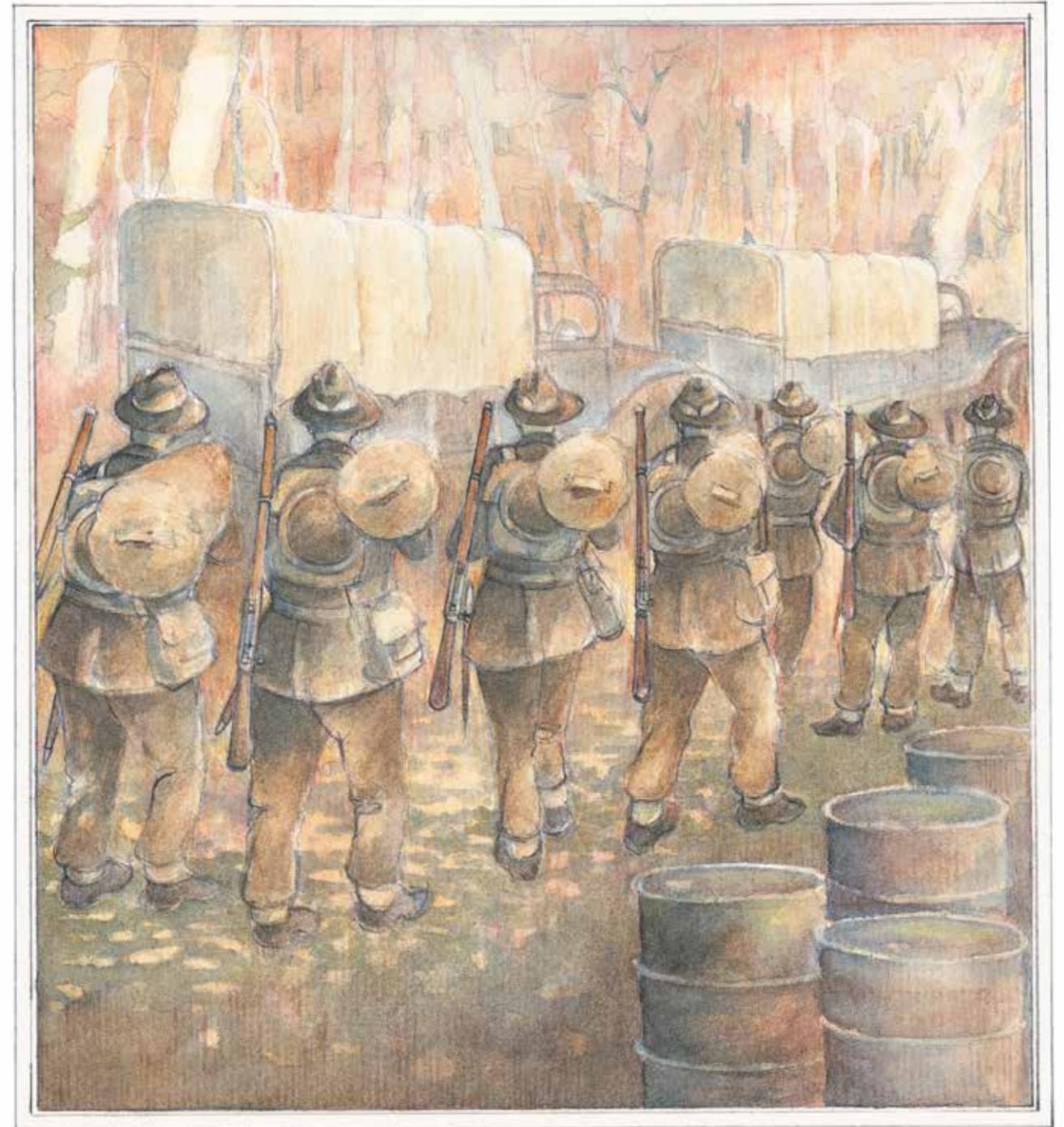In 1942 an Australian soldier went to war on a muddy track in Papua New Guinea. As Jack farewelled his wife, she held his hand to her pregnant belly.

'Promise me you'll return,' Peggy whispered.
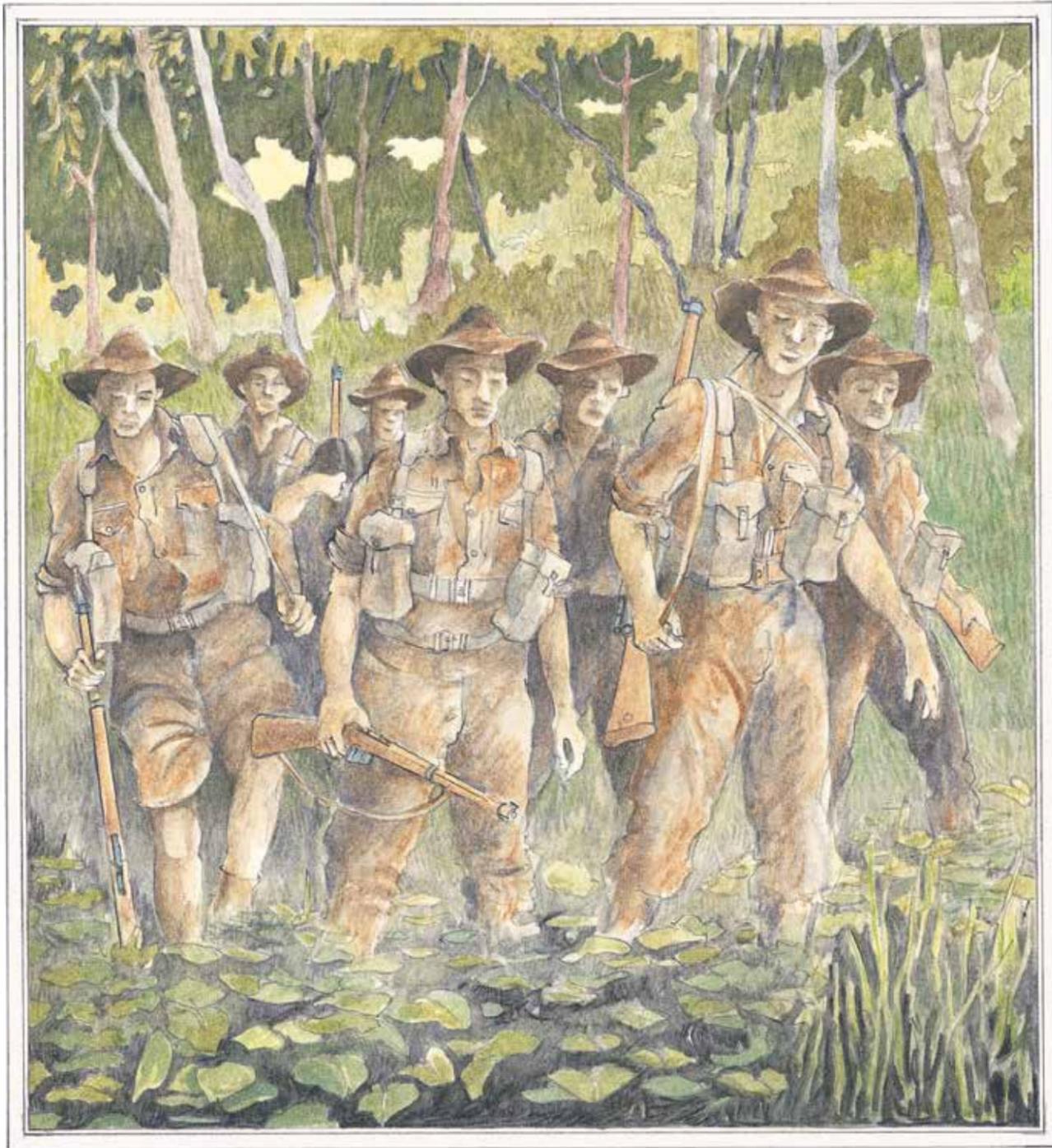
Jack nodded and kissed her.

Jack joined soldiers from across Australia. Together they travelled north to try to stop the advance of the Japanese Army.
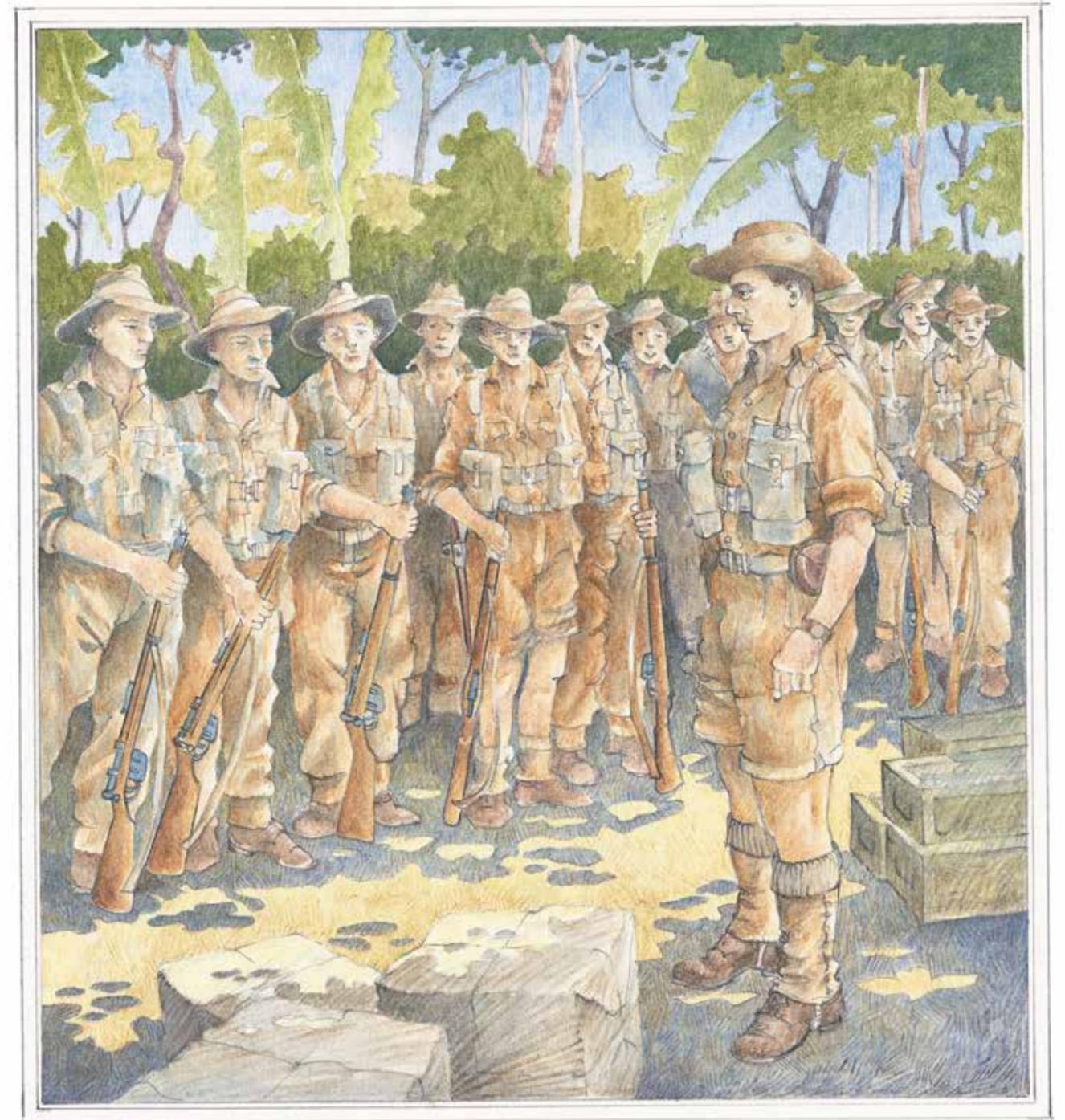
Another soldier went to the same war on the same muddy track. This man's name was Hoshi. He'd left his wife and baby girl in Japan and gone to fight for his Emperor.

Hoshi travelled south from his home in Shikoku, fighting battles alongside his comrades. They were brave men, but months of war had hardened them. Some of the soldiers had become cruel. This made Hoshi sad, as he knew they were good men at heart.

Jack's battalion landed in the south of Papua New Guinea. They practised jungle-fighting and learned to use their rifles.
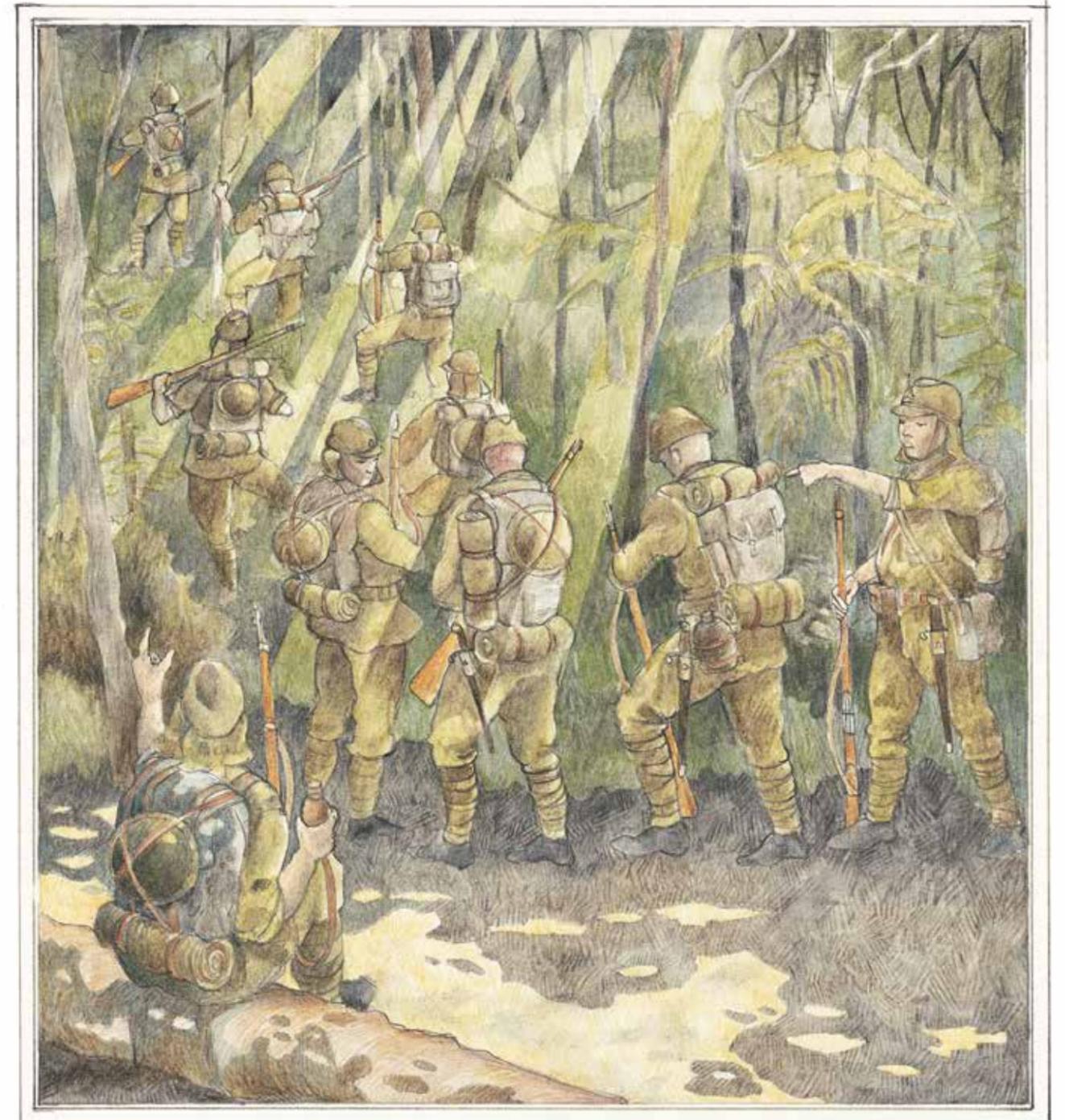
'The Japanese have landed on the northern beaches,' said Jack's captain. 'To stop them reaching Port Moresby, we have to march over steep mountains along the Kokoda Track. It's ninety-six kilometres, but we must hold the line.'

Jack hated war, but to protect Peggy and his child, he knew he had to fight for his country.

Hoshi and his comrades landed on a black sandy beach in the north of Papua New Guinea. They cut their way through dense jungle and waded through foul-smelling swamps, sloshing through mud that sucked the boots from their feet. Hoshi pulled blood-sucking leeches from his legs. Wild sago thorns ripped at his flesh and oozing tropical ulcers infected his skin.

Mosquitoes and other biting insects made day and night a misery, but Hoshi and his comrades were determined. They must fight for their Empire.

When their officers yelled, 'Attack', they charged into machine-gun fire. And those that lived, marched south towards Port Moresby.