



Tsukihana Village was a peaceful rabbit utopia of lantern streets, moon bridges, rice terraces, and gentle families.



Every spring, the village gathered for a candle ceremony that thanked Moon Lantern Temple for protecting them.



Before any danger appeared, the village was clearly innocent, joyful, and worth saving.

Moon Lantern Temple was not only beautiful; it was built to imprison dangerous spirits behind a sacred seal.



The Candle-Keeper Monks taught every child to carry the ceremony candles slowly and carefully.



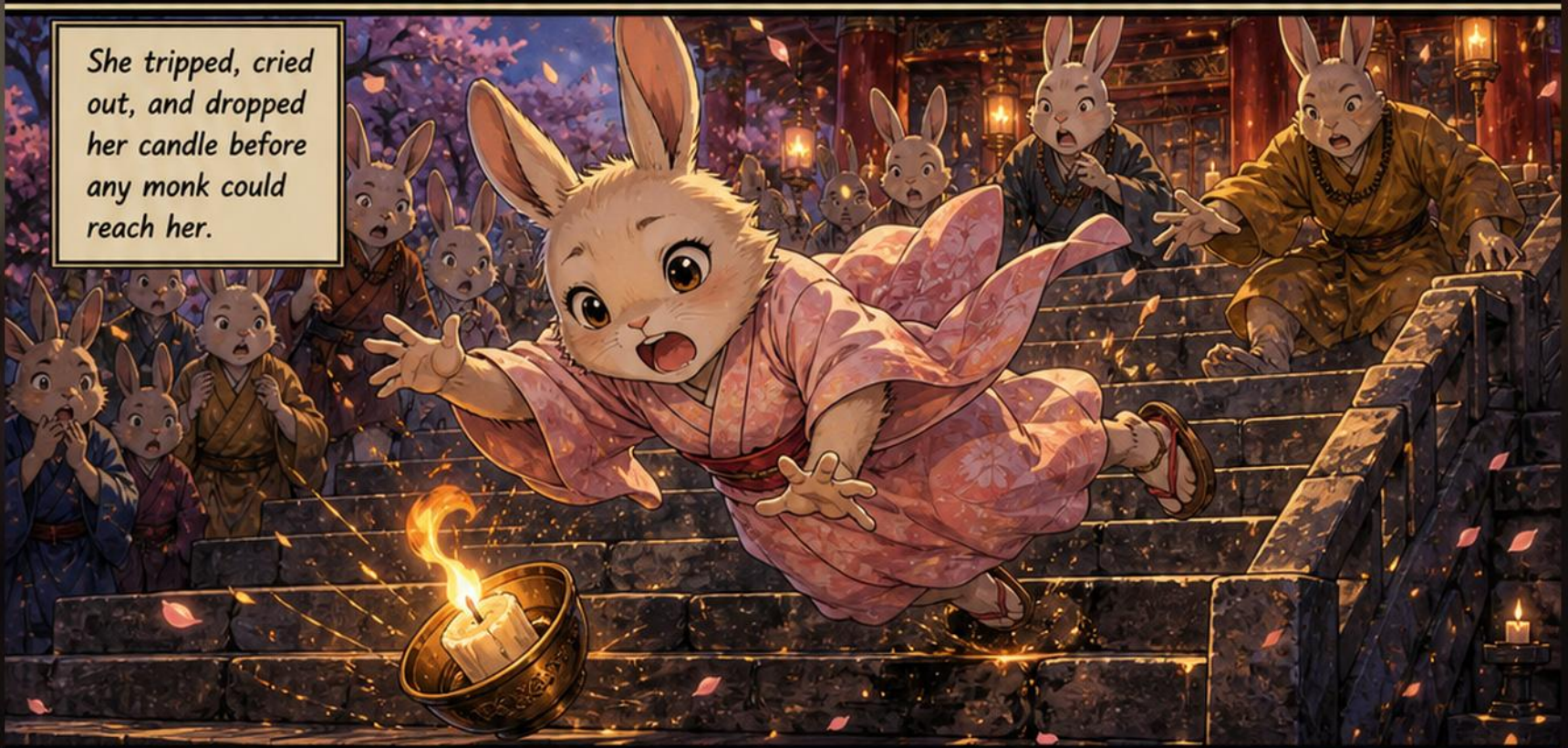
As long as the Spirit Seal stayed whole, the trapped spirits could not reach the town.



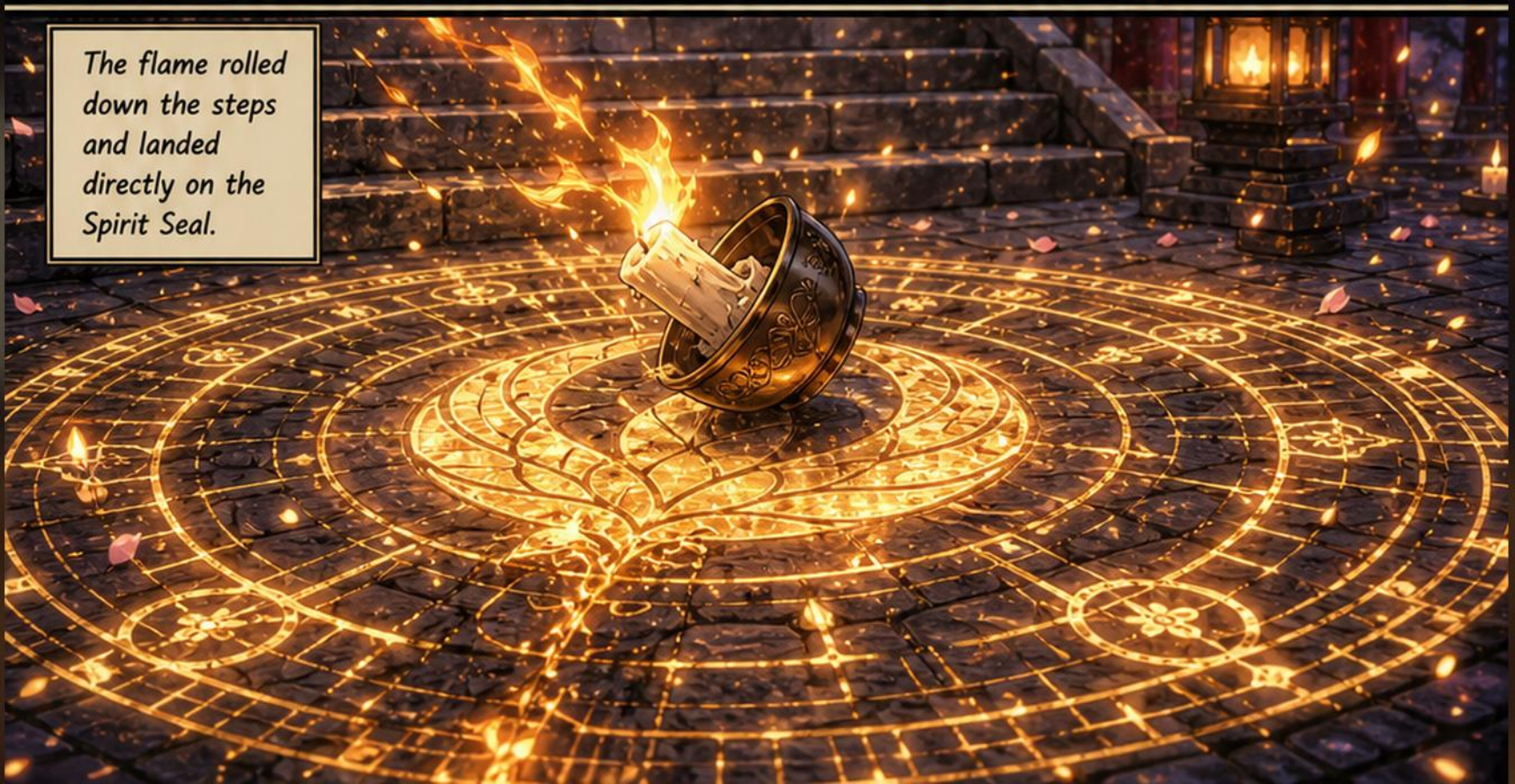
Kiko wanted to honor the temple like everyone else, but her sandal caught on the stone step.



She tripped, cried out, and dropped her candle before any monk could reach her.



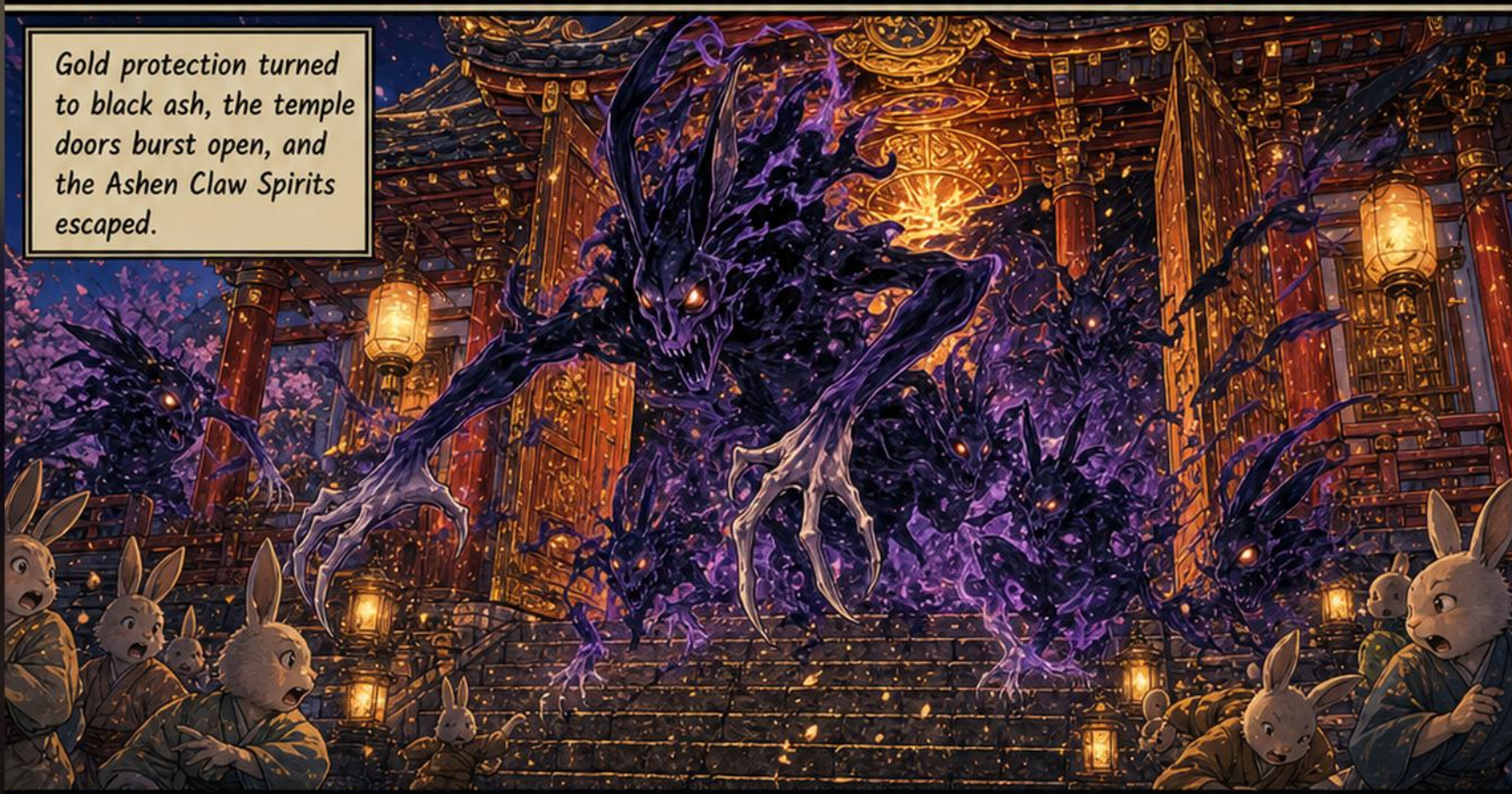
The flame rolled down the steps and landed directly on the Spirit Seal.



The candle fire should have been small, but the old seal burned as if it had been waiting to fail.



Gold protection turned to black ash, the temple doors burst open, and the Ashen Claw Spirits escaped.



The spirits did not wander harmlessly; they leaped straight toward the village to attack.



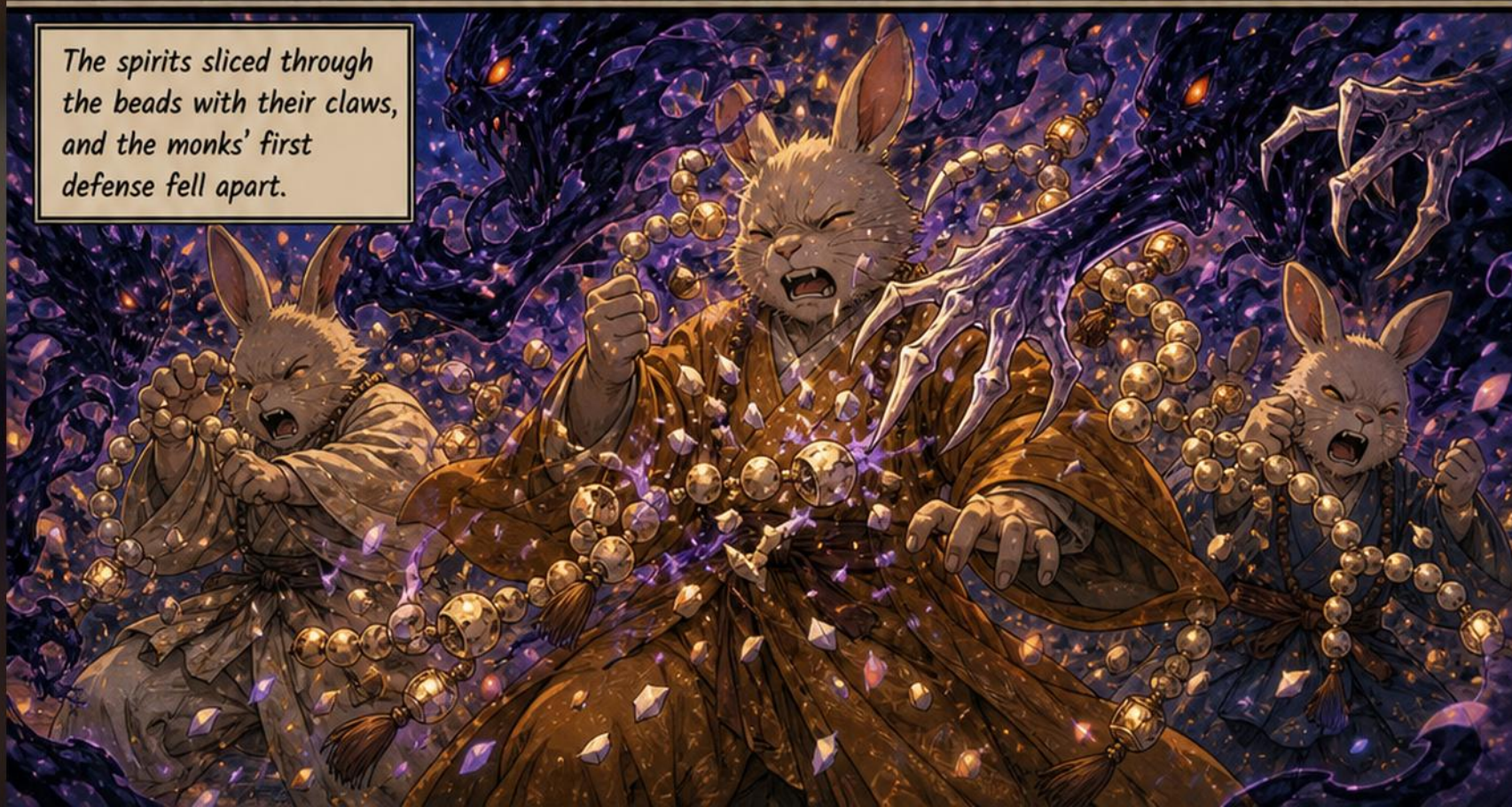
*The Candle-Keeper Monks
rushed forward because
protecting the seal was
their sacred duty.*



*They lifted prayer beads
that had guarded ordinary
peace for generations.*



*The spirits sliced through
the beads with their claws,
and the monks' first
defense fell apart.*



The Moon Gate
Guards formed a
spear wall across
the lantern bridge.



Their points were
sharp, their stance
was brave, and their
duty was clear.



But every spear
passed through the
spirits' smoke bodies,
proving ordinary
weapons could not
save the town.



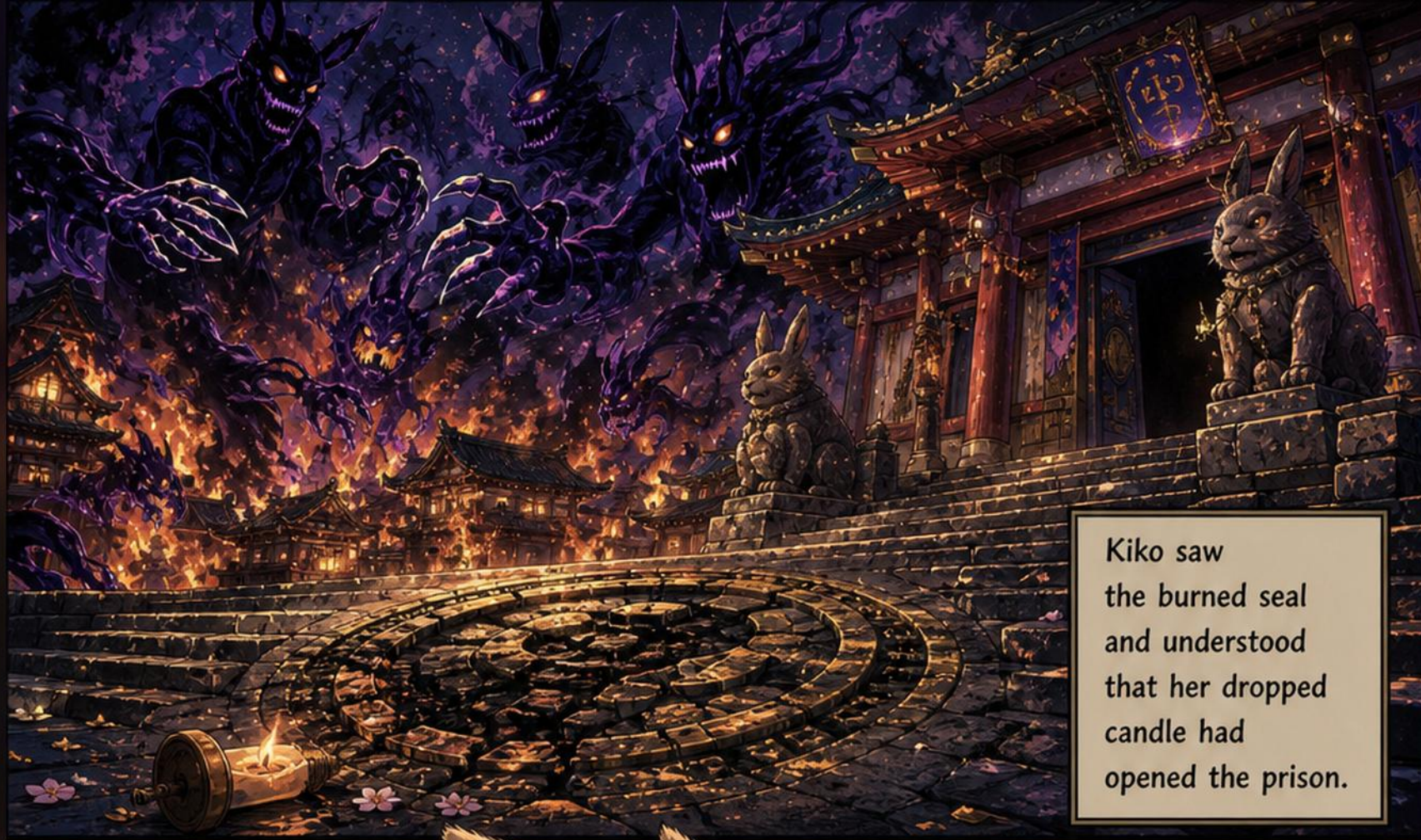
Tsukihana had no answer left except running, hiding, and protecting the smallest children.



Families fled through lantern streets while monks used their own bodies as shields.



Everyone could see the same truth: brave hearts were not enough against spirits no one could touch.



Kiko saw
the burned seal
and understood
that her dropped
candle had
opened the prison.



She was only
a child, but
fear made the
accident feel
like a terrible
crime.

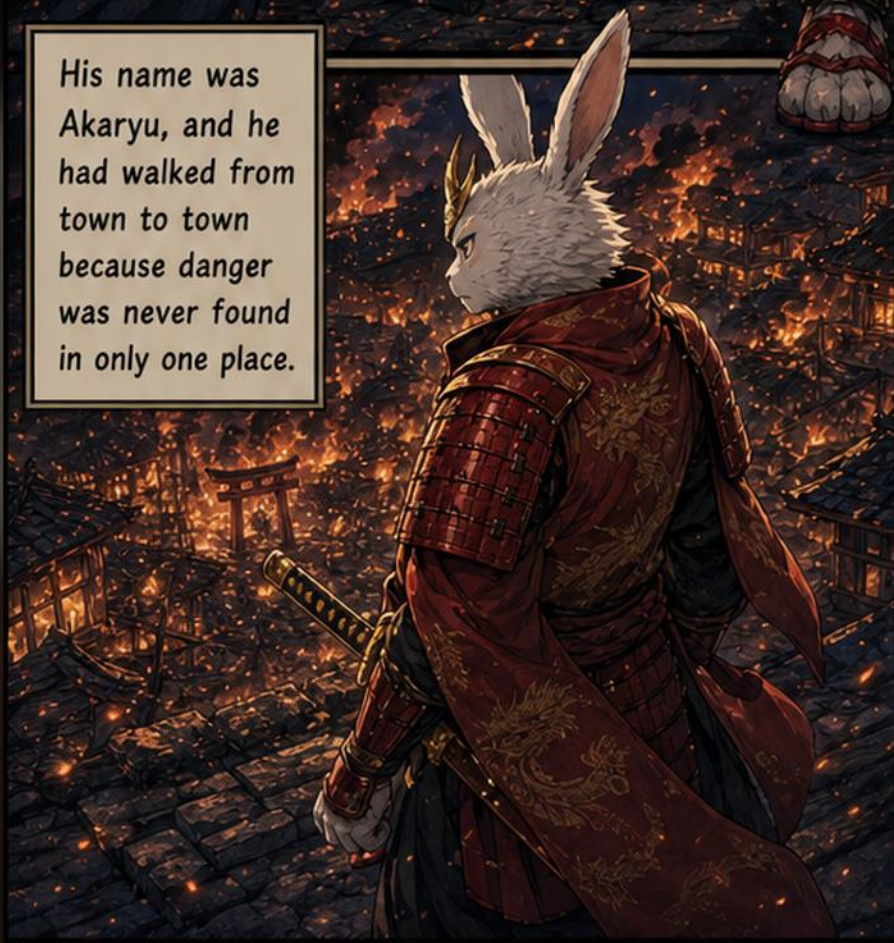


The village needed
saving, and Kiko
needed to learn
that blame would
not defeat
the spirits.

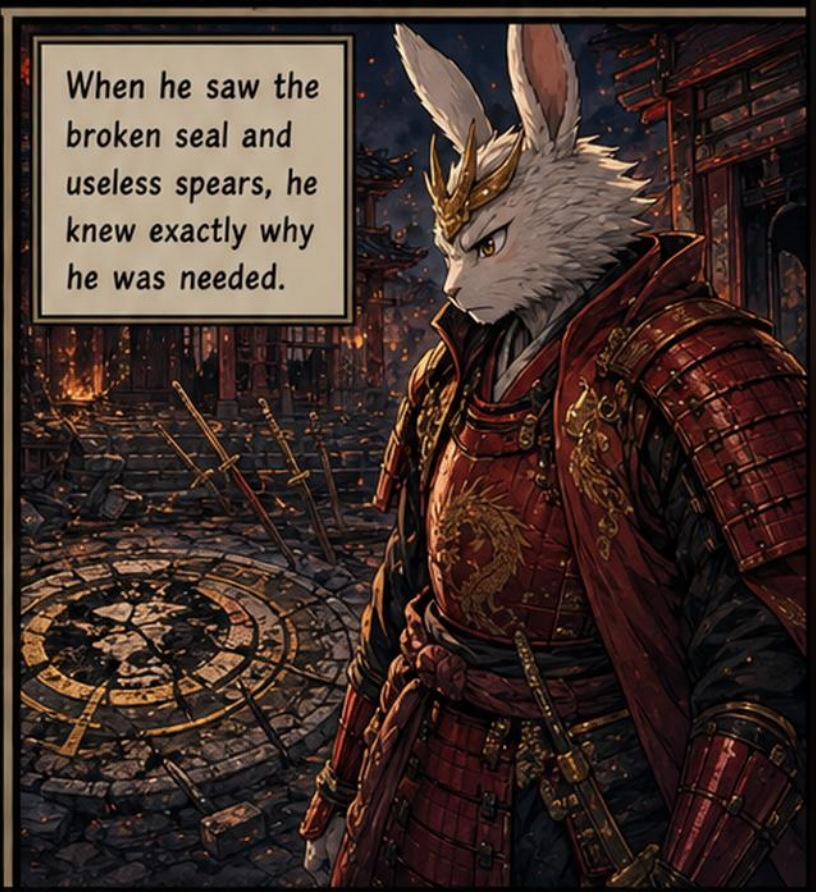
At the edge of the burning village, a wandering rabbit samurai arrived in red dragon armor.



His name was Akaryu, and he had walked from town to town because danger was never found in only one place.



When he saw the broken seal and useless spears, he knew exactly why he was needed.



Akaryu did not shout at Kiko, blame the monks, or command the guards to die bravely.



He simply placed himself between the helpless village and the spirits.



The spirits mocked him for drawing a sword against smoke, but Akaryu's calm did not break.



Akaryu knew steel alone would fail, so he called on the Dragon God without anger or pride.



Golden light poured from the sky into the Dragonlit Katana.



The sword became more than metal; it became a sacred blade that could reach what spears could not.



One spirit lunged first, certain that no physical edge could touch its claw.



Akaryu's golden blade cut through the smoke and severed the spirit's attacking hand.



The spirits stopped mocking him because they finally understood that the Dragon God's light could destroy them.



Akaryu moved with acrobatic grace, leaping over the temple steps instead of letting the battle crush the crowd.



Every golden sword arc was controlled, aimed only at the spirits, and kept clear of the villagers.



His strength was not wild rage; it was disciplined protection.



The largest spirit tried to flee back through the broken doorway and drag the village's fear with it.



Akaryu followed with a final dragon-shaped stroke that split the spirit's dark core.



As the spirit dissolved, golden light flowed from the blade into the burned seal.



The Spirit Seal reformed on the stone, brighter and stronger than before.



The temple fires went out, the last spirits vanished, and the frightened families saw that the attack was over.



Tsukihana Village had survived because the dragon-lit blade reached the danger no one else could touch.



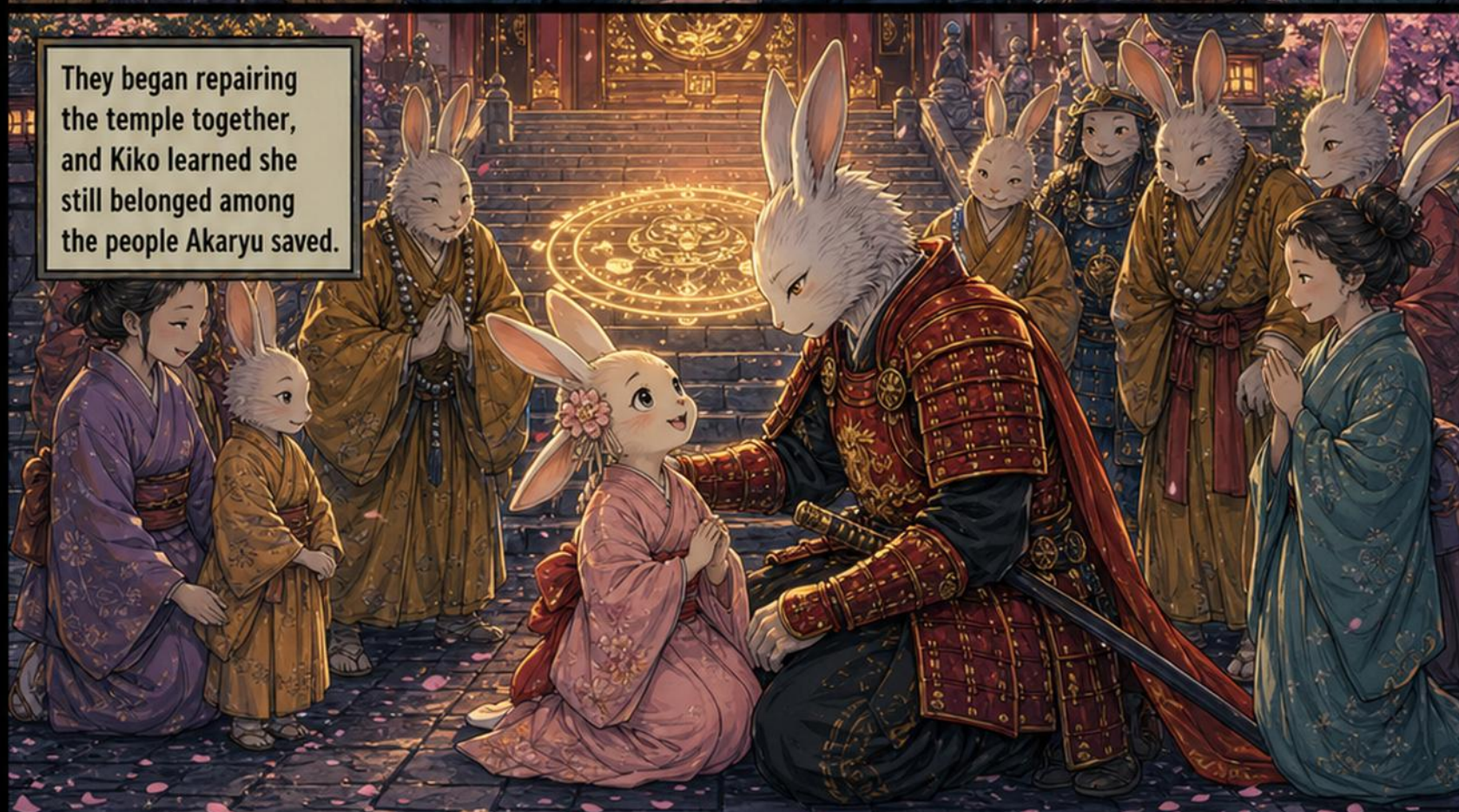
When Kiko trembled
before the burned step,
the village did not throw
her away.



The monks, guards, and
families understood that
an accident had opened the
seal, but hatred would
not rebuild it.



They began repairing
the temple together,
and Kiko learned she
still belonged among
the people Akaryu saved.



Tsukihana Village
built a statue of Akaryu
at the foot of Moon
Lantern Temple.



They wanted every future
candle bearer to remember
the samurai who stood
between them and the spirits.



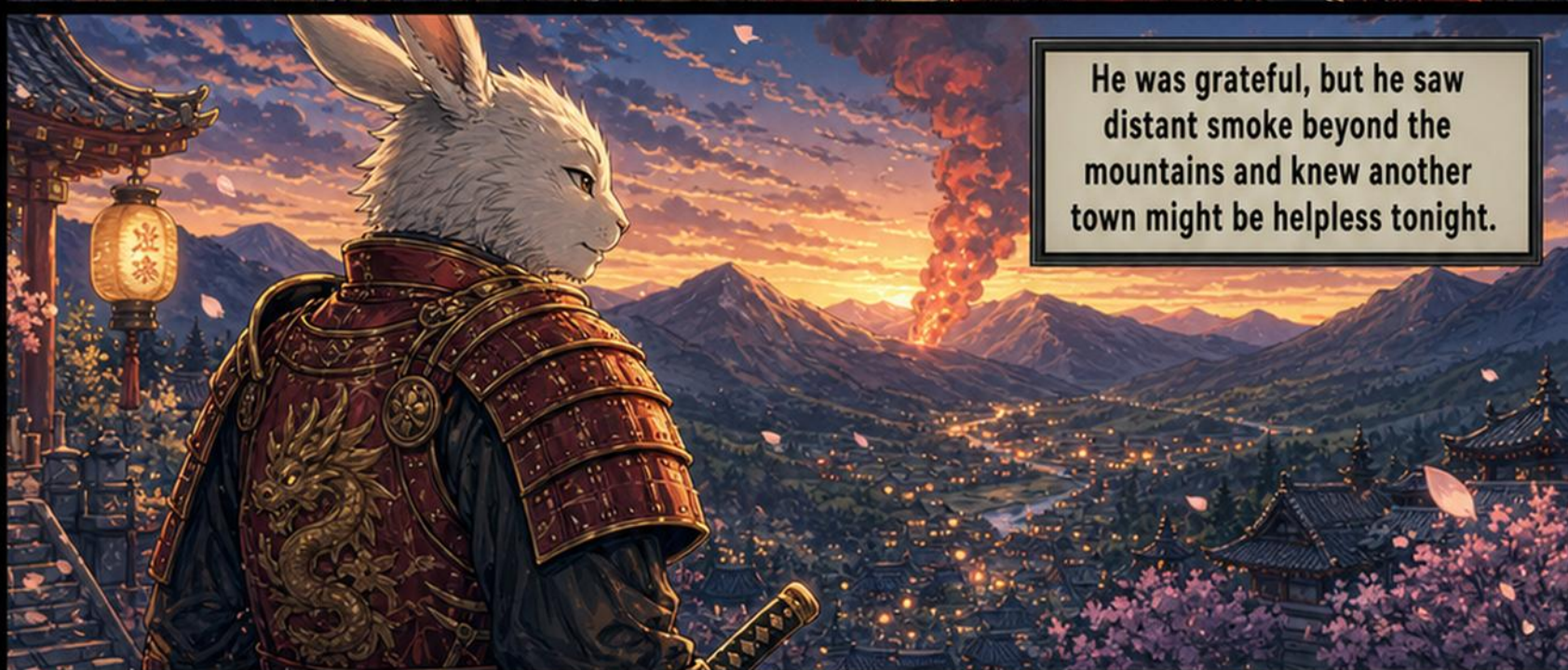
For one bright day, the
wandering hero became
the center of the village's
gratitude.



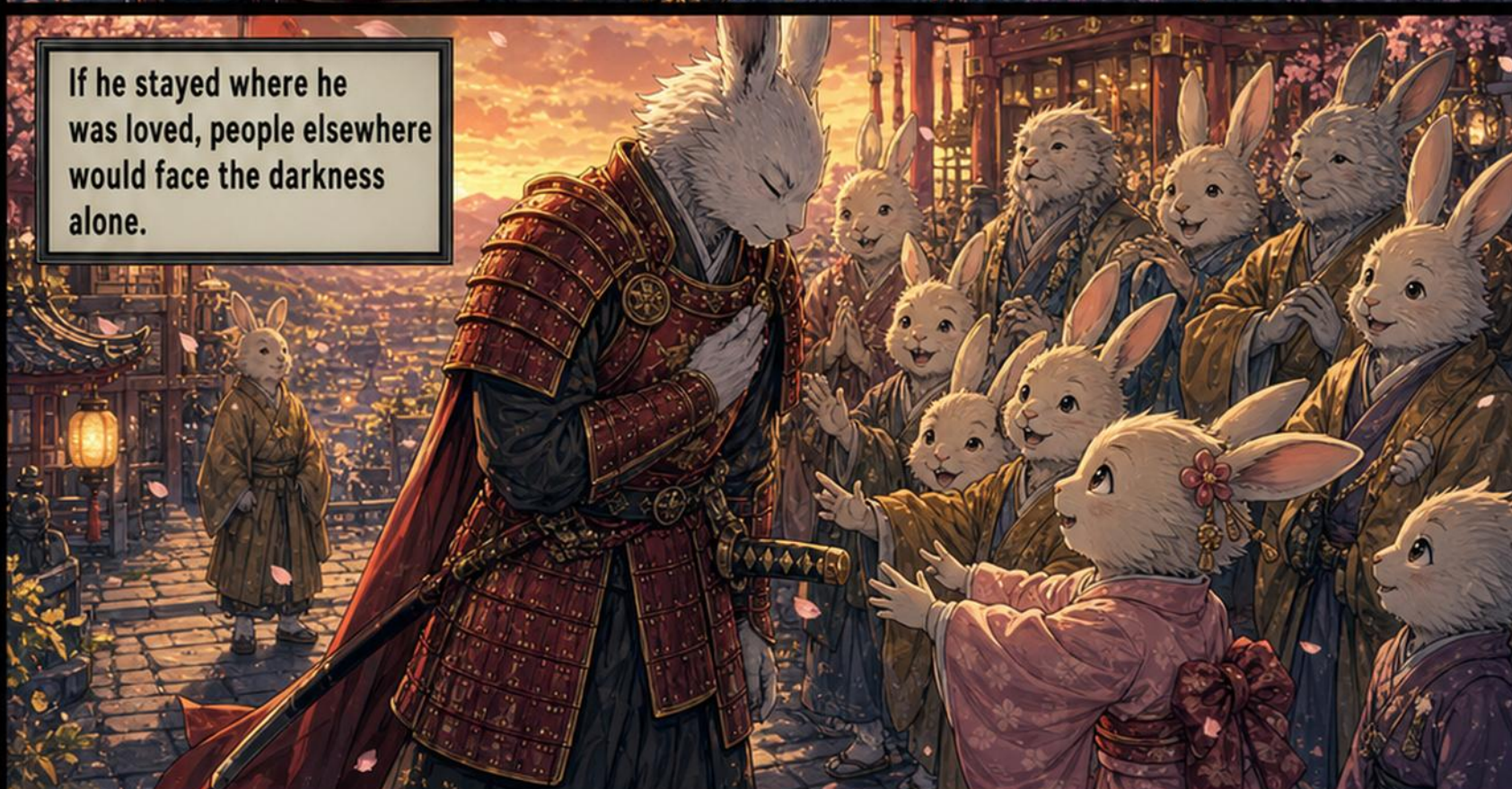
The elders asked Akaryu to stay as Tsukihana's permanent guardian.



He was grateful, but he saw distant smoke beyond the mountains and knew another town might be helpless tonight.



If he stayed where he was loved, people elsewhere would face the darkness alone.



Akaryu left at dawn,
carrying the Dragonlit
Katana toward the next
village that might need him.



Tsukihana kept lighting candles,
this time with repaired steps,
careful hands, and a stronger seal.



Year after year, peace returned
so completely that the rescue
became an old story.



SPRING

SUMMER

AUTUMN

WINTER

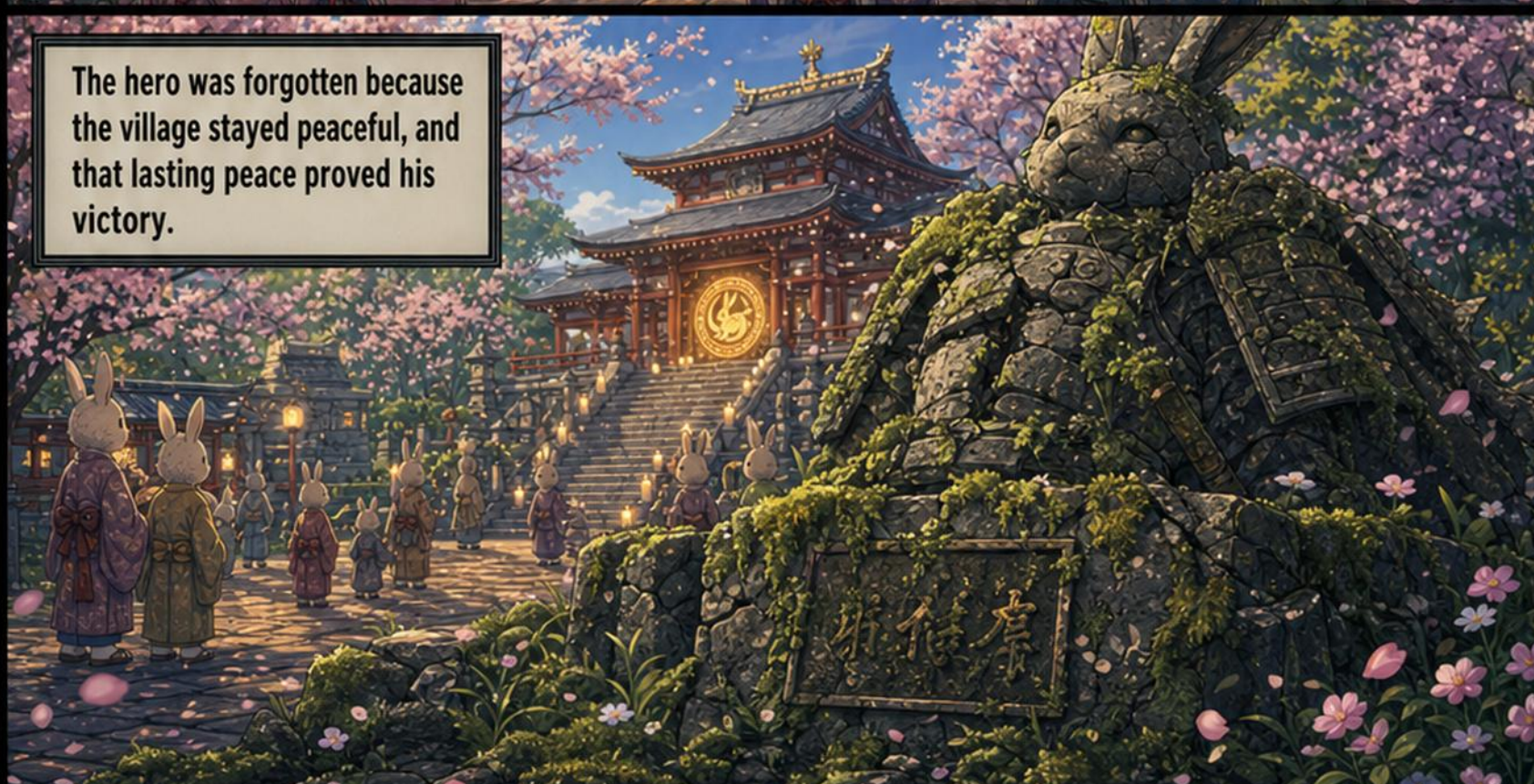
Generations passed, the statue cracked, and Akaryu's name faded beneath moss and rain.



Children still lit candles at Moon Lantern Temple, but most no longer knew whose broken statue watched the steps.



The hero was forgotten because the village stayed peaceful, and that lasting peace proved his victory.





**THE SEAL BURNED.
THE DRAGON BLADE
ANSWERED.**

Akaryu saved Tsukihana, forgave a child's accident,
and walked on so peace could outlive his name.