

# A Record of Atomic Bomb Recollections

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When the atomic bomb was dropped, I was living in Nishinakamachi near Nagasaki Station and it was there I experienced the bombing. The houses in the whole town were burned down without exception and I took my family to my friend's house nearby which hadn't burned down and we were taken care of there.

One of my family members, my second daughter [3<sup>rd</sup> grade public high school student] was mobilized to a weapon's factory in Urakami from school. Because the factory was in Urakami, which was the center of the explosion, I thought there was no hope for my daughter's life and I was grieving for my brightest dearest child. But I realized that wouldn't do, as even if there was no hope for her life, at least I could retrieve her body. So I threaded my way towards Urakami through the embers.

I was the only one who was passing through there when I got to Yachiyomachi. The oil tanks at the oil storage station there had caught fire and those big tanks were exploding one after the other. Every time one exploded, the black smoke shot up furiously, with a huge sound, and it went all over the train track. I was walking along the train track so I couldn't go through and I was just standing there dumbfounded by the thick smoke, but I had no choice but to be brave and make my way through the smoke and I finally got to Urakami Station. But what did I find there? Many of the horses and carts which were stationed in front of the station had been blown up and the drivers and horses were strewn around as they had died everywhere around there. What a horrible scene, it was too shocking to look

at.

And then I got to Ohashi, the end of the train track. Here it was the same. A train which looked to have been full of passengers had been blown up and the way people had been thrown out both sides of the train and died on top of one another was extremely cruel. Moreover, when I got close to the factory along the train track, the scene gradually got worse and worse. It was a desolate burnt out ruins as far as the eye could see and in those few places that were still smoldering, there were some survivors who looked more dead than alive, whose entire bodies had been burned and the skin on some of their faces was peeling off, their noses were smashed in, and such was their condition that you could no longer determine their gender. Most of them were asking for water and breathing feebly because of their burning thirst. It was truly a miserable situation beyond description but there was nothing I could do then.

I looked for my child in the ground that was covered with the dead; it was a place where you could even honestly use the word hell to describe it. But there was no clue as to where she was and the summer night got dark so I sadly made my way back home feeling depressed in despair.

[Location at Bombing: Nishinakamachi]