

The Kaze-Iyasu Clan

As told by Rōzu Araragi of the Living Chronicle

Surely you know all the clans that make up our Lotus Coalition. The justice filled Will of Iron, the fiery blazing dancers, the virtuous body gardeners and their tattoos that bewilder and boggle the mind; but have you heard that there are clans still out there who have not yet joined our fight against the empire? Well....that may not be completely accurate. They may not be part of our coalition, but their lust for the emperor's blood is greater than any ninja.

Many years ago, before the empire began this bloody crusade, there was a peaceful village of farmers who believed that the way of the world was simply to be one with it and help the people as well as animals flourish. To this end, they cultivated the land and cultivated the people as well. They were known as the Iyasu Clan.

As you know, our chi is honed within us and manipulated to produce amazing abilities. The Iyasu were able to gather chi from the land and use it to cure other's ailments as well as mend broken bones and gaping wounds. Their mastery over human and animal physiology made them quite unique amongst Ninja, they became our doctors and some rather outstanding ones were believed to even perform miracles.

Perhaps it was because of this that they were the first clan to be purged when the Emperor's blood trail began.

The night the Iyasu fell, the harvest festival was in full swing. Customarily, it was held to honor the Earth the Iyasu gained power and sustenance from. A grand bonfire stood in the center of the village, loud drums were beaten in great revelry as the patting of footsteps danced upon the night air. Smiles beamed on the young ones' faces as they feasted on fresh pork and sweet rice they helped raise earlier in the year. The celebration seemed all too perfect to hide the enemy that lurked near by.

The sound of war drums matched the beat of the festival's own; the sound of over 500 Royal soldiers beating down the path was muted by the patting of happy feet. It wasn't until the Chief fell backwards into the bonfire, an arrow protruding from his head, that the Iyasu became aware of their imminent destruction. As the fire engulfed the Chief, the screams of the Iyasu filled the night sky all at once, then mere moments later a deafening silence fell upon the village. Just as quickly as the royal army had arrived, they were gone. 500 men strong marched away from the bonfire to the sound of crickets chirping. The war drums bleating lonely in that bloody night. Not one Iyasu survived That day, miracles left the world....or at least that is what the empire would like us to believe....

Within the coalition, rumors have began to spring forth of fellow Shinobi gripping victory from absolute defeat. A wind unlike any other destroying whole platoons in the blink of an eye. In fact, just recently I met a Coalition general that claims to have met a god.... allow me to recall Hayato-Sama's words.

"My men and I were entirely outnumbered...outmaneuvered. The emperor's dogs stood over a hundred strong against our measly ten, seven of us injured...three of us dead. Our fates in the hands of these men who knew nothing of honor or the way of shinobi. Dogs. Swine.

I remember my eyes closing as I thought of the Sakura I had left behind. Her sweet fragrance. The way she danced about in the wind as she fluttered onto me. I would never see her again. Never feel her again....only a miracle could reunite me with her now.

Then, almost as if I had wished it into being, a cry came from the enemy ranks forcing my eyes to open. Have they begun their attack?!?! Bring it on, you dogs!

But as my eyes sprang open, the enemies that stood before us dispersed in various directions, violently, falling prone. The leaves and trees gave sway as if a strong wind had blown through the valley. However, we felt no semblance of wind upon us.

As this thought left my mind, a warm and inviting breeze began to wind its way around me. To my sheer astonishment, my wounds began to seal and my strength began to recover. I took a glance back at my allies to see if they had received the same treatment and stopped in my tracks. Our dead were floating inches above the ground surrounded in a small green gale. I rushed to their side to stop this demon from spiring them away....but as I approached Inori, our fallen scout, her eyes popped open. RIsen. 'Captain' was the only word she muttered as tears streamed down my cheek.

The breeze let us be leaving behind new vigor where there was only despair mere moments before. My resolve tempered, I looked back upon my enemies. As my head swung around, the wind acted again before I could grasp the situation.

As quickly as the enemy was scattered along the ground, the wind quickly gathered them into one spot again much to their general's chagrin. The cowardly 100 were sent aloft, spinning violently high in the air, A sharp scream brought my gaze from the sight towards the general. His face white as a wisp while his eyes drew my attention to the sharp instrument upon his neck.

That day, some of my men claimed our rescuer was a man clothed in light work clothes and a hood holding a simple farming scythe.

However, the tattoo bearing the Kanji for wind blazoned across his face....the way his scythe so easily slipped through that general's neck and the way the 100 men erupted into tiny ribbons of flesh before falling to the ground showed his true nature. That day, a mere farmer did not save us....we were saved by a demon, a death god.

Susano'o, the wind of death, blew across the battlefield that day.

Our savior."

That is how his account ends. However, for as long as I've lived and chronicled....I have never met a god....have you? The farming scythe, the ability to mend wounds, the almost limitless chi that seemed to come from the land. I can't say for certain but as an educated man who bears the history of this era, my guess is someone survived that bloody night. Not only did they survive but now they have brought with them the winds of change. All of the coalition can learn from the Kaze-Iyasu...their reborn name. We must be willing to change and persevere if we stand even a ghost of a chance against the empire.

Without change, we are all but dead.