

Grazed by the Incendiary Bombs かすれた焼夷弾**Sakabe Miyoshi 坂部 三吉****Akui-cho, Tokushima-shi 徳島市鮎喰町**

“It’s the air raid alarm! Cover your head with a futon and get out!” There was no time to spare. My father roared under the dimmed lights covered in black cloth, I got out of bed barefoot and wearing my air defense hood. The centre of town was crowded, people were pushing their way over the railroad crossing, I could see the substation as I headed to the bank. There were nine of us, excluding my eldest brother who had left for the front, we split off in twos and threes, “phew” (“*hie~*”) my sister said as she held my younger brother by the hand beside her. An incendiary bomb grazed down the side of my air defence hood and fell in the in the rice paddies by the roadside, I escaped by a whisker, the hood and the futon had become black and burnt.

A curtain of fire had cut wide and high through the darkness when looking towards Mt. Seimi from in front of Okinohama substation. Flames came by. Our house was burning. It had caught fire. The B29s left and the alarm ceased. “My family?” I didn’t know what to do. We were able to find each other before dawn, as my mother was in the last month of her pregnancy we were a walking slowly. Then my sister who fled to the rice fields returned and so did my sister who had hidden in the canal. Then my second

eldest brother and the next brother were also found. My father had been in the air raid shelter in town. The house had become ash. Not even the large rectangular chests we had buried in the garden survived.

Right after the war, rice was rationed to half a *go* per person, per day (a *go* is equal to 0.18litres of rice) so we substituted our diet with potatoes and sweet potatoes. Money couldn't buy anything we could only barter with goods.