

佐巴ア ICHIRO

T H E R E B I R T H



B Y B L A C K B E A R D

WE ARE WHAT
WE WOUND,
BUT WE SHOULDN'T
LET THE PAST
DEFINE US.



黒ひげ

BLACK BEARD

Oday

“IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS CHAOS.
BEFORE ORDER, BEFORE FORM, BEFORE THE LAWS OF PHYSICS
ON THE 0TH DAY, THERE WAS NOTHING.
ONLY CHAOS.
CHAOS CONSUMES POWER, FOR POWER CAN ONLY TAME CHAOS
FOR A LIMITED TIME.
BEYOND TIME AND BEYOND POWER, CHAOS REIGNS SUPREME.”

NATURE LIGHTS THE WAY TO A WONDEROUS
TOMORROW



“CHAOS WAS THE LAW OF NATURE;
ORDER WAS THE DREAM OF MEN”



K L M X

"Good evening, **New Eden**, and welcome to the latest updates from **New Eden Express**. We hope you've had a great week so far. The weather this weekend is expected to be sunny and warm—perfect for outdoor activities.

In other news, food lovers will be delighted to hear about a new restaurant that has just opened in **Animus**. Our food critic had the pleasure of sampling their menu, and we have to say: it's a must-try for anyone who loves good food.

Enter **!Twilight** into your personal console for our full review and a special promo code for a discount on your first visit.

And now for something a bit more intriguing—rumors are circulating that a *pre-Flicker* memorandum published by **KPCO** detailing their **Kai** collection process has been leaked. Our reporters are still investigating, but they've obtained a redacted version of the access code reading **!KAI_HARVEST**.

Stay tuned for updates. "



//???:

...I still feel that light... that intense light... (*sigh*)

...if it weren't for her—and B... who was she?

It's incredible, not remembering anything before the first day of the rest of your life...

That day...

//Hermit (???):

Hahaha! You, boy... You looked like a fawn nibbled by wolves over low heat. Why so dramatic? Let me tell this part of your story.

//???:

...

[7 months ago]

//Hermit (???):

It was a day of fire... the sun hiding behind the breasts of the earth, south of **Animus**.

In a secluded spot, nestled between the **Synton** and **Green Run** **Riven mountains**, in a humble grove, lies my abode, where...

//???:

An old grump lives...

//Hermit (???):

Hey! Who's telling this story?

//???:

Oook oook... (*murmur*) don't get tangled... one **Shine**? (*Glup Glup*)



Hermit(???):

Ahem... as I was saying...

I was listening to KLMIX while fixing an old, dusty, scratched piece I'd found half-buried on the outskirts...

Radio:

"Good evening, New Eden, and welcome to the latest update from New Eden Express. We hope you've had a great week so far. The weather this weekend is expected to be sunny and warm, perfect for.. "

...when suddenly, in the distance, I heard an explosion—lightning-colored, no less—coming from one of the old KAI energy processing and distribution plants south of the grove.

Strange... those plants had been abandoned since the Flicker. Ghost facilities. Nothing more.





Hermit(???)

I grabbed my gear and moved out.
A disturbing silence took over the landscape,
thickening as I got closer.
From afar, smoke rose, and fire painted the sky...
the sun nearly blotted out by ash.
Something felt... wrong.
As I climbed the last hill overlooking the plant,
debris littered the path—thrown from
the blast. And at the summit... I saw it: devastation.

Hermit(???):

"After the *Flicker*, they say—perhaps due to side effects,
or what I call the curse of **KAI**—beasts
emerged for the Vines. Mutations.

We called them **A aberrants**.

After the fall, residues remained everywhere.

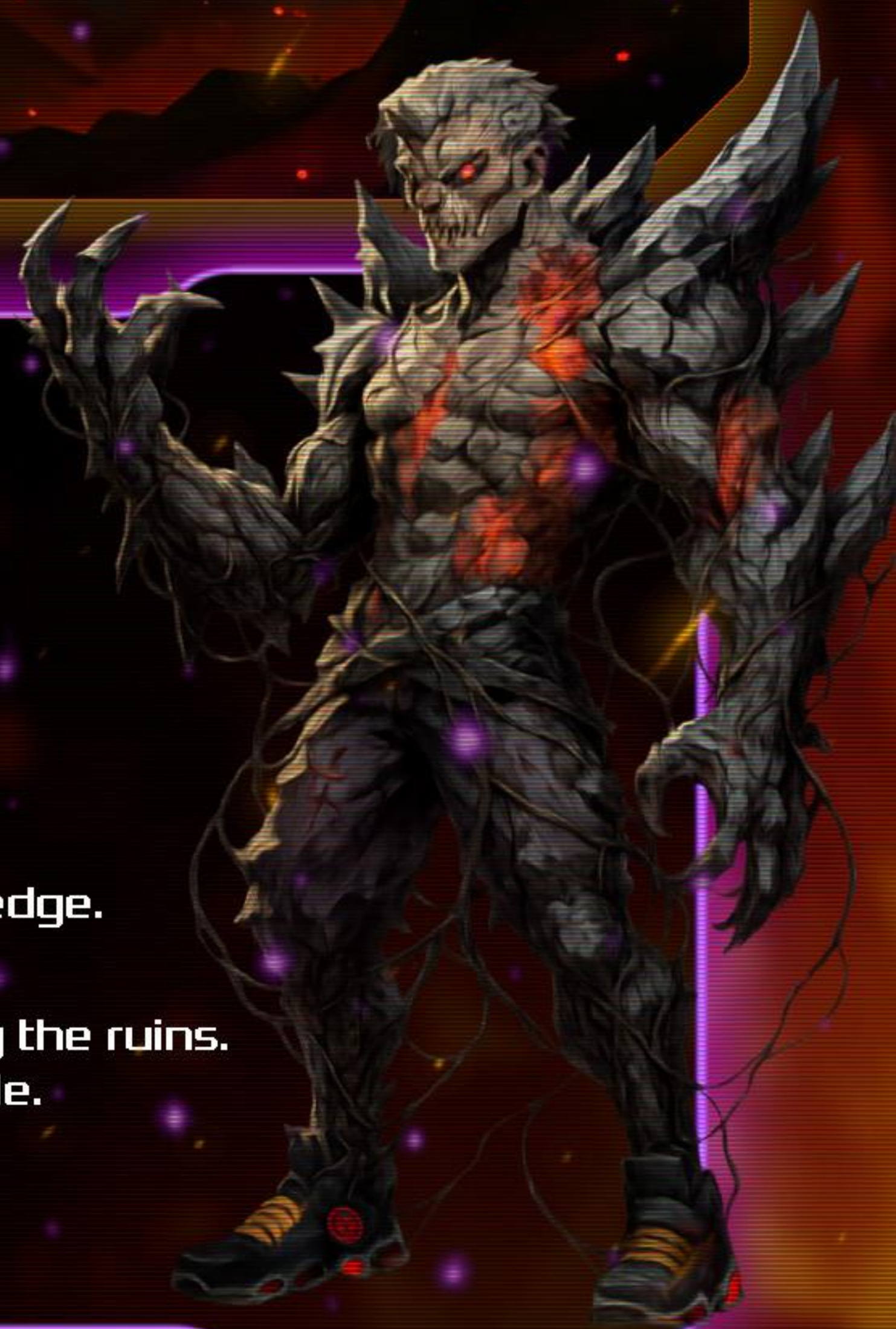
It was too late.

A punishment.

A revelation from nature in response to our misuse of knowledge.
And the price...? Was even greater..."

KAI traces floated in the air like a shimmering fabric wrapping the ruins.
One corner of the wreckage showed a half-incinerated vehicle.
The letters "...**CO**" barely visible.

I had my suspicions.



Hermit(???)

I entered the perimeter from the north, searching for any sign of what had occurred.

But it was all debris, smoke, dust.

At the anomaly's epicenter: flames, high **KAI** readings,
energy bursts—evidence of a battle.

But no one remained.

No survivors.

I kept searching, even as time nipped at my heels.

I knew who was behind it. "**KPCO**".

They weren't the kind to fail quietly.

Still... nothing confirmed what they were attempting. Energy containment? Testing?

No clues. Just ruin

Circling southeast of the blast zone, I heard metal creak. A structure collapsed,
revealing a half-closed hatch. A bunker.



Hermit(???):

Inside: a body—burnt, legless, missing an arm and part of its face. I didn't check for signs of life. I moved on.



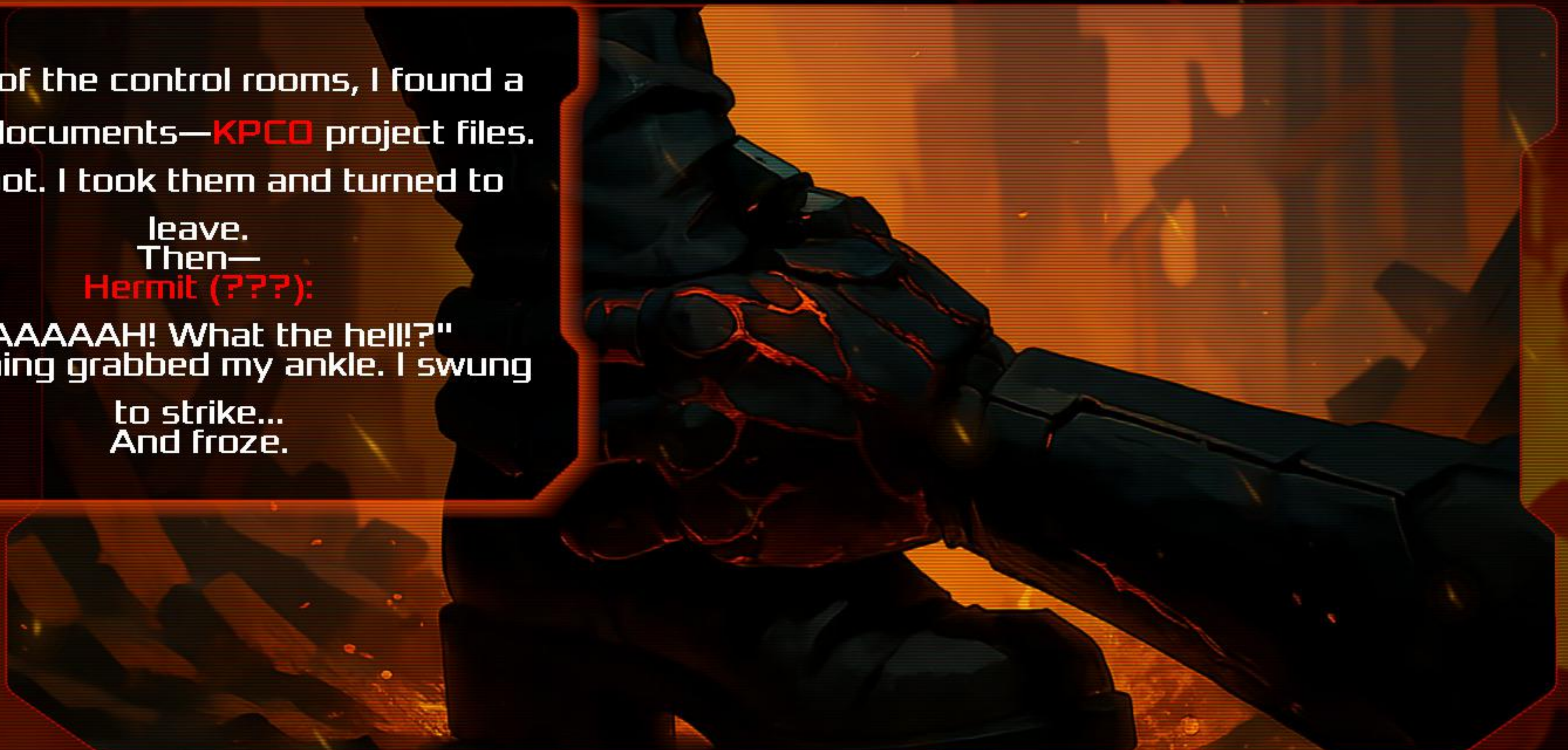
In one of the control rooms, I found a box of documents—**KPCO** project files. Jackpot. I took them and turned to

leave.

Then—

Hermit (???):

"AAAAAAH! What the hell!?"
Something grabbed my ankle. I swung to strike...
And froze.



A body—missing limbs—was reaching for me. Burned, ruined. But alive.

It tried to speak, but only a raspy breath escaped.

It didn't need words.

That look... that look.

He didn't want to die there.

Hermit (???):

Hey! Kid! Can you hear me? What's your name?

Stay calm... I'll help you.

But we need to hurry.

Something tells me we won't be alone much longer...





I lifted him in my arms.
(Deep down, I doubted he'd survive. But I wasn't
about to let him die alone.)
I exited through the hatch, heading east.
Nothing but the remains of fire and silent ruins.

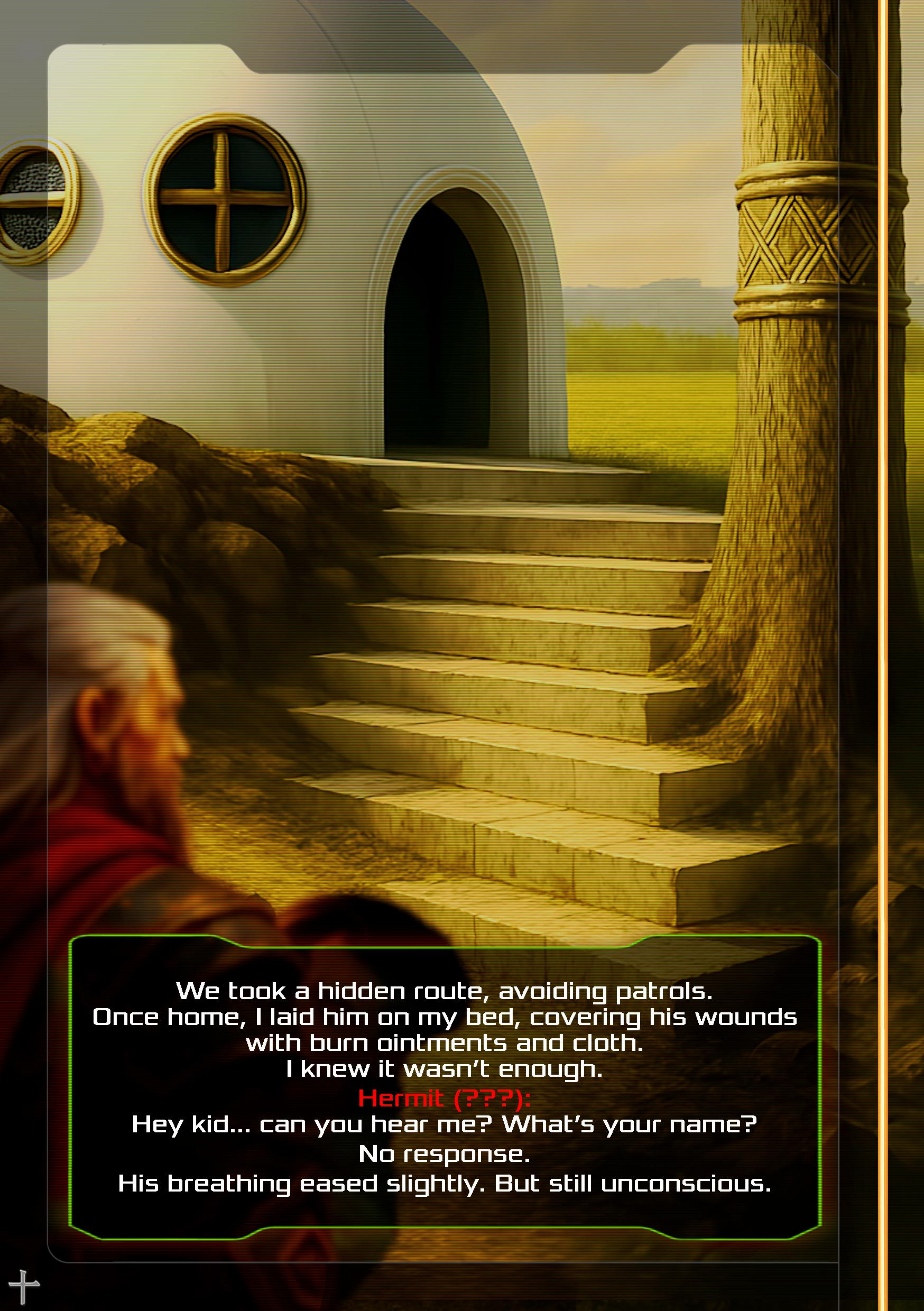


As I crossed
around the hill, I
spotted a vehicle
coming from the
northeast.
KPCO. No doubt.

Hermit (???):
Kid... we got lucky.
We need to go—
now.



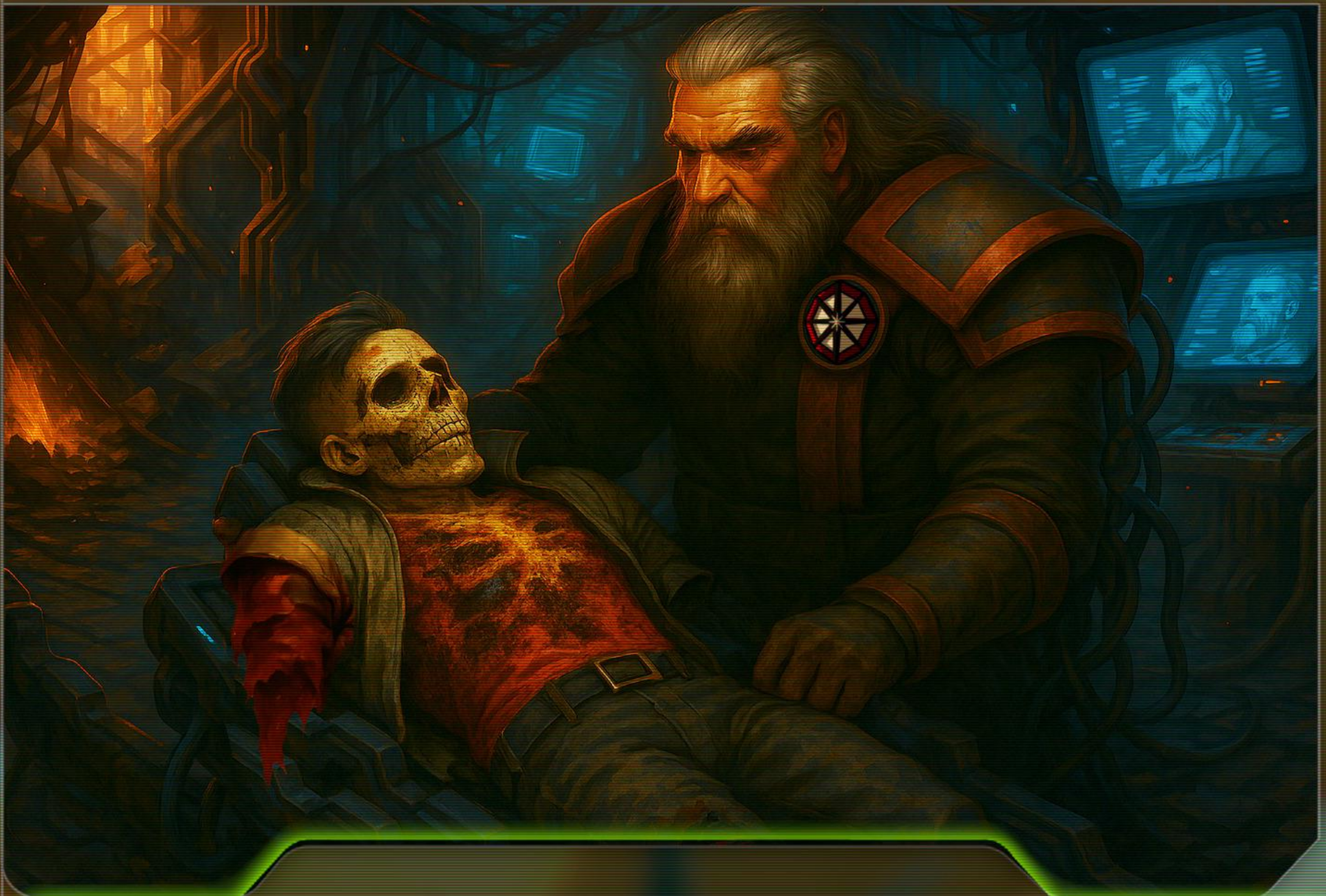
???:
khkh... khhhhh...
Hermit (???):
Stay calm. We're near.
Don't give up



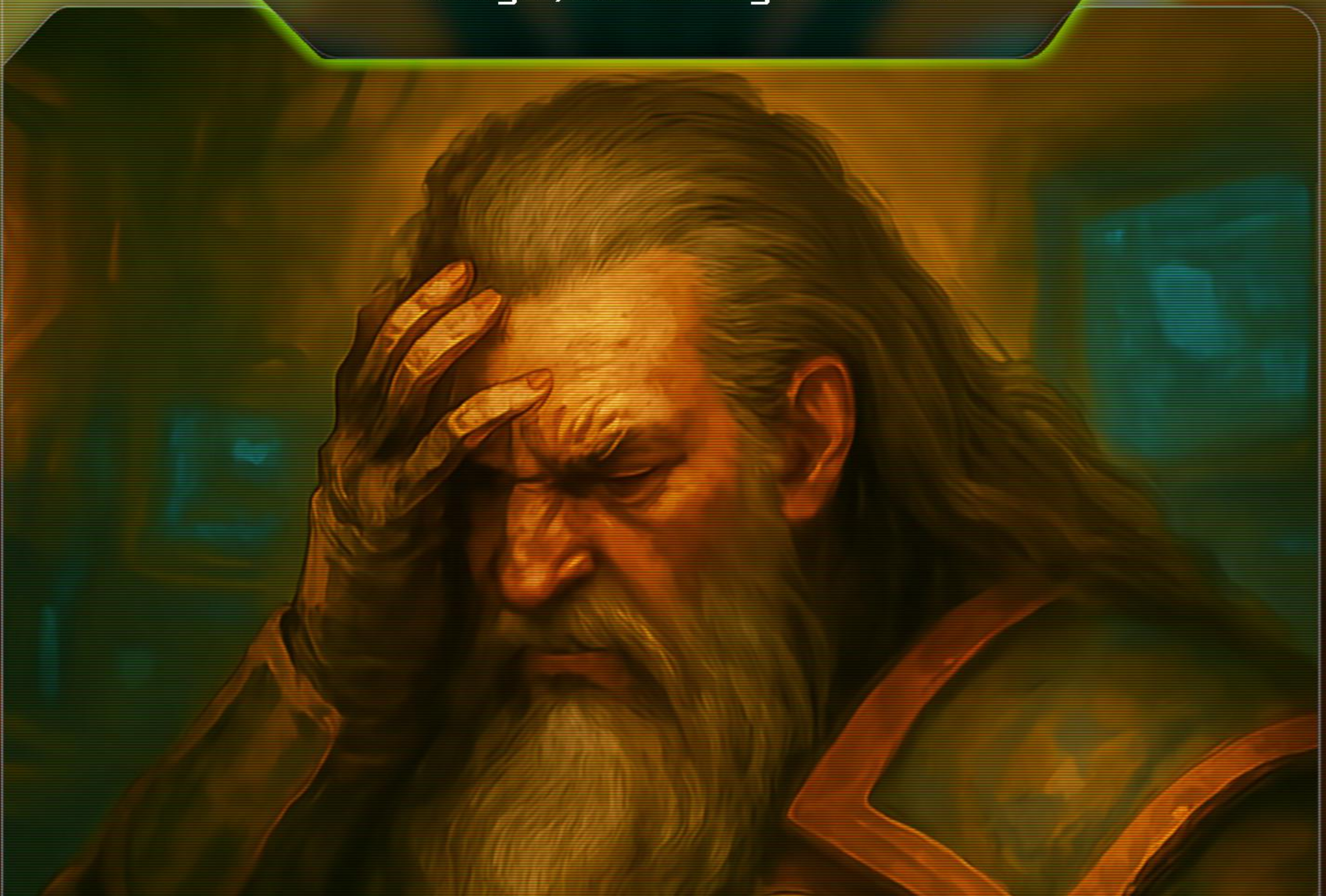
We took a hidden route, avoiding patrols.
Once home, I laid him on my bed, covering his wounds
with burn ointments and cloth.
I knew it wasn't enough.

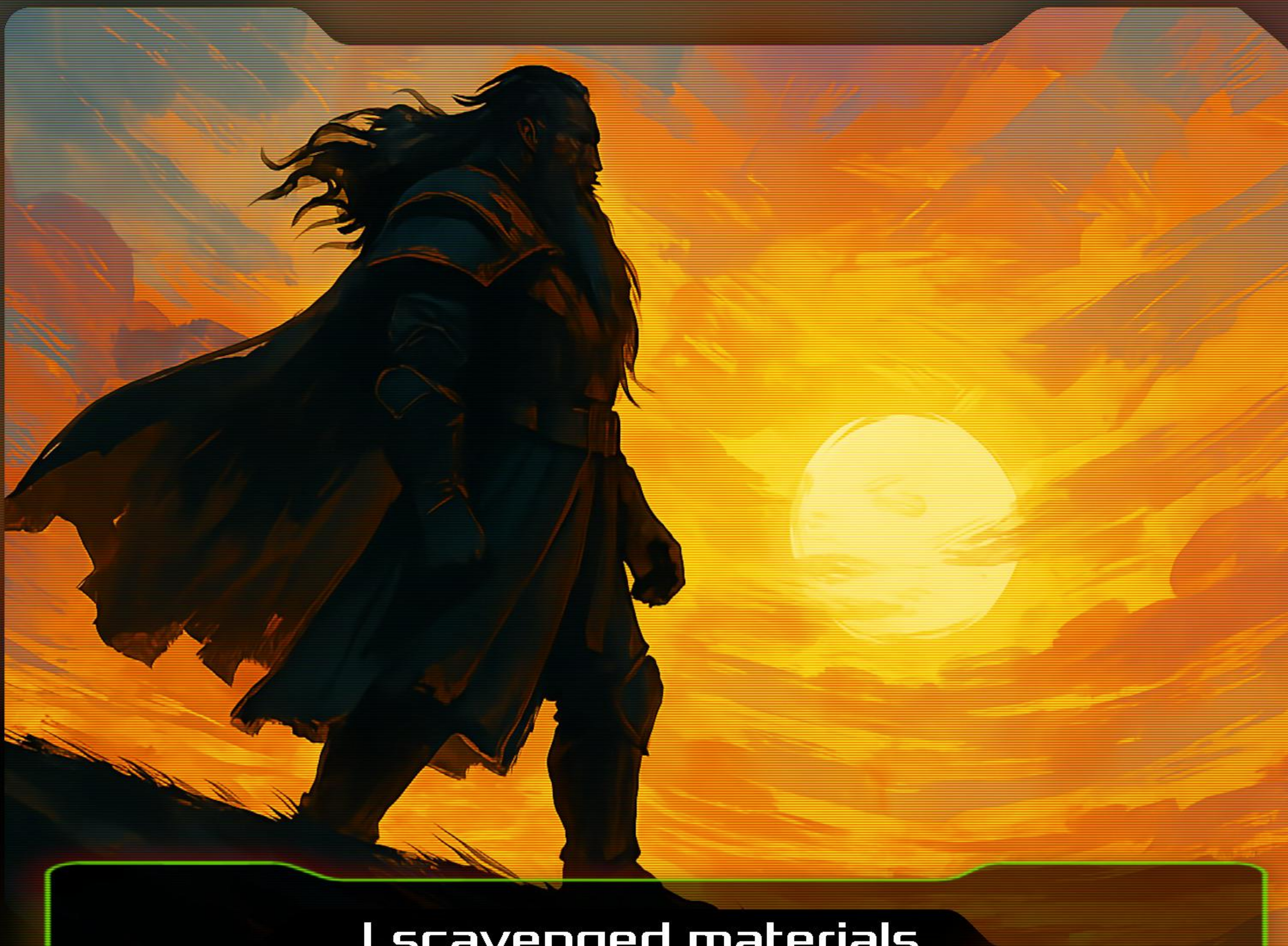
Hermit (???):

Hey kid... can you hear me? What's your name?
No response.
His breathing eased slightly. But still unconscious.



Days passed. I did what I could. But we were far from any real help.
And honestly? I thought it was a matter of time before he'd fade.
Then I remembered something.
My old job.
A path I swore never to walk again.
But this wasn't about me. It was about the boy.
Hermit (???):
...Alright, kid. Let's get to work.

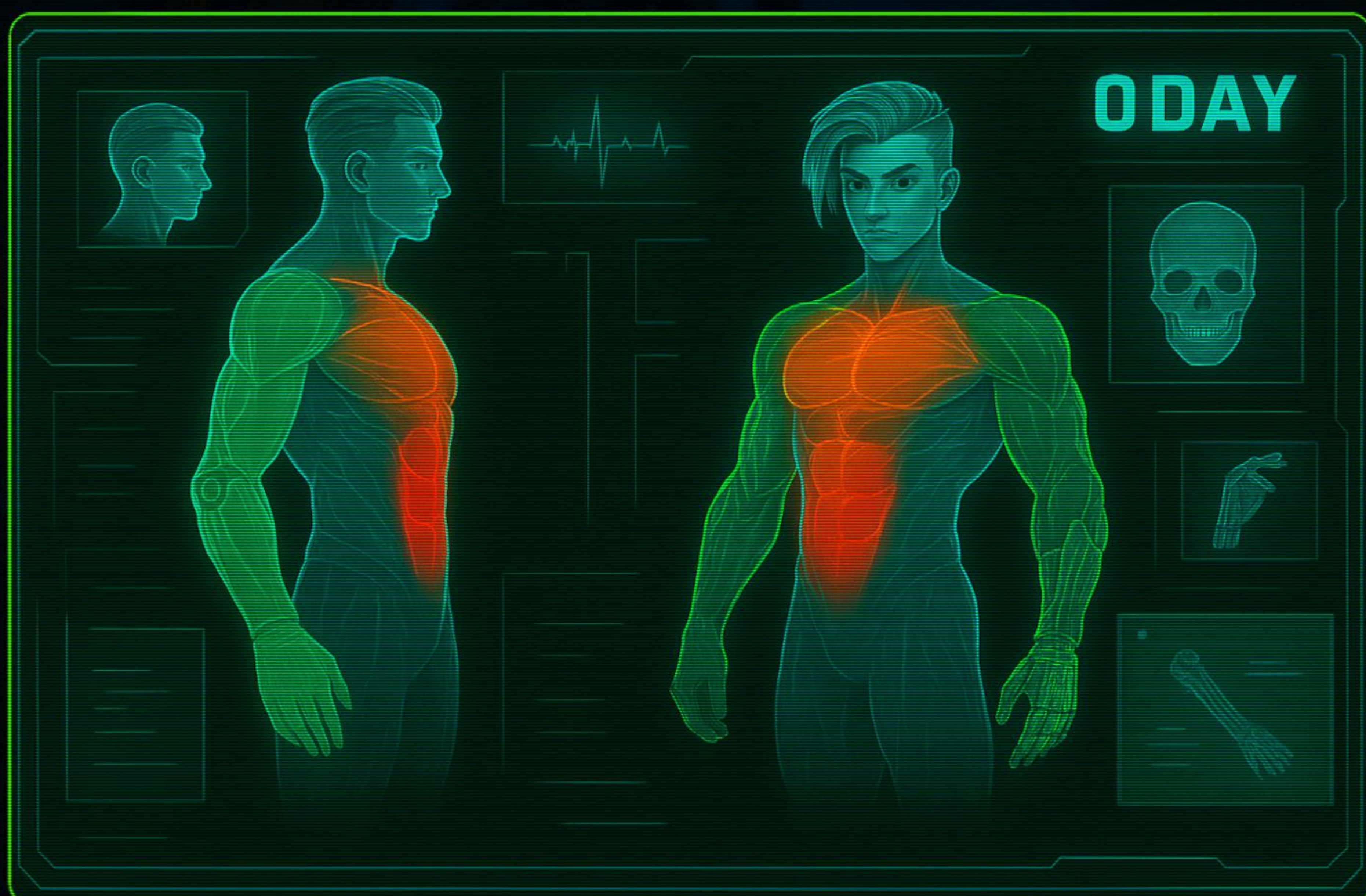




I scavenged materials.
Returned to the plant. Risked exposure.
And found it—a **KAI** crystal and some
Isotopes-14.
Hidden underground. Contained.
Enough.



Hermit (???):
Hang in there... you're going to make it.
He was slightly more alert. Still couldn't
talk. Just that disturbing cough.
I began reconstruction.
Virtual model first. Then full integration.





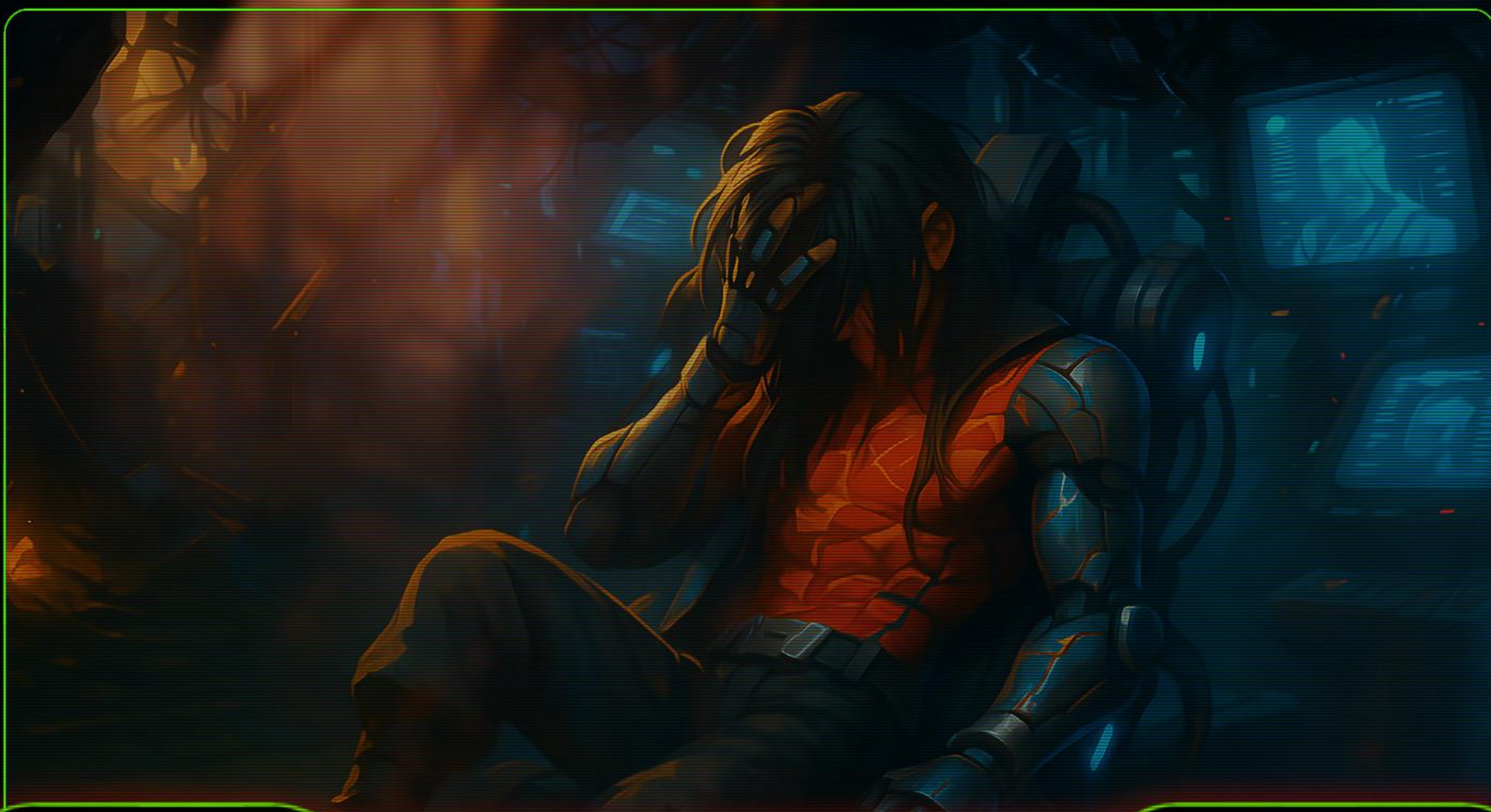
It required full sedation—intolerable pain, high risk.
No room for error.
Weeks passed.
And finally... it was done.
All that remained was to wait.

I used the time to continue restoring some strange old pieces I'd found. With the leftover **KAI** and some vehicle scraps, it was slowly coming back to life. I wanted to have a gift ready for when he woke up.



Then, on a morning one month after, I heard clattering from inside. Metallic tools falling.





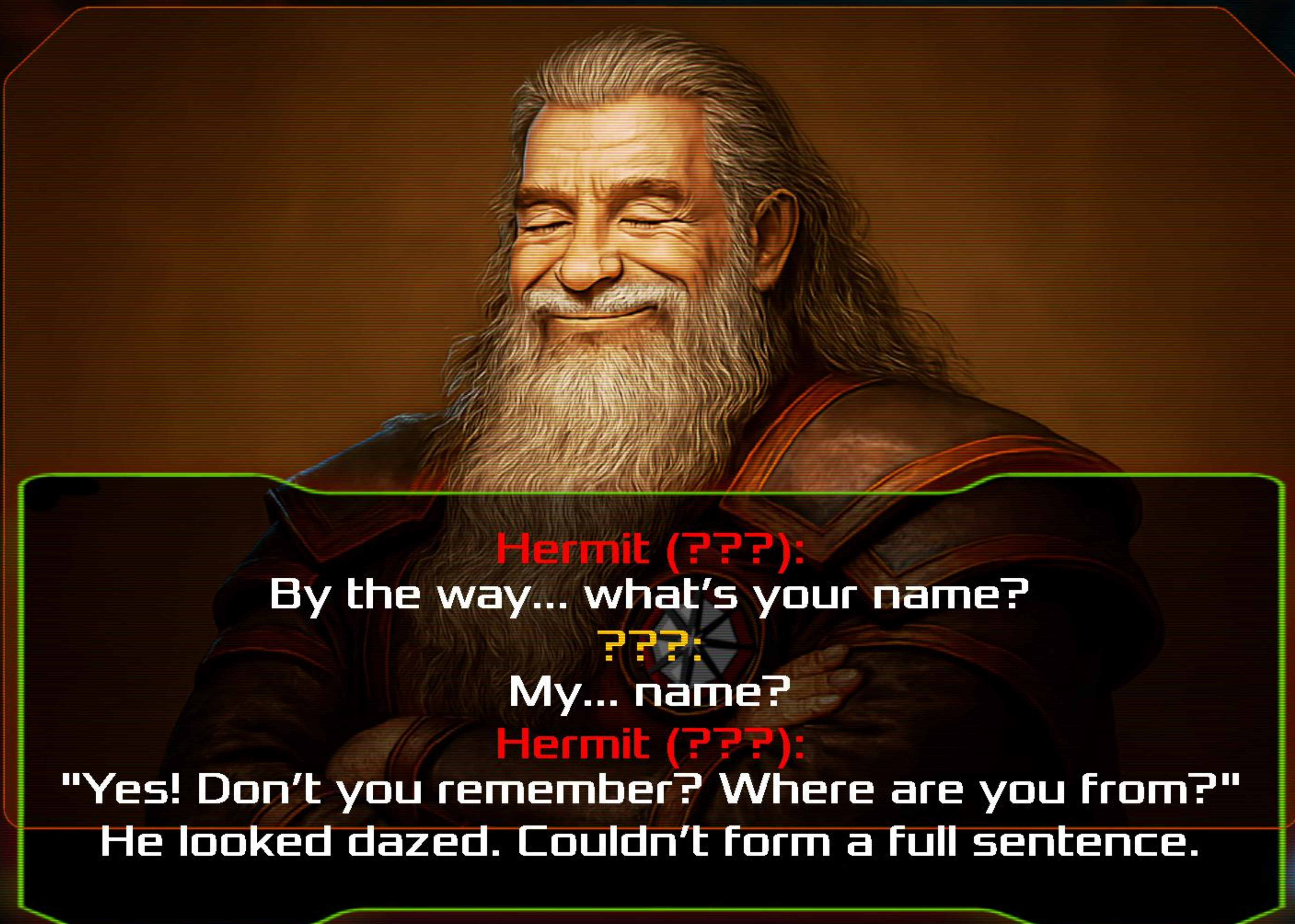
He was sitting up still disoriented on the stretcher, unable to open his eye. Hand on his head. Surrounded by scattered tools.

Hermit (???):

Hahahaha... you're awake! How do you feel?

???:

...



Hermit (???):

By the way... what's your name?

???:

My... name?

Hermit (???):

"Yes! Don't you remember? Where are you from?"

He looked dazed. Couldn't form a full sentence.



Hermit (???):

By the way... what's your name?

???:

My... name?

Hermit (???):

"Yes! Don't you remember? Where are you from?"

He looked dazed. Couldn't form a full sentence.

Hermit (???):

Don't worry, kid. That's normal, given what you've been through.

Honestly... I can't explain how you're even alive.

But I need to call you something.

How about **Ichiro**?

You can call me Blackbeard.

Ichiro:

"Survived... **Ich**..."

He collapsed, exhausted.

Blackbeard:

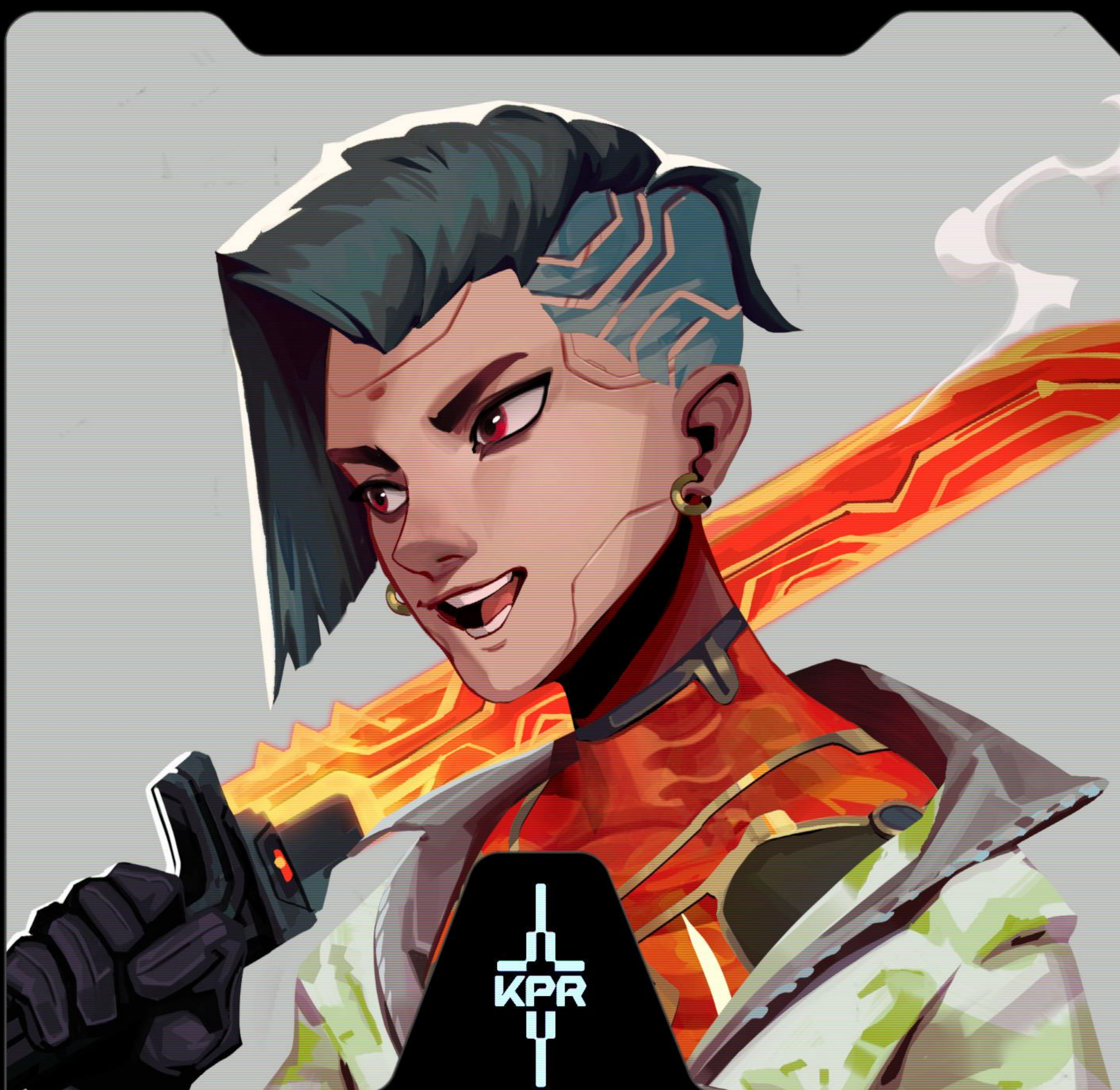
Hahahaha... don't worry, kid.

You need to rest.

[To be continued...]

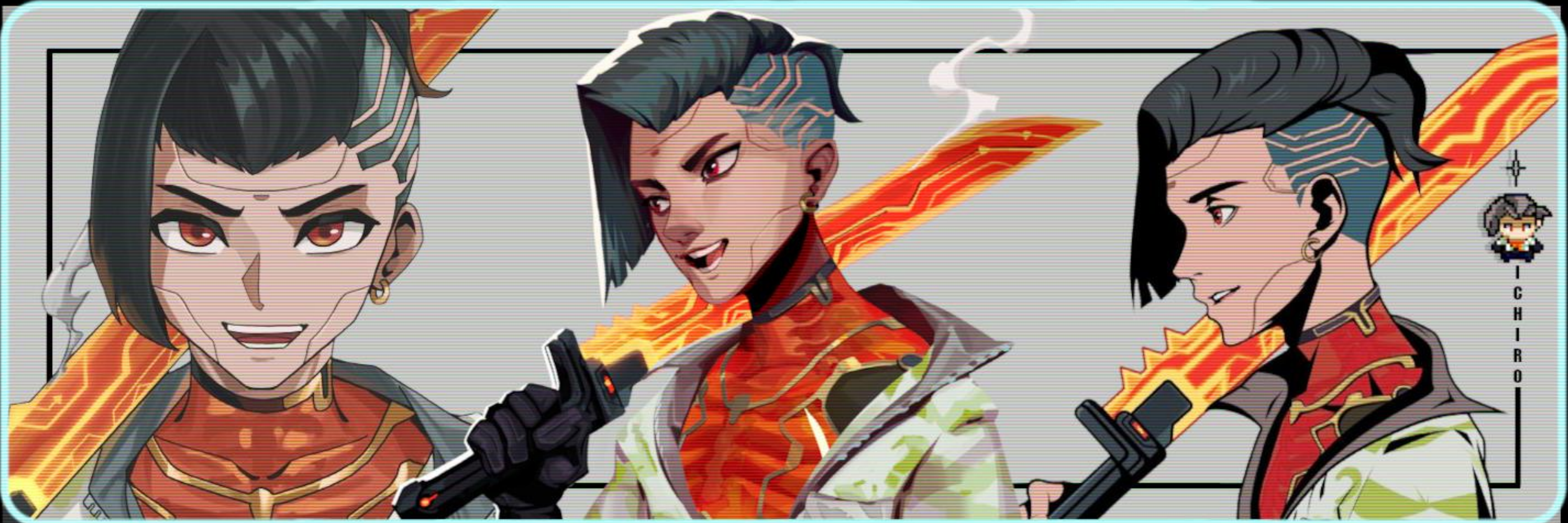
ICHIRO

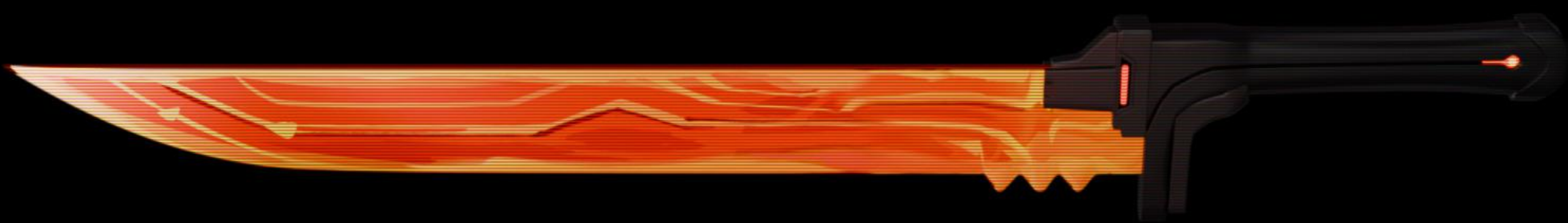
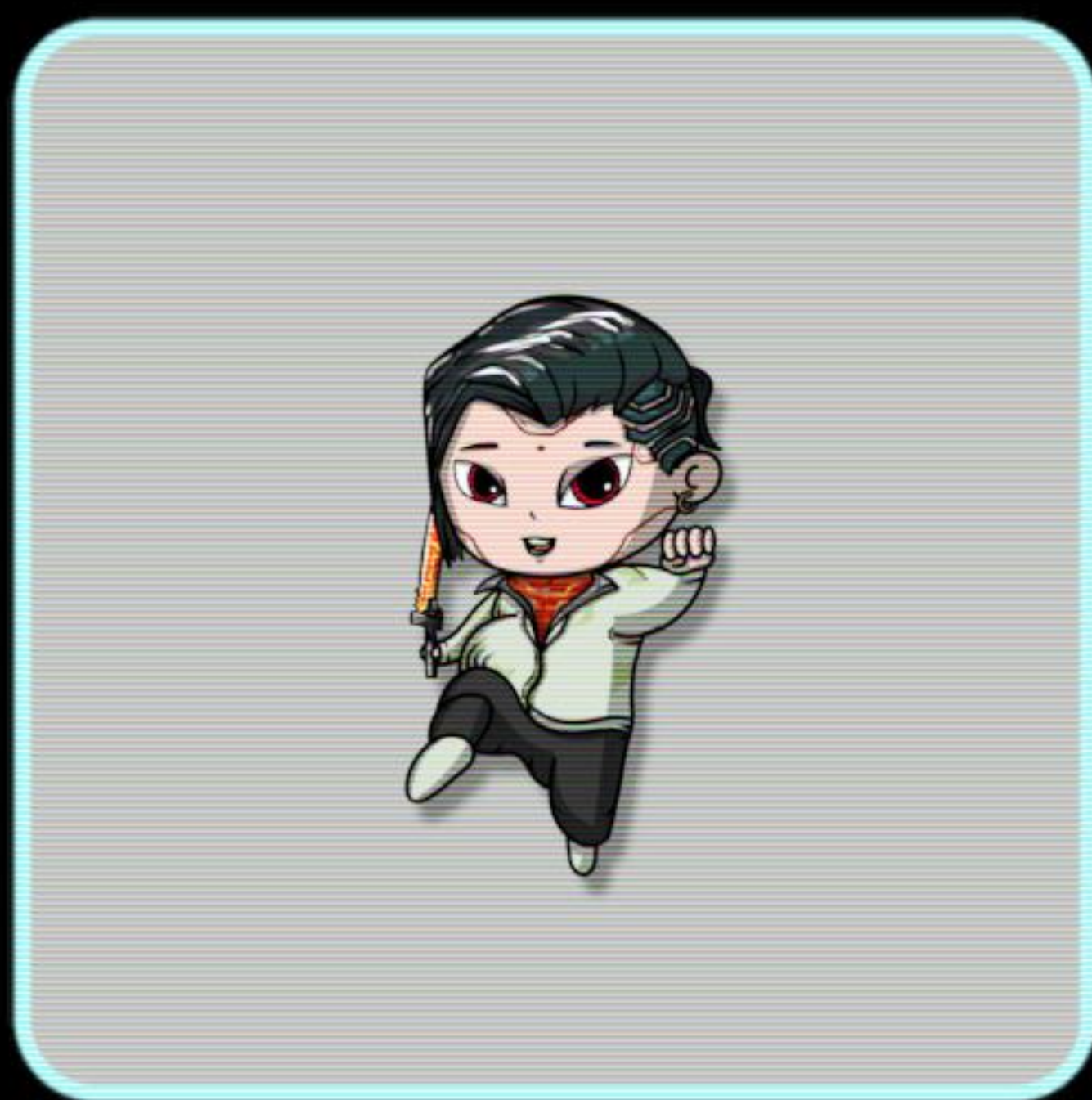
ART

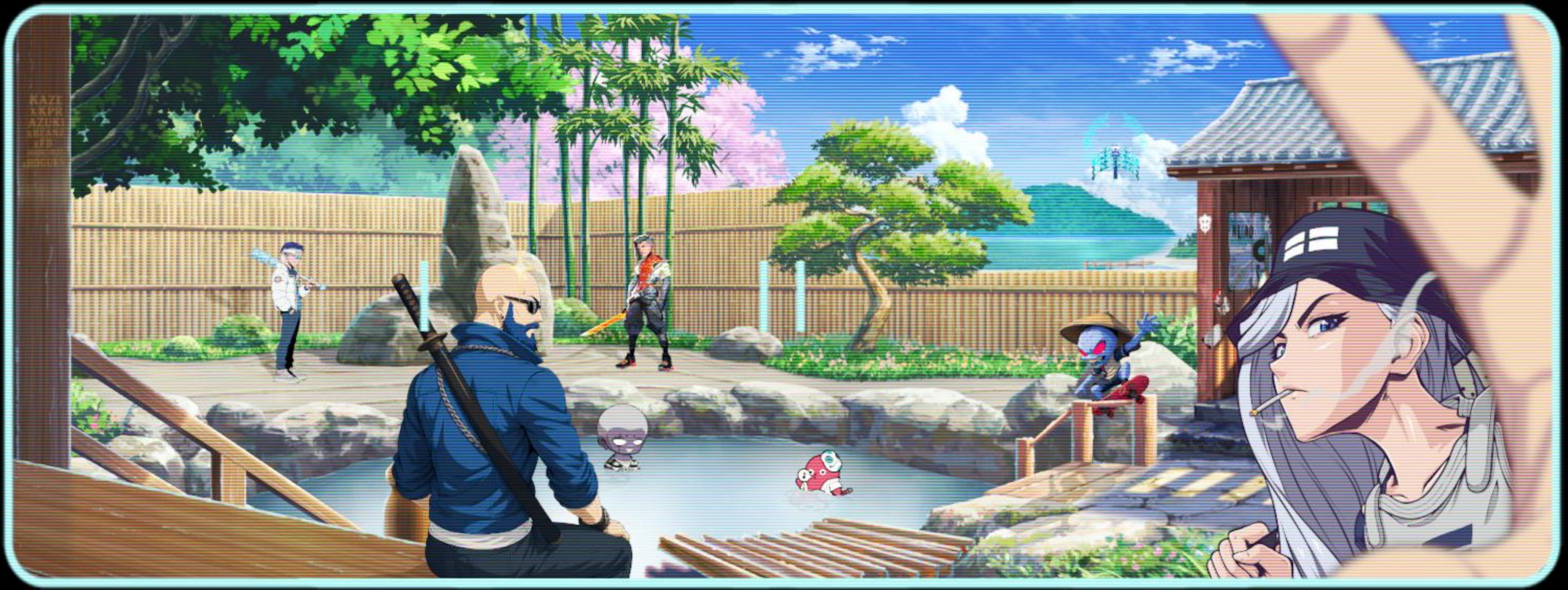


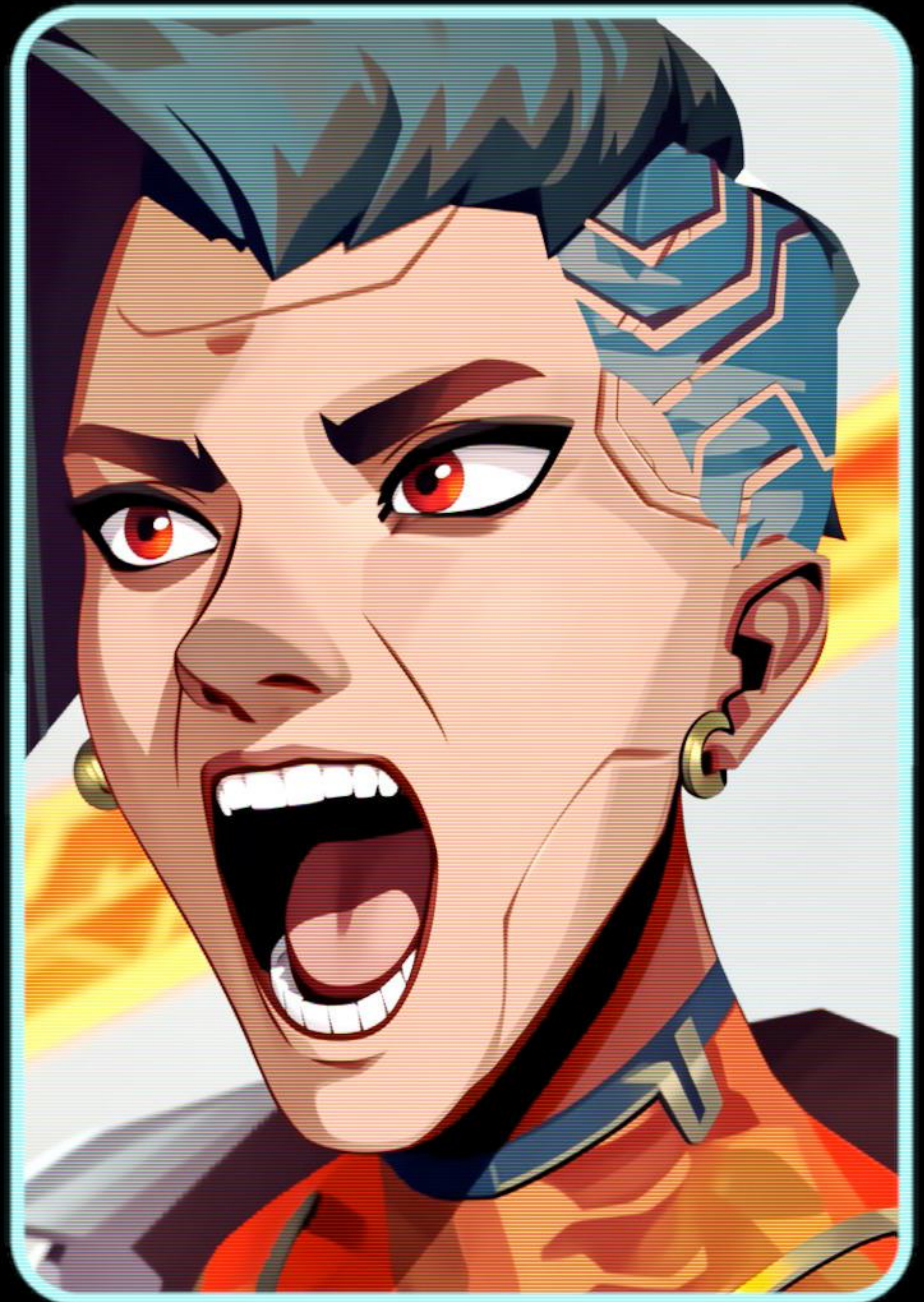


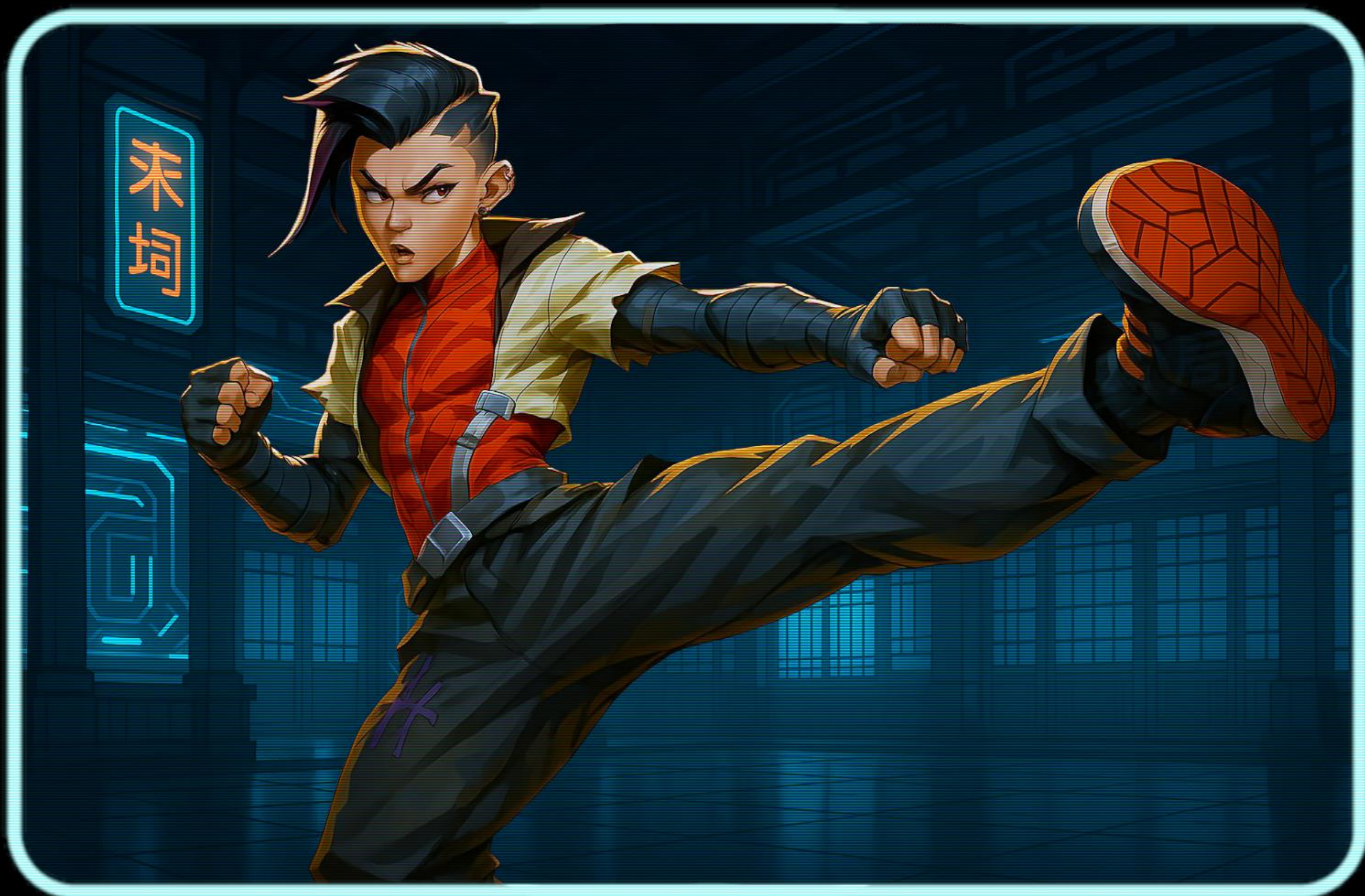
"THANKS TO ALL
THE ARTISTS WHO
HAVE BEEN PART
OF MY PATH"

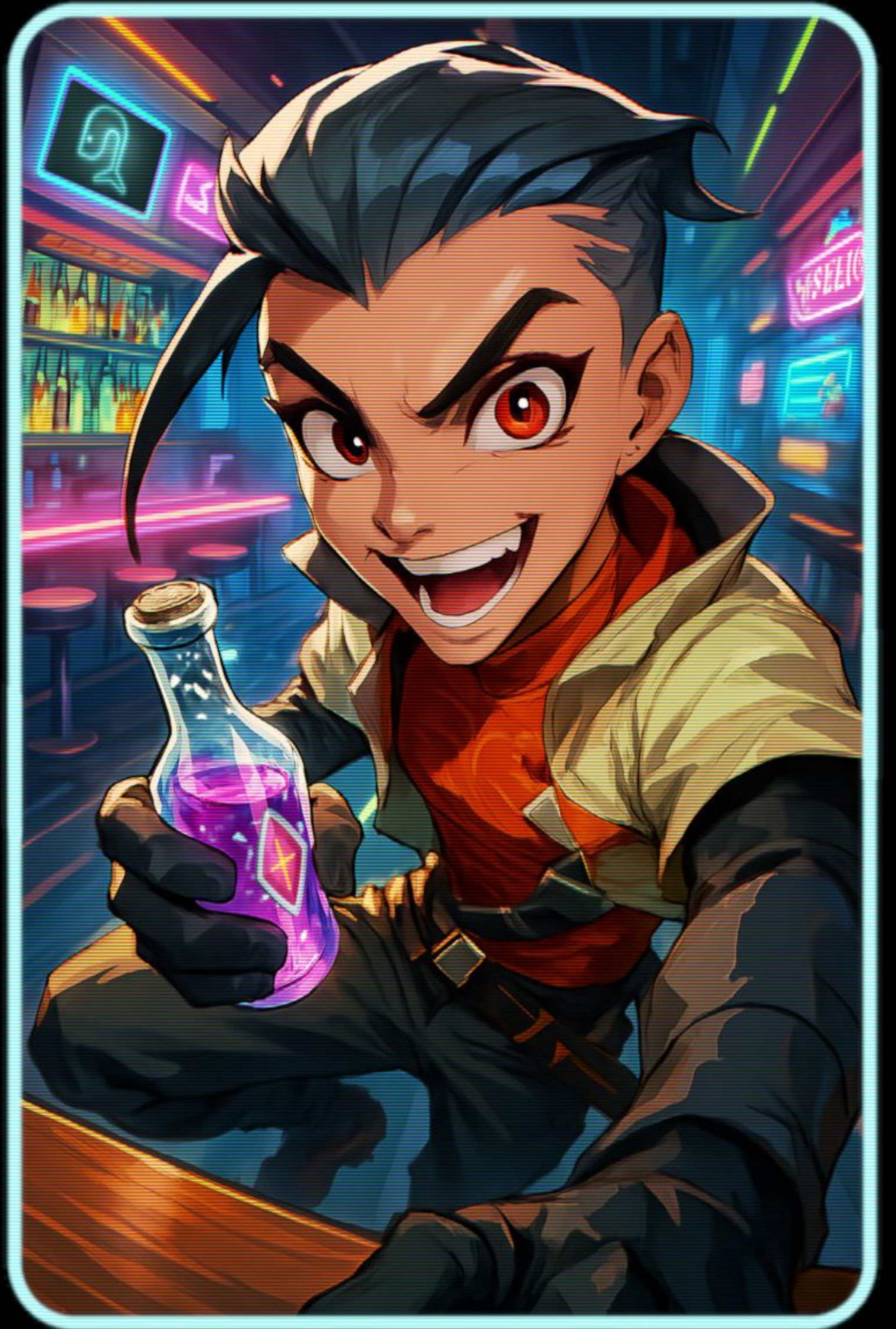
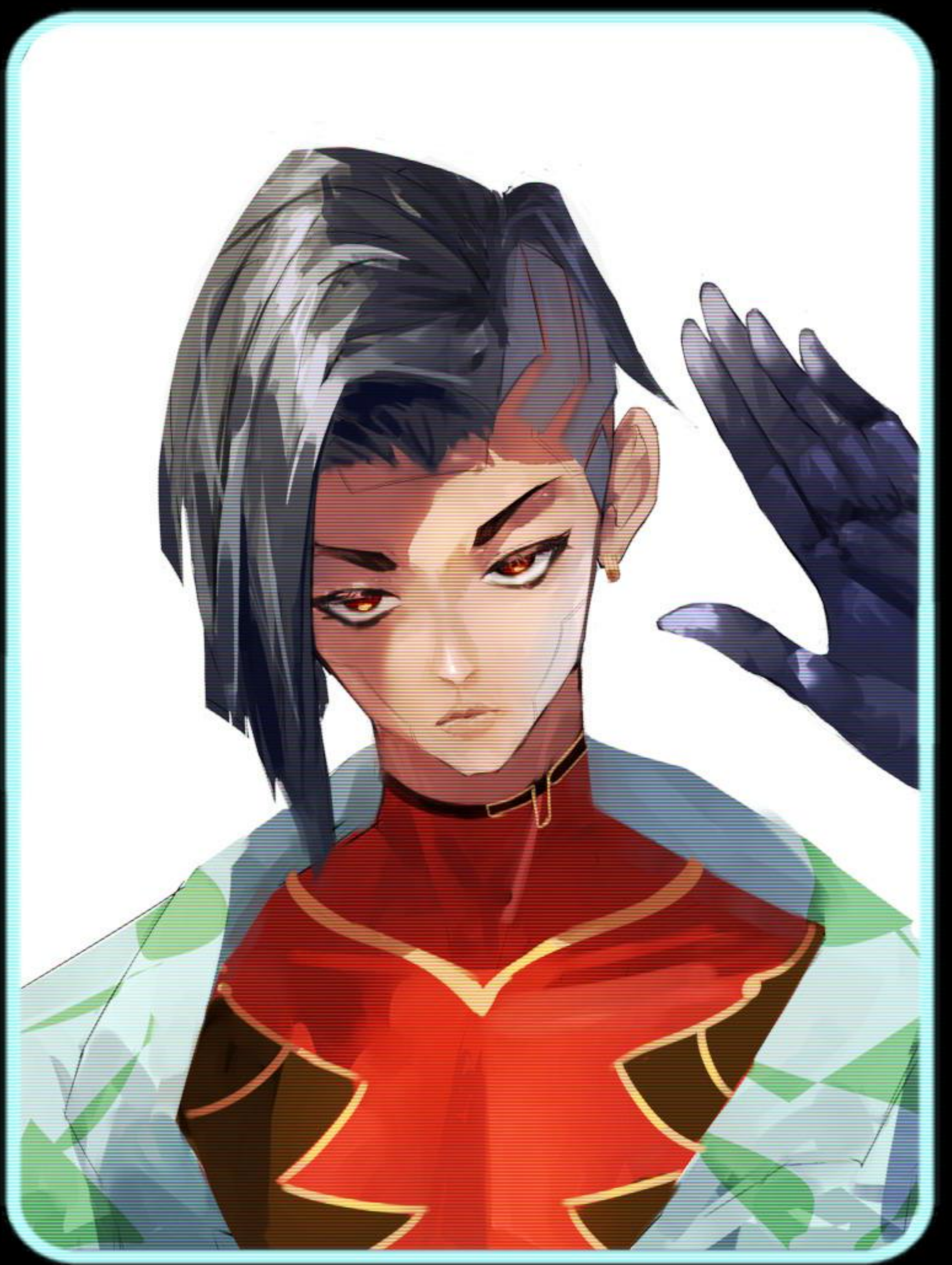
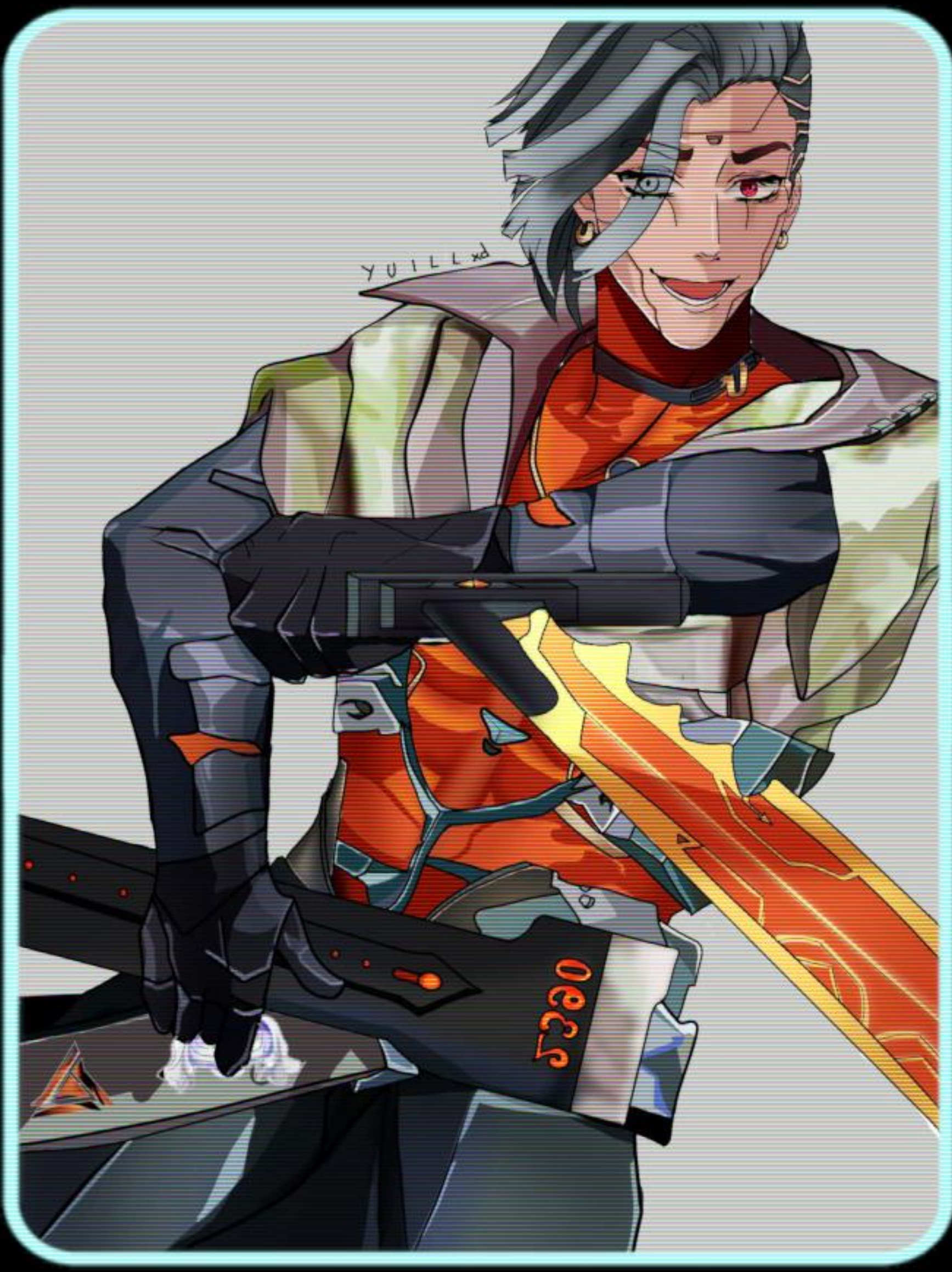


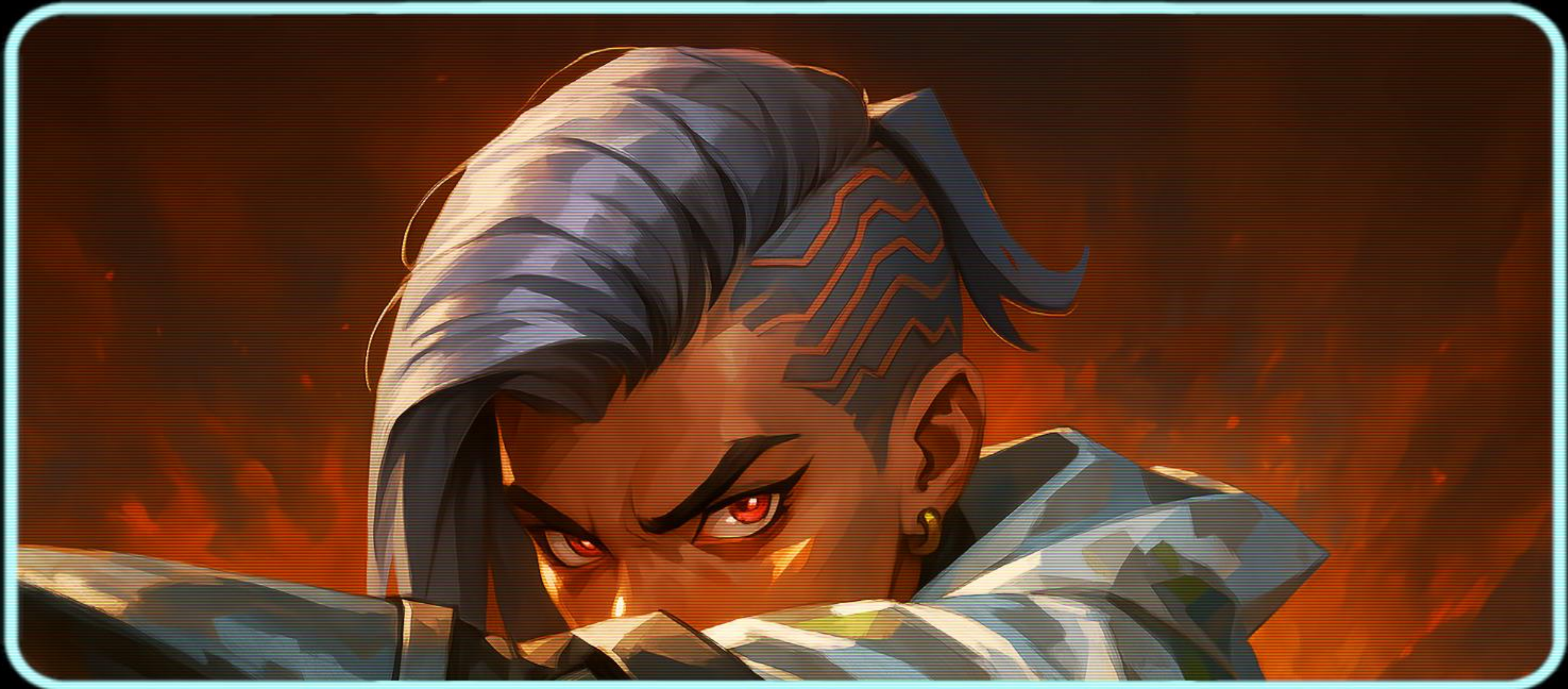


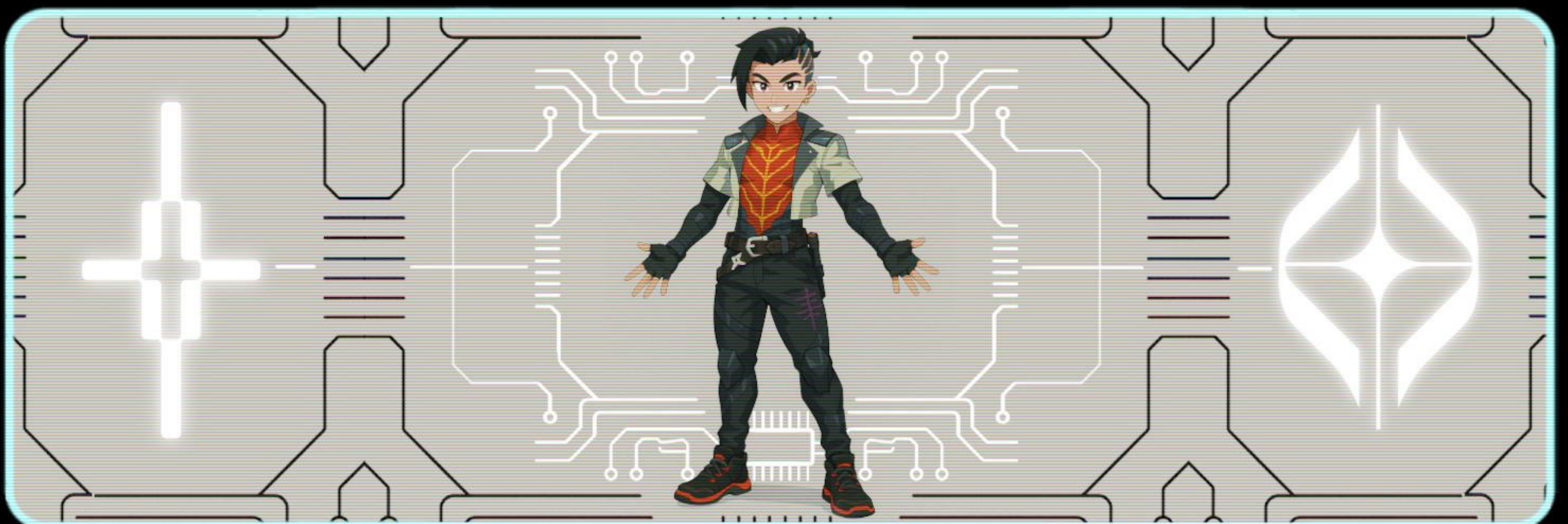
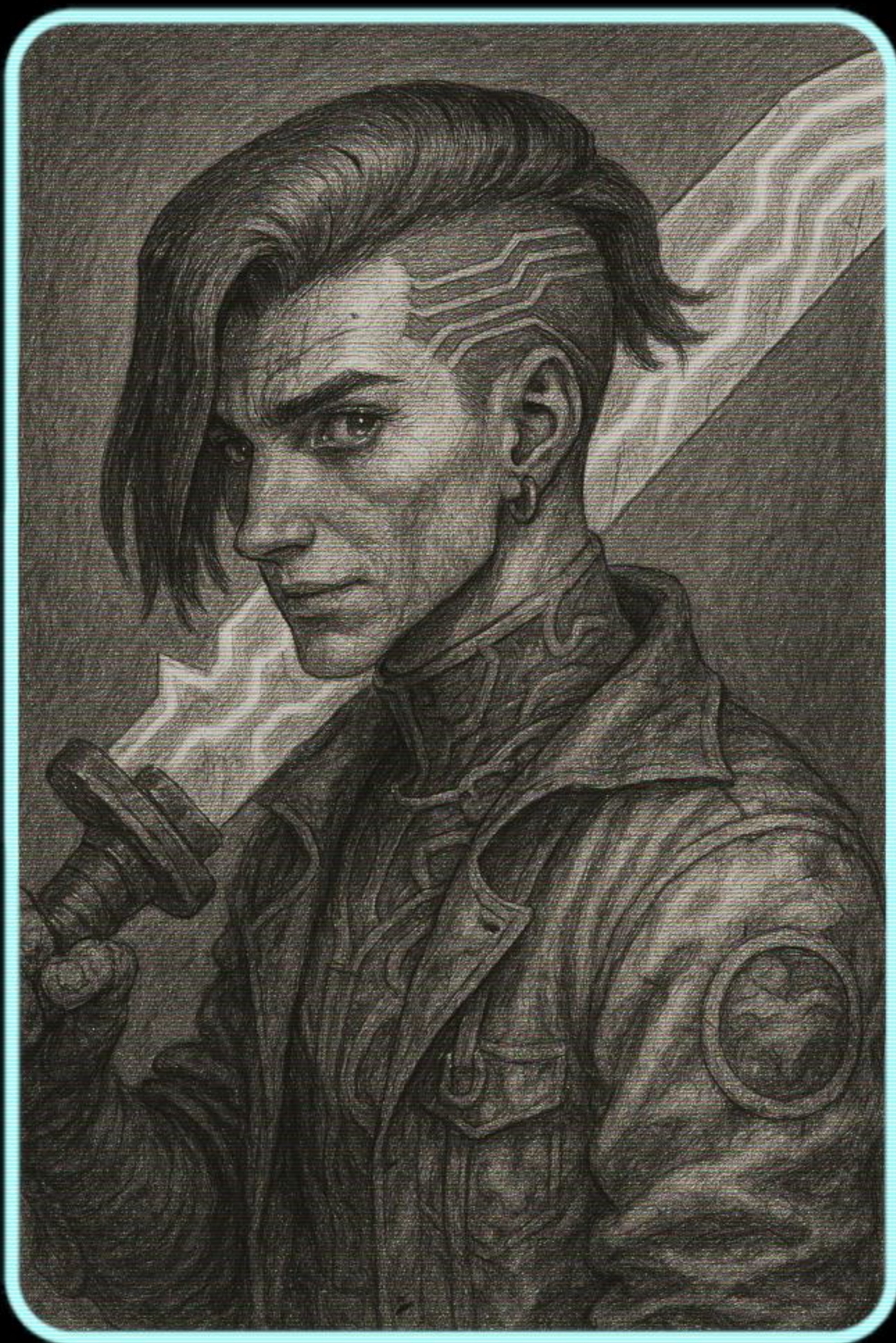














Initializing //

FINAL DISH - Oday

"A dish dedicated to the braves.
Only for those who dare to venture.
You choose to endure the fire inside you or let yourself
burn. If you hold on... Then you are a **Oday**"

"...Chaos was the laws of Nature; Order was the dreams of men..".

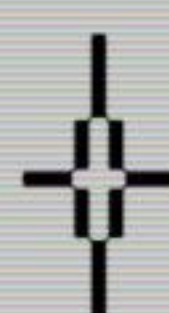
ICHIRO



KPR

RARE
WARE

KPR Frames





WHAT
DEFINES US
IS
WHAT WE
WANT TO BE.



“When the world burned in silence,
Ichiro rose—not to survive, but to ignite
creation once more.”

In a world shattered by the ruins of KAI, where misused science unleashed mutant beasts and ghost cities, one man becomes the final spark of purpose. Ichiro, scarred by the Fall, carries the weight of a broken past and a promise still alive: to rebuild what was lost.

Among aberrations lurking in the shadows, rusted factories that pulse like iron hearts, and the whispers of forbidden knowledge, Ichiro sets out on a journey that is not only about survival, but redemption.

What hangs in the balance is not just his fate, but the future of a humanity that has forgotten what it means

« **Keep Protect Reimagine** »

