

Bare

by

Vixxy Fox



“I am not sure of the meaning of the dream and so I thought I speak of it with you.”

Hiroshi looked to Saburo, Fukushou (second in command) to the squadron. The pilot was seated in front of a large polished desk in a small ship’s cabin devoid of any familiar objects save the Samurai sword laying upon its sword rack situated on the desk’s credenza.

“You did not wish to speak with our Commander?”

Hiroshi bowed slightly, holding the bow in a show of respect. “I mean no offense Fukushou, but the Commander is very busy and has much to attend to. He will be leading the squadron in attack tomorrow.

“We will be victorious,” the officer replied with a smile. “Everything will go as planned and the United States will be dealt a blow they cannot possibly recover from. They will sue for peace immediately.”

“Would you?” Hiroshi asked softly.

“I am not an American,” Saburo replied, “Though I have had the privilege of attending classes taught at their naval academy. I have observed them closely. They are not the same as us; undisciplined and without spirit. Without the strength of their navy they will quickly negotiate. Now tell me of your dream.”

In the dream I am not human but a Fox. I am in the cockpit of my aircraft and I am bare of my flight uniform. The cockpit is open and the wind is pulling at my ears. I can feel it tugging at them. My aircraft is bare too... bare of paint, bare of guns, bare of any ordinance as I fly towards the coast. There are plumes of smoke rising there, straight up indicating there is little wind."

"You are a Kamakazi, Hiroshi," the Fukushou told him. "You are 'The Devine Wind' and need no weapon other than your own soul."

"That was my thinking; at first," the younger man confessed. "As I flew, however, another aircraft appeared off of my left wing. I did not recognize the type but it flew formation with me. I did not see a pilot in its cockpit. As I turned, it turned. As I maneuvered, it maneuvered, staying ever on my wing."

"You fly the Zero, Hiroshi," Saburo told him. "That would be impossible."

"And yet it was there and as the dream progressed, joined by another and another and another, all of different types and sizes. As I tried to get away from these phantoms, I flew into the ocean where I saw many and many and many of our aircraft striking the water all around me. After this they slowly floated into the depths. I saw the Fox leave my cockpit and as it looked back, I saw my own body through its eyes. I remained with the aircraft as it too sunk into the depths." He paused for a moment. "That is all of my dream, sir."

"It is nothing," the Fukushou told him. "It is but the apprehension of going into battle for the first time."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you have a sword to carry into battle with you?"

"No, sir. My family is not rich and such a treasure was never passed down to the present."

Standing, Saburo took his own sword from its rack and held it out to the young pilot. "I am to remain on board during the attack on Pearl Harbor attending to logistics. I would deem it an honor if you would carry my soul with you during this momentous occasion. It will bring you luck and keep away the kami that has chosen to plague your dreams."

Hiroshi rose and bowing very low, accepted the sword. The honor he was being shown was more than he could ever imagine.

The next day upon the return of the second wave, the Fukushou was distressed when Hiroshi's aircraft was reported missing. But for the victory they'd won he would have been beside himself with remorse as the sword he'd graciously sent into battle with the young warrior was a family heirloom some ten generations old.

Returning to his small cabin he was about to prepare for the after action interviews he would have to conduct when he noticed his katana was back on its rack. Hiroshi must have changed

his mind and returned it before leaving with the first wave. Moving to it, he placed a hand upon the scabbard in relief, only to pull it back quickly when he found it to be wet.

That night in his dreams he was a naked Fox within a naked airplane flying towards the coast and plumes of smoke that went straight up.

Another aircraft joined him, forming up off of his left wing.

There was no pilot in the cockpit.