

MASAKO NEVER DIE

BY

MASAKO ISHIDA

TRANSLATED

BY

HIROAKI OTWA

INTRODUCTION

Miss Masako Ishida was born in 1931. When she was fourteen years old, her household removed from Tokyo to Nagasaki as her father was transferred to Nagasaki as the president of the Nagasaki law-court.

And she worked as one of the student-laborers from Nagasaki girl's high school at the Mitsubishi Arms-factory in Nagasaki.

On the ninth of August in 1945, the Atomic bomb was dropped above Nagasaki City, and innumerable lives and properties were lost in a flash. But the little girl escaped death by a miracle. However, the awful atomic sickness tortured her body for a long time (for 7 months). Once, the numbers of white blood corpuscles in her blood decreased from 8000 to 1600. But she bravely and patiently conquered the sickness, and went to write her dreadful experiences "Masako taorezu" (Masako Never Die). In 1947, she entered the English Literature course of Nagasaki Woman's College. But unfortunately, she was attacked again by illness in January in 1949 and her eyesight was entirely lost for three months. Nevertheless, she again surmounted her illness, reciting Milton's "On his Blindness" in her bed, and continued to write her personal experiences. Her work "Masako Never Die" was published in August in 1949. Recently, I read this book and I was deeply impressed.

Then I tried to translate the first two chapters of the book into English. But I have studied English only for two years.

So that I am sure that there are a lot of mis-takes in my

translation and you will be very troubled to read it.

However, if you learn, even a little, the real fearfulness and wretchedness by Atomic bomb from reading my awkward English sentences, I shall be much pleased.

Hiroaki Otawa

January, 1950.

"THE DAY OF DESTINY"

That day, I woke up early in the morning. As usual, I put on a white chemise and a white short sleeved sport-shirt; then wore Mompei or Japanese woman's trousers which had been made over from the bottoms of my father's pajamas.

When my father got up, he gave me a handkerchief and a doll to present them to Miss Eiko Morita. In those days, I was working everyday at a factory, as one of student-laborers. And Miss Morita who was working with me at the same work-shop, had given me a pretty handkerchief before. So I was going to give her those things in return.

I put on clogs and left home cheerfully, carryin the presents for her....without expecting that the dreadful calamity was approaching at every moment.

I had no sooner reached the factory than there was an alarm for warning of air-raids. But we were hardly startled by it, for such a thing had almost become a common event during those days. The air-raid alarm was given when we were holding a usual morning meeting, so we immediately beat a fled in to the woods.

Soon after, the alarm was cancelled, and I again went to the work-shop talking with my friends about the new powerful bomb which had been dropped above Hiroshima; ...."You see, my father is really lucky man. Because he served at the Ministry of Justice as the head of the accounts section before, and last year, he expected to be transferred to Hiroshima, but the plan was changed, and he was transfered to the division law-court of Tokyo at

Kasuga-cho. As soon as my father was transferred there, the Ministry of Justice was burnt to the ground by air-raids. Thereafter, my family removed to Nagasaki, as my father had been ordered to come this city.

The division law-court was also burnt after he left there! So my family has often talked with father at the table like this ..... 'Both Hiroshima and Nagasaki have been free of damage. But which is the safer city?.....'

Hiroshima was destroyed by the new bomb the other day. That's why, I say that my father is a really lucky man."

Talking with my friends, in this way, I entered the work-shop, and immediately went to work.

After finishing the work set out for me, I felt hungry, and casually glanced at the clock on the wall..... It was a few minutes to eleven o'clock. It was a few.....a really few seconds after that the fearful and dreadful Atomic bomb was dropped above us.....

Suddenly, there exploded an awful spurt of flame! I felt as if everything in the world had been swallowed up into an incandescent pink glow; and it all happened in a moment! I shut my eyes unconsciously. During the very brief instant before the violent winds supervened to a flash, I imaged that the fish-torpedoes set in the work-shop might have exploded.

Who could know that the Atomic bomb had been dropped?

How terrible and dreadful it was!

Even now, I cannot recollect well the events of that moment. Any-way, I was beside myself. I was blown down by the violent winds which were the result of the explosion of the bomb; I

6

lay flat on the ground. Then I felt something like sand or dirt falling heavily upon my feet like an avalanche.

The crashing of the broken window-panes, the weird roars like landslides, the rumblings and peals of the destroying large structures.....When those rumblings were combined and formed an indiscrivable din, my mind became like a vacuum.

As I regained consciousness and lifted up my eyes, I saw a fore-man in clouds of dust; he had been wounded and blood was oozing from his nostrils.

Intolerable bloody stench had filled the atmosphere. And I found that blood was ceaselessly oozing from my neck. A worker was bandaging the wounds of a girl student from Keiho girl's high school. He was using a black curtain.

"Oh, I must bandage too!" It had taken a few seconds for me to realize it.

Is it possible that our minds become bland for half a moment when we face great danger?

All at once, there were fires all around me, for the ruined work-shop began to burn.

On seeing those fires, my mind became clear again.

"Fire! Fire! Flee quickly!"

"Staying here is very dangerous for a little girl like you!"

"Cover your injury with this cloth!"

"Take care!"

The pathetic cries of the workers beat against my ears. I did not understand whether those cryings were for me or not, but a worker suddenly offered me a black curtain. Having seized the curtain, I held my neck tightly with it; I ran away without even looking around at the kind man. (at that time, I thought

that I had been wounded around the neck) Shoutings of horror and cryings of fear in clouds of dust were heard like voices in hell. I ran and ran as fast as I could with several girl students of Keiho high school and Miss Ota who was a woman-worker of the factory, and several other women-workers. But at last we were at a loss where to flee, for fire had already spread everywhere. It was obviously dangerous to stay in that place where burnt frames of buildings had fallen everywhere. So we hurried, to seek refuge, but the more we hurried, the more difficult it became to find a safe place. We often staggered and fell down. Cryings, bellowings, shoutings, and the roaring bangs of exploding oil.... It seemed that those horrible clamours came from tortures in hell.

Frantically, we ran and ran.....midst such a scene of blood shed. Then I saw the figure of a man and I screamed, "Uncle! Please tell me the safe direction!" I had felt a great shudder, as if I alone were attacked by this intolerable pain, and fear forced me to call for help.

"Alright! Go that way! And where's your-work-shop?"

"The first finishing shop!"

"Well, go quickly!"

Then we ran in the direction he told us.

Suddenly, Miss Ota who was in front shouted in a loud voice.

"Cheer up my friends! I've found the way out, over there!"

I frantically followed her; we soon reached the playground where we had been holding the usual morning meetings. But behind us, in front of us, and everywhere around us, scarlet flames with thick black smoke were blazing up skyward.

"What shall we do? Which way shall we run?" We were confused and looked up at the dark sky. Just then, a deep voice cried

Behind us, "Run quickly! Go to the playground!"

behind us. "Run that way! Go in the direction of the normal school!..... Go quickly or you'll be hemmed in by the fires! Many people were pinned under falling frames and killed! So hurry up!"

We scampered off agains, but on our way I lost track of all of my school-mates.

On the way, I met innumerable wounded persons lying on the grounds. Their injuries were so serious that they could not move. By that time, I had recovered composure well enough to recognize them.

Then, running I felt very fortunate that my wounds were so slight. I heard behind me a shuddering voice of a blood-stained man, crying as hard as he could. "Wait!.....Wait!..... Please take me.....with you!" His wailing cry caused me to hesitate for an instant. But at such a dangerous occasion, what could I do for him? The next moment, I remembered myself again, and found a poor woman-worker beside me hobbling and crying pathetically to her friends. It's all up with me, I know. So you run away quickly.....Don't worry about me! Leave me alone. Save yourselves!"

She seemed to have lost vigour even to walk, and she was just looking forward with vacant eyes.

Suddenly, a deep grief welled up within me, and I was at loss what to do. But staying there for a long time was extremely dangerous for me. Because the terrible fires were coming toward me at every moment.

I held my dishevelled hair with my hand, and unconsciously began to run alone.

Soon I reached a fork in the road. I felt towards those two ways as if one way were to life and the other were to death.

So I was puzzled which to choose. I took the left way and progressed a little, stopping over the broken pieces of Zinc goards. But on second thought, I retraced my steps and took the right way; then again I began to run with Miss Ota.

As everything around us had become a sheet of fire, our environs were broiling hot.

"Oh, I've found a way of escape! We are by the main gate now!" I found the remains of the stone gate-pests there, and cried in spite of myself.

But a mad horse is turning restive directly in front of us!

Fires stare us in the face!

The space between the lunatic horse and the flames is no more than one meter!

Can I make it?.....But there was not sufficient time to consider it.

At length, I desperately surmounted the dreadful difficulty. And I became aware that there was nobody with me, Except Miss Ota. Green rice-fields have now been burnt up mercilessly, and an intolerable stench mixed with a bloody smell is adrift in these parts.

In the direction of mountains and farms, of course in the direction of the factory also.....horrible smokes and flames are soaring into the sky.

We took refuge in a rice-field with a great deal of trouble.

Then I again breathed freely, and took my hand cautiously from my neck.

It seemed that the blood had already stopped. My limbs smarted very much.

"Miss Ishida, are you alright?" Cheer up dear! The danger

is now well over. We have nothing more to fear.... I lay behind a vice-table, so I was hardly hurt."

"Well, that's very good. But I can't help doubting the evidence of my senses. What the deuce is the matter?"

We rejoiced together that we had escaped up to here even with great difficulty. But soon again, we had to hurry away, for the fires seemed to have been coming up for us and fear kept us restless. We began to walk with many refugees in the same direction. But I could find nothing anywhere but fearful fires and horrible smoke.

"The enemy airplanes must have bombed in the direction of Ohashi also. So I'm sure to go to Ohashi is difficult, and a lot of bombs must have been dropped in the city too!" (at that time, I didn't suppose at all that the Atomic bomb had been dropped)

"Which way shall we go for refuge?"

As our minds had been confused, and moreover all houses and buildings had been ruined and burning, we could not even make sure of directions.

We paddled in a rivulet. When we reached the opposite shore of the stream, the counterpart of my clogs had slipped out and been carried away.

I crossed the stream hobbling, and found there Miss Ota with bare feet on the shore.

Innumerable pieces of window-panes and fragments of buildings had been scattered around and it was extremely dangerous to walk with bare feet. So I intently looked for shoe or clog to put on, but it was in vain. After a few minutes walk, I found

11

something like a straw rag on the road. I picked it up and wound it around my right foot for a shoe, and continued to walk. But the rag was too easily slipped off. At last, I gave up trying and walked with a bare foot. In paddy-fields, in farms, and on the road, we saw many seriously injured people and the dead who had gotten burnt all over their bodies. Some were already dead; some were still breathing painfully; and some were foaming at the mouths and crying in wailing voices.

"Give.....give me water!.....Water!!"

It is only slightly wounded people that are walking now. After a while, we reached the railroad tracks. And there, we considered what to do hereafter.

Then a cheerful voice addressed us, saying "Hello there! Where's your factory?.....The Arms-factory?"

"Yes, our factory is the Arms-factory ( IE The Mitsubishi Arms-factory)" answered I.

"Which way are you running?" he asked.

"We are at a loss where to go now."

"Alright dear, go in the direction of Michi-no-wo then.

The tunnel factory at Michi-no-wo was rid of air-raids. And a first-aid station is there to..... But, are you alright! Can you walk by yourself?" kindly he asked me.

"Thanks, I'm alright."

"But, with a bare foot, to walk is quite dangerous.....so you can put on this clog."

He gave me a big gentleman's clog. Then I put it on and bade farewell to the kind man; I began to walk with Miss Ota in the direction of Michi-no-wo,....dragging the big clog.

A gas-tank standing beside the Arms-factory had been blown to pieces, and only bent iron frames remained. Thick smoke was spread all over the sky. On our way to Michi-no-wo passing along the Arms-factory, I thought that American airplanes must have dropped bombs on the gastank with a view of blowing up the factory by the explosion of the gastank. And I was deeply impressed by the sagacity of the tactics of American forces.

The Arms-factory had gone to pieces and had been burning furiously. All structures of the factory had so completely been destroyed that I could not recognize even the direction from where I had escaped.

A man walking beside me exclaimed.

"What, I'm blessed! The Arms-factory has entirely been destroyed!" And scarcely had he uttered those words before a rearing bang broke out in the factory. "Look out! Time-bombs may have been dropped! Let's escape from here as quickly as possible!" So we began to run again as fast as we could.

After much running, I heard again a bang behind me. By degrees, I became tired, but I walked for my life without saying even a single word. At last, we reached the tunnel factory at Michi-no-wo. However, strange to say, we saw there many refugees coming out from the tunnel factory. And one of them told us that air-raids on a large scale would follow soon; so that they were all taking refuge in the woods. Then we began to run unwillingly with them.

I was stifled; I felt my feet as heavy as lead. gradually, I got very tired and stifled violently; my eyesight began to fail.

Miss Ota is running before me at a great distance, and also I have lost sight of a man who has run with us until now. At the moment, loud shouts announcing air-attacks were heard again. I took refuge into Boku-go or air defence-trench.

In the trench, several refugees beside me eagerly warned me, saying "Bleeding from your wound is very serious, so you'd better go to the first-aid station over there."

"And you should have the wound treated soon."

So I left the trench after the American airplanes had gone, until I began to walk alone. On the way to the first-aid station, a stranger kindly addressed to me.

"Why! You are seriously wounded, dear. I'll take you to the first-aid station" and he took me carefully there. At the first-aid station, many slightly wounded persons were lying on sheets which were spread out on a grassy field. (as the seriously wounded persons could not move, they had still remained near by fires) All of them were groaning painfully. I laid down on a sheet too.

Beside me, a man was eagerly encouraging a woman—it seemed to me that the woman was his acquaintance. He was bandaging her wounds with fragments of a shirt, and soothing her heartily.

I turned my eyes and rivetted them.

Their clothes had been torn assunder, and their faces and extremities had become dirty; moreover, they had been seriously wounded and burnt.....Nevertheless I envied them very much.

For the most miserable as they were, they could encourage and sooth mutually. Unconsciously my eyes swam with tears.

Just then, the man recognized me lying alone without having wounds treated. And he soon gave me first-aid kindly. At that time, I found that the biggest wound was not around the neck, but on the head, and I found also that the wound was not slight.

Afterwards, I learnt that this kind man's name was Mr. Taira. Oh, at last God has saved me! I had the wounds on my body treated carefully with tincture of iokine and oxyful. But for many wounded people who came later, even a drop of oxyful was not left. When I had the wounds treated, I unconsciously murmured in my mind. "Ah, at length, I've been rescued from danger."

And I thought that my deceased mother's soul must have protected me from jeopardy.

Soon after, we heard again loud voices announcing the air-attacks. Then we took refuge in the shade of small trees where we could barely conceal ourselves. By that time, I had gradually had a bad head-ache. Having heard that the sunshine was bad for wounds, I removed myself under a tree by a muddy road, and lay down there. The American airplanes frequently passed above our heads. And every time the airplanes passed over, I recollected the terrible experiences which I had undergone until then.

By and by, the sun was going down, and I felt as if my heart were being covered by the shadows of uneasiness and loneliness.

Mr. Taira beside me had kindly fanned me with a round fan written "Kami-kaze" or divine tempest. And he said gently "It's about half past three."

As my family had removed to Nagasaki only a short time before Nagasaki was destroyed by the Atomic-bomb, I did not know the directions of these parts yet, to say nothing of Michi-no-wo.

.....Oh, when can I see my loving father again?

What shall I do hereafter without any acquaintance? My uneasiness was getting more and more. After while, I overheard some information that Katsuyama-cho had been free from air-raids, though I did not know where the information came from.

So Mr. Taira soothed me as kindly as a real elder brother,

saying "I say dear, I'm sure your father and mother are safe. So you needn't worry about them. Don't sleep or you'll take a cold.... And your wounds are slight.....Don't be anxidus."

But I responde "Thanks uncle, but I've lost my mother already" Hearing my depressed answere, Mr. Taira caressingly consoled me in more gentle voice.

"I see.....then, your father alone must have been very anxious about you. Alrighxt dear, I'll let him knbw that you are safe, without fail."

When it was getting dark, somehow or other it had come to deter- mined that weshould go to the Navy hospital at Isahaya. Because we could not anticipate whether we would be able get first-aid or not at Michi-no-wo.

"Are you alright? Can you walk by yourself?"

Mr. Taira took good care of me. I struggled to my feet, bearing intolerable dizziness. Then I began to walk very care- fully and slowly, leaning on the woman's arm. At that time I had not put on any clogs or shoes. Fragments of glass were scattered all over the road. Had it been an ordinary time, I would have hesitated to walk on such a dangerous road, even suppose- ing I put on shoes. But I ventured to walk with bare feet. But that time, I must have had my right foot cut on the road, for the right sole tingled very much.

On our way to Michi-no-wo station, we heard buzzings of air- planes and condealed ourselves under a tall tree.

After a while, we reached Michi-no-wo station and there we found about a twelve or thirteen aged boy sitting on the pile of rails. In the consequence of looking at him carefully, we recognized that he had got burnt all over his body. The boy had

not a shred of clothing on him, and he was shivering.

"Hello my boy! Let's go together."

Mr. Taira addressed to him kindly. The boy glanced at us, and wore a sad face; then he very carefully got down from the pile of rails. Frequently the boy made a wry face from the pain of the burn, but I could clearly recognize his eyes sparkling with joy. I was deeply impressed by the expression in his eyes, for I had known that it was intolerable for one to be alone when one was filled by miserable sensation. I asked Mr. Taira

"What are we going to do hereafter?" Then he explained

"A train will come soon from Isahaya. So we are getting on the train... .Then we'll at once go near Ohashi, and there we'll take seriously wounded people on the train. And again, we'll come back to Michi-no-wo.

Then we shall start to Isahaya."

Soon after there reached the train. All seriously wounded persons got on the train leaving slightly wounded persons there. I and Mr. Taira and the little boy whom Mr. Taira had saved, got on the train also. Afterwards, I found that the boy's name was Mr. Fukabori and he was a fresh of Nagasaki commercial school, that his home was at Aku-no-ura.

In the train, the wounded were vomiting with a vengeance. They were very painfully vomiting something like water making the same noise.

No sooner had the train started than I felt sick at my stomach. So that I stuck my head out of the car-window to vomit. But try as I might, I could not vomit anything.

When the train reached Ohashi, we saw conflagrations with

dark thick smoke in all directions—in the city, in the mountains, not to mention the Mitsubishi Arms-factory where I had worked. At Ohashi, Mr. Taira led a navy soldier into the train, and he said to us. "Trust yourselves to this navy soldier. He will kindly help you.....I believe. I'll get off the train here and inform your father and mother that you are safe. And...." then he asked me "....and your home is the official residence of the law-court at Katsuyama-cho, isn't it?"

And Mr.Taira's figure vanished into darkness leaving the cheerful voice....."Good-bye dear, Cheer up!"

"MASAKO NEVER DIE"

In the meantime, the day had come to an end and night had closed in. And in the darkness, only blazing flames were to be seen. I stood up and gazed at the surroundings; I saw furious fires everywhere. In the direction of Urakami station, in the direction of the Urakami Catholic Church, and in the direction of the Mitsubishi Arms-factory also, the fires were burning.

Though the fires at night seemed to be bigger and more bright than they really were, I could not escape from horror as if all terrestrial beings were annihilated. At Ohashi, a few soldiers and police-men began to take seriously wounded people on the train. The wounded were lying on the grass as they fell. And some were crying; some were shouting in wailful voices; and some were vomiting.

A man passed before me, waddling and shouting in delirium to get on the train at the very first. By that time, it seemed that my heart had forgotten all sympathy or compassion.

As soon as we got on the train under the navy soldier's direction, the train started to Michi-no-wo, in the dark. I thought that we would retrace again as far as Isahaya. But as we reached Michi-no-wo, the navy soldier told us "Even supposing if we go to Isahaya from now, we'll be unable to have the wounds treated. So let's go to the tunnel trench and take a sleep there."

So we followed the navy soldier's suggestion, and got off the train at Michi-no-wo. Then step by step, very carefully and slowly, we began to walk.

The sole of my right foot tingled very much.

I limped along leaning on the navy soldier's arm.

In the meantime, Mr. Fukabori began to suffer, groaning out "Water.....water....."

The navy soldier gave him some water. Another unknown woman was also given some water by the navy soldier. But I firmly bore out my thirst.

Again we saw there many wounded people. They were still lying in the bushes on either side of the road; they had been exposed to the night dew. After a while, we reached the tunnel trench.

We entered into the tunnel trench. In the tunnel, several Koreans were burning a tall candle. The navy soldier placed there three oblong boards in a row on the rails of the track, and I lay down near the exit; and next was Mr. Fukabori, then the woman.

Two Koreans and Mr. Fukabori were groaning painfully. At the beginning, we could see objects in our surroundings by the aid of candle-light. But the hummings of airplanes were heard again and we blew out the candle; the blackness of the darkness supervened.

Cold water was dropping on my head from the ceiling of the tunnel, and it was unbearably cold.

Mr. Fukabori so frequently complained of his cold that the navy soldier took off his own coat and gave it to Mr. Fukabori.

As the navy soldier took off his coat, he began to sneeze this time in the dark.

Nevertheless, Mr. Fukabori continued to complain of his cold. So the navy soldier brought a bedewed strawmat from outside and covered him.

And yet Mr. Fukabori complained of his cold. Thereupon, the navy soldier borrowed a small and thin kneeling cushion from a Korean and put it on the board; then he made Mr. Fukabori lie on the kneeling cushion. However, Mr. Fukabori continued to wail lamenting about the cold. Maybe, it was about ten o'clock at night the navy soldier gave us each a piece of seabiscuits.

I ate it, but it did not taste delicious at all for me, and soon I felt sick at my stomach.

Mr. Fukabori had pleaded for water, groaning "Water.....water ....." An old Korean woman gave him a little water, though she had saved little water.

Having drunk water, Mr. Fukabori fell asleep.

But it had not passed five minutes before he again began to cry "Water....water.....!"

Then the old woman gave him a little water again. They repeated those deeds over and over again. But at last, she got angry and cried roughly.

"I haven't water any more.....Go and drink.....if you want to....." Nevertheless, Mr. Fukabori pleaded for water, crying "I'll go <sup>and dip</sup> ~~up~~ up.....Water,.....please give me water.....water.... Give me water!"

He repeated his entreaty in Nagasaki dialect, as if he were unconscious of his own crying; and by degrees, his voice became faint. The old woman answered no more. I lay as still as death on the board, and I vaguely thought of miscellaneous things, overhearing their groans.....When one is endangered as now, one reveals sometimes hearty kindness, and sometimes entirely exposes one's selfish disposition or selfishness which one is ordinarily

concealing and affecting.....

My beloved father's face, my gentle elder brother's figure, and my old acquaintances' faces; those imageries appeared into my mind, and vanished away like a dream.

.....Though Mr. Taira promised me to notify my family that I'm safe.....could my family have been free of danger?..... What should I do?.....if by any chance anything worse should have happened to my family.....If my family are all free from care, they must have been very anxious about me.....

Mr. Fukabori who had lain beside me often moved his body, groaning painfully. Every time he moved, I felt something clammy on my arm. And at last I found that this unpleasant feeling came from contact between my arm and his skin. As mr. Fukabori had gotten burnt so seriously and was naked, clammy wounds thouched my arm whenever he moved. Then I tried to keep away from him as much as possible. But the width of the board was hardly sufficient to lay down half of my body.

As the night went on, my body was by and by getting cold.

My clothes were merely a blood-stained chemise and a short sleeved-shirt.

I tried intently to persivere the cold, however I could not help shivering.

"Oh, cold. I'm terribly cold." I continued to lament in a faint voice in the hope of any one who would kindly cover me with something warm. But, after all, no one sympathized with me..

Frequently, I gave attention to the entrance longing for the dawn. But the darkness of the night seemed to be interminable. In the meanwhile, Mr. Fukabori suddenly began to lapse into

delirium. "Hi there.....(maybe it was his brother's name) Let's go.....let's go together!" His cries resounded ghastly in the dark tunnel; then his voices and breathing gradually became faint.

I recollected my father's face; the beloved figure of my deceased mother came to my mind; and my brother and sister's faces, my intimate friends' faces also appeared in my mind. As it was a long time since the Atomic bomb had been dropped, my mind had been troubled by miscellaneous recollections. But my excessive fatigue induced me to sleep and deep slumber overtook me, I did not know when.

Upon awaking suddenly in the middle of the night, I heard rumblings of the earth. The navy soldier's voice murmured near by my face.

"Bombs were dropped just now yonder the mountain."

But his voice soon merged into dimness; and a profound sleep fell upon me again—a sleep like that of death.

"sissy! Sissy! Let's go to the hospital."

As I was awaked by Mr. Fukabori's voice, the day had already broken. Mr. Fukabori urged me, saying "Sissy, let's go to the hospital soon."

"Alright, I will." I answered and stood up.

The navy soldier dressed a paper cement bag to naked Mr. Fukabori. I went out from the tunnel. The atmosphere of outside was unbearably close. A Korean old man gave me some boiled rice, kindly saying "Eat now dear, or you'll be unable to get any food." But I had felt sick at my stomach and had lost my appetite at all. However, so earnestly I was asked to eat that I took the

boiled rice from him. It was a little rice boiled with barley served on a piece of news paper; and there was nothing to go with it. I directly put the rice in my mouth, for there were no chopsticks either.

Mr. Fukabori was also given some rice and ate it, but he vomited it soon. After a while, a man called on the old Korean. The visiter seemed to be the old man's acquaintance, and an official of the prefectual office. Having had nothing to do, I overheard their talking unintentionally. And I know there that the bomb which had dropped above Nagasaki seemed to have been the same kind as the new powerful bomb that had been dropped above Hiroshima the other day. The visiter asked me about my address and what to do hereafter; and he added "Your home is at Katsuyama, isn't it? Then I'm sure your house hasn't been burnt. So you should get home soon instead of going to Isahaya. And set your father's mind at rest as soon as you can...." and kindly he continued "I'm going as far as Inasa bridge, so why don't you come with me?"

For a moment, I was at a loss which to choose.

But at last, I determined to return home with him to set my father's mind at rest; So I answered him "By all means, I will."

"Well, the sooner the better. The prefectual office and the law-court were burnt up, but I'm sure your neighbourhood wasn't burnt."

Upon hearing his explanation, I involuntarily cried

"What! The law-court was burnt too?"

The man took good care of me with real father's kindness.

"Are you alright? Can you walk as far as your home?"

He was so kind to me that I could not but answer him in high-spirited voice.

"Yes, I'm alright. Surely I'll get home."

Then I began to walk with him hobbling, but vigorously.

However, it seemed to be very difficult to walk with bare feet as far as my home. But I thought that my father must have been worried about his obligations for the law-court burning down and about my safety.

So I endured walking with bare feet on the pieces of glass and fragments of boards.

"Dash it! I'm not to be beaten by a pain like this!" with set teeth, I bore my distress and continued to walk very slowly and carefully.

"Why! You are walking with bare feet!"

The man found me walking with bare feet, and exclaimed with astonishment.

"That will never do! Wait a minute dear!"

He found a dirty, thong snapped counterpart of straw sandals on the road, and he picked it up; fixed a thong with grass. Then he gave it to me. I slipped the straw sandal on the right foot, and began to walk again.

Upon reaching the railroad tracks, we saw there the Arms-factory which was still burning furiously.

People followed us, walked before us, and people passed by us; .....they were all muddy and blood-stained. And I was also one of these miserable refugees.

My hair had been disordered and soiled by ash and dirt. My clothes had been all soiled by mud and blood not only the

pure white sprot-shirt but also the chemise and the blue Mompei. From my arms, from my hands, from my feet, and from my soles also;—the blood had been oozing out. On our way home, we often heard the hummings of airplanes and we had to conceal our miserable figures under a large tree and in bushes not only once or twice. In proportion to approaching the Arms-factory, the numbers of the dead and of blistered naked laborers had increased. The miserable were calling for help or water.

The arm-factory was still burning furiously. The man picked up a pole on the way and gave it to me, saying "Walk with a cane, or you'll be tired." But I answered " No thank you, sir. I don't need a cane. I can walk without cane."

"Oh, no dear. Surely you'll be tired. So walk leaning on the cane.....You are hurt on your foot, aren't you? Moreover, there's no knowing what may happen in case of danger like now."

So earnestly and kindly did he give this advice that I walked with the cane at his suggestion.

As we reached the river of Ohashi, an entirely destroyed railroad bridge was found there. So that we could not walk on the railroad tracks any more. We could not help walking on a very dangerous main street upon which I used to come to the factory every day. From that time, many relentless bodies by fires and a miserable carcass of a burnt horse came in sight here and there. Even a bit of electric wire was not found. The large river buried under innumerable corpses:—women in kimono, men with gaitered legs, little girls and babies.....they must have <sup>h</sup>rown themselves into the river.

I could not catch even a glimpse of them.

In proportion to proceeding on our way, miserable burnt corpses lying at intervals one meter came in sight.

I felt rather nausea than sympathy for them. So I walked as fast as possible, looking downwards.

Nevertheless, I could not but look at those miserable and relentless bodies;—such as a burnt mother and child who had strongly embraced each other; a corpse lying painfully on his face. Stoop- ing my head and keeping a silence, I walked with all my might.

Bloody stink and intolerable smoke arose to my nostrils, and nausea went from bad to worse.

The numbers of corpses having decreased, I raised my face.

We reached Urakami now. And there the Urakami Catholic Church which had been famed for its greatest scale in the Orient was seen. The Catholic Church was now furiously burning, In stead of the dead, innumerable whole burnt persons came in sight this time.

They were lying on the road and were groaning painfully.

Oh, what a miserable and dreadful spectacle it was!

By degrees, broken electric wires and fallen electric poles came in sight. And at length, I could not but bid farewell to the benefactor, for we reached Inasa bridge now. But he was too kind to say good-by easily. Before saying good-bye, he again made me exchange a scorched old pair of straw sandals for new one. (By that time, I had often changed straw sandals on our way here) So he fixed thongs in straw sandals with wires. And he cast aside my cane, the tip of which had scorched. Then he gave me a new strong pole. These things were not all he had done.

He often called to refugees passing by us and asked them if they would go in the direction of Nagasaki station.

In the beginning, nobody agreed to go there, but at last

he found a man who was going in the direction of Maruyama. And he repeatedly requested the man to take me as far as the station.

I offered my cordial thanks to the benefactor, then I made for my home with the refugee, stepping on the dangerous road on which innumerable pieces of glass had been scattered.

By that time, I was ready to drop with fatigue and my leaden legs had been tingled. But I endured the hard-ship.

After a while, we reached the completely destroyed Nagasaki station and I had to walk all alone hereafter.

After bidding farewell to the refugee who was going to Maruyama, I went up a gentle slope amidst a shower of falling sparks.

Ah! if I had been walking without the cane that time, I should have sunk down on the ground. I had been worn out, and went up the slope leaning on the cane and gasping.

The thick smoke had changed the naturally bright sky into a leaden one. A few tumble-down houses had been left on either side of the road. And also, my figure must have been miserable.

I came in sight of Katsuyama primary school.

.....My old home is just around the corner!.....

Nevertheless, the more I hurried, the more my leaden legs struggled.

.....Oh! I can see my old official residence!.....

My heart throbbed. At length...oh, at length I reached the home of my own!

But, I was deeply disheartened, as I found nobody at the destroyed official residence at Katsuyama-cho.

However, I mustered my courage again and made for the official residence at Yaoya-cho this time.

The official residence at Yaoya-cho was in the immediate neigh-

borhood, so I was impatient to go there rapidly.

But my legs were so tired that I could not but walk as slowly as a tortoise.

Oh, the gate! Gate, gate! At last I reached the very gate of my own home!

Then I found there some words written with white chalk on the door of the gate. And those words were really my father's handwriting without fail.

Dear Masako

We are all safe. Come to the remains of the law-court after the fires are put out.

10th.

Upon reading through the notice, I evidently found Miss Hayashi's figure in the desolate garden in front of the porch. (Miss Hayashi had come to Nagasaki with my family from Tokyo as younger sister's tutor)

"Miss Hayashi!" cried I.

"Why! It's Masako!"

Hardly had I clung to her when I burst into tears in spite of myself. I thought to myself....."I may weep now....."

Weeping upon her shoulder and dragging an old pair of straw-sandals, I entered the house; the pieces of glass had been scattered all over the interior of the house. As soon as I entered the house, I asked after my father's safety forgetting even the pains in the wounds.

"Where's father? Where is my father? Tell me where he is?"

"Don't worry dear. Your father is safe, and he is now at the

public office. But he will come back soon."

With her face bathed in tears, Miss Hayashi took me to the kitchen. And she set a kneeling cushion for me on the planking at the entrance, then let me sit down on it. On taking a seat, I was suddenly attacked by unbearable fatigue and I felt nausea.

But I endured the nausea and got Miss Hayashi to change my clothes; then I had my wounds treated carefully with oxyful and tincture of iodine, and I got her bind my head. Now that I had the wounds treated and I was reassured, I began to feel twinges of scratches on the extremities this time.

But the most serious hurt on my head did not give me any pains.

At that moment, my beloved father's voice saying "Hello." in depressed tone was heard outside.

He came into the house with downcast eyes, and lifted his eyes; He unintentionally looked at me.

There was such a valuable and impressive moment as this for both my father and me, wasn't there??

"Oh, father!....Father!" involuntarily cried I.

"Oh, Masako!" He ran up to me.

I was beside myself with joy, and cried again.

"Father!...." I rushed at father and clung to his breast.

It was not a dream, It was an actuality.

It was not the other world. It was the present life.

"Masako!...My dear....Masako!...."

My father's voice repeating in faltering accents was also real, I had longed for my father's voice.

"FIGHTING AGAINST ATOM"

In the very evening I had come back to the official residence, my household—my father, Miss Hayashi, her mother and I left the residence and removed to the training hall at Tagami, complying with several officials' recommendation.

The first shades of twilight began to settle upon the house at Tagami which was surrounded by a bamboo grove, when I was in a corner of the dark, un-lighted room calmly sleeping with my head on my father's lap without being aware of the other's eating dinner.

On the following day, the 11th, I went to Yosei-en (the hospital) at Tagami to see Dr. Makimoto for his medical advice (Dr. Makimoto was the director of the hospital). As American airplanes frequently attacked, and moreover the alarm was not given, I often had to take refuge into an air-defense trench every time plane-hummings were heard. To go to trench which was very hard for even healthy people, was felt harder and harder for me. I could not put an anti-air-raid hood on the wounded head which gave me pain by touching; I could not run so fast with the hurt right foot, and I had felt sick at my stomach all of the time.

Oh, I cannot tell you enough how hard it was for me to go to the trench so often leaving the warm and comfortable bed. As I had eaten nothing for two days, I had become less energetic and felt dizzy.

I ate for the first time a salty small riceball and three big pickled plums for lunch that day, I could not eat any more. To tell the truth, I thought that I could not have eaten a single pickled plum. But it was so delicious that I ate three plums at last! However, I felt later intolerably thirsty and drank water many times. And yet, much as I might drink, I could not quench my thirst. And at last, I was reproved by Miss Hayashi. Nevertheless, I could not bear thirst and drank water again.....

On the following morning, as I got up I felt severe pains in the sound on my head which had not given me any pains before unless it had been touched. And I went through hardship even to wash my hands. The pain was every moment becoming worse. The swelling of a lymphatic gland at the neck to get up.

Then it was agreed to ask for Dr. Makimoto to visit me. After my father went down to the city, my pain grew from bad to worse. I began to feel an intolerable chill into the bargain. I then had many coverlets put on my bed, thereupon an unbearable hotness attacked me this time. Miss Hayashi, saying "You must have a fever." and took my temperature. My temperature was then about 102 degree, but it was some 104 degree when Dr. Makimoto came home to see me. Moreover, I had lost much of my appetite. The doctor said "The virus of the wound has been stopped by the lymphatic gland, I supposed. And the fact that you have become to feel pain at the wound proves that your wound is gradually healing.... So don't be anxious. The sufferers of the new bomb commonly lose their appetite. It seems that poison-gas was mixed in the bomb. And he gave me a painful injection. But the pain at the wound

was so severe to listen to his explanation. Tingles at the wound became unbearable, and I could not keep back my tears. I could not recognize whether I was living or not.

"Buzzing!" A shouting made me come to myself again. But I had already lost my vigor even to rise up.

"I will die. I would rather die than live and suffer so much... I will die....."

I thought to myself, but the next moment, second thoughts prompted me to give up this idea. And I swore to my self in the bed. "I must not die now. No must I be discouraged, however bitterly I may suffer. I'll surely regain my dear life before long, though I am suffering so severely now. This life of mine is not merely my own life.... More than that. So I shall never fail to overcome my enemy of disease and become healthy!"

However, the pain was unbearable, until it became quite difficult even to rise up to go to the trench. As time went by, the pain grew from bad to worse and I continued to sob, complaining "Ouch!....., How it hurts me!..... Oh my aching head!"

I set my teeth, I clenched my fists to bear the pain. And yet tears came into my eyes. "What a tame girl you are, Masako, that you can't bear such external wound. Cheer up! I guess you are exaggerating a little, aren't you?" Miss Hayashi said to me in a tone of reproof and yet encouraging. But I was seized with a great pain and listened to her in an absent sort of way.

By and by, the evening dusk gathered, and feeble candle-light was kinkled in the room.

I still continued to moan. My pillow, my bedcloth and a towel had been also wet by my tears. I was alone sobbing and waiting

for my father's return.

That night, delayed as usual with the business in the office, my father came back through the darkness with his aching heart at the inquiring thought of how I was getting on, climbing gasping up and down 3 miles of mountain passage,

After having finished his dinner by the light of the candle, with boiled pumpkin which had already grown cold, my father soon came to me. And he gently massaged me still suffering from the pain on the shoulder and around the neck.

Father kindly followed me even to go to the toilet, and took good care of me.

Also, he shared his own light quilts with me, and he said, "Well dear, I'll massage you on the shoulder then. So sleep soon"

Then he gently and calmly rubbed me on the shoulder which had been stiffened by the labor at the factory. Comfortable massage gradually deprived the wound its pain. Father still continued to massage me gently and caressingly. Then the comfortable feeling induced me to the dream-land unnoticed.

As I was awaked from sleep in the midnight, I found there my father, still had been massaging me. My father eagerly had been rubbing my shoulder all through the night unmindful of the day's fatigue so that he might alleviate my pain even a little more. Tears came into my eyes. But those tears never came from the pain. I was very very much overwhelmed with gratitude for my father's tenderness!

August 15. The utter darkness of the night had already fallen. But a six watt globe which had been used since the previous

day was throwing a faint light over a eight-mat room in which mosquito-net had already been hung.

The new powerful bomb was proved to be the awful and dreadful Atomic-bomb, and the fact that the bomb had a great strong power was known by the papers. But the factory zone in the proximity of Urakami which was looked down from the room through the dark bamboo grove was still furiously burning.

And innuverable smokes of cremating bodies must have been rising into the air everywhere in the city.

As my temperature which had been developed three days before did not quite fall yet, I was in my bed, especially longing for my father's coming home, recollecting the events which had happened on that day.

Maybe, it was about 10 o'clock in the morning. And a neighbor was talking with myfamily in this way.

"When I passed such and such place<sup>a.</sup> little while ago, I saw a soldier on<sup>a</sup> high stone. And he was saying 'Japan has surrendered unconditionally to America.!....' It's very silly of him to say such a thing, isn't it?"

After a while, a Mr. Ariura, an official of the law-court came to Miss Hayashi to deliver my father's message. Miss Hayashi then opened the letter and read it:—"A very important thing will be broadcast at noon. So listen to the radio, anybody will do....."

Then we asked a man in order to listen to the radio to know what the important thing would be. By his explanation, we learnt that it had been His Majesty the Emperor's own broadcasting, and that it was probable that hostilities had been suspended, though the import of broadcast had hardly been caught by dinte

of moises of radio. Yes, indeed, it was quite strange that the plain-hummings had not been heard at all from the morning on that day. But I could not bring myself at all to believe such a thing as an armistice.

For this reason, I had been especially waiting for my father's return. But strange to say, he did not come back though the time when he had usually returned home had already passed.

Miss Hayashi said, "The armistice must be true." But I could not believe it at all.

The following morning, on awaking, I abruptly asked my father, who had already got up and been changing his clothes, about the previous day's broadcasting.

What I had firmly believed was after all a great mistake.

At last, oh at last, Japan was defeated! I could not contain myself for vexation. I was very much impatient at this fact.

After that, as I was given the injection of anti-febrility, gradually I had a good appetite though I had a mild fever for a while.

August 29. I again climbed down the hill carrying heavy baggage on my back to the official residence at Yaoya-cho in the city. But the official residence was still in an entirely ruinous condition. In a certain room, we could see the blue sky through the broken ceiling. We had to walk with clogs to go to the room at the back of the house. And in the kitchen, heavy rain forced us to put on boots and put up an umbrella for cooking.

On the following morning (30th), my aunt Chiyoko and my cousin Yoshikazu came from Fukuoka to my home in order to inquire after my condition. Then I very cheerfully went as far as Nagasaki

station to meet them. Nevertheless, a few days after, I began to feel dizzy and excessively fatigued as I stood up. As there was something suspicious about my condition, I had the number of my blood-corpuscles counted on the 7th of Sept. I was then extremely surprised to know that the number of the white-corpuscles in my blood had decreased to only 1850, though the healthy people's must have been from 6000 to 8000. The clogs and red thongs which I put on first that day all at once seemed as if they were dull.

Here's a pretty go! It's a matter of life and death! My father who had taken an optimistic view about my condition by that time was also very much surprised.

And on the next day, I left Nagasaki for Fukuoka with my aunt and others.

"A NEW LIFE"

After I removed to the family villa in the Noma mountains, perhaps due to the influence of different surroundings, the dizziness, which had been bothering me for some time, stopped and I gained color. This pleased everyone at the Noma House.

Every day my aunt took great pains to make persimmon-leaf dumplings for me. Persimmon-leaf, which contains much vitamin-C, is supposed to be good for one with atomic disease. Besides that I was the only one who could have raw eggs every morning.

September 15. On that day, I dressed up in my Sunday best, pink hempen blouse and purple Mompei, and cheerfully went out with my aunt.

The sky was perfect blue and there was not a sign of a cloud. It was hard to believe that a B-29 had appeared in this same sky carrying the dreadful atomic-bomb. I walked along with my aunt cherishing a joyful feeling in heart.

We were going to the Imperial University Hospital for the purpose of checking my blood-count.

I was convinced that my white corpuscle must have increased since I had left Nagasaki.

But unfortunately the report showed just the opposite. The count was down to a rather low figure again (16000). Then I had a gloomy foreboding, which I kept to myself, that I might soon have to follow my mother to the grave, and leave my gentle father, my elder brother, and my lovely sisters, Yasuyo and Shizuko.

September 20. My aunt and I, riding on a very crowded express

car, went to the Kyushu University Hospital. I was going to undergo treatment in the department of internal disease under the care of Dr. Sawada. I was assigned to a private room. It was very bright and comfortable. I loved that room! The room adjoined on of the back corridors, so it was very peaceful and quiet all the time. I was allowed to walk around as much as I liked.

Through the window of the corridor I could see a beautiful avenue bordered with pine trees, which came out from the front of the shrine of Hakozaiki Hachiman. I could also look at the glittering sea, and the waves calmly lapping on the beach.

In the Hospital I was attended by the childlike, jolly physician, Dr. Hayashi, and two gentle nurses, Miss Ishida and Miss Taguchi.

My aunt Osono stayed with me there and made delicious meals every day. I spent each day calmly and happily in the hospital with my aunt, looking at the beautiful sea..... forgetting even the condition of my blood.

Many things happened in that room which I cannot forget.

It was here that I was given the valuable blood by Mr. Teizo Tsutsumi (My aunt Chiyoko's brother-in-law). Perhaps his blood saved my life.

That day, I was much pleased because I was able to see my father. He visited me after a long separation. He had made a business trip to Fukuoka Prefecture. Teizo's visit also pleased me very much.

However, I was surprised when I heard that I was to receive a transfusion. Soon after, Teizo came into the room with set

teeth, holding his right arm. He was followed by Dr. Hayashi with a large hypodermic full of darkish blood. Then came Miss Ishida all in white. My heart pounded when I saw them. I was further shocked when I noticed the biggest needle I had ever seen on the end of the hypodermic! However, that needle had been used for Teizo. It was replaced by a finer one for me. I now felt truly sorry for Teizo who had been stuck by the big needle. But I soon forgot about him and thought of what was coming for me. My father and aunt were on my left side, and the doctor and nurse were on the right.

I took my father's hand, turned my face from the needle, and shut my eyes. I felt a slight ache, but there was no more pain after the needle was in my arm. When I opened my eyes, my father asked, "Does it hurt a little bit?" I answered, "no, not at all." It took quite a while to finish the transfusion.

That evening, the new blood circled around in my body and made me become red and totter as if I were drunk, and my temperature rose to 102 degree.

I spent the days that followed very happily in the hospital. My white corpuscle count was increasing day by day. The red and blue lines on my temperature chart were gradually descending. Nutritious food was recommended for me while I was in the hospital, so I had my fill of delicious food every day.

There were seasoned rice, rice-balls, rice boiled with chestnut, griddled rice, O-shiruko (Sweet red-bean soup with rice-cake), Tempura (vegetable and fish fried in oil), bread and butter, raw fish (a delicacy), hot cakes, eggs, canned salmon, milk,

persimmons, etc.

My aunt kept me entertained at all times.

Each day when the nurse came in, I would tell her that I had just eaten four cups of the sweetest O-shiruko she had ever seen. She would lick her lips and say, "Oh, what an enviable child you are!" I began to really feel sorry for her.

I soon began to gain weight rapidly. I had been nicknamed 'Living Skelton' or 'Skinny Damsel', so it was a pleasure to hear the astonished words of all visitors when they would say, "Well, well, I can hardly recognize you, Masako. You've grown fat, haven't you?"

Not many people spent such happy days in the hospital as I did. However, I was always tormented by an anxiety. It was that all "Atomic" patients had to be given extremely painful injections of liver hormone. It was given in small doses on the buttocks. Liver hormone was supposed to be good for atomic disease, so it was given in varying quantities to all such patients.

Therefore, it was quite probable that I would soon be given those injections although I seemed to already be in the stage of convalescence.

This was my only fear! But at last my turn came around. It was in ~~my~~<sup>the</sup> same room that I received the painful injection. I had already been permitted to walk outside of the hospital on several occasions.

The late afternoon sun was calmly shining into my sick room and I was in bed eating dinner with aunt beside me. Just then a nurse came into the room and said.

"Please prepare for an injection, Miss Ishida." I was surprised to hear her words, because I had never before been given

41

an injection in the evening. Oh, it was surely the terrible liver hormone! Against my will, I lay on my stomach on the bed. How it hurt me! Gritting my teeth, I held fast to the bed posts. "It hurts, doesn't it?" said the nurse. "This is just like a salt injection. That's the girl, Miss Ishida. Can you bear it a little longer....?"

But her voice soon merged into pain.

The next morning, when I awoke, my buttocks was swollen and feverish on that side.

That day I was given another injection, so that both sides of my buttocks were so sore that I couldn't sit or even lie down on my back.

After the painful injections I soon lost interest in my hospital life. I was dying every day for my father's permission to leave the hospital. But the letters from my father were all the same. "There is no need to be in a hurry. You'd better take it easy for as long as possible."

It was not long before I was permitted to enjoy the public hot-baths. So, when my sister, Yasuyo and Shizuko visited me, we went together to the bath-house at Hakozaki. But I did not fret. Still I longed for my father's permission every day.

There was an additional unpleasant experience in the hospital. One day a nurse brought an India-rubber tube to me early in the morning.

According to her explanation, I had to have my gastric juice analyzed by swallowing the small "plumb" connected to the top of the tube. But I could not force my-self to get it down.

"Why should I mind simply swallowing the tube? I'm not trouble with indigestion!" I stared fixedly at the small "plumb". Two

42

or three times I had the nurse to stuff the tube into my mouth. But every time I tried to swallow it, I vomited up something and felt so nauseated that I desperately pulled the tube out of my throat.

The time went on, one hour...two hours. But I could not get it down. Finally, I gave up trying and went sleep..... throwing the tube down at my bedside. All the rest of the day I felt sick at my stomach.

I was completely tired of life in the hospital. I lost my affection for the lovely room, the jolly doctor and the kind nurses.

Every day, I wrote to my father asking him to, "Please let me leave the hospital soon!"

But his answers gave me no consolation.

On the 12th of October, Mr. Shono came from Nagasaki to see his son who was also in the hospital with the atomic disease.

He dropped in at my room as my aunt and I were finishing our lunch. He brought me a big package and said, "Masako dear, here's a present from your father."

What could it be! I hurriedly opened it with trembling hands, hoping to find a letter containing good news from my father among the presents.

But all I found were some <sup>unripe</sup> ~~unripe~~ oranges and four pairs of straw sandals. Just one postcard bearing the words "You may leave the hospital" would have pleased me more than those oranges and sandals. Then I decided to send a message to my father by Mr. Shono, since he was soon returning to Nagasaki.

Dear Father:

Please let me leave the hospital soon. I was given per-

mission to leave the hospital ten days ago. Every time Dr. Sawaka makes his rounds, he only tells me the same thing without checking carefully "Well, you are on the mend."

My neighbors are leaving the hospital every day. Mr. Iwatsu was also discharged from the hospital yesterday.

The other day I was given a very painful injections on my buttocks, and my buttocks were so swollen and feverish that I could not walk for a few days. Yesterday, I was also forced to swallow an India-rubber tube to analyze my gastric juice. I tried to swallow it, but I vomited something and felt nauseated. At last, I gave up trying. As I told you just now, my healthy body has been used in a tentative way here in the hospital. I cannot endure to stay here any more. Today? Tomorrow? Any day will do. My only desire is to leave the hospital as soon as I can. Please permit me to go home. I am quite well now. Please let me make myself comfortable in my own home. The severe patient in the next room is also going to leave the hospital on the 20th of this month. I am after all a burden to people here.

Please, please let me leave the hospital soon, won't you?

I need nothing! I won't nothing! except your words "You may return home."

I am dying for a letter from you.

Please let me leave the hospital on the 17th <sup>or</sup> ~~of~~ 18th at least! Please please please!!

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours affectionately,

Masako.

A few days after I wrote this letter, Miss I shida smiling brought me my father's letter which I had longed for. How joyful and delightful it was to read the letter!.... My happiness at that moment was beyond the power of the pen to describe.

In the evening on the 18th of October, my aunt O-sono and I went back to the family villa in the Noma mountains, under the same umbrella in the dizzying rain.

In due course, the feast of the chrysanthemum past away. And pretty blossoms of thea sasanqua opened in the garden of the Noma House. Then the fair snow lady often came to the garden to decorate the withered trees with her pretty white bouquet. The remorseful year of 1945 past away with the sounds of the bell ringing the old year out. And at last, the new year came. I delightfully reached 15 years old. (According to the Japanese custom, everyone celebrates his birthday on January 1, so I was very delighted to become 15 years old at last.)

A new school term would soon begin. So I said farewell to my time of recovery which had been filled with so many experiences.

My train is now running with comfortable swings toward my dear old Nagasaki.

I am now thinking of the many experiences which I have just related.....as I stare from the train <sup>n</sup>widow at the shifting scenes.

The awful explosion of the atomic bomb at the factory.

Painful vigil in the tunnel trench.

The hard life in the sick-bed at Tagami.

The joyful time of recovery in Fukuoka.

All these kaleidoscopic memories are revived in my mind as valuable experiences and golden lessons. Unintentionally, I remember<sup>re</sup> some phrases in the letter from Ken-ichi (my cousin, Kenichi Tanabe)

.....I think, your past torturing experiences must have often made you shudder. Your narrow escape from death may, indeed, be one of the most valuable experiences of your life. You have started your life afresh in all respects. Olden Masako may have once perished at Nagasaki....with olden Japan. The explosions of two atomic-bombs brought old, bad and militant Japan to ruin.

You, who by chance, fell a victim to this calamity, and also escaped death by a hair's breath, must have had many grave thoughts. The fact that innumerable lives around you vanished away in a flash with the dreadful rays of the atomic bomb, must suggest to you something more solemn than your own escape from death, doesn't it? Therefore, I offer my hearty good wishes to you who got a golden chance to begin your life all over.

Perhaps, your deceased mother rescued and protected you. To enjoy life is never a crime. I think that you must now appreciate how joyful it is to live.....

Ah, the train has passed the tunnel of Nagayo. My train is rushing at full speed for Nagasaki. The train will soon reach Michino-wo. The tunnel trench at Michi-no-wo will come in sight soon.

I again pictured the unforgettable memory to myself.....

the memory of the painful vigil in that very tunnel trench.

(The end)