

The Samurai Gardener

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Hosokawa got eye level with his foe and moved closer to take in the evil essence.

His weapon poised to run through the foul being, he closed his eyes.

Hosokawa breathed in deep. "Ahh, I can smell your fear my enemy."

"You shiver and quake at your impending doom."

"Be at peace, for I will give you the honor a mortal adversary deserves."

The swift blow of a trained Samurai master was designed for one thing, ending life.

He hoisted the weed out of his flower bed and into his pail.

Even Samurai gardeners keep their skills battle ready.