



A Beatles story quiz from  
**T**okyo **E**nglish **F**riends  
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Fab Four fan or no, a Beatle-esque tale for you with a twist:

## How many Beatles song titles can you find in the following pages?

Try first without your phone or computer, they try again to find more.  
Titles include both originals & covers recorded by the Beatles, plus  
3 ex-Beatle John Lennon songs and one George Harrison song.

Count 'em up and write your total here: \_\_\_\_\_

To see how you did, send an email to [info@tokyoenglishfriends.com](mailto:info@tokyoenglishfriends.com)  
or, visit our website at [www.tokyoenglishfriends.com](http://www.tokyoenglishfriends.com)

Good luck!



\*ファブ・フォーのファンの皆さん、そうでない皆さんにも、  
ビートルズ風のお話のクイズを用意しました。

### 次のページでビートルズの曲名をいくつ見つけれられますか？

まずは携帯電話やコンピューターを使わずに試してください。その後、さらに多くの曲を見つけれられるかどうか、もう一度試してみましょう。曲名には、ビートルズが録音したオリジナル曲もカバー曲も、さらに元ビートルズのジョン・レノンの曲 3 曲とジョージ・ハリソンの曲 1 曲が含まれています。

数えて合計をここに記入してください: \_\_\_\_\_

結果を確認するには、[info@tokyoenglishfriends.com](mailto:info@tokyoenglishfriends.com) にメールを送信してください。  
または、[www.tokyoenglishfriends.com](http://www.tokyoenglishfriends.com) をご覧ください。

頑張ってください！

\* 「ファブ・フォー」 "Fab(ulous) Four" は「素晴らしい四人」、つまり、ビートルズのこと

## A Beatles Love Story

*by Jeffrey Swiggum, 2025*

I want to tell you about this girl I met, just yesterday, which was a very strange day indeed. Allow me to start from the very beginning...

I was at the station, had bought a ticket to ride, and was going to take the one after 909. Suddenly, the station loudspeakers came to life with news of some accident, and then said, "All train service is delayed. However, it won't be long before service is resumed, so please stand by. Thank you."

Well, officially, that was the word, but after 15 or 20 minutes, I had had enough. I decided to look for someone who could tell me why there was such a long, long, long delay. I could see no station staff on the platform, so I jumped off, walked down the tracks a bit, and discovered a secret platform. Actually, it was an area of the station for no one except station personnel. I didn't care.

Walking several kilometers into this restricted zone, I finally spotted a station attendant, who was bent over a train engine and fixing a hole! Seeing me as I approached, he straightened up.

"This train is going nowhere man," he said.

"What happened?!" I asked incredulously. "What could possibly have made a hole like that in a train engine?!"

"This," he replied, and pulled out an old brown shoe.

"That?!!"

"Yes. The station chief has a temper," he explained. "We were running late, and he started flying off the handle. Mind you, when he gets like that, the best thing to do is to run for your life."

"So you're saying he kicked a hole in the engine?!"

"Yes. He was aiming for me, but he missed."

"But that's solid steel!"

"No. This is one of our older trains made of wood -- Norwegian wood."

"Ummm, look," I said, "... I don't know about wooden trains, and don't care what goes on between you and your boss. All I've got to do is to get home, just like everyone else here. And if that's not possible, can't you at least make another announcement?"

"No," he answered. "It's our policy to keep passengers in the dark, especially if we have made some mistake."

At this point, I should have known better but I had to ask: "Well, then, can I make an announcement? Where's a microphone?"

Looking around, I spotted one nearby.

"No!! You can't do that!" he shouted, realizing what I was going to do.

We both grabbed for the mic. I started pushing and yelling. He began to twist and shout. After a brief struggle, I overpowered him, got the mic and switched it on. I started announcing ...

"Attention everyone! Good morning, good morning! I have an announcement to make ... "

I looked down at the station attendant. He had pulled a pistol out of his blazer pocket. It was aimed right at me.

I stopped announcing.

He then broke into a rather odd, deranged smile.

"You know, happiness is a warm gun. Now, hand over the microphone."

In a situation like this, it's hard to remain calm and act naturally, but I did my best.

"Happiness is also a warm mic," I said as I slowly handed it to him.

His gun was still on me. Maybe I'm only sleeping and this is a dream, I

thought.

"What you're doing is illegal," he said. "I'm the only one authorized to use the station microphone. It's like *this*."

He raised the mic to his mouth ...

*"Lucy in the sky with diamonds!"*

Unbelievable. He started singing a Beatles song.

I knew I had to get out of there.

But first, I decided to rush him and grab the gun. I lunged! We struggled! He fumbled! The gun hit the ground!!

It went off!!!

BAM!!!!

.....

I opened my eyes. The room was very quiet. I was in my bed. It was a dream after all. "What a way to start a day in the life," I thought.

After a quick shower and breakfast, I wanted to get outside and go somewhere.

It was raining. But then I thought, "Hmmm, the perfect day to drive my car down the long and winding road -- just to see what might happen." I left at nine after 1:01.

Before long, I came across a young, beautiful hitch-hiker — a day tripper, I supposed. I saw her standing there on the side of the road in the rain. I decided to slow down and give her a ride.

"You look like you need help! Where are you going?"

"Oh, here, there and everywhere," she answered.

"Exactly where I'm headed. Hop in."

When she got in, she sneezed. I said, "Are you OK?"

She said she said, "I feel fine, but actually, I'm down a bit. Just the night before, this boy I was seeing suddenly said, 'Thank you girl, for everything, but I've got another girl!'"

"Hmmm, sounds like a very bad boy to me," I said.

"Well," she continued, "I told him that we can work it out, but he just said, 'Sorry, you won't see me anymore.' And then he left."

"I'm really sorry."

"That's OK. You know, we'd broken up a few times before, but this time, I've got a feeling that we won't get back together."

"Yes, perhaps you should just let it be," I added, "because, after all, all things must pass. Besides, it's only love."

"What do you mean 'it's only love'? Without love in the world, there'd be only misery, greed and despair!"

"Well, yes but ... I guess what I'm trying to say is ... What *is* love anyway?"

"Love is being free as a bird *and* having chains at the same time."

"OK, so, imagine I had a girl, and she's a woman who really cares for me ..."

"You mean she loves you?"

"Yes, and I love her -- does that mean our love will never change?"

"If it's real love, I don't think it will."

"... You know, I like the way you think."

"So do I," she said. "After all, here on earth, up in the sky, or across the universe, all you need is love, really."

"Right. I'll try to remember that when I'm 64 million light years from earth!"

We both laughed.

The road was now rather straight, but our conversation took turn after turn. The best part was, I had no idea where we were going. We just kept talking. And I kept driving.

By and by, when we had reached a lull in our curvy conversation, my wipers began to screech. I noticed that it had stopped raining.

"Look," I said. "The clouds are disappearing. And here comes the sun!"

But there was no reply. When I looked over, she was sleeping. Just then, a particularly loud screech woke her up.

"I'm sorry!" she said. "I'm so tired, but I'd rather keep talking. So, one favor, OK? I need you to keep me awake."

"Well, there's a place up ahead with good coffee. Would you like me to stop?"

"I'd love you to. But, wait. I, ummm, have no money."

"It's on me," I said.

"No, I'll get you back! I promise I will!"

"Or, you could help me rob a bank later," I proposed.

"Deal!"

We then turned left on Penny Lane and after a few minutes, arrived at the Strawberry Fields Forever cafe. She had coffee, a yellow submarine sandwich and a glass onion salad. I had tea with a taste of honey.

"Wow!" she exclaimed. "This is the best sandwich I've ever had in my life! But it's all too much for me. Would you like some?"

"Thanks," I said. "Yes, the food here is really something. Frank Sinatra used to come here, you know."

"Frank *who*?"

"Never mind. Your mother should know."

"My mother?"

"Yes. By the way, I don't think I caught your name."

"Julia," she said, "but my friend Michelle calls me Rita."

"Well, lovely Rita, my name's Rocky -- Rocky Raccoon, but *my* friend Dr. Robert calls *me* the 'Sun King'."

"'Sun King' ... I like that. You know, until today -- till there was you, I mean -- my life was on a dark, stormy path. But from this moment on, I believe I'll follow the sun."

"I like the sound of that," I said. "So all is suddenly getting better for you?"

"Yes it is," she said. "And for you, too?"

"Yes," I replied, "for the two of us."

"*To* the two of us," she countered, raising her coffee.

"To the two of us."

We toasted.

As we sat, silently staring into each other's eyes, it was clear that we had been destined to come together, to enter into that magical mystery tour of the heart. Together.

Just then, our server came by with the honey pie we had ordered for dessert, saying they were closing and that we would have to leave immediately.



"Oh no!" she said. "Where are we going to eat this?!"

"Well," I replied, "why don't we do it in the road?"

"What a great idea," she said. "Thank you."

"Any time at all."

- The End -

*To find out the total number of Beatles song titles in the story, please send a message to  
Tokyo English Friends at [info@tokyoenglishfriends.com](mailto:info@tokyoenglishfriends.com)*

このストーリークイズの答えを知りたい場合、またはビートルズの歌詞を勉強しながら  
英語を学ぶことに興味がある場合は、[info@tokyoenglishfriends.com](mailto:info@tokyoenglishfriends.com) にメッセージを送信するか、  
Tokyo English Friends のウェブサイトアクセスしてください。(リンクは下記)

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