

## The Nightmare of August 9<sup>th</sup>

Mr. Manabu Matsumoto

Because of the blazing flames and smoke around me, I couldn't go out to the main road so I stood on the footpath, motionless, crying. The memory still comes to mind, even now.

On that day, I spent the night in a shelter which was in a field. Four or 5 people were already in there. I remember one of the military engineers there, whose whole body was burnt black and whose skin was hanging down, he must have been thirsty; he had chopped a pumpkin and was licking it. Those pioneers probably didn't survive.

The next morning, on my way home, dragging my body which was covered all over with cuts and bruises; I saw a neighbor at Kawabiramachi and got carried home on a *riakaa* (2 wheeled cart). My mother, who was worried about my safety, saw me and welcomed me and her face scrunched up and was filled with tears.

Three days later, I got a treatment from Dr. Nagai. There was a rice-bowl full of the bits of glass he removed. After that, the scar on my left arm was reopened to remove glass three times. During that period, many of my friends passed away, but somehow I survived.

I remember the scene from that time which makes my blood run cold, every time I see the scar on my arm. Also I often suffer from headaches which may have come from hitting my head hard at that time. Now, I don't need to fear the shadow of the B-29's and I fully appreciate living in a time of peace. I pray to God for no more war and put down my pen.

September 1980, written at Meguminooka Nagasaki Genbaku Home.

[Location at Bombing: Bunkyo-machi]