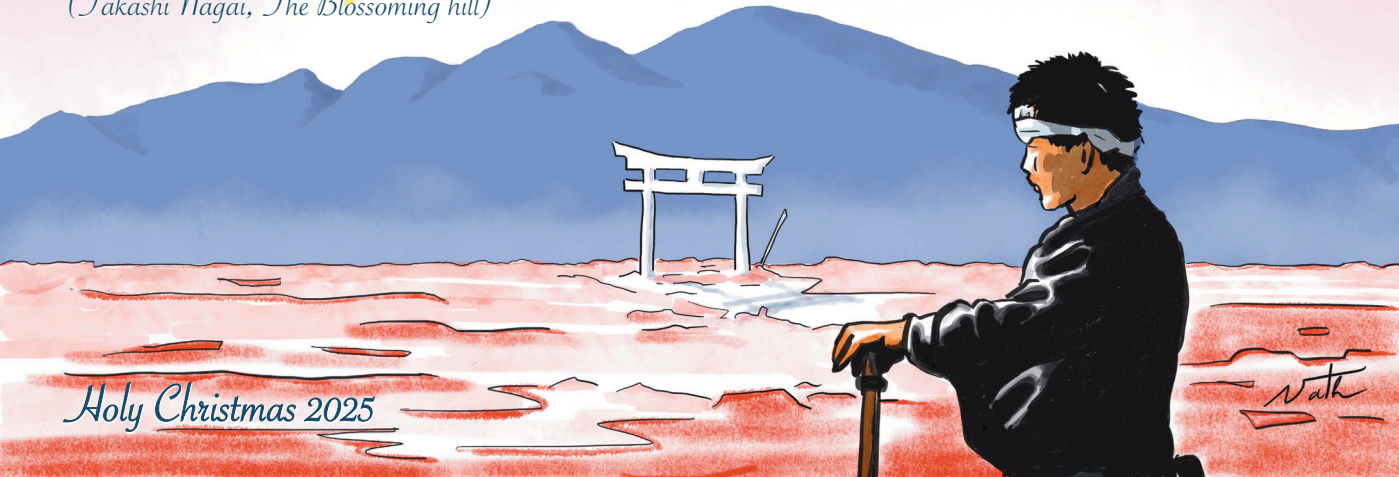


*I gazed upon the atomic wasteland, a barren expanse  
surrounded by mountains refulgent in the pale  
blue of the bellflowers.*

*I felt clearly that peace comes from a distant heaven.*

*(Takashi Nagai, The Blossoming hill)*



*Holy Christmas 2025*

*vath*