

7 000 Hiroshima

The Marshall Islands were sacrificed for «the good of mankind». Those are the words used by the Americans. From 1954 and during 12 years, the islands received the equivalent of 1.6 Hiroshima bomb per day. Three islands were erased from the

“My body has been radiated. What better place to bury it than on my radiated island?” Lijon Ekniland burst out laughing. Her white dress catches the sun rays, a flowery headband, made out of coconut fibers holds back her grey hair. Her eyes sparkle with insolence. Bravely, she laughs at her own joke for a little while. Exiled from her birth island, Rongelap, Lijon gave herself one last mission: to show the world the misery of her people. Without a magnifying glass, Rongelap, little paradise situated to the north of the Marshall Island, is invisible on the world maps. Lijon was born there. On the 1st of March 1954, on the day

surface of the Earth. The population was radiated. «Jellyfish babies» and «Grape babies» were born. No official investigation was ever conducted. Today, the United States of America still own a military base on the Marshall Islands. There, they are preparing themselves for the space conquest.

Fabienne Lips-Dumas

the Americans startled her awake in her bed where she was asleep underneath a ceiling made of palm leaves. Between the sky and the ocean, a star exploded. This star is called “Castle Bravo” and it is not a star. It is a thermonuclear bomb. Castle Bravo is 1000 times more powerful than Hiroshima, 1000 times more deadly than a bomb that killed 140000 persons. On the 1st of March 1954, Lijon woke up suddenly. “I opened my eyes. There was a blinding light. I heard my grandma’s screams outside. She was accusing my cousin to have set the house on fire. I ran outside crying: I was terrified of fires. Outside, the light was still very bright. The women kept on going in and out the house. That was then I saw the thing falling out of the sky. It was a big round thing, just like a sun. And then, there was an explosion.... Huge. The floor shook. The wind pushed us to the ground. We were scared, so scared. And then the wind stopped abruptly, and there was only the silence. Our eyes were sore, as if sand had gotten into them. But there was no wind. People said that we had been attacked, that we were going to be killed. We hid in a bush. I was thirsty. People were saying than the water had turned violet. I did not know what they meant by “violet”, but I heard them saying it. Eventually we got hungry, and we ate. Our food was covered in a white dust. The food was dirty but not perished. The dust did not taste of anything. The food tasted good as usual. So we wiped the white dust away and we ate the food.

«Our food was covered in a white dust. The food was dirty but not perished. The dust did not taste of anything. The food tasted good as usual. Then in the afternoon, everybody got ill. It felt like we were all suffering from sunstroke.»

We could not taste anything different. Then in the afternoon, everybody got ill. It was as if we had spent a whole day under the sun, it felt like we were all suffering from sunstroke.”

Violently ill, suffering from diarrhea, the island habitants were throwing up behind the bushes. The parents were too sick to help their children. Nerja, Lijon’s sister, 7 years old at the time thought “that the white dust was soap. I took some and scrubbed my head with it, just as I would do with shampoo”. This radioactive clean-up caused the loss of all her hair as well as severe burns on her scalp. Her bald little head has since been used many times to illustrate the chapters on Castle Bravo in Japanese books. To each country their own mushroom. At Hiroshima, the A bomb caused a black rain. In Rongelap, Rongerik, Ailinginae and Utrik the H bomb caused a white snow.

“My eyes, my body was painful but I was laughing”

In a radioactive environment, every minute is precious. 51 hours later, the island’s habitants saw a ship from the American navy arriving. The soldiers evacuated the population. “They told us to get on the ship and not to take anything with us. They stopped us on the gangway and threw some soap at us. They shouted at us, saying that we should take off our clothes, threw it in the sea and wait for them to hose us down. They threw some small towels at us. People were trying to cover their naked bodies with those. Me, I was crying because of my burns, but I was also laughing at the people trying to cover themselves with those too-small towels. I was a child; I did not really understand what was happening. My eyes, my body was painful but I was laughing”

Still haunted by the memory of her parents, so ashamed of being naked, Lijon says: “We arrived in Kwaj in the morning”. Kwaj is short for Kwajalein. It was on that island that was situated the American military base. “They examined us; they came close to us with their little boxes. Those boxes kept on making noises.” Those noises were the crackling made by the Geiger meters when they came close to their radiated bodies. Those meters are used to identify the level of radioactivity a human body has been submitted to. ..

No one wanted to take into account the wind that had turned and the radioactive dust that would constitute a risk for the population.

The scientists were dying to know how powerful the H bomb could be. She scared them. To this day, Castle Bravo remains the most powerful bomb that they ever dared to test

The Americans acknowledge their mistake, but talk of an “accident”. “Everyone makes mistakes”, they even add. Lijon is choking with rage. “When everything is being planned in advance, you do not talk of a mistake. Maybe they did not think of the Marshall Islands people as human beings like themselves. They realized that the wind’s direction had changed, but the operation was supposed to happen on that day. So they went ahead with their plan”. The American scientists, and their leader, Edward Teller, the mad doctor in science from the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, were dying to know how powerful the H bomb could be. She scared them. To this day, Castle Bravo remains the most powerful bomb that they ever dared to test.

Neal Palafox, a member of The Department of Energy (D.O.E), is responsible for the health of the radiated population. Young doctor, Hawaiian and a respectable family man, Neal carries heavy baggage. During the Clinton mandate, his administration had some documents declassified. The islands’ populations are still shocked by what they discovered. The young doctor admits that the Americans are responsible: “I do not think that it was an act of malevolence, but yes it was a bit offhand. They were aware of the wind’s change of direction. It is a fact. Yet they went ahead with the trial. The question of trust is here. One can ask oneself: Why did they do it?”

Dr Neal Palafox follows the course of Lijon’s health. She thinks of him as a personal enemy. The doctor acknowledges it: “I can read her face and the others’ ...” He is looking for the right words: “One thing is certain: people must start to trust us. The historical context is important, there are problems...”

Problems, yes. The « accident » is only one in many other hoaxes, exploitations and criminal carelessness which characterized from day one, the relationships between the soldiers, the scientists, the American authorities and a Pacific population that was sacrificed for the good of mankind.

«Are you ready to sacrifice your islands? »

February 1946. Sent on an assignment on Bikini Island, the military governor of the Marshall Islands took advantage of one Christian Service to address the population. At the end of the service, the American representative invited the public to come and sit under the shade of the coconut trees where he exposed to them the grand scheme of the Pentagon: “The American scientists want to convert a destructive weapon into a weapon of peace, for mankind, to end all wars.” His speech, filmed by a camera crew of the Army, is translated. It ended with one question: « Are you ready to sacrifice your islands for the good of Mankind? ». It was that single expression, « For the good of mankind », which would really influence the Islanders. Once the speech was over, they talked quickly amongst themselves. King Juda, Chief of the Bikini population, spoke: “All is good. All is in the hands of God.” The governor answered: “Well if it is in the hands of God, then it must be a good thing.” The Army had their green light. The exodus started.

The Bikini atoll, and then the Eniwetok one, would become the first grounds zero from where would be conducted the nuclear trials that were considered too powerful to be conducted in the Nevada desert. The first campaign, baptized “Operation Crossroads” was launched. The Navy fleet (comprising the USS Saratoga, USS Pilotfish, USS Arkansas to name but a few) was anchored in the lagoon. The “crew” consisted of thousands of animals-pigs, goats, rats-that were put on those naval targets. Two nuclear shoots were conducted, that were documented and filmed with 18 tons of filming equipment. The underwater shoot caused a massive water eruption above the Bikini Atoll.

This was only a start. 67 nuclear trials in total were to be conducted in the Marshall Islands. Tony de Brum, actual Minister of Foreign Affairs in this atoll tries to describe the power of this flood of nuclear trials that fell onto the atoll. In 2005, in front of the United Nations Assembly he explained: “My country received the equivalent of 1.6 Hiroshima bomb, per day, every day, during twelve years.”

Not all the Islands of the archipelago made it through the trials. Castle Bravo alone, managed to erase 3 islands from the maps of the World. But most of the islands survived. This is where I go to meet Lijon.

« Where the hell is Majuro? »

The Marshall Islands can be reached by plane from the Honolulu Airport. It is 4:30a.m and the vast airport hall is bathed in the neon lights. About 100 Marshallese people are greeting each other at the flight company's counter. At the front of the crowd, a woman wears a white tee-shirt with the words: « Where the hell is Majuro? » written on it. Good question. Majuro is the capital of the Marshall Islands. To reach it, a 4hours long flight above the ocean is necessary. This is where I am supposed to meet Lijon.

The landing strip is barely visible. Majuro is a thin strip of land that snakes against the waves. There you have no choice but to have a house with a seafront view. As for the road, it is thin and surrounded by the sea. To the right and to the left, the ocean surrounds the island. It is a very long island, but extremely narrow. Everything in its width is conveniently situated close to the road: the sheds made out of sheet metal and grayish planks, the white houses and their family graves, the little boats and their flaking paint.

The taxi is driving towards the town centre. Children are playing on top of an old Ford car; others are splashing themselves in a small creek where abandoned cranes stand. In the shade of coconut trees, young girls are installing volley-ball nets. Barefoot in their sneakers, with tattoos on their arms and a cap on their heads, the boys are playing basketball on a nearby court.

The driver points at the government buildings. From a blue and white hotel, American lawyers with flowery shirts, rosy skin and briefcases come out: there are many of them wanting to defend the rights of the islanders. The radio plays a Marshallese rap song; big clouds are gathering in the horizon. Lijon is waiting for me next to the Bikini and Rongelap town halls. She has organized a meeting with the survivors of Castle Bravo and their children.

In 1957, the Americans sent the Rongelap people back to their islands. The vegetation is contaminated by the fallout of cesium 137, strontium 90 and plutonium 239....The time of chronic radiation began.

They are standing against the walls of the empty town hall. In the office of Abaccab Anjain, senator of Rongelap, there are only women, wearing red dresses with tropical flowers printed on them, who talk loud and laugh even louder. Sitting against the walls, or even almost lying down on the tiled floor, the women abruptly get silent when they see us. Lijon points me to a chair. I look at them and think of the paintings from Gauguin, full of lascivious islands, of dark tresses loose on the shoulders, of bright flowers holding back a few strands of hair. I stride over two bodies, I sit myself down. Lijon starts translating.

« Alice in Wonderland's syrup »

A woman starts to talk. Her family's nightmare is a legend around the islands. Once upon a time, there was a little boy, whose thyroid, damaged by radioactivity, had upset his growth. The pills prescribed by the doctors were like the syrup in Alice in Wonderland: he was becoming either too long, or too large, then too long again, and then too large once more. And then one day, he died of it.

Another story of problematic thyroid. Two children were radiated at the age of 1 year old. At 5 years old, they were still the same size as they were at 1. Their little brothers were by then taller than them. When they were 11 years old, after an absurd childhood, doctors finally prescribed them magical growing pills.

Lijon intervenes. Her white beads necklace hides a scar. Laconic, she explains: "1981-Removal of the Thyroid, Cleveland-Ohio." Her life expectancy now depends on a daily intake of pills.

After the nuclear trials, the American doctors removed lots of thyroids. They would rather remove it before a cancer could spread there. A few years ago, Lijon had to return on the operating table to remove tumors in her breasts. On the archipelago, breast cancer is an epidemic.



On the 1st of March 1954, not all the Rongelap people were on the atoll. But all of them fed on the fallout from the H bomb. In 1957, the Americans decided to send the population back on their little paradise on Earth. The vegetation is contaminated by the fallout of cesium 137, strontium 90 and plutonium 239....The time of chronic radiation began.

« Why? Why? »

“I was pregnant, yet I was not gaining any weight. The baby was born prematurely at 7 months. It was a boy that fitted into my hand. He died instantly. My husband took a big box of matches. It was his coffin.” Nerja, Lijon’s sister tells her story matter-of-factly. She opens her hand, and on her large palm she draws with her finger the dead baby’s silhouette. 10 more children followed, 9 are healthy, the eldest acts” strangely”, she says. Lijon had 7 miscarriages, and gave birth to one deformed baby, with one eye only. This deformed baby did not survive. More than the cancers, those “baby-monsters” infuriate her.

Up until the 70’s, women were terrified of what could come out of their wombs. Indeed, in the Marshall Islands, a deformed baby was a sign that the mother had been unfaithful to her husband. But eventually, the horror of those births broke their shameful silence. The women were given birth to “jellyfish babies”: babies without limbs, with a see-through skin through which one could see the beating heart and brain. The jellyfish babies would bounce on the birthing tables and would die instantly. There were also the “grapes babies”, where only the presence of a brain shown that it was human. Some babies were also born without the possibility to suckle, condemning them to die of hunger. There were many strange babies, such as this little boy, born with a head so big and so heavy, that he was incapable of lifting it, and was condemned to crawl on his back “Why, why?”, keeps on asking Lijon.

I saw one such child in the living room of a family in Honolulu. There was a young girl, much too young to be 6 months pregnant, sitting in front of a computer. In front of her, lying on his back on a blanket in a patch of sunlight, a little 3 years old boy was looking at the dead flies on the ceiling, a lethargic smile plastered on his face. His head, too heavy for his neck to support it, condemned him to live in this position forever.

Abacca Anjain, the senator of Rongelap was also present. She was busy unpacking her luggage and had just arrived to take part in a conference with the American D.O.E.” When we tell the survivors that they will be no side effects for the second and third generations, we know that it is untrue. There are side effects. Lemoya’s daughter had a little girl whose spine formed... a little tail, wasn’t it?

During an encounter between the American authorities and the representatives for the radiated people of the 4 atolls (Rongelap, Bikini, Enewetak and Utrik), I came to terms with the state of panic that those post-nuclear trials babies triggered off. The American D.O.E is in charge of the nuclear files, including the nuclear armament. Their budget is independent from the Army’s budget and includes the research, the trials and their follow-up: radiated populations, contaminated lands... etc.

Half a century after the trials, on a beautiful December day, the two delegations faced each other in an old 3 stars hotel. The senator of Utrik starts the discussion and put on the table 6 pictures of babies, all born in 2004. The pictures are being circulated from hand to hand. Pictures of newborns with grey hair and without ears emerge. A picture showing an infant with tiny black eyes disappearing in a disproportionate skull disturbs a lot of people. The senator adds, without realizing that he is comforting them by doing so, that those children did not survive more than a few weeks. The D.O.E men take note.

« We never get an answer »

The Americans accuse the Marshallese of being guilty of incestuous behavior and talks of an exploding syphilis infectious rate. This was one of the possible cause that Dr Neal Palafox gave to Lijon to explain her miscarriages and her deformed babies. “There are two issues related to the deformities. It has been proved that a fetus that has been submitted to strong radiations can suffer from physical or mental deformities and that miscarriages will be more frequent. However, what is less clear is that if you have been radiated in 1954, can your child born in 1980 suffer from those radiations? We do not know. »

The doctor corrects himself: “Well, the scientists do not know....And what happens for the future generations? We proved that radiations have consequences on the DNA of plants, and mice. But as far as human beings are concerned, we do not have any proofs yet, in one sense or the other.” The doctor bases his theory on statistical models. According to him, none of the researches conducted on the radiated populations were conclusive.

Bill Graham arrived here 40 years ago, when the islands were still under supervision: It was either this or the Vietnam” He points at the files: “I think that next year, we are going to file all of this and put a few moth balls around it.”

Bill Graham, a blue eyed man, with a fair complexion and a little moustache that makes him look like Clark Gable, manages the Court that deals with nuclear-related complaints. “Up to this day, the Utrik’s babies were never at the center of any radiogenic investigation. Well, to my knowledge at least,” When he looks at his desk where files are piled up, the American sighs deeply. The air-conditioning is humming; his window has a view on the central place of Majuro, the capital of the Marshall Islands.

Bill Graham arrived here 40 years ago, when the islands were still under American supervision. “It was either coming here or going to Vietnam.” He comes back to his desk, points at the files: “I think that next year, we are going to file all of this and put a few moth balls around it.” Since its creation, the Court has awarded 90 millions of dollars in damages, of which 75 were actually paid out. In 1986, the court received an investment fund of 150 millions that was supposed to generate about 18 millions of interests per year. In 1987, the Stock Exchange crashed and today the fund is empty.

Indemnity rates were set: 125 000 dollars per leukemia, 100 000 dollars per breast cancer with mastectomy, 1 00000 dollars per severely retarded child if the mother was present on Rongelap or Utrik in March 1954 or if the child was born between May and September 1954, between 750 00 and 50 000 dollars per thyroid cancer, but only for those who had it removed as a preventative measure. “In the decade following Castle Bravo’s explosion, it is clear that the population suffered chromosomal modifications. But what does that mean? What side effects are we looking at? Does it mean that people are more sensitive to flues and infections? Will those infections be more severe in their case? We never get proper answers.”

« Lijon? Where is Lijon? » On the side of the road, a child points at a little house, partially hidden behind a bush. Lijon lives in a residential complex built with American funds: pandanus trees, laundry drying in the coastal wind, gravels alleys leading to white and turquoise houses.

Leaning against the narrow door, Lijon leads me into a room used as a living room, a dinning room and a kitchen. Four chairs are set around a table. On the wall, a mat made out of plaited leaves is surrounded by a collage of pictures and diplomas. "I could never have children of my own, so I adopted one girl and two boys." One of the boys enrolled himself in the American army. "The agreement between our two countries allows it and the young men would rather go to Iraq than stay here."

« Mom? ». A young girl with healthy cheeks comes in, pulling her red tee-shirt down, Evelyn is 25 years old, and has a black ponytail. She arrived this morning from Hawaii where she lives with her biological mother and her little sister, a shy smiling child, who can only move using the strength of her arms. Because of a spinal deformity, she cannot use her legs.

Wearing a knee-length skirt, Evelyn has put away her jeans to submit to the clothing rules of the Islands. In Honolulu, where she is about to go to College, I asked her what was her relationship with the young Americans. "Everyone talks about Hiroshima, and no one knows what happened to us."

"People do not even know about the Marshall Islands or that there are human beings living there" Human beings?

"If it is a well-known fact that those people do not live like occidentals or like, let's say, civilized people; it is however just as true that they are more related to us than mice are."
Extract from the debate held by the American Energy Commission

This is an extract from the debate held by the between the 13th and 14th of January 1956 by the American Atomic Energy Commission : "If it is a well-known fact that those people do not live like occidentals or like, let us say, civilized people; it is however just as true that they are more related to us than mice are."

« Observing the radiations side-effects on human beings. »

In 1994, in an attempt to cooperate, the Clinton administration rendered public some of the D.O.E's files. The Marshallese people discovered there that they were used as "material". The 4.1 project, created before Castle Bravo, planned to study the effects of radioactive fallout on human beings. "They undressed us. They took pictures of us. They gave us a number." Lijon recalls. 40 years later this suddenly makes sense.

Bill Graham, the Nuclear Complaints Court's responsible, reads a report submitted by the Research Laboratory of Brookhaven in 1958: «The living environment of the islanders will allow us to collect useful ecological data regarding the effects of the radiations. We will be able to follow up the course of the radioisotopes from the ground into the feeding chain all the way to the human beings' insides, where we will study their distribution within the tissues, the organs, the cells and the excrements. »

From his archives, he takes out another copy: "The radiated Marshallese group constitutes the best observation material for our study. All the different types of radiations are present: penetrative radiation, epidermis radiation, ingestion of radiated material... » This report is signed by Dr. Conard. I thought of the irony of this, as « Conard » means « asshole » in French.

Bill interrupts himself, sighs and then carries on: "And after all this, the population was sent back to a radiated environment, without any prior cleanup being done. The Utrik's habitants were sent back home after 3 months only. Those from Rongelap were sent back after 3 years." Another document: "Check this out, says Bill. This is from a conference held in 1967" He reads: "We know that a chronic exposition to moderate radiations will increase the risks of leukemia and skin cancer, but we are situated in a region where very little is known on the effects on human beings."

The adult population is bored. Their only hope of a job is to become a maid or be an odd-job man on the facing island, the one with the military base with green lawns and tennis courts.

In 1954, the doctors were adamant: Rongelap habitants could not tolerate any more exposure to radiations, except if they needed to do some X-Rays for medical purposes. In 1952, they were however sent back to a contaminated environment from which they derived their food. Regular medical check-ups were conducted along with blood tests, urine samples being taken....The years went by, the calls for help increased. The guinea-pigs asked to be removed from the islands. The Americans refused.

In 1985, the Rongelap habitants asked Greenpeace for help. This would be the last mission of the Rainbow Warrior, before the French sank the ship in Auckland, new-Zealand. They came to Majetto Island, off Ebeye Island's coast. Lijon lived and taught on Ebeye. This was where she raised Evelyn, her adopted daughter whose only dream is to "finish College and come back to Ebeye, my home."

« Kwajalein: an American military base at the heart of the space conquest. »

My Canadian passport is being held by the Marshallese policemen, sited being the counter at the airport of Kwajalein. This island is home to the American military base. It is also the only way to reach Ebeye. The Marshallese people that were in my plane have since disappeared. I am standing in an empty waiting room. I show them the recommendation letter signed by Imata Kabua. Imata Kabua is a King, a traditional King,

He owns Kwajalein and I met him in his office in Majuro, the capital of the Marshall Islands. He was with his lawyer, David Lowe, an ageing blond giant wearing a Hawaiian shirt, which seems to be the uniform for American civilians.

David has been advising Imata for a long time: "The problem with the Marshallese people is that they think they are important, when actually, they have no importance whatsoever."

King Imata is furious with the United States of America. The Americans have negotiated a lease with the Marshall Islands Government until 2016. The King does not want to renew it unless they come up with a fat check. The United States of America do not recognize his authority and the Marshallese people are divided. What would they do without the jobs provided by the military base?

Imata's letter seems to do the trick. The Marshallese police let me go, without an escort. The police car takes me to the pier where a navy boat takes you to Ebeye, on condition that you do not miss it due to the endless security check-points. No one can walk around Kwajalein without authorization. The Americans refer to Kwajalein as the « Ronald Reagan missile defense test site ».

With its own 9 holes golf course, the island is a strategic point for the space conquest. There, they invented the anti-missiles shield, which is regularly tested by sending missiles from California to the atoll. The shield is supposed to intercept those missiles, but it is a big sieve, and most of the warheads end up in the lagoon. The Foreign Affairs Minister of the Marshall Islands, Tony de Brum has asked for a study to be conducted on the chemical effects of those warheads. The Americans play deaf.

« At EBEYE, Cancers and Cholera »

On the other side of the Lagoon, Ebeye has a nickname: "The Township of the Pacific". 15000 habitants are crammed on a few hectares of land in dilapidated sheds. The one-way peripheral street can be driven in 10 minutes in a minibus taxi. There is almost no shade on the island, just a few coconut trees at the extreme point of it, and the accumulation of detritus seem to be the only way to fight erosion.

The population's life is ruled by the power cuts. Tap water? A rare commodity. The only hotel opens only by prior arrangement and the customers are given, along with their key, a box of matches and a candle. The food- tuna in a tin, corned-beef, GM organism rice, crisps, all kind of junk-food-is imported.



The doors of Ebeye's hospital often have notices on display alerting the population of new infectious diseases. This summer, yellow notices announce: "Typhoid". Doctor Palafox had warned: « Normally the third world countries suffer from infectious diseases such as tuberculosis, leprosy, typhoid and cholera. The first world countries are more prone to cancers, heart diseases, and chronic diseases such as arthritis. As for the Marshall Islands, we find both types here. Two years ago, there was a cholera epidemic while heart diseases are still the number one cause of mortality, just in front of cancers. »

Ebeye, though, seems as joyful as a sunny playground. You can see children everywhere, unaffected by the heat, small girls carrying even smaller toddlers, packs of children running barefoot in the streets, using wooden planks to surf the warm waves. Even Lijon is surprised: "They keep on having more and more babies, why is that? In the past, it was customary for a woman to wait for a while after giving birth." The adult population is bored. Their only hope of a job is to become a maid or be an odd-job man on the facing island, the one with the military base with green lawns and tennis courts.

Evelyn is walking triumphantly in the streets of Ebeye. Everyone knows her. The student from Honolulu represents success. A young man walks up to her. They talk for a moment. She gets a few dollars out of her bag and hand it over to him. "This is my brother; he needed money to buy some ice." Are the young people interested in the nuclear past of the country? Evelyn shrugs. "Not really. It was only Mom's sorrow that made me want to know more".

On the morning of my departure from Majuro, Lijon waited for me in front of the hotel with a plastic bag. She wanted me to film what Charity, the mother of what was in the bag, had given birth to after 8 months. Charity's past history was not good. Her own mother, a Castle Bravo's survivor, had given birth to a jellyfish baby.

We went into a nearby shop. Lijon put the bag on a chair. She waited for me to be ready. The young Marshallese woman with whom I had spent the morning ran away. My curiosity was also quickly running dry. Lijon opened the bag. Inside, I saw a shiny, brown, flabby shape, whose contours outlined a fetus. The hospital of Majuro took some pictures, but they did not do any further research nor took some DNA samples. Just another weird-looking dead baby.