

This work is fiction.

It has nothing to do with real people, groups or incidents.

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PROLOGUE

TRANSLATED BY CHERSUZY

"Oh! Finally, the top..."

Hatake Kakashi took a deep breath as he crawled up to the top of the rocky cliff, 20 days after leaving the Land of Fire. Constantly moving during day and night, the scenery and climate have completely changed. The land is rough and bumpy, full of rocks - as if someone had broken the Moon down with bare hands. Beyond the mountains, there seems to be a manmade townscape that looks quite small. It's been a long journey, but he finally arrived at his destination country.

"I wonder if there is a hot spring here ..."

He kept hoping there would be one, despite it being nearly impossible based on the topography. Kakashi slid down the cliff with his heel cutting down the slope, while his cloak that covers his body left a dark green trajectory behind him.

Heading towards Redaku Country, which is built on the flat mountainous area. It is almost entirely isolated from the outside world. In this land filled with water and lots of greenery throughout the four seasons, the rocky and

sandy mountains are quite blessed, and people have been living a calm life for centuries. During the ancient times, Rikudou Sennin loved this place himself, and came here to rest with his tailed beasts.

However, in reality, Redaku Country was quite different from the peaceful view that the outside worlds' poets convey.

"Is this really Redaku Country...?"

Kakashi who entered the capital met with deepened wrinkles between the eyebrows, the townspeople looked at him as if he had been an evil demon. As the wind blows from time to time, the odour of death can be smelt.

The area is terribly quiet, and one can hear the voices of the people as well as the chirping of the birds. A few thin goat corpses are randomly placed on abandoned wagons, but it seems that this is not the only source of this death odour. On both sides of the road with the cut-out rocks, there are houses lined made of mud, piled with sun-dried bricks, unique to this region. In terms of size, most of them are probably private houses. Kakashi was walking towards the centre, feeling unhappy and wondering if he was hungry. The altitude of this town is about 4,000

metres. Natural breathing becomes shallower at this height.

Kakashi suddenly stopped when he heard the sound of garments carried by the wind. A little child fell down from a tree, and when Kakashi caught him, he was surprised how little the child weighed, moreover, it felt like he was holding a bone due to the thin shoulders the child had. Malnutrition and dehydration.

"Are you able to drink water?"

As Kakashi was speaking quietly, the child lifted his sunken evelids. His black eyes slowly turned to Kakashi's face, but even that was painful for him and he soon closed his eyes again. Kakashi took his cloak off, put it on a branch and moulded chakra in his palm. He slowly spilled water towards the edge of the child's mouth. The child's lips were dry and peeling off, and his tongue also became whitish due to the lack of nutrition. He took a long time to drink enough water to gain some strength. Kakashi lifted his small body up and made him sit down with his back leaning towards the wall of a house. The child thanked him with his frail voice and lifted up a lump of clothes from his chest towards Kakashi.

"This child also needs water, please give some..."

The baby was wrapped in knitted clothes; however, he was already cold when Kakashi touched him. Kakashi moulded chakra and pretended to pour water into the baby's mouth. Most of the water was sucked into the clothes without going into the mouth, but the child closed his eyes reassuringly as he misunderstood that the baby was drinking water.

"Where is this child's parent?"

Kakashi opened the door of a nearby house and saw that the room was tidy, and nobody was there.

"What happened to this country?"

The town centre was even worse. There were corpses that were somewhat crushed and covered with sand, some old corpses even turned black. The newer ones were scattered with watery spills from the inside. There was no corpse that seemed to be killed and the remains of the corpses were intact. On the road, Kakashi finally found an adult who was alive; an old woman carrying a hay on her bent back.

"You're not a resident of this area, where did you come from?" asked the old lady while frowning.

That information was confidential and Kakashi couldn't share it.

"Where are the other inhabitants?" asked Kakashi.

The old woman sighed deeply.

"I'm only answering you because I'm extremely tired and it takes me half a day to go home. We're extremely short of water ever since the king died."

"The king died?!"

"Did you not know?" the old woman looked strangely at Kakashi's face.

"Around this time last year, there were suddenly various rumours about his illness etc, those were all true."

"Who is the king now?"

"The eldest daughter, Manari succeeded. For how long have you been living in a cage not to know that?"

"I've been sick for a long time."

"Oh, that must have been tough."

The old woman narrowed her eyes to sympathise with Kakashi.

"When did the water shortage start?"

"I don't really want to say this, but it was after the start of the reign of Queen Manari. It just stopped raining."

In the afternoon, people who were going to draw some water from a nearby valley returned. A child who looked like he was at the end of his life was carrying a bottle of water in his hands.

"When will it rain, when will it rain..." murmured a man. It seems that everyone is exhausted. Kakashi started helping the people carrying water.

"This water that remained in the valley is mixed with soil and moss, so it cannot really be used for drinking." said Kakashi.

"This is the only kind of water around here, so we can only drink this one, there is nothing else" a sunburned young woman said with a bitter smile.

"The water source in the valley is drying up and there is no place to draw water. It's because

there is still water in this shady pond, but it's going to run out soon, and then the town is done for." another man sighed and looked up at the sky.

Kakashi dropped his gaze on the cracked earth. Water shortage. According to the information that Kakashi has obtained in advance, it is the king's duty to enrich the country with water in this dry climate. The king uses a tool called Shuigu, which is passed down in the royal family that can manipulate the water to make it rain. That means it doesn't work well currently. Kakashi looked up at the stone palace and thought the source of the problem was over there. As the Sun began to tilt the border between the shade and light began to fade, the first lights were lit up in the top floor of the royal palace. The outside is still bright enough that even birds are flying in the sky, but he could see that they were starting to use expensive lamps, so that room was probably the king's room. Kakashi waited for the sky to darken then climbed up the walls of the castle. The girl standing in the middle of the room was queen Manari. Straight black hair, down to her shoulders, about in her mid-teens, holding the Shuigu, which was a golden cane with a ring.

"I've heard about it before, but it's the first time I've actually seen it..."

There was another person in the room besides the queen. He was an old man with a crimson robe and a grey beard extending to his chest.

"Manari, you need to make a decision." the old man approached the queen with a firm tone.

Based on his expensive clothes, he is probably the prime minister. That position is like being the right hand of the king, the most powerful person in the country after the royal family.

"The number of deaths due to starvation is increasing every single day. It's only a matter of time before the news reach the villages in the suburbs. It's already too late, but let's do what we can now."

"Of course, ... I'd like to do that, but what should I actually do..." - Manari squeezed the Shuigu.

"I know I have to use the Shuigu, but I'm thinking of running away, I'm not brave enough... I'm afraid of using the Shuigu"

"You don't have to use anything you cannot use. If you're worried and run away after using it, the country might flood this time and the fields will

be washed away. If the capital of the country is destroyed, the entire country falls. "

"The previous kings of this country have been using the Shuigu for centuries to enrich this land with water. So surely, I should be able to..."

The minister sighed and stared at the queen from the corner of his eyes.

"It's been recorded that all the previous kings have been able to use the Shuigu quite well ever since they received it for the first time. It was clear how to use it when they touched it. Not for Manari-Sama... but it's not because of that. Perhaps one needs a natural ability to handle the Shuigu. Maybe Manari-Sama wasn't born with that. You don't have to stick to tools that you cannot use".

The footsteps of the prime minister stopped. He is looking down at the capital from the window. He should be able to see the same sight as Kakashi: a dusty town full of bricks sinking in the dark night. Fires are burning in the streets and people gather together. In this thirsty land, people are still desperate to survive. But it won't last long. If the water shortage continues like this...

"Nanara hasn't tried using it yet. Perhaps that child could handle it" said Manari.

The minister was laughing while looking at the town.

"What are you going to do with that failure?"

"Aren't you a bit too rude, Prime Minister" Manari's voice was sharp for the first time. "Nanara is my brother and part of the royal family"

"Excuse me, Manari-Sama. Unfortunately, I only spoke the truth." He looked back and apologised for his rudeness. "Nanara is now living in Nagare village. I heard he keeps playing every day instead of studying. He's such a naughty child, I don't think he's capable of using the Shuigu. Manari-Sama, make a decision."

"I am..." Manari kept silent and did not move as if she had been frozen. "I will never use Shuigu again. I will do whatever you say, and I will do what I can for the country."

"If there is no water in the country, we can only take it away from other countries."

Kakashi, who went down the wall, leaned against the wall as it was and thought he

infiltrated this country to get some information, but it doesn't seem like this country could be left alone. The country is exhausted by man-made disasters and people are hungry. Moreover, the idiotic prime minister is trying to start a war with other countries.

"I can't say why Manari can't use Shuigu at this stage... but most of the time there are some conditions which can trigger this. For example, only men could use it, or a contract is needed... it could be because the previous king died suddenly, so such conditions were not met."

Kakashi looked back at the royal palace. This building is probably plagued by the Prime Minister's dictatorship. It would take a long time to reach the queen after infiltrating as a maiden or a bureaucrat. Moreover, the minister said Manari's brother lived in Nagare. It seemed easier to get close to him.

The old woman he met during the day said it takes approximately three days on horseback from the capital to the village of Nagare. With Kakashi's feet, it will only take a few hours.

The problem is how to get in touch.

~

The smell of grass is travelling by the wind, and the palm tree is shaking its leaves.

The eldest son of the king, Nanara, ran across the field with his playmate Sumure.

"The Sixth Hokage. Let's settle it now."

"Fufufu, Momochi Zabuza imitation: Great waterfall technique."

"Well, if that's the case, ... Lightning style: Purple Lightning!"

The two are in the middle of their Sixth Hokage role play. Grasshoppers surprised by the strong steps remove the morning dew and flee.

"Get ready, break again! Earth Release: Earthstyle wall!" He raised his voice, took the branch of a fallen tree and shook it.

Then, Nanara suddenly turned face to face, and as if trembling, he scolded Sumure.

"Don't do that, seriously. The Earth-style wall is a defence technique for making a huge earth wall! So, you can only use it for things like stopping kunais".

"Oh yes. Is that a technique to call Ninja dogs?"

"No! You cannot remember anything at all!"

Nanara sighed in vain. The Earth-style wall and the Summoning Jutsu are also very famous techniques that appear many times in the legends about the Sixth Hokage. That is why Sumure is annoying, not remembering these correctly.

"I remember a lot. I love the Sixth Hokage."

While she slips, Sumure throws the branches of the trees she had on the ground.

"Then I will play the role of the Sixth Hokage! Sumure, you will be defeated!"

"Eh, I just want to do a little more but ..."

"No! It's my turn!"

Nanara hurried to Sumure, saying "Lightning release: Chidori"

She screamed vigorously and threw the tree branch away.

"Wow, it works!"

Sumure fell in the field with exaggeration. Nanara turned towards her and tickled Sumure's sides.

"Enough! That's enough for me! "

Sumure tickled Nanara back. The two shook their bodies and screamed and rolled on the grass like a rice ball.

"I'm playing in the morning too, and I'm playing the Hokage. I can't get enough of this"

"You're always so crazy about the legends surrounding the Sixth Hokage."

~Throwback to the past ~

It's been almost a year since Nanara was brought to Nagare Village. He used to live in the royal palace in the capital with his father and sister. He came here immediately after his father died, as suddenly his sister took the throne. Since the royal palace is a political place, it is not appropriate to have children there

"Nanara should be raised without haste in more rural areas. For example, how about the village Nagare?" The fact that the monk manipulated his sister with such words can be understood even by Nanara. But he thought it was a good thing. It is already outrageous to be confined in a grumpy, shaky and embarrassing royal palace, surrounded by overwhelming adults. Here he has friends of the same age, and all the adults of

the town speak to him freely, so that he can forget that he's part of the royal family.

Running across the fields and playing the Sixth Hokage, and letting the adults know about the legends surrounding him. Every single day since he's arrived at Nagare Village, it's been a lot of fun.

"Nanara really likes the Sixth Hokage" The adults of the town always say this and laugh. Each time, Nanara takes more pride in his heart.

The Sixth Hokage is a legendary ninja. A ninja is a very special person that can use great techniques. It seems that there are many ninjas with a formidable ability in the Land of Fire, which is far from the country of Redaku.

"The Sixth Hokage is an overwhelming super leader of charisma, rising above all shinobi" says Nanara.

"The legends of the Sixth Hokage are nothing but fairy tales" Sometimes adults in town say such things.

"There is no real person who can manipulate the earth and lightning... There is no doubt that the Sixth Hokage, or even the Land of Fire, may or may not even exist."

At that moment, Nanara decided to say "That's not true! The Sixth Hokage is absolutely real. He's alive and is the leader of the Land of Fire!"

"Don't say stupid things. If a ninja really exists, how do you make lightning from where there is nothing?"

"That's ..." He's ashamed if he gets stuck in the details.

"The legends of the Sixth Hokage are just stories, so I don't know the details. It's said that with one of his skills he is able to cut thunder, and that there is nothing but a sound that sounds like a thousand birds chirping. Therefore, when playing Hokage, it is important to compensate for the details. Oh yes, and ninjas are awesome, so they can do anything! You can even make lightning and flames! My father told me so it's definitely true!"

He told Nanara the legends of the Sixth Hokage. His father, who was the king of Redaku Country, despite being busy, always spent time with Nanara and let him sit on his lap and talked about the stories of the Sixth Hokage. Fighting against demons, or the evil Akatsuki group. The Sixth Hokage, who has managed to squeeze the

enemy with skill, has a great ability to have enough power to cut lightnings.

"The legends of the Hokage that my father used to speak of were so interesting..."

The Sixth Hokage is more than a role model for Nanara.

~Throwback over, back to the present ~

"Nanara-Sama, how long have you been playing?"

Nanara was in the middle of a serious game when Margo ran towards him. He picked up the neglected weed that had grown in the field and used it instead of a sword and was about to cut Sumure down with it.

"What, Margo, I was about to win!"

"It's time to study. Please come back!"

However, Nanara did not move. He was already used to Margo's loud voice.

Margo is a tall woman in her mid-twenties who lives with Nanara and takes care of him. At one point, she said she was a maiden who has received an official order from the Prime Minister, but in reality, Margo is completely

different from the ladies who were in the royal palace. She always watches Nanara, and she is more like a cowardly aunt.

"I am not going to study today, because there is no one to teach me!" declared Nanara to Margo.

As Nanara is part of the royal family, he must have a home tutor. The first one was a very gentle woman who came from the capital. At first, she was delighted to be the private teacher of a prince, but after Nanara pulled a few pranks she cried and took out her luggage the next morning. Since then, many tutors have been there, but they have all left after about half a month. A middle-aged professor who came recently fell into a hole that Nanara dug, and broke his glasses, and was outraged just a week ago.

"I can't study because I don't have a teacher. So, I can play."

"We have a new tutor starting today." Margo looked down with a clear face at Nanara and told him with confidence.

Nanara was confused and very annoyed. "She already found a new tutor... Oh well, if I do

something mischievous, I'm sure he'll cry and run away."

"I'm waiting in the living room" having said that, Margo went to the kitchen to make tea. Nanara dragged his muddy shoes into the living room. Someone was sitting on a wooden chair near the wall.

"It's late, Prince Nanara" said a calm, low-toned voice.

Someone sitting in the chair slowly turned towards him. Nanara couldn't see him well because his face was backlit due to the window. However, he could see the silhouette of a tall man. Blinking at the edge of the silver-haired man in the sunlight, Nanara narrowed his eyes to see the shadow of the man.

"Are you my new tutor?" Nanara put his arms together and listened closely.

The man got up from the chair without making any noise.

"My name is Hatake Kakashi."

It sounded like a strange name to him. Especially the surname. Kakashi approached him so that

he could finally see him. He seemed like a mysterious man with very sleepy eyes.



He seems to be a lenient man. That was Nanara's first impression of his new tutor. His scruffy hair looks like a goat's beard. Tensionless, deep voice with a strangely quiet way of speaking.

"Don't take it personally, but I don't want to study, and that's the only thing tutors want to do." Nanara immediately declared to Kakashi right after his first glance at him. Shortly after Nanara looked up at Kakashi with sparkling eyes.

"Could you tell me about the legends of the Sixth Hokage?"

"Sixth... what?"

Nanara wrinkled his eyebrows.

"The Sixth Hokage. You know, the hero of the Land of Fire!"

"What is that? What is the name of that person again?

As Kakashi turns his head and listens to him again, Nanara finally opens his eyes quite wide.

"Do you know about the Sixth Hokage? He's super famous! Everyone knows about him! He's the strongest shinobi, and the best leader!"

"…"

"Hmpfh, well..." Nanara looked disappointed. "I can't believe you haven't heard about the Sixth Hokage. If you live in Redaku Country, you should have heard about his legends like everyone else here!"

Nanara thought the tutor must be ignorant and that's why he hasn't heard about the Sixth Hokage.

"I'm quite interested, and I'd like to get to know about your interests, Nanara. Please, tell me about the legends of the Sixth Hokage."

"It's fine." Nanara refused.

"In that case, we need to study. That's why I've come here, after all."

"The tutor's best assignment is for me to tell about the Sixth Hokage?" Nanara raised his eyebrows.

"What did the previous tutors teach you then? ... so, tell me about the legends of the Sixth Hokage."

"Anything else to do?"

"No, the rest of the day is free-time."

"is that so?"

Kakashi nodded and stood up.

"It seems that your past tutoring has been quite a formal one. By the way, I can't find any kind of books in this house."

"Do you need a book? They're all in the library, but it's closed now. About half a year ago, the Prime Minister issued an order that all libraries have to be closed."

"The Prime Minister?"

"In order to protect the precious books, because everyone used to tear them apart or they made them dirty. Before that, libraries were always open, and anyone was able to browse the books freely."

Kakashi looked around in the room again and murmured.

"I see. Can you show me where the library is?"

"Nagare Village is built on the slope of a valley. If you don't go up or down the hill, you can't go anywhere. The library Is at the end of the hill. A steep cliff rises in its back and there is a watchtower for a guard next to it. It's the

deepest part of the village. Surrounded by a short fence and columns standing on both sides."

As they arrived at the library, they could see that there were chains hanging in front it if so that they couldn't pass. They were tightly closed with a lock. Kakashi crossed the gate, so Nanara was surprised and rounded is eyes.

"Hey, what are you doing? Anyway, it's closed, and we don't have the key so we can't enter!"

However, when Kakashi put his hand on the door and pulled it sideways, it opened somehow, even though it was supposed to be locked."

"Please, stop!" Nanara raised his voice, and Kakashi who was entering the library looked back.

"It is illegal to enter without permission. Even if I'm part of the royal family, we will be punished." However, it was inevitable that Nanara would follow. He touched the door at the entrance and felt that the bell-shaped lock built in was extremely hot. It looked like the inside of the keyhole has been forcibly melted with a strong flame or something.

"Kakashi... wait a moment..." Nanara looked into the library. Tall bookshelves were lined up. Although the Sun comes in from the window and shines light on them, the entire library seemed dim. The smell of parchment (a stiff, flat, thin material made from the prepared skin of an animal; ancient writing surface) is mixed with dust throughout the entire room. Nanara caught up with Kakashi and grabbed his jacket.

"It is indeed important to follow the rules, but it is also important for you to read books."

"... I don't understand, even if you say such important words."

Kakashi started to look for books on the bookshelves. As it was boring to look silently, Nanara started running around and looked for a book while dusting the other books.

"I don't want to read books, but there should be something here... Kakashi, there it is!"

Nanara took off a yellow-discoloured book.

"The Sixth Hokage book! I've found it! The cover of the book with the story of the Sixth Hokage always has the same mark: a whirling spiral

with a small triangle in the lower left. I don't know what it means, but it must be the Sixth Hokage's trademark."

The two of them returned to the mansion with some books selected by Kakashi and the Sixth Hokage book too. Kakashi was flipping the pages of the book that Nanara brought, which made Nanara seem happy. Somehow, the atmosphere changed, and it felt like it's a place where classes are held.

"Kakashi! I won't study."

"Would you like to use this book?" Kakashi left the book with the spiral on the table. Nanara's face immediately loosened.

"This book is fine. Come on, read it then!"

"What are you talking about? You are reading it. I'm listening here."

"Huh? I can't read letters. Read the book. That's the role of the tutor."

"Well then, let's start by learning to read and write"

Nanara rounded his eyes again.

"Learn?! Letters?"

"Yes."

"All of them?!"

"Yes."

"There are a lot of letters!"

Kakashi didn't smile, which was evidence that he wasn't joking. He picked up some paper that was close to him and wrote some letters smoothly.

"Your name is Nanara."

Nanara started writing his own name in front of Kakashi.

"It's easier than expected."

Since it was only two letters, he managed by looking at the letters Kakashi wrote and copied them.

After finishing writing his name three times, Kakashi replaced the previous paper with a new piece of paper, so that Nanara wasn't able to see the previous writing.

"Please, try it again."

Nanara was completely lost. Even though he wrote it three times, he couldn't remember anything. What was the first letter again? He was thinking. Sure, it seemed like it started with a horizontal bar... As soon as he lost his concentration, he looked out of the window. The weather was nice outside, and he didn't understand why he was staying in the house on such a sunny day.

He felt like he didn't have to remember the letters. He was getting frustrated, not being able to remember the characters in "Nanara".

"That's it! That's it!" Nanara stood up, slamming the paper in front of him. "The class is cancelled! It's more fun to play the war together. Me and Sutoku will be the Western army, and Chemun with Arichi will be the Eastern army."

"An army?" Kakashi gazed at the Sun shining through the window.

"This is a war game where two teams divide each other and fight each other. The weather is good today anyway."

"huh? Then the Eastern army will win."

"There's no way the Eastern army will win! Stop saying stupid things." Nanara grabbed Kakashi's wrist and tried to walk vigorously. However, he was about to fall. Kakashi didn't try to stand up.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Kakashi sighed as he pulled his wrist out of Nanara's hand.

"I don't want to force myself. It's better if someone else reads these for me. When I was in the capital, the prime minister told me so."

"I'll be here, so come here if you change your mind, or even if you don't change your mind."

Nanara rushed out and left the mansion. Kakashi didn't chase him. He just put his elbows on the table and flips through books. Nanara was running towards the fields.

~LATER ~

"So, which one won?"

Nanara, who came back to the mansion replied that it wasn't interesting. Kakashi turned back to the book he was reading. As Kakashi said, the Eastern army won. Surely, it happens: there are only two choices: Eastern or Western. Nanara thought he was just hit by chance. Nanara changed his muddy clothes and helped prepare the meal and stir the lunch. In the afternoon, he wanted to go play with Sumure who came back from horse riding.

"Kakashi, I won't attend the afternoon classes! You cannot order me around!"

Nanara rushed to the outside. Sumure, who was taking care of his horse looked surprised when Nanara came.

"I was hesitant to come here, but I thought I should come. How's the new tutor?" Asked Sumure.

"He's some tall man. The lower half of his face is covered, so it's kind of looks cool. But that's only the face. He's a boring guy, he doesn't know anything about the Sixth Hokage. "

Nanara took the horses to the plains in the southwest of the village. A leopard falcon flew next to the horse that started running, which was the bloodline of the king's falcon that had been kept by successive generations. The falcon's role is to bring the king's messages to the local village, and he was brought to the village along with Nanara so that they can interact with the capital. However, no one has received a letter, and Nanara cannot write one.

"Sumure, let's go to the forest!"

"Nice, I feel like I can pick up a good branch today!"

They pulled the horse's reins and ran across the field and entered the forest. They went through the trees and across a stream of snowmelt that was present here and there. Nanara was pleased to see young leaves sprouting on the treetops. It was spring. Sumure's horse shook his nose.

"We just had a foal (young horse) born, and my dad lets me give him the name I like. Nanara, any good ideas?"

"How about Pakkun?"

"It's a horse, not a dog!" Sumure's horse shook his nose again. "This guy has a runny nose." Sumure leaned forward to look into his horse's nose. Immediately afterwards, the horse shook his forefoot vigorously. He was shaking his face to the left and right. The horse went on a rampage as if he was trying to run away.

"Oh, what, why, stop!" Sumure pulled the reins but the horse wouldn't calm down.

Sumure lifted the reins and clung to the horse's neck. In this situation, it's only a matter of time before he's shaken off.

"Hey, calm down!" Nanara went to the horse. The horse turned towards Nanara while rampaging, raising his forefoot.

"Nanara! It's dangerous!" A kick from a thick horse-leg was coming towards Nanara's head. The next moment Nanara felt a strong, short burst of air next to his body. It felt sharp like a knife, and the small body of Nanara was blown away while the neckline of his jacket was caught on the top of a tree branch. When he thought he was hanging for a moment, he took his jacket off and hit his face against the ground. He didn't know what happened. When he raised his body

while shaking his dazzled head, Kakashi was calming the horse down by holding his hand over the nose of the previously rampant horse.

"Nanara, are you okay?" His entire face was hurt, but thanks to being blown by the wind, Nanara wasn't injured.

"Kakashi, why are you here?"

"I was taking a walk, and I was here by chance." Kakashi looked back at Sumure while petting the horse. "Is this child part of your house?"

"No, he belongs to the neighbours, to Aunt Byan."

"I think the horse has hay fever." Speaking calmly, Kakashi looked back at Nanara. "Today, the wind is so strong that the pollen of various plants fly around. Horses that are allergic to some of these pollens are not uncommon here."

"Speaking of which, there was someone who suddenly started sneezing in a certain season because of some plant pollens. I thought it was just a human disease, and horses wouldn't suffer from it."

"... and I thought the Eastern Army would win, because it was in the morning that you went out. The Western Army would face up against the Sun, and the horse would keep sneezing." Kakashi kept his eyes on Nanara. "The book I got for you says something like this, anyway... Studying may be boring, but it's surprisingly more useful than you might think."

~

The next morning, Nanara was holding a brush, and started writing the letters one by one, learning their shape.

"I didn't give in; I just know that there are many things I don't know about in the book. I just want to be able to read it."

Even so, he couldn't forget that strong wind from yesterday. He was blown off at the right time and protected from the rampage. It was like a ninja skill. Perhaps the Sixth Hokage is watching over him and helping him.... Nanara's hand was suddenly stopped. Kakashi pointed out some of Nanara's mistakes, such as Nanara rushing and sliding the brush on the paper.

"Nanara-Sama, we'll be preparing food soon." Margo came to tell that classes were temporarily suspended, because when the Sun reaches the highest point, the village women gather together to prepare meals that day, and a portion for tomorrow's breakfast. Cooking at night is dark and dangerous, so they make it all at once.

Margo and the village girls were all staring at Kakashi while he was peeling and cutting vegetables. Kakashi turned into a strange picture just by standing silently, whether the balance of the arrangement of his eyes and nose was good or not.

Nanara threw chopped tea leaves into the valve. When he added salt and butter and as the leaves were mixed, Kakashi threw the dried meat in that was on the cutting board.

"This food is already so good" the girls were happily teasing. The women of the village were all familiar with the newcomer.

"The pot is overflowing!" As Nanara spoke, Kakashi turned his face to the furnace. Recognising the spilling pan, he got up, hurried to the furnace and tried touching the handle of

the hot iron pan with his bare hands but immediately withdrew them. The women approached him laughing and put some sand in the flame of the furnace to weaken the fire.

"Look at it properly, Teacher!"

Kakashi laughed and pretended he was struck by Aunt Byan's arm.

Nanara was very enthusiastic and was swinging around the stirrer lever.

~

The afternoon class was about reading a book, not about practising reading or writing. Without even looking at the cover of the book that Nanara brought to him, Kakashi dismissed him. "The story of the Hokage is no good."

"Why?!"

"Too many difficult characters. We need to start with simpler things." Kakashi placed a book with a wooden cover on the table. When the cover was opened, the pages were combined like a picture book, and it all turned into one big piece as he unfolded it.

"Wow! This is actually a book?"

Nanara began looking through it. On the paper paintings of mountains, seas, rivers etc were drawn with a brush.

"This is a map. Where the countries, villages and the roads going through them are depicted. This is a summary of that on a piece of paper."

Kakashi's finger pointed to the left edge of the map.

"The capital is near this point, and you are here." Kakashi's finger pointed to the same place.

"What are you talking about? The distance between them is very small and almost nothing, hahaha." Nanara thought it was a joke, but Kakashi wasn't laughing.

"But it takes three days to reach the capital!"

"Indeed, and the world is much larger. If you walk across the continent, it will take much longer."

Nanara was staring at the map. If he is to believe Kakashi's words, a small scribble on a paper appears to be like all of your country...

"...what about the Land of Fire?"

Kakashi pointed to the right edge of the paper. A group of dividing lines drawn on a large continent facing the sea seems to be the Land of Fire.

"Is it that far?!"

On the scale so that the distance from the capital to the villages was put together, the distance from Redaku Country to the Land of Fire was unimaginable.

"While there are many nations around the Land of Fire, Redaku Country is alone in the mountains. I'm disappointed..."

"Is that so?"

"It's boring, because it's like hiding."

"If you had some neighbours nearby, it would be much harder to avoid conflicts and fights."

"Really?" Nanara was wondering.

"The first time I had a fight with someone was after I came to this village and made a friend of the same age. It is hard to imagine conflicts for me."

"Your ancestors built the country in this place to avoid conflicts. In fact, this country has never experienced any war."

As far as Nanara heard, Redaku country has never had a war with another country, of course, because it has nothing to do with other countries. For the people of this land and of Redaku Country, war was something that is in the far-off world existing only in stories.

"I think it was a brave choice. It's better to avoid fighting than to win the fight."

"Does the Land of Fire fight a lot? Like the Land of Earth and Water?"

"No. The risk of a war between The Land of Fire and another country is much less than in the past."

Nanara raised his head.

"Why?"

"Now everyone knows that there are too few benefits for the amount of sacrifice a war need." Kakashi continued looking at Nanara's face, not the map.

"A few decades ago, what was most needed to protect peace in the Land of Fire was strength. Attacking other countries happened in order to protect one's own country, and ninjas were originally a tool for that."

"What did they get in return?"

"Uh... to feel good and cool."

"Is it just that?"

Kakashi nodded and continued.

"There are already a lot of things in the Country of Fire, so if they want something, it's probably lands, natural resources or technology. You can buy all of that with money and buying things with money is much less dangerous than killing people for something, hence nobody dies, which is often cheaper than war."

"I see..." Nanara nodded.

"Because this perception pervades among people, the possibility of war is much lower. Instead, an economic competition is born."

"So, are there no shinobi anymore in the Land of Fire?"

"That's not true." Kakashi shook his head. "Ninja schools that train shinobi still exist to protect the country. They haven't been able to eradicate crime, and there are terrorist groups who try to break the balance between countries. Still, it's safe to say that the threat of great wars between nations almost disappeared... unless a new group of malicious creatures appears." Kakashi relaxed. "I just read what was written in this book in front of me."

"I heard too many things at once, so my head feels too heavy..." Nanara went to sleep right afterwards. At least this way, he can be watched while sleeping.

Nanara was so excited he was rolling on the floor. He didn't feel like sleeping at all. He got up

during the night and stared at the map in the moonlight.

"The legend of the Sixth Hokage book is about the "The Land of Fire in the age of the Sixth Hokage". The Land of Fire has grown rapidly with unprecedented economic development. In other words, the "world where war is unlikely to occur" that Kakashi was talking about today was created by the Sixth Hokage. He is amazing!"

"I thought studying might be boring, but it might be a little fun."

Every day, he looked forward to their classes with Kakashi. "I really felt like I wanted to stop studying and rather play outside. I tried to say that every morning but the tone of the first day was gone. I want to study hard, and I'm always excited about what I can learn every day."

After five days, Nanara was able to read more characters. When one can read, they'll simply want to read. Nanara read various books with Kakashi helping him. Kakashi taught him a lot every day. Crops that grow well during the summer and crops that grow well in the winter. It helps with how to keep the crops intact, what diplomacy is going on between big countries

and what changes the society in what time. There are many other things too.

"Kakashi knows a lot, but sometimes it's a little bit strange. He didn't know how to make butter tea or sugar candy, or about the Sixth Hokage."

Nanara told Kakashi about the monarchy, the prime minister and the queen. Ten days passed since Kakashi appeared as Nanara's new tutor and the village reached the night of Rikudou Nagashi". Six lit butter lamps are put on a ship made from leaves of Matsubusa,

Since ancient times, it has been a habit that was passed down throughout the generations. Nanara crouched down and waited for the lights to come down from the upstream along the river.

"It's been flowing for a while... how many have we seen? Four ... maybe?"

There are many villagers who do not participate because they think it's foolish.

"Is there any meaning of the number six?" Asked Nanara, curiously looking at Kakashi's face.

"It's in order to show gratitude to Rikudou Sennin. Don't you know that?"

"No, I wasn't listening for the first time." Nanara shredded the grass at his feet.

"Well, you've only read a map and a plant book, if something is difficult to read, you're not that interested in the story."

"Anyway, what's your favourite book?

Kakashi's expression suddenly became serious. After thinking for a while, he opened his mouth.

"My favourite book... is called Icha Icha Paradise."

"Icha Icha Paradise? What a strange name!"

"It's a masterpiece... I'll lend you when you grow up and... you can read more characters."

"Is it such an interesting book?" Throwing shredded grass towards the river, Nanara lay down on the spot. The starry sky that is like a piece of ice blown spreading across the field.

"What kind of relationship does this country have with Rikudou Sennin?"

"There is a legend. This country was in trouble because there was no water, especially around the capital. Rikudou Sennin came here and brought a tool with himself that held the "power of water", which could only be wielded by the person who takes the throne. When the king swung the equipment, it suddenly rained and the whole country had water again."

Nanara woke up when the fifth light approached them.

"Since then, the kings of the successive generations have been able to borrow that power using this equipment..." Kakashi's eyes slowly followed the paths of the boats flowing down the river. The lights reflected off his black eyes, which seemed like the shadow of burning fire confined in a glass of black balls.

"It's a fairy tale, so I don't know if Rikudou Sennin was really here, but there is actually a tool. When the golden cane is shaken, it rains."

Nanara nodded with no hesitation.

"Right now, it is your sister using that tool as queen."

"That's right. I haven't returned to the capital since I came to Nagare Village, but I have no doubts she is doing a good job. She is a proud sister who has excellent results."

CHAPTER 2

A letter arrived from the Royal Palace to Nanara. It says that the first anniversary of the King's death will arrive soon, and he needs to show up at the Capital. Nanara doesn't want to go to the Capital and decided to go to his room after shutting the door. There's no key to the door, but Kakashi decided to knock and call out to him anyway.

"Let's come out and choose a horse. If we don't leave tomorrow, we won't get there by the anniversary date."

"I don't want to go." Nanara was stubborn.

Kakashi looked at Margo. "Is this always the case?"

"This is the first time that the Royal Palace has contacted us."

Kakashi knocked on the door once again. "The message from the Royal Palace is public. It doesn't matter that you're the Prince, you simply can't ignore this."

A reply came back from behind the door. "...What happens if I ignore it?"

"You will be punished, or at least Margo will be."

Nanara's official guardian is Margo. If Nanara doesn't go to the Royal Palace, Margo will probably be whipped.

The door opened a little bit. Nanara peaks at Kakashi's face then looked at Kakashi and Margo in turn

"... let's go to the capital." Margo had a relieved expression while Nanara jumped out of the door, and added...

"but... you come with me, Kakashi. That's the condition."

If three horses were brought out, that would hinder farming, therefore Margo stayed at home and Kakashi took two horses with Nanara.

It takes about three days to get to the Capital from Nagare Village, therefore the two of them stopped at a village on the way. Nanara didn't reveal his identity, but the villagers welcomed them and offered a nice stay, nevertheless. Since there were no inns, Nanara and Kakashi were asked to stay separately in a house with futon (traditional Japanese bedding where you sleep on the floor on some mattress.)

That night, Nanara was rolling over and over again in his bed. He couldn't sleep. He was thinking how he'll be in the capital in two more days, and he felt like there was a massive stone buried in his belly because of that. He gave up on trying to sleep and got out of bed. Although it was late night, even without a lamp the view of the field was good enough. While walking steadily, he noticed the butter lamps swaying under wisteria branches in the village square.

Kakashi was there.

He was sitting on a rock instead of a chair and was reading a book with the book spine leaning on one of his knees. The wisteria was shaken by the wind to show or hide Kakashi. When Kakashi noticed Nanara, he quickly closed the book while hiding the book cover casually with his long fingers.

"What are you doing here?"

"... I couldn't sleep, so started walking around."
Nanara murmured

"If you can't sleep, why don't you try to learn how to read your favourite story of the Sixth Hokage. If you manage to read that, you'll be sleepier." Kakashi walked up to Nanara.

"... I'm going to sleep right away."

The smell of wisteria that Kakashi has dragged along with himself is as cold and sweet as a frozen nectar. Nanara was actually well aware of why he couldn't sleep.

"Kakashi, I don't want to go to the capital..."

"Are there people there who you don't want to meet?"

Nanara nodded reluctantly.

"There are people I don't want to meet... mainly, my big sister."

Kakashi waited for Nanara to speak again, but Nanara stayed silent and stayed near Kakashi without going anywhere.

"I've always wondered," Kakashi opened his mouth. "Why is it your sister, and not you, who inherited the throne? Based on the rules of this country, it is the eldest son who should inherit it."

"My sister is much better than me, she's studied a lot more." Nanara stared at the butter lamp that Kakashi had in his hand.

The cold night air is a little loosened by the flames around the lamp.

"I didn't want to do it. I was asked by the Prime Minister if I was willing to take the throne... but I said I wouldn't do it; I want my older sister to do it."

"Why?"

"I don't want to work from morning will night..." Like his father, Nanara added in his head. He should have a lot of fun memories, but now all he can remember is his father's frowning face. He was always in his office, except very rarely when they played together.

"Anyway. The Prime Minister told me he'd respect my wishes... then my sister had to take the throne."

"Did your sister want it?"

"I don't know. But she took care of herself, and I was encouraged by the Prime Minister to live in a local village that was not involved in politics."

"Do you regret that choice?"

Nanara shook his head immediately.

"Living in Nagare Village is really fun... but... I could've done something really bad to my sister." Nanara knew. His kind sister will take the throne on his behalf anyway. If he refuses first, his sister will not refuse. That's why Nanara was able to give up his right to his inheritance with a peace of mind. He knew his sister wouldn't be irresponsible like himself. Manari accepted the throne and Nanara gained his freedom.

"I pushed everything onto my sister, therefore I'm scared to go to the Capital." Nanara hesitated for a moment and then nodded. "I'm afraid to meet my sister."

It's fine if her sister enjoys being the Queen. But if not... "If my sister wants to leave the throne..."

Nanara speaking the words he avoided previously, Kakashi looked closely at Nanara.

"Do you intend to become the King yourself then?"

Nanara didn't want his sister to have a hard time. He pulled his lips and dropped his gaze. Kakashi's shadow on the dry ground stretched in an irregular shape. It was his father's face that came to Nanara's mind.

"... I won't become king."

After muttering, Kakashi's voice suddenly became gentle.

"You can't force yourself. But if you go to the capital and talk directly with your sister, you may have a change of heart." Kakashi touched Nanara's shoulders and turned him back. The house where they're staying at could be seen at the end of the road.

"It's better to go back to bed now, it'll be tomorrow soon."

Nanara nodded and walked straight away, but suddenly stopped and looked back.

"Kakashi, will you follow me all the way to the Capital?"

"Of course. I'm your tutor after all."

Waiting for Nanara to go back to bed, Kakashi opened the book again he's been reading:

The legends of the Sixth Hokage.

Probably, someone put some rumours together spoken from merchant to merchant in one book. That was transmitted to Redaku Country, and the rest was settled...

"If they want to make it a myth anyway, they should choose a more heroic person as the main character...." Kakashi thought.

His best recommendation was the Fourth Hokage. It's difficult to ignore the Seventh Hokage, but his story is still incomplete, and it would be awkward to make legends out of it. Nanara was such a fan of it, and Kakashi was curious to read what was written but he "laughed at the beautiful fiction."

The Sixth Hokage in this book is depicted as a hero at all times, with strength and tenderness, always pulling everyone forward.

"I couldn't even save my best friend and I could only find the reason to keep fighting in his atonement."

A story that looks great, with a memorable part that was extracted and transformed. Just like the Legendary Sannin, who were also treated as legends in other countries, or even the White Fang of Konoha... but in reality, they were all human beings. If one is in a difficult situation, they will suffer and will be hurt by the words of others just like everyone else.

Kakashi remembered the day when his father died while watching the wisteria swaying in the darkness. When he was mourning during that night, Kakashi was less than 10 years old. He remembered the moisture containing heat that was stuffed in his chest and felt like he was trapped in the soil. Kakashi discovered his father's body, and it was also him who reported his father's death to the Hokage at that time.

Sakumo was well known and therefore lots of people turned up that night. But no one was really jealous. At least it was that way in the eyes of Kakashi.

"I was so strong, but I couldn't face it." He could still hear the voices of the people who attended. Kakashi himself was sitting at the back of the room while the attendees were burning incense.

"I don't think we killed him though." The companion his father helped now turned against him. "I didn't ask him to do so, but he stopped the mission on his own, and now the last thing he does is self-harm (suicide)."

"What a terrible man."

Kakashi said nothing to them. There were many people who spoke kindly and highly of his father

too. When he started thinking about what was right and wrong, he felt like going crazy.

One thing that is clear is that his father died because he was rebellious. If he had completed the mission and killed the enemy, he would've surely been still alive. The number of people at the funeral the next day has decreased. It seemed that everyone was satisfied with the rumours about his father. After the short ceremony finished, Kakashi walked home alone. Whether or not he was tired from reading, he was uncomfortable because his vision was shaking. Neither his head nor his body moved well. The darkness in front of him was getting darker, and the rain whose noise is supposed to be loud was going further away. Still, he couldn't stop thinking about it, and he didn't care about these things. His feet were wobbling.

Someone caught Kakashi's body that was about to fall down. A bright blonde young man came to sight and made things a little bit easier.

"I'm Namikaze Minato, the Yellow Flash of Konoha."

"You can stay back as it is" as Minato said so, Kakashi immediately pulled his body together and could stand on his feet again.

Minato, known as the ninja of sharpness, was a famous individual in the village who was regarded as the next Hokage. Kakashi has exchanged words with him several times, but they were not particularly close.

"I'm sorry, I've been sleep deprived and my feet got staggered."

"Kakashi, Sakumo-san was..."

"My father broke the shinobi code and he died as a result." Minato's words were interrupted with a strong tone, and Kakashi continued differently.

"As a ninja, it's only natural to follow the rules. My father couldn't kill his feelings - but feelings of that level were just disturbing, and he couldn't fulfil just duties."

Even though it was just after his father died, Kakashi became scary to others. He was stubbornly obsessed with obeying the rules. It was only a few years later after Minato became Kakashi's teacher and formed a four-man cell with Rin and Obito. Rules and regulations are not everything; Kakashi learnt from his teammates what the things are that should be given priority.

It is thanks to them that Kakashi has become able to accept his father whom he didn't recognise before. Minato and Obito both affirmed the father Kakashi denied. They both recognised his father. It wasn't until they all died that Kakashi felt like these people were his father in some sort of disguise, and that he was beaten every time [in ideals]. Born as the child of the White Fang of Konoha, he's truly proud of him now.

Nanara and Kakashi continued moving steadily towards the Capital. On the third morning after leaving Nagare village, a messenger was waiting for them on the way to the Capital. "It's easy to get lost, therefore I was sent by the prime minister."

But this sounds strange, because he was leading them on another road to the capital. The messenger has taken the lead on the path. He walked, detoured around, and entered the capital from the North instead of the East near the pass. The main street from the North gate to the Royal Palace is the centre of the capital with large houses on both sides. There were many stalls selling salt, liquor, silk etc. which are exclusively sold in this country, appear here and there, all of which are hardworking businesses. The only people who come and go are the aristocrats and those who

work for the royal palace. They are all well dressed and don't have mud on their faces.

"The capital is so lively, and it hasn't changed at all" Nanara says, looking at the street from the top of the horse.

In the hall of the corridor just after they entered, the Queen came to pick them up. In contrast to Nanara, who responded by taking a step, Manari came happily and looked at Nanara's face.

"How are you doing? How's your life in Nagare?" After hearing her voice like in the past, Nanara was finally relieved. It felt good. Her sister was smiling.

"It's fun every day. Elder sister, you seem to be in good shape yourself."

"That's right. I wanted to give this to you." Manari grabbed something hidden in her sleeves and put it in Nanara's hands. "It's a relic from our father." It was a silver chain with a blue gem cut into a hexagon. "Keep it secret from the Prime Minister."

"Thank you, elder sister!" Nanara hung the chain around his neck and hid the jewel inside his clothes.

"Don't lose it."

"I'll never lose it, I promise."

"Nanara, please speak to the Queen with more respect." As soon as a low toned voice was heard in the corridor, Manari's face became pale.

It was the Prime Minister who was dragging along his clothes which were quite long. Grey beard and a scary voice. Whenever he talked to Nanara, he always wanted to make him look like an idiot and teach him manners. The Prime Minister glanced at Kakashi.

"Who are you?"

"He's my new tutor. The previous one decided to quit."

"Is that the case?"

"Indeed."

The Prime minister glanced at Kakashi's face and moved on to Nanara. "You must be tired, so please have a rest in your room and when you're ready to eat, a maiden will pick you up."

"I understand. If it's possible, I'd like Kakashi to attend the dinner too."

Kakashi, who looked into Nanara's eyes shook his head in agreement since he understood Nanara's feelings.

"For an outsider to attend, I'm sure there will be many obstacles."

"Is that so... Please prepare a room for Kakashi as well."

"For this person too?" The maidens overwhelmingly gazed at Kakashi from top to bottom.

"If he's not a royal or bureaucrat, he can't stay at the Royal Palace."

"No. I refuse to stay at the Palace if Kakashi cannot stay."

The Prime Minister didn't like it, but he called out to the maiden who was standing at the wall nearby.

Nanara was waiting in his room for dinner. It was past noon, but the Prime Minister was happy to announce "Nanara-Sama's meal is ready."

The adults have finished eating and were having apricot liquor after their meals, apparently after

having talked about some inconvenient story that children shouldn't hear. Nanara drew his chair with full of disgust. Forcibly put both his elbows on the round table that was "too expensive" for children and looked around the adults.

"A prime minister who takes the precious goat's cheese to his mouth after eating falcon by taking a seat next to the Queen and a high-ranking politician who pretends to listen to the Prime Minister's lame story." Thought Nanara.

Queen Manari dropped her gaze on the table and tried not to meet anyone's eye contact.

"We will send troops to the village of Nagare. Within a few weeks there will be fifty soldiers stagnating for about ten days, so we need to prepare food and drink supplies for that period."

"Hm?" Nanara didn't really understand what the Prime Minister was saying.

"It's the start of a war." It was Manari who explained the situation. "The capital is in a serious water shortage, so we need to invade rich countries to get new water sources."

"What are you talking about? Elder sister, please explain this to me properly."

"Soldiers? Invasion? Isn't this a bit too difficult for Nanara-Sama?" The Prime minister says.

"Then speak until I understand."

"First of all, the environment in Redaku Country is considerably harsher compared to other countries. The summer is hot, and the winter is cold. No one will come to help us even if we're hungry, and we haven't developed as long as to continue grinding wheat under such circumstances.

"We need to go to war with a rich place. Take away some new land for ourselves and live there."

"New land... where do you want to live? The Land of Fire?"

The minister kept nodding.

"Some years ago, I got to go away from the mountains because of the king's health struggles. The Land of Fire surely existed beyond the mountains and beyond a number of countries, and the leader of that land was called "daimyo" and not a "king"."

Some of the senior officials haven't even heard about the Land of Fire. The existence of Land of

Fire was officially confirmed for the first time in the history of Redaku Country.

"Was the Sixth Hokage there?"

"Yes, he exists too. Unfortunately, I went out of the country for a meeting, so I didn't get a chance to see it, but what surprised me was the development of the country. Amazing food, excellent medical care and welfare system. Highly developed technology. They move dozens of kilos of iron at a tremendous speed. On top of that, people even ride on it as passengers [I suspect that's the train]. Then everyone has a small palm-sized machine and uses it to instantly share information from faraway places [mobile phone?!]. No one in that country starves to death. Rather, there are more people who die because of too much sugar. "

"I don't know ..." Nanara drank some water.

"Indeed, the Land of Fire hasn't experienced war for more than a decade. Now it's more of an opportunity for invasion when they focus on peace. Nanara-Sama, did you know that there is a group called "shinobi" in the Land of Fire and its neighbours?"

Nanara nodded.

"Great guys who manipulate chakra and produce fire and water from nothing. The Sixth Hokage is a shinohi himself."

"I travelled around the country and learnt how to make heavy weapons. On top of that, there are ninja who leave their countries and operate individually. For this war, we have already hired 50 shinobi. In the first place, I think they are different creatures from us."

The atmosphere of the place was clearly beginning to change. Fifty shinobi on their side. They feel like they can surely win this war. The existence of shinobi is so special for the residents of Redaku Country because they have no military strength. It is inevitable that the facial expressions of the senior officials began to shine.

"This year's water shortage is a test given by God. When we get over with this and secure some new land, we can develop ourselves and be like the Land of Fire."

In front of Nanara, there were plain noodles made from wheat and beans. Salted goat meat and butter tea. Even in Nagare Village, there are only a few of these items, but one can eat similar things that are abundant in this country. However, it came to Nanara's mind that what Kakashi said, namely that

if one starts trading with other countries, they can get more and different food on the table.

Nanara, who has never left the country, has no idea what other foods there are in this world. However, he wasn't sure why he was dissatisfied with the food in front of him. For Nanara, what was in front of him was a feast. He never thought about what else he wanted to eat. He was wondering what the Prime Minister saw in foreign countries. What could be so delicious in a foreign country?

"Elder sister, are you in favour of this?"

"We have already received approval from the Queen." Said the Prime Minister, who stood up and leaned towards Nanara. "The Land of Fire has achieved a remarkable technological development in just over a dozen years. This is the result of the skill of the Sixth Hokage. Nanara-Sama, if you're so obsessed with the Sixth Hokage, don't you want to do the same thing to the people of Redaku Country, just like the Sixth Hokage did to his own people?"

Nanara nodded vaguely and threw apricot into his mouth as if cheating with the nodding.

The Prime Minister chose a room for Kakashi that was full of moisture. There was only one small window in the room, so it was dim even though it was midday.

"Kakashi, I brought some tea." A maiden came in.

"Thank you." Kakashi directed his eyes towards the wooden column near the wall. Kakashi struck the back of the shrine maiden's neck lightly and was holding the body that has lost its power. She should have fallen asleep naturally without feeling any pain. It was a technique that was taught directly by the principal of the ninja academy. Kakashi lay the maiden down on his bed and changed his appearance to that of the maiden.

He immediately started walking the long corridors of the palace. There were two things he wanted to investigate. The first one is the Shuigu, which is handed down within the royal family. The other one is what happened to Rikudou Sennin during his stay here long ago. Kakashi came to this country in the first place to investigate Rikudou Sennin for Naruto.

It is best to gather information in a place where people gather together themselves. Laundry room, kitchen, etc...

"Oh, hello newcomer!" Another maiden greeted Kakashi.

"Newcomer? Me?" Thought Kakashi.

Two other maidens brought their faces close to Kakashi entering the room.

"Did you bring tea for Nanara Sama's tutor?" "What kind of person is he?"

"Ehm..."

Why do they care about Kakashi, since he's just a guest? Kakashi was carefully hiding a kunai under his skirt while being undercover. The shrine maidens continued gossiping.

"Why did he find such an awful tutor!"

The shrine maidens didn't know that Kakashi himself was right in front of them, and they keep saying things like...

"Hey, I'm hiding my face, so sly!"

Kakashi was fine with it as long as they weren't suspicious. He casually gazed at the maidens. One of the shrine maidens is the boss as seen from her clothes. Her pocket garment bulges in the shape of

a key bundle. The one Kakashi is impersonating is the newcomer, so he decided to be open to conversations.

"There seems to be lots of rooms here, but there aren't many guests coming to the Royal Palace. Why is that?"

One of the maidens walked towards the window and pointed outside. "See it yourself, over there."

Towards the East of the Capital, several white mobile tents are stretched out. "The troops newly hired by the Prime Minister are stationed here. It's already difficult to provide food for them."

"It also seems he paid a lot of money to hire them. They are ninja."

Looking at the movements of the people going back and forth between the tents, Kakashi immediately thought about its size and number, about 50 people.

"It's a problem if there's too much water or not enough water. About half a year ago, a huge flood suddenly occurred and all the fields around here were washed away. According to the investigation of the Prime Minister, it was due to a landslide or the flow of some melting water changed."

Kakashi thought the flood probably occurred due to Manari not being able to use the Shuigu and it seemed that the maidens weren't informed of the presence of the Shuigu either.

"Because we work at the royal palace, our meals are provided, I wonder how..." one of the maidens was wondering.

"I'm kind of worried about Manari-Sama's reign. I prefer the previous king." Kakashi changed the topic after finding an opportunity for the flow. "I lived in another village until recently, so I don't know what his face looks like."

"There's a portrait of him in his previous office, but the room is locked."

"Where is that office?"

"At the end of the corridor on the third floor."

The two maidens were smiling as they were seniors to the newcomer. Kakashi walked down the corridor, turned around the corner and took out the key to that staircase which he just "borrowed" from the maiden a moment ago. After making sure nobody sees him, he unlocked the double door.

The room was quiet. The books' spines placed in a thin and dusty bookshelf without being arranged in any direction were actually arranged like a mosaic pattern. Kakashi reached out to find a back cover with no title among books that had been lined up among the history books, anatomical and botanical illustration books, and of course, "The Legends of the Sixth Hokage." The top corner. Since he was undercover as a maiden, his height wasn't enough to reach for it, so he had to change back to his original body.

Eventually he found what he was looking for: The record of Rikudou Sennin's stay. Unfortunately, only the cover was written in a modern language, and on the inside the language used was different from the common letters and he couldn't read it. Nevertheless, it was a big success he found it. He decided to hide the manuscript in his jacket and continued to investigate the bookshelf. It is likely that the previous king was hiding some books in this room. If Kakashi's guess is correct, the solution to the water shortage could be resolved with the help of one of the books here...

Kakashi looked up at the bookshelf and noticed a familiar spine.

"I saw the same thing in the lower part of the shelf. It's a red leather book... why are there two identical books?"

"What are you doing here?" The Prime minister's voice was heard.

Kakashi quickly changed his appearance back to that of the maiden's.

"I'm sorry, I'm going to have to clean up here since it's dusty."

"The king's office is an administrative division. Anyway, how is the tutor who's stuck with Nanara?"

"Let's see... he's fine."

"Alright, but did you notice anything suspicious about him?"

"No, I didn't notice anything in particular."

"I see." The wooden heel hits the floor strongly, and the Prime Minister stopped in front of Kakashi's eyes.

"The tutor I hired for Nanara-Sama was a young woman... On top of that, ninjas seem to be able to

change their appearances and deceive others... You should be careful, too."

"Huh. Kakashi is just a tutor." He was pretending to be innocent, and the Prime Minister was surprised somehow.

"One more thing. Some weeks ago, someone, somewhere filled the water tanks with clean water. Thanks to that, no one has starved to death since then."

"I don't know who did that."

"Oh, really?"

The Prime Minister carefully looked at the expression and gestures of the shrine maiden, then left

Undoing the transformation, Kakashi returned to his original form, and went back to his room.

"I'm really, truly, very sorry! I fell asleep in your room. I'm really tired."

"Don't overwork yourself...here's the empty cup. Would you have a look at this book for a moment please?"

Kakashi showed the manuscript about Rikudou Sennin which he took from the former King's office. Kakashi said "I borrowed this from the Prime Minister, but I can't read it."

The maiden answered immediately. "This is a language that was used in this land a very long time ago. I hear that nobody is using it anymore and that there is no way to translate it."

"Is there anyone who could possibly read it?"

"Not quite, and because of that, it's a useless book."

In any case, Kakashi thought it's best to send this book to the Land of Fire as soon as possible. Waiting for the maiden to go out, Kakashi signalled out of the window. When he threw the book out, a hawk caught it with sharp claws and changed the direction of his travel immediately. It will arrive at the Hokage's office in 2 days at the earliest. Kakashi wrote down where he found this book and the situation in Redaku Country and put a note in the book. He even apologised that it was written in an ancient language, but he thought that if they have Shikamaru or Sakura, they should be able to decipher it.

"How was the dinner?" Asked Kakashi from Nanara. Nanara didn't answer Kakashi's question and tied his lips. As he was, he pushed out a book towards Kakashi.

"Read me. I tried to read myself using the letters you taught me, but I stopped as the book is difficult to read."

"Uhm... alright."

As Kakashi sat on the chair and opened the book, Nanara was sitting near him. Of course, the book Nanara brought was "The Legends of the Sixth Hokage." It had a different cover compared to the one in Nagare village. When Kakashi opened the book, he looked at Nanara without looking at the pages.

"Your sister and the Prime Minister seem to be willing to go to war."

Nanara became surprised. "How do you know?"

"I concluded it based on the maiden's rumours." Nanara gazed at the characters on the cover of the "Legends of the Sixth Hokage" book while messing around with his hair. "He said he was going to fight the Land of Fire. Kakashi, what do you think?"

"I think the Prime Minister really just wants to trade. He wants to become richer in relation to other countries. But because there are no other countries around, he wants to take some land by fighting."

Speaking slowly, Nanara looked at Kakashi as if whining. "Kakashi, like you told me before, the Land of Fire has become peaceful and successful because of a lot of trade, but this country has always been peaceful... So why bother stealing from other countries?"

"Perhaps... it's not that peaceful right now."

As Kakashi was getting up, he gazed towards the outside landscape towards the sunset.

When the altitude is over 4,000 meters, the temperature suddenly drops in the evening. It was on the Southern side of the Royal Palace where Kakashi sneaked out with Nanara; an area where ordinary citizens live.

"Something smells strangely... as if it was rotten."

"I wonder what is rotten here..."

Nanara's mouth was stuck small and open.

Someone's body was folded up in the street. It seemed that it had been a long time since it was left there, and it turned black everywhere giving off a horrible smell. There were things rising up from his stomach, mainly gastric juice mixed with undigested butter as he was probably starving.

"eh...?" Nanara didn't understand why people were dead like this. "Kakashi, let's go home." He was pulling Kakashi's sleeves, but Kakashi pushed Nanara back and forcibly moved him forward.

"This is your country."

"That's not true..." Since Nanara turned the position down, he felt it was his sister's country. He was a royal but not a king. "Kakashi, did you know the town was like this?"

"I was told by the maidens. It seems that there are dead people due to lack of water"

Nanara had no idea. Wasn't his sister using a tool for that issue? Water shortage? After walking for a while, Nanara went to the square. Finally, he was relieved a little when he saw people gathering and igniting some wood, some of them even smiled a bit. Everyone seemed to be skinny with no exception, and their limbs seemed to have only skin on their bones. Nanara now understood why

Kakashi asked him to change his clothes; he could've got into trouble if he had worn expensive clothes. When he walked a few steps, he started panicking. The square was full of discouraged people, everyone was hungry.

"What's up with that scary face? Eat it." A thin man noticed Nanara and offered the top of a wooden skewer in the fire. A gecko with his back opened was skewered. Nanara turned pale and shook his head. The gecko with that S-shaped twisted body was so creepy that it didn't seem like food and its legs were backwards too.

The capital wasn't supposed to be like this. He couldn't believe his sister and the Prime Minister were unaware of this situation. Because they knew this, they decided to go to war. Everyone was thirsty and hungry. This country needed water and food. Nanara once again looked around the square. He noticed a little girl that was peeling and sucking a spear. Her body thickness was probably half of a healthy child of the same age. Nanara put his hand in his jacket and grabbed the jewel on his chest. This was an important memento from his father that he just got from his older sister. But he didn't actually need that gem. He approached that girl and quickly gave her the jewel. The girl was looking at Nanara with surprise.

"There is still a lot of water in the Northern area. If you sell this for money, you can buy water." He said. This doesn't improve the situation by a huge amount, but probably better than nothing. If his father was in this situation, would he give up? He ran without looking and bumped into Kakashi. "Let's go home, Kakashi." Nanara grabbed Kakashi's jacket tightly. "Now I know..."

On the way back to the castle, smoke was rising in the Eastern part of the Capital.

"The shrine maidens told me they have food over there." said Kakashi.

Nanara was surprised. Even though sunset was recently, it was getting dark quickly and the grey smoke almost melted into the dimness.

"The Prime Minister seems to have hired 50 shinohi"

Nanara dropped his gaze on the ground

"If you deal with that amount of shinobi, could the Sixth Hokage kill all of them?"

"Of course, it would be an instant kill. The Land of Fire has a lot of strong shinobi in addition to the Hokage. Redaku Country cannot win against the

Land of Fire. Nevertheless, what we need to do now is stop the war." Kakashi says indifferently. "It's better to build friendships than fighting other countries. The history of the Land of Fire is proof for that."

"Why is it that water can solve the problem, why?" Nanara closed his mouth as he said that.

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When Kakashi entered the cafeteria while wearing a jacket and everyone was already done with their breakfast.

"I'm late again..."

Including Nanara, the Prime Minister and the Queen. A shrine maiden was serving breakfast without a sound as Kakashi arrived at the table. Just how far is Manari following the Prime Minister? Is this just a lottery or is she forced to follow him somehow? He wanted to explore the situation, but she doesn't show much interest in Kakashi. Well, she doesn't show interest in anyone.

He was scooping some jam from a jar.

"It seems that you were taking a walk with Nanara-Sama last night." Kakashi nodded

"eh..." Kakashi was frowning on the taste of the jam that was sweeter than expected.

"I was surprised. Actually, this country is short of water, which truly bothers us."

"Shouldn't you take immediate action then?"

"The truth is, that 3 weeks ago someone filled up the water tank overnight. Thanks to that, there has been no human death recently."

Kakashi continued to stare.

"Yesterday, the water tank was reduced to twothirds. However, it was full again this morning. Who could do such a magical thing? Do you have any ideas?"

Kakashi was shaking his head for a while. "Wouldn't it be better to deal with this situation? Just because the water tank has been filled up twice that doesn't mean there will be a third time."

"Elder sister." Nanara suddenly called Manari. Despite being called by his younger brother, she stiffened her expression and raised her gaze awkwardly.

"...What?"

"Why don't you use the Shuigu?"

At that point, Manari and the Prime Minister changed their faces all at once. Recognising that they were both frozen, their eyes met each other in suspicion.

In that disturbing atmosphere, only Kakashi carried on with his breakfast with a cool face as if nothing had been heard.

"The Shuigu... like father did, you could use it and then you could solve this shortage problem. Why don't you use it?"

"Shut up." Said in a low voice. Nanara was disappointed.

"The existence of Shuigu is a confidential matter. Even though we're in the Royal Palace, we shouldn't be talking about it."

"Are you not able to use it then?"

Manari's face turned deep blue.

The Prime Minister struck his wine glass on the table. "You have nothing to do with the Shuigu, you

left the palace. Manari is seriously suffering from this."

"You can't use it then because you're suffering. You can't use it, and now you don't have enough water."

"Did you manipulate Nanara-Sama into this in some way?" Asked the Prime Minister from Kakashi.

"Haaa? Me? About what?" Kakashi tilted his head strangely.

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"I have no idea what the Shuigu is like."

Whether Kakashi and Nanara leave the Palace in the afternoon or even if the first act of this breakfast party was just trailing them, the Prime Minister and the Queen both left. Kakashi and Nanara walked through the Southern residential area instead of the North boulevard while pulling the horses.

Adults and children were all going to get some water. Nanara was looking away from the dead bodies on the street, which were all extremely thin. In addition, because of the dry climate, many of them looked like a mummy rather than rotted, but there were flies around them. The surviving

residents were surely in trouble because of the disposal of these corpses. Clay coffins are used in Redaku Country, but it takes a lot of effort to make them.

Individuals get heavier when they die. Kakashi knows the weight of the recovered corpses' remains, the weight of many comrades whom he carried on his back, and the weight of one eve that his friend gave him whom he didn't even carry on his back. He didn't want to feel like that again. This is why Kakashi, as the Sixth Homage, promoted the development of Konoha. There were times when he was criticised that he ignored traditions. But Kakashi never wanted to repeat the era of war. It's peace that he wants to last forever. That's what Kakashi wanted and continued to do so as the Sixth Hokage. Even if Kakashi is no longer the Hokage, one day when the role of Hokage will disappear, the orderly society will still continue. Hopefully a system that will never fall into war. That was the way his dead best friend wanted him to survive, as he told Kakashi to become the Hokage. He was desperate because he wanted to bring his friend's dream reality. The existence of Obito has been a reason for Kakashi to keep fighting for a long time. Now, it's a guide for walking forward. It will be a long time before he can meet Obito, Rin and his Sensei, but he wants to live a life they can be proud of. That's why he

couldn't overlook the current state of Redaku Country that was happening in front of him. Also, Naruto, who was trapped in the Land of Fire.

"Uncle" a thin girl stood in front of Kakashi. Kakashi met her during the first day he came to Redaku Country, and it was also the girl Nanara gave the jewel to. Some nosebleed was dried on her face down to her chin, it seemed like she was beaten up. The girl offered a wooden basket in her hands to Kakashi. "Please give me more water."

Kakashi moulded some chakra and poured water with his left hand. While doing so, he touched the girl's face with his right hand as he was trying to use some medical ninjutsu. The technique wasn't perfect, but it eased her pain.

"What's wrong with her face?" Nanara was watching behind Kakashi. "What about the jewel?"

Nanara grabbed the girl's shoulders. "Where is the jewel? Who did it?!"

Surprised by Nanara, the girl pulled her body. The wooden basket fell from her hands wetting the ground. The girl saw the basket falling but ran away without picking it up.

"That girl..." Nanara murmured, looking back at her. "Why hasn't that changed anything? I gave her a jewel..."

"You gave her a jewel?"

"It's blue and beautiful, and if she sells it for money, she should be able to buy food and drink, so why is she still in trouble with water? Maybe she doesn't know how to exchange it for cash... but even so, the adults around her should help her..."

"Do you know what happens if you give a jewel to just one person in a country with lots of hungry individuals? She is just a small and weak child."

Nanara noticed what he did and began to tremble with a screaming throat. Kakashi put his hands on Nanara's shoulders, and Nanara grabbed Kakashi's fingers in anger.



Nanara and Kakashi left towards Nagare Village on horse. Nanara was in silence and dropped his line of sight to the back of his hand. He was firmly grasping the rein of the horse to the point that his palm was bleeding.

"Who did this..." Kakashi saw Nanara as Nanara murmured. "Do you think it was bad to scold that child?" The bad thing was his ignorant self who gave the jewel to that girl, and, of course the leaders of the Royal Palace, who created a situation where people beat children due to lack of water. In order to gain some water, the Prime Minister and Manari are trying to cause a war with the Land of Fire

On top of that, 50 shinobi will stay in Nagare Village. They must start preparations as soon as they return to the village to prepare the food requested by the Prime Minister.

"Kakashi, is that huge amount of wheat needed to feed 50 shinobi for 10 days?"

"Yes" Kakashi answered. The amount was much higher than Nanara had imagined.

The villagers were working on harvesting wheat. Men were harvesting and women were carrying wheat. Some women were in a shade chatting and

were throwing around the husks left by exposing the wheat to the wind.

"Welcome back Nanari-sama, Kakashi-sensei." Margo cheered as she stood across the field fence. As she was carrying a basket filled with wheat, she lifted it over her head as if she was taking a spoon of air after which the husks were spooned by the air itself and spilled. Nanara liked this view. Spending days to save up food for months in the winter. He appreciated the blessings of nature. But most of the wheat harvested today is dedicated to the military for war...

"Everyone listen" Nanara climbed up to the partition between the fields and started speaking to the villagers. The villagers with their faces covered in dirt were gathering while getting rid of the rice husks piled up on their clothes. Nanara looked around everyone's face with a serious facial expression.

"The harvested wheat does not have to be transported to the warehouse."

"Huh? Why?" Sumure was leaning over Nanara's head with a bunch of wheat.

"Soon, the Queen's army is coming to the village from the capital. I was asked to prepare the food for them while I stay here."

"How many?"

Nanara looked back and looked at Kakashi, who stood and watched the events.

"Fifty people. It seems that they will stay for about 10 days." When Kakashi responded on behalf of Nanara, the villagers were suddenly short of words. It was a huge burden for them to feed 50 people for 10 days.

"The prime minister told me so..." Nanara tried to excuse himself while looking at the ground so as to avoid condemnation. "It seems that there is going to be a war."

Margo, who rounded her eyes, repeatedly asked questions. "Against whom? And Why?"

Nanara tried not to look at her while murmuring with a voice that seemed to fade away.

"Against the Land of Fire, because of water shortage."

The villagers looked surprised. "So, the Land of Fire really exists..." "But it's so far away... how are they going to get there?" "The army, when did it all happen?" "It wasn't like this in the days of the previous king..."

Fighting against a foreign country... They have never experienced war. They all thought it was unimaginable to fight a foreign country.

"Starting a war in search of a water source... is there not enough water in the capital?"

Nanara was stuck with words.

"It's still fine. But it's going to be bad soon." His voice was weird as he lied. "But the water source will run out in the next few years, so another land has to be taken early, said the Prime Minister."

"Is the Prime Minister's army strong enough to beat the Land of Fire?"

"Margo, you can't seriously expect Nanara to know that." Said one of the villagers. "It'll be fine I'm sure!"

"but..." Margo was still anxious, but many villagers had a compliment on their faces and looked pleased.

"Even though I harvested a lot, I could do more." Sumure murmured while looking at the piled-up wheat.

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"Nanara, are you reading properly?"

"Yes..." Nanara responded casually and dropped his gaze on the "Four Seasons Mushrooms" book, which was left open on the desk.

Kakashi's classes that would normally be fun just isn't good now. It may be important to be able to distinguish between mushrooms that can be eaten and mushrooms that can't be eaten, but now more important issues are imminent than mushrooms. The Queen's army is coming soon. Nevertheless, the Prime Minister said that water would become available after the war. If that is true, he should give the wheat to the Queen's army which is coming soon in order to support this cause. By doing so, this country will be rich. However, with the gathered shinobi they cannot beat the shinobi lead the Hokage - Kakashi said so. If that's true, it's a mistake to start a war.

"Argh!" Nanara's head was confused. What should he do? The red, swollen face of the little girl

appeared in his thoughts. He didn't want to see that sight ever again. That feeling was certain. But what is the correct thing to do?

"I got worried after you became my tutor." Nanara looked up to Kakashi, looking envious. He couldn't stop talking about it while becoming more and more frustrated. "I would play pretend Hokage every day without knowing anything challenging. It would've been much easier if I could go along with that. I have learnt a lot because you teach a lot, and that's why I started thinking about this war..."

"Well, if you want to protect people, you have to be strong. You have to have a strong spirit that can lead everyone."

"I'm not a king, so I don't need to lead anyone." His mouth that moved freely didn't stop. "I'm not as smart as you are, and I don't know anything. I don't think everyone can be like you."

Kakashi stared at Nanara in a very cool manner, in contrast to Nanara who was getting worse.

"I don't think you're as average as you think. If you think you are, you're blessed with great people around you. I was so fortunate to become your

disciple." He closed the book full of mushrooms and listened. "Kakashi... What should I do?"

"It doesn't matter what I say because you have to decide." Kakashi always says things that aren't the actual answer. Even though Nanara was so worried, it didn't help him at all.

"If you don't follow your sister and the minister, you will surely be attacked by the people in Nagare Village. If you follow them and allow the war to happen, lots of people will die."

"I can't choose. There's still no choice to forcibly stop the minister's army. It's fifty shinobi! I can't win!" Along with the throbbing heartbeat, emotions overflew from the back of his chest. It's also annoying that Kakashi has been acting cool.

"If you make the right moves, nobody will die."

"I can't choose my moves!" Nanara jumped out of the room.

That night, Kakashi rarely slept and was looking at the low ceiling all the time. He didn't want to choose either. He understood very well that it hurts a lot. Kakashi himself faced choices that he didn't want to make many times as the Sixth Hokage. He doesn't think he always made the best

choice. When he visited the Land of Waves as Hokage, he was confused by the crowd who greeted him with cheers. There was an old woman who deliberately wanted to hurt Kakashi. She cried and screamed to complain that her son was killed by Konoha Shinobi. After the war, there were many people who lived with wounds that cannot heal. For some people, Konoha Shinobi are heroes but there are also those who turn towards them with deep hatred. Kakashi always belonged to both of these groups as the Sixth Hokage. The Hokage is able to bring various feelings from an unspecified number of people together with respect and jealousy. Kakashi has made a lot of difficult decisions as a leader. Like this one now. If Nanara gets to know the identity of Kakashi, he'll be wondering why Kakashi hasn't helped him. He could actually solve the water shortage by continuing to supply water until his physical strength lasts, but that doesn't make sense. Whether to give bread to the hungry, or teach them how to make wheat, Kakashi always chose the latter of the two.

A child's voice made Kakashi wake up. Nanara came into the room.

"I have something to ask. I was thinking of what I should do... first of all, we can't win against the Land of Fire. Even if we take something away from

them and become wealthy, maybe that won't make anyone happy. I don't want to fight the Land of Fire... I want to be friends with them."

The Prime Minister said, "If you want to be like the Sixth Hokage". Therefore, Nanara decided to think about what the Sixth Hokage would do in this situation. Kakashi taught him the answer. The aim of the Sixth Hokage was coexistence and mutual prosperity with the surrounding countries.

"I want to accompany the Prime Minister and go to the Land of Fire. Instead of forcibly taking it away, I'll ask for support in an equal position."

"That's not an acceptable solution." Kakashi refused to accept Nanara's conclusion.

"Why is that?" Nanara frowned while watching Kakashi lit the lamp.

"There has always been an easy way to contact the Land of Fire without actually going there."

"An easy way to contact them?"

Kakashi pulled out a parchment [ancient paper made from animal skin] and spread it on the desk where the lamp was placed.

"Letters."

"Huh?"

"You can use it to write to your friends and send it instead of going there."

"The Land of Fire is far away. How is this delivered?"

Kakashi silently threw his gaze towards the window. The hawk called "Leh" was outside on a rod

"Leh is no good!" Nanara rushed to spread his hands, protecting Leh.

"With the flying ability of a hawk, it takes less than two days to the Land of Fire."

"But he's a royal hawk!"

"Is he special if he's a royal hawk? How is he different from other hawks?

Nanara fell silent. Kakashi offered one of his arms towards Leh, who put both his feet on Kakashi's arm as he flew forward and stopped there.

"It cannot be the first time he flies to the Land of Fire. I found this in the king's office." Kakashi lined up the paper rolled up on the desk. Nanara was wondering if Kakashi had sneaked into a closed office. At the beginning, his father's name was written in ink.

"A letter... Who is it from?" Spreading the curled paper to the end and seeing the name of the sender, Nanara opened his mouth wide.

It was sent by the Sixth Hokage. At the end of the letter, it was clearly signed with a brush.

"It seems that the previous king was exchanging letters with the Sixth Hokage." Nanara's hand began to shake as he was squeezing the scroll. He just couldn't believe it. "Kakashi! The Sixth Hokage really exists!"

"Yes. The Prime minister also said that."

Nanara was very happy. He pointed at some of the strokes. It was the characters making up "Sixth Hokage". He felt like he was directly touching the legend and his body was trembling. The handwriting uses a lot of difficult kanji, that looked a bit like Kakashi's handwriting, and he couldn't read it all, but there was a part mentioning "Shuigu" written in katakana [Katakana is one of the

phonetic alphabets in Japanese]. Apparently, his father was talking about the Shuigu.

"Leh, did you ever carry a letter to the Land of Fire?" Nanara shouted, and Leh seemed like he understood him.

Nanara was thinking what he should do with the parchment on his desk. Should he send a letter to the Sixth Hokage? He started writing fresh letters one by one.

(My sister and the Prime Minister are trying to start a war against the Land of Fire. I want to stop it. There might be a civil war because of that. When the battle is over, I want to avoid situations where the land is rough, and people are starving. Therefore, I would like you to help me with food supplies to prevent this war.)

He was a bit lost as he tried so hard to write this. What should he do if he gets a reply? If he doesn't come, he will be in trouble, but if he gets a reply by hand, he may be overjoyed and die of happiness... He was so glad, but he was also troubled because suddenly it all got real.

"The long awaited first letter to the Sixth Hokage will be something like this."

Kakashi looked surprised.

"Is there anything else you wanted to write?"

"That's right. I wanted to write a fan letter, not this. Like, what is his life story, how is he so fascinating and encouraging, etc. I'm sure even 10 parchments wouldn't be enough."

Nanara rolled the letter up and tied it to Leh's nails.

"Take this to the Sixth Hokage and bring his reply back."

Leh left from the window, however, Nanara noticed that his line of flight continued back to where he started. Nanara narrowed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"Impossible... Why is he back so early...?"
The Prime Minister's army is marching in the mountains, and two days later in the morning they were close by. "Senpou" is a light-hearted ninja unit dressed in plain clothes. Although it should have been secretly hidden, and it was supposed to happen a few weeks later, they arrived much earlier than planned. There was a bigger problem though: it wasn't just 50 people. There were ninjas in an artillery army in a row. The carts pushed by

the men in turn were loaded with cylindrical iron blocks.

"Cannon... "Kakashi muttered with a low-toned voice. It is a weapon that is unique to a certain region between the Land of Fire and Redaku Country; a device for launching a lead ball. Phosphorus is not used by the major five powers because it is very weak against moisture. During his overseas visit, the Prime Minister learnt how to refine canons without fail.

Kakashi was the first to see the "real thing": The total number of artillery troops approaching Nagare Village is about 300 soldiers, with roughly 40 cannons.

"Are those shinobi carrying cannons...?" Looking down on the plain from the watchtower in Nagare Village, Nanara asked Kakashi who was next to him.

"No, based on their movement they're not all shinobi. I think they just recruited some people for this."

"I wonder if the Land of Fire will be attacked with those cannons..."

"No... it's a lot of hard work just to carry those cannons here. It simply isn't practical to carry them as far away as the Land of Fire."

"So why bother..."

"It's probably to keep Nagare Village in check." Kakashi had deep wrinkles between his eyebrows. "If you happen to have a coup d'état while the Queen and the Prime Minister are away, you'll be in trouble, hence the check. They're willing to monitor you."

"Really ... ?!"

To supply such a huge army with food in Nagare Village, which has less than 150 inhabitants is extremely difficult, they won't have enough food left. Nanara looked stunned.

"Do they want us to be exhausted, and not to revolt?"

By noon, the entire army reached the pass. They set up a field in the wilderness, Southwest of the village, assembled some tents and started the preparations for stationing. The Prime Minister was escorted by several shinobi to the village.

"Her Majesty the Queen's army will advance to the East. Supply them with food." Said the Prime Minister with a loud voice.

"Listen, Prime Minister..." Nanara was in front of the Prime Minister. "I'm against this war. I don't think we can win, and it doesn't make sense to win."

"Don't worry Nanara. Reinforcements will come." The Prime Minister replied.

"Did you hire more shinobi?"

The Prime Minister gazed towards the North. At the end of that gaze was a mountain range ridge that stretched from North to East. There should be an Astronomical Research Institute there since ancient times. [This is supposed to be the reinforcement]

"What's the meaning of this?" Asked Nanara.

Ignoring Nanara, the Prime Minister suspiciously looked around the villagers. "Please bring as much food as there are in the village to the camp."

The villagers were silent as the Prime minister was leaving. "We're going to run out of food..." "We can't help this..."

Margo was trying to encourage a woman in the village who seemed to cry. "We'll still be able to pick up the wild plants and catch some fish!"

Nanara realised that the wild plants and fish that can be harvested around the area will not be enough to support the lives of all the villagers. Kakashi approached.

"Eh?"

"I will help you if you need it. But the Prime Minister is about to start an invasion. I can't cooperate with that one."

"Then what will you do?"

"Stop it. By force."

"Will you fight?" Nanara nodded with hesitation. He would lie if he said he has no fear. But he wrote a letter to the Sixth Hokage. He asked him for support because he cannot fight alone.

"Oh, but do fight. And then... I'll help you as much as I can." Kakashi joined his hands in front of his chest [started making hand signs], and then, at that instant put his hands on the ground which started shaking. Nanara looked around. During the next few seconds, the ground around the village

was rising and rising high while rolling up dust. After a while, it became a wall as high as a smaller hill in no time. As soon as the wall lifted, a ninja responded quickly and threw something like a kunai, but it was easily bounced back by the wall.

"Did Kakashi do this?!" Nanara looked at the wall. Looked at Kakashi. Looked at the wall and looked at Kakashi once more... a defensive soil barrier. Just like the Sixth Hokage's Earth Style: Mud Wall.

"Kakashi... you, no way...." Nanara's voice was shaking as if he had discovered something. Kakashi decided to face Nanara. "No way, you're actually the Sixth Hokage?!"

"..... Yeah."

That was a strange scene. But in any case, it was confirmed that Kakashi was a shinobi at least and therefore was shining in Nanara's eyes.

"Wow... Kakashi was a ninja all along..." Somehow, he was even more shining than the usual 100%.

"I would like to apologise for hiding my identity." Kakashi said it in his usual ordinary tone, looking around the desperate villagers.

In the plains, the Prime Minister was angry and screaming at the mud wall. "Prince Nanara, what is the meaning of this?! If you don't break that wall right now, it'll be considered as treason!"

"I'm rebelling." Nanara shouted back from the top of the watchtower. "Nagare Village doesn't agree with this war!"

Manari suddenly lost her normal skin colour because she knew what her brother's rebellion could mean. A signal was sent to the artillery army. The artillery moved all at once and turned the wheel the cannons towards the mud wall.

"After all, they're going to shoot at us... Kakashi, are you okay?"

"Ah, maybe."

He said maybe. Nanara watched the artillery fire the cannons. The fire goes down the lead and disappears into the gun barrel.

BAM!!!

The cannons erupted with fire and the bullet was shot. The surface of the mud wall was reached as soon as the sound was heard. The villagers were screaming.

However, only a small amount of smoke has come up.

"Not a single scratch..." The villagers looked up at the Earth Wall. "This wall was made with great skill."

A young shinobi went ahead and advised the Prime Minister. "Techniques used by shinobi are compatible with each other. The weak point of Earth Style is Lightning Style." The man's right hand made a sound and discharged electricity. "The trick is..."

"Raikiri. The legend of the Sixth Hokage cutting thunder remains in the Land of Fire, a secret skill." Smiling with plenty of confidence, the shinobi man moved forward towards the mud wall. In general, Earth Style is considered to be vulnerable toward Lightning style because there are many impurities in the soil which conduct electricity. "Let me smash it with my Raikiri"

Nanara was terrified as he saw the ninja from the top of the watchtower. "Kakashi, it's crazy! He's going to use some sort of great skill!"

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"Kakashi! It's dangerous! Dangerous!"

Ah. So noisy. Kakashi was looking at the end of the trajectory where the man's jutsu would land. The enemy man moved onto the target, concentrating his consciousness onto the point of attack. He started

CRACK!

The thunder smashes and the lightning strikes the mud wall. It seemed that the wall would be destroyed, but....

"What ...?"

The shinobi who carried the attack out stared at the mud wall in a suspicious manner. The moment the discharge reached the mud wall, it disappeared as if it had been sucked in. It was clear. It looked as if the material had been instantly changed from soil to glass. In the blink of an amazement, the transparent part quickly disappeared and returned to the original soil.

"What is it now? The wall became transparent then it seemed to have returned to the original soil right away."

"Could be some kind of a genjutsu."

The shinobi man was screaming in anger.

"Don't worry, to maintain such a huge mud wall uses a huge amount of chakra. It won't last long. If there is only one caster, we could just wait for half a day and it will simply self-defeat and solve the problem."

That man [the enemy] probably used to live in the Land of Fire. The fusion of science and technology that was developed in the time of the Sixth Hokage suddenly allowed ordinary people to use the skills of shinobi that had been handed down since ancient times.

The one Kakashi used wasn't a separate ninjutsu, he simple changed part of the mud wall into glass. There are many ingredients that are used as raw materials for glass [glasses are insulators], and if this glass component is collected in one place and the atomic arrangement is adjusted, the earth wall will partially change into glass. Because of the nature of insulators, the part that has been changed to glass should theoretically invalidate the attack of lightnings.

"No way, no!" The man was shaking his head. The technique of earth quartz is a fantasy ninjutsu created by a clever scholar who does not know

ninjutsu. It is simply too difficult to do it. It would take many years for an individual to increase the purity to only the glass component in the soil. Furthermore, in practice it is necessary to pinpoint the change only in the place where the thunder strikes while keeping the rest the same. Moreover. after a lightning strike, it is necessary to make an immediate change and return the glass part to its original form. Glass parts can prevent thunder and lightning attacks, but they can be easily broken by simple physical attacks. The technique of earth quartz is nothing more than an empty theory on a desk. Speed and accuracy. When you need that quick and accurate chakra control that makes you feel dizzy just by imagining it. If there is a shinobi that can do that in this world

The man thought this far and suddenly changed his mind. Speaking of which, the previous Hokage in the Land of Fire has a reputation for being a master of all 5 great nature elements. If it's him...

"No. No way."

The man shook his head and denied the thoughts that came to his mind. The previous Hokage was a driving force that developed the Land of Fire rapidly and built peace. World-class man. There is no logical reason for him to be part of such a coup.

"That wasn't really Raikiri..." Kakashi felt it was a bit ridiculous and looked down at the returning Prime Minister and shinobi. The name of the technique that once he was good at. He didn't really care, but either way, this one was a fairly simple lightning attack. Kakashi learnt the technique of earth quartz a long time ago, and it took a long time to master it. It's a technique to nullify thunderbolt, but it's impossible to bounce off a very strong electric shock because the glass melts upon heat.

More importantly... Kakashi looked back at the villagers in the midst of confusion.

"Nanara... you're up against the Prime Minister. Also, what's that wall...?"

"It isn't too late... apologise and give them food. Isn't it really bad to go against the Queen?"

The villagers suddenly turned pale. They didn't know the mud wall was protecting them.

"Ah... please, calm down." As soon as Kakashi raised his voice, the villagers suddenly calmed down. "I understand you're confused, but first you can listen to Nanara's story. I also know what's going on because I went to the capital with him,

but apparently this country seems to be in an insane situation."

"Weren't you just a tutor?" A man looked at Kakashi in a creepy way.

"Only a good tutor could use such amazing ninja skills."

"I see." Another man quickly agreed. "Looking at how popular you are among women, I thought you were suspicious when I heard the rumours. Originally, I came to this village because the Prime Minister sent me to investigate if you're a spy."

"So that's why..." Nanara tried to say something, but he could find the right words to use.

"Kakashi-sensei. Just who are you?" Margo asked him. "That skill, that shinobi technique..."

Kakashi shook his head loosely. "I'll tell you everything when this battle is over."

"Why don't you say it now?"

"Your homeland could be in danger and you could be tortured if you knew too much. Either way, let's listen to Nanara's story first, and make a decision what to do once you have that information." Kakashi started walking away.

"Where are you going?" Nanara asked with anxiety.

"It's easier for the villagers to talk without an outsider being here."

If one thinks about it, Kakashi is actually kind of suspicious. Nanara was walking around the village looking for Kakashi once he finished the discussion with the villagers. To begin with, they don't know anything about Kakashi. In retrospect, even Nanara was suspicious thinking he was sent from the capital, but for some reason, he gained his trust. He wants to follow him. Surely, a good leader is someone like Kakashi.

"I told everyone about the situation in the capital city and so on." He found Kakashi, who was reading a book.

"How was it?"

"They still can't fully understand the situation. We'll meet again tomorrow morning to have a discussion."

"I understand why the villagers hesitate." Kakashi said while closing the book. "It's only natural to be afraid of rebelling against the Queen as they could get themselves killed."

~

Next morning, forty sets of cannons were placed around the village in a semi-circular shape. They were all pointing towards the village, as if they said "surrender". Nanara looked at them from the watchtower, and he could see the Prime Minister's crimson robe moving around the base, but he couldn't see his sister. He thought she could be trapped in some tent. Fear spread through the village as they saw all those cannons. Nanara talked with the villagers about progression in the future again and again, but even now, the number of people who want to surrender remain overwhelming. In particular, Margo refused to fight the Prime Minister. She wants to return to the capital again safe and sound. However, it is obvious that they will start starving soon if they feed that many people. The situation was a checkmate.

"What should we do..." Margo murmured while almost crying.

A middle-aged man crossed his arms and sighed. "The Prime Minister holds such huge power... Moreover, isn't he the source of all of this? Who appointed him to this position? Was it the king?"

In response to the man's questions, Nanara suddenly stopped moving. "I'm not able to say that right now."

"Based on that, the king might have been incompetent then. Believing in such a man and appointing him, what a mess..."

"Do not speak badly of my father!" Nanara started shouting. He felt that everyone's glances were pointing at him, but his feelings were escalating, and he couldn't calm down.

The man was silent for a moment, then laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "What is it, Nanara... I'm barely angry. I only told you the truth."

"Don't be silly!"

The man tried to grab him but Nanara was picked up. "Relax." Recognising that he was picked up by Kakashi from behind, Nanara twisted his body.

"Tell him, Kakashi! This man knows nothing about my father!!" Nanara tried to resist but was dragged out of the square by Kakashi. Kakashi climbed up a hill holding a fuming Nanara. "My father wasn't incompetent!" Nanara complained vigorously. "He worked really hard for this country!"

Kakashi sighed. "Everyone gets angry when they hear bad things about their family. But no matter what happens, it's usually not good for the royal family to reach out to people like this."

"The royal family is foolish." It really was. "They're no different from other humans."

"Sure, that might be true. But your father did lack some qualities he should've needed as king."

"NO!" Nanara shouted with red eyes. How could Kakashi say such a thing to him... "Despite having never met, how can you say something so inappropriate! My father wasn't inadequate. He was respected and needed by everyone!"

"Was he a splendid king?"

"Yes."

"If you respected the king so much, why didn't you take the throne? Didn't you want to be like your dad?"

"That's different!"

Kakashi's tone was catching up with Nanara's. As usual, Nanara didn't wait for Kakashi to find his own words.

"The opposite... I wanted to be like my father, I just lack the confidence... so..."

"You didn't become king because of that?"

Nanara backed this up. Kakashi wanted to stop sounding like this, as he felt Nanara's real feelings are likely to be dragged out soon, but he pretended not to notice.

"Even though I'm not a king now, I'm trying to convince everyone in the village to go against the Prime Minister!"

"Why? Why do you want to protect this country?"

"Because I'm the son of my father!"

Nanara's eyes were finally filled with tear. Even though he didn't believe in the "royal blood", he grew up looking at his father, which was important for him.

In the shinobi world, the "special ability" of ancestry has great power. Our blood. The Hyuuga's white eyes. Although not due to ancestry, the tailed beast chakra is similar in the sense that it was often held undesirably by the jinchuuriki. The faces of students and comrades came to his mind

in order. Each of them has been proud of their origin, sometimes to the point that they craved violence because of it. He also remembered the cheerful ninja who was not blessed with ninjutsu talent and gained strength through efforts only.

Nanara went silent dropping his gaze onto the ground. Kakashi unconsciously touched his left eye while watching him. In the past, Kakashi's left eye possessed the ability of an extraordinary power that he was gifted by his friend. Unfortunately, the eye that had unparalleled power wasn't handled efficiently by Kakashi, due to the limit of his blood. His body didn't fit that eye. Even so, Kakashi continued to refine this ability that he could not fully use, and he became proficient gaining the title "Kakashi of the Sharingan". He wanted to see the world with his friend's eye, as it was none other than Obito who gave Kakashi the will to overcome "his blood" after what happened to his father.

"What do you think it is that makes a king a king?" Nanara asked. "I was born royal... but the Sixth Hokage was chosen and became the leader of the Land of Fire... what should I do to become like him?"

"You have to take action." Kakashi pointed his gaze towards the sky. "Leh is back." Eventually they told Leh to go to "The Hokage" to deliver the letter.

Nanara raised his head. Leh spread his dark brown wings out and flew. "Leh!" Nanara waved at Leh. Leh was certainly a royal hawk, and not because Leh's parent was a royal hawk, it's because of his strong body. In response to Nanara's request, a letter from the Land of Fire brought back by Leh said that they were ready to help. It is possible to arrange for food and medical products, and they were ready to help as much as possible. Nanara was slowly reading the letter from the Hokage one sentence at a time - crying, and seeing the signature written at the end.

Seventh Hokage.

Written in a wrinkled handwriting. "So, it [Hokage numbering] went up by one!" Nanara's hand holding the letter trembled. "So, you're not dead, right ...?"

"Well... I just retired when I was old enough."

"I see. So, you're relaxing." Nanara stroked the signature of the Hokage that smudged on the paper. Hm... He was sure that the Sixth Hokage also worked very hard.

The Hokage's real name was written under the title. Uzumaki Naruto. "It sounds like a strange name, but it feels warm and positive." Nanara, who had been looking at the Hokage's handwriting with a read face for a while, decided to run to the square with the letter.

"Everyone! Look at this! A letter from the Hokage!" The legendary Hokage name should have enough power to push the villagers. The fact that the Seventh Hokage of the Land of Fire promised support gave many villagers the courage to confront the Prime Minister. Of course, not everyone. In the end, however, more than half of the villagers agreed to fight the Prime Minister.

After seeing Nanara who squeezed the letter running to the square, Kakashi finally leaned against the watchtower. He sat down and exhaled a big sigh. He continuously used the Mud Wall for more than half a day. Kakashi's combat power has significantly increased compared to when he was fighting Obito and Madara. It's no surprise, since many years have passed since then, and he's been diligently working. Although he lost the Sharingan and he can no longer use Chidori, he learnt several new techniques to replace them, and now his amount of chakra is enough to keep up this wall and it also remains strong enough to withstand

cannonballs. He wiped his sweat away from his temple and took a shallow breath, as it was still challenging to maintain it. He is going to keep the Mud Wall up until they decide on a strategy.



Midnight. Nanara, Kakashi and the villagers gathered in front of the mud wall. The Moon was covered behind thick clouds. It was convenient that the visibility was bad. They also have the terrestrial advantage here.

"Everyone has been evacuated." Margo came to report to Nanara.

"Thank you, Margo, please, evacuate too."

Margo is also supposed to evacuate with the rest of the villagers. But Margo shook her head to Nanara's words and put the pot she had in her hand on her head.

"After all, we will fight." Margo asked if it was okay, and Nanara nodded. Not only Margo, but all the villagers gathered armed with pans and pots on their heads. They all grabbed farm tools like scissors and sickles in their hands. The strategy is simple. Kakashi will take on the ninjas. At that time, the villagers will enter the artillery base and moisten the phosphorus to make it useless, as this is the is the driving force of this unit. Nanara said that he would search for the Queen and try to stop this.

"Are all the preparations good so far?" The whole group nodded silently in response to Kakashi's

question. Kakashi combined his hands in front is his chest, and the ground vibrated slightly. It began to crumble while "melting". The mud wall was dissolved.

"Let's go!" Nanara jumped out. So did Sumure, and the rest of the villagers.

The troops were quiet. Most ninjas who were not on the lookout were sleeping in tents. There was a man exiting one of the tents who felt that the Earth was shaking a little bit. For a moment, he was wondering if the user of the mud wall somehow stopped the technique, but the vibration was too small for that. Because it would release the chakra that made such a huge mud wall, there would be a considerable vibration and a roaring sound accompanying the release of that technique. Even for a "master" of this jutsu. Perhaps he just drank a bit too much. The man -after coming to this conclusion- was very surprised when he reluctantly looked back eventually. The mud wall surrounding the village was "melting".

"What...." To be exact, it just disappeared. Each sand grain of the earthen wall that made up that giant wall was just in the air, disappearing quietly. Like smoke. What a wonderful chakra control!

Suddenly someone grabbed and hit him from behind.

"Kyahh..." It was difficult for him to make a faint voice. His body was numb from the core and he couldn't move a single finger. The last thing he saw behind his falling eyelids was a silvery hair like a wolf with the eyes of moonlight. The appearance of a ninja with sleepy eyes like a goat.

The people collected by the Prime Minister generally lacked motivation. They were not fighting for beliefs or in order to protect something. They were just hired for money. Of course, they do their best as long as it's a mission, and maybe even give their lives if needed, but they don't really want to do that if possible. Even the farmers carrying long cannons to protect the capital have more motivation.

The role of the shinobi who watch the East side of the troops is to check the village and monitor it for any strange movements. However, they are more interested in playing shogi than watching the enemy.

"So, who's winning?"

"Don't know..." a man crazy about the game returned a lifeless reply that he suddenly thought of.

He looked up on the board and suddenly raised his face as to who was speaking to him. The opponent sitting in front of him was blowing bubbles. A light shock ran behind their necks, and the man trying to place the next piece now covered the board with his upper body.

The three shinobi who watched the North side were doing something rather more serious than the East side. While paying attention to the mud wall surrounding the village from time to time, the main man was watching the cliff spreads towards the North, considering the possibility that the villagers might make a detour.

"Why don't we have that kind of shinobi who can keep the mud wall for such long time?"

"No, it would be impossible to keep that alone. This must be a combination technique of multiple people.

"You're right."

Then one of them looked back. The mud wall that should have risen to the heavens is covered in

darkness and cannot be seen. However, there was a sign that a figure moved between the village and the troops. If one stands up and looks with torches of light, they can notice that the mud wall has disappeared.

"Hey! Villagers....!" Suddenly a fist sinks into the middle of his chest, and he passes out.

"Did you say something?" Suddenly, the other two put their heads together as they noticed the incident regarding their friend.

DONG!!

A dull sound to their backs. The two ninjas whose heads were together had all their eyes white together now. Kakashi stepped on the torch light that was dropped by the guard. The total number of shinobis hired by the Prime Minister was 50.

"43 people remain..." The two shinobi made a small murmur and dropped on the ground. He then slanted the forehead protector with the Konoha mark on it, hid his left eye and sneaked into a tent. Ninjas gathered by the Prime Minister are by no means gathering of small fish. Kakashi held his breath and entered the tent. There were ten shinobi inside. All of them were sitting on their knees or taking a nap with their legs crossed. They

are supposed to be trained to wake up to the footsteps of cats even. Sneak in, hold your breath, and carefully squeeze a sword into the enemy's neck from one end to the other, wait until they're drowsy and fall asleep.

The trick that he learnt from Iruka was also helpful here. The best way to disable an enemy without killing them. Prior to becoming Hokage, Kakashi only knew how to kill people. He didn't know how to restrain someone without killing them. When the times changed and the country was stable and decided to restrain without killing as the principle of shinobi, they were wondering, including the Sixth Hokage himself what to write as a guideline. When he went to Iruka who was already the principal of the ninja academy, Kakashi got laughed at. Then he remembered what he said.

"It's okay. It may not seem like it, but the Ninja Academy teaches techniques to make an enemy fall sleep immediately."

He remembered Iruka's face.

A man who was sleeping in the back of the tent opened his eyes and slammed the ground as he saw Kakashi. He turned around and tore the tent with a single sword and raised his voice.

"Intruder! Everyone, wake up!" However, his mouth was covered by Kakashi's hand immediately. He continued to squeeze his neck until he fainted. In a few seconds, Kakashi came out of the tent through the tear cut by the man, who asked Kakashi to drop his weak body finally.

The men dressed in ninja uniforms were lined up in front of Kakashi. Everyone got up ... this unit was completely different from the noisy artillery that weren't made of shinobi.

"Enemy attack, turn your torches off"

"Wait, don't turn them off" There were 7 shinobi who rushed to the intruder and first they wanted to fight with a weapon in order to keep up with Kakashi.

It's been a while since Kakashi fought against shinobi, but he couldn't really afford to have fun here. After all, if he doesn't settle this down before it becomes a large group battle, he cannot guarantee to leave them undamaged.

"Let's do this efficiently." Kakashi said that to himself then put his feet on the ground with a big kick.

A shinobi rushed to the scene right after receiving the news, and he immediately saw the intruder. The intruder seemed to be sleepy. He thought the intruder cannot be that smart if came on his own, and now he's surrounded by all these shinobi. They attacked Kakashi without hesitation. The shinobi were falling to the ground one by one, if one of them look back and to the front, this intruder is suddenly in front of them.

CLANG - a sound of something metallic was heard. A shinobi near the sound fell down in a posture with his hands folded. In the dark, something like a flat metal shone for a moment. What could it be? Some sort of a weapon?

CLANG CLANG - the sound was heard again, and the "weapon" was clearly visible this time. It was the metallic lid part of a cooking pan that was used to hit the heads of these fallen ninja.

... a pan lid. The high-pitched clanging sound echoed twice in succession. Two faces with white eyes fell on the ground right after. The pan melts into the darkness again, leaving a silvery afterimage. Without being able to fully understand the fact that his allies are being beaten one after another, the man repositioned himself with his sword. He thought it must be some really hot pan that uses chakra. It must be so. He slowly moved

the edge of his sword. A three-legged wooden pillar holding a book suddenly touched his back.

"Where do you come from ...?"

CLANG - the sixth sound resonated. The shinobi who were on the ground finally stopped sweating and worrying. There was only one left. The fight that started as a 7 against 1 suddenly became a 1 against 1 in a matter of seconds. In the darkness, the man's whole body was sweating he felt like his blood vessels were about to boil. All his allies were defeated with a single blow by a cooking pan.

There was a sound that the iron sword cut through the sky.

"DAAAAH!!!" The man was mad and screamed, and as he pulled his hand there was a response.

He could see the pot lid that had been cut off flying in the sky. He wasn't convinced that he won, but he was relaxed and when he lowered his gaze with the weight on his chest, a kunai was deeply sticking out of the left side of his chest. The kunai disappeared immediately.

"Eh?" Genjutsu.

Even if one knows it's a genjutsu, they are confused for a moment. The next minute, the man lost his consciousness.

"26 people left." Picking up his toy weapon, Kakashi sighed.

The shinobi hired were average. They weren't really weak, but they couldn't endure a lot either. Kakashi thought that maybe the last man he took out was smarter than the rest of them, and because he showed some unexpected tenacity, Kakashi decided to use a genjutsu on him, which consumed a bit too much chakra. He is supposed to preserve his chakra as much as possible until meeting the Prime Minister.

After hearing that ninja approached again, Kakashi quickly disappeared and was lost in the darkness once more.

Six ninjas gathered together and looked around when they made up each other's blind spots. It hasn't been a minute since they heard the scream about the intruder. It the meantime, seven of them fell onto the ground.

"They could be either from the Land of Fire or someone from the surrounding countries." One of the ninjas who was some kind of a boss murmured.

"Yes" a young man behind him nodded.

None of the fallen shinobi were stabbed, even though it's quicker to kill people. They thought there might be at least three intruders, and out of the Five Great Powers it's only the Land of Fire that don't kill people on spot.

Part of the tent caught fire from one of the torches.

A young man and an old man who were closest to it pulled their bodies due to fear of burning. The flames were scattered. The fire continued to burn even on the sand, but the brightness of the surroundings suddenly dropped. The intruder disappeared in an instant, and it felt like a shadow was quickly crossing the front of the shinobis.

DONG - the skull of a shinobi was hit by something hard and he immediately fell to the ground. His friends' bodies were also folded one after another falling to the ground.

One, two, three, four. The last young man heard the sound of a fifth hit to someone's head. The intruder sighed and threw something on the ground. He didn't dare to open his eyes, but saw from the edge of his sight, that the weapon looked like a pan. Is something wrong with his perception? There

was no time to check. The young man held a kunai and tried to fight the intruder.

"Anyone who tries to reach the Queen... shall not return alive!" He was trying to intimidate the intruder, but his voice was shaking. Face to face, one on one, he was extremely intimidated. The opponent seemed like some strange monster. He was covering his face with a forehead protector and some kind of a blanket, so he didn't recognise him. However, it felt like he had seen him somehow before. If it's a famous shinobi, he cannot win. If it wasn't a mission, he would just run away. But he had an obligation to attack the intruder as long as he could.

"I won't leave..." he said that facing the intruder. The intruder was silent. There seemed to be no need to waste time on talking. The young man held the kunai in front of his chest and stared at the intruder without blinking. Something wraps around his ankle, and the next moment his body was floating and swimming in the air, being attracted towards the intruder. When the intruder embraced the attracted man's shoulder, he turned his head straight ahead and was throwing a shuriken towards the intruder, but it was thrown back by him and penetrated the man's leg. Their distance was quickly reduced to face to face, and the man lost his balance because of the shuriken

wound to his leg. The invader was once again lost in the darkness, kicking down another man without hesitation who had been sneaking around.

"Don't be scattered!"

"Don't make a blind spot!"

The ninjas were shouting and looking around.

"Where is he coming from next ..." Someone murmured.

"He's there!" One of the men grabbed their small comrade and threw him towards the intruder. He spread traditional wrapping clothes out of his chest and started waving hand signs. His special skill was to blow a whirlwind that kept the windy centre at an extremely low pressure, in order to crush the enemy's throat using the pressure difference between the inside and outside. However, the intruder was faster than the wind. The intruder's knee sunk into the boy's lap, and the boy fainted. The other shinobi earned a bit of time, finishing his hand signs:

"Fire Style: Flame Spear!!"

Frightened, they ran towards the intruder. Two of his comrades supported the fire style user with a

sword from both sides. They thought that if three people fly from three sides at the same time, one person should be able to reach and cut him. They expected the intruder to rush and use the fainted young boy's body as a shield which he didn't do. He instead threw a small white ball at their feet. Along with a popping sound, the area was wrapped in smoke. If one uses a smoke bomb in this situation. it is rather difficult to escape. The flames were spreading along the woods horizontally. Behind the smoke, a fellow's body was crushed, and the intruder was moving behind it. The man on the left tried to slash him but was unsuccessful. The intruder quickly pulled a kunai from the fallen man's pocket and fought back. The intruder fled upwards like a beast and stood on the wrist of the man holding the sword.

"Eh...?"

Soon after feeling the weight on his wrist, he was kicked by the intruder's heel in the face. One on one. While the smoke was blocking the view, the intruder turned around and gazed behind himself. Burning woods were stuck in the ground.

"Pff...!!" Said the shinobi.

The eyes of the intruder which were expressionless, were wide open for the first time.

Got him! The swordsman cut down a short rod where the blind spot of the intruder was. The intruder kept paying attention to the men attacking from the left and the right at the same time, while also paying attention to the fire. Now the swordsman penetrated the intruder's throat and fresh blood was being sprayed all over. They won—! ... or they thought so, as the next moment when the swordsman was convinced of his victory, suffered a tremendous impact. He realised he was kicked by the intruder's knee and had fallen forward into the falling blood splash. Although he thought that he had pierced through the intruder's throat, he just injured one of his comrades.

... is this a genjutsu? Kneeling on the ground, seeing the intruder's face for the first time beyond the smoke, the man was breathing. Spiky silver hair and sharp eyes like that of raptors. The mask covering his face makes his facial muscles stand out in an unpleasant way. The forehead protector hiding his left eye in a diagonal manner. The man has seen this face many times. During broadcast videos of Hokage meetings, and in newspaper articles about the retirement of the Sixth Hokage.

"You... No way..."

The intruder was the Sixth Hokage.

The intruder was the Sixth Hokage. He had to inform his friends about this as soon as possible, but the man's body did not seem to move, which was a bit of a trouble. The sweet scent of the smoke bombs was gradually numbing his body, and his thoughts seemed to be going further and further away. He eventually let go of his consciousness, and the spear flame that pierced the ground disappeared.

14 people left.

The intruder shakes his silver hair like a blazing Sun's flame, as it got red from the blood in the white smoke. He picked up a bloody sword and returned it to one of the unconscious shinobi. There was a man who recognised the frightening figure. No doubt. He's the Sixth Hokage... Hatake Kakashi, how can they even meet him in such a place. He was trying to hide in the thick branches, and the blood flowing through his body suddenly felt like cheep booze. This man was once a shinobi of Konoha. After being expelled from the Land of Fire, he was only hired by such a small country as a shinobi. But the tables have turned now, he got lucky. He could kill Kakashi today and get his revenge.

He knows a good technique to chop up the opponent from the blind spot by changing the

nature of the chakra that is disguised as a shuriken. The man took a deep breath and waited for Kakashi to become occupied with fighting. Twelve shinobi surrounded Kakashi. Some had samurai swords, some had shuriken and others had a chance to wave hand signs. As one of them tried to attack Kakashi, he twisted the wrist of the man who was about to slash him, and suddenly looked back at the man hidden in the branches. Their eyes certainly met. Immediately, the back of the man's body shrunk as if holding a heavy stone. Kakashi quickly diverted his gaze and bent his body to dodge the thunderstorm shuriken attack from behind. What an eye! The man put all his power into his trembling hand.

The 12 shinobi all fell onto the ground in no time. The man gave up the surprise and descended from the hidden branches to expose himself in front of Kakashi. The distance between them was a few meters at most. While moving to a side jump, close to Kakashi's blind spot, wondering if he could get more time or not, his name was called as if he had been played.

"Shin Hakubi?" Kakashi remembered the face of a man who was a special ninja. "Hakubi. Is it a coincidence that you are here?"

"Who knows... it may be a coincidence, but I can take revenge now..." Hakubi suddenly stopped talking, as Kakashi seemed to have smiled a bit. Feeling hatred, Hakubi went crazy.

"I'll make you a dead person in this place." He started moulding chakra. He knows from watching this battle, that Kakashi is not using any ninjutsu. Probably, he's completely out of chakra, and most of the ninjas expected that the mud wall was maintained by more than one person anyway. The biggest luck in his life was that he met the Hokage when he was out of chakra. He laughed.

"I've heard rumours... That you've lost that special eye of yours. Why are you still hiding that one eye then? You shouldn't have been able to see my chakra nature changing thunder shuriken with your ordinary eyes."

After that he threw 8 more shrikes towards Kakashi, who just jumped lightly to avoid the attack. The electric current which was like a razor was integrated with the shuriken and aimed to strike Kakashi from all directions and would certainly hit him. Or rather Hakubi thought this would suffice. But then... Kakashi turned around and repelled the attack with reflexes that couldn't be followed by the eyes. But three shurikens were already in his blind spot! Hakubi waited for the

moment when Kakashi's body was chopped up without blinking. Kakashi pushed up the forehead protector which was hiding his left eye.

"I'm so dumb..." Hakubi took a deep breath. Kakashi's exposed left eye was shining red. The three tomoe looked like floating irises. Certainly, Kakashi's left eye still had that unique ability.

Kyaaa! With a clear sound, a shuriken that was in Kakashi's blind spot was blown off and cut Hakubi's shoulder. It felt quite painful, but he didn't mind. Was Kakashi still alive? It shouldn't be the case. Stupid. Kakashi lost his Sharingan eye. It's from a reliable source of information. However, he actually deflected his thunder shuriken, and it wouldn't be possible without the Sharingan! Kakashi jumped into his field of view and punched his stomach. He was losing consciousness while feeling nauseous.

Hiding his left eye under the forehead protector, Kakashi muttered, looking down at the fallen man.

"Shin Hakubi, a man who was once a special shinobi in Konoha. His skills weren't bad at all, but he was repeatedly stealing goods during missions, and was dismissed as a result."

[It doesn't say specifically, but I daresay Kakashi used a bit of genjutsu.]

Kicking him out seemed the correct decision. Kakashi looked through his weapons where he also found stolen iewels from the royal palace. including a large blue jewel on a silver chain. Kakashi put the blue jewel inside his jacket and looked at the artillery base. He already defeated 49 of them. 1 remains. If there is an intruder report among the ninjas, it is arranged in advance that each of them will run towards the intruder in turn. However, it seems there was one ninia who did not follow the trap. He must have realised that the villagers were heading towards the phosphorus in the artillery. Moreover, it is easier to deal with non-combatant farmers. These farmers who don't know how to get rid of their traces must be stupidly telling their position. In this situation, all of them could be killed.

In reality, the last shinobi broke the darkness in front of Kakashi. Apparently, he was just hiding. The tip of a bloody kunai was glaring at Kakashi. The man was about to attack the intruder, however, the intruder who was supposed to be in front of him is already behind him, a small shock runs through his neck and immediately sleepiness rushes in. "How fast..." just before falling down, he heard the intruder murmuring.

"That makes it 50 people..."

~

Nanara and the villagers managed to get close to the artillery. Torch lights are on the lookout swaying at regular intervals. The artillery is starting to make noises as they begin to notice that the mud wall has disappeared. With a quiet farewell, Nanara diverted and turned backwards, while the rest of the villagers stayed on the front line and moistened the cannon's phosphorus with water. Margo sighed and uncovered the cannon's fuse in the dark night in a clumsy way. She sprinkled some water from the water sachet and made sure that the phosphorus was wet enough by pushing her finger into it, and then ran onto the next cannon. It's only a matter of time that they are discovered.

The removed fuse slipped out of her hand and made a noise, and a guard was around. He seemed to be a farmer, like the rest of the villagers

"Listen, I want you to help us!" Margo started out as a watch(wo)man too. "You were forcibly recruited by the Prime Minister in the capital to carry this cannon. There is no reason for you to follow such a domineering person forever. Fight with us."

The man was staring at Margo's face. "Do we have any chance of winning?"

"You remember that huge mud wall? A great ninja helping us created that."

The man with an expressionless face started walking towards Margo. Margo, shocked by his face, suddenly fell down. Pain was spreading all over her body as she was hit by the man. Their eyes met as the man looked down at her.

"Why..."

"It's bad, but I don't want to lie to you." Said the man, igniting the cannon's fuse with a torch flame. "My family in the capital has been taken hostage. If you're up against the Prime Minister, I need to kill you."

A roaring sound echoed behind Margo, and a cannonball was fired at the village.

DONG!!

The sound of the cannonballs almost pierced her eardrums, and Nanara was shaking his body a bit. The cannon was fired — so it seems that the villagers cannot persuade them to help.

"I have to find my sister as soon as possible."

The back of the troops was very quiet. There was nobody, only food and other supplies. He was looking for Manari in a safe place [behind the front lines] but he couldn't find her. As he was checking the tent inside out, running around from one side to the next, the sound of the cannons was very close. It seems to have reached the East side near the forefront.

DONG!!

On the west, the cannons fired suspiciously. The voices of the people fighting can be heard far away.

"Nanara..."

Sumure and the adults of the villages rushed as they noticed Nanara.

"Good, everyone is safe."

"For now. Anyway, have you found the Queen?"

"Not yet. My sister and the prime minister are nowhere to be found..."

An arm extending from behind grabbed Nanara's body. "If you value the prince's life, do not move!"

Nanara was relieved to hear the voice. He's heard this voice before. It was the man who burned and ate a gecko in the Southern part of the Capital whom he met during his visit. Was he also recruited? He twisted his body but the arm pressing Nanara didn't let go. He could feel his power. The man pressed a knife blade against Nanara's throat.

"Okay guys, if you value this life, throw away your weapons in less than 10 seconds."

"Sumure! Don't mess around, pick the weapons up!" Nanara was angry and shouted at Sumure who threw his spear away.

"The King is replaceable. But now, if you don't stop the Prime Minister, this country will be in ruins!"

"Shut up" The man said in a deep voice and put some strength into the hand holding the knife.

The skin on Nanara's neck was cut a bit, and some blood was flowing down. Another spear fell next to Sumure's.

"Everyone, why..." Nanara was lost for words and started biting his lips.

"Everyone gave up their weapons. Now, tie their necks together with a rope." Then, two guys

appeared with a bunch of ropes. At that time, a brown lump came out of nowhere and hit the man's face. When he flicked the knife with his hands, Leh [the hawk] pushed the knife down towards the man's face.

"Wow...!"

Nanara slipped through the man's arms. The villagers quickly turned against the men and tied them up with the ropes.

"Leh! Thank you!" Nanara screamed into the sky.

Leh could fly high enough to give some answers to Nanara. The movement from Leh's line of flight was pinpointing a certain location. The Northeast cliff, where a crimson robe was hovering. It was the Prime Minister.

"So that's where you are ..."

To get to the top of the cliff, it is necessary to go North from the troops and make a detour as well. Even with a horse, it is 30 minutes from where Nanara is. However, it is only 300 meters in a straight line. There is no time to lose.

Nanara began climbing the cliffs.



TRANSLATED BY CHERSUZY

A trembling, cold sweaty hand is holding the Shuigu. Manari stood on the bare cliff and trembled while looking down at the battlefield. Below that cliff, the people of Redaku Country were fighting. She saw as the base was covered with smoke; a scene where people were fighting in various ways. She saw as some artillery with a chance to fight shot a bullet that broke through the village houses, which split under the great force. The houses collapsed in the surroundings that received the blast. People live in those houses... including her younger brother. All of this was her fault.

"It seems that they evacuated early on, which was the correct solution." The minister was having fun looking below the cliff.

Correct solution? What is this situation? Manari couldn't keep up with the thoughts of the Prime Minister. Even so, she couldn't disprove it. The day when it was decided who'd take the throne crossed her mind. The day when the Minister gave this equipment to her. Manari was proud to think that she would protect this country like her father did. Let's start with a light rain that will moisten the vegetation. However, the Shuigu seemed to ignore Manari's intentions and somehow, they ended up with a flash of flood. The wheat field, which was about to be harvested was swept away

with the soil, and the muddy stream just stopped before swallowing the capital. Although there were no deaths, many of the livestock were killed and the capital's stocks were nearly devastated. Shuigu just didn't recognise her as a King (Queen? Meh). She felt like it was a big mistake to take the throne, but it was too late to regret it now and she was just biting her lips.

The country that lost its ability to make rain fell short of water. Some bureaucrats suggested that they could train to handle the Shuigu, but Manari refused. She even briefly thought of running away and destroying the country, but she didn't have the courage. However, there was no solution to the water shortage.

"There is no need to force yourself." It was only the Prime Minister who said that. He gave her an easy way out and so she followed and trusted him. She wanted to look away from the reality in front of her eyes and kept following his proposals. This is the result of that. The Prime Minister's plan didn't go well, starting a civil war.

"You're the queen. Prepare to use the Shuigu."

Manari raised her head. "...but I can't handle it."

"You don't have to master it."

"But if it gets out of control again, the village could be wiped away." Without knowing what he was saying, Manari looked at the face of the Prime Minister. "No matter what I do..."

"Can't you do it?"

Her body was shaking. She raised the Shuigu in front of her chest. "I can't."

Murmured with a trembling voice was her greatest form of resistance. The Prime Minister shook his body and took the Shuigu.

"Return it!"

He dodged Manari with his arms who tried to get it back. The Prime Minister shook the Shuigu. A huge mass of water was created and hit Manari's face. Manari became soaked.

"Why..."

The Prime Minister was using Shuigu, way better than Manari.

"Why... can you use the Shuigu?"

"Now, why?" The Prime Minister turned the top of the Shuigu towards the ninja. Then, he noticed the figure of a climbing child up the cliff and laughed suddenly. "Oh, your brother is climbing up the cliff."

"Nanara?"

The Prime Minister raised the Shuigu high up. The water stream started to vortex around the ring attached to the tip. The water was increasing in mass and became huge.

"Stop!" Manari tried to run towards the Prime Minister but slipped over the wet rocks and fell down

The Shuigu started sprinkling water. The water flawed down like a sea snake, with a sickle-head and fell down to the bottom of the cliff. Nanara was desperately climbing the cliff. The columnar crystals that make up the cliff are easy to break vertically. This property, which makes these cliffs quite convenient for laying on the road and making it into stone was now a major obstacle.

"Wow!" He almost slipped. He climbed a lot but Manari and the Prime Minister were still far away. Nanara stretched the palm of his hand, with was utterly scratched. Suddenly his fingers were in pain, but he clenched his teeth and endured, bent

his arms and lifted his body. At that time, the entire cliff vibrated a bit. Looking up, a huge mass of water was swirling around the edge of the cliff. In the meantime, its thickness has increased and started falling towards Nanara with tremendous momentum. "Oh..."

Nanara clinging to a cliff had no escape. The moment he was prepared to be swallowed by the water; hot air ran through over his head. A huge flame birds. The flaming wings were spread out and plunged into the centre of the approaching water stream, colliding with each other. The large amount of water evaporated instantly and diffused like mist. Nanara knows this trick. It's a technique that he played in his "imitation games" over and over again. If the Chidori is powerful enough to cut thunder, then the flame bird has enough power to turn water into fog. The name associated with it was "Fire Style: Water-Mist", one of the many techniques of the Sixth Hokage, and one of Nanara's favourite techniques too.

"It seems there are no injuries..."

There was a gentle touch to it familiar to Nanara. When looking sideways, Kakashi stands on one foot with plenty of space around.

"Now... was that Kakashi? Using the technique of the Sixth Hokage?"

Kakashi flies lightly from rock to rock while holding Nanara. Jumping left and right a bit, he immediately landed in front of Manari and the Prime Minister, who was not surprised.

"What a private tutor... that forehead protector... are you a shinobi?" For the first time, Nanara noticed a forehead protector the was hiding Kakashi's left eye. At the centre of the forehead protector was a scraped surface that appears on the Sixth Hokage books. Why only hiding the left eye? Holding the surprised Nanara, Kakashi jumped sideways and took a distance from the Prime Minister.

"Huh, running away?"

The Prime Minister was gently shaking the Shuigu. Kakashi lowered Nanara to the ground. A huge flame burned over Kakashi's head, and a flame bird jumped out of it, protecting Kakashi from the water column by changing it into mist. The whole water column was hugged by the burning wings, swallowed, and evaporated.

"Wonderful...." Looking at the water vapour that was scattering around, the Prime Minister

murmured with enthusiasm. Fire style should be weak against water, but the water mist that Kakashi used had the power to overturn this disadvantage in elemental weaknesses. Even though the source of the power of the Shuigu is Rikudou Sennin's chakra, it didn't matter.

"Shouldn't you be out of chakra after keeping that massive wall up for more than a whole day?"

"That's only your desire. That's what you want to hear." He turned his keen eye on the Prime Minister who was listening to Kakashi without showing his anger.

"You're not the King, how come you're able to use the Shuigu?"

He was silent with the Shuigu in his hands. Kakashi glanced back at the Prime Minister and asked again.

"Did you sign a contract with the Shuigu before Queen Manari?"

"Contract? What's the meaning of this?" Nanara asked from behind Kakashi.

"Usually, to be able to use a chakra-hiding tool, it is necessary to have a contract with the caster.

Perhaps, after the death of the previous king, the prime minister secretly signed the contract before Manari." While speaking, Kakashi looked at Manari who was on the ground staring at the battle between them.

"It's not your fault that you can't handle the Shuigu. You simply haven't signed the contract."

The scared Manari slowly understood Kakashi's words and was amazed.

"Hatake Kakashi... it's just as you say." Said the Prime Minister with a laughing voice. "I signed the contract before Manari, and I'm able to use the Shuigu. This is proof that the King is just a piece of decoration."

"So, do you just want to impersonate?"

"YES!!" Screaming, the Prime Minister flipped his long sleeves. The ring of the Shuigu was raised and was pointed at Manari. When Nanara finished screaming, the Shuigu's annulus was shining and a vortex of water that was several times the size of the previous one was rolling up, heading towards Manari. At the same time, a fire broke out of the palm of Kakashi. A giant bird was formed and jumped out in front of the vortex of water and was struck at the speed of a flash. The water mist

collapsed in the shape of the bird and returned to a bunch of flames, while the vortex of water shook like a curtain by the impact of a collision.

It seemed that the water mist disappeared, but the flames stretched out to the sky swallowed the torrent of water. A sound was heard as the water and the fire cancelled each other, and only water vapour was rising into the sky.

"I can't understand why you of all shinobi dare to protect such an incompetent child."

"That's a terrible thing to say against the royal family whom you served for many years."

"I served the King! I swore allegiance to him and served for more than thirty years. I didn't have a family, so I worked hard for public service, devoted myself to the country." He looked at Manari and Nanara with an angry face. "Nevertheless, it's you who becomes the next ruler, not me!" It's unreasonable! Is your bloodline that important? It should be effort and experience that matters!"

"It's not important." It was Nanara who answered. "I know that myself. I'm a shame of the royal family. We are people like everyone else, but I met Kakashi and it changed me. It made me proud of

the blood line I inherited from my father, and that's it."

"If you think so, you can die here for the sake of this country." The outline of the water current was bending and turned into a giant bird made of water. In response, a flame erupted above Kakashi's head and a burning water mist appeared.

It was a flame bird against a water bird. The water bird spit out a water column. In response, the flame bird spit out a fire pillar. Water and flames were colliding violently. A tremendous shock wave struck, and both of them held together as if the time had stopped. However, at the next moment, the body of the water bird was pierced. Flames were swallowing the water column.

Kakashi used up much of his chakra by now, but he spoke to the Prime Minister with a generous expression on his face. "Even if I'm defeated here and you invade the Land of Fire, your ninja group cannot win against them. You know that yourself too, don't you?"

"The astronomy institute told me that reinforcements are on the way. Neither artillery nor shinobi can be relied on to begin with. I also have the Shuigu. Even this tool that can freely use

Rikudou Sennin's chakra, the ancestor of all shinobi wouldn't be enough.

"That tool is not a weapon meant for killing people!" Nanara shouted in anger. "That's... that's for bringing water to this country. Isn't it your fault that people starve in the capital? My sister couldn't use it because of you and now the country is messed up!"

They heard the sound of cannons under the cliff. Even now, Nagare Village was being attacked.

"It's just a small sacrifice. This country is poor because of its land. Everything is far away, and we cannot trade with other countries. Therefore, we cannot develop. I want to make Redaku Country into something like the Land of Fire! All in all, we need a new, rich land." The Prime Minister shifted his eyes from Nanara to Kakashi. "Shinobi of the Land of Fire... is it acceptable for people to die just because it doesn't rain?"

Kakashi's line of sight passed through the Prime Minister and faced the sky behind him. "Prime Minister. It's fine to be fond of foreign countries, but you're delusional. The Land of Fire hasn't been rich for that long." Kakashi took off his right gloves and threw them away. "There was a time when it continued to fight wars without a purpose,

desolated. A country that has become prosperous through wars and now lives quietly avoiding wars. I don't know which one is better. Even though, this country was peaceful until the previous king died... and now, you are trying to invade my country. I cannot overlook that as a shinobi of Konoha."

The Prime Minister shook the Shuigu a bit and laughed a little. Kakashi slowly removed the forehead protector hiding his left eye, and the Prime Minister's expression got frozen. "That eye...." Kakashi's left eye which was just revealed was shining reddish. Anyone with some knowledge of shinobi has heard of it. "Kakashi of the Sharingan" as he was known in other countries.

"Oh... so you were that Kakashi [of the Sharingan]?" Although his tone was confident, the old man was trembling. It seems that he was in fear, knowing that there is a legendary shinobi that is famous in front of him. "I heard that Kakashi lost the Sharing in the Fourth Ninja War a decade ago... was that only a rumour?"

"Oh, unfortunately, as you can see..."

"No matter how powerful you are, you won't be able to defeat Rikudou Sennin's power." The

Minister stopped moving, disrupted his facial expression and stared at Kakashi. ".... what?"

"You misunderstood the power of that tool. Its strength won't last long, because it gains that strength from you."

Kakashi glanced up at the sky again. The mist from the water vapour struck by moisture from the air collide with the wind from below, being swept into the sky. The fog was no longer clear. The Minister was shaking the Shuigu that was now over his head. The next moment a terribly powerful thunder and lightning pierced the Minister's body. The whole area was lit up in white, only light and shadow, and it went back and forth several times. At the foot of the minister who was now kneeling, the rocky place was torn apart, and the deep crack was cut.

"What happened..." the roar dazzled everyone's eyes and ears. Nanara looked up at the sky at the spot. Even though the sky is cloudless now, there are grey clouds over Nanara's head. A large amount of water vapour born from the battle between Kakashi and the Prime Minister quickly became a thunderstorm cloud with an updraft. In such a situation, the Prime Minister raising his armour became a lightning rod and attracted lightning.

There was no change in Kakashi's appearance... except, for one place, his "sharingan" that has now disappeared. He just changed his eyes to look like the sharingan, it was a trick all along, but thanks to his well-known name "Kakashi of the Sharingan" this simple trick is quite effective in avoiding useless battles when used in combination with hallucinating smoke bombs; and thus "Kakashi of the Sharingan's eye appears to be still alive and well. Unexpectedly, the sound of the thunder stopped. The Prime Minister has collapsed as if folding over the rocks.

Kakashi pressed his ears against the chest of the Prime Minister while approaching Nanara. After confirming his pulse has stopped, he started pushing the centre of his chest with his right hand. It was heart massage. When Kakashi stopped pressing the chest, he was breathing air in. Even though he was continuing it for a while, there was no reaction. When Nanara began to think that he was gone, the Prime Minister suddenly exhaled.

"He was revived then..." After confirming that his breathing was back, Nanara suddenly collapsed. His limbs just became heavy. A lot of things have happened in the last few days, and he got very exhausted. A murmured voice of Kakashi reached Nanara's ears, looking up at the sky. "Thank God...." He was always calm in any situation and always

guided Nanara. There is no other such reliable guy anywhere else out there.

Nanara laid down and rounded his eyes. Was it a good idea to revive the Prime Minister? They've won, right? Did they even get back the Shuigu? In any case, Kakashi just had no limits. Nanara woke up slowly and stared at Kakashi who was sweating. It was difficult to see because of his clothes, but if you look closely it's visible. Kakashi seemed good at pretending to be fine, but now it seemed painful. Nanara wondered if he could stop by to support Kakashi's shoulders. He was wondering if this is how he lived all his life; hidden feelings, always protecting people, but living alone. Although not knowing him but he was sure Kakashi was blessed with very good friends and there were people supporting him.

After getting the Shuigu back, luckily it wasn't even scratched. When Nanara touched it, the ring at the tip came off and a scroll came out.

"Kakashi, this is ..."

"It's Shuigu's contract."

No matter how hard he looked in the office, he couldn't find it. Kakashi spread the scroll. As with normal contracts, the names and fingerprints of

successive kings were left there in bloody letters. On the far left, there was the bloody character of the Prime Minister.

"Nanara, sign up." Manari said it immediately.

"I kept listening to the Prime Minister and harmed this country. I should be punished together with the Prime Minister."

Nanara stared at the Shuigu, which was now in Kakashi's hands and kept silent. Even though he started making up his mind, his determination was shaken when his sister was in front of him.

"Well. I'm sure I can be a good leader. Like the Sixth Hokage." Nanara tightened his expression and looked up at Kakashi. "I want to make a contract. Kakashi, what should I do?"

Kakashi cut the tip of Nanara's finger with a kunai. Nanara calmly raised his face after entering his name, which he couldn't even write a little while ago, and pressed his fingerprint under it.

"I'm done. ... what do I do next?"

"That's it. Now you can use the Shuigu."

Nanara grabbed the Shuigu with a suspicious face. Although it was the first time, he touched it, it perfectly fit in his hands. This tool is a gift for Nanara from three fathers. One person brought water to this dry land, Rikudou Sennin, and supported the founding ancestors of this land. The second is his biological father who ruled the country as a wise emperor and inherited wisdom of many generations. Of course, the third person is...

"Can you use it?" Manari looked at Nanara's face with anxiety. Nanara nodded powerfully.

"It's okay. I somehow understand it." Standing on the edge of the cliff, Nanara raised the equipment. The ornament hanging from the ring started to shake with a clear sound. It felt like the Shuigu had some invisible power flow. Was it chakra? A long time ago, Rikudou Sennin left a special power to ensure the prosperity of this country. Chakra spreads slowly and greatly like ripples created by falling leaves on the surface of water. Eventually, Nanara's request was granted.

"Rain..." Manari murmured silently. The rain they've been all waiting for was soft. Water was soaking into the dry land. Kakashi was staring at the figure of Nanara holding the Shuigu while getting wet in the rain. From now on, he will lead

this country as a young king. Kakashi knows exactly how hard it is to walk in front of people as a leader. It's not an easy way, but he was sure Nanara would be able to do it. From time to time. he loses confidence that what he did as Hokage was right. Rapid development is accompanied by great pain. While Kakashi changed the society. there were new things, but many things disappeared. To get the majority of the profits. sometimes a few were abandoned. When he meets Obito someday, will he be confident and excited? Sixth Hokage, the he fulfilled responsibilities. The answer to Kakashi's hesitations was an inexperienced youngster who couldn't even read a single letter.

"The Sixth Hokage is the strongest shinobi and the best leader ever!" - Kakashi was so happy beneath his mask that was hiding his face. It was the first time he met such a fanboy.

~

The Prime Minister was returned to the Capital and judged under the laws of this country. Ninjas will be returned to their respective villages. The rain that Nanara created using the Shuigu made all the cannons useless. The battle was over, and people finally rejoiced in the grace of the rain without enemies. The village buildings were

destroyed but all the people who were evacuated are safe. There were a lot of injuries acquired during the cannon base fight, but there were no casualties. Neither one of them had decent weapons, as all the villages were empty. The adults laughed and said that the fact the nobody died was the best proof that nobody really wanted a war. The artillery members recruited in the capital did not attack any further opponents who fell down with injuries. Waiting for the rain to come, Nanara gathered everyone in the square and told her sister to leave.

"Nanara is becoming the king?"

"Well.... yeah."

The villagers kept asking Margo who answered in a shy way.

"Nanara~~ say something. If you become king, you will have to make a speech in front of everyone."

"That's after a formal coronation in the capital..."

"So, practice now."

He tried to escape because he was embarrassed, but he was forced to do this by the adults.

Nanara eventually stopped resisting. Climbing on the top of a pile, stretching his back with his hands stuck in the pocket of his jacket.

"Hey, bad behaviour, the king doesn't put his hands into his pockets!"

The palms that were full of scratches due to having climbed the cliff weren't seen be the people. Nanara was taught by Kakashi the it was a leader's job to endure the pain and walk ahead. Nanara looked down at the top of the pile and looked at each person's face.

He started talking while looking at them. What he wanted to do as a king. He's still immature and full of things he doesn't know. He's not very good at explaining complicated things so he's stuck with words even when he feels what to do. He was relieved to see Kakashi standing at the back when he was almost ready. When this speech is over, he wanted to ask the most important question from him.

"Are you really the... well, I really know you are, but I want to confirm it now that things have settled. Why were you even here? I was so angry with myself, and now I just want to thank you for your help..."

Kakashi, whose eyes met Nanara's eyes smiled with wrinkles under his eyes. That was the last time Nanara saw Kakashi. After his speech was finished, Kakashi was no longer in the village. He only left the blue gem behind that was a memento from his father.



Half a year has passed since Hatake Kakashi left Redaku Country. The mountains were full of snow and even people in neighbouring villages couldn't come and go until spring. The rain that the king was able to provide for the wheat made it possible for every village to store food for themselves during winter.

"Nanara, a letter from Konoha arrived" Manari came to the office with Leh. Manari, who "retired" from the throne by herself was hoping to be punished in the same way as the Prime Minister, but she ended up becoming an assistant in politics in response to the demand from the bureaucrats. He took care of Nanara's paperwork and supported him who was essential in rebuilding the country. Leh jumped off Manari's arm and landed on Nanara's desk.

The letter came from the Seventh Hokage, Uzumaki Naruto. A book was also packed in the package. It said "All-new version of Icha Icha Paradise" on the cover page.

"Ah! This is the book Kakashi was talking about!" Picking up the book, Nanara shouted with excitement. It had a thick bookbinding with a shiny and smooth cover. The first page said, "Recommended by the Sixth Hokage!" Next to which there was a photo of the Sixth Hokage's face

that winked with a thumbs up. Looked like a vague man who slept on his eyes. Whether or not a good leader is the one who prevents wars instead of winning them, Kakashi is still the best leader for him

When glancing at the cover of the "All-new version of Icha Icha Paradise" Nanara suddenly started crying. It was his way of expressing that meeting Kakashi was the best gift he could've ever received.

~

15 days after saving the kingdom and leaving Nanara, Kakashi was back in Konoha. The journey took 20 days for the first time, and to return it took shorter it seems. When he went home, he headed to a pub in the modern parts of Konoha. An acquaintance looked at Kakashi's face and smiled, then pointed to the back room. Kakashi was late for a drinking party he'd been invited to.

Because he's always late, he ends up standing out of the crowd, so he made use of the skills he had as a ninja and in order not to make his lateness obvious, he gently opened the shoji*** at the back of the room and casually mixed in with the others. Suddenly someone grabbed his shoulders from behind.

"Well, well... if it isn't the always-late-teacher!" Sai was getting drunk and his face was completely red.

"No, it's the starting time that's wrong, not me being late. I must have remembered it wrong." Kakashi had a bitter smile. Only a small number of people were informed of Kakashi's infiltration into Redaku Country. "By the way, Sai. What about your wife?" Kakashi casually changed the topic. Ino's face was only slightly reddish.

Now that the country is stable, it's become more popular for people to get drunk.

"Sensei... How much do you drink?" Asked Sai, while Ino was supporting Sai's back. Kakashi sat down at the corner seat. Their bodies were in close contact and Kiba made fun of them. Next to them, Rock Lee, with his eyes fully set talking to Karui. Chouji was scolded by Tenten saying "Don't you dare eat all the food alone!!!"

They're all so lively, aren't they...? Kakashi gave up on his sake and decided to look at the people instead who were messing around. Some have become adults and even parents of others, while others are still active at the forefront of shinobi. Nevertheless, these students have been important for Kakashi and for the next generation too to protect. Watching them happily already helped

him relax. If Asuma and Hayate were alive, they would probably think the same thing. A square glass was presented in front of Kakashi's eyes. On the large, round glass filled with ice, a dark blue coloured liquid is flowing.

"Welcome home, Kakashi sensei." The current Hokage sat down next to Kakashi and drank the content of the glass. When swallowing the cold distilled alcohol at room temperature, the exhaustion from the mission rushed through Kakashi and he let his back lean against the wall.

"Redaku Country was saved." Naruto turned his blue eyes to Kakashi. "I want to avoid wars in any country, and I don't want to leave the spark of conflict either."

"I hope you get along with the new king. He said he'd do his best."

"Of course. I'm his senpai after all." Naruto's tone was strong as ever. However, his face didn't look happy at all. Moreover, it may not be solely due to the Hokage's hard work.

Kakashi left the earliest time possible. Because the altitude of his position has fallen a lot, the Moon felt much farther than in Redaku Country. Shikamaru leaned against the wall of the building

and was waiting for Kakashi while smoking a cigarette.

"Where are Sakura and Sasuke?"

"They still haven't returned from the Astronomy Institute. The situation seems to be a bit difficult over there."

"The two of them should manage."

"Yes. The problem is Naruto's condition." He seemed distressed and took out a second cigarette. "We need to hurry, there's no time left. At this rate, Naruto ..."

"Aaahhh!! Lord Sixth!!!" Boruto, Sarada and Mitsuki were approaching. Kakashi and Shikamaru withdrew their serious expressions as they started listening to the kids.

"Uncle Kakashi!"

"Everyone's inside. You can also go in to eat and drink a bit." Said Shikamaru while enjoying the warmth of the cigarette. "It's a treat."

Boruto swung up both his arms. "We don't drink alcohol, we're only kids so we drink juice."

"I know!"

"I'm going home. I bought some presents for Iruka sensei." Sarada lifted up a cherry paper bag containing strawberry daifuku. It's a rare sweet that one can't buy easily because it's popular and therefore sells out quickly. "I'm staying at Iruka Sensei's house. Papa and Mama are on a long mission right now. Iruka sensei is really good at cooking!"

"Ah... that person is dexterous." Since he is a man who lives alone much like Kakashi, one would think they share a few things in common. Or rather

The Sixth Hokage's desk was always scattered with documents and materials, whereas the principal's office at the ninja academy is famous for being neatly organised at all times.

"Lord Sixth, I haven't seen you around in the village recently. Where have you been?" Mitsuki asked Kakashi. However, Naruto's difficult situation, or Kakashi's infiltration to Redaku Country is top secret, and not even known by Boruto.

"He went to a hot spring again... That's where Uncle Kakashi goes all the time" Boruto said so.

"Indeed, I was soaking in hot baths."

"So, problem-free..."

Kakashi casually smiled with his sleepy eyes, like he usually does.