

When I was little... my father was famous.  
He was the greatest sam-urai in the empire;  
and he was the Shogun's decapitator.  
He cut off the heads of a hundred and thirty-one lords.  
It was a bad time for the empire.  
The Shogun just stayed inside his castle -- and he never came out.  
People said his brain was infected by DEVILS.  
My father would come home -- he would forget about the killings  
.  
He wasn't scared of the Shogun, but the Shogun was scared of him.  
Maybe that was the problem.  
Then, one night... the Shogun sent his ninja spies to our house  
.  
They were supposed to kill my father... but they didn't.

That was the night everything changed