

It was not one about direct damage from the disasters.



Among them was one story that left a great impression.



I heard many stories from victims and evacuees.



In the following December of the year of the earthquake and nuclear power plant accident, I had a chance to visit Fukushima.



Shiro Dan

However, this year, while looking at the many dried persimmons, I had a thought.



The greeting cards I would receive for the New Year were always accompanied by words of thanks describing how delicious the persimmons were.



In the past, I would send them every year to long-term friends and acquaintances as year-end gifts.



As usual, I peeled and hung them to make dried persimmons.



"This year again, with the arrival of fall, many astringent persimmons grew.



It was a story told by a man who, after many years of working as a public servant, had retired and was living his life doing a small amount of farming while taking care of his community.



However, when I imagine how people who received the persimmons would feel...



My place was fine, though, when they took a reading with a dosimeter.



Since they are something to be eaten, surely people felt rather worried about them?



The persimmons grew here and were dried while being exposed to the sun and wind.

How do people feel when they receive dried persimmons from a place like this?



The nuclear decontamination is covered on the news every single day.



I didn't send that many dried persimmons, and I dug a hole and just buried them.



However, I do feel lonely.



I know many people who are living as evacuees, with their homes designated as in evacuated areas, unable to take anything out of their homes.



There is nothing the matter with me.



This kind of thing came to my mind. I didn't expect to experience something like this...



They might feel uncomfortable, keep them without actually eating them and then feel forced to write on their New Year's greeting card. "Thank you, as usual..."

Still, the persimmon tree will bear fruit every year, and the crows will be happy..."



My family doesn't eat them, so there is no point.



I will probably never make dried persimmons again.



I feel angry. I had never really thought about nuclear power plants until the actual accident.



The nuclear power plant accident has destroyed so many things in this way.



Otherwise, there could be another new disaster.



Even people in places far away should not easily forget and should continue to be angry, right?



Although the issue has not been settled, the feelings of those looking from the outside have started to fade, haven't they?



Almost five years have passed.



There are many indispensable things that were not subject to compensation.



The accident at the nuclear power plant has destroyed a great many human relationships that were built over a great many years.



I was very cautious about drawing a cartoon using what happened at the disaster-stricken areas as a motif. I was not worried about facts or privacy. Instead, I was not confident if drawing it would reach the audience as something good. Right from the start, I didn't have any intention to collect materials in the affected areas and to draw a cartoon. Immediately after the earthquake, I came across many events that were indirectly affected by it in every corner of Japan. That refreshed my feeling that our society is

connected by a mechanism. It made me very aware that everything is not concerned only with the parties directly involved.

Five years later, I wrote about a story that I heard in Fukushima for the first time. Everyone will take it in a different way, but the damage of the nuclear power plant hasn't ended at all.

I want to warn people that we should not easily forget that our society has caused something that cannot be undone.

This is not only the power company's problem but also our society's problem.

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