







...TO OUR FIRST VISITOR OF THE YEAR. *BLESSING OF THE MOCHI*, WE CALL IT. IF THE VISITOR WON'T EAT IT, OUR NEXT YEAR'S CROPS WILL FAIL. *THAT'S* WHY WE'RE HELPING.

PLEASE, SIR— I *BEG* YOU. A SHORT WHILE ONLY, FOR THE FUTURE OF OUR VILLAGE.

IF YOU WON'T EAT OUR *MOCHI* AND THERE'S *BLOOD* SPILLED ON OUR LAND AS WELL...WE WOULD BE *DOUBLY* CURSED!



I *BEG* YOU, SIR. IT'S *FATE*. OTHERWISE WE WOULDN'T DARE EVEN *DREAM* OF CONCEALING A CRIMINAL...

YET THIS CRIMINAL CAN EAT YOUR *MOCHI* AND BRING YOU GOOD LUCK?



BUT SIR... YOU WERE NOT OUR FIRST VISITOR.

YOU PUSHED AHEAD OF YOU AN INNOCENT CHILD.



SUCH A *CUTE* LITTLE LAD!

PLEASE. THIS WAY...







