CHAPTER 28

The Sunday at apartment, I decided to pass the beginning of week practicing my meditation and yoga at afternoon, 2:30 p.m. where the heat is very hot. I know. Worst time to practice, but I don’t bother so much. Yesterday was a crazy day at other side of Sunomono and I pray to don’t put my paws on there, what is difficult. What is being good is that Tanuki wanted to join at yoga. I imagine that Japanese liked to meditate to refresh their mind and soul from bad energies, now yoga I don’t know if they did. They can think that it’s something coming from other religion, but maybe they aren’t wrong. I just do as exercise and a way to find peace in myself.

The same is difficult to say for Tanuki that is putting himself hard. He looks like to get tired fast, but he is trying some poses that I do long time that makes him unbalance and pain. We began with simple poses to breathe slow and concentrate at silence as palm tree, salutation to the Sun and half-moon. I couldn’t stop helping him because the priority is me. When we began with lied poses as cobra, my spine raised with the head up looking the sky and breathing slow; I thought that Tanuki was just watching me until that I was hearing hard breaths coming from the own fat. I turned the eyes at left to give a look how the genie is going, even if could cost my concentration. Tanuki doesn’t look to be comfortable with the pose, but maybe is other thing that is disturbing him. What could be? Fat?

Minutes passed and I did other poses to complete my time, all lied down and breathing slow. I like to feel the lightness that these exercises bring to me. I feel great part of my energies return with strength that I need to endure a day – mainly lately that I am aim of hunters.

Finishing with the body stretched and breathing while Tanuki is with a heavy breath. He forced too much.

– How were the exercises? – I asked without lifting. I was with the head looking at roof while I rest.

– These lasts were… Holy Sun… – he stutters very tired. It’s notable. – How can you do these poses easy?

– I practiced since I was a teenager. I just don’t remember the age – we took a time to rest on the mat, but it didn’t take too time. Tanuki was sitting with the crossed legs and looking forward. – Why are you doing yoga with me?

– If it will let me stronger, I will do – I don’t know. I raised my spine to sit and look with a big curiosity hitting on my head.

– Stronger? More? Why?

– Because of that Katakirauwa.

He buffed looking at left. Now I thought completely strange that Tanuki is angry with Kiba. Why does he want to proof that he is stronger than the wizard of impossible name to pronounce?

Who was the dumb person that baptized these names for them?

From my interior, I was laughing not to mock, but thinking good that Tanuki has, let’s say, a rival at his weight – in both ways. I remember a little what Kiba answered about Tanuki wasting his strength to save me against weak threats and he didn’t like to hear it. I would be curious to meet Kiba’s abilities in combat, but if the crazy cow almost burned me, I don’t know what this pig is capable.

– He said that I am throwing my strength at wind and I won’t accept this argument anyway – he buffed lying down tired. – I need to proof that I am strong as Wind Guardian.

– I see – see that I don’t have how to help.

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Some minutes passed and all that I do is to sit at couch with Tanuki by side while I check my Pawbook to see if there is something new to discover that doesn’t put other lives at middle and I am not talking about hunt. Sunday is created with the only one function to do nothing and rest as silly frog watching the insects flying and lazy to eat. Living alone is still loneliness, even preferring the peace. I like it at same time that I wanted someone to talk.

Tanuki is dressing only a towel with the body leaning on the couch and the head is lifted with the eyes closed, breathing and having a rest after a hard training. I admire that he finds concentration so easy. I wanted to have the patience that he has. Also, why? He doesn’t need to eat, drink, sleep, doesn’t worry with date, weight – even needing to lose kilos –, studies and, mainly, isn’t being hunted every day. I have all these reasons to worry with the expectation that each day is born a new Yokai to wishes my blood. What is to study zoology in the far place with creatures following my steps to catch the “power” that I hide?

I keep rolling the screen down and nothing interesting at Pawbook. I turned to see Tanuki resting and I thought to call my dad and see if he is alright, but with a “servant” sleeping and with fear to suspect that I am living with other man wouldn’t let him satisfied. I felt a pinch of discomfort thinking about it and preferred to access the YouMovie and see something interesting when the first thumbnail is about an assault finished with the two robbers dead at exact place. I thought this unnecessary because I don’t like to watch this kind of content to attract bad energies, but what called my attention was the title saying the name of Sunomono city. I clicked at video, lowed the volume and begin to watch.

The video was telling that two robbers at motorcycle assaulted a bus stop at Egrets Avenue and were stealing phones and money when, according to witnesses, someone appeared cutting the vehicle at middle and executed them, after running away – or jumping, how one said. There isn’t camera at avenue, what was a mix of relief and pity because the people wanted to know who is the murder for some, hero for others. All was being bad for me, but what put my furs to ruffle was when one woman said that the murder was using a weird mask. Automatically my mind remembered the masked fox that appeared twice at my apartment. My hand downed and I looked forward like if there was something to focus, wondering the situation that all began in one week and with the impression that the numbers can grow.

– Tanuki – I land my hand on his thigh and shook to wake him up. His eyes open with a blink and he turned the head looking with an air of doubt and sleep. – See it.

I moved the phone at his front showing the news and he closed the eyes forcing to watch what is the object at his front, forgetting that he doesn’t understand the “weapons” of actuality. I clicked at play and he was watching. One man that killed them with a sword pierced on their bodies. It’s showing the video with photos and a reporter saying everything that they caught of information. Tanuki looked at me with a weird expression that something is wrong.

– Did you see during the week or at other world anyone wearing a mask? – I asked.

– I didn’t see anyone with mask, Master. These objects were used usually for festivals and some wizards and ninjas.

– And Kitsunes? – I forced the question. – Do they use mask?

– They don’t. Masks aren’t common of their custom – he scratches the bag. – Why are you asking me?

– I fear that is the one who visited me

And I’m sure that it’s him, what made Tanuki jumps from the couch and went until the opened window to see what I don’t know. I lifted too, going until him quiet at while he watches the movement of streets. What I see standing by his side, the park looks peaceful and beautiful to pass the Sunday, the day that nobody has desire to do one movement. The wind was blowing weak and the leaves aren’t shaking too much. I remembered once that I found someone hooded behind the tree and I suspect that is the masked the supposed hero. I can’t believe that the one that is threatening me with warnings is the same that saved others, what made me ask to Tanuki:

– Do you, Japanese, protect the others when threatened?

– Yes. It’s difficult to find a warrior runs away from cowards. They prefer to punish the robbers killing them. This is a way to don’t bring troubles for nobody.

– And does the emperor let it happen?

– He would do the same with the robbers, so not matter who kills; the sentence is the same and it weighs for everyone.

I don’t know if it’s good or bad. By what I watched on TV and witnessing such assaults, murders and corruption each minute transmitted, would be good a justice being done correct. I am not in favor of the death penalty, but watching some cases, I think twice if it’s necessary.

I watched my phone again to see the photos of two bodies lied down with blood spilling dry. I already imagine people taking a photo and sharing at family group on WhichZap; this is so Brazilian than talk about soccer.

– I hope that isn’t he – I said feeling the soul freezes and the body ruffles. My fear to face this masked one is growing with such doubts that next time I think that I am able to grab something to attack him, even knowing that my death is in one step to his blade. – I don’t want that he comes here.

– Didn’t he tell his name, Master? – Tanuki looked at me.

– He doesn’t say. Just call me by a name that I don’t have.

Tanuki was processing and thinking while he scratches his bag to unwind. The suppositions about the mysterious man that appears without advising and threating to cut my head just after that all is done.

Yes? Or will he hunt me when he wishes and is just playing with my mind? The other mystery is to know what he is. Of course he is a Yokai. Nobody does magically what he showed. I even was walking back and sitting at couch to think a little; maybe a tea will help me to take out the nuisance and relax my soul.

Tanuki sat at my side still thinking and looking forward like me. We are two statues facing the TV turned off.

– We can’t say what he is, but I suppose that he comes from Sunomono Village too – Tanuki throw his thought. – There, we can discover who is him and why he is hunting you.

– Why maybe we know – reason since that I began the university.

– Maybe he should be working for someone.

This is really a great supposition. He doesn’t hurt me, neither capture soon and that rule is putted for others Yokais that tried with me, so this supposition makes sense: capture me and take me until their master.

Alright! I beginning with “master” is becoming ridiculous.

Tanuki jumped from the couch again turning to me with the bravery posture and holding the towel to not fall.

– We must return at Sunomono Village – he shouted firm. He has the disposition that I miss.

– But they can follow me as at bar – and they will do it without thinking twice. Also, a supposed Kitsune is as gold for them. – If we ask it for Kiba?

– The fat again? – he buffed crossing the arms and being a little hypocritical if he thinks that is toothpick. – Possible that he knows, but just looking for him.

– He should return at same bar or the villagers know where he lives.

I know that Kiba isn’t someone of good eye to trust, but he is an Yokai; he understands very well about myths, is smart and offered himself to help us, even Tanuki treating him as rival and that’s difficult to accept. Also, what would I do at village? These people are completely crazies.

– Better we go other day – I sighed. – Tomorrow, the university will say a lot about the assault and the situation can get complicated there – mainly wondering on Mika and Amorim. – What Kamaitachi did at library I don’t want to know what the principal and teachers discussed and Kona is at list.

– Yes, Kona! – he hit on his open hand. – He can help us on that mystery.

– Are you serious? – I shouted as always. – He doesn’t like me.

– But he looks smart and he knows that you are my Master.

What, unfortunately, is true. I hope that the dog didn’t tell to his friends what he witnessed. But I can’t wonder in what Kona can help me, that because he promised me to help in what is possible. Maybe as base security when Tanuki isn’t with us. I know that he is smart and very coveted by women. At other point, can be good that Mika can feel glad that we are understanding better.

Better we plan correct what is our next step. We know that the city is calling attention from media and demons; we know too that my flesh isn’t saved forever. What we just don’t know is who will be the next Yokai to hunt me crazily. Nothing is in good mood.