
PIKA-DON

6th August, Hiroshima, A schoolgirl, 13 years old

The air alert was cancelled and the enemy planes had gone away as usual. I felt relieved, but then a friend shouted: "There is an aircraft. It's a B-29." "Oh, it drops a parachute." In this very moment like lightning an orange flash as bright as the bursting of thousands of magnesium flares appeared. Just as I turned in that direction, "DON", a tremendous shockwave hit me. The blast mixed with broken glass, earth and sand blew through the factory and I was flung against the floor.

When I came to, I finally realized that because I was directly hit by the blast, my uniform was dyed red with nose-blood, from the inside of my left arm which was gouged out by splinters of glass blood spouted and small pieces of broken glass stuck all over in my body.

ピカッ ドーン 8月6日 広島 13歳 女学生

空襲警報が解除になり、いつものように敵機は行ってしまったと、ホッとした時「飛行機が飛んどる。B29じゃ」「アッ、落下傘を落とした」と友の声。

その瞬間、何万発ものマグネシウムが破裂したような黄橙色の閃光が、稲妻のように走った。ハッとその方を向いたとたん、「ドーン」ともの凄い衝撃を受け、ガラス混じり、土砂混じりの爆風が工場の中をどっと吹き抜け、わたしは床に叩きつけられた。

気がつくと、まともに受けた爆風による鼻血で、制服は真っ赤に染まり、ガラスの破片で、左手の内側がえぐられて血が吹き出し、小さな破片が身体中に突き刺さっていた。

