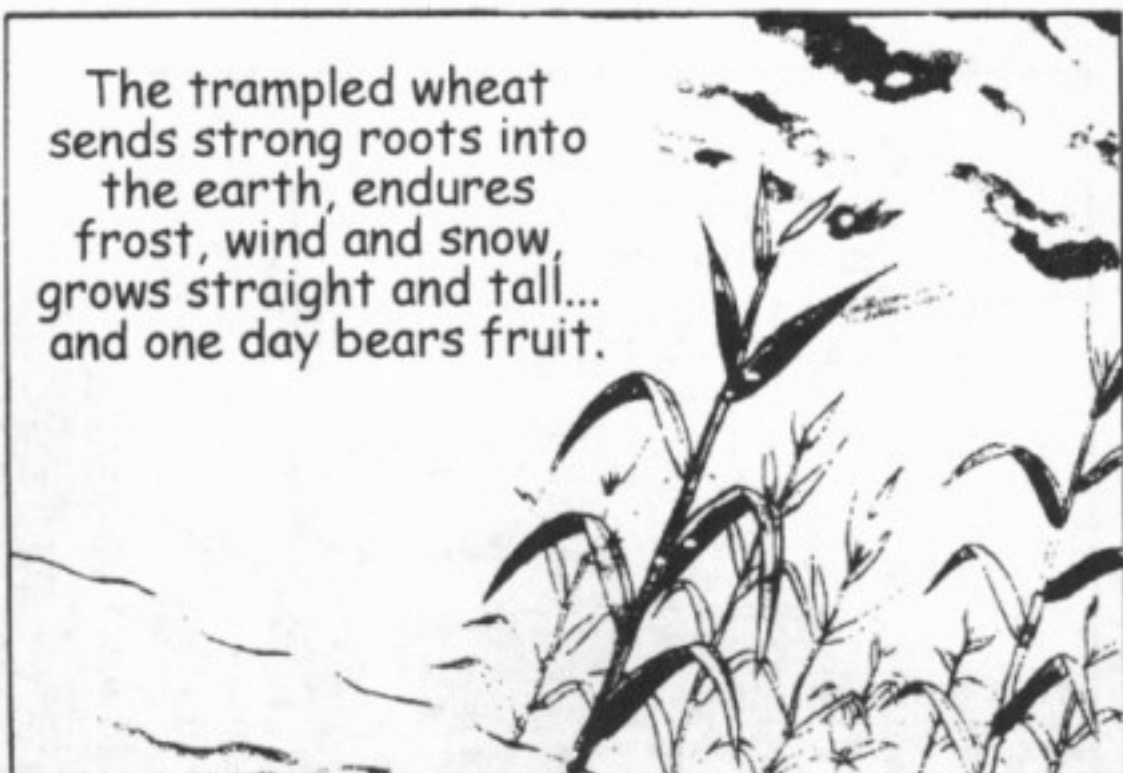




Wheat pushes its shoots up through the winter frost, only to be stepped on again and again...



The trampled wheat sends strong roots into the earth, endures frost, wind and snow, grows straight and tall... and one day bears fruit.



This wheat's grown tall 'cause we've taken good care of it, huh, Papa!

Right!

Sign: Nakaoka family field



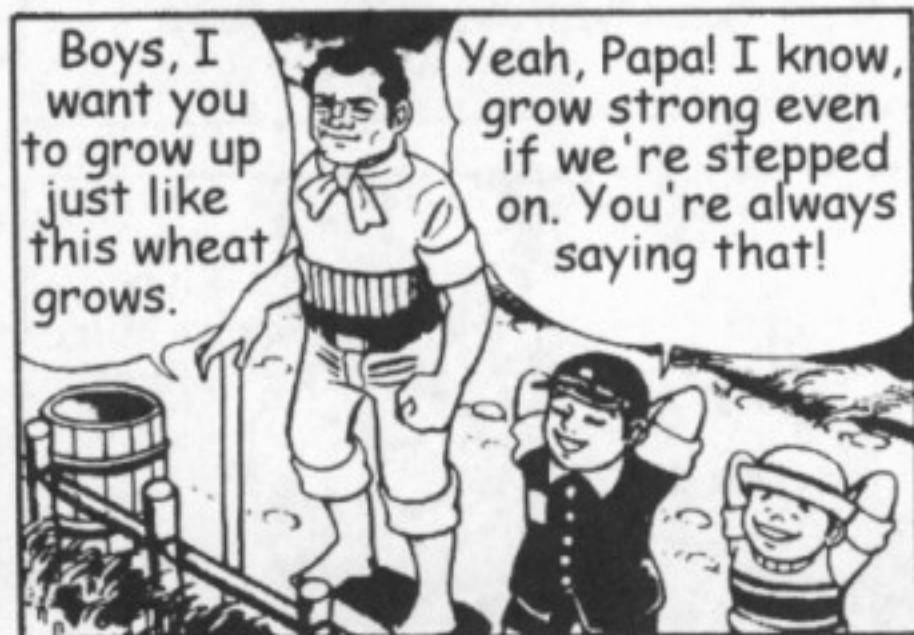
We can eat this wheat real soon, Shinji! Isn't that great?

I wanna eat some right away, Gen!



I'll get Mama to bake bread with it!

I want noodles!



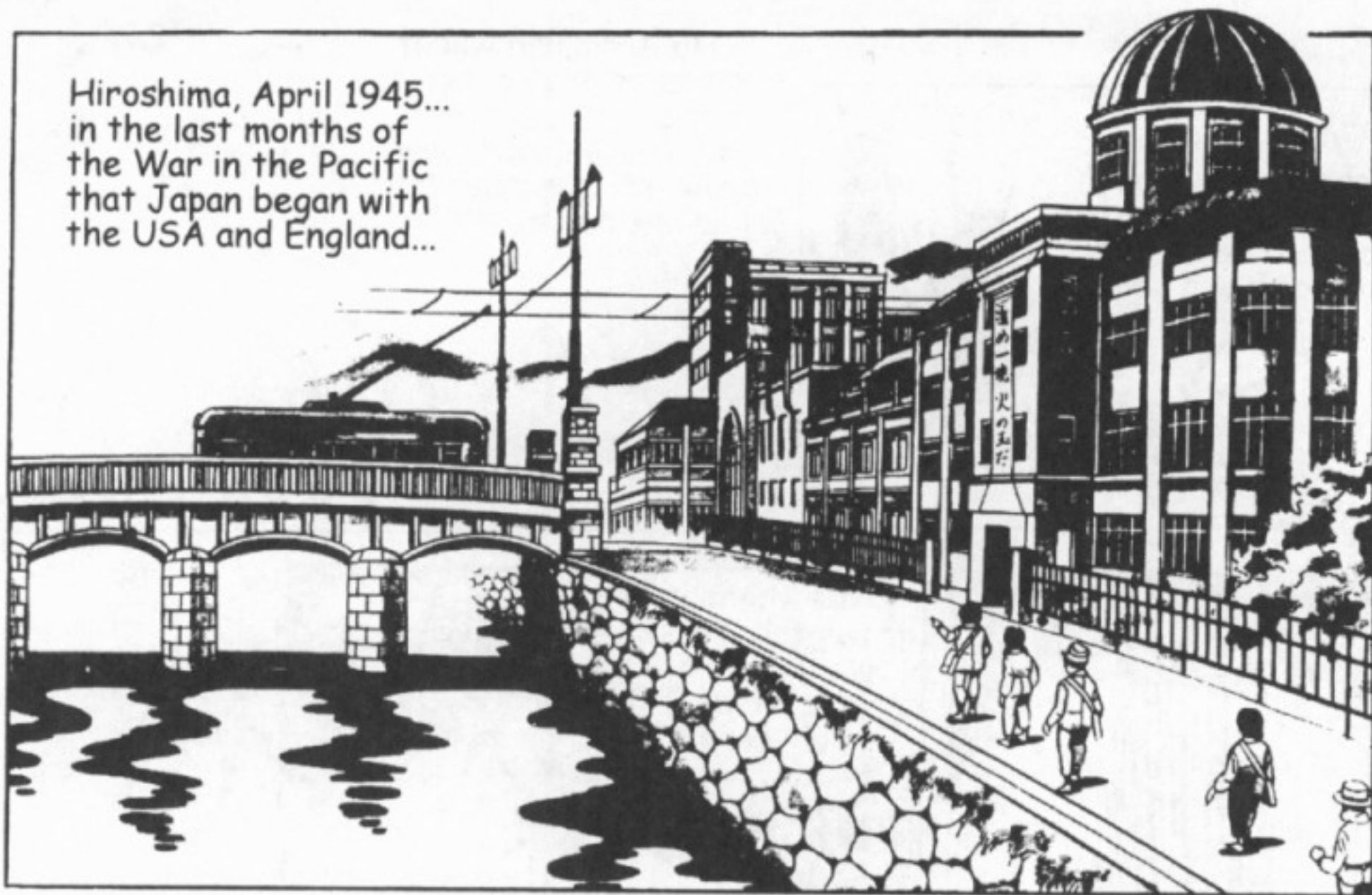
Boys, I want you to grow up just like this wheat grows.

Yeah, Papa! I know, grow strong even if we're stepped on. You're always saying that!

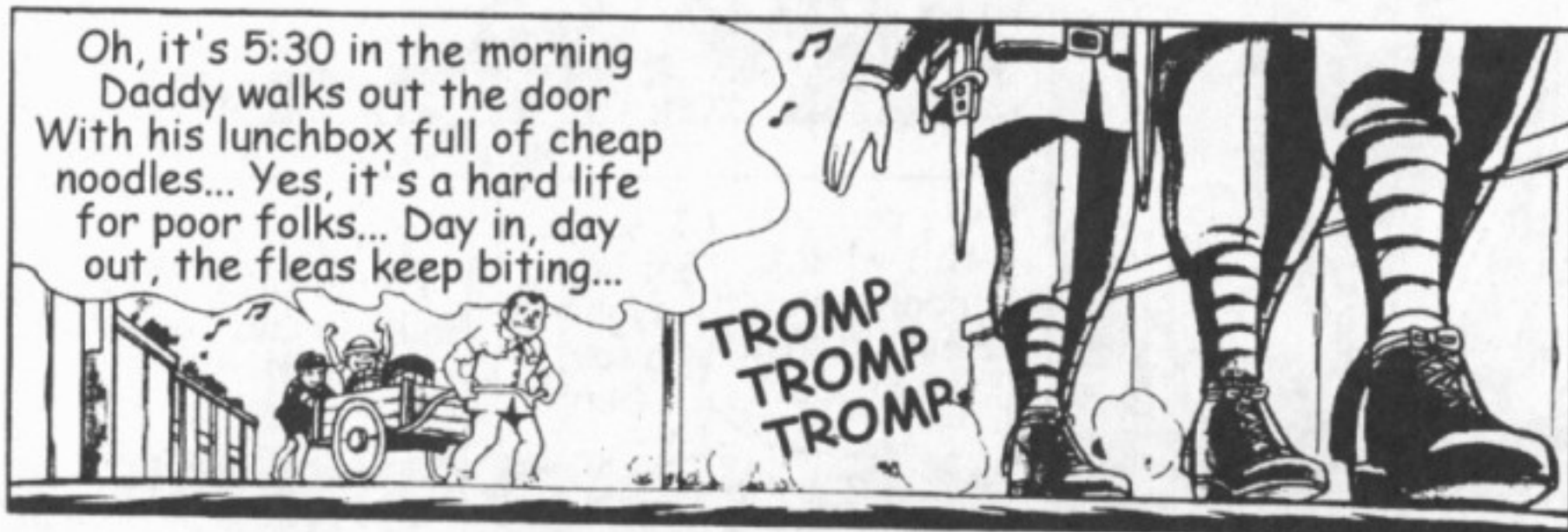


You scamps!!

Hiroshima, April 1945...
in the last months of
the War in the Pacific
that Japan began with
the USA and England...



Oh, it's 5:30 in the morning
Daddy walks out the door
With his lunchbox full of cheap
noodles... Yes, it's a hard life
for poor folks... Day in, day
out, the fleas keep biting...



WHOOEEEEEEEE

Oh no!
It's an
air raid!!

WHOOEEEE



Papa...

Hurry,
get home
quick!





