





Aki and Taro were childless. The summer of their lives was nearing an end, but they had neither a boy nor girl to give them joy.

The couple had waited very long, and they had tried everything they knew to have a child.

They had eaten countless herbs and special foods; and they had prayed fervently and given offerings in the temple. At last, they felt their hope was gone. The child they had so desired did not come. There were many nights of tears and sorrow ...

but then, suddenly, a miracle.



It happened on an icy cold day in winter. The wind raged over the sea and threw mighty waves upon the land. But the men of the village still had to go out to catch fish. For winter was the season of hunger, and no fish meant even less to eat. Three long ships set out from the harbor. Together they fought the stormy surf, ascending wave after wave to the crests and falling back again into the troughs. The men advanced in this way, wave upon wave, waiting for the right moment. They had fish to catch, whatever the cost.



Then, just as they prepared to throw out their nets, an enormous wave rose up in front of them. It rose like a gigantic creature opening its foamy mouth, greedily swallowing up everything before it: fishermen, nets, boats, everything!

The men held their breath in fear, clinging to the ships and ducking down. Some even closed their eyes.

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