- "It's been three years since that day." Yasuo murmured as he uncorked the sake bottle.
- "Brother, you know why I'm here." Two warriors stood facing one another, on a field bathed in moonlight. He watched as the clear liquor poured from the bottle into the cup, and before his mind's eye, it became the steel gleam of a naked blade. "You have escaped justice for too long. What you did to the Elder must be punished."
- "I am not the one responsible, little brother. You should know."
- "I have been sent to kill you, you know what this means, Yasuo?"
- "We both know. Do what must be done, Yone. As will I."

The two warriors bowed and readied their blades. There was a flash of light, and the wind roared. The gleaming silver was now dyed crimson.

- "Yasuo." A voice pierced Yasuo's calm stupor, and in one swift movement, he had gotten to his feet and drawn his sword. Before him stood a familiar face.
- "Have you come to kill me, old man? Or do I expect the fools of Ionia to be dogging at your heels?" Yasuo asked quietly. His tone made it clear that he would cut the man down if he attempted to waylay him.
- "I had heard that a strange swordsman would be seen around here at this time of year," the elderly man said, shrugging.
- "That didn't answer my question, Teuchi," Yasuo said, still unwilling to relax.
- "I am alone, Yasuo. Even if you strike me down, the only punishment you would receive is having to bury an old fool next to a young one." Teuchi smiled sadly.
- "How'd you know it was me?" Yasuo asked, his blade still pointed at Teuchi.
- "Yone visited me that night, before he went to fight you. He had been called to end you, in retribution for the murder of your Elder. All the while, he had wrestled with choosing between his personal feelings and his honor. It seems that your brother, like you, had chosen honor above all. He told me that he had to leave behind his feelings if he was to execute his duty. And so he left behind the item with the most memories of the two of you; his *Shakuhachi*."

Teuchi reached into his robes and brought out the carved, wooden instrument. "As he has passed from this world, this now belongs to you."

Tears had begun to fill the corners of Yasuo's eyes. "Thank you...Teuchi." He gripped the *Shakuhachi* tightly as the tears began to fall down his cheeks.

Teuchi sighed. "Yasuo, Yone died doing what he believed in, and you should live doing what *you* believe in." Teuchi leaned back and looked up at the sky. "I remember when I used to play with the two of you, my best friend's children. You were both strong, full of life. I'd play my flute, and the two of you would play-fight in tempo to it. Now I am old, and there is but one of you left. Yasuo, a path of honor is a path fraught with loss. You have lost your reputation, your master, your brother, and I fear that you will lose yourself as well."

When Yasuo remained silent, Teuchi said, "Perhaps this can help you. There was a silver-haired foreigner spotted on the road west of here, wearing the broken remains of Noxian armor and carrying a shattered blade. Perhaps she could be of some help to you."

With that, Teuchi left him, the sound of his footsteps slowly fading away.

Left alone, Yasuo brought the flute to his lips and began to play. At first he was shaky, as he had not played in years, but soon his fingers remembered their old skill and the clear, haunting notes of the instrument soon rippled across the field. For the first time in years, Yasuo felt peaceful. The wind blew gently against his face, and even the animals seemed to pause to listen to the serene melody.

Whoosh. An arrow whizzed by his head. Sighing, Yasuo gently placed the *Shakuhachi* on the stone in front of him. He could now hear the whistling sound of several arrows arcing overhead. He took a deep breath, and gripped his blade. In one swift movement, he slashed. The wind curved to form a wall, blocking the barrage. Yasuo began sprinting towards his attackers at breakneck speed, weaving from side to side as he approached them.

As the enemy came into view, Yasuo halted. It was a small army of thirty Ionian warriors, and held with a blade at his neck, was Teuchi.

"Let him be. Your business is with me." Yasuo growled.

The captain smiled maliciously. "Oh so you *do* know this old fool. Unfortunately we don't spare those who aid criminals." he turned to the warrior who held Teuchi. "Give him the proper reward for traitors."

Yasuo dashed forward, piercing two of the warriors, and painting the ground with their blood. He was too late, the blade had already traveled down its deadly arc. Yasuo watched the head of his old friend fall to the ground. Eight of the warriors took this opportunity to attack, but something blew them back. It was the wind. No longer gentle, a fierce tempest ripped at their faces, surrounding Yasuo. The last thing the warriors heard was the sound of a howling gale, and Yasuo's cry:

"Hasagi! Sorye Ge Ton!"

Yasuo sat before two graves. His brother's and Teuchi's. He sat in silence as he gazed at the freshly moved earth of Teuchi's grave. *A old fool, next to a young one*, he thought. He brought out his bottle of sake, and three cups. He filled the cups and touched them together, then placed one at the foot of each grave. Yasuo drank the third, and stood. He would not return here again, until his mission was fulfilled. He would find his Elder's killer, and he would start by finding the Noxian girl.