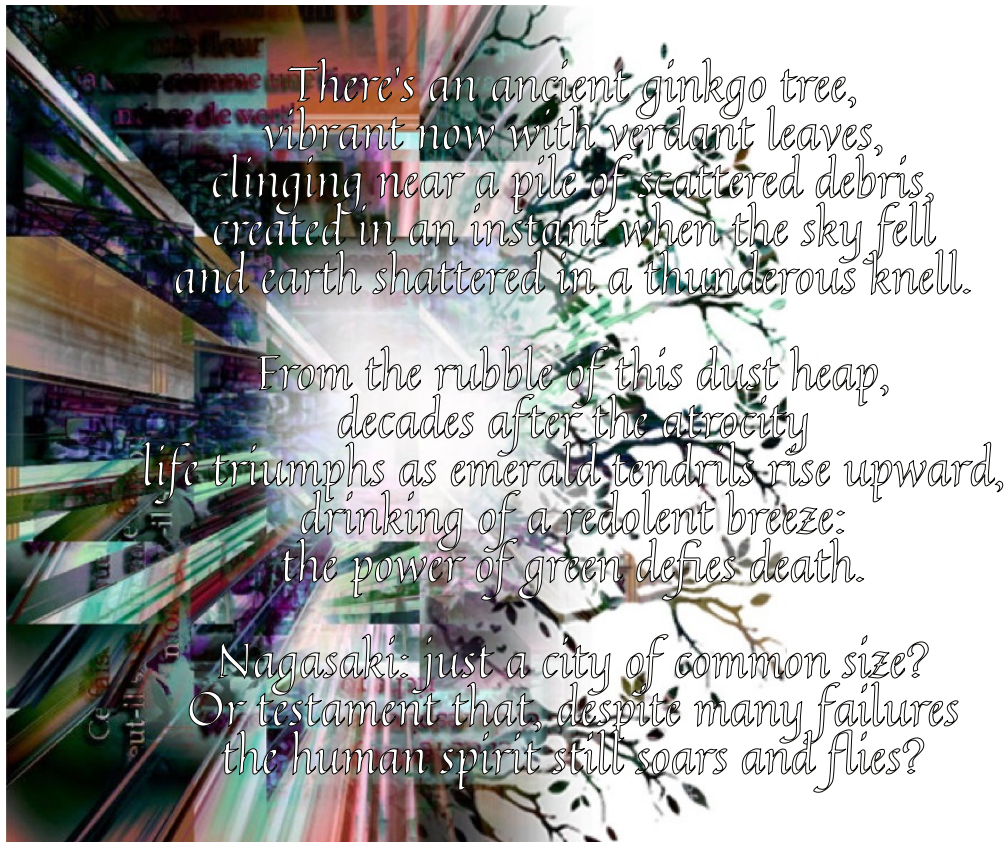


NAGASAKI:

A Tribute to an Indomitable City



Daiki: (*raising his eyebrows skeptically*) "Redolent breeze"? "Emerald tendrils"? Those are worn euphemisms. Doesn't the author seem almost... flippant? Isn't he dressing a nightmare in silk?

An-Yi: (*leaning back, her eyes fixed on the vibrant canopy above*) Perhaps. But beauty and horror are both illusions that fade against eternity's staircase. Won't our woes and joys eventually seem insignificant after deep time dissolves the edges of reality? How many people today remember the battles of Megiddo, Muye, or Allia? The bombing of Nagasaki will eventually become a dim memory lost in haze, lost in the echoes of history's maze.

Bhāraté: (*jaw tightening, then spitting*) That's nihilistic nonsense! Human hardships are real. Some atrocities should not be swept aside.

Chariya: (*nodding slowly, her voice barely a whisper*) I agree. We shouldn't be so quick to find the "beauty" in disasters. Peace is a relief, yes, but we must never forget that war has a bitter, metallic flavor that no redolent breeze can ever wash away.