementary School, Ohio, for helping me find great fifth grade beta readers. My very special thanks to Elyssabeth, Jeremy, Juan, Seth, and Sofeea for reading an early draft of this story and giving me feedback. A few adults also took an early peek. Thanks to librarian Redona Klinkenborg, and teacher Hope Justice, at Creekview Ranch School, California.

Kayla Gilliam contributed much more than just beautiful illustrations. She did additional research, corrected some of my Japanese words, and wrote the Cultural Note. Thanks to all of you for your unique insights and helping to make this the best possible book.

CONTENTS

Acknowledgements v

List of Illustrations ix

Chapters:

1: Tokoyo and the Ama	1
2: The Pearl	5
3: An Adventurous Girl	9
4: Father's Home	15
5: A Deadly Curse	19
6: Arrested	25
7: A Thieving Clerk	29
8: Homeless	35
9: Life with the Ama	39
10: Finding a Boat	47
11: The Oki Islands	53
12: The Search Begins	57
13: Hard Times	61
14: The Sacrifice	67
15: A Demon in the Deep	73
16: A Fight to the Death	80
17: A Grateful Village	85
18: Revenge	91
19: Ama and Samurai's Daughter	99
Cultural Notes	103
Author's Note	107
About the Author and Illustrator	111

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Chapter 1	x
Chapter 2	4
Chapter 3	8
Chapter 4	14
Chapter 5	18
Chapter 6	24
Chapter 7	28
Chapter 8	34
Chapter 9	38
Chapter 10	46
Chapter 11	52
Chapter 12	56
Chapter 13	60
Chapter 14	66
Chapter 15	72
Chapter 16, part 1 ...	78
Chapter 16, part 2 ...	79
Chapter 17	84
Chapter 18	90
Chapter 19	98



1

TOKOYO AND THE AMA

*AD 1319, the third year of Hojo Takatoki's regency for
Shogun Prince Morikuni*

I PUT THE LAST OYSTER in the net bag attached to my belt and clasped my knife between my teeth. I looked up through the clear water to the shimmering spot that was the sun. The other divers—the Ama—were already near the top. My lungs began to burn—a sure sign I needed to return to the surface.

I scanned the rocks and corals for sharks. I had fought off a reef shark once and didn't want to do it again.

All clear.

TOKOYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER

I pushed off from the sandy bottom, kicking and stroking my way to the surface.

Halfway there, the need for air became almost unbearable. My heart beat faster and I wanted to gasp for air. My strokes became more desperate.

I shouldn't have stayed down so long.

I pushed the panic away. My eyes unfocussed and I entered a calm place. My father's voice echoed softly in my mind leading me through the meditation exercises that all samurai practiced.

My heart slowed. My lungs no longer labored. My strokes pulled me through the last feet of water.

As I broke the surface, I released the air in my lungs slowly with a whistling sound—one of the tricks the Ama use to hold their breath for the deep dives.

“Tokoyo, you worried us!” Hana, my best friend among the Ama, scolded. “I was about to dive back down and drag you up by the hair.”

“No need.” I took a deep breath of the salty sea air and smiled at my friend.

“Don't take such risks, samurai's daughter.” Namika, the oldest diver at sixty-three years, scowled at me. “You have much to learn.”

“I'm sorry, Namika.” My stomach tightened at the rebuke. I tried hard to be a good Ama, but

never seemed to live up to Namika's standards. "I won't stay down so long again."

"Time to get back. We've been out for three hours this afternoon." The old woman headed back to the shore with fast efficient strokes.

"Forgive her sharp tongue." Hana shaded her eyes as she watched Namika swim away. "She grieves for her daughter who dove too deep and stayed down too long. Her son-in-law blames Namika for his wife's death. He keeps his daughters from her, afraid they will want to be Ama like their mother and grandmother."

"I didn't know!" What a horrible fate for the old woman, cut off from her family. I had only my father and missed him terribly when he left to give service to his lord. If he died in battle, I'd have no reason to live.

A wave slapped my face with cold water and I spluttered.

"Hungry?" Hana grinned

"Yes!" My stomach rumbled in reply.

"Last one in has to clean the cuttlefish!" Hana cried and took off for the shore. The other Ama stroked toward the rocky beach.

"No fair!" I shouted. They had a three-stroke lead.

TOKOYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER



2

THE PEARL

I SWAM MY BEST, but the Ama were born to this life and swam like dolphins. I had other duties as the daughter of a noble samurai and dove only a day or two a week for the pleasure of it. I staggered onto the beach last, to the friendly hoots of the women and girls.

“Come, Tokoyo.” Hana gave me a hand. “Let’s get you by the fire. Your teeth are chattering so loud they scare the seagulls!”

We gathered around a driftwood fire. I rubbed the goosebumps that rose on my arms trying to drive the chill from my flesh. The other women smiled and joked as we pulled on warm clothes. In the cold sea we wore only a *fundoshi*—a loincloth—and a bandana marked with protective blessings called a *tenugui* to hold our hair.

TOKYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER

"Girls!" Namika clapped her hands. A couple of the women who had children rolled their eyes at each other, but didn't complain. Namika was the age of their mothers and their undisputed leader. "Back to the *amagoya*. Let's see what Goddess Funadama provided us today."

We grabbed our bags and trudged up the beach to the Ama house. The *amagoya* sat on a rocky ridge, perched above the sea, sheltered by several twisted pine trees. The other Ama stayed there during the diving season, but I went home to my father's estate on the outer edge of the village at the end of the day.

We trooped onto the wooden porch to sort our take. Funadama, the goddess of the sea, gave us a good catch: several dozen prized abalone and oysters, a couple small squid, and a heap of seaweed. All would bring a good price in the local market.

I pried open my last oyster and gasped.

"Look!" I turned to Hana and showed her a pearl the size of the tip of my little finger. "A pearl of great worth!"

Hana's eyes grew big. "Funadama blessed you, my friend. That's the biggest pearl I've seen. You'll have the merchants fighting for that one."

I looked at the faces surrounding me, most

beamed with pleasure, a couple showed traces of envy. I realized the difference this pearl would make in their lives, whereas I had everything I needed and more. But how to give it to them without offending their pride?

“Namika.” I kneeled at the old Ama’s feet holding out the shining pearl. “You are older and wiser than all of us. You know best how to bargain with the merchants. Please take this pearl as payment for all you have taught me and share it among the Ama.”

“Look at me, child.”

I raised my eyes to her wise ones. She understood my plan.

“This is a great gift.” She touched the pearl on my palm.

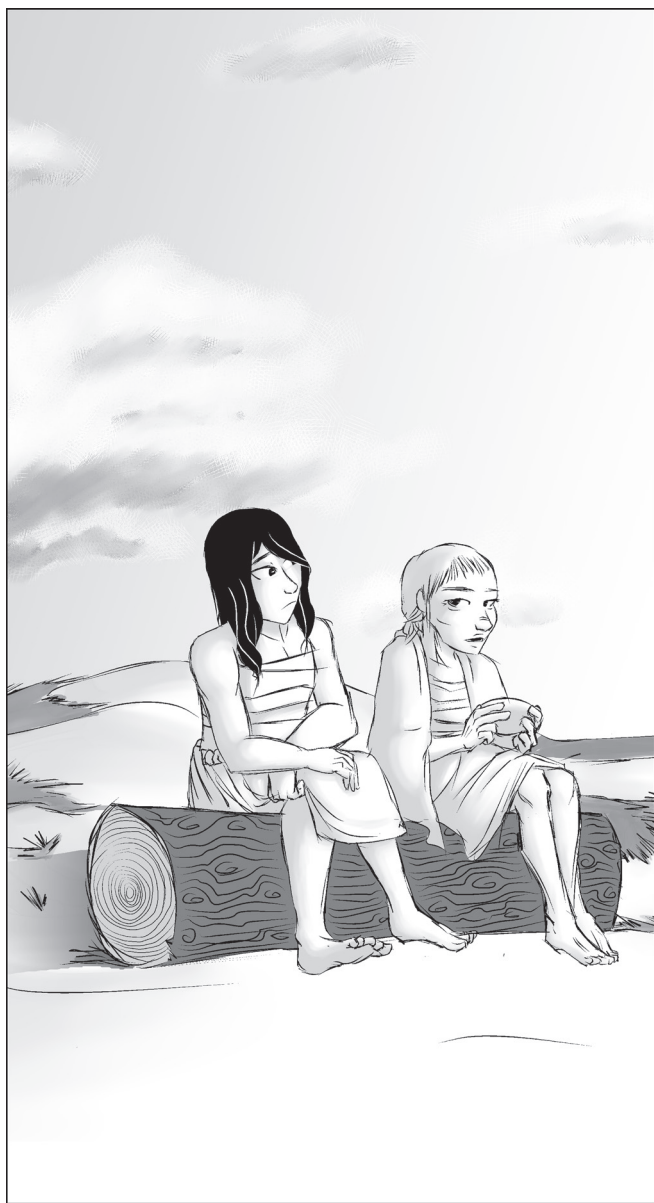
“No greater than the gift you have given me: strength, skill, acceptance, love. Please take it as a sign of the great respect in which I hold you and all Ama.”

She took the pearl and the other Ama cheered.

“For that, you don’t have to clean the cuttlefish.” Hana laughed “Today!”

I glowed with pleasure. I had helped my friends; made their lives easier. We went into the house and relaxed by the fire, eating a meal of rice, seaweed, and fish.

TOKOYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER



3

AN ADVENTUROUS GIRL

WHEN I SAW NAMIKA leave the house, I poured another bowl of tea and followed.

She sat on a driftwood log, eyes closed, face raised to the lowering sun. She seemed so sad, I decided to leave and turned to go back in.

“Join me, Tokoyo.” She patted the log beside her, eyes still closed.

I sat. “How did you know it was me?”

“The wooden porch. Every footfall sounds different.” She turned her face to me and opened her eyes. “Most sound like farmers tromping through fields. You, child, have the light step of a dancer.”

I held out the bowl. “I brought you more tea.”

“Thank you.” She sniffed the steam and took a sip. “Just as I like it—hot and bitter.”

She set the bowl aside and stretched her arms overhead. I heard small cracking sounds as she

TOKYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER

moved her head from side to side. She looked at me, head tilted on her shoulder like a bird. "You stayed down for longer than you should today—longer than I did and I'm the best."

"I'm sorry to have worried you." I hung my head.

"You don't understand, child." She cupped my face in her hands. "You showed great skill. Many girls your age would panic and drown when their lungs burn for air. That's why we start the youngsters close to shore gathering seaweed in the shallower water. They learn the advanced skills later. My own daughter..." tears filled her eyes. She turned from me. "What did you do? How did you survive?"

"My father taught me to calm my heart and focus my energy. It's a technique used by the samurai to avoid panic and fear before battle."

"I do something similar. Perhaps you can teach me your technique and I'll teach you mine." She sighed. "I never thought a youngster could teach me anything new."

We sat in companionable silence while she finished her tea. I studied the older woman out of the corners of my downcast eyes. Namika was sturdy with an extra layer of fat that kept

the cold away from her bones in the sea, but her back rounded and the skin on her neck and jowls sagged.

“Namika, why do you still dive? You could retire, sit by a fire, and let the younger Ama care for you.”

“Ask anyone.” She snorted. “The best Ama are the older ones. We can stay in the cold sea and hold our breath longer than the younger girls.” She looked over the water in silence.

I thought my question had offended her and prepared an apology.

“The sea calls to me. When I’m under the water, I’m in a magical kingdom.” She swept her arm from head to foot. “It’s who I am. I am Namika, ‘flower of the wave.’ Without the sea, I am nothing.”

She looked at me with sad black eyes. “And you, Tokoyo? Why do you dive? You could stay in your father’s fine house, have servants wait on you. Yet you are here risking death.” She raised her bowl of tea. “And serving an old Ama.”

Her question surprised me. I hadn’t thought of why I learned the Ama trade. My father provided well for me. I had lovely clothes, good food, a warm house, and tutors. As his only child, he trained me as he would a son in fencing and other martial arts.

TOKYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER

I delighted in his smile and lived for his praise, but I wanted more. Why?

"I think it's because it is something of my own." I let my gaze drift to the rippling waves. "I love my father and would do anything for him, but I dive for myself."

Namika patted my arm. "And it's adventurous. Most girls—even a samurai's daughter—don't get to cheat death, fight sharks, or find pearls of great worth."

"And it's adventurous." I agreed. "The gods blessed me with a loving father who indulges me in this."

"Few fathers would." She shrugged and looked at the setting sun. "And you should not test his patience by being late."

I bowed again to the wise Ama. "You're right. It's time, again, to become a nobleman's daughter."

Hana and the other Ama waved goodbye as I set off for the village of Shima and my father's estates.





4

FATHER'S HOME

THE GUARD SUPPRESSED A SCOWL as I entered the wooden gates carved with boars' heads. I don't think he approved of my father giving me so much freedom, but it was not his place to criticize my father's actions. I smiled sweetly and wished him a good day.

I inhaled the sweet scent of peach blossoms as I walked the winding path. Behind a screen of maples, I spied the red tile roof and wooden walls of our house. It was not the largest in the area, but not the smallest either. My ancestors had been samurai for generations. I'm sure it pained my father that he had no son to inherit his lands, but he never let me see his disappointment or made me feel less loved or esteemed.

I spied his horse being led to the stables and quickened my pace. I ran to the entryway, where

TOKOYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER

servants removed my father's clogs and outer kimono.

"Father!" I shouted and launched myself into his arms.

"Tokoyo!" He grabbed me up and swung me around till my bandana fell off and my wet hair streamed down my back. "You've been diving today?" He set me on my feet, nearly breathless.

"Yes, Father. I found a pearl of great worth!" Blood flushed my cheeks from laughter and pride.

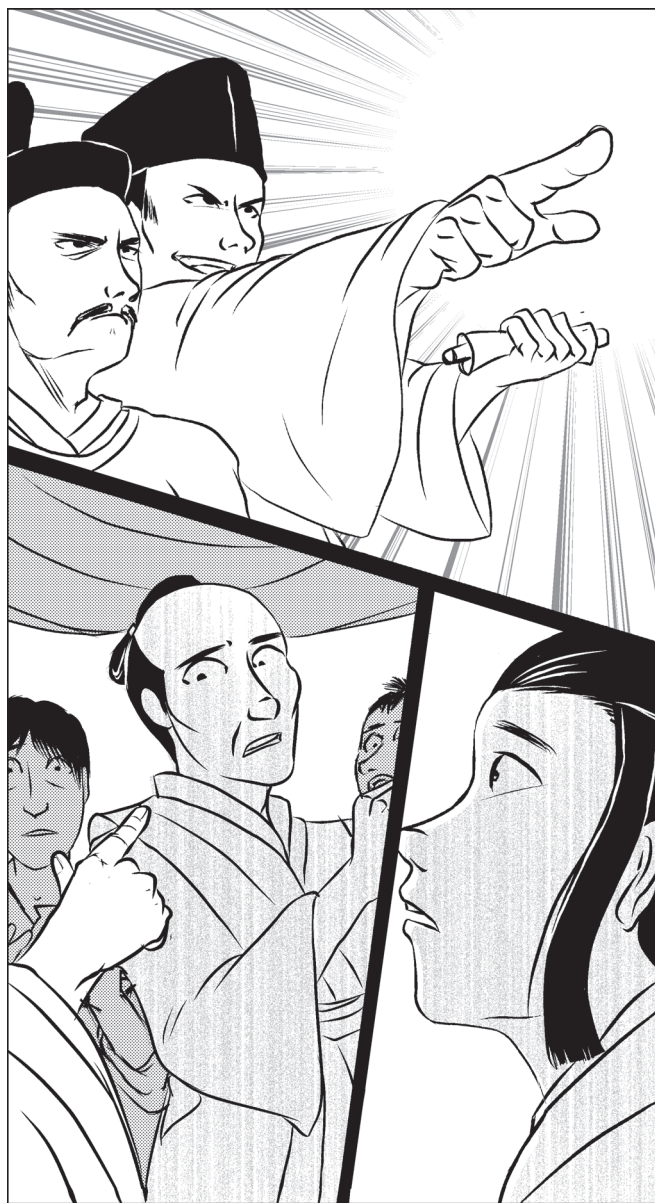
His eyes grew round. "Let's see this miraculous pearl."

"I uh...I uh..." I felt the blood drain from my face. *Should I have kept the pearl? It was valuable. Will father be angry with me for giving it away?* I squared my shoulders and faced him to receive whatever punishment he decreed. "I gave it to the Ama for teaching me their secrets."

"You did right, my child." His warm smile washed over me. "You should always pay your debts, especially to those poorer than you." He stopped, turned his head in the direction of the kitchen, and sniffed the air. "I think Cook has something special in store for us tonight. I smell duck spiced with *shiso*." He swatted my behind. "Go child, you need to bathe and dress for dinner."

“Yes, Father.” I giggled and fled to my room. It was so good to have Father home!

TOKOYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER



5

A DEADLY CURSE

“QUICK, KIKO! I MUST BE READY SOON.” My maid fussed with my hair until I was ready to take shears to my head. I was a maiden and needed only wear my hair down my back, loose or braided, but she insisted on adding combs and ribbons.

The most powerful man in Japan, Regent Hojo Takatoki, visited Shima today and Father accompanied him. I would be in the crowd and invisible to the Regent, but everyone dressed their best to honor the ruler of our country. At last Kiko helped me with my best silk kimono—white, decorated with dark pink cherry blossoms—and wound a red obi around my waist.

I tottered on my wooden clogs, weighed down by my silk robes, to the front door where a litter awaited me. I couldn’t see past the heavy curtain and sweated in the still close air as we traveled

TOKYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER

to Shima. I soon heard the crowds as we entered the field where the Regent would speak. Children called to one another in high-pitched voices, people gossiped and complained about the hot sun, merchants called out their wares—cool drinks and sweet treats.

Because I was the daughter of a noble samurai, my bearers brought me to the front of the crowd. When they stopped, I stepped out into the sunshine to face a long shaded platform, higher than my head, draped in silk with a single gilded throne-like chair in the middle. Guards in full armor, swords drawn, ringed the platform. There were no steps at the front or sides, so anyone getting onto the platform must go up the back.

My bearers took the litter away, but a crowd of servants attended me. One shaded me with a parasol. Two others offered me chilled juice and honeyed nuts. I nodded to the other noble ladies I knew from the area, all equally well-attended.

A string of nobles and advisors stepped between the drapes on the platform and took positions around the throne. The closer to the chair, the more important the person. Father stood two men away and my heart swelled with pride that he was so well-thought of at court. A trumpeter

joined the throng and blasted for attention. When the crowd quieted, he announced, "The people of Shima, bow to the Regent Hojo Takatoki."

We all went to our knees and bowed our heads to the ground. Servants brought the Regent onto the stage in a litter and helped him to his seat. The trumpeter led a series of acclamations which lasted for several minutes, then he gave us permission to rise. No one sat in the Regent's presence.

I was surprised at the Regent's appearance. Younger than my father, he seemed much older. Gray speckled his hair and mustaches. Deep bruises shadowed his eyes. His skin was yellowish and cheeks hollow. Father had always talked of the Regent as vigorous, but this man suffered from an obvious illness. A barely perceptible murmur swept through the crowd as others saw what I did. The Regent's sons were young. His death would likely lead to rebellion and civil war—an outcome no one wanted.

The trumpeter blasted again and the whispers ceased.

An older man, standing to the Regent's right came forward carrying a scroll. He unwound it and read:

TOKYO. THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER

"I, Regent Hojo Takatoki, ask my good servant and First Minister Ichijô Uchitsune to read my words, because I am unable. Several weeks ago, I was struck down with a sickness. Demons haunt my dreams and I cannot sleep. The best physicians can find no physical reason for this and fear I have been cursed."

The crowd gasped and murmured. Curses were dangerous and fearsome things—not as bad as vengeful ghosts, but nearly!

"After careful investigation we have found the traitor in our midst." The First Minister took a dramatic pause.

The crowd cried, "Name the traitor! Death to the traitor!"

The minister smiled, curled the scroll, and pointed at my father. "Guards take the samurai Oribe Shima into custody!"



CULTURAL NOTES

Chapter 1

fundoshi – a long white loincloth that is tied around the lower body as an undergarment or swimwear. In some cases the cloth is very long to allow parts of it to hang forward almost as an apron

tenugui – a long thin kerchief that can be used as a washcloth or headband. They're often dyed in many colors and patterns. Tokoyo's headband is covered with phrases that bless the kerchief to protect and bring luck to the wearer

amagoya – a hut or small cottage in which a group of all female shellfish divers called the “Ama” live

Funadama – the goddess of the ocean in Shinto mythology. Fishermen and Ama divers pray to her for safe sailing and to catch lots of valuable fish/seafood.

Chapter 4

shiso – an herbal plant that is harvested and used to garnish or season food

kimono – a traditional Japanese robe that consists of long graceful sleeves. It is worn on formal occasions and is made of silk with printed or embroidered designs.

obi – a long sash that is tied around the waist of one wearing a kimono. They can be tied in many decorative ways depending on the occasion and gender of the one wearing it.

Regent – a minister who manages and rules the state in place of the monarch, usually if they are too young or inexperienced. Regent Hojo Takatoki was appointed to rule as a representative of the Shogun Morikuni.

Chapter 9

kochosen – coin money that was used as currency from the Asuka to the Heian period in Japanese history. Copper coins were moderate in value while silver coins and gold coins were higher.

Kami – the spirits or energy that is found in everything in Shinto mythology. Kami can reside or manifest as anything from forces of nature, to animals, to even the souls of dearly departed. They can cause great good or great tragedy but all forms of Kami still have to be respected.

Chapter 15

Nami Amida Butsu – a Buddhist prayer to trust one's soul to celestial Buddha Amida for salvation and rebirth.

Yofune-Nushi – an evil water dragon in Japanese mythology who plagued a village with bad crops and shipwrecks. Villagers sacrificed a young maiden each year to make the dragon leave the village alone.

Blank Page Illustration

Tokoyo's name written in Japanese hiragana script.

トコヨ

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This story was inspired by a Japanese folktale called “The Tale of the Oki Islands” which I found in *Best-loved Folktales of the World* collected by Joanna Cole—one of my favorite children’s authors. The story struck me as one of only two or three in the entire collection to feature a girl in an adventurous role. There were many women and girls who were rescued, many who were smart or tricky, but no other picked up a knife and fought a monster to rescue someone else. I read this story over thirty years ago and it haunted me.

Finally, I was in a place in my life where I could bring Tokoyo to a wider audience.

I dug up my tattered copy of *Best-loved Folktales* and traced the origins of the story to *Ancient Tales and Folk-lore of Japan* collected by Richard Gordon Smith and published in 1918. His entire collection is available free on the web along with thousands of other folktales at “The Internet Sacred Text Archive” (<http://www.sacred-texts.com/shi/atfj/atfj19.htm>). Smith explained that he sent “Oto, my Japanese hunter” to the remote Oki Islands and Oto brought back this story among others. I was amused to see that Smith styled

Tokoyo's father Oribe Shima as "the hero of this story" even though he does nothing but wait to be rescued by his daughter.

Smith also gives the approximate time and political situation at the time this tale was supposed to have happened and mentioned that Tokoyo had trained with the sea-diving women of her province. This gave me the idea to make this story as close to historical fiction as I could and minimize the fantasy elements. In my mind, Tokoyo became an ordinary girl who did extraordinary things based on her training and her personality—possibly helped by a magical knife—or her belief in a magical knife. You, Dear Reader, may choose your interpretation. My purpose is to entertain and inspire, not to dictate belief.

I was particularly taken with the Ama—"women of the sea"—the pearl divers of Japan and wanted to include more about them in Tokoyo's story. I think they were just as important as her father's training in preparing Tokoyo for her adventure. They were first mentioned in AD 750 in a collection of poems.

Women still work as Ama today, although in much fewer numbers because young women

have more opportunities to work in much less dangerous jobs. Many Ama continue to work well into old age—some into their nineties. They work cooperatively and impose commonsense rules for fishery management on themselves. Japan has recommended that the Ama be recognized as a UNESCO Intangible Cultural Heritage.

My final hurdle in bringing this story to life was to decide how much of the complicated politics to put in the story. At the time, there was a hereditary Emperor with little power, a hereditary Shogun who normally had immense power, but was a minor and so he had a Regent that ruled for him. All the rulers had complicated webs of relatives and retainers who shuffled in and out of power, fought wars, etc. It was a chaotic time and I decided to include very little. This was Tokoyo's story, not her father's, so I only included the bits that help us understand what dangers Tokoyo meets.

I hope you enjoyed this story of Tokoyo as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you find other folktales about adventurous girls, please feel free to tell me about them at my website (faithjustice.com).

Thanks for reading!

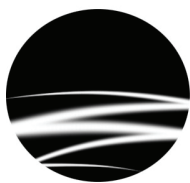
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

FAITH L. JUSTICE writes award-winning fiction and articles in Brooklyn, New York. This is her first book for young people. For fun, she likes to dig in the dirt—her garden and various archaeological sites. Sample her work, check out her blog or ask Faith a question at her website:

faithljustice.com

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

KAYLA GILLIAM is an independent cartoonist living in the dense suburban forests of North Carolina. When she's not juggling her five dogs (Oreo, Domino, Max, Chewy and Baby) she enjoys researching Japanese culture.



Raggedy Moon Books

If you liked this sample of

**TOKYO
THE SAMURAI'S DAUGHTER**

please consider buying the
book. It's available at all the
usual online places in print,
eBook and audio book or
order from your local
bookstore.

Check out the reviews at
RaggedyMoonBooks.com

Thanks!