

Oh, the sun sets red
Here in Manchuria
Far, far from
hooome...

Our father died in the war...
Our mother died of illness...
Please take pity on two poor
brothers!



Oh, you poor,
poor boys!
Here you go.

Thank
you,
Ma'am.

CLINK



Gen, we
got five
yen!

Hee hee! Begging
pays off better
than you think!
Guess we better
quit now.



Gen?
Shinji?
Is that
you?

Hey!
Akira!



What are
you guys
doing
dressed
up like
beggars?!

Heh heh
heh. We
thought
we'd give
this money
to you...



Take this and
get something
good to eat.
We love you,
Akira!

Gen...
Shinji...



Hang in
there,
Akira! Take
care of
yourself!



Y-you
dummies!
I hear ya.



But Akira, don't tell
Papa we were begging.
He'd kill us!

I-I
won't...



WHOOEEE



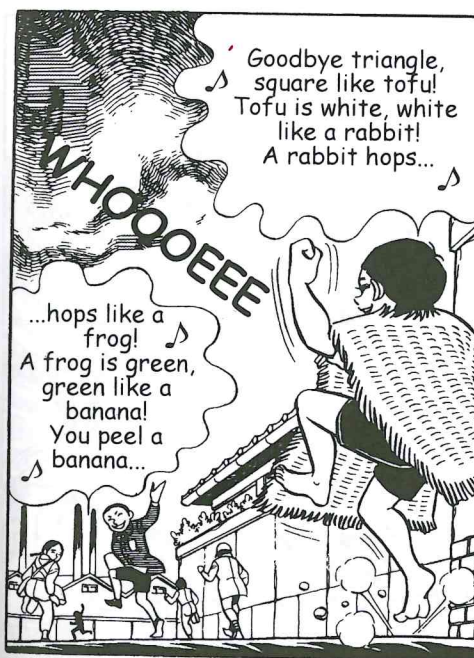
Oh no, an air
raid! Hurry
Shinji, let's
get home!

Come on,
Akira!



Bye,
Akira!!

Bye, Gen!
Bye, Shinji!
Thank you!



Goodbye triangle,
square like tofu!
Tofu is white, white
like a rabbit!
A rabbit hops...

...hops like a
frog!
A frog is green,
green like a
banana!
You peel a
banana...

WHOOEEE



WHOOEEE

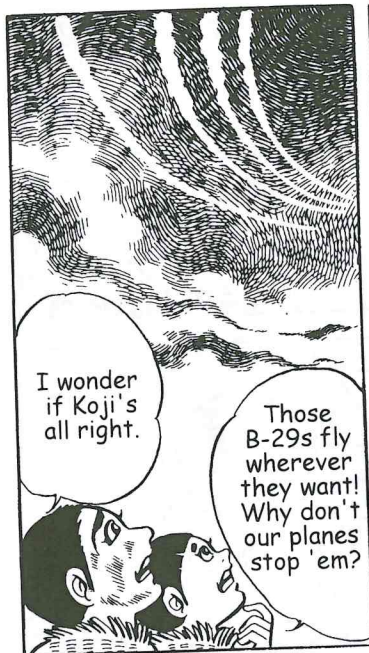
Hurry
up,
Shinji!

Hup
hup!



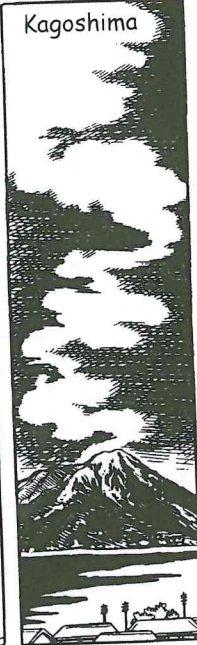
Hey Gen! Are there
air raids where Koji
is too? At the Naval
Air Corps in
Kagoshima?

Of
course,
dummy!
There's
air raids
all over
Japan!

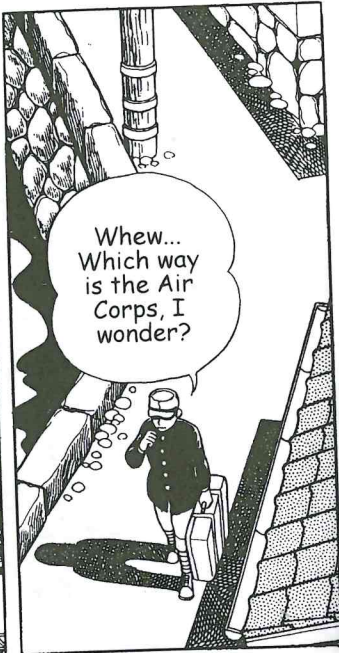


I wonder if Koji's all right.

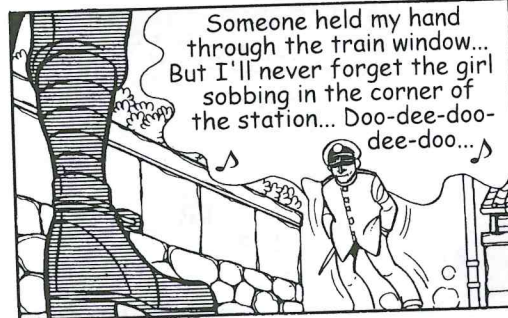
Those B-29s fly wherever they want! Why don't our planes stop 'em?



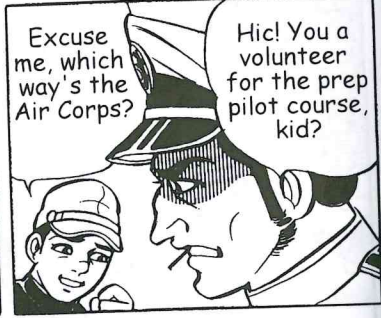
Kagoshima



Whew... Which way is the Air Corps, I wonder?



Someone held my hand through the train window... But I'll never forget the girl sobbing in the corner of the station... Doo-dee-doo-dee-doo...



Excuse me, which way's the Air Corps?

Hic! You a volunteer for the prep pilot course, kid?



How old are you? Hic...

Uh, seventeen.

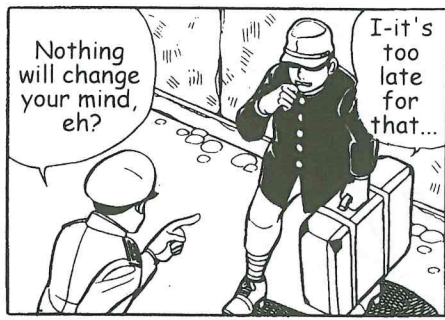


Hah! You think a young punk like you is going to be any use to the Navy? Go on, beat it! Go home!



I've already been ordered to report to the Air Corps today.

Hah! So you're gonna join, no matter what?



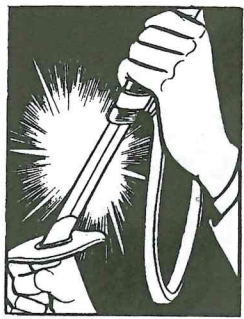
Nothing will change your mind, eh?

I-it's too late for that...



OK then, I'll just have to fix you so you can't join! You might as well forget about it!

Huh? W-wait...!



W-what do you think you're doing?



Stop! Please!!

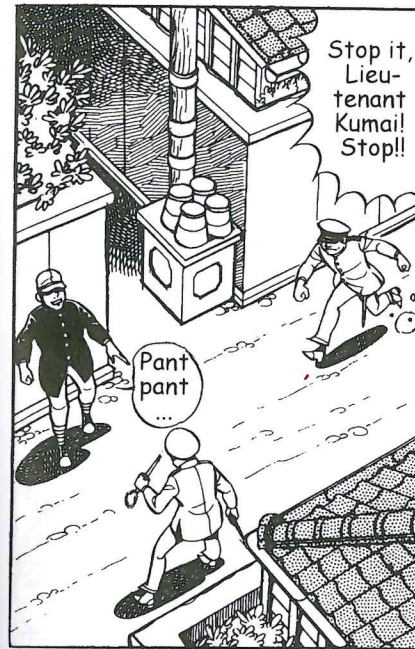
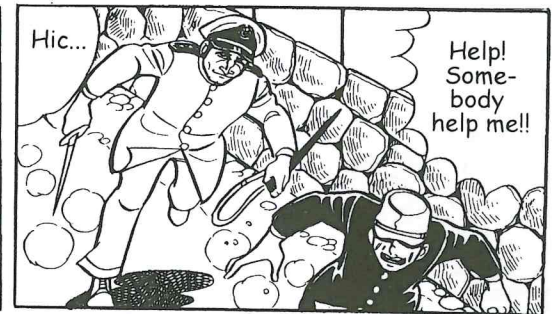
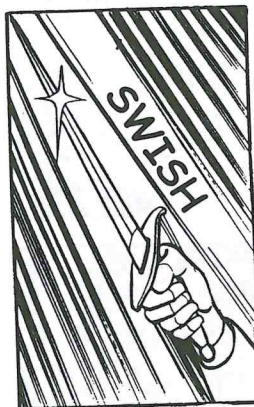
I'm gonna cut your arms and legs off! That way they won't let you join even if you want to!



Heh!

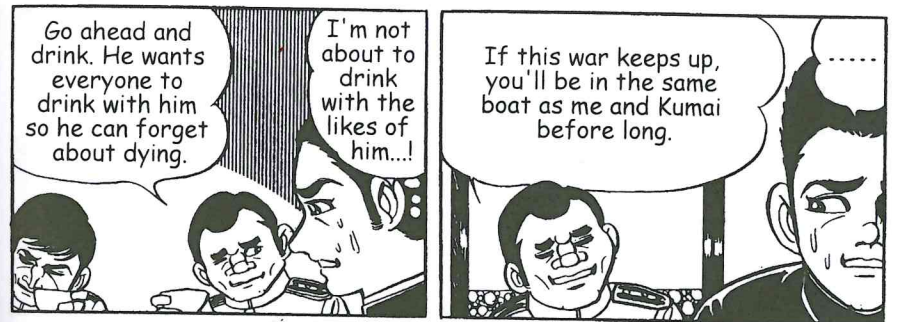
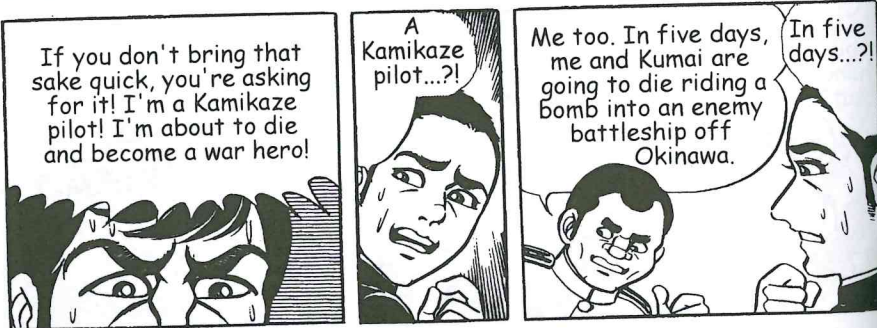


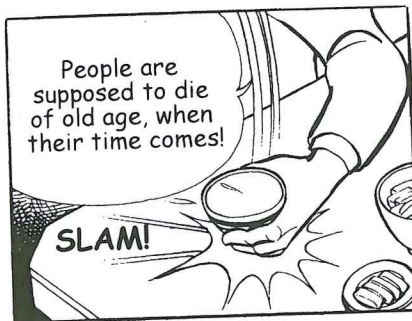
He's c-crazy...!



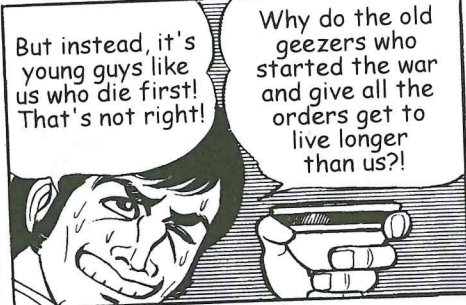


Sign: Sanoya Inn





People are supposed to die of old age, when their time comes!



But instead, it's young guys like us who die first! That's not right!

Why do the old geezers who started the war and give all the orders get to live longer than us?!

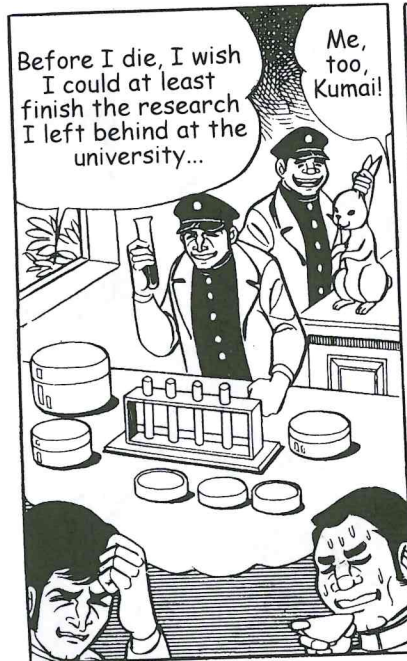


I-I don't want to die yet. There's still a lot of things I want to do.

Kumai, that's enough.



If the bastards who started this war want to fight so bad, let 'em go at it on a desert island somewhere!



Before I die, I wish I could at least finish the research I left behind at the university...

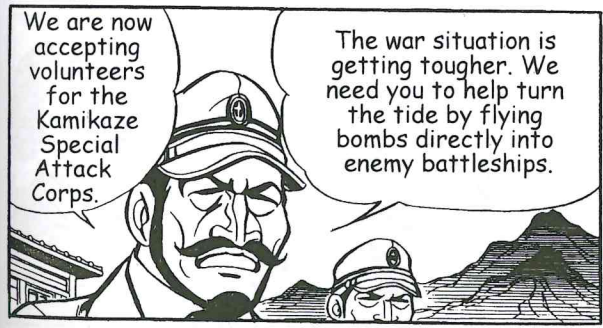
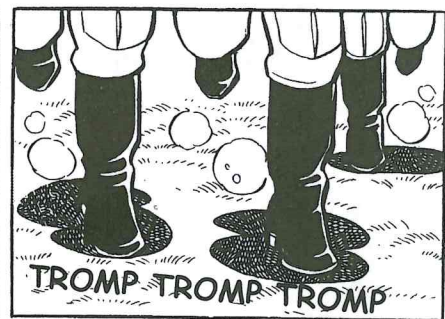
Me, too, Kumai!



In October 1943, they finally drafted even college students like us and sent us off to war...



Later that month, they had a big send-off parade at the Meiji Shrine for students from 77 universities around Tokyo. Then they started shipping us off to the front...

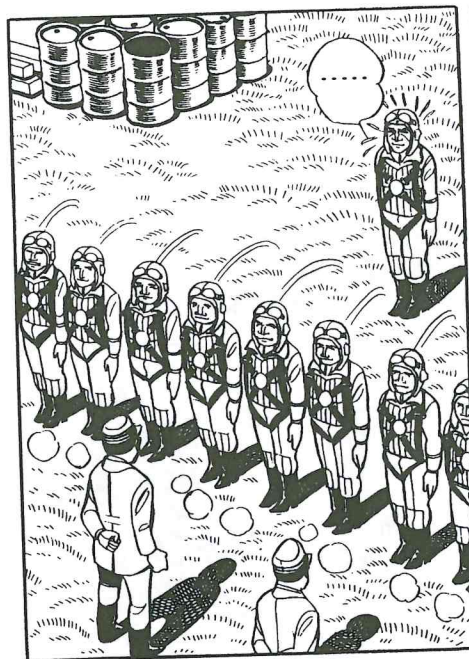


We are now accepting volunteers for the Kamikaze Special Attack Corps.

The war situation is getting tougher. We need you to help turn the tide by flying bombs directly into enemy battleships.



Volunteers, take a step forward!



Wha-?!



Looks like there's just one stinking coward in this battalion!



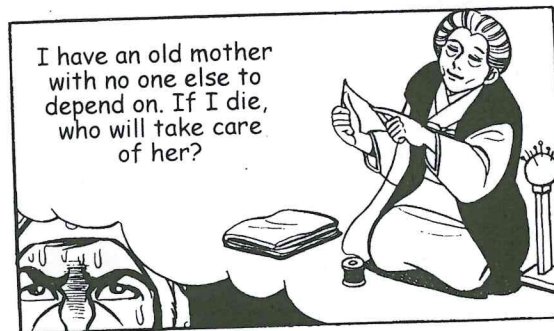
GLARE



You won't give your life for your country? That's disgusting!



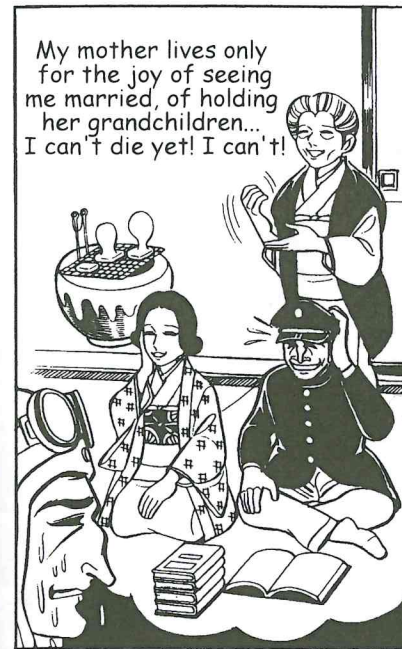
I-I can't die yet...



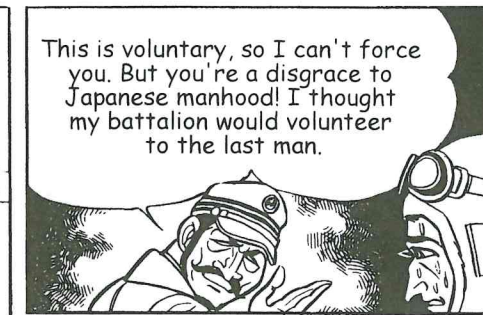
I have an old mother with no one else to depend on. If I die, who will take care of her?



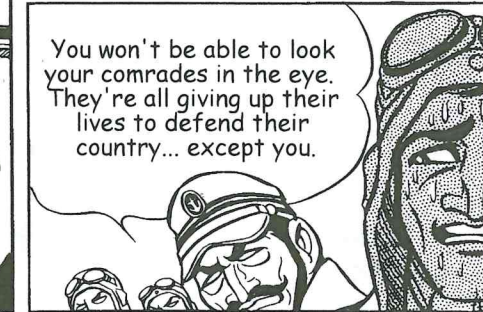
And then there's Natsuko, waiting for our wedding day...



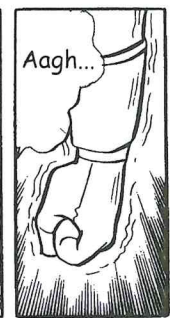
My mother lives only for the joy of seeing me married, of holding her grandchildren... I can't die yet! I can't!



This is voluntary, so I can't force you. But you're a disgrace to Japanese manhood! I thought my battalion would volunteer to the last man.



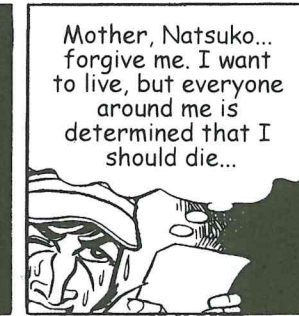
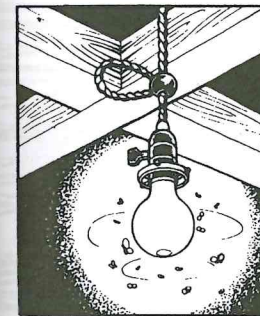
You won't be able to look your comrades in the eye. They're all giving up their lives to defend their country... except you.



Aagh...



Lieutenant Kumai volunteering for duty, Sir!!



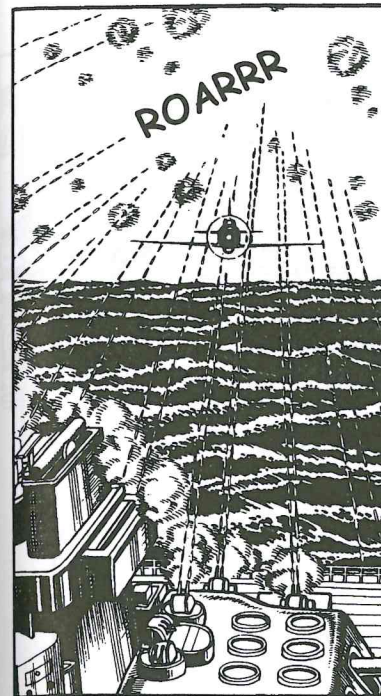
Mother, Natsuko... forgive me. I want to live, but everyone around me is determined that I should die...



When you choose
a wife,
Beauty, sense, and
sympathy...
When you choose
a friend,
Learning, spirit, and
gallantry...



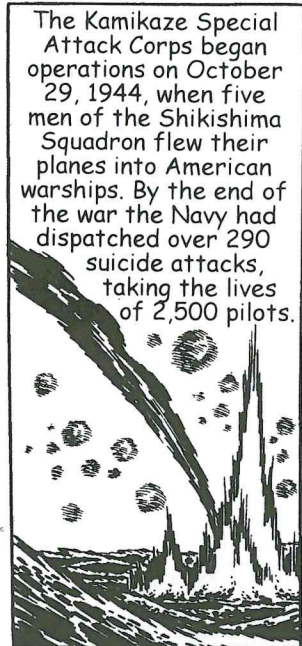
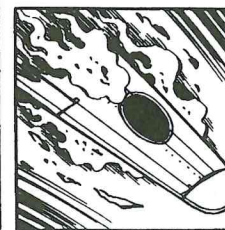
Sob...
Mother,
forgive
me!
Natsuko,
forgive
me!



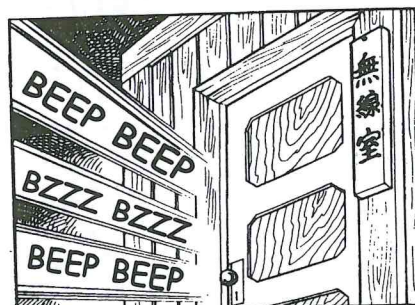
ROARRR



BOOM!



The Kamikaze Special
Attack Corps began
operations on October
29, 1944, when five
men of the Shikishima
Squadron flew their
planes into American
warships. By the end of
the war the Navy had
dispatched over 290
suicide attacks,
taking the lives
of 2,500 pilots.



Sign: Radio Room



Pilot Sakata
reporting!
Preparing to
attack enemy
cruiser!

Do your
best!

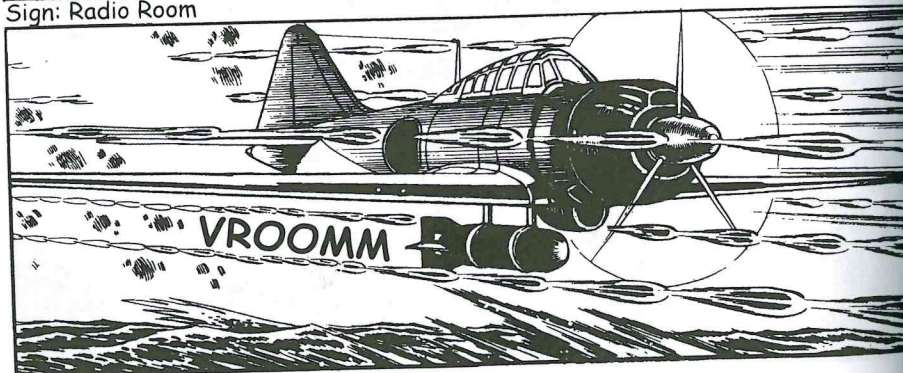


Hmph. Thirty planes
of the Kamihana and
Kenpu Squadrons
lost, and not one
enemy ship sunk!

A zero
success
rate!
They're
not trying!



I'll be happy if the
next squadron we
send out boosts
our average even
a little. Heh heh!



VROOMM

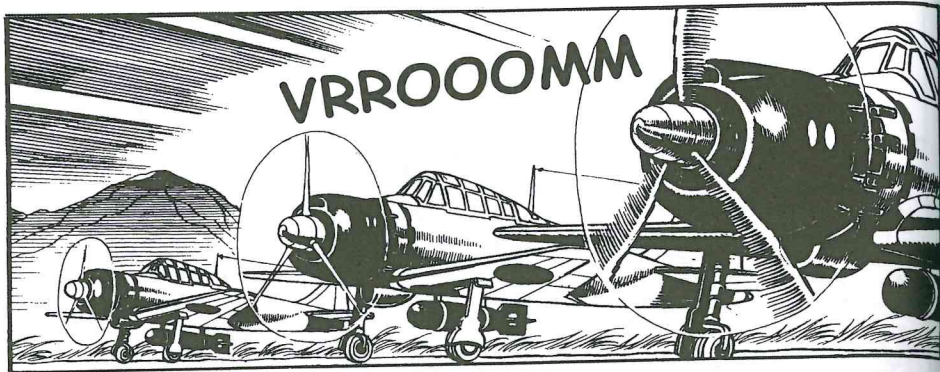


HA
HA HA

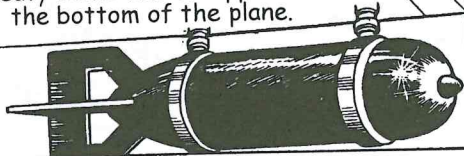


B-bastards! Every
one of those planes
carries a living,
breathing man
to his death!

Is this a game to
you? You think human
beings are just parts
in a machine?!



The Kamikaze planes were stripped of machine guns and all unnecessary equipment -- and they carried only enough fuel for a one-way trip! A heavy bomb was strapped to the bottom of the plane.



A parting toast! Is today really my last...?

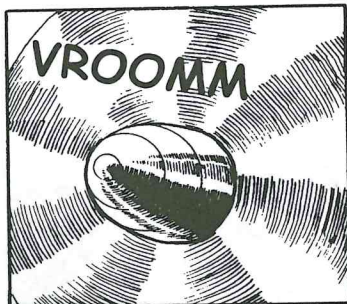


Kenshin Squadron ready to depart, sir!

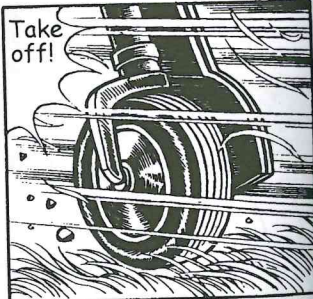
To your planes!



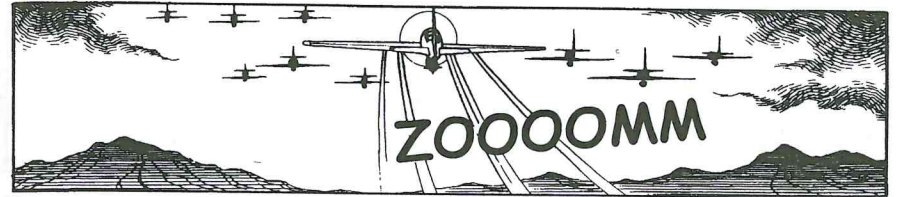
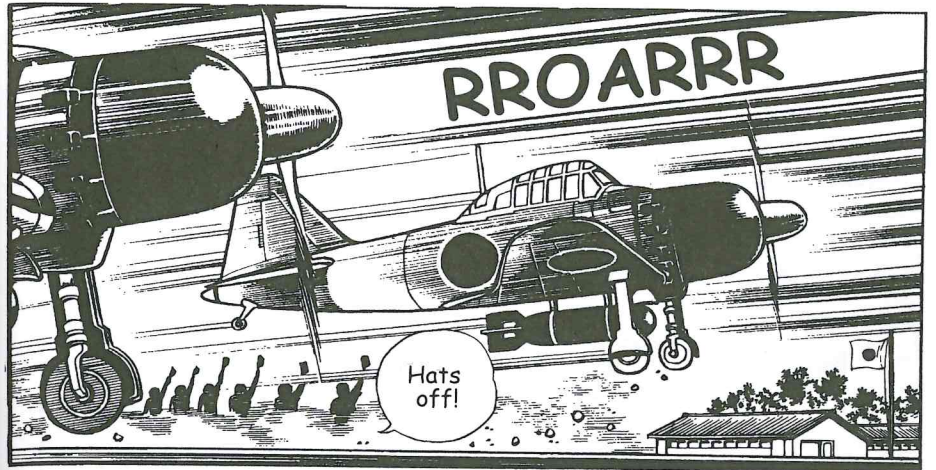
Go!



Mother, Natsuko! Goodbye! Forgive me!



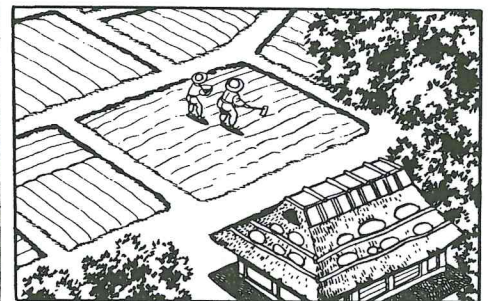
Take off!



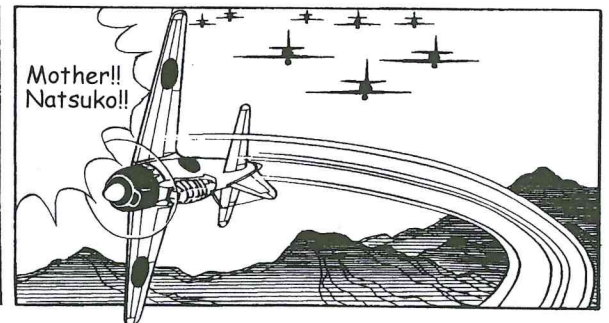
Wha-?! This course will take me right over my house!



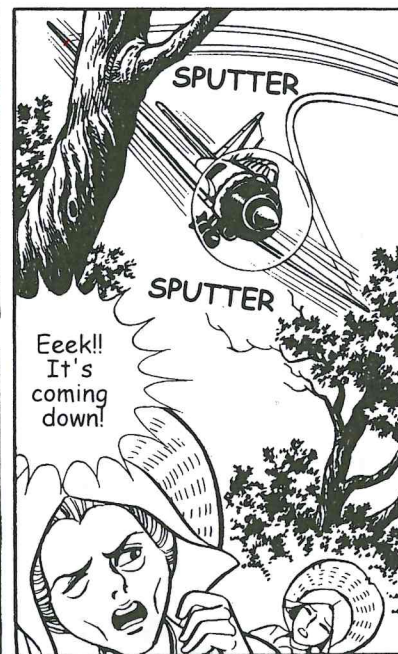
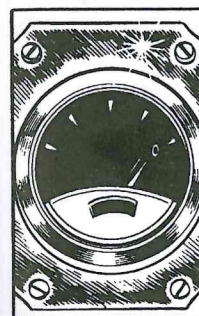
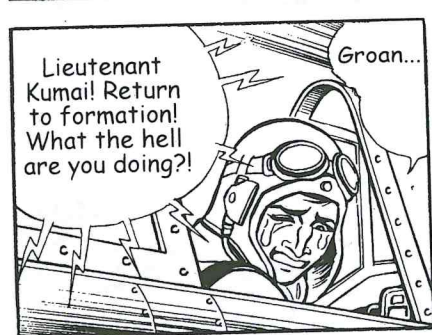
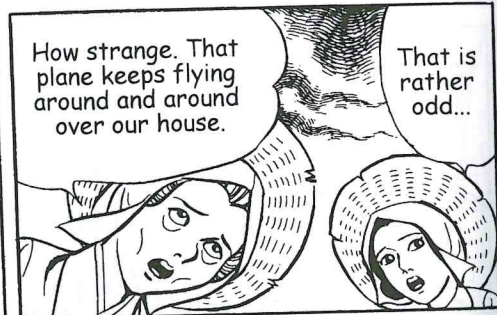
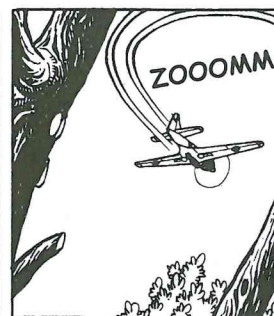
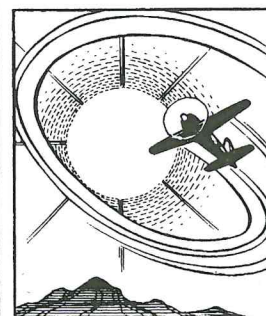
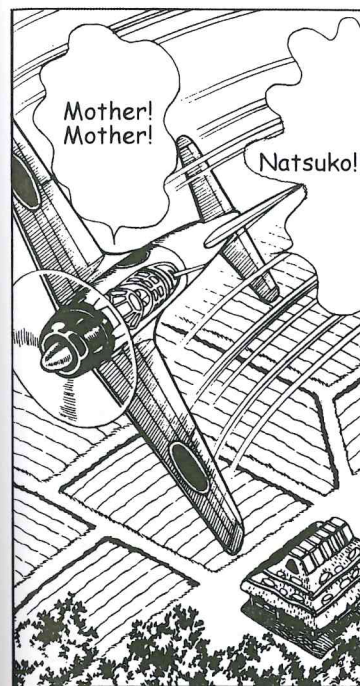
Aaah!

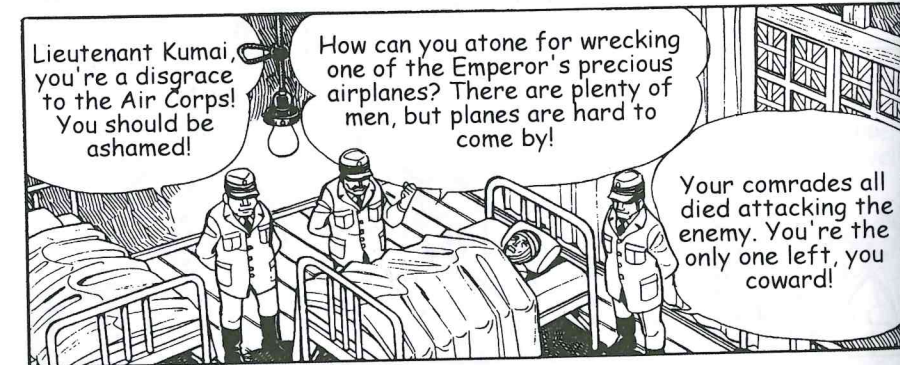
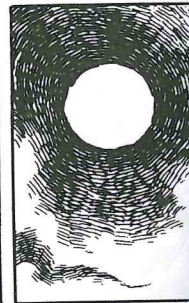
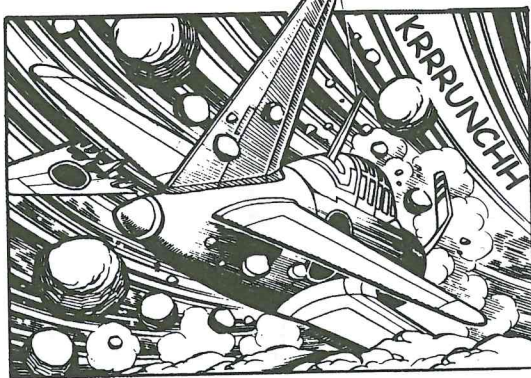


It's Mother and Natsuko!



Mother!! Natsuko!!





Lieutenant Kumai, you're a disgrace to the Air Corps! You should be ashamed!

How can you atone for wrecking one of the Emperor's precious airplanes? There are plenty of men, but planes are hard to come by!

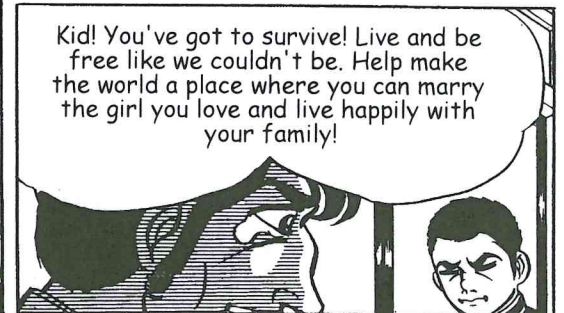
Your comrades all died attacking the enemy. You're the only one left, you coward!



Now my mother weeps every day. The neighbors scorn her and call her a traitor. It's all my fault.



Mr... Mr. Kumai...

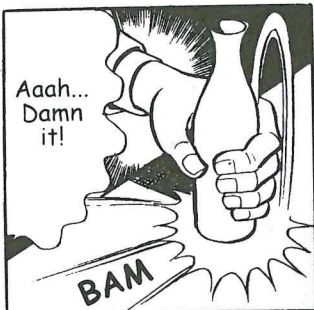




I'll go to my death cursing the bastards who made the world like this!



GLUG
GLUG



Aaah...
Damn it!

BAM



Sob... I want to live, Nakayama. Why can't we live?!

S-stop it, Kumai! I've just about accepted that I'm going to die. It doesn't do any good to talk like that...



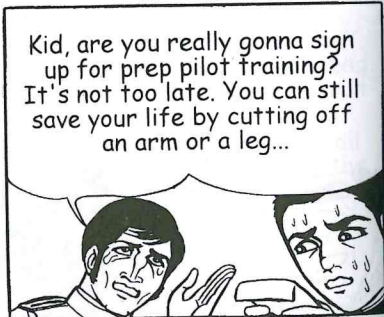
Kid, if you survive the war, give this to my mother, will you?

It's a lock of my hair and some fingernail clippings.



This is all I have to leave for her. Please ask her to forgive me.

A-all right.



Kid, are you really gonna sign up for prep pilot training? It's not too late. You can still save your life by cutting off an arm or a leg...



I have to. For the sake of my father and mother, and Gen, Shinji, Eiko, and Akira...



Idiot! Suit yourself, then!

Goodbye, Mr. Kumai, Mr. Nakayama...



Oh, here's another fool to volunteer For the army we all hate...

I'll never forget the taste of your sake, Mr. Kumai...



Hey kid! Don't get yourself killed, y'hear?!

I-I won't!



Flowers on the hillside blooming red...
River banks covered with fresh green...

As we sing of the flowers of Kyoto
The moon rises over Mt. Yoshidaaa...

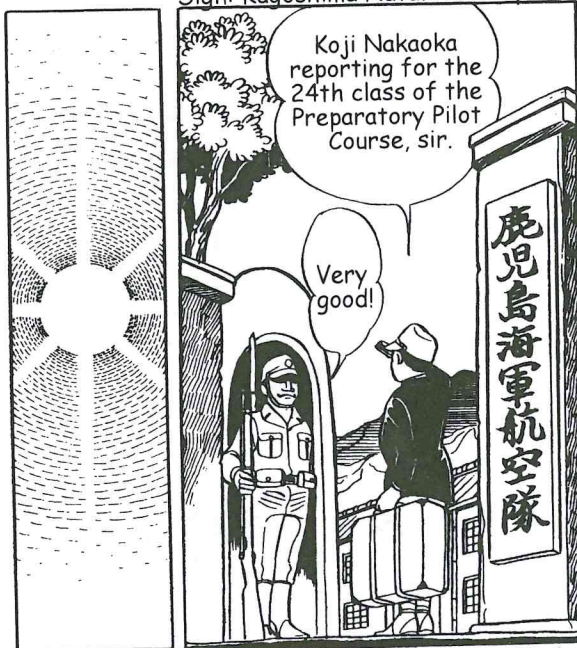


GO GET 'EM, KID!

GO GET 'EM, KID!

Thank you!

Sign: Kagoshima Naval Air Corps

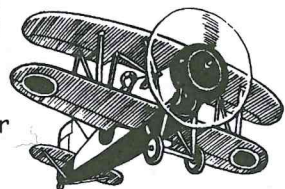


The prep pilot courses, held at Naval Air Corps bases throughout Japan, recruited boys age 15 to 17 who dreamed of flying and wearing the smart seven-button uniform.



Poster: Young Eagles! Sign Up for Preparatory Pilot Training!

As the war neared its end, each class boasted nearly 3,000 volunteers. Used like so many human bullets, their young lives were snuffed out one after the other.



Father, Mother! Gen, Shinji, Akira, Eiko! I'll do it! I'll show 'em we aren't traitors!

