

PART 1

My life began with a-bomb

(4)

Way home reunion with second elder sister

With no hope for home and nobody for help, I began to stand up with the rafter as cane in hand and headed for home unconsciously, better to say absent-minded. My thought was something happen or somebody see me.

The distance between the hospital and my home was only a few blocks. It was just in front of the city hall. The bicycle distance was only a matter of minutes, but walking with cane was tough for me. In my mind was only, “What if nobody there? What should I do?”

In the middle of the way was a cross road with streetcar stop named “Takanobashi”. From a distance away a person dashed to me yelling, “Yuuki!!!”. It was nobody but my second elder sister, Fumiko! She knew me with my style of walking with a rafter in hand with face bandaged.

As soon as I noticed her, I sat down on the ground hauling away the rafter, crying aloud, “Sis!...”. I slumped down or sank weakly on the ground is better expressed. It was the most stable and easy posture for me, you know.

We embraced each other for joy of meeting, crying and crying for sometime. She later days said she and our father whom she joined in our deserted home right before meeting me said each other that a crippled Yuuki had already dead.

This miraculous and destiny like meeting did save my life, I still recall. This I say because my third elder sister, Hiroko, and the youngest brother, Yuusaku, were obliged to stay in the town for a week, which made the latter radioactivity-contaminated to death a couple of weeks after the bomb. The story about them appears later.

Fumiko was working for Mitsubishi, a military machine-manufacturing factory in the suburb some ten kilometer from the central city. She had no injury at all. Dashed home to look for us family. She and father joined at the spot of our home in advance and each began to spread for looking for us.

Anyhow, we three got together in the city hall ground and began to get out of the city. Our father, Yuukichi, kept in hand a bicycle for my ride to evacuate. We began to move or get out of the city headed for our aunt’s home some 30-kilometer to the mountainside.

Our aunt, Misao by the name, was our mother’s second elder sister. It would be better to insert here something to introduce her family a little. She was born in Hawaii like my

mother was. She had a son, Jouji (Jorge) was his name. He was graduated from the University of California. Shortly before the War II began, he returned to Japan under the detention with false testimony of his mother in serious ill. He later years became a military personel in the information section as an English interpreter in Gadaru Cannal, where he finally died in go-for-broke. We Japanese called it “died an honorable death (rather than surrender)”.

One more thing about our aunt, Fusayo, was that she used to say, “When the American occupation forces come into Japan, they would say ‘Hello, hello’” She was right. Hello word became so famous in Japan later years, you know. Another thing she was right in saying was that she used to say even in the middle of War, in small voice, “It is crazy to fight against America. Japan will be defeated for sure.”

Now back to the deserted town and our evacuation, we three began to walk with me on the ride a back of bicycle with father pushing it with Fumiko walking aside. When we come to a place unable to move that way, father carried the bicycle in his shoulders while my sister walked me on her back. It was a miserable evacuation journey with the lost Hiroko and Yuusaku behind.

Unbelievable scenes caught our sights. So many a-bomb survivors told about those horrible scenes. My intention of speaking or writing as a-bomb survivor, however, is not to tell how terrible they were, but to tell people of the both nations about something more deep into the attitude or the interpretation of the atomic bomb as it should be.

Some of the scenes that struck my eyes so badly were a child under a fallen burned telephone pole, with his or her under parts turned into a skeleton and the upper charcoal like black. A streetcar blew far out of the rails with black charcoal-burned human body laying down in the entrance with his or her head on the ground. A soldier officer with a Japanese sword in his wrist on the bicycle with his eyes wide opened, was dead leaning against a wall. Everything, people and materials, were so terribly burned-out and the corpses were hideously burned. A boy with white bandages in his face like me was nowhere to be seen.

The roads were full of fallen electric wires and poles. We three walked straddling and duckling them, though I was either on my sister’s back or on the bicycle my father pushing.

It was deep dark when we reached our aunt’s home. Our aunt who was well informed of what happened in Hiroshima, accepted us saying, “Glad you came back alive!”

Thus the three of us eight family, father and the second elder sister and me, began the evacuation life, with the rest of

five behind.