

A samurai in a dark kimono stands in a field of vibrant red flowers. Behind him is a large, bright red sun, and a dark tree trunk is visible on the left. The scene is atmospheric and monochromatic in its color scheme.

*Rodrigo Martins*

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*Inspired by a game by the same author...*

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# KATANA

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

CHAPTER 01 .....12

CHAPTER 02 .....30

CHAPTER 03 .....46

Acknowledgments .....60

| KATANA

RODRIGO MARTINS |



# PROLOGUE

## *1575, Village of Yonezawa*

The storm ravaging the village of Yonezawa was a spectacle of uncontrollable fury. The sky, covered by heavy, pitch-black clouds, seemed to pulse with the energy of lightning that sliced through the firmament. The raindrops fell heavy and relentless, hammering the thatched roofs with an almost sacred violence. The wind howled with a deafening wail, as if tormented spirits were making their final prayer.

Inside a modest wooden house, the chaos of the storm was overshadowed by the anguished cries of a woman in labor.

Mayumi, the laboring woman, was in a state of near-delirious exhaustion. Her hair was stuck to her face by a mixture of sweat and tears, and her eyes shone with profound fear. The midwives, experienced and with calloused hands, worked with precision, offering words of encouragement and support.

The atmosphere was filled with palpable tension. The air was saturated with humidity and heat, creating an

oppressive sensation. Mayumi gave a final cry of effort, and the cry of a baby filled the space. The small, fragile sound contrasted with the storm outside, bringing a ray of hope and relief. Mayumi, trembling with exhaustion, lifted the baby in her arms, examining the small face that now depended on her. The tiny creature had rosy skin and eyes that blinked with innocent curiosity. Mayumi smiled through her tears and whispered with a tone of reverence:

"Takeshi..." The name seemed to carry the weight of an ancient prophecy. She knew the future was uncertain and that her son's life would be marked by challenges.

### *Two Years Later*

Life in the village followed its course, with the routine of Mayumi and Akira molding a semblance of normalcy. Akira, a robust hunter with a face marked by scars and a gentle gaze, brought not only security but a type of stability that seemed like an oasis amid uncertainties. The birth of Ishidoro brought a new sparkle to the family, and Takeshi and Ishidoro grew up in an environment of affection and learning. Together, the brothers accompanied Akira on excursions through the dense forests around Yonezawa. The mornings were filled with the sound of birds and lessons on the arts of hunting and survival.



Akira taught with patience, passing on his knowledge of tracking and strategy, while Mayumi dedicated herself to selling pelts and meat, ensuring that the family did not face hardship.

However, Takeshi, despite the seemingly tranquil routine, perceived something beneath the surface. The look in his mother's eyes, sometimes lost and frightened when they passed through the village, did not go unnoticed. It was as if a dark mystery loomed over the family, a feeling that Takeshi, even so young, could not fully understand.

### *1582, Yonezawa*

At seven years old, Takeshi had become a curious boy eager to learn. That night, the moon was hidden behind heavy clouds, and the wind blew with an unsettling serenity. Takeshi accompanied Akira on a hunt under the faint light of lanterns, absorbing each lesson with a fervor that went beyond mere imitation.

As they returned to the village, Takeshi noticed something unsettling in the distance. Two stealthy shadows were leaving their house, their shapes indistinct under the sparse moonlight. Akira, with a grave and worried expression, told Takeshi to hide behind a stone wall. The fear in Akira's eyes was a warning that Takeshi could not ignore.

Hiding, Takeshi saw the men in intimidating armor, with an almost palpable aura of cruelty. One wielded a sword covered in blood, and the other seemed to command the operation with a gesture of disdain. Akira's scream, a sharp sound of pain and despair, echoed through the night. Takeshi remained paralyzed, horror and helplessness freezing him in his hiding place.

When silence finally settled, Takeshi emerged to find his home in ruins. The scene was one of total devastation: overturned furniture, torn clothes, and an inhuman chaos. The bodies of his mother, brother, and Akira were scattered in the nearby forest, found by Takeshi with deep sorrow. Among the trees, he heard one of the assassins mention the name "Uesugi" and "feudal lord" with a voice dripping with contempt. Rage took hold of Takeshi, and he made a silent vow of revenge.

The memory of his family and the injustice they faced fused into an unyielding desire for justice.

### *1585, Tangedai Mountains*

Three years had passed, and Takeshi, now ten years old, had become a shadow of the mountains. Solitude and relentless training had molded him into a young



man hardened by life. The environment around him was filled with a sinister tranquility, his only companions being the winds and the distant sounds of wildlife.

On an especially cold day, Takeshi heard screams and the clash of swords. His instincts led him to a clearing where five men lay dead, the aftermath of a brutal battle. Among the bodies, one man still breathed, his body covered in wounds and his countenance illuminated by a fierce fury. The man, with a severed arm and an enigmatic smile, raised a katana imposingly.

The man was Itō Ittōsai, a living legend in the world of samurai. His piercing gaze met Takeshi's, and despite the gravity of his situation, he saw something in the boy—a raw determination and a burning desire that intrigued him.

"You..." began Takeshi, his voice hoarse and resolute. "Who are these men?"

"Guerrillas, simple prey for a samurai like me," replied Itō Ittōsai, his voice carrying an implicit respect. "And you? What brings you to these lonely mountains?"



## | KATANA

"Revenge," said Takeshi without hesitation. "I want to become strong enough to face those who destroyed my life."

Itō Ittōsai, seeing the intense gleam in Takeshi's eyes and recognizing the need for a disciple, made a choice. With a slow and deliberate gesture, he offered Takeshi the chance to become his student, teaching him the "Way of the Sword." Takeshi accepted with a fervor that was almost palpable, the promise of training and power resonating in every fiber of his being.

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# CHAPTER 01

## *1600, Edo Capital*

The capital Edo pulsed with frenetic vitality, its narrow and winding streets intertwined with the incessant rhythm of merchants, samurai, and peasants. At the epicenter of this urban whirlwind, a popular bar was enveloped in almost palpable chaos. The sound of a relentless and escalating fight dominated the environment.

Then, with a crash, two men were thrown out of the bar, landing heavily on the muddy street. They quickly got up, their katanas glinting under the flickering lantern light, and their eyes shining with palpable fury.

From the bar's interior, an elderly man emerged, his posture upright and his expression unperturbed. His laughter echoed over the silence that followed the tumult.

"How can I make these scum stop challenging me?" said the man with disdain. "You are an affront to the true spirit of the samurai. Ronin like you shouldn't



## | KATANA

exist. I'll do the shogun a favor and eradicate these unworthy pests!"

One of the ronin, with a fierce look and a touch of contempt, retorted, "How can we lose to a man without a hand?"

From the bar, a young and firm voice cut through the air: "That one-handed man is capable of defeating many stronger than you. Stop trying to make names at the expense of true samurai and get back to work. Cowards like you don't deserve the title of ronin."

The ronin looked at each other, their faces pale with fear. They sheathed their katanas and fled hurriedly, leaving the place plunged into a dense silence.

The elderly man turned to the young man beside him, a smile of cynical satisfaction on his face. "So, my boy, why did you stop them from challenging me? Is your heart softening?"

The young man, weary and with a tone of exhaustion, replied, "We are leaving a trail of blood wherever we go. We have traveled all over Japan, worked for feudal lords, and solidified your name. But killing these reckless challengers is no longer our goal."



The elderly man, with a contemplative look, continued, “Maybe it’s time for my journey to end. I no longer have the same vitality as before. I was thinking of gathering our earnings and opening a school here in Edo...”

The young man looked intrigued. “So you want new apprentices?”

“I want to build an unshakable reputation. Opening a school in the capital would make my name echo for generations. Everyone will know of my deeds, and my name will be worthy of praise. Besides, I have already taught you everything I know. You have mastered the Ittō-ryu style with excellence...”

The young man sighed, lost in thought while the old man continued, “So, how do you plan to proceed now? Will you join me in this new venture?”

“Thank you immensely, master, for everything you have done for me. However, I believe my path must be different from yours. I do not seek fame, but I have my own ambitions. I hope that the name of Itō Ittōsai gains even more notoriety, and I will be proud to say that you were my master,” replied the young man with firm determination.

## | KATANA

“I had hoped to have you as my successor. It will be difficult to find another young man lost in the forest like you. But, are you still thinking about your revenge?” asked Itō Ittōsai, his expression laden with concern.

“No, sir. I will embark on a journey to improve myself in all aspects and seek my true destiny,” replied the young man with conviction.

“I hope to see you again someday and that you have found your destiny. But for now, I will explore the forests of Japan to find another young man like you... Takeshi,” said Itō Ittōsai with an affectionate smile.

Both laughed and parted with palpable emotion. Takeshi knew that his path was just beginning. His master's words reverberated in his mind, but revenge was still deeply rooted in his thoughts.

The streets of Edo continued to vibrate with energy. Merchants shouted their wares, samurai patrolled with vigilant eyes, and children ran carefree. But Takeshi, oblivious to the frenzy around him, walked with the weight of past memories and the desire for revenge heavy upon him. He followed the 'Way of the Sword' not just for discipline but to find answers: who had killed his family and why.



As he ventured through the streets, the commotion increased. The shogun's samurai were searching establishments, causing uproar and fear among the citizens. "What could they be looking for now?" Takeshi murmured, observing the confusion with a concerned expression.

Determined to find refuge from the agitation, he headed to the outskirts of the city, where the tranquility of nature offered a brief respite from the urban chaos. There, he found a large rock by a stream and sat, allowing himself a moment of reflection. The names "Uesugi" and "feudal lord" echoed in his mind.

Over time, he discovered that the feudal lord of Yonezawa was Uesugi Kagekatsu, a respected and feared man. But was he responsible for his family's death?

While immersed in his thoughts, a weak voice interrupted his mourning.

"Yo... You must..."

Takeshi quickly turned and saw a young man gravely wounded, blood oozing from deep wounds in his stomach and legs. The young man was trying to hide, his katana visible.



## | KATANA

“What happened to you?” Takeshi asked, hurrying to help.

“You must take...” the young man tried to respond before collapsing beside the rock.

“So, you’re a thief? You lost your life trying to steal a katana?”

Takeshi questioned, picking up the sword and examining it. “Are you the one the samurai are looking for? You must have stolen it from someone very important for the shogun to be after you.”

The young man, his breathing growing weaker, made a final effort to speak:

“Katana... Uesugi... Take...”

And with those words, the young man succumbed to his injuries. Takeshi was perplexed and confused, the last words echoing in his mind. Uesugi, the same name that interested him so much, the name linked to his dark past.

Takeshi held the katana firmly, his eyes shining with new determination. The connection between the katana, the young man, and the Uesugi clan needed to be unraveled. He knew his path was about to become

even more dangerous, but the quest for truth and vengeance had never been clearer.

“Uesugi...” he murmured to himself, standing up and sheathing the katana. “Let’s see where this leads.”

The setting sun cast its last rays over Edo, bathing the city in a golden glow. Takeshi was fascinated by the katana he held. The scabbard was adorned with a red dragon, its detailed scales almost lifelike in the sunlight. The hilt, intricately decorated, captured and reflected each ray of light, giving the weapon an almost mystical aura. When Takeshi drew the blade, the metal revealed itself to be a deep scarlet red, a breathtaking sight.

“What a magnificent weapon...” Takeshi murmured, in awe. “So this is why the shogun desires it so much.”

As he admired the sword, a shogun’s samurai appeared, interrupting his contemplation. The man had an authoritative stance, his armor gleaming with prestigious emblems.

“Drop that weapon, commoner. It belongs to the great shogun Tokugawa Ieyasu,” ordered the samurai, his voice laden with disdain.



## | KATANA

Takeshi looked up, his thoughts still revolving around the connections the sword might have with the Uesugi.

“Do you know what this sword has to do with the Uesugi?” he asked, his eyes fixed on the samurai.

“I only know that it has nothing to do with you! Hand over the katana, and I will let you go unpunished. You really don’t want to challenge the great Asano Nagamoto,” declared the samurai, drawing his own katana with a fluid and threatening movement.

Takeshi’s heart raced, the sight of the samurai before him evoking painful memories of the assassins who had devastated his family.

The imposing armor, the metallic sheen, and the threatening presence of Asano Nagamoto were reminiscent of a dark past filled with vengeance.

The burning fury Takeshi felt was a flame that had never truly extinguished. Each time he faced an enemy, the scars of his past burned even more intensely.

“No... I will not hand over this sword,” said Takeshi, his voice laden with firm determination, like an immovable rock.

Without hesitation, Takeshi advanced with an almost supernatural speed, the scarlet katana glinting in his hands. His movements were swift and precise, like lightning tearing through the night. Asano Nagamoto, despite his skill and experience, barely had time to react. The blades clashed with a resounding crash, sparks flying through the air like fireworks.

The two warriors were locked in a fierce combat, each strike and counter-strike reverberating like thunder. The scarlet katana in Takeshi's hands seemed almost alive, slicing through the air with a menacing gleam and reflecting the light of the setting sun.

"This sword..." thought Takeshi as he fought, feeling the almost mystical connection between him and the blade. "Maybe it is the key to my revenge."

Nagamoto, realizing the pressure and superior skill of Takeshi, attempted a desperate attack. His katana cut through the air with brutal force, but Takeshi, guided by instinctive precision, was faster. With a fluid and calculated movement, he disarmed the samurai. The scarlet katana cut through the air with a deadly hum, and Nagamoto fell to his knees, his weapon thrown far away.



“Please... have mercy...” pleaded Nagamoto, his face a mask of fear and desperation, his eyes reflecting the light of nearby flames.

Takeshi, still panting and with his gaze fixed on the fallen samurai, felt his fury slowly transform into a cold and determined stare. The anger he felt for Nagamoto and the killers of his family was now crystallized in his determination.

“Mercy? Just like you had with my family?” said Takeshi, his voice laden with a dark and relentless tone. Nagamoto began to utter desperate words, but Takeshi was not interested in listening. With a final motion, he silenced the samurai.

The scarlet blade shone under the setting sun, reflecting the intense glow of the moment. With his heart still pounding, Takeshi cleaned the blade and sheathed it. He knew this victory was just a small step in his long journey. With the sword now in his possession, he felt he was one step closer to unraveling the mystery and achieving his revenge.

After a long journey, Takeshi arrived in the village of Utsunomiya, exhausted and hungry. He found refuge in a small inn, where, despite his exhaustion, he managed to fall asleep. However, the increasing noise

coming from the lower floor woke him in the middle of the night.

Silently, he descended the stairs and saw three rōnins, clearly looking for someone with his characteristics. They were conversing in low voices, their expressions filled with determination and a touch of fear.

“They’re after me...” Takeshi thought, his heart racing with adrenaline.

Without wasting time, he returned to his room, grabbed his things, and jumped out the window. The early morning was shrouded in darkness, a thick mist hovering over the village. Tied next to the inn, a horse was waiting. Without hesitation, Takeshi stole the horse and set off towards Yonezawa.

But fate was not kind. Suddenly, a rain of arrows shot from the surrounding bushes, piercing the horse's thigh and making it whinny in agony. Takeshi fell to the ground, groaning in pain, and crawled to a nearby tree for cover.

“Face me in a duel, you coward!” Takeshi shouted, his voice filled with fierce determination, as he tried to ignore the pain that nearly paralyzed him.



## | KATANA

"I came for that, young one." a voice responded from the shadows, laden with calculated calm. "Lower your weapons and leave him to me."

Takeshi lifted his head and saw three archers in the mountains, their dark and imposing figures. Two men advanced towards him, their expressions revealing an interest far beyond mere theft.

"You came for the sword." said Takeshi, his eyes narrowed with a mix of anger and determination.

"You're perceptive, boy. The shogun placed a great bounty on your head and an even greater one for whoever brings back the katana you stole." explained the man in front, his slim beard and scars on his face betraying a life of combat and brutality.

"Face me in a fair fight. If I win, your friends will let me go." Takeshi challenged, his voice firm and resolute.

"You are not in a position to negotiate, boy. But facing the Shira gang alone would be cowardice. I believe even the strongest of the shogun's samurai could not defeat us. But I, Hideyashi Shira, will face you in a man-to-man duel." declared Shira, an arrogant smile curving his lips.

Takeshi prepared himself, his body tense and his senses sharp. With the scarlet katana in hand, he faced the leader of the Shira gang, the tension between them palpable like a rope about to snap.

“Let us begin.” murmured Shira, advancing with calculated agility. The battle was a fierce and bloody dance. Takeshi, driven by determination and fury, fought with almost supernatural precision.

The scarlet katana cut through the air with a sinister gleam, reflecting the moonlight with each movement. Shira, with his experience and strength, proved to be a formidable opponent. Strikes and counter-strikes echoed through the night, the swords meeting with the sound of steel against steel, sparks flying with each clash.

Finally, Takeshi found an opening. With a swift and decisive strike, he disarmed Shira. The gang leader fell to his knees, his gaze still defiant, but his life force quickly waning.

“You are strong, boy... But this is not over yet.” said Shira, his voice a whisper of contempt before succumbing to his wounds.

Takeshi, still panting and exhausted, barely had time to recover.



## | KATANA

The rest of the bandit group advanced on him, using the trees and darkness as cover. A large, imposing, and threatening bandit charged with brute force. Takeshi did not let himself be intimidated. With an agile move, he slammed the giant against a tree and pierced his abdomen with the katana.

“The power of this sword...” Takeshi thought, feeling the energy and strength flowing through it.

With a new rain of arrows coming his way, Takeshi used the giant's body as a shield and advanced towards an archer. With lethal precision, he severed the archer's arms and grabbed the bow and quiver. Although his aim was not the best, he hit a shooter before being surprised by the three rōnins from the inn, advancing at high speed.

In a sophisticated move, Takeshi cut the neck of a horse, making it fall on its rider. But the arrow shots did not cease. Surrounded and cornered, Takeshi looked at the blood-covered katana, which seemed to shine even more in his imagination.

“It's now or never.” He murmured to himself, feeling a rising fury.

With a war cry, Takeshi entered a state of rage and faced the three rōnins alone. His skills, sharpened by

determination and the desire for revenge, transformed him into a storm of steel and blood. Every movement was precise, every strike deadly. The rōnins, despite their strength and numbers, were defeated one by one. When the last one fell, Takeshi was exhausted but victorious. He knew this battle was just another step in his long journey to Yonezawa, where he would finally uncover the truth behind his family's death.

Every movement of Takeshi was a study in precision, a symphony of steel and determination. The scarlet katana cut through the air with an almost supernatural efficiency, its blade dancing with lethal grace. Every strike was deadly, every parry a demonstration of refined skill. The blade's gleam reflected the light of nearby flames, creating a spectacle of colors and shadows that seemed almost magical.

The rōnins, despite their numbers and brute strength, were like puppets against the relentless storm that Takeshi had become.

One by one, they fell. The first, a burly man with a scar crossing his face, attempted a vertical strike with enormous force, but Takeshi dodged with surprising agility and responded with a diagonal cut that felled him with no chance to defend.



## | KATANA

The second rōnin, more agile and quick, tried to encircle Takeshi with a series of fast and unpredictable attacks. Takeshi, however, moved like a predator, anticipating every move with almost supernatural precision. He blocked the strikes with a fluidity that seemed in tune with the rhythm of the combat, responding with strategic cuts that found vulnerable points in his opponent, causing him to fall with a muffled scream.

The third, a medium-built man with a disdainful expression, tried to intimidate Takeshi with a challenging glare and a series of furious attacks. Takeshi, however, was beyond fear and doubt. He knew his revenge was more than just a battle; it was a sacred mission. With a final movement, he disarmed the rōnin and felled him with a precise strike to the thigh, leaving him to suffer under the merciless gaze of the moon.

When the last of the rōnins fell to the ground, the battlefield fell silent, except for the distant sound of wind and crackling flames.

Takeshi was exhausted, his clothes bloodied and the katana covered in traces of combat. Every breath was an effort, every movement a test of his endurance. However, the victory did not bring immediate relief.

The weight of the fight and the awareness that the journey was far from over remained in his mind.

He looked around, the battlefield now a sea of bodies and debris.

The twilight began to fade, giving way to the darkness of night.

Takeshi felt a mix of exhaustion and satisfaction. The battle was an affirmation of his strength, but also a reminder of the arduous road that still lay ahead.

With the scarlet katana in hand, Takeshi stood up and cleaned the blade with a cloth he found among the debris. Every strike of the battle, every drop of blood on the sword, was a step closer to his revenge. He knew that the journey to Yonezawa would be full of challenges and dangers, but he was determined to move forward.

The night wind carried a biting cold, but Takeshi did not care. He adjusted the katana's belt, feeling the weight of the blade and the almost mystical connection it provided. It was as if the sword, by its very nature, was guiding him in his quest, making him feel an invisible yet protective presence by his side.



## | KATANA

As he walked away from the battlefield, Takeshi looked to the horizon, where the mountains of Yonezawa rose like an imposing challenge. Every step he took brought him closer to his final goal, and he knew that the truth about his family's death was within his reach. The determination in his eyes was unshakable; the vow of revenge, an eternal flame lighting his path.

With the scarlet katana shining under the moonlight and the wind blowing in his face, Takeshi continued his journey, knowing that he would face any obstacle that came his way. Revenge was within his grasp, and he would not rest until his mission was complete.

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## CHAPTER 02

### *1600, Village of Kōriyama*

After months of a grueling journey, Takeshi finally arrived at the village of Kōriyama. His body was marked by scars and exhaustion, but his determination was unwavering. The streets, a mix of modest houses and vibrant shops, offered a sense of normalcy that contrasted sharply with Takeshi's inner turmoil.

As he walked through the narrow streets, his eyes caught a fly-er pinned to one of the walls. The image of his face was a cruel reminder of his current predicament.

"Someone is hunting me..." Takeshi murmured, tearing the paper from the wall with a rough gesture and crumpling it in his hands.

Knowing he needed to hide, Takeshi bought a straw hat from the first shop he found, trying to disguise his appearance. The katana remained concealed beneath his gi, but the sound of a nearby conversation drew



## | KATANA

his attention to a group of samurais and rōnins at a street corner.

"We're looking for this man, dead or alive, for a substantial sum of ryōs," said a samurai, showing the fly-er with a determined expression.

"This guy looks strong; it could be a chance to test my skills and still earn a bag full of ryōs," replied a young rōnin with a cheeky-smile, adjusting the sword at his waist.

"I've heard he wiped out the Shira Gang... Those rōnins had been wanted for over a decade. If you find him, report to the shogun. I don't think a kid like you stands a chance against him," warned the samurai, his tone one of concern.

"The golden age of the samurai is over. Many rōnins are stronger than you, and I'm one of them. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a hunt to start," retorted the young rōnin, with an arrogant confidence.

Takeshi quickly moved away, aware that the village was filled with bounty hunters and samurais. With the growing threat, he decided to seek refuge in the nearby forest, where he could use his knowledge of the terrain to his advantage.

"It seems this katana has really caught Tokugawa Ieyasu's attention. He's willing to pay a fortune to get it back..." Takeshi thought, entering the forest quietly, the shadow of the trees providing a brief sense of relief.

As he walked through the forest, his mind was heavy with doubts and reflections. Was it worth risking so much for revenge? His thoughts were abruptly interrupted when two rōnins appeared in front of him, their silhouettes standing out against the dense foliage.

"So, it's you! From what the master said, I thought you'd be more imposing..." commented one of the rōnins with a disdainful smile.

"The master warned that he is dangerous. Don't underestimate him," cautioned the other, with a serious expression.

"I don't intend to kill you. And your master must not know much about me to be spreading rumors," said Takeshi, drawing his katana with a calculated movement.

"Oh, the master knows exactly what he's talking about. But let's finish this quickly," said the smiling rōnin, drawing his katana with a swift motion.



## | KATANA

Takeshi, with his katana in hand, prepared for the confrontation.

The smiling rōnin, identified as Ono Yamato, advanced with a series of rapid and ruthless attacks. Takeshi dodged the strikes with sharp precision, his skill evident with every movement.

"Stop now, Yamato! He's beyond our ability," shouted Ono Tadaaki, the older brother, trying to intervene.

But Yamato was determined to prove his worth and ignored the warning. The battle between Takeshi and Yamato was intense and brutal. Yamato attacked with ferocity, but Takeshi stood firm, every movement calculated and deadly. Finally, with a precise strike, Takeshi brought Yamato to the ground.

"Let me fight your brother and stay out of this, kid..." Takeshi requested, pointing the katana at Tadaaki, who was clearly furious.

With a cry of rage and pain, Yamato charged at Takeshi, but it was Takeshi's katana that found its mark. The young rōnin fell, spitting blood, and Takeshi felt a pang of melancholy seeing Yamato's face twisted in pain.

Tadaaki, devastated by his brother's state, looked at Takeshi with eyes filled with hatred and despair.

"No! You fool, I told you not to go..." lamented Tadaaki, his voice breaking with pain and sorrow.

The battle between Takeshi and Tadaaki was a frenetic duel. Tadaaki attacked with uncontrolled fury, and Takeshi defended with relentless precision. The sound of clashing blades echoed through the forest, each strike conveying the violence and desperation of the combatants.

Finally, Takeshi found an opening. With a decisive movement, he disarmed Tadaaki and delivered a final blow. Tadaaki fell, looking at his wound with an expression of supreme pain.

"May he have mercy on your soul," Tadaaki said, with one last gasp of pain before falling beside his brother. Takeshi stood still, the weight of the battle and the knowledge of causing suffering similar to what he had endured present in every fiber of his being. Remorse and sadness were palpable, and he realized that his quest for revenge was consuming his values and humanity.

The sound of approaching torches brought Takeshi back to reality.



He looked back and saw the shogun's samurais approaching, their voices mingling with the sound of the wind in the forest.

"That's where the noise was coming from!" shouted a voice among the torches.

With one last look at the Ono brothers and the scene of devastation, Takeshi fled deeper into the forest, his heart heavy and his mind tumultuous.

### *1600, Lake Inawashiro*

At dawn, Takeshi sat by the edge of Lake Inawashiro, casting his bait into the tranquil waters. The reflection of the sunlight on the water seemed to bring a moment of peace that contrasted sharply with the turmoil of the previous night. His thoughts were troubled by pain and regret, but he continued fishing, trying to find some clarity.

After catching a few fish, he left them roasting over the fire and went to gather more firewood. When he returned, he found one of the fish already devoured. The nearby footprints were evidence that someone had been there recently.

"Can't you share a fish anymore? Did you know it's pretty hard to fish with just one arm?" said a gruff voice, laden with familiarity.

Takeshi turned and saw a man sitting on a rock, watching him with a gaze that mixed irony and affection. It was Itō Ittōsai, his former master, who had suddenly reappeared in his life.

Takeshi and Ittōsai stood face to face in the clearing illuminated only by the dawn light filtering through the trees. The atmosphere was heavy with the weight of unspoken words and shared pain.

The smell of blood and the sound of fish crackling on the fire were a grim reminder of the battle to come.

"I can't believe it! How did you find me here?" exclaimed Takeshi, his eyes wide with surprise and relief. "I really need your help. I've faced hardships and need a guide to get out of this mess."

"My young man, I know everything. You didn't listen to me and ended up becoming an enemy of the shogun by stealing his main weapon. I didn't teach you to steal but to follow the Bushidō code," replied Ittōsai, his gaze a mix of disappointment and weariness.



## | KATANA

"I didn't steal anything! But I admit I lost myself in revenge. I believe that with this sword I can uncover what Uesugi Kagekatsu has to do with my family's death," argued Takeshi, frustration evident in his voice.

"I heard you were causing significant trouble, disrupting the order of Japan. I know how powerful you are, and the only person who could defeat you is me. But with just one arm, I have no advantage.

I'm asking you to surrender and return the katana to the shogun," explained Ittōsai, with a look of resignation.

"I don't know what they say about me, but I just defeated a samurai in a fair duel and took down a gang of bandits. I'm not causing trouble to innocents, just following my path and facing those who come in my way," said Takeshi, enraged, his voice thick with emotion.

"I sent two of my best apprentices to defeat you," Ittōsai exclaimed, his voice filled with anger and frustration. "Honorable men who died trying to establish the Ittō-ryu school. Enough of your arrogance!"

The master drew his katana with a swift motion, his gaze fixed on Takeshi, who felt the weight of Ittōsai's words like a cutting blade.

"So it was you! That's why they knew I was in the forest..." shouted Takeshi, fury and pain twisting his face. "You want to kill me to open your school and enhance your name! They died because of you!"

Takeshi's accusation reverberated among the trees, a lament of injustice and rage. Ittōsai, with a face marked by determination and regret, raised his katana.

"I trained you; now I will destroy you!" roared Ittōsai, his voice a stormy roar. The battle began.

Even with one arm, Ittōsai's skill was formidable. Every strike he made was an expression of his impeccable training, a brutal contrast to his physical limitation. Takeshi, with adrenaline coursing through his veins, fought with an almost animalistic intensity. His movements were swift but imbued with a desperate force.

Ittōsai's strikes were meticulously calculated, his katana slicing through the air with a cutting sound. Takeshi dodged with difficulty, his vision beginning to



## | KATANA

blur from the effort and the blood flowing from a wound on his face.

The duel continued, a deadly dance between master and pupil. The blades clashed with a deafening clang, and sweat and blood mixed on the ground. The surrounding environment was steeped in palpable tension, and the fight seemed to stretch for hours, although time felt relative to both.

"I didn't want all this," Takeshi shouted, trying to find some shred of reason in the chaos. "I lost my mind, and everything led me here.

But I need to know what happened in my childhood, why the feudal lord ordered my family to be killed..."

The sound of distant footsteps and voices cut through the charged atmosphere. Ittōsai smiled bitterly, a dry laugh escaping his lips as he struggled to maintain his strength.

"They found you. They discovered the bodies of the Ono brother and knew you would come through the forest..." Ittōsai said, his voice laden with dark humor. "I came after you for the money. I wanted to open my school and thought it would be worth the sacrifice. I was wrong. Now I see I won't get the reward. Go and

live your life. Remember, revenge will not bring your family back."

Takeshi's heart was heavy with a new layer of guilt and sadness. He hesitated, the desire to stay and fight alongside Ittōsai battling against the urge to move on.

"I'll stay with you; we can fight together..." Takeshi began, his voice filled with desperation.

"We can't. We're too tired and wounded. Go, I'll buy you time. Good luck, kid," Ittōsai said, accepting his fate with a sad dignity.

Ittōsai's declaration made the weight of the world seem to fall upon Takeshi's shoulders. The battle had ended, but the pain and regret remained. With one last look at the man who had been his mentor, Takeshi fled, his mind troubled and his heart heavy. The morning light began to filter through the trees, and the distant sound of a battle indicated that time was running out. Takeshi, now with impaired vision due to the wound, ran towards Yonezawa, an uncertain destination and a new determination in mind.

As he ran through the forest, the sound of footsteps behind him grew clearer, a cruel reminder that his journey was far from over.



With one last glance back, Takeshi reflected on the weight of the choices made and the pain inflicted, promising himself that his struggle would not be in vain.

"It won't be in vain," he murmured to himself, his voice carrying a mix of determination and sorrow.

### *1600, Yonezawa*

After months of relentless journey, Takeshi finally approached the walls of Yonezawa. The city was in sight, but the road to get there had been one of pain and sacrifice. His body, marked by scars and a recent wound, revealed the weight of battles and wear. The bandage covering his right eye, a result of his fight with Itō Ittōsai, was a constant reminder of his challenges.

Takeshi's steps were heavy, and each movement felt like a Herculean effort. As he walked, a sudden sound broke the silence of the forest. A stone flew through the air and struck his katana with a metallic impact, echoing through the clearing. Takeshi turned with unexpected agility, his dark gaze and instinctive combat stance ready.

In front of him stood the young samurai he had seen in Kōriyama, a smug smile on his face. His name was Shishido Baiken, and he looked more confident than ever.

"Nice reflexes! So it was you I was looking for..." Baiken remarked, his voice carrying a challenging tone.

"So you caught up with me..." Takeshi replied, his voice hoarse and tired but filled with unwavering determination.

"Wow, you look finished," Baiken observed with a tone of disdain.

"I thought I had finally found a worthy opponent. Don't worry, I'll give you a dignified death."

"Don't be mistaken. I can still fight," Takeshi responded, his voice now firm despite his exhaustion. "Let's finish this quickly."

Baiken prepared for the duel with a triumphant smile. He drew his katana with a precision that revealed his rigorous training.

"You should be proud; you'll be killed by Shishido Baiken. My name will be known throughout the world



## | KATANA

as the strongest samurai of all time," Baiken declared, his eyes shining with ambition.

"You're just like him..." Takeshi remarked, the memory of his master Itō Ittōsai adding extra weight to his mind.

The ensuing clash was a spectacle of technique and strength. The blades collided with a metallic clang, and each movement was a perfect blend of speed and precision. The ground around the combatants quickly became covered with broken leaves and branches, a silent witness to the battle.

Even weakened, Takeshi displayed an almost superhuman skill. His movements were a dance of endurance and refined technique. Baiken, on the other hand, was like a whirlwind of quick and furious attacks, his katana slicing through the air with controlled fury.

The strikes came in a frenetic rhythm. Takeshi, with surprising agility, managed to dodge a deadly attack and, with a deft move, sliced one of Baiken's ears, a clear warning of his intent. Baiken momentarily recoiled, his face twisted in pain and surprise. Seizing the opening, Takeshi delivered a deep cut to his opponent's back.

Baiken fell to his knees, breathing heavily. The arrogant expression was replaced by a look of resignation.

"Finish it," Baiken requested, his voice weakened. "There's nothing more I can do."

Takeshi looked at the fallen young samurai with a mix of compassion and frustration. The battle had been fierce, but the desire for revenge seemed to be dissipating as he faced the suffering of another.

"I won't kill you," Takeshi said, his voice resolute yet carrying a contained sadness. "I'll leave your fate to be decided by destiny."

Turning, Takeshi began to walk away. He knew that time was running out and that he still had a mission to accomplish in Yonezawa. The sound of combat and the smell of blood seemed to fade behind him as his steps guided him towards the next chapter of his journey.

Baiken, still fallen and powerless, watched Takeshi's figure disappear into the distance. His mind was consumed by thoughts of his own ambition and the price he had paid for it.



## | KATANA

With one last glance back, Takeshi lost himself in the forest, the image of Baiken and the recently concluded fight blending with the shadows around him. The journey was not over yet, and the path to the truth in Yonezawa lay ahead.

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## CHAPTER 03

### *1600, Yonezawa*

Takeshi arrived in Yonezawa with the sense that the city, though familiar, now seemed like a labyrinth of memories and trauma. The sun was setting, casting a golden glow over the city walls, a cruel contrast to the deplorable state Takeshi was in. His clothes were torn and bloodied, and the look in his one visible eye was a mix of exhaustion and fierce determination.

The road leading to the Uesugi Temple seemed endless. Takeshi could barely keep pace as he walked, but the sight of the temple, a symbol of power and prestige, ignited a spark of hope and resolve in his heart. He had crossed lands and faced countless challenges to get here, and he would not let anything stop him now.

The temple guards, alert to the approach of a visitor, were taken aback by Takeshi's condition. As he drew near, the expressions of surprise and concern on the guards' faces were evident.



## | KATANA

"I've come to see Daimyō Uesugi Kagekatsu..." Takeshi announced, his voice hoarse and laden with a mix of exhaustion and urgency.

One of the guards, a burly man with a scar on his cheek, looked at Takeshi with suspicion and curiosity.

"What happened to you? And what could you possibly have to say to Lord Kagekatsu that justifies your deplorable state?" the guard asked, frowning.

"This..." Takeshi replied with difficulty, lifting his bloodied katana.

The metal glinted in the fading light, reflecting the shadows of the trees and the temple.

The sight of the katana, with its unmistakable gleam and historical legacy, made the guards exchange worried and respectful glances.

Without further words, they led Takeshi to the hall where Daimyō Kagekatsu was. Upon entering, Takeshi found Kagekatsu in conversation with a young man, interrupting the dialogue as the unexpected visitor made his entrance.

Kagekatsu, an older man with an imposing presence and a serious expression, looked up at Takeshi. The

young man beside him, with sharp features and a curious gaze, also turned to face the newcomer.

"Forgive me, sir, but this matter is urgent," one of the guards said, interrupting the conversation and gesturing to Takeshi.

"What is it about?" Kagekatsu asked, his voice deep and authoritative. "And why is this man in such conditions?"

Takeshi approached, his mind a whirlwind of emotions and thoughts, as he drew the katana with a slow, almost reverent gesture.

"I came to find out what this katana has to do with you..." Takeshi said, the tension in his voice evident.

Kagekatsu looked at the katana with a mix of surprise and unease.

His eyes widened as he recognized the weapon.

"Impossible..." he murmured, his tone changing dramatically. "The katana of Uesugi Kenshin, the War God... Young man, how did you find it?"



## | KATANA

"I found it in Edo, with a young man who had stolen it from the shogun's possession," Takeshi explained, his voice growing increasingly frustrated.

"This is the Scarlet Katana. My father used it in several battles, and there were stories about its power and curse. It was stolen by my father's rival, Takeda Shingen, a long time ago. The Takeda clan must have given it to the shogun to improve their standing," Kagekatsu said, his gaze filled with reminiscence.

The young man next to Kagekatsu, visibly surprised, leaned forward, his face showing a mix of shock and understanding.

"Father, could it have been Sadakatsu?" he asked, his voice trembling.

"That stubborn boy!" Kagekatsu exclaimed, disappointment in his voice. "Seeing his grandfather's katana, he couldn't help himself."

"Father, he went to the shogun to strengthen our alliance and ended up stealing the katana?" the young man continued, his voice full of disbelief.

"He must be hiding now. You know the trouble this has brought to our family," Kagekatsu said, disapproval evident in his tone.

"He's dead!" Takeshi declared, his voice cold and devoid of emotion.

The hall fell into a deep and oppressive silence. Kagekatsu sat down, the weight of Takeshi's words falling on him like a heavy curtain of shadow. His son stared at the floor, in shock.

"Thank you, young man, for completing my son's journey..." Kagekatsu finally spoke, his voice filled with sadness. "Nagao, reward this man and tend to his wounds. I will try to reach an agreement with the shogun..."

"No! I demand answers..." Takeshi interrupted, frustration and pain almost palpable in his voice.

"About what?" Kagekatsu asked, rising from his chair with a concerned expression.

"What do you know about the murder of a couple and their child here in Yonezawa eighteen years ago?" Takeshi questioned, his voice filled with fierce determination.

Everyone in the hall watched attentively, their expressions ranging from apprehension to curiosity. The tension in the room was palpable.



"How are you involved in this... I heard the assassins mention your name on the day they killed my family," Takeshi revealed, his eyes fixed on Kagekatsu.

Kagekatsu became visibly agitated, his expression shifting to a mix of fear and guilt. "Forgive... Forgive me, young man. I... I don't know what you're talking about," the daimyō said, his voice trembling with anguish.

"It was you, wasn't it? You killed my parents and my brother... I've lived all these years waiting for this moment," Takeshi said, his voice filled with pain and rage. Without hesitation, he swiftly knocked out the two samurai who were escorting him, the sound of their bodies hitting the floor echoing through the hall.

"You're insane! My father would never do something like this!" shouted Kagekatsu's other son, drawing his katana with a look of fury.

"No... He's right..." Kagekatsu said, surprising everyone with his calm and dejected voice. "I was very young when I became involved with a beautiful woman. Months later, I learned that she had given birth to a child. I knew it was mine, but at that time, I ignored it. Years later, when I married Kikuhime, I knew that an illegitimate firstborn could threaten my

lineage, so I sent trusted soldiers to kill the woman and her child."

"But... My brother couldn't have been your child..." Takeshi murmured, piecing together the puzzle.

"So... You are..." the daimyō said, shock visible on his face as he realized his eldest son was now before him.

Takeshi was stunned for a few seconds. The revelations shifted his perception of the situation, and his gaze, once filled with rage, now held renewed intensity. He moved to attack Kagekatsu, but was interrupted by his brother, Uesugi Harunori.

"You will not do anything against my father and my family!" Harunori declared, his voice firm and challenging.

The two brothers faced off in an intense duel. The fight between Takeshi and Harunori was fierce, each strike and block revealing the skill and training of both. Takeshi, driven by urgency and the newly revealed truth, fought with relentless force. Finally, Takeshi knocked out Harunori with a precise and decisive move.

"You will never leave here alive!" Kagekatsu shouted, his voice filled with fury and fear.



## | KATANA

"Neither will you..." Takeshi replied, his voice cold and resolute as he prepared for the final battle.

The fight between Takeshi and Kagekatsu was an epic display of skill and determination. Each blow was precise and deadly, and the hall echoed with the sound of clashing blades. Despite his age and injuries, Kagekatsu demonstrated the skill and mastery that had made him a feared leader. Takeshi, driven by pain and the need for justice, fought with renewed ferocity. The battle intensified, each move calculated and lethal.

The final scene in the Uesugi Temple hall was a dark and agonizing portrait of desperation and resolve. Takeshi, covered in sweat and blood, appeared like a legendary figure, the weight of his journey visible in every movement. The katana of Uesugi Kenshin, now stained with the daimyō's own blood, trembled in Takeshi's hands.

He had disarmed Kagekatsu with deadly precision and knocked him to the ground, his sword pointed at the heart of the man who had destroyed his family.

Kagekatsu knelt before Takeshi, his posture defeated and his eyes filled with fear and pain. The gleam of the katana reflected in the daimyō's desperate

expression, which seemed to weigh his final words with a burden of guilt and regret.

"I will tear out your heart... Just as you did to me," Takeshi declared, his voice cold and laden with fierce determination. The blade of the katana moved slowly toward Kagekatsu's body, embedding itself in the flesh with a cruel sound.

Kagekatsu let out a groan of pain, his voice failing in his attempt at cursing. "Cursed be your soul! If I had known you would become a monster, I would have killed you myself..."

Takeshi did not respond. With a firm movement, he delivered the final blow. The katana plunged deeply, sealing the fate of his father. Kagekatsu's body trembled and then lay still, life draining from his eyes as Takeshi stood, breathing heavily, his mind flooded with a storm of conflicting emotions.

"This is for my family... and for everything you took from me," Takeshi murmured, his voice cold and resolute. He slowly stepped back, surveying the scene of destruction and death he had caused.

With vengeance finally accomplished, Takeshi felt the weight of his journey pressing down on his shoulders. The void left by the deaths of his loved ones and the



## | KATANA

cost of his own revenge were evident in his weary and defeated posture. Although he had achieved justice, he knew it would not bring his family back. The Uesugi clan was ruined, and all that remained were mourning and pain.

As he left the hall, Takeshi was met by a furious storm that seemed to reflect his own inner turmoil. The rain fell heavily, mingling with the blood still covering the ground. Seven Uesugi samurais, led by Harunori and the two samurais Takeshi had previously knocked out, advanced toward the hall.

"The daimyō is dead! He killed Uesugi Kagekatsu!" Harunori shouted, his voice filled with a mix of sadness and rage.

"He will not go unpunished! Kill him!" ordered Nagao, the samurai most loyal to the clan, with a tone of fury and determination.

Takeshi knew he had no more options. His only choice was to fight.

He prepared for battle, his katana still bloodied in his firm hand.

The storm seemed to intensify the chaos around him, and the Uesugi samurais advanced with relentless ferocity.

The ensuing battle was one of the most intense of Takeshi's life.

The ten Uesugi samurais, united by fury and loyalty to the clan, attacked with deadly synchronization. Takeshi fought with desperate energy, each movement of his katana a silent cry for his lost family. The fight was a whirlwind of steel and blood, with Takeshi facing his adversaries with a ferocity that seemed almost supernatural.

Despite being gravely injured, Takeshi managed to take down the samurais one by one. The sound of clashing blades, the battle cries, and the clinking of swords echoed through the forest as night fell.

Hours passed, and the grueling confrontation seemed endless.

Finally, exhausted and bleeding, Takeshi fell to his knees among the bodies of his enemies.

His left arm was lost, blood flowing across the forest floor where he had grown up. The pain was intense, and his vision was blurred.



## | KATANA

The battlefield, now a cemetery of warriors, was illuminated only by the storm's light and distant lightning.

As the rain washed the blood from the ground, Takeshi reflected on his journey. He had lost his honor, his master, his freedom, and finally, his father. The Uesugi clan was destroyed, and it hadn't brought back his mother and brother. All that remained of the clan were four women and two children, watching with eyes full of fear and sadness.

Takeshi dropped the Scarlet Katana beside the bodies and struggled to stand. He made his way toward the forest where he had grown up, his mind a mix of memories and regrets. Each step was an echo of the hatred he had harbored for so many years.

Now, he understood that his quest for revenge had been in vain.

The only thing he had achieved was a life of regrets and the promise of redemption that might never come.

The sound of approaching footsteps brought Takeshi back to harsh reality. He was surrounded by shogun samurais, their armor shining in the darkness of the night.

"So this is how it all ends..." Takeshi said, accepting his fate with deep resignation.

He knew he had two choices: to commit suicide or to fight to the death. The decision was quick, and Takeshi chose to face his final moments with dignity.

The final battle was brief and brutal. Even weakened and with life slipping away, Takeshi fought with the fury of a man with nothing left to lose. Each strike he delivered was an expression of his determination and pain, but he was at a disadvantage. The shogun's samurais, well-trained and numerous, quickly dominated the situation.

In a few minutes, Takeshi was mortally wounded. He fell to the forest floor, the same place where it all began and where it would now end. His last thought was of his mother and brother. He closed his eyes, accepting the darkness that enveloped him. The forest, a silent witness to his life and death, welcomed him one last time.

Thus, the legend of Takeshi came to an end. His story of honor, revenge, and tragedy would echo through the mountains of Yonezawa for generations, a grim and powerful reminder of the cost of seeking justice.



| KATANA

and the pain of a life marked by the desire for  
vengeance.

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RODRIGO MARTINS |

# Acknowledgments

*To the readers of "Katana",*

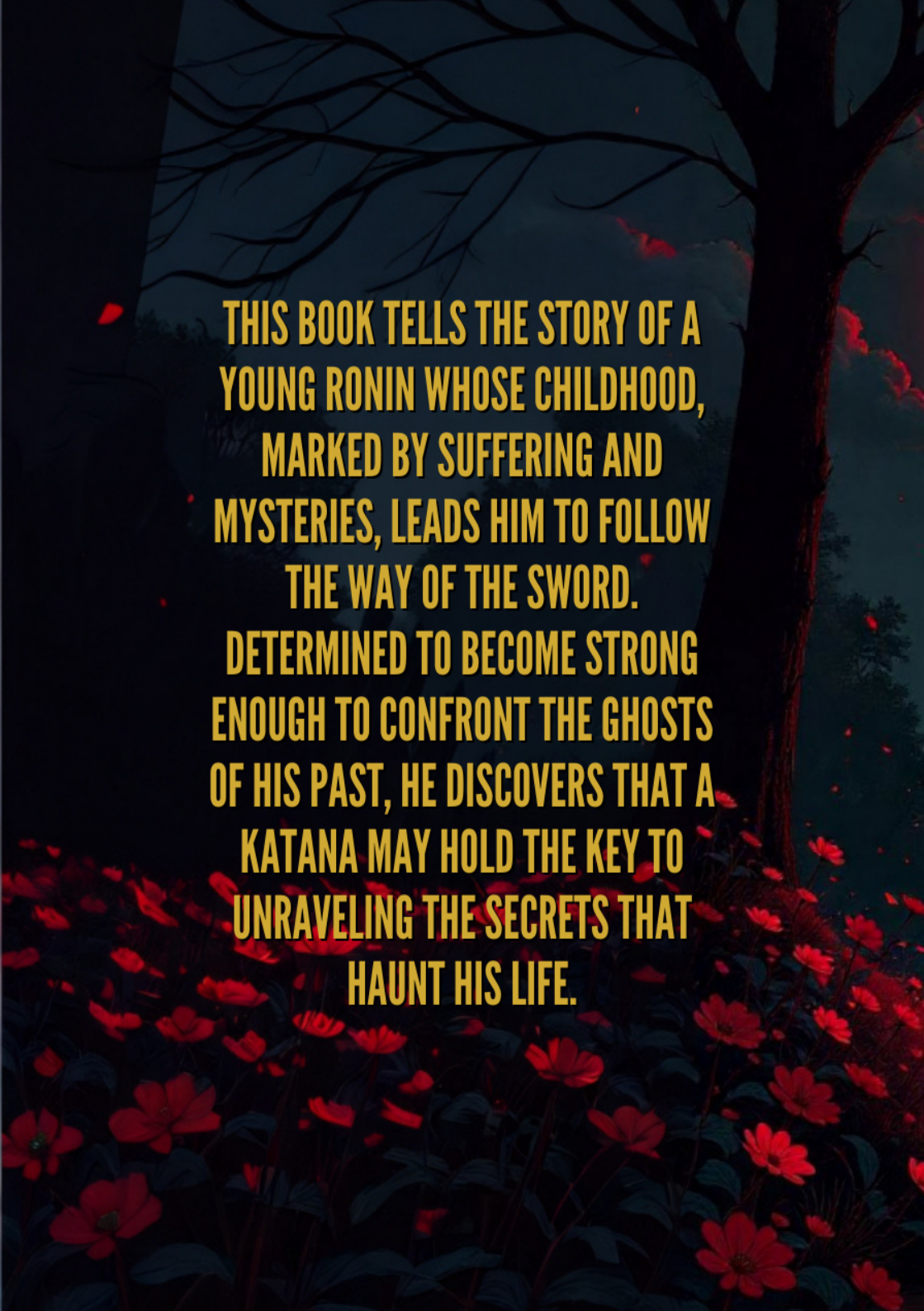
*Thank you very much for reading this story. Your company on this journey means a lot to me. I hope you enjoyed every moment.*

*With gratitude,*

*Rodrigo Martins*

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**THIS BOOK TELLS THE STORY OF A  
YOUNG RONIN WHOSE CHILDHOOD,  
MARKED BY SUFFERING AND  
MYSTERIES, LEADS HIM TO FOLLOW  
THE WAY OF THE SWORD.**

**DETERMINED TO BECOME STRONG  
ENOUGH TO CONFRONT THE GHOSTS  
OF HIS PAST, HE DISCOVERS THAT A  
KATANA MAY HOLD THE KEY TO  
UNRAVELING THE SECRETS THAT  
HAUNT HIS LIFE.**