

ヒバゴンは本物です

(Instrumental Narrative - Ninja Cryptid Sequence)

FADE IN:

EXT. JAPANESE FOREST - NIGHT

Dense. Ancient. Silent.

Tall cedar trees stretch endlessly upward.

Fog clings low to the ground.

No wind. No insects.

Nothing moves.

A SHADOW shifts. Barely visible. Low to the ground.
Watching.

POV - THROUGH BRANCHES

Something is observing... calculating.

A faint FOOTSTEP... then nothing.

Branches sway... but there is no wind.

A dark shape moves between trees with unnatural
smoothness.

Too fast to track. Too controlled to be animal.

A HIKER appears. Flashlight scanning. Breathing
slightly heavy.

He stops. Something feels wrong.

FLASHLIGHT FLICKERS.

Behind him – nothing.

He turns forward again –

A PAIR OF RED EYES – GONE.

THE HIBAGON STRIKES.

A blur of jet-black motion. Lower than Bigfoot – but faster. Sharper.

Rapid impacts:

A tree trunk splits clean in half.

The hiker is knocked sideways.

Branches slice through the air.

Dirt explodes upward in rhythmic bursts.

The Hibagon moves like a martial artist: pivoting, striking, vanishing, reappearing.

Precise. Controlled.

Reality distorts. The forest bends.

The Hibagon appears in multiple positions at once – or
is it just too fast?

STANCE SHOTS:

Crouched low like a ninja.

Perched on a tree sideways.

Mid-air between trunks.

Silence.

The hiker struggles to stand.

A soft sound behind him.

He turns.

The Hibagon stands still. Calm. Watching.

Not enraged. Not chaotic.

Dominant.

The Hibagon steps forward –

CUT TO BLACK.

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FADE OUT.