BATTLE ROYALE
SHIRO IWA Junior High School - Grade 9/Class B - Student Roster
Boys: 21 - Girls: 21 - Total: 42

15: Noriko Nakagawa  8: Kayoko Kotohiki  1: Mizuho Inada  15: Shuuya Nanahara  8: Yoji Kuramoto  1: Yoshio Akamatsu
In the near future, a random class of 9th graders has been kidnapped, marooned on an island, and forced to compete on The Program, a popular reality show that requires its contestants to battle to the death. Each contestant has been given food, water, and a random weapon (which could be anything from a machine gun to a frying pan.) After the students were told that escape is impossible and that they’d all be executed if more than one student survived, the carnage and casualties quickly escalated to record-breaking levels.

Though forty-two students started the game, only four remain. The three that aren’t willingly playing the game are Shuuya Nanahara, an optimistic, would-be rock star; Noriko Nakagawa, a girl who started the game with a gunshot wound to the leg; and Shogo Kawada, a former winner of The Program who claims to have a secret way off of the island.

The only other student left alive is the one responsible for the most kills: Kazuo Kiriyama, a merciless killing machine who seems capable of eradicating any and all that stand before him. While the reasons for the success of his killing spree remain a mystery, what is clear is that there's no middle ground when dealing with him. It's kill or be killed—and Kiriyama has yet to find a target he can't eliminate.
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So...

...WHERE TO FROM HERE?
That'd be the equivalent of escaping into enemy territory.

As in what country can't very well go home, can we?

From here? Where?

Huh?

Language isn't an issue. We'll learn. We'll have to. Yeah...

Let's not bring France into it.

Like France? You mean like a foreign country?

Just not France. Okay?

No other choice but there...

America. Yeah.

You did know, c'mon... We can't go home... right?
HOW CAN YOU JUST... DECIDE LIKE THAT?! ELVIS?! ROCK AND ROLL?!

I...

HELL! BIRTHPLACE OF ROCK 'N' ROLL!

BIRTHPLACE OF THE KING! ELVIS!

I'LL AGREE THAT AMERICA'S THE BEST OF A BAD LOT.

MUH...

AND?

SHH... THIS IS OUR LIVES...

MUSIC'S LIKE THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE! JUST GIVE ME A GUITAR AND A STREET CORNER! I CAN START WITH POCKET CHANGE...

YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE A BUM CHOICE. SURE, IT'LL BE TOUGH NOT HAVING THE LANGUAGE, BUT...
...I'm more ambition than talent.

...I'm more ambition than talent.

...Then you know...

...Then you know...

But the street's a dead end. I know.

You've got talent, Shui. I've heard you play.

You've heard me play?

You can't be serious.

Even the street's a stretch... y'know?

Stick with, "I got the music in me." It's a better fit.

Confidence, Shuiya. Confidence.

Can't have it both ways, Shui. I've heard you play.

Confidence, Shuiya.

What? I can't give a compliment? He is good. A bit of a "rah rah" pain in the ass, but talent's talent and pair's fair, right?

So... you're all, "I got the music in me" til someone agrees with you? Then it's all...

But talent's talent and pair's fair, right?
I know there's something.

C'mon, spill.

...I haven't really given it much thought past... um...

I...

WHERE YOU LOOKING TO LAND?

WHAT ABOUT YOU, NORD?

I don't have yet! To be sure!

Okay... now I'm really curious!

...I have to be really, really sure. Really and... um...

It's just...

WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU?

So, KAWADA...

...WHAT'S IMPORTANT TO YOU?

HEAR TELL THAT AMERICANS DON'T HOLD ANYTHING BACK. THEY WANT IT, THEY GO FOR IT. I LIKE THAT.

MY MISTAKE WAS GOING HOME...

YEAH. MAKE SURE THAT WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S WHAT YOU REALLY WANT. THAT'S IMPORTANT. ANYTHING ELSE COMES OFF HALF-ASSED.
EMBARRASS THEM INTO CANCELING THE PROGRAM! HOUND THEM TO EARLY GRAVES! PAYBACK, KAWADA!

AMERICA'S STILL GOT A FREE PRESS! WELL, KINDA. EVEN STILL, YOU CAN SET YOUR STORY OUT! WE CAN SET OUR STORIES OUT AND EXPOSE THE PROGRAM! GIVE THE WHOLE WORLD AN EYEFUL!

AMERICAN MEDIA'S ALWAYS HAD ITS SHARE OF MUCKRACKERS! YOU COULD SWAY WORLD OPINION, KAWADA!

PURE 'N' SIMPLE. I WANT MY POUND OF FLESH.

YOU KNOW.

PAYBACK

THEN YOU GONNA COME WITH US? YOU GONNA!

MUSIC, YES. NEWS...? TOO MUCH LIKE WORK.

PEOPLE DON'T LISTEN.

THE EIGHTIES TAUGHT US NOT TO CARE... THE NINETIES THAT BLAND AND BANAL AIN'T BAD THINGS AFTER ALL. IT'S GONE DOWNHILL FROM THERE.

THE SIXTIES PLAYED OUT SOCIAL CONSCIENCE AS A SMOKE SCREEN FOR DRUGS AND SEX. THE SEVENTIES RAN IT INTO THE GROUND.

YOU WRITE THE LYRICS, I WRITE THE MUSIC! ROCK AS SOCIAL CONSCIENCE! JUST LIKE BACK IN THE SIXTIES!

THERE'S HUH! YOUR SOLUTION!
I never said it was gonna be easy—and it's not gonna happen fast! But if we can beat this—then there's nothing they can throw at us that we can't handle!

We're still kids, Kawada! Time is on our side! We can shape the future!

That doesn't mean there aren't people out there who want to care! People like us!

It ain't over. It's kill or be killed. You've learned that the hard way.

We haven't beaten anything yet. The small shit doesn't count.

People out there who want it aint over. It's kill or be killed.

There's nothing they can throw at us that we can't handle!

I mean... sure it's still going on, but... it never hurts to hope, ya know?

We're still here.

Hey... whoa! Step back!

Where'd this come from?! Our futures!
Someone so much as flinches in her direction—I was in that fucking lighthouse, remember!?

If you “start acting suspicious”?! Fuck you, Kawan! I know what I got to do!

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?!

Same goes for you! Someone moves on you, they die! So you can take your mind game crap and shove it!

I don't think there is much difference...

You don't differentiate between the two, do you?

I love...

Friendship...

And that's the real tragedy...

You have no idea how grateful I am to know you. You're an endangered species, shell.
I was a good bit more cynical about it than you, but I did believe... in my own way.

I used to feel that way.

You... They're as real as the air you breathe... or the trees around us.

To you... To me, it's just easier that way. And to some people, they're obstacles.

To most people, truth and justice are merely abstract ideas. Life's just easier that way. And to some people, they're obstacles.

And I always collect my debts. You two... You two aren't part of this—and that's the way it's gonna stay. This is the future I've chosen.

A pity, really. Always wanted to see America. Always had a weak spot for blonde and leggy.

Now retribution... That I believe in. Is there truth or justice to be found there? Don't know, don't care. I'm just looking for my share.

Escape isn't enough. Exposure? Not enough. This is a blood debt.

An eye for an eye...
DON'T EVEN BOTHER. THIS IS NON-NEGOTIABLE. YOU TWO ARE NOT INVOLVED.

ABOUT YUMIKO AND YUKIKO? REMEMBER? YOU SAID TO TOLD ME...?

YOU SAID YOU THOUGHT THEY MIGHT BE HEROES. YOU SAID TO HONOR THEM... ALWAYS.

BUT WHY STOP AT THEM, KAWADA? THEY'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO DIED OUT THERE.

Yeah... too many...
I honor them all. Even those scared enough to play. Even those who tried to kill us.

Akamatsu... and Tatsumichi, Kyoichi, Kaori, Yuko, Mizuho... all of them.

To not do so would be like admitting the program changed me. That they weren't the friends I knew. That they... and I... had changed.

This is how I win.

Don't you think you're overstretching a bit to make your point?

Geez, Shu... even Pollyanna didn't like everyone.

Yeah...

My dad... he died before I could develop any kind of meaningful relationship.

As for my mom...

I was in third grade when she passed. She was my everything. It still hurts... and I think it always will. I hope it always will...
I was a hard fit. I didn't trust anyone to do right by me. I wore my distrust like armor. What did I know?

After my mom died, my "loving" relatives dumped me into the orphanage that became my home.

While she was sick... and she was sick for a long time... I got the acquaintance of relatives I didn't even know I had.

I was passed around like a bono at a dead concert.

Clearly, not a lot.

I was pissed and looking to make a scene... and they all liked it.

I figured since no one in the world wanted me, I wouldn't want anyone in the world. Then came the jump. That changed it all.

I'd found my niche. If I jump... they like me.
I was the last to know. I’d made friends and didn’t have to jump... but I was the last to know.

It was, like, a pattern of behavior. “Look at me” as a way of fitting in.

And I wasn’t the only one. It was the same for all the new kids.

I’d gone way overboard in trying to be liked.

I knew how stupid it sounds, but I jumped from anything. It was a way for me to feel accepted.

I know it sounds stupid, but I jumped from anything. It was a way for me to feel accepted.

I was the last to know. I’d made friends and didn’t have to jump... but I was the last to know.

The jumping ended when I misjudged... and accidentally hurt a little girl.

I came down right on top of her. No one was hurt, but... that ended it.
EVERY ONE OF US HAD OUR OWN WAY OF... SHOWING OUR NEED. OF LETTING THE WORLD KNOW WE COUNTED FOR SOMETHING.

AND IT WASN'T JUST ME.

EVERY KID THERE HAD VARYING DEGREES OF DAMAGE.

THE KIDS WHO COULD DRAW HAD THE WORLD AS THEIR CANVAS.

THE ONES WHO COULD SING WOULD BREAK INTO SONG WHEREVER AND WHENEVER.

EVEN THE PERV KIDS HAD THEIR MOMENTS. MISS TAKASHI'S PANTIES WERE A FAVORITE TARGET.
FALSE SECURITY, SURE... BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NONE AT ALL. BELIEVE IT.

ACCEPTANCE. THAT'S ALL ANYBODY REALLY WANTS. A SENSE OF... SECURITY.

EVERYONE AUDITIONED FOR THEIR PLACE IN THE CROWD.

AND WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENS THAT JEOPARDOIZES THAT SECURITY AND THREATENS THE OL' COMFORT ZONE... NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN, IT'S GONNA GET UGLY.

WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE IT ALL GO AWAY... JUST THE THOUGHT THAT IT MIGHT HAPPEN AGAIN...

THAT IT COULD ALL GO AWAY... AGAIN...
SO I HONOR MY FRIENDS WHO WERE RELUCTANTLY TURNED INTO KILLERS. GIVEN THE CHOICE, THEY WOULD NO MORE KILL ANOTHER THAN I WOULD WILLINGLY HAVE BECOME AN ORPHAN.

YOU WONDER WHY I BELIEVE THE THINGS I DO? WHY I CHOOSE TO HONOR THEM ALL?

BECAUSE NOT DOING SO IS UNTHINKABLE.

BUT THERE'S A REASON TO FIGHT OUT HERE... A REASON TO FEAR.

I USED TO FIGHT OUT OF FEAR WHEN THERE WAS NO REASON TO FIGHT.

I HAD YEARS TO COME TO TERMS WITH IT ALL BEING TAKEN AWAY.

HOW MUCH TIME WERE OUR FRIENDS... WERE YOU... GIVEN?

THE PROGRAM... THOSE WHO RUN IT... THEY KNOW HOW TO TAKE IT ALL AWAY. ALL SECURITY, ALL HOPE, ALL FAITH, TRUST...

FOR SOME, PAIN... OTHERS, ANGER... RAGE... MADNESS... AND THE ONE THING THEY ALL HAD IN COMMON?

WHAT'S LEFT?

NO TIME TO COPE. NO TIME TO DEAL WITH THE LOSS. NO TIME TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT REACT.
They never got to jump. It’s as simple as that. They never got to jump, and I’m not excluding Mitsuko or Kiriyama...

This game isn’t about “survival of the fittest.” It’s about coping with loss.

I think Kiriyama is damaged. Badly damaged.

Remember how I told you each of us at the orphanage was damaged to some extent?

I can’t.

I think he was as much as a victim as we were.

If they’re lucky, they find what they need before it’s too late. If not... they become like Kiriyama and Mitsuko.

No choice at all. Kids like Kiriyama and Mitsuko are molded by people who don’t care.

No...
THE
PROGRAM
PROMISED
WHAT
IT NEVER
INTENDED
to
DELIVER. WE
BELIEVED—SOME
OF US MORE
BECAUSE
WE NEEDED
TO.

TO
HATE THEM
WOULD BE TO
HATE MYSELF.
THAT’S WHY I
HONOR EACH
AND EVERY
ONE OF
THEM.

THAT’S WHY I
HONOR EACH
OF THEM.

PROMISE? WHAT
IT NEVER
WAS.

NOTHING
WE
NEVER
NEEDED.

THE
KIDS IN OUR
CLASS ARE
WEAKER—WEEKER
THAN OTHER KIDS.
JUST... NEEDIER.
EACH OF US, IN
OUR OWN WAY, IS
SEARCHING FOR
WHATEVER IT IS
WE NEED TO
FEEL
COMPLETE.

SO
I HONOR
THEM...
BECAUSE IF
I DON’T—
THE PROGRAM
WINS WHERE
IT COUNTS:
HEART AND
MIND, KAWADA.
IT WAS
NEVER REALLY
ABOUT
KILLING.
...iomi
MgAN TO
TURN THAT
INTO A spggोH.
IT'S JUST-
60 SAOK
TO TALKING
ABOUT AMGёIONA?
LOOKING
AT Mg LI Kg

THE THINGS
YOU PICK
UP ON.

OANNH...

NEVER
CHANGE, SHE...

AW... LET
HER. YOU
EARNED
IT.

AWH... CAN WE
GO BACK
TO TALKING
ABOUT AMERICA?

ANH... Y'KNOW,
NORI...
IT'D BE A
BIG HELP
IF YOU'D
STOP
LOOKING
AT ME LIKE
THAT.

...I DIDN'T
MEAN TO
TURN THAT
INTO A
SPEECH.
IT'S JUST...

I... Uh...

SORRY...
SCREW UP a-me ot' oewAZV.
V6AH. THAT'S IT.
YOU ALL OVER. SO-
6 SOURS UP A GUITAR... DO WE GET A
PRIVATE CONCERT BEFORE... WHATEVER?

NEVER SAID THAT.
KNOWING YOU, YOU'LL
WILL IT INTO WORKING...
OR RESCUE SOME RICH
GUY'S CAT FIRST DAY OUT...

OH... I DON'T
DO REQUESTS.
AND... I SHOULD
MENTION... I KINDA
ONLY KNOW THREE
SONGS BY HEART...

SO DOES THIS MEAN YOU'RE COMING TO AMERICA WITH US?!
I'M SURE SUSHIMURA AND KOTORIKI WILL...
ARE WE HAVING FUN YET?

MILUANT/MV
COMPLIMENTS TO YOUNG MASTER KIRYAMA.

I REALLY DON'T THINK YOU'D BE ABLE TO TOP THE LIGHTHOUSE SPECTACLE...

...BUT NIKO IN THE BIRD-BATH...? BRILLIANT!
MY COMPLIMENTS TO YOUNG MASTER KIRYAMA.

HUUH!

LET'S MOVE ON TO THE NEWLY DEAD, SHALL WE? ON THE BOY'S SIDE WE HAVE BOY NUMBER ELEVEN, HIROKI SUGIMURA.

YES, ROMEO HAS OFFICIALLY LEFT THE BUILDING.
THE
SUGIMURA BOY
GAVE QUITE
A BRAVURA
PERFORMANCE
BEFORE
HIS DEMISE.
WE'VE NOT SEEN
A RATINGS SPIKE
LIKE THAT SINCE THE
GANG RAGE
Evisceration
Of '09. THE BAR
HAS DEFINITELY
BEEN RAISED, LITTLE
WARRIORS!
Combines “the horror and extreme violence of A Clockwork Orange with Lord of the Flies’ exploration of human nature and depravity... (Not) for the faint of heart.” - Publishers Weekly

The beginning of the end!

Shuuya, Kawada, and Noriko fight for their lives against Kiriyama, the psychotic student who decimated most of their class. While Kiriyama strives to eradicate the other kids’ futures, we get an insider’s view of Kiriyama’s past... and what forces shaped this bright, talented young man into the unfeeling killer he is today.
CHAPTER 105: The Final Battle

...GIRL NUMBER EIGHT... KAYOKO KOTOMIKI.

...AND NO ONE IS MORE DISAPPOINTED THAN I TO SEE THE TIT FACTOR DROP...

AS FOR THE FAIRER SEX...
AND MY PERSONAL FAVORITE FROM THIS YEAR'S BEvy OF BEAUTIES...

SWEET, SWEET MITSUKO SOUMA. SIGH...

...GIRL NUMBER ELEVEN.

NO...

KOTO... SUBI...
I can't...

...let her die like...like Takako.

It's Kayoko. I'm looking for Kayoko Koyohiko.

SUO!

No...

?...
GRAB THE BAGS! MOVE, GODAMMIT! MOVE!!

...SNAP THE F**K OUT OF IT!

?!?

IT'S US AND KIRYAMA! ENOGAME, SHU!!

ARE YOU DEAR?? I DIDN'T YOU HEAR?!!

WHY THE F**K ARE YOU JUST STANDING THERE?! GET THE GEAR NOW!!!

HUH?

...ZONES ARE E-10 AS OF NINE...
KIRIVAMA! IT'S US AND HIM, NOW!

KIRIVAMA'S NOT STUPID!

KIRIVAMA TWIGGED TO IT! WE'VE BEEN LAYING OUT BREAD CRUMBS FOR THE WRONG FUCKING GUY!!

AND 8-9 AS OF SEVEN O'CLOCK.

SHIT!!

HAPPY HUNTING, LITTLE WARRIORS!
HAUL FUCKING ASS!! GO! RUN!!
GAAH!

GO! GO!!

HARD RIGHT! CUT THROUGH THE TRENCH!

JUST DO IT! MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!!
NEVER MIND ME! GO!!

KEEP RUNNING, NORI! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

BUT KAWADA.
NORIKO?!
HOLY SHIT!
NORIKO!!

WHERE ARE YOU HIT?!
HE, HE, HURT HERE...
...I WILL HONOR YOU, KIRIYAMA... EVEN AS I TAKE YOU DOWN!

BUT THIS... THIS! DAMAGED OR NOT...

EVEN HONOR KIRIYAMA...

MAD DOGS DON'T ASK TO BE MADE MAD...

HER BLOOD... HERS!

FUCKER!!

Soul dead mother-fucker!!

...BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY SHOULDN'T BE PUT DOWN!

I'M PUTTING YOU DOWN, KIRIYAMA!!

SHIIYYAA! MOVE!!

!!
CRAP!

!!

WAVE IT AROUND! CONFUSE HIS AIM! NOW, GODAMMIT!!

GO!!

YOUR JACKET! USE IT!

JACKET... RIGHT?
Nori! We gotta keep moving! Shake it off!

Let go! I can run faster if you let go!

I'm okay, Shuuya! Really!

Move, move, move!!
HERE!

THIS WAY!
OVER HERE!
GET ON LIKE A SLED!

YOU FALL OFF, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

WHAT ARE YOU?!

ROGER MOORE?!

JUST SHIT THE F**K UP AND HOLD ON!
STAY CLOSE! C'MON! C'MON!!
I thought all the cars were dry! Now that you...?! We just raided one of their stashes. You think those government things talk? Think again!

Honor him if you gotta—but do it post-humously.

This is just a breath. And this wasn’t the only vehicle there.

To him, we’re one-stop shopping. We’re all that stands between him and the prize. He’s not gonna back down.

Noriko dies. Priorities, Shu.
CHAPTER 106: Death Race

SORRY...HURTS THAT MUCH?

THE WAY HE JUST POPPED UP... IT'S LIKE HE CAN READ MINDS! DAMN!

THE FIRES, THE BIRD CALLS... HOW'D HE KNOW?!

HOW'D HE COME TO KNOW SO MUCH?!

NOT A LOT.

IT PAINs MORE THAN HURTS.

KUN?

HE'S JUST FITTING THE PIECES TOGETHER.

NO...
WE'VE BEEN TALKING KILL OR BE KILLED...

WELL, NO MORE TALK! THIS IS THE ENGAME! TIME TO PUT A BULLET THROUGH GOOD INTENTIONS!

THIS ENDS IN HIS BLOOD—OR OURS. SO DO THE RIGHT THING, SHU... 'CAZ YOU'LL ONLY GET ONE CHANCE!
IF IT COMES TO IT, I'D RATHER NOT BE DOING FLYING GLASS.

HERE, JUST DON'T DO ALL MARVIN FROM PULP FICTION ON ME.

C'MON... C'MON!

B-9 AT SEVEN...

C'MON!

E-10 AT NINE...

UM...

SHU, BREAK OUT THE MAP.

AND HURRY UP BEFORE I FORGET. OKAY...

HANG ON... WAS THAT AN ORCHARD WE JUST PASSED?

Huh... Not good! We're gonna run right into F-4!

If so, we're heading east. Road runs on for a good distance...

GOT 'EM!

You sure about this?

No. Location... where are we?
I'll find an alternate route to...

If we don't stop and see the sights, we should clear fog with time to spare.

Can I get an amen?'

"X" marks the spot, Shu. That's our launch point off the island. Navigate, man. Navigate.

Aren't we for getting some one?
I’m guessing Kiriya’ll have no trouble hot-wiring one.

So where is he?

You said this wasn’t the only vehicle gassed up to go.

I’d place him about half a mile back—and gaining fast.

Maniac got himself a sporty model. He’ll be on us in no time.

Better pucker those sphincters, kids...
HUM!

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!

NOT THIS TIME, F**KER!!

AN INVITATION?!! SPRAY 'IM!!
WE'RE SITTING DUCKS OUT HERE!!

FASTER, DAMMIT!!

SHIT!!

MINIVAN, SUH, WHAT THEY LACK IN SPEED....

...THEY MAKE UP FOR IN WEIGHT!!
MAKE IT COUNT, SHU!
WE'RE TAKING THE CHASE TO HIM!

HANG ON!
THE TIRES!!
TAKE OUT HIS TIRES!!
I'M GONNA RAM THE FUCKER! BRACE YOURSELVES!!
GIMME THE FUCKING UZI!!
THE UZI!!

HERE...
FRESH Mags!

GIMME
ANOTHER
MAG!
GOTTA BE SURE!
Yeah... How to be sure...
CHAPTER 107: The Pursuit
That was the last magazine, right? We were damn near down to handguns only...

Couldn't have worked out better if we'd planned it.

We took down the killing machine.

We did it...

I guess... Yeah...
Huh. Y'know, in a perverse way, it's kinda anticlimactic.

Looks like there may be hope for a happy ending after all.

We brought down "killer" Kiryama in less time than it took me to finish my smoke.

Burn in hell, Kiryama.

And don't forget to save me a seat.
Twenty-four hours left.

Time gets slippery, y'know? Especially under conditions like this.

How long'd it take to come to this? Where it's just us? Two? Three days?

I... feel nothing.

Not even relief.

!?!

I mean... it's over, right?

It's not supposed to feel good, still... I just feel... empty.

The killing's over but still...
AND IN THE END... WE PLAYED JUST AS HARD AS ANYONE ELSE. MAYBE THAT'S IT. MAYBE I'M AFRAID TO KNOW WHAT THAT FEELS LIKE.

THEY'RE ALL DEAD.

THEY'RE ALL DEAD AND WE'RE STILL ALIVE... AND FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY.

HELL IS HAVING NO CHOICE BUT THE WRONG ONE... AND TAKING IT. IN THE END... WE PLAYED BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE. SO STRIKE UP THE BAND...

I'VE HEARD PEOPLE SAY THAT HELL IS REPETITION.
AND I DON'T FEEL A DAMN THING...

...EXCEPT SELF-PITY AND THAT NEVER COUNTS

SOME THINGS YOU GOT TO WORK OUT FOR YOURSELF. IT'S NEVER EASY... BUT THERE AIN'T MUCH IN LIFE THAT IS, RIGHT?

CAN'T HELP YOU WITH THIS ONE, SHU.
KAWADA? WHAT'S WITH THE--

IT'S NOT OVER!! GET BACK IN THE F#CKING VAN!!

BACK IN THE VAN!!

WHAT IS...?
FUCKER'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT! HE BAILED!!

HE BAILED BEFORE THE CRASH!! IT'S NOT OVER!!
BUT HOW?! HE...

WHAT'S HE MADE OF?!

CAN'T BE...

AT THAT SPEED?!

SON OF A BITCH BAILOF BEFORE WE RAMMED HIM!

WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO STOP HIM?!
THOUGHT HE HUNKERED DOWN FOR THE HIT... I WAS WRONG!

DEAD WRONG...!
YOU'RE NOT GONNA HIT GAIN ALL BUT HIM OFF THE ROAD?

NOW I GON'T TELL YOU THIS AGAIN.

THAT'S ENOUGH!
DAMN YOU, KIRIYAMA! LEAVE US ALONE, YOU BASTARD!!
BAD NEWS, GUYS...

GODDAMN GUNS AREN'T WORTH A DAMN
NORIKO! RELOAD!

CLAT
SO MAKE IT COUNT.

LAST CLIP, SHURIYA.
NOT LIKE THIS!
ONE CLIP LEFT AND NO OPTIONS, MIM. Gotta take the clutch shot...

It's all or nothing...
...this one's for the game!

MIM...

TAKE THE SHOT, SHU!

THEN STOP WHINING AND GO FOR IT!

I CAN'T....!

SURE YOU CAN. NOTHING BUT NET, SHU!
ENDGAME, PAL O’MINE.

JUST LIKE I SHOWED YOU. BANG, ZOOM!

I’M NOT LIKE YOU, MIMURA! YOU HAD THE MOVES!

YOU ALWAYS TOOK THE CLUTCH SHOT!
This is crazy! He's armed to the teeth!

One fucking clip!

I can't...!

He's just a kid like us! Just a screwed-up kid.
#Manga-Sketchbook@MircX-IrcHighWay

http://www.manga-sketchbook.org
CHAPTER 108: Magician
His clip's empty! Shoot, Shuuya!

Make him back the fuck off!

Left side!! Empty the clip when I turn!!
GOT YOU!!
YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC, SHU?

WH- WHAT?

NO.

IT'S ALL MISDIRECTION, MY FRIEND.

Y'KNOW... ABRA-CADABRA, PRESTO CHANGE-O, LOOKISH THE RABBIT.

"NOTHING UP MY SLEEVE," MY ASS. THE TRICK TO MAGIC'S MAKING PEOPLE FORGET...

GOT ME THE MAGIC TRICK TO END THEM ALL FOR OUR BUDDY BACK THERE! BELIEVE IT!
JUST Gotta SET THE STAGE...

BRACE FOR IT! HARD LEFT!
KIRYAMA! WE AMBUSHED US HERE! WHY ARE WE...?!
HEY! WHOA!
OUT! LET'S GO!
STAY LOW AND STAY WITH ME!
OUT!

IN THE FUCKING OPEN!
MA6IO
MAKE
THEM
HOHET
WHAT THEY
ALZEA0Y
KNOW...

HOCUS
POCUS...

HUH?!

MAGIC...

WE
WERE
AMBUSHED...

MAKE
THEM
FORGET
WHAT THEY
ALREADY
KNOW...
SHUUYA!!

'ATTABoy. Come to papa.
HAD ME A POCKET FULL OF SHELLS...

AND NO WAY TO SHOOT 'EM... 'TIL NOW.
OR SHOULD I SAY—ABRACADABRA!!

SURPRISE, ASSHOLE.

'S ALL DEJA VU TO ME!!

THAT'S IT...

...BRING IT RIGHT HERE.
YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC NOW, SHU?

BETCHER ASS!

WINNER AND STILL CHAMPION!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN ME ENOUGH TO DO WHAT COMES NEXT?
CHAPTER 109: Hit
HE'S DEAD?

OH... YOU OKAY?

DAMN...

HE'S JUST A KID... HE...

AS A DOOR HAIL...
I'm damn lucky I didn't pummel the shells. Wouldn't that've been a kick?

Shotgun blast'd down a bear like you said—He's only a kid after all.

Shot like that... taken point-blank...

Now we set to deal with the show runners. They'll make us wish we had Kiiryama back. Just let me reload and we're out of here.

I'm calling it almost over. Shuka. Kiiryama was the last of the contestants...
KAWADA!! NO!!

GUNSHOT, SHU... WAS A G... UN... UNHHH...
F-FUCKER DIDN'T DIE... K-KIRIYAMA...

RUN, SHUUYA!... G-GET IKO... R-RUN!

THAT'S... H-HE CAN'T...

NO...
But he's just a kid! A kid!!

Messed him up... But still not enough...
WHERE THE HELL DID HE GET A BULLET PROOF VEST?!
NO TIME....!!

HE'LL PICK ME OFF AS SOON AS I MOVE!!

SO CLOSE...!

NOT LIKE THIS!

DAMMIT, KIYAMA... WHAT DID THIS TO YOU?

SHIT!!
I honor them... because if I don't--the program wins where it counts.

It was never about the killing.

It was about fear and loss and pain and... and... what was it to you, Kiriwama?! Why did you play?!
BLAM!

DO IT, THEN!! JUST DO IT AND BE DONE WITH IT!!
DO IT!!

DIDN'T HIT YOU?
HEARD. UH... IT TOO... THOUGHT YOU WERE...

HEARD THE SHOT...
BEAR

HUH...

I... NO. NOT ME.
WHOA...

H-HE...

I-I HAD TO...
Way to go, nori! guess shuya wasn't the only one who dropped a gun...

Huh...? noriko? you?

She knows, shu. she knows she's supposed to be by your side. High time you realized it, too!

I had to! He was... I had to! shuya? please don't hate me, shuya! I had to!!
CHAPTER 110: God's Child
BEFORE... BEFORE THE BAD THING...

CHosen ONE... DADDY... ALWAYS CALLING ME... THE CHosen ONE...
SMILES...

NO... THIS HURTS TOO MUCH...!
WHY NOW?!
WHY REMEMBER HER NOW?!

ALWAYS JOKING... CHOSEN ONE AND SMILES AND DADDY'S LAUGHTER...
I COULD LAUGH ONCE...

I WAS A PERSON BACK THEN. I COULD SMILE AND LAUGH AND...
FEEL.

I COULD SMILE BEFORE THE BAD THING...
WHY AM I REMEMBERING THIS NOW?! FEELING THIS...

I COULD FEEL THINGS...

SOMETHING WRONG... WRONG WITH HEAD...

BROKE MY FAVORITE... JUST A BABY... RYUGI... SO LONG SINCE I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT...

BROKEN... BROKE MY TOY ROBOT... RYUGI...
I HEAR Ryubi... CRYING... RED FACE AND CRYING... RED...

SEEING THE COLORS AGAIN... NO COLORS... NOT SINCE THE BAD THING.

HAPPY... SO MUCH HAPPY BEFORE THE BAD THING. NO... NO MORE! HURTS... HURTS TO REMEMBER...! NO MORE COLORS!!

PLASTIC BLOCKS BUILT FOR Ryubi... SO MANY COLORS...
I...CARED BEFORE THE BAD THING. WHY AM I FEELING THIS NOW?! NORIKO... BITCH SHOT ME? CHEF TOUTAKU... SICK...

ALWAYS HELPING... ALWAYS CARING... ALWAYS FEELING... BITCH SHOT ME!

TOO SMART FOR HIS OWN GOOD. SERIOUS? NO. JOKING. ALWAYS JOKING...
HEROES... HAD HEROES THEN... ACTION RANGERS... SO MANY COLORS...

HEROES... ACTION... I COULD BE A HERO... DADDY SAID...

...THE CHosen ONE.

SAID I COUL...
NO... NO MORE! THE BAD THING... NO MORE REMEMBERING THE COLORS! NO MORE COLORS!!

HELL IS REMEMBERING! NO MORE! HURTS! HURTS TOO MUCH!! THE BAD THING!! WHY NOW?! WHY REMEMBER NOW?!

IT HURTS TOO MUCH TO SEE THE COLORS!! FUCKING BITCH SHOT ME!!

LIGHT... WHITE LIGHT...
THE BAD THING!
THE BAD THING!!
WHITE!
THEH RED!
WHITE THEH RED!!

AND RED AND RED AND RED...
All of them.

All went away.

All the colors... all the hurt... all the laughing...

They used words like brain damage... and cerebral trauma. But even then I understood. I was safe... safe from the bad thing.

Heard them talk... daddy and the doctors and the men with the poking things...
They never did. I was safe. Safe and gray and no more bad thing.

They did things... cut me... tried to find me...

Took things out of my head...

Bone things... always talking about the bone things... splinter things.

They were looking for the colors... but I hid them too well. Only the bone things for them...

Only the gray things...
NEVER KNEW WHY... NEVER KNEW IT WAS... NO!!

...ALWAYS LIKED THIS PICTURE...
NO NEED... NO NEED FOR FEELING OR LAUGHING OR HURTING...

WHAT DID THAT BITCH DO TO ME?! WHY AM I REMEMBERING ALL OF THIS?! SHOT ME?!

SHOT ME IN THE EMPTY PART?! NO!! NO MORE RE-MEMBERING!! NO MORE!!

THAT BRINGS THE HURT.

JUST... JUST LISTEN TO THE EMPTY PART.

FUNCTION, FORM AND FUNCTION AND KNOWLEDGE. FILL THE EMPTY PART WITH...
I KNOW! I KNOW HOW THINGS WORK! I KNOW HOW TO STOP THE HURT ING!

FORM AND FUNCTION...
NO
MORE...
NO
MORE...

...IS
ALWAYS
WAITING...

THE
BAD
THING...

HAD
TO...

ALL
GRAY...

NO
HAPPY...
NO
SAD...
NO
ANGER...

NO
HURT.
MUCH REP.
AP THINC.

CO... ReP.
AN0 RRP.
anp.
Rep...

THE PROGR... AM.

"MUCH RED. BAD THING. COLOR... RED AND RED AND RED..."

THEY BLEED OUT RED...

GRAY... MAKE IT ALL GRAY AGAIN...

SHOT ME...
YOU CAN'T TAKE ME BACK THERE! I WON'T LET YOU BACK TO GRAY!!

FORM AND FUNCTION! BACK TO GRAY! NO MORE!!
BATTLE ROYALE
CHAPTER 11: Wishes
“JUST A KID,” HUH?! BULLSHIT!!
IN HOMO M0YI6S, TH0 6006UYS ALWAYS

WHY WON'T HE GO DOWN?!

HE...
HE WON'T GO DOWN...

HE...

...HE'S JUST A KID!

SHK

...NOT LIKE A HORROR MOVIE!
IN HORROR MOVIES, THE GOOD GUYS ALWAYS WIN...

NO...

IT'S LIKE A FUCKING HORROR MOVIE!
HE JUST KEEPS GETTING UP!
I tried so hard...!

But sometimes... trying is not enough! I'm so sorry...!

I'm so sorry, Noriko! I tried!

Noriko...

You don't deserve this! None of us did!

Sugi...

What?

It...

...pricked me!

?! Huh?
Said he'd be back for it.

He left that with you.

Left a message for you, too.

"It worked. Kawada and Noriko got away."

That's word for word.
The two of you... you do right by Noriko.

Especially if it comes down to a hard choice. Do right by her.

And Shogo. They'll do right by you. I'm sure of it.

I'm glad you found Shuyxa, Noriko.
I'm sure of it.

Do right by her...

Glad you found Shinya...
DO RIGHT BY HER!!

ESPECIALLY IF IT COMES DOWN TO A HARD CHOICE...
NO!! NOT HER!! YOU HEAR ME?! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH ME FIRST!!

I'M SURE OF IT....
PROGRAM CONDITIONS: All members of the class must kill each other until one survivor remains.

- All students are supplied with a ration of food, a map of the island, and a weapon.
- All students will wear an explosive bomb collar that also monitors life signs.
- Students are free to move about the island but must stay out of designated danger zones that will frequently change locations.
- If there is more than one survivor at the end of the game, the remaining bomb collars will be detonated.

CHAPTER 105: KIRIYAMA ATTACKS.

CHAPTER 106: KAWADA BLOWS UP KIRIYAMA'S FIRST CAR.

CHAPTER 109: KAWADA BLASTS KIRIYAMA.
No, I haven't messed up the page order in this volume. It's just that tokypoop uses some imperial page numbering system or something as one can see from this sample. Kudos to them for fucking up almost everything they do.

-Jinchi