ABOUT BAREFOOT GEN

Barefoot Gen (Hadashi no Gen in the original Japanese) is an autobiographical story. Author Keiji Nakazawa was seven years old when the atomic bomb was dropped on his hometown of Hiroshima. “Gen” (pronounced with a hard g) is a Japanese name meaning “roots” or “source”, as the author explains.

I named my main character Gen in the hope that he would become a root or source of strength for a new generation of mankind—one that can tread the charred soil of Hiroshima barefoot, feel the earth beneath its feet, and have the strength to say “no” to nuclear weapons. I myself would like to live with Gen’s strength—that is my ideal, and I will continue pursuing it through my work.

Hadashi no Gen was first serialized in 1972-3 in Shukan Shonen Jump, the largest weekly comic magazine in Japan, with a circulation of over two million. It is a graphic and moving account of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and its aftermath, and it drew wide acclaim not only from young readers, but also from parents, teachers and critics. Barefoot Gen has been made into three live-action feature films, as well as a full-fengtri animated film available in English.

Gen’s story is of people dealing with inhuman situations, both in the last days of World War II and after a nuclear attack. We hope Barefoot Gen will serve as one more reminder of the suffering war brings to innocent people, and as a unique documentation of an especially horrible source of suffering, the atomic bomb. Though this Japanese comic book differs from English-language comics in many ways, we believe that Barefoot Gen’s honest portrayal of emotions and experiences speaks to children and adults everywhere.

BAREFOOT GEN
Comics after the Bomb
An Introduction by Art Spiegelman

Gen haunts me. The first time I read it was in the late 1970s, shortly after I’d begun working on Maus, my own extended comic-book chronicle of the twentieth century’s other central cataclysm. I had the flu at the time and read it while high on fever. Gen burned its way into my heated brain with all the intensity of a fever-dream. I’ve found myself remembering images and events from the Gen books with a clarity that made them seem like memories from my own life, rather than Nakazawa’s. I will never forget the people dragging their own melted skin as they walk through the ruins of Hiroshima, the panic-stricken horse on fire galloping through the city, the maggots crawling out of the sores of a young girl’s ruined face. Gen deals with the trauma of the atom bomb without flinching. There are no irradiated Godzillas or super-mutants, only tragic realities. I’ve just reread the books recently and I’m glad to discover that the vividness of Barefoot Gen emanates from the work itself and not simply from my fever or, more accurately, it emanates from something intrinsic to the comics medium itself and from the events Nakazawa lived through and depicted.

Comics are a highly charged medium, delivering densely concentrated information in relatively few words and simplified code images. It seems to me that this is a model of how the brain formulates thoughts and remembers. We think in cartoons. Comics have often demonstrated how well suited they are to telling action adventure stories or jokes, but the small scale of the images and the directness of a medium that has something in common with handwriting allow comics a kind of intimacy that also make them surprisingly well suited to autobiography.

It’s odd that, until the development of underground comics in the late 1960s, overtly autobiographical comics have not comprised an important genre. Rarer still are works that overtly grapple with the intersection between personal history and world history. Perhaps it was necessary to have a concept of comics as suitable adult fare for the medium to move toward autobiography. Or so I thought until I became more aware of Keiji Nakazawa’s career. In 1972 Nakazawa, then 33, wrote and drew a directly autobiographical account of surviving the atomic blast at Hiroshima for a Japanese children’s comics weekly. It was called, with chilling directness, I Saw It A
year later he began his Gen series, a slightly fictionalized narrative also based on having seen “It”, an adventure story of a boy caught in hell, a “Disasters of War” with speech balloons.

In Japan there is no stigma attached to reading comics; they’re consumed in truly astonishing numbers (some comic’s weeklies have been known to sell over 3 million copies of a single issue) by all classes and ages. There are comics devoted to economic theory, mahjongg, and male homosexual love stories designed for pre-pubescent girls, as well as more familiar tales of samurai, robots and mutants. However, I should confess to a very limited knowledge of Japanese comics. They form a vast unexplored universe only tangentially connected to my own. Sometimes that seems true of everything about Japan, and Gen may be an ideal starting point for the twain to meet.

The modern comic book is a specifically Western form (making it all the more appropriate as a medium for reporting on the horrors brought to the East by the atom bomb), but Japanese comics have stylistic quirks and idioms that are quite different from ours, and these must be learned and accepted as part of the process of reading Gen. The stories are often quite long (the entire Gen saga reportedly runs to close on 2,000 pages), usually with rather few words on a page, allowing an entire 200-page book to be read during a short commuter ride. Overt symbolism is characteristic of Japanese comics; for Nakazawa it takes the form of a relentlessly reappearing sun that glares implacably through the pages. It is the marker of time passing, the giver of life, the flag of Japan, and a metronome that gives rhythm to Gen’s story.

The degree of casual violence in Japanese comics is typically far greater than in our homegrown products. Gen’s pacifist father freely wallops his kids with a frequency and force that we might easily perceive as criminal child abuse rather than the sign of affection that is intended. The sequence of Gen brawling with the chairman’s son and literally biting his fingers off is (forgive me, I can’t resist) especially hard to swallow. Yet these casual small-scale brutalities pale to naturalistic proportions when compared to the enormity of dropping a nuclear weapon on a civilian population.

The physiognomy of the characters often leans to the cloyingly cute, with special emphasis on Disney-like, oversized Caucasian eyes and generally neotenic faces. Nakazawa is hardly the worst offender, though his cartoon style derives from that tradition. His draftsmanship is somewhat graceless, even homely, and without much nuance, but it gets the job done. It is clear and efficient, and it performs the essential magic trick of all good narrative art: the characters come to living, breathing life. The drawing’s greatest virtue is its straightforward, blunt sincerity. Its conviction and honesty allow you to believe in the unbelievable and impossible things that did, indeed, happen in Hiroshima. It is the inexorable art of the witness.

Although the strangeness of the unfamiliar idioms and conventions of Japanese comics language may set up a hurdle for the Western reader first confronted with this book, it also offers one of its central pleasures. Nakazawa is an exceptionally skillful storyteller who knows how to keep his reader’s attention in order to tell the Grim Things That Must Be Told. He effortlessly communicates a wealth of information about day-to-day life in wartime Japan and the anatomy of survival without slowing down the trajectory of his narrative. There is a paradox inherent in talking about such pleasures in the context of a work that illuminates the reality of mass death, yet the exposure to another culture’s frame of reference, the sympathetic identification one develops with the protagonists and the very nature of narrative itself are all intrinsically pleasurable. Arguably, by locating the causes of the bombings exclusively in the evils of Japanese militaristic nationalism rather than in the Realpolitik of Western racism and cold-war power-jockeying, Nakazawa may make the work a little too pleasurable for American and British readers.

Ultimately, Gen is a very optimistic work. Nakazawa believes that his story can have a cautionary effect, that mankind can be improved to the point of acting in its own genuine self-interest. Indeed, Gen is a plucky little hero, embodying such virtues as loyalty, bravery, and industriousness. Nakazawa’s faith in the possibility for Goodness may mark the work in some cynical eyes as true Literature for Children, but the underlying fact is that the artist is reporting on his own survival—not simply on the events that he lived through, but on the philosophical/psychological basis for that survival. His work is humanistic and humane, demonstrating and stressing the necessity for empathy among humans if we’re to survive into another century.
The dismay we felt in May 1998 when India and Pakistan did nuclear tests had as much to do with the realization that the world had lurched closer than ever to destroying itself, as it did with the horror of witnessing our countrymen celebrating in the streets at having acquired the capability for mass destruction.

As we, the handful of peace activists that knew better, went about the task of trying to talk people out of their euphoria, I realized how little people understood what a nuclear holocaust actually was. The best thing we could find were a few old black and white documentary films about the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. We set up screenings in schools and colleges and working class neighbourhoods. After the screenings there was an immediate transformation. People recoiled from the images of carnage, and the pride of becoming a member of the atomic club was quickly replaced by fear and loathing. And yet there was something missing. The images of the dead and injured were still images of strangers in a faraway land. The fact that this could well be the fate of our own near and dear ones registered intellectually but not quite emotionally. What we needed was to see the people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki not so much as “victims of the A-bomb” but as human beings of flesh and blood as ourselves, people whom we could touch and feel.

It is this quality we appreciate most in the story of Barefoot Gen. A comic book aimed primarily at children, the book works wonderfully well for adults as well. There is of course pedagogy in it for there are few details missing in this tale about the tribulations of living in small town, war-torn Japan prior to the apocalypse that was caused by the first and only atom bombs to have ever been dropped on human beings on this planet. And yet as we begin to read we never once sense that we are being taught a lesson from a crucially important chapter in the history of the world—a chapter the world may forget at its own peril.

I used the word “comic” book because we have no other way to describe a story told in picture form but this is of course far from comedy although there are moments of humour interspersed with those of pain and deprivation as we take a close look at a family trying to survive the war. In many ways the book is like a Greek tragedy where everyone knows the ending and so the interest lies more in the details of how the story unfolds. Almostl the entire book passes without its central theme being revealed. Only the last few pages speak of the moment when the A-bomb struck and describe the havoc that it instantly wreaked.

The story of what happened after the bomb fell is continued in a sequel but this first book, Barefoot Gen, concerns itself with the tale of the Nakaokas, an agrarian family growing up in Hiroshima in the months and days before the Bomb. The young boy Gen and his siblings and parents survive by growing wheat on a small patch of land, and by doing other odd jobs. Food scarcity is acute and the children are forever hungry. Despite the all-pervasive, shrill propaganda of the Japanese Imperial Military, father Nakaoka has begun to realize that Japan is actually losing the war and this has made him question the war itself. But questioning the war is high treason at this point in time and the family begins to face political repression and social boycott.

Nakaoka’s anti-war views grow stronger by the minute but so does the price he pays for his views as he ends up in prison. Meanwhile the children also face the opprobrium of having a father who is a “traitor”. So much so that Gen’s elder brother defies his father’s pacifist wishes and enlists himself in the Japanese military in order to retrieve the family honour. The tragedy is compounded by the fact that the unit he joins is detailed for suicide missions. When the bomb falls on Hiroshima towards the end of the book, Gen and his mother survive. She gives birth to a baby. Life continues. Gen will be our eyes and ears once again in the continuing story as we travel through the ruins of Hiroshima and Japan in the wake of an atomic holocaust.

Gen and the Nakaokas remain credible throughout the story because they are never painted as creatures of perfection. They too fall prey to the racism that Japanese generally expressed towards Koreans for instance, until a Korean neighbour comes to their rescue at a time of need. Even the brave and admirable father Nakaoka whose pacifist principles we can all applaud is far from perfect. He resorts, at the drop of a hat, to the corporal
punishment of his own children. This is an obvious critique of the machismo inherent in traditional Japanese society but it is interesting that the author chose to include it in the present story as if to say, here are human beings in all their failings and their strengths. We may like some of the things they do and dislike other things, just as we do with our own friends and relatives. It is this that makes the characters come alive for us and makes us identify with them.

If there is one thing I would criticize in *Barefoot Gen* it is the fact that while there is a scathing critique of Japanese militarism, machismo and myopia during the war, the USA emerges almost blameless in the story despite the fact that they are the ones who dropped the atom bombs. It is almost implied that the Japanese ruling elite had themselves to blame for the nuclear holocaust and that the Americans had no choice but to bring a swift end to the war by dropping atomic weapons. Recent research done after many documents were declassified in the USA suggests that the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was much less justifiable than earlier presumed Japan’s military might had been already destroyed and secret wireless messages that were decoded by the Americans clearly indicated that the Japanese Emperor was willing to surrender if a deal could be worked out by which he could remain the nominal ruler of post-war Japan. The Americans did agree to exactly such a deal but this was only after they had bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Why then did they have to bomb?

Research suggests that it may have had more to do with the beginnings of the Cold War between the USA and the USSR. The demonstration of the power of destruction that the USA now possessed was meant to keep its great emerging rival in awe. It was also to ensure that a Soviet invasion of Japan was made redundant and post-war Japan made dependent solely on the USA. There were also “scientific” reasons. The scientists wanted to gauge the varying destructive powers of two different nuclear devices—one based on plutonium and one on uranium. So we had Hiroshima and three days later, Nagasaki. It is true that these facts were not public knowledge back in 1972 when *Barefoot Gen* first came out and so it is understandable that they find no mention. But a little more scepticism of the American point of view would have been appropriate in any case.

Be that as it may, *Barefoot Gen* stands out for its deep humanity, its attention to sociological and historic detail, and its great accessibility to both children and adults everywhere in the world. The story of Hiroshima needed to be told and it needed to be told in an unforgettable manner. *Barefoot Gen* does just that.
APRIL 1945. NEAR THE END OF THE PACIFIC WAR THAT JAPAN BEGAN WITH THE USA AND ENGLAND. HIROSHIMA CITY.

FIVE THIRTY IN THE MORNING - DADDY WALKS OUT THE DOOR WITH HIS LUNCH BOX FULL OF CHEAP NOODLES. IT'S A HARD LIFE FOR POOR FOLKS. DAY IN DAY OUT, THE FLIES KEEP BITING...

WH

RUN!!

EEEEE

AIR RAID WARNING

AIR RAID WARNING

TAKE COVER!

TAKE COVER!

THAT'S GOOD!

GUESS WHAT, EIKO, THE WHEAT'S GROWN REAL TALL ALREADY! WE CAN EAT BREAD SOON!

HAA, AKIRA CAN'T HAINE ANY CAUSE HE'S GOING AWAY TO THE COUNTRY WITH THE GROUP EVACUATION.

WHEEEEEE

OH NO/ IT'S AN AIR RAID!

HURRY GET HOME QUICK!

PAPA

EVERYONE READY?

PUFF, PUFF MAMA...

GEN-SHI NYI QUICK, PUT ON YOUR HOODS.

JUST YOU WAIT!

WHEEEEEE
ROAR

WHAT'RE YOU STANDING AROUND FOR? WE'RE GOING TO GET BOMBED—COME ON!

OK, OK, KOJI

REMEMBER THAT GIRL ON THE NEXT BLOCK THAT GOT KILLED BY MACHINE GUNS JUST THREE DAYS AGO?

ON THE NEXT BLOCK.

COME INSIDE.

YEYH, THAT'S RIGHT! GET THESE YANKIES, SHOOT 'EM DOWN!

STOP IT! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU??

O. OKAY.

THE ENEMY PLANES ARE HERE! THEY'RE COMING IN FAST!

OH!

WOW!

BOOM

BOOM

BOOM

YOU FOOL! HURRY, GET INTO THE BOMB SHELTER!

ZOOOM

BOOM

BOOM

RAT-TAT-TAT

PING PING PING
Dear, don’t say we’re going to lose... if the police should hear, you’d be thrown in jail.

I’m only telling the truth!

All clear! All clear!

The enemy planes got angry.

All right, Japan’s going to lose the war...

It’s a lot different from studying in school.

For Japan to win the war, students have to help in the factories even if they don’t want to...

Dear, there’s Squeak drill at three.

It’s ridiculous! Japan’s going to lose! Why do we need all these drills?!

D. Don’t say such things, dear... you know the neighbors have their eye on you already because you’re always protesting the war.

Yeah... I won’t be able to come home for two weeks.

Oh my...

Koji, it’s time to go back to the factory dorm.

Is it hard on you, Koji... helping at the factory?

Y... yeah...

Akira, you’re leaving too... with the group evacuation... take care of yourself.

But I’m going to be lonely in the country...

Zoo-M
NOW, AKIRA, STOP CRYING.
I FEEL BETTER KNOWING AT LEAST ONE OF YOU IS SAFE FROM THIS BOMBING.

YOU'RE LUCKY, AKIRA. YOU GET TO EAT STUFF LIKE PERSIMMONS AND CHESTNUTS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE...I WISH I WERE GOING TOO.

YOU'RE STILL A SECOND GRADER, SO YOU CAN'T GO. EVACUATION IS FROM THIRD GRADE.

THEN WHY DOESN'T EIKO GO IF SHE'S IN FIFTH GRADE?

EIKO ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH.

THAT'S TOO BAD, HHH, SIS.

HMM, HMM...

ATTENTION!!

FLAGS: "JAPAN, LAND OF MIRACLES; DESTROY THE AMERICAN DEVILS!" "DESTROY THE BRITISH FRENCH!"

DON'T BE SILLY, THERE'S NO FOOD IN THE COUNTRYSIDE EITHER—IT'S WARTIME NOW.

REALY?

OH RATS! I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LITTLE RICE JUST ONCE.

HHH, SHINJI!

BE STRONG MEN!

FOR THE VICTORY OF THE GREAT EMPIRE OF JAPAN, WE HERE AT THE HOME FRONT MUST BE AS STEADFAST AS THE SOLDIERS IN THE FRONT LINES.

HIC!

SNIFFS, SNIFTERS.

MISTER NAVY...

P-F-F-F.
ECCH!
MISTER NAKAOA—YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING!
WHO COULD PUT UP WITH THIS NONSENSE SOBER?
AHEM... READY? WHEN YOU CHARGE, CONCENTRATE YOUR STRENGTH IN YOUR BUTT, AND PIERCE THE HEART OF THE ENEMY WITH ONE THRUST.
THEN, WITHDRAW THE SPEAR QUICKLY—OTHERWISE, THE FLESH STIFFENS, AND THE SPEAR CAN'T BE REMOVED...

YOU SHOULDBE ASHAMED.
YOU—YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS ABOUT THIS—HOW DARE YOU COME DRUNK TO THIS DRILL?
STOP ALL THIS FARTING! IT CAN'T BE HELPED. ALL I EAT IS POTATOES.
PTUI! NOW: I WILL GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE!

HIC!
YOU FART BECAUSE YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT SPIRIT! HOW CAN YOU DEFEAT AMERICAN SOLDIERS WITH THAT ATTITUDE?
SORRY—I'M REALLY GASSY TODAY...
GRR... DAMN HIM!

ALRIGHT... NOW, MISTER ONISHI—WHO KILLED 38 RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR—WILL SHOW US HOW TO DEFEAT THE ENEMY WITH A SPEAR...

AS THE CHAIRMAN OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION, YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT I REALLY KILLED 40 SOLDIERS!
SPEAR THE BRITISH FRIENDS! SPEAR THE AMERICAN DEVILS!

ALRIGHT, MEN; CHARGE!!
GET SET...

Go!

There's too big a difference in resources between Japan and America... Japan should keep peace and live by trade—Japan shouldn't be in the war!

What?

The military was misled by the rich—they started war to gain wealth by force.

...and drew us all in, you people are sick with war fever—you're being fooled.

This war is wrong!

Nakaoka, control yourself! We are all striving for the victory of Japan... Your conduct is a disgrace to the empire.

Can't help it—when I thrust... I fart...

Chairman, such a man should be thrown out!! Right!!

You won't get away with this—traitor!!

Go to hell! I'm tired of war.

Shut up!! I won't be called a traitor just because I farted...

You think we can fight the Americans with bamboo sticks? Why, we'd be massacred by machine guns before we even got close to them!

Crack!!

I'm through with all this...

Y... you traitor!!!

Someday you'll all see the stupidity of war... why don't you look at things realistically?
TRAITOR!!
-TRAITOR!
TRAITOR!

MAMA, I'M STARVING TO DEATH!
YOU'LL HAVE TO BEAR IT. NOBODY'S BUYING RICE, EVEN IF THEY'VE GOT THE MONEY.

WHY?
WE HAVE TO DO WITHOUT SO THE SOLDIERS CAN EAT RICE AND WIN THE WAR FOR US.

TAKE CARE, AKIRA!
BYE, BROTHER!

ALL RIGHT, AKIRA? YOU LISTEN TO WHAT THE TEACHER TELLS YOU WHEN YOU REACH THE COUNTRYSIDE.

WOW, SOLDIERS RE LUCKY, THEY GET TO EAT RICE. I WISH I'D GROW UP QUICK SO I CAN BE A SOLDIER TOO.

ME TOO.
ALL WE HAVE EVERYDAY IS WATERY GRUEL... YOU CAN COUNT THE GRAINS OF RICE IN IT...

WAR... IT'S SO SAD.
PARENTS AND CHILDREN LIVE ALL SCATTERED... I'D BE HAPPY IF WE COULD JUST ALL LIVE TOGETHER...

GROUP FIVE, FORWARD MARCH!

GROUP FIVE, GIVE US SOMETHING TO EAT!

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

TAKOS OFF TO HIS DADDY'S HOME TOWN... MAMA KOS OFF TO HER MOTHERS ALONE IN THE COUNTRY, I STILL HEAR MY FAMILY'S VOICES...

I'M HUNGRY. I'M STARVING!

WOW! A SWEET POTATO! YOU'RE HIDING IT!
WAAAAAAAAH!
YOU CALL YOURSELVES MEN, FIGHTING OVER ONE LOUSY POTATO?

THAT HURT, HUH.

OOOO... DADDY, PA...

FOR US POOR PEOPLE, THERE ISN'T ONE GOOD THING TO BE GOTTEN OUT OF WAR.

DAMN, IF ONLY PEACE WOULD COME... IF ONLY THERE WASN'T THIS WAR, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO SUFFER LIKE THIS.

OH, I'M SO STIFF...

HEY, GEN.
RICE TO EAT... MM, GOOD. I'VE ALREADY HAD TEN BOWLS...

DEAR, SHINJI, DREAMING ABOUT EATING RICE.

I WISH WE COULD LET HIM HAVE HIS FILL JUST ONCE...

IF ONLY THAT WHEAT IN THE FIELD WE BORROWED WOULD RIPEN QUICKLY... THEN THE KIDS WOULDN'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH ALL THIS.

GEN, SHINJI, I'M SORRY I HIT YOU.

YOU'RE GROWING BOYS, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT...
KIMIE, TAKE THOSE FINISHED CLOSE TO THE WHEELEWEE'S TOMORROW AND BUY SOME RICE ON THE BLACK MARKET. THEN MAKE RICE CAKES FOR THE KIDS.

PAPA:

ARE YOU SURE? THERE WON'T BE MONEY TO BUY MATERIALS FOR YOUR WORK.

WOW! RICE CAKES! TOMORROW! LOVE YOU, PAPA!

WISH IT WAS TOMORROW ALREADY!

IT'S FIVE THIRTY IN THE MORNING. DADDY WALKS OUT THE DOOR WITH HIS LUNCH BOX FULL OF CHEAP NOODLES LIKE SLIMY OLD WORMS. IT'S A HARD LIFE FOR POOR FOLKS DAY IN, DAY OUT. THE FLIES KEEP BITING.

DEAR, IT'S AN AIR RAID! WE HAVE TO WAKE UP THE CHILDREN. FORGET IT. IF WE GET BOMBED, WE GET KILLED EVEN IF WE HIDE IN THE SHELTER. I'M TIRED OF RUNNING AROUND.

HURRY! NARAKA! YOUR LIGHTS SHOWING. WHAT IF THE ENEMY PLANES SPOT YOU? TURN YOUR LIGHTS OFF!!

SWISH

WHEN IT COMES TO FOOD, YOU HAVE A LOT OF ENERGY, UNCLE GEN! HURRY UP, EIKO! CAKES, CAKES!

GEN, ARE WE REALLY GOING TO HAVE RICE CAKES?

HOW MANY TIMES DO YOU HAVE TO ASK? AFTER WE DELIVER THIS LOAD, WE GET MONEY. THEN MAMA'S GOING TO MAKE SOME FOR US!
WHO IS IT?

HEY, YOU TRAITORS YOU AIN'T GETTING PAST HERE!

IT'S RYUKIHI, THE CHAIRMAN'S SON.

KR-SPLASH

OH... THE CLOGS... WE WON'T GET OUR RICE CAKES.

DAMN!

WHA... WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

SHUT UP! YOUR PA'S A BAD GUY. HE'S AGAINST THE WAR. HE'S A DISGRACE TO THE TOTAL A COWARD!

WE'RE GOING TO STRAIGHTEN YOU TRAITORS OUT! C'MON, GET 'EM!

OOF!

WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR. YOU BIG BULLY!

RYUKIHI, YOU GOING TO LET A GIRL HIT YOU LIKE THAT?

HOW DARE YOU HIT ME, YOU TRAITOR!

THE CLOGS THAT MAMA AND PAPA MADE... STAYING UP NIGHTS...

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

HEH HEH... WE WON'T GET AWAY? TRAITORS CAN'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT. C'MON, LET'S STRIP HER!
YOU BULLY!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING,
CALLING OUR PAPA NAMES?

OH NO!
HE'S BITTEN OFF YUKICHI'S FINGER!
THE BONE'S STICKING OUT...

LET GO,
YOU STUBBORN LITTLE RAT!
H... HELP!
MY FINGERS ARE GOING TO COME OFF!

GRRR
AAKH...
MY FINGERS... HELP...
OWW...

YOU
GRRR
SNAP!

OWWW!
OWWWW!
HELP!

CLICK
STUPID PAPA!

D, DAMN... IT'S BECAUSE PAPA'S AGAINST THE WAR THEY MAKE FUN OF US AND CALL US TRAITORS. PAPA'S STUPID. IT'S HIS FAULT.
Gen, Shinji, don't blame Papa. Have you forgotten what Mama's always saying?

Papa's saying what's right—he's no traitor! It takes a lot of courage to believe in peace and be against the war. You should be proud of him.

Come on, let's pick up what we can.

We couldn't get the money. We're sorry.

You fell into the river?

We were worried. You were so late.

Gen, where'd you get all those bumps on your head? If you really just fell in the river.

Let's not tell Mama and Papa.

What happened, they'll be upset. Promise?

Yeah...

It's a piece of Ryukichi's finger...

Don't cry, Eiko. Don't.

Sob... Mama and Papa worked so hard on these clogs...

What happened?

Look me in the eyes! What happened!

Sob...
WA AAAA... PAPA, GO TO WAR AND KILL LOTS OF ENEMIES AND GET MEDALS... PLEASE!

I DON'T WANT A FATHER WHO'S AGAINST WAR, WHO'S CALLED A COWARD!

BUT... WHY?

ALL BECAUSE OF ME...?

YOU'RE TO BE QUESTIONED, REPORT IMMEDIATELY TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

ALL RIGHT. PUT YOUR HANDS IN FRONT OF YOU!

HE WON'T BE RETURNING FOR QUITE A WHILE. BRING HIS PERSONAL BELONGINGS TO HEADQUARTERS LATER.

PAPA...

D... DEAR!

YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG... IT'S A MISTAKE.

D... DAMN THAT CHAIRMAN. BECAUSE I MADE FUN OF SPEAR DRILL, HE USES HIS SON... WHAT A DIRTY TRICK!

A POLICE-MAN?

HURRY UP!

WA AAAAAA!

GLARE

PAPA!

HEY! WHY'RE YOU TAKING PAPA TO THE POLICE STATION!
O...OFFICER, WHY'RE YOU TAKING PAPA? TELL US!

HMPH.

THOSE BRATS WHO BIT YOUR FINGER OFF... THIS'LL TEACH EM, RYUKIJI.

I ASKED THE POLICEMAN TO GIVE HIM A ROUGH TIME OF IT.

ALL THAT NAKADA FAMILY'S A NUISANCE.

YOU BRATS BE QUIET!

WAAAH! THEY'VE TAKEN PAPA AWAY...

PAPAA!

DEAR...

WE HEAR YOU HAVE RECENTLY BEEN SPEAKING OUT AGAINST THE WAR.

DO YOU ADMIT THIS, DAOKICHI NAKAOKA?
When the spirits of 100 million Japanese citizens are burning in their efforts toward victory... what is this protesting business about?

Aren't you ashamed of yourself as a Japanese?

No, I'm not ashamed.

We've given up all our metal pots and pans to be taken away to make tankers and tanks and guns.

Yet we put up with all of it, and you still say we're not cooperating with the war effort! You call us traitors!

I've already cooperated enough with the war effort.

Our children go hungry everyday. They fight over one potato, one grain of rice... because the military takes all the food.

My eldest son, Koji. He's given up his studies to work in a munitions factory.

It's for Japan's sake that I am against the war.

Y... you uncooperative traitor!

You shameless traitor!
THE JAPANESE PEOPLE, MY FAMILY, DEPEND ON ME.
EVERYONE IS TAKEN FOR SPER DOLL.
I HAVE TO WORK TO KEEP MY CHILDREN FROM STARVING TO DEATH.

WAR JUST MAKES EVERYONE UNHAPPY.
JAPAN HAS TO WALK THE WAY OF PEACE, NOT WAR. I BELIEVE THIS.

HAS THE NATION EVER HELPED THE SUFFERING POOR?

YOU TERROR! SUBVERSIVE!
YOUR THOUGHTS ARE DANGEROUS.
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE LET BY WITH THIS.
I'LL STRAIGHTEN YOU OUT YOUR SPIRIT.

YOU FOOL!
WHY... WHAT HAPPENED?
MEH... THE POLICE GAVE ME A PRETTY ROUGH TIME. BROKE MY TEETH.

BUT DON'T WORRY. THEY CAN HURT MY BODY, BUT NOT MY MIND.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS IN THIS MILITARISTIC NATION WHEN YOU'RE AGAINST WAR.

KIMIE, TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

DEAR... GEN DOESN'T LOOK LIKE I'LL BE HOME FOR A WHILE. TAKE CARE OF THE WHEATFIELD.

SUCH A FOOL. PAPA IS... REALLY A FOOL. EVEN AFTER HE GETS BEATEN UP SO BAD...

GEN! SHINJI! DON'T GIVE UP SOMETHING EASILY WHEN YOU KNOW IT'S RIGHT!

D... DEAR. THERE WILL COME A TIME YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHAT I SAID IS RIGHT.

OFFICER, GIVE PAPA BACK! WHY ARE YOU BEATING HIM UP?

SHUT UP AND GET LOST!

DON'T CRY, KIMIE. WE MAY BE POOR, BUT WE CAN'T LET THEM TAKE AWAY OUR PRIDE.

MAYBE I'M JUST STUPID AND STUBBORN.

BUT I'M PROUD OF MY WAY OF LIFE.

...GEN, WHEN'S PAPA COMING HOME? I MISS HIM.

WHEW! JUST A LITTLE LONGER. CAN'T WAIT TO BAKE BREAD WITH THIS WHEAT.

HEY YEAH! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE NOODLES TOO, RIGHT?

BEAR IT JUST A LITTLE LONGER, KIMIE. THERE'LL BE PEACEFUL BETTER DAYS COMING.

A STATE LIKE THIS CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER.

YOUR TIMES UP!

STOP BEING A CRYBABY, SHINJI. PAPA TOLD US TO TAKE CARE OF THE FIELD!

HEEEEY, DUMMIES!

HEEEEY, TRAITORS!
RUN, RUN. YOU'LL GO CRAZY IF THEY TOUCH YOU!

WHOA! THE COWARDS ARE ANGRY!

JUST YOU WAIT!

FOOLS! OUR WIFE AIN'T A COWARD, SHE'S A GREAT WIFE. REMEMBER THAT!

DAMN!

FOOLS! OUR WIFE AIN'T A COWARD, SHE'S A GREAT WIFE. REMEMBER THAT!

DAMN!

NEXT TIME I GET A HOLD OF THEM, I'LL GIVE IT TO 'EM GOOD.

...THOSE BULLIES...

THAT BULLY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, SHIN?

SO HE WAS THE ONE THAT TOLD ON PAPA!

HEMM. ONE MORE TIME AROUND, MR. DORASHI.

HAHAHA, TOO BAD, MR. CHAIRMAN.

BY THE WAY, WHO KNEW NAKAO'S BEING GIVEN A ROUGH TIME BY THE POLICE NOW. ISN'T HE? IT SERVES HIM RIGHT!

TRAITORS LIKE HIM HAVE TO BE GIVEN THE WORKS.

WE LEFT OUR HOME LAND. SHOULD WE RETURN VICTORIOUS?

HMM... GOT QUITE CARRIED AWAY BY THAT CHESS GAME.

THE NERVE... BITING MY SON'S FINGER OFF. TURNED HIM IN TO THE POLICE TO TEACH THAT FAMILY A LESSON!

EXACTLY, SIR.
YOU! STUBBORN BRAT!

LET GO! DAMN IT! YOU!

AAAH! HELP ME!

Ahhh... my fingers are going to come off.

DAMN! HURT!

Bonk Bonk

Bonk

What's going on?

What do you want?

What! You're talking about nanomites?

Who cares? Mind your own business!

What do you think you're doing?

Ah! stop it!
MY HUSBAND TOLD ME TO TAKE CARE OF THE CHILDREN. I WASN'T THINKING THAT FROM SOMEONE LIKE YOU EVEN IF YOU ARE A TOWN CHAIRMAN.

MRS. NAKAOA: NO! NO VIOLENCE...

DIE!

TH... THAT WOMAN! SHE'S A MURDERER. SHE TRIED TO KILL ME!

WATCH OUT FOR THAT NAKAOA BUNCH. THEY'RE A DANGEROUS LOT!

MRS. NAKAOA: WAIT!

M. MR. PAK: LET GO!

I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS. I LIVE IN THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR. I HEARD EVERYTHING...

A BAD LOT FOR SURE... HUH? TRAITOR'S WIFE—WOMAN TO BE DANGEROUS NOW...

YOU'LL BETTER GO BACK INTO THE HOUSE NOW...

TH... THANK YOU, MR. PAK. I WAS ABOUT TO COMMIT A MURDER...

LISTEN. WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE CHILDREN IF YOU BECOME A MURDERER AND ARE TAKEN AWAY BY THE POLICE?

W... WHAT? W... WHAT AM I DOING WITH THIS?

YOU WERE TERRIFIC, MAMA!

WOW, YOU FOOL!

OGEN, YOU SHINU!

AND YOU EAT IT!

...I JUST WANTED TO PROTECT THE CHILDREN...

WH... WHY'RE YOU HITTING US!

WH... WHY'RE YOU HITTING US!

MAMA... BUT... YOU ALL DID A GOOD JOB...

WHATEVER HAPPENS, NEVER NEVER HARM ANYBODY!

UNDERSTAND?!
S...Sob... like father, like son. We're all fools, aren't we...

Who is it!

Damn!

Traitor, traitor! Nakaoka's a traitor!

Bizz

She's the traitor that tried to kill the chairman!

Yes, her. She has the nerve to show her face...

Whatever they say, I won't cry, I won't cry... PAPA'S RIGHT.

Get stepped on, bear the wind and snow, and grow tall and strong like wheat...

D... damn, those Nakaokas! Traitors! Just you wait and see!

She's dangerous to be seen with a person like that...

It wouldn't do to be seen against the war. Isn't she ashamed of herself as a Japanese?

You all have to grow up like Papa's always saying. Like wheat, get stepped on, again and again, but grow up strong.

Oh, hello, Mrs. Nakaoka. Nice weather today!

Good morning.

I'm sorry to trouble you all the time, Mrs. Sumida... could I borrow a bit of rice and a little bean paste?

Yes, of course!
Dear soldiers, I hope you are well. When I grow up, I will become a soldier too and kill lots of horrible American soldiers. Please keep up the good work.

You fool! You dare call yourself a Japanese boy? I only... I wrote what I thought like you told us to do...

All right. Write it over again, and ask the soldiers to kill lots of American devils and British friends.

I won't.

We too will bear up. However hard things are, till Japan wins the war, we will die anytime for the emperor, for the country.

Well done! Keep up the spirit.

Next, Kimura.

Papa said if we thought something was right not give in easily...

How dare you talk back to your teacher!

I'm ashamed to have a coward like you in my class...

I thought it was right, so I wrote it.

My father says that Japan should not fight in the war. War takes lives, destroys everything... I think so too.

Please don't die, soldiers. Your mothers and fathers will be sad.

You Nakoka. Are all traitors!

Isn't it ashamed of yourself as a child of the emperor?

I'm papa's child, not the emperors!
WHAT A TERRIBLE THING TO SAY THAT BECAUSE YOUR FATHER'S A TRAITOR, YOU TOOK THE MONEY?

CHEER UP! I RESPECT YOUR FATHER.

WHY, MR. PAK?

WELL... NO MATTER WHAT, YOUR FATHER'S A GREAT MAN.

MM... SOMETHING SMELLS GOOD, MUNEIKO.

DAMN. SOMETHING GOOD COOKING, WISH WE COULD HAVE SOME. GEE, I'M HUNGRY... LET'S GO HOME, EIKO.

? ?

JAH JAH! KOREANS! THEY ALL WEAR FUNNY SHOES.

THE TRAITORS AND THE KOREANS ARE GETTING FRIENDLY??

THE WORST OF THE LOT!!

WHEN PAPA COMES HOME, I'M GOING TO TELL ON THOSE TEACHERS!

NO, GEN. DON'T MAKE MAMA AND PAPA WORRY - DON'T SAY ANYTHING.

MAMA'S GOING TO WORRY IF WE GO HOME CRYING. LET'S SING AND CHEER UP...

O... OWWW! WHO IS IT?

THE EVENING SKY IS CLEARING, THE AUTUMN WIND BLOWS, CRIKETS CALL AND THE MOONLIGHT SHINES...

REMEMBER THE SKIES, THE SAME SKIES...

ABOVE OUR HOME SO FAR AWAY...

DAMN.

MR. PAK, GO ON HOME... I WON'T BE CALLED TRAITOR AND BE MADE FUN OF FOR BEING WITH A KOREAN.

CHEER UP, YOU TWO.

WAAAAH!

WAAAAH!
MAAAAMAAAA!
I'M STARVING!
I'M STARVING!

BE QUIET!

WAAAAA!
MAMA HIT ME!!

WAAAAAH!
I'LL TELL ON YOU WHEN PAPA COMES HOME!

WAAAAHH!
PAPA... COME HOME QUICKLY...
I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE.
BEING CALLED A TRAITOR.

SHINJI, I WANT TO FEED YOU.
BUT FOOD'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GET HOLD OF.

WE'VE BORROWED A LOT FROM THE WHOLESALE'S ALREADY, SO WE CAN'T BORROW ANY MORE...

BECAUSE PAPA'S BEEN TAKEN AWAY BY THE POLICE, WE CAN'T WORK AND THERE'S NO MONEY.

I'M HUNGRY!
I'M HUNGRY!

BE PATIENT...
MAMA'LL GO BORROW POTATOES AND RICE TOMORROW...

WAAAAAHH!
NOOOOO, I'M HUNGRY!
WHY CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND SHINJI!!

GEN, GEN!
NO DINNER TONIGHT!
WH... WHY?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MAMA?

I EVEN TOLD THE TEACHERS ABOUT YOU... TO GIVE YOU A HARD TIME.

WHAT'RE YOU LOOKING AT, MISTER?

PIG!
I'D LIKE TO KILL THAT BRAT!

I'M HOME.
MAMA!
LET'S CATCH SOME LOCUSTS AND HAVE THEM FOR DINNER!

RIGHT!
THEY'RE GOOD ROASTED!
LET'S GO CATCH SOME!

THERE'S A LOT IN THE ARTILLERY RANGE!

ALL RIGHT.
AT LEAST THEY'LL FILL OUR STOMACHS A BIT...

I'D LIKE TO FLY AND SHOOT DOWN SOME AMERICAN PLANES.
THEN I'D TAKE AWAY THEIR FOOD AND EAT IT UP!

WHAT DO THE AMERICANS EAT?
WHITE RICE?

AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE DEVILS.
THEY PROBABLY EAT SHIT.

WOW!!
COME ON, MAMA.
QUICK—THERE'S LOADS OF 'EM!

WHEE!
LOADS OF DINNER!
LET'S GET 'EM!

BEGGARS, BEGGAAS
FROM ALL THE WORLD
OVER, HOLDING THEIR BOWLS
OUTSIDE THE GATE—
HEY MISTER, GIVE US SOME RICE!
GIVE US A BELLYFUL OF RICE!!

GOT ONE!!!
PAPA'S COME HOME FROM THE POLICE!
IT... IT'S PAPA!

WHERE'D YOU ALL GO? EVERYTHING'S LOCKED. I COULDN'T GET IN
PAPA! PAPA!

SORRY I MADE YOU WORRY...
D... DEAR... WELCOME HOME.

IT'S PAPA!

PAPA! PAPA!

WAHH... PAPA! WE MISSED YOU!
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. I WON'T BE LEAVING YOU ANYMORE.

DAMN! WHO THREW THE STONE? COME ON OUT... YOU DIRTY FINKS!

DAMN YOU ALL, YOU IDIOTS!
PAPA ISN'T A TRAITOR. YOU FOOLS, YOU MORONS, YOU...

THE TRAITOR'S COME HOME. THEY SHOULD'VE KEPT HIM IN LONGER.
I'm going to work hard from now on, so do eat plenty.

I'm lucky to have such a wife and children.

It's very nice to see you again.

Mr. Pak, please give me a ride home.

It's very nice to see you again.

Mister, Pak, why all this rice?

It's a celebration.

He's back.

Mr. Pak, come back, please.

The war is over, even though he's going to prison.

I'm old, he's back.

Just say it's OK.

I don't mind how hard things get.

It's too bad we can't celebrate your coming back home.

But when I think of you all... I'm sorry, you all.

I get out of bed because of you and can't stay in bed and eat loots.

Yea we all expenses.

Forget it, we're all right.

Yeah, well all expenses, I'm fine.

Don't worry about us, Pak.

Yea, but I'm still hungry.

Ha ha, cheer up, Pak.

Shut up.

Yeah, but I'm still hungry.

You're back!
WHEN KOREA WAS TAKEN OVER BY JAPAN, WE KOREANS WERE Brought HERE FORCEFULLY. WE'RE FORCED TO WORK, OR WE'RE SENT Out AS SOLdiers TO THE BATTLEFIELD.

THE KOREANS ARE BEING MALTRATED. WE'RE SUFFERING SO MUCH BECAUSE OF THE WAR.

I WANT THIS WAR TO END QUICKLY SO I CAN GO BACK TO MY WIFE AND CHILDREN IN KOREA.

RICE! HOW MANY YEARS HAS IT BEEN, HUN GEN?

GO AHEAD AND EAT, PAPA.

I DON'T WANT ANY.

WHY?

Mr. Pak, I'm glad—at least one person understands...

Cheer up, Mr. Nakadaka!!

You have to get nourishment for the baby too—have my share!

Dear...
PAPA, THEN YOU HAVE MINE? I'M OK.

Eiko!

What'll we do, Shinu! Shall we give ours to Papa too?

Not me!!!

It isn't a dream! Is it, Gen? I could die. I'm so happy!

Whoop! Give me rice!!

Rice!!

Papa, I'll give you mine too—it's a celebration.

G... Gen...

You miser!! Papa, I'll give you this much!

PAPA, THAT'S TOO BAD.

Really, Papa? It's a good thing.

Hee hee hee.

Thank you, Mr. Pak! How can we ever thank you enough?

My heart's full, your feelings are enough for me.

Don't mind me-go ahead and eat.

Hee hee hee.

Hee hee hee.
Poor Mr. Pak—suddenly uprooted and brought here by Japanese soldiers.

He's not allowed to see his wife and children, though he wants to so much.

People who did run away were beaten to death by Japanese soldiers.

The Japanese are doing terrible things in the name of the war—it makes me ashamed to be Japanese.

Koreans, Koreans! They wear funny shoes....

In the mines they get hardly any food—they're thrown into the pits and made to work till they die.

It's only the people at the top who began the war that spread the idea that they're stupid... that the Japanese are superior, and that Koreans and Chinese are stupid and useless...

B... but everyone says Koreans and Chinese are stupid.

Don't be fooled.

In the snows of Hokkaido— they're worked till they die from hunger and the cold.

They taught that people of other countries are all worthlessness, that they're like devils...

It's all to make the Japanese believe Japan will win the war because the enemy's so weak.

So it's not true that Americans and British are demons, like the teachers say?

Oooo... what was that for, Papa??
YOU MEAN JAPAN'S NOT SACRED AND THE EMPEROR'S NOT GOD AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO RESCUE HELP FROM THE GODS TO WIN THE WAR? THAT'S RIGHT.

EVEN THE SCHOOLS, NEWSPAPERS, RADIO STATIONS, POLICE, AND THE ARMY OF JAPAN TODAY ARE UNDER CONTROL OF A MILITARY DICTATOR. THEY'RE TEACHING YOU LIES.

BUT DON'T BE MISLED. THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT WAR IS TO BE FRIENDS WITH THE KOREANS AND THE CHINESE.

WHOOEEE

THOSE AMERICAN B-29'S ARE HERE AGAIN. IT'S AN AIR RAID! WE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SURVIVE IF A BOMB WAS DROPPED.

HURRY, MARRY! AIR RAID WARNING !!!

EVERYBODY INTO THE BOMB SHELTER. OF COURSE WE'LL DIE WHEREVER WE ARE.

ELKO, WAKE UP. IT'S TIME TO GO TO SCHOOL.

ELKO, ARE YOU FEELING SICK?

DEAR, ISN'T IT STRANGE THAT THE B-29'S ARE BURNING DOWN MOST OF THE BIG CITIES OF JAPAN, BUT NOT ATTACKING HIROSHIMA?
EIKO, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

WHAT HAPPENED TO EIKO?
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, EIKO?

BONG BONG

THEY CALL ME A TRAITOR, SO THEY THINK THEY CAN TREAT EIKO LIKE A THIEF AND STRIP HER AND...

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF IT.

WHAT IS IT? WAAAH! PAPA!!!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU, IF YOU CRY LIKE THAT.

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO SCHOOL ANYMORE. NO. NO!!

EIKO, YOU STAYED QUIET SO YOU WOULDN'T WORRY MAMA?

THEY ACCUSED HER OF BEING A THIEF AND TOOK HER CLOTHES OFF. WH... WHAT?!
I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK, EITHER.

WHAT HAPPENED AT SCHOOL?

YOU SILLY GIRL. YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD US SOONER SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO SUFFER.
I'll ask one more time, Mr. Namata. You stripped and searched my daughter, Eiko, because you had some evidence, right?

UH, NOT EXACTLY. IT'S JUST THAT ONE OF THE STUDENTS TOLD US.

Well, then, bring that student here.

Uh, yes, but uh.

Okay, myki. Same, lina? You are positive that you saw Miss Nakura stealing the money, right? Speak up.

I didn't see her. I lied because I wanted her to get into trouble.

You mean to say you lied to your teachers?

I'm sorry.
WHAT CROOKS YOU AND YOUR FATHER ARE.
SNEAKING AROUND.
GETTING PEOPLE INTO TROUBLE.

YOU'VE SCARRED THE CHILD'S
HEART FOREVER.
YOU AREN'T QUALIFIED TO
TEACH CHILDREN!

HEY, NUMATA.
YOU SAID THAT EIKO STOLE
THE MONEY BECAUSE I'M A
"TRAITOR" WHO'S AGAINST
THE WAR, RIGHT?

THE WAY I SEE IT, YOU'RE A WORSE
TRAITOR THAN I - YOU TRICK YOUR
PUPILS, YOU MAKE THEM BELIEVE
IN WAR AND SEND THEM OFF TO DIE!

DON'T GO BOASTING
ABOUT BEING
A TEACHER.
UNDERSTAND,
YOU MORON??

YOU THINK YOU HAVE
THE RIGHT TO SEARCH
MY DAUGHTER WITHOUT
EVIDENCE??

MI... MR.
NABAOKA, I
UNDERSTAND
YOUR ANGER.

MI... MR.
NABAOKA, I
UNDERSTAND
YOUR ANGER.

EIKO,
GEN, LET'S
GO.

THAT
TRAITOR...

DON'T YOU EVER
CALL MY CHILDREN
THIEVES!!
PAPA...I LOVE YOU TOO, PAPA AND I'LL BE AS STRONG AS YOU TOO!

WAIT FOR ME, GEN. HURRY UP, WE'LL RACE.

HEY, EIKO. PUF PUF, MR. PAK!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YESTERDAY. GOOD LUCK AND DON'T LOSE HOPE, MR. PAK!

YE...YEAH. THANK YOU.

TH...THANK YOU.

E...EIKO, GEN. D...DAMN IT. YOU MAKE ME CRY.

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, SIS?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU HAD A HEAD START.

WHAT?

OH NO.

HI, GEN.

MR. PAK!

MR. PAK, I'M SORRY ABOUT THE OTHER DAY. I GOT KINDA CARRIED AWAY ABOUT BEING TEASED FOR BEING WITH A KOREAN.

TH...THANK YOU.

MR. PAK...I HOPE THE WAR ENDS SOON SO YOU CAN GO HOME TO KOREA. BYE!

HE'S A GOOD KID. IF ONLY ALL THE JAPANESE WERE LIKE THAT.

TH...THE FIELD, OUR PRECIOUS WHEAT FIELD.

WHEAT?

OH NO...
WAAH!

WAH!

WHY?

WHY?

WAH!

WHY?

WAH!

WAH!

WAH!

WAH!

WAH!

WAH!
I DON'T WANT TO BE AGAINST THE WAR LIKE YOU AND BE CALLED A TRAITOR!

YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT SORT OF THING?

I'VE GONNA JOIN THE NAVY AND SMEAR THOSE YANKS AND LIMIES!!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT YOUR COUSIN GORO JOINED THE NAVY, YOU KNOW WHAT HE LOOKED LIKE WHEN HE CAME BACK?

HE COULDN'T SEE, HIS ARMS AND LEGS WERE TORN OFF, ALL HE COULD DO WAS BREATHE. HE WAS NO BETTER OFF THAN A POTATO BAG!

THE PEOPLE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD MOURNED HIM AS A WAR HERO. ALL THEY COULD DO WAS THOUGHTLESSLY PRAISE HIM...

DEAR, I TOLD HIM TO QUIT BUT HE JUST WOULDN'T LISTEN

THE FOOL. HE DOESN'T HAVE TO GO OFF AND GET KILLED IN THE WAR.

KOJIKI: WHY DO YOU WANT TO JOIN THE NAVY?

TO DEFEND MY COUNTRY

SOLDIERS HAD TO WATCH THEIR ONLY SONS PAIN EVERY DAY ON THE TINY SUM THEY GOT FROM THE GOVERNMENT. THEY COULDN'T EVEN MEET AND THEY'RE STILL GOING THROUGH HELL.

I'M JOINING THE NAVY. I DON'T CARE IF I DIE.

YOU THINK YOU CAN GO OFF TO WAR AND YOU ALONE CAN ESCAPE A BULLET.

YOU MORON. I DIDN'T BRING YOU UP TO BECOME A MURDERER!!
I DON'T WANT TO BE A COWARD!

IF I DIE FOR MY COUNTRY IT'LL BE FOR ALL THE JAPANESE PEOPLE THEN IT'LL BE SATISFIED.

YOU THINK THIS WAR IS BEING Fought FOR ALL THE JAPANESE PEOPLE?

WHAT'S HE HURRYING TO DIE FOR?
WHEN HE'S TWENTY THE DRAFT NOTICE'LL COME AND WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT HE'LL HAVE TO GO THE POOL.

A HANDFUL OF RICH MEN STARTED THIS WAR FOR THEIR OWN PROFIT, WITHOUT EVEN CONSULTING US CITIZENS.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN "FOR MY COUNTRY"?
WAKE UP, KOJI!

YOU'RE GOING TO GO DIE FOR THOSE RICH PEOPLE?
YOUR LIFE'S WORTH MORE THAN THAT!!

THAT FOOL, KOJI!

KIMIE, IT'S A BOY!

HURRAH, HURRAH.

I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GO TO THE FRONT.

I'M NOT GOING TO HAVE MY OLDEST SON KILLED.

YOU SURE DRINKS A LOT, HURRY AND GROW UP, KOJI!

I'M GOING TO MAKE HIM AN ARTIST JUST LIKE ME!

IF KOJI'S SICK GETS ANY WORSE, HE MIGHT DIE.

LET'S TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL!

WAIT, KOJI!

I'M GOING TO JOIN THE NAVY!

HEY KOJI! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WAIT FOR ME!!

WE HAVE TO FIND A DOCTOR WHO WILL LOOK AT HIM EVEN IF WE HAVE TO WAKE HIM UP.

EVEN IN THIS SNOW, DO YOU THINK THE DOCTORS WILL TAKE A LOOK AT HIM THIS LATE AT NIGHT?

DON'T DIE, KOJI! YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT!
DEAR GOD, PLEASE HELP OUR SON KOJI
TAKE MY LIFE IN STEAD OF HIS.

I DON'T KNOW WHY
WE HAD TO GO THROUGH
ALL THAT TO
RAISE KOJI...

JUST SO HE COULD
GO OFF AND
THROW HIS LIFE
AWAY IN A WAR.

THE FOOL THINKS
IT TAKES COURAGE
TO GO TO WAR.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT
BEING CALLED
A TRAITOR
OR A COWARD.

WHAT TAKES REAL
COURAGE IS TO VALUE
LIFE... YOUR OWN
AND EVERYBODY'S.

KOJI,
WHY ARE YOU JOINING
THE NAVY WHEN
PAPA DOESN'T WANT
YOU TO?

I HAVE TO GO
FOR MY OWN SAKE,
AND FOR PAPA
AND ALL OF YOU!

DO YOU KNOW HOW I'M
TREATED AT THE
FACTORY BECAUSE
PAPA'S AGAINST THE WAR?
Kou Nakako, a man from the special police is here to see you.

You might as well confess,

Don't talk to Nakako,

He's dangerous. Be careful.

His father's a traitor and he's a bad one too.

Like father, like son.

An explosion has occurred in this factory. That was your doing, wasn't it?

Wh... what? Why me?

Ughh... I don't know what I don't know.

Come on, Nakako. It'll be a lot easier if you spilt it all out.

Don't give me that crap!!

Your father's anti-war and you've got the same traitor's blood.

You tried to stop the munition production of this factory, right?

You better confess, Nakoko.

S... sir...

I... I don't know anything about it!

Alright, if that's how you want it, we'll do it the slow way.

Hey, did you hear that Nakako caused the explosion?

That rat. When we have to make all those weapons and send them to the front.

I'm ashamed. To think that our school produced a traitorous student like you.

Even you, sir...

Now, Nakoko, who asked you to set up that explosion?

It wasn't me. It wasn't me!!
SO HE WENT ON BEATING ME AND INVESTIGATING ME...
THOSE DIRTY SPECIAL POLICE...
AFTERWARDS THEY FOUND OUT THAT IT HAD BEEN CAUSED BY A SHORT CIRCUIT.

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. I WAS ALREADY A CRIMINAL...
EVEN MY FRIENDS GAVE ME THE COLD SHOULDER. BECAUSE OF PA, I WENT THROUGH HELL EVERYDAY.

SO YOU TOO, HUH, KOJI?
I'M GOING TO JOIN THE NAVY AND SHOW THEM THAT I'M NO TRAITOR.

GEN., SHINJI, I'M GOING TO WAR AND KILL THOSE AMERICANS AND BRITISH. KILL 'EM, KILL 'EM ALL!
I'M GOING TO COME BACK WITH MEDALS SO YOU CAN ALL WALK AROUND TOWN WITH YOUR HEADS UP HIGH.

HOW CAN I DIE WITHOUT MERIT WHEN I LEFT MY COUNTRY SWEARING THAT WE SHALL WIN?
ADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I, GORO OTAKE, WILL GO DIE IN THE BATTLEFIELDS FOR JAPAN AND OUR EMPEROR!

GOOD LUCK!!!

BANNERS: CONGRATULATIONS GORO OTAKE

HEY EVERYBODY, HERE ARE THE TRAITORS ARRESTS!!
YOU SHOULD TAKE A LESSON FROM MR. OTAKE HERE.
AREN'T YOU ASHAMED TO BE IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?
GO ON, GET HOME!

SHUT UP!!

OUR BIG BROTHER IS GOING TO VOLUNTEER FOR THE NAVY.
HE'S GOING TO WAR.

I DARE YOU TO CALL US TRAITORS!

C'MON, CHEER !!!!

YOU PEOPLE, YOU CHEER FOR OUR BROTHER, TOO.

I'LL BE BACK WHEN IT'S ALL SETTLED.

I, LET'S GET AWAY.
WHEN THAT BRAT BITES HE WON'T LET GO UNTIL YOUR FINGERS BITTEN OFF.

YOU DUMMIES!!
YOU IDIOTS!!

GEN, I'M GOING TO GO VOLUNTEER NOW.

GEN, SHINJI, TAKE CARE OF PA AND MA.

IF I DIE, YOU TAKE CARE OF THE FAMILY.

GEN, TELL PAPA I'M SORRY.

HURRAH FOR KOJI!! BANZAI !!!!

YOU STUPID BRAT, IT'S NATURAL FOR A JAPANESE TO GO TO WAR.
QUIT BRAGGING.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CHEER?
LETS GET 'EM, SHINJI!!

YEAH!

A NEW!!

GEN...
SHINJI...

HURRAH!

HURRAH FOR KOJI!! BANZAI !!!!
KOJI VOLUNTEERED FOR
THE NAVY BECAUSE I'M
CALLED A TRAITOR AND
FOR THE SAKE OF OUR
FAMILY...

DEAR, I GUESS WE HAVE TO
COOPERATE WITH THE WAR.
NO MATTER HOW MUCH WE
SCREAM AND SHOUT THAT
IT'S WRONG.

SOR... I CAN'T STAND IT.
I CAN'T STAND BEING
CALLED A TRAITOR
ANYMORE!

I DESPISE THE
AUTHORITIES WHO
HUNT OUT PEOPLE
FOR THE WAR...

EVERYONE'S BEING
DECEIVED
THEY'RE ALL TURNED
INTO HUMAN
Bullets.

YOU FOOL. YOU'RE A
FOOL, KOJI!!

KOJI, DON'T YOU
EVER DIE!!
WHAT EVER
HAPPEN'S
DON'T YOU
DIE!!

BE A COWARD.
A WEAKLING.
JUST COME
BACK
ALIVE!!

DEAR, IF KOJI JOINS THE NAVY,
EVERYBODY WILL BE KINDER TO US.
HE MAY NOT EVEN DIE.
PLEASE, LET'S FORGIVE HIM.