

Saga 3:  
Emperor Gosan

Outer Search

*Narrator:*

*Gosan, as he arrived on the ground and looked at the tool in his right hand, decided that it was too easy to just find the seven balls and decided to instead search for them on foot. It seemed so long ago to him that he had toiled and walked upon the surface of the Earth, longing for his wife. He never really enjoyed any of the sights he saw and realized that in this life, if you do not take it all in as it comes, you miss out on much more than you gain in speedily reaching your destination.*

*He walked forward, then, to the closest of the seven, but barely kept his eye on the radar, instead focusing on his surroundings. The world was now so beautiful to him and he began to think about a lot of his life and his past. On long nights, walking alone in the plains or drifting in the oceans, he would stare out into space at the stars, feeling like some force to gaze on them called to him. Somewhere out there, he knew his ancestors had once lived in a warrior's fashion, wrecking havoc, yet living only to fight. The thought that they were so immoral compared to his ideas sickened him, yet his kinship grew despite that. He felt as if his past had been robbed of him and little did he know that soon these feelings would dominate his future.*

*As he passed people, he talked to them, helped them out in times of crisis, yet always enjoyed the comfort of peace. He once stopped in Satan City and visited Tsu, stayed with him for a day and ate dinner. Then he continued onwards, always alone, rarely in hurt for his wife, he knew she should be back with him soon enough.*

*After a year of walking, he finally had all seven. He had found some of them in the most beautiful of places: coral reefs, rain forests, great mountain ranges, serene and quiet deserts, and river valleys. Upon gaining the last one, he teleported back to the Sanctuary waving goodbye to the beautiful Earth, a plan for the future already formed in his mind...*

Gosan reappeared on top of the lookout, backpack full of his little round treasures, and walked in towards the doors. He felt the wind pick up and shift away from the door and he knew then the winds of his life were changing too. His senses and closeness to the Ki of Earth had grown as great as his own powers.

As he closed in on the main structure, Mr. Popo opened the door. On the throne ahead of him, Kami sat with a smile, looking at Gosan with a smile, "You have them all friend?"

"Yes."

"Then come with me and you shall have any three wishes you desire."

Kami stood and led Gosan back outside, talking as they went, "I myself haven't seen Shenlong in...oh I can't remember how many years. It will be good to see him again," he looked around as he talked, "Hmmm, the winds have changed," a frown came over his face momentarily, as if he knew of something that had bothered him for years.

They finally arrived in the middle of the courtyard and Gosan set the balls on the ground. "Do you know what you want?" Kami said looking into Gosan's deep eyes, seeming to question his soul.

“Yes.”

“Alright, be ready, this is not like anything you have ever seen,” he said raising his hands into the air and returning to the balls, “Shenlong, rise from your lair and grant us our wishes!”

Gosan was a bit surprised at the yelling and strange display. But the surprise grew more at the flash of the balls as they lifted and sang out in violent noise. More and more light came forth and then at a bang, the balls shot upward in one uniform beam of light. Gosan covered his eyes and grunted a bit at the power surrounding him. ‘Unbelievable!’ he thought as the light extended upwards and began to coil up in many directions overhead. Next to him, Kami and Popo stood, watching the dragon as though this were a normal part of their lives. Soon, the noise and light ceased and Gosan removed his arms from his eyes.

In front of them, rising hundreds of feet and seemingly miles long in length was a dragon! Shenlong, hovered above them, naturally and powerfully; his greenness only matched by his vicious face, covered by two antlers and two elongated whiskers. Coiled like a snake, Shenlong looked slowly downward to Kami and moved towards the three men standing there to speak, “You have summoned the eternal dragon. You may ask of three wishes, and I will grant them,” it bellowed in a roaring voice that shook Gosan’s heart with anxiety and awe.

He stared at it, thinking about his dreams and his tattoo, when Kami nudged him in the arm. Fear of the endless meaning this dragon had seized his heart and mind; so the nudge succeeded in bringing him back from his visions. Gulping as he stared upwards to the monstrous creature, Gosan walked forward and addressed the dragon, “Shenlong, my wife was murdered several years ago, I have missed her greatly and desire more than I may convey to have her back!” he shouted, “I wish that you revive her life to this tower so I may see my love again!” he ended the wish.

“It shall be done!” Shenlong slowly responded in a deep rumbling voice that shook their hearts.

Around them, the sky had darkened under his strange influence and the winds ceased to move. Upon speaking, the dragon stared off into space and lit up his eyes with power. Gosan felt the peak in it and then watched as in front of him a form began to appear, blanketed by the brightness of Shenlong’s power.

When the light had cleared the sky, the form became revealed to them. On the ground looking around her, naked and gripping her throat, was Sha-rei. Immediately, Gosan’s eyes began to tear. The feeling of joy and love, those that he had not felt in years, swelled in him like the morning tide, and he ran to her arms open as she stared around her still, unable to figure out what was happening. Picking her up from the ground and embracing her tightly, Gosan cried openly now, speaking her name in jubilation to beholding the woman he had missed for so long. Soon, she understood who held her and that she was alive, and though her eyes gazed off in amazement, she embraced him too and spoke to him, “Gosan? Wha...where am I?” her confusion was obvious.

Gosan decided to wait to explain everything to her in a moment when he felt a hand on his back. Turning to Kami who stood beside him joyous as he at the great occasion, Gosan quickly asked, “Do you have any clothes for her? I’ll bet she’s freezing!”

Kami nodded, and moved Gosan aside. Sha-rei’s face turned to fear as she saw the great tall green being in front of her hold out his hands to her. She nearly shrieked when she

noticed he stared into her eyes. She looked back and felt the calm reassurance of the great Earthly Guardian as he began to concentrate and then gave a loud grunt. Gosan and Sha-rei were both amazed as the clothes he promised suddenly covered her; she tested them, gripping in disbelief at the light sweater and pants.

She was gorgeous to Gosan, and he had never been so happy in his life. Her naivety somehow made him even more attracted, as though he felt her need for him, a thing that had not been part of their relationship often – a part of it he had first fallen in love with her over, recalling how he had first met her on the job when a man tried to rob her and Gosan leapt from nowhere to stop the thief suddenly in his flight. His eyes rimmed with tears, he hugged her again and they kissed, yet he was too happy to see her utter shock and she could not respond with any ease to his warm kisses. Then, she was confused only more when Gosan stood back a bit and placed his hand over her abdomen. Frowning a bit, he turned to Kami inquisitively. “Yes, he is there,” responded Kami with a look of sincere joy for them.

“I am growing impatient, what is your second wish?” roared Shenlong after a few minutes of waiting.

Gosan then looked to his wife and smiled. He handed Sha-rei’s hand to Kami, reassuring her, and then faced the Dragon again. “Shenlong, I have thought long and hard of this wish, whether to live here on Earth as I have for years or to attempt the journey home to Vegeta. I have decided to journey homeward, to the place of my forefather’s birth. I am a Saiyan, but my true home-planet was lost in a great cataclysmic event. I wish for you to revive the planet Vegeta as it was at the time of its explosion!”

“It shall be done!” Shenlong responded with another flash of light and sound that filled the lookout.

Sha-rei had already become worried, unable to comprehend her life or her location. Then, with the great Shenlong hovering over her and speaking to Gosan, she shrieked, hugging tightly around Kami in fear. Seeing her troubles, he took her aside and showed her to Mr. Popo, who then led her inside. She stared first into the ever-open eyes of Mr. Popo, then while walking, back at Gosan and the dragon; Mr. Popo would explain all to her inside as she ate in comfort, feeling strangely peaceful in such a strange place.

“Make your third wish!” shouted Shenlong after the flash was gone.

“Wow, I can’t believe this is happening!” he thought with glee as he tried to find words for his final wish, “Shenlong, the Saiyans are a brutal race, wicked to their very cores and evil in society. But they have a conscience deep inside, like humans and can be friendly. I wish you to bring out their consciences so that the good ones see the errors of their ways and the truly evil ones may be rooted out; so that those who would purposely harm others for their own good are rooted out by a power like yours and not mine.”

“It shall be done!” roared Shenlong as he let out one more flash of light. Soon the light had cleared and the sound ended.

“Your desires have all been granted, and now I bid you farewell!” Shenlong spoke one last time to Gosan as light shot up in beams around him.

With that the Dragon blasted away and the balls flew high above Gosan and Kami. In a sudden explosion, each headed out in seven different paths streaming across the sky with tails of light and sound to the distant corners of Earth. Gosan looked to Kami and gave another smile. “She’s beautiful, isn’t she?”

“Yes, she is lovely, and I am sure you are glad to have her back. But I am not so sure if she can handle going to Vegeta right away. Already, she has a hard time dealing with these things you have become accustomed to. Maybe you should wait a bit while she recovers from her revival,” he finished.

Gosan nodded in agreement to the wise counsel of Kami. They then turned to the building and walked in silence, a long journey already foreseen for Gosan; a long journey of the heart and the mind. Yet, he smiled with pleasure at the difficulties that lay before him.

### Ruby Red Planet Vegeta

*Narrator:*

*Kami and Gosan entered the building and passed through the Throne Room into the dining area. There, Sha-rei sat staring into space trying to grasp the total change in her world. She still held to her neck with her right hand as her left gripped a hot cup of tea. Mr. Popo returned to the room with more tea for Gosan who stood waiting for her response. It was clear she was aware of no one else around her, and so Gosan spoke to her. Hearing his voice, she stood up and ran to him. She cried now more easily and louder than before. They kissed again, now initiated by her and Gosan felt joys again well up in his heart with her touch and face. That face, the mirror of innocence stole away from him all his thoughts of anything about his mission to come. In her deep blue eyes that gleamed with joy and fear, he found himself lost and yet, this lost was not what he hoped for. Soon, she asked Gosan if it was all true. She was so scared of it, that he knew no words could vanquish those fears.*

*With a squeeze of his fists his hair flew upward and turned a brazen gold, shimmering in the dark room and radiating warmth and light. She gasped at its sight and stepped back from him. Slowly, she sat herself in the chair again and stared to space, gripping her tea tightly and then looking back at him, hoping he was not the Gosan she didn't know.*

*Finally, she began to see how pain and suffering had scarred his gentle heart - something only the intuitiveness a woman could do – and though she was scared, she knew his strength would guide her well. She then asked him what they should do next.*

*He told her kindly, still fluttering with power, that he was going to take her to Planet Vegeta to live with his ancestors who Shenlong had returned more humane. She nodded slowly, remembering her home and her murderous kidnapping, and how she knew that life would never be the same with Gosan anyways.*

*Kami inquired how Gosan would get there and Gosan told Kami he would detect the Saiyan's distinct Ki and transfer to it, he and Sha-rei. Then, for the next few days, Gosan meditated and spent time with Sha-rei, allowing her to get used to the great differences in her life that lay ahead of them.*

*When finally the day to leave had come, and with a suitcase of clothes Kami had made, Sha-rei and Gosan stood in the middle of the lookout and waved. Then, placing his fingers to his forehead while holding his wife with his left hand, Gosan began to concentrate. He then flashed up to SS, closing his eyes and focusing on the Universe's K-table. Finding Ki in large amounts and similar to Goku's type, he transmitted toward it, taking the couple on a long journey across great distances, all in the moment of thought...*

When they finally reappeared, Gosan and Sha-rei looked around them in amazement. Sha-rei, for all her tries to adjust to her new life, she just could not get used to it; the quick transfer from Earth frightened and awed her, yet she was unable to grasp the meaning behind Ki at all.

Gosan smiled as he felt his body suddenly itching with anxiousness. Around him, as he gazed to the farthest distances, was a planet of ruby red sky with mountains to his back and right and a great lake to his left. But, what caught him most was what he had sensed earlier, the great huge metropolis that lay in front of him. Huge towers with strange features soared upwards. Cannons of magnificent length stretched out to the sky, awaiting the chance for war. Every building was of a similar design, an ancient design not much unlike that of Frost's ship.

Gripping her hand tight, Gosan started to walk with her towards the city. Gosan, still observing the mighty city in front of them, did not notice the sad and almost deranged look that covered Sha-rei's face as she stared into the shy and at the rocky crags behind her. Yet, he was elated. Something about this planet and the city made his heart sing with joy and his mind revered heftily the great task that lay before him. He had great plans for their lives here and the thoughts of his being here, with his wife and son, made his heart unbounded with joy.

Soon, they came to a gate that led into the city, yet the gate was abandoned. Cautiously, Gosan and Sha-rei entered the city. Just to be safe, he powered down so no one could sense he was there and attack him. For a while they saw nothing, just buildings, until they came upon a city square. Then they were startled at what they saw, people with long tails and crazy hair like Gosan's just standing around, walking about. "It's like being at a mental institution!" Sha-rei gasped.

Around them, these Saiyans were dressed in their armor, yet weren't fighting. Some cried emotionally, outpouring grief upon each other and over others. Some sat silently. Some openly contemplated suicide and spoke.

Every few moments a Saiyan would shout out for mercy and ask himself 'Why...why did I do it? They were just innocent people, and I killed them all.'

Gosan soon realized that their consciences were eating them from the inside out, 'Man, they must have done a lot of bad things,' he thought peering around them, 'Maybe it wasn't so good an idea to make them all have consciences: they'll be impossible to deal with.'

Passing by without speaking to them, they headed still towards the center of the city. Then Sha-rei began to get hysterical and started to cry. Gosan had not noticed that she was not enjoying the planet and turned to her with shock and wonder. But love soon made him realize her failure to grasp their new life and he hugged her close. Picking her up, he began to fly to she could avoid hearing the people below. Using his mind, he lifted the suitcase and carried both as he approached the main tower in the center. As she cried bitterly into his shoulder she pleaded to go home. Yet, he would not listen to her. He was strong and he felt his strength would guide her as Ki now guided him – he had to continue forth.

They arrived at the gates of the palace and Gosan set her down. Above them, the metal gates stood, a sign reading 'No Visitors!' hanging from it crumbling. The steps behind it showed signs of great battles, cracks split the stoop and rubble lay to the right from the crumbling tower above them. On top of the steps, a large archway opened up to the city,

yet no one stood in its breadth to guard it. Behind Gosan, the city seemed empty, yet he could see, as the light from the sun declined, that the Saiyans were at home, crying together and getting drunken from sorrow and guilt.

With not much else to do, Gosan lifted them over the gate and they climbed the steps. As they walked towards the inside, an alarm sounded and eventually a man came out from the darkness. "Get lost, the King doesn't want to see anyone!" he shouted in Gosan's face, seeming very different to all those Gosan had seen in the streets.

The ever-observant Gosan quickly realized that the man was wearing a scouter and that of course, he was no threat either way to Gosan. "Hey, I'm talking to you! King's orders. You pathetic weak..." he was unable to finish speaking as Gosan had grown annoyed with him and, without so much as a flinch, hit the guard with a back hand that sent him flying into one of the tall columns supporting the arch. Normally, the column would crumble under the deadly pounding it received, but Gosan saw that this palace was of an ancient architecture, very old and different from the other buildings in the city. Indeed, it looked like the place to find a King.

They passed through the foyer uninhibited anymore and Gosan led his wife into the palace to the center. As they walked along, Gosan studied the walls in the darkness and eventually let go of the silent Sha-rei's hand to look at a painting on the wall. " 'King Vegeta and Prince Vegeta', hmm...not too original. I wonder who else has that name," he spoke, remembering how Goku had known a Vegeta too.

Turning away from the old painting, he realized all too late that Sha-rei was suddenly missing. 'Damn it! Where'd she go?' he thought angrily until he realized they weren't alone here. He wandered into the adjacent room and felt two distinct Kis around him. Taking stance, he waited and peered not around but straight into the doorway that stood in front of him. Then he simply vanished. In his place, two Ki blasts struck the ground and exploded sending dust and debris everywhere. The light caused reflected on the surfaces, revealing to Gosan it was quadrangular as he moved that the room he was in was an open hall. Too, he saw the weak soldiers with their guns, almost like those guards of Frost, and silently he killed each one. When it had all cleared Gosan held in his arms two limp bodies. He dropped them to the floor and walked through another door.

As he strode through the new hall, he noted the change in room shape: the ceiling was higher and arched and the yet the windowless room was lighted enough to reveal the bland décor of the carpet beneath his step. Eventually he came to another lengthy hallway lying parallel to the main hall he was in, and peered down each way. As he looked down each, he suddenly turned his eyes back and gave a grunt of disapproval. He then vanished again, leaving in his place a leg, jetting out from between the columns leading up to the ceiling. The leg smashed soundly into the hallway wall crumbling it. The Saiyan guard's face, first a smirk, soon turned to a shock and painful outburst. Suddenly, a punch flew out of the hallway's darkness to the right and struck the guard in the ribs, sending him crashing to the left. Yet, his head struck the end of the entryway first and twisted his body, spinning it violently counter-clockwise until he landed on the ground, bloodied and motionless.

"Kaboom!!" bellowed through the palace when Gosan blasted through the wall there the leg had pounded, to reveal light. He then stepped forward through the new doorway and waited for the dust to clear. Again, he grunts in a disapproving way, turns his head

sideways and throws out a punch. “Ahhhh!” a henchmen shouts as he is flung into the wall of the new room, crushing the old brick.

When the dust clears Gosan continues forward, sensing the Ki in front of him and comes to a metal, electronic door. Irritated, he blasts it open and passes through, well aware that in here were several slightly powerful Saiyans. Once inside, he stops walking and crosses his arms as he studies the men in front of him. There he could see Sha-rei, squirming while being held captive by a large Saiyan. Next to them are several other men in armor. In the middle is a very tall Saiyan sitting on a throne. With his legs crossed and fingers pressed tip-to-tip in front of his face (housing a malicious smile), he addresses Gosan, “Well, well, I thought we’d be facing King Vegeta himself! I guess he really is dead. This yours?” he inquired gesturing with those same fingers at the woman whose eyes were widened with terror.

Gosan stared angrily at him, he was not amused and answered in a vicious threat, “If he harms her, I’ll kill all of you now. If he lets her go, I’ll consider sparing you,” he promised.

With that, the guards began to laugh aloud and the big, stupid one took a gander at her, moving aside her purple shirt to have a look down. Gosan grunted in irritation and decided to fulfill his promise. He first vanished and reappeared in front of the large man. They all jumped back, except the sentinel holding Sha-rei, who in response to the threat threw out his arm, only to be struck by a fist. “Hya!” Gosan shouted as the fist penetrated the armor like a hot knife and blasted through the man’s flesh, killing him instantly as it tore organs and spine. Blood sprayed backwards onto the wall and using his left arm, Gosan caught his wife. Then with his right, and without moving, he slung the huge behemoth to the side, into the wall.

The others got into formation as the king stood up. “No!” he shouted at them upon seeing they were no match for Gosan, “It seems we have insulted him. Come friend,” he turned to Gosan, “join me for dinner and we will accommodate you for your troubles.”

“You expect me to let you all live after you insult me!? I will destroy you all!” he shouted in hatred.

Gosan’s rage would not have been chained had not he glanced and saw that Sha-rei, who had first stared at the dead man, now looked at him, innocent eyes quivering in disbelief at his vicious and protective anger. He suddenly felt shamed to her, as though he was now no better than that man. He truly was a Saiyan, no mercy, no fear, no mourning for the loser, and no sympathy for the lives he would take. So, hiding his rage, he spoke again, “Alright,” he answered, as he stared into the king’s sly eyes, “you are spared...for now,” he finished as he looked again to his wife, seeing her eyes now fixated on his blood-covered arm.

### King Giroso and his Appetite

*Narrator:*

*The king led them into a dining room where they were seated at a large table. An attendant came by and cleaned up Gosan’s arm and provided them drinks. Across Gosan and Sha-rei, the guards attended to the king’s every wish and sat him down at the head of the table. When he had finished and was comfortable, the king told them to leave and they hurried out the doors like whipped dogs, closing them as they left.*

*Turning to his guests, the king gave a sly smile and stared at Sha-rei, struck by her beauty and rare impression. Then his eyes fell on Gosan, who still did not trust the king. Gosan knew that this king must be truly evil if he withstood Shenlong's wish as evil. He also knew that the king had suddenly become interested in his wife, a weakness that some cunning could flaunt.*

*They did not talk together, however, until the servants came in again with food. Soon they had a huge royal feast lying in front of them. Gosan was absolutely starving, but unlike Goku, could withhold his pains when need be. He watched the king carefully, how he rested with his hands covering his sly smile. Yet, the hand could no hide the more important glances of his eyes. Finally, the king turned again to Gosan, something other than dinner on his mind...*

“Your wife is very beautiful, friend. But she doesn't appear Saiyan, may I ask where she is from?” the king finally spoke, looking again at Sha-rei.

“She and I are from another place,” Gosan's jealousy and irritation had turned into an advantage already, “But first, you must tell me who you are.”

“Who am I? Why, I am the King!” he said with a flair of irritation, as if Gosan should have the deepest respect for him already.

“No, you are not. Vegeta is the king, where is he?”

“That stupid ape is not the king anymore! I, Girusu, am the king now!”

“What happened to him?” Gosan repeated as though it was the last time he would.

Taking a piece of meat from in front of him Girusu seemed to be thinking about his method of answering the question. “I heard rumor,” he replied glancing again at Sha-rei, “that he attempted to lash out at Frieza, and died.”

“So, what happened here, I thought this planet blew up?” Gosan asked, though he already knew so as to startle Girusu.

“Well, well, you are a smart one,” he surprise turned back to a smile, “Yes, but a few days ago, after inhabiting Hell for decades, we were suddenly brought back and the planet restored,” he reflected upon his imprisonment in Hell, “I do not know how, but I don't care.” he answered taking a bite of meat.

“I see. Tell me then why you are so vile and detestable when the others out there are crying out for mercy for what they did?” Gosan asked, again his question startled Girusu. Girusu was beginning to suspect that Gosan was more informed than he should be. His anger started to get the best of him, “I am evil, boy, and no amount of conscience will dent that! Those others you see out in the street are all fools! Hell must have changed the Saiyans but I am no different!” he burst out, “Besides, they don't matter anyhow. They will all be dead in a week anyhow. I am going to kill them all, those pitiful fools, and take the children and turn them into slaves. For a great king like me, they are just too weak and useless. A king has no use for people who fear their jobs. But their sons and daughters will make good warriors in the business of planet conquering,” he smiled, ‘I'll kill you too, you pathetic fool. And then I'll take your wife as my own,’ he thought, grinning with happiness.

‘No you won't fool. You genocide will never take place. So, how do I get rid of you the easiest? Hmm...you still stare at Sha-rei, I'll kill you eventually. For now, I'll indulge your weakness until the time is best,’ he thought as he glanced down to his wife. He saw



that she had not taken a bite either, but only stared in fright at Girusu. Her disgust became apparent and she squeezed Gosan's arm tighter with every second.

But, Gosan's anger was restrained for he didn't want to cause a bloody civil war. Instead, he decided to play a game with Girusu's head. First he thought up a plan and then seemed to dismiss all thought and eat naturally, as if he thought nothing of the disgusting fool across from him. He had decided that a sporting fight would be best, for his fun and for his people.

So, they ate the rest of the meal. Gosan watched his wife cringe while the king stared at her. She was obviously disgusted by the king, who was no looker for sure. Although his armor was exactly that of the others, his face was visible to them easily. The long, oval shape of it was only matched in ogre-like beauty by its dark tone, scars, and drooped eyes from lack of sleep. His black hair was not in any sort of fashion like Gosan's, rather sort of like a long mullet that had no order or royalty about it. He was probably an outcast at one point. Now he must have killed all the other evil Saiyans to stay king over a lost people.

'Women always know the truth, and they sure don't hide it either,' he acknowledged to himself as he admired her judgment, 'yes, he has something for her. It will be only more the reason to kill him, the pig!' he thought vilely as he ate and watched Girusu stare many times at Sha-rei. "King Girusu," Gosan said at length, caressing the temporary king's ego, "my wife has had a long journey and we would like a nice, quiet room with no interruptions, would you grant us that?"

Without hesitation, the king replied looking at Sha-rei once more, "Of course, a flower such as this can not go without proper shelter and bath," he finished, his grotesque lips smacked together as he spoke.

They were led to their room by the king where, with sheer insolence that even Gosan did not expect, Girusu kissed her hand. He then allowed them to enter the room and closed the doors behind them; all the while a gross smile covered his blood-red lips.

### Palace Suite

#### *Narrator:*

*Gosan waited on the bed while she went and showered. Yet, although she was showering, he did not move. His irritation had gotten the better of him and he was not in the mood for love.*

*As he sat there, legs crossed, he gritted his teeth with irritation at the thought of Girusu touching his beloved wife. The woman he had traversed space and time to be with again, who carried his child. And he dared to kiss her hand with those vile lips! The thought sent him raging into SS, but he managed to control his strength just enough as he heard her. In the shower, she sang the same song from their wedding day. His eyes formed a tear when he remembered their wedding day, how he had carried her home and made love with her for the first time – they had only been dating for a few weeks, but she fell in love with him even faster than he with her; the Honeymoon was sweet.*

*Then the singing stopped and he had to listen hard. The shower had not quit, yet she made no noise. He began to stand up when he started to hear it coming from the bathroom. The crying...she was weeping, alone, in the shower. She was weeping for her husband, the man she had known the night she was taken. He suddenly began to cry too*

*as he realized what a fool he had been. A fool to think that she could handle a whole new life, after such torture and suffering, on some new, hideous planet, where the king sickened her and her husband killed without the same sense of justice she knew.*

*Then, he heard the shower stop and she emerged. He turned back to face out the window towards the night sky, dotted with stars while she entered slowly. His shirt he had long removed and she stood facing his back, staring into the tattoo, reaffirming that it was he she knew. But what he hadn't realized was that he was still SS and the hair bewildered her as much as the tattoo did when they first met.*

"I am going to be King of this planet," Gosan finally said to her, clearing up his eyes' tears, "Girosu is not the rightful king," he turned to face her, as she stood with a towel around her, eyes like jewels, "I journeyed here with you to take that position from whoever was here. But now the planet is in chaos, its people lost in their consciences and committing suicide everyday, and he cannot be allowed to have his reign of terror on them."

"But how, how can you be King?" she replied, looking at him with disbelief; she did not want it so.

"I will take the throne from him in battle."

"And what will that do, only more chaos can come from that," she really wanted to say that only more distance between them would come from it.

"This I know. But I am going to do it with, not war, but with his own agreement."

She stared blankly at him, unseeing what he saw.

"He has a thing for you, I think. Wouldn't you agree?" he started to remove the covers for the bed.

"Ughhhh! Don't remind me. It gives me the creeps," she said with a shudder.

"Yes, but it is still there, and it is still a weakness."

She looked at him again and squinted her eyes, thinking about his words, "No!" was her reply to the unsaid suggestion.

"I will challenge him to a contest. It could save the people peacefully. Fighting is the only way to get things here, money has no meaning, and neither does dignity. I will challenge him to battle in public. If he wins, he'll get you, and if I win, I get the throne." She began to cry and couldn't believe it. She looked at him, "Do I mean that little to you anymore, that you should pawn me away in a fighting purse?"

"Honey, honey," he consoled her sitting down and wrapping his arms around her, "don't worry, I love you more than you know. You have no way to understand how I longed for your love for several years. I suffered so long it has turned me cold. Now, I have become a powerful Saiyan warrior, I can't lose," he declared with an air of confidence she had never seen before; usually he was not confident with her and listened to her every will, but now he seemed strong as oak and as unwavering as the rising sun.

"Why is that?" she questioned, tears stopping in their descent.

"You don't understand it, but I am far greater a fighter than he and I just can't lose."

With that she looked away, rubbing off her tears. He waited for her reply, he felt horrible that she had cried and yet, he felt it necessary. But, he would never force her to do anything she didn't want to do.

"OK," she said quietly, looking back at him, eyes quivering again, "I trust you."

With that he kissed her and reassured her, helping to nudge her fears away as they both slid into a plain of bliss and happiness, escaping from their past...their present...and their future.

### The Coup of King Giosu

*Narrator:*

*Later that night Gosan slipped out of their suite, Sha-rei sleeping peacefully still, and glided down the hall to the king's bedroom. Rapping on the door, after knocking the two guards out, he asked the King to join him in a stroll through the palace to talk.*

*First, Giosu was reluctant to comply, until he realized he had no choice (Gosan told him so). Side by side they walked, watched by Giosu's bodyguards, down the hall as Gosan bluntly told him why he had come to Vegeta and of his subsequent proposal. Persuading the King further he talked about how difficult a time he had getting through space, with all the dangers. He hid all his vastly powerful knowledge with lies and deception, yet no honor was lost, for in the end, the truth would come out. The King allowed his pride and lust to swell and he was blinded by future victory and all its glory.*

*Finally, after Gosan was sure Giosu had taken the bait, he frankly asked him to commit. Not only did Giosu agree and tell Gosan where they were to meet, he proclaimed, just as Gosan hoped that the fight would be aired globally on the 'telecast'.*

*Finally they came to the king's room, and Gosan permitted him to enter it unchallenged. Gosan had the funny feeling that although he was a shoe-in, there was something that the sly Saiyan had in mind, or he wouldn't have agreed so easily. Yet Gosan could not think of anything in particular and waved it off.*

*Gosan gave one eyeshot to the guards and they fled in fright as he turned to go back to his room. The servants to the king tirelessly prepared for the coming day's battle in the great palace arena while Gosan took a walk through the gardens. His thoughts began to dwell on his wife as he recalled her beautiful voice in the shower and her tears. Guilt began to settle in his heart when he realized that what he had done to her was purely selfish. Undoubtedly, she was resting peacefully in Heaven, awaiting her time to be reborn and healing from her pain, when he asked Shenlong to revive her. Thus she was taken back to her life, naked and confused, only to learn that he had changed to a powerful warrior with cold-blooded instincts, capable of killing with no remorse. He then realized he hadn't even shown her what he looked like beyond SS. How would she view him then, he thought as tears began to well up on his upper cheeks. To make it worse, he had brought her to Vegeta of his will and now placed her as a wager even to a fight for being king.*

*These thoughts tore at him all night as he returned to the bedroom and meditated on the floor, focusing his energy. Yet, for all the pain and guilt he felt, he knew that now, he had no choice. He had no choice but to fight – for her, for the Saiyan race, and even for something else, yet for what he knew not...*

With morning daybreak, the guards came knocking at the door and entered as they pleased. They attempted to display some form of command, but Gosan hushed them with one scornful eye saying, 'We'll go as we please!' After bathing themselves, Gosan and Sha-rei were led down a long passage to an escort vehicle.

Along the road, as they traveled, Gosan could see out the window people still pulling their hair out and cursing themselves in self-pity and guilt. They needed leadership and forgiveness, so he had to win this fight. "This palace is so large...Gosan?" Sha-rei spoke to him, realizing he was focused on the people outside and not on her words.

Eventually, they stopped and were led again into a dark structure with several roads from out of the air running into it, as though it were some sort of major hub. There, Sha-rei was taken to another room, a vault-like keepsake to the king that had to be neutrally kept. Gosan, kissing her unmoving face goodbye, whispered, "See you soon, I promise," then was led down a hallway where he stood on a circular elevator and was lifted up into the ring.

From the dark, he emerged into the light...fake light that is. Around him were thousands of Saiyans and telecast crews that focused on him. Yet, for all the wide dimensions of this arena, bigger than Earth's biggest baseball stadiums, there was not a sound. The people simply stared at Gosan as he stood there, alone in the middle of the metal-floored coliseum. They were not cheering, booing, or even talking. They just sat like cows staring at Gosan. The crews themselves didn't even talk. It seemed like they were simply respecting their orders to be here. Above and behind him, he saw that the telecast was indeed global, for a giant TV hung, displaying the views of all the channels on Vegeta. Yet, not a soul spoke. They all were indifferent to their lives, guilt ridden and unable to find it in their hearts to fight, or enjoy a fight, no matter the importance. They had previously known nothing but war, now without desire for it, they were an empty shell of a race.

On the other end of the ring opened a door that several guards sprang forth from. One sounded some sort of musical instrument and shouted out a bunch of praises, demanding that everyone stand and behold the wondrous king Giosu. Some did so, yet others sat, teary-eyed and thinking to themselves about their past. Then out came King Giosu. The first things Gosan noticed was his armor and how he had bulked up. 'Wow, he sure powered up,' thought Gosan as he eyed the fantastic silvery metal armor that bound his body.

Indeed, the king was now much larger with huge muscles bulging all around his body. His demeanor had also changed significantly, become more warrior-like, and he seemed without any nasty tricks in plan. 'I guess he though powering up like that would do the trick,' Gosan guessed as Giosu walked towards the center. Without the smile he had the night before, he gestured the camera crew to come forth. Quietly, the Saiyan crews scurried to the center. Turning to the camera when they arrived, Giosu addressed the telecast audience, "This is it, you Saiyan filth, so pay attention to your king! The possession of the Kingdom has been contested by this lowlife outsider who thinks he can beat me as did all other challengers before him. So, it will be decided by a fight; right here, right now, in front of your very eyes. I, your king in the absence of the pathetic Vegeta, intend to crush this 'nobody' to let you know I am the strongest and there is no will but my will. The challenger has offered his wife as my bride and queen, if he should lose, to convince me to even bother with the bargain. Now it shall begin!" he ended.

Gosan frowned at the speech; he was growing tired of this sad excuse for a warrior being so uppity.

The crowd was still silent as Gosan walked back towards the bench. He decided he would make this quick and painless for the blundering Saiyan. Reaching the bench, he

removed the Gi top to reveal his tattoo to the king, who stood still in the center, waiting. Then turning around to face the king, Gosan addressed him, "It ends here for you Girusu; your plan to govern this planet by force has failed. I am your judge, your end, yet you have failed to realize it. After this you will be tried as a violator of law: murderer and conspirator."

Stunned, Girusu then began to laugh, "And what law is this? None such exist on Planet Vegeta! Here, I am the law!"

"My law," Gosan retorted, "after all I am the King!"

"Ha! We will see about that," Girusu's now deep voice rumbled as he charged Gosan.

He threw out a barrage of assaults, difficult for any normal person to see, yet were blocked easily every time. The hits vibrated the arena a bit, stirring the crowd. From the windowed prison-room and surrounded by guards, Sha-rei looked on, biting her lip, thinking about how much she wanted to be back at home. How much she didn't want to be Girusu's husband. Yet, she was still so amazed at how good a fighter Gosan was, and hope in her remained that she would be free.

Down below, Gosan continued to avoid every punch thrown as if it were nothing. "Stand still, coward!" shouted Girusu in anger.

He flung out his arms faster and harder, still nothing was allowed to even kiss the skin of Gosan. 'This is easier than I imagined it would be,' Gosan thought cheerily as he prepared to boggle the opponent. Finally Girusu shouted out, "I'll kill you!" and threw out a Ki beam.

Yet, this beam passed right through Gosan's image as he disappeared, laughing at him. Girusu stood there, perplexed and looking around when he was suddenly struck by a moving wall and was sent flying into the side of the circular ring. The force of his body cracked the stone-wall, yet halted his body, letting it fall to the ground. Grunting heavily as his body attempted to regain strength lost, he climbed to his feet and peered at Gosan. "You know, I probably should have told you that you really never had a chance. I only used you to get the throne peacefully without causing more chaos. But you are far too weak to harm me," Gosan revealed to Girusu, laughing to himself at the thought of Girusu's dismay.

"What was that! Grrrr...you are nothing! You don't compare to me - I am royalty! Your life, your wife, I take them for my own, and there's nothing you can do about it!"

The outburst slightly amused Gosan, till Girusu insulted his wife. Then annoyance led him to decide to reveal he truth, to redeem his honor and not disappoint the irritable king with lies anymore. Flexing his muscles, he suddenly transformed, squeezing his fists at his sides as he eyed Girusu.

With a flare of light he turned SS, sending a small wave out around that pounded the ring, cracking it, and knocking over Girusu. As Girusu stood, the crowd began to murmur as they watched, stunned, Gosan glowing with brilliance. The crews themselves suddenly began speaking to the crowds. Now, a great confusion emerged over the identity of this warrior who not only looked like a Saiyan, but seemed to glow gold like the legendary Saiyan himself.

Meanwhile, Gosan peered with his green eyes at the weak king, who still lay on the ground, eyes shaking with fear and awe. "You lost before you began Girusu, give it up, no one can beat a Super Saiyan like me," Gosan gloated.

Behind him the crowd gasped and murmured more. Their thoughts had been confirmed, and now fear and hope began to sprinkle through the crowd. Some hoped for their deaths, some feared his power. Yet every Saiyan on the planet was unable to keep their eyes from moving away from Gosan.

Gosan could feel the eyes of all the Saiyans behind him, burning into his skin as the stared at the golden dragon warrior. He was truly something never seen by any of the people before. The legend of the Super Saiyan was not only true, but they all were witnessing it in front of their very eyes. Thousands of years, and now this unknown man brought the legend back to life. In the room Sha-rei stared on, behind her the guards shook and quivered with fear. She began to realize then that Gosan was greater and farther beyond what she ever imagined. Her awe grew, but yet, it only took her farther away from him; in he heart she felt as though she was no closer to him than any of these other savage people around her. Gosan was a Saiyan now, no longer a human, and her heart tore with her realization that she felt as alone as those few years she spent in Heaven, grieving for him, hoping to see him again.

Then, something happened that startled even Gosan: across from him, Giroso began to laugh. His voice rumbled throughout the arena, as the crowd looked at him in wonder. What could he possibly be laughing about? He was beaten and bloodied, yet he laughed as joyously and heartily as if he had gained all the things he had ever dreamed for. The laugh echoed emptily in the arena. Blood streamed down his forehead as he finally halted his laugh and looked up at Gosan, "You don't know with whom you are dealing with, do you? Super Saiyan...hmp...you are nothing to me. I am the ultimate Oozuru Saiyan!" he smirked, standing upright and placing his hands on his hips, tilting his head as he spoke.

Around him the crowd gasped. Some began first to get up an leave, then people began filing out suddenly, suddenly all of them began to frantically run for the exits. Gosan looked around him with surprise, as did Sha-rei hearing the men behind her leave and lock her in. Then, they both watched, as did everyone on the planet via Telecast, as Giroso, evil and clever smile on his face, raised his right hand to the sky. Around them, people were filing out quickly as possible while Giroso blasted a huge hole in the roof with his right hand and formed a glowing ball with his left drooping to his side. Taking the dim ball, he thrust it up above them and watched as it soared high into the early morning air. Gosan looked at the ball for a bit and then back at Giroso. 'Goku mentioned Oozuru before, but what is it? What kind of attack is this!?' he thought frantically, realizing that this must be what Giroso had been planning.

Suddenly, as Gosan watched on, he saw that Giroso began to shake. Around him he could hear a sudden throbbing of a heartbeat, pounding, pounding endlessly as the Saiayn stared into the ball as it rose up in the sunlight. Then, all at once, his skin seemed to tear away and from beneath it a huge hairy form began to take shape, growing in size radically while Gosan quivered with shock. He grew bigger and bigger and furrer and his snout grew long with fangs that hung like Stalagmites. His eyes turned an angry red as his muscles expanded into tree-sized appendages. 'My dream...it's like my dream!' thought Gosan thinking about how Sha-rei had ben there and he had lost her to the beast. Gosan now found himself confronted by an ape of immense proportions. "No! It can't be...I can't let it happen!" Gosan spoke as he stumbled back, feeling the increasing energy in the ape.

Girosu, after he had finished growing, addressed Gosan, "Now you see, you cannot win," he said, his voice booming in a roar, "I have a special ability to turn an Oozuru that makes me several thousand times stronger than any normal Oozuru! What do you think of that, Super Saiyan?"

With a swipe of his hand he grabbed Gosan and pulled him close. Squeezing him tightly, unafraid of Gosan because he thought Gosan had no tail (he had hidden it from Sha-rei to ease her adjustment). His grip was tight, yet through all the shock, Gosan realized it wasn't that tight. In fact, it was hardly painful. He nearly laughed at the realization, at the thought of how he had once feared... In his dream he was weak and helpless but now was strong and far beyond this ape. As he moved closer to the mouth of the Girosu, now determined to eat him, he looked at the bubble of light hovering above and allowed himself to slip into it.

Soon, Girosu realized what was going on and fired a beam of Ki to the bubble to destroy it, but already the effects had taken hold. He began to expand, just as Girosu had, and soon Girosu couldn't hold him. He toppled over as Gosan crushed him under his weight, roaring every step of the way. In the room, Sha-rei first in fear of losing Gosan to this ghastly ape, shouted out for him. Then, seeing him too change into a gigantic ape, she screamed and cried out in her own sad despair. She did not know him any longer. Son Gosan ceased to be her husband and had become a Saiyan warrior.

Now the same size as Girosu, the king spoke aloud, his voice rumbling with shock, "You...you ARE a Saiyan!" Girosu roared, "You hid your tail from me!"

But it wasn't over yet, and Gosan stood up powerfully, pressing the king down with his left foot as he reared back and roared more fiercely than Girosu had ever heard a Saiyan roar. Gosan, the great black ape, with the great green tattoo still blazing upon his back, then flashed to a sudden and pure gold, growing in size to an unbelievable godlike ape never seen in the history of the planet. But, yet his ceaseless roar still rumbled the palace and the city itself.

In the city, the citizens cowered in fear as they spotted the great apes emerging from the tower. The camera inside still rolled, capturing the chaos from within the ruptured structure, when again Gosan burst outwards with light. When the great beam had cleared, Sha-rei and the people in the city could see now that Gosan was a great huge silver ape. Everywhere, the planet shook with his roar and power. Electronics fried, roads and buildings cracked.

Now, he was far stronger than Girosu, standing up much taller and so much closer to a human form. His muscles were ripped and his body more toned than as a Golden Oozuru. Eventually, he halted his violent roaring and looked down again. "You," his voice rumbled and quaked the ground below them, "have extinguished all pity from me. You think you can take the lives of your own people and not pay the price for it? Ha! I will take this burdensome cost to the people from you and send you with it to the burning depths of Hell!" he shouted as everyone in the city and through the camera could hear.

Reaching down, Gosan wrapped his hands around the king's neck. Girosu, eyes jolted with terror, struggled to remove the hands that clasped his life, stealing his breath from his body in slow, agonizing pain. He kicked hard at Gosan's back, pounding it with all his brute apish force. But Gosan continued to strangle the king, forcing the life to slowly drain from his body as if he had gaping holes leaking him of his spirit. Finally, with one last choked-roar, the king fell unconscious; dead and defeated by the supreme warrior.

that was Gosan. Leaning back at this sight, Gosan gave out a roar of dominance, pounding his chest in gorilla-like fashion.

With a release of brilliant light, that light the skies like a flashlight, he shrunk down to regular size. Covered now with the familiar wine-red fur and silver hair that stretched to his hips, he looked at the dead ape-corpse in front of him, and then at his wife, who cried while pressed tightly against the glass of her prison. He realized he was nude, but it did not matter anymore as the line between human and animal was blurred beyond the need for clothing. His cyan eyes focused the camera as he slowly approached it.

Taking the camera to face only his head, behind him the corpse lying motionless, he addressed the planet of the Saiyans, "I am Son Gosan, your new King. Girosu's reign of terror will never come. You people have for a long time tortured this galaxy, and now you suffer from your guilt. But your ways of life will soon change with my leadership. It was I who brought you back from the dead and made your consciences come forth from the depths of your hearts," he revealed to the awed audience.

"All my life I have searched for my home, and now I have it. Soon, we Saiyans will prosper as never before. But now we will be justly peacekeepers of the galaxy, unlike our bloody and shameful past."

He then shut off the camera and turned to the glass prison his wife occupied high in the arena. Unmoving, she only stared at him, tears in her eyes. Gently he rose himself to her height and stared into her quivering eyes behind the glass. He knew his mistakes were now complete.

Lifting up his hands, he grasped the glass with his power and ripped it off, throwing it aside as he moved in towards her and landed softly on the floor. Facing her, they both allowed tears to well up on their cheeks. He could see she did not know what to think of him. He knew that the one she had loved long ago had died out, and he, King Gosan had arisen in his place. Abruptly, he reverted to his normal form and approached her, taking her stiff body in his arms and trying to squeeze the love out of her sealed heart. Then, feeling her tears against his shoulder, running down across his hot epidermis, he pulled back and faced her. "What do you desire, Sha-rei?" his words scared them both.

"I don't know," she cried, confused now more than ever.

"Do you still love me – even though I seem a heartless killer, bred from nature more than from love? I still am human. Only now I am more than just human. But don't you still love me?" he nearly burst into tears at the thought that her answer may be 'no'.

"It isn't that I love you less," she finally said after a few moments, "it's that I don't know who you are anymore. I know the Gosan I love is somewhere in there," she placed her palm on his chest, "But I can't find him. The Gosan I loved was weak and gentle around me. You are a Saiyan, hardened by loss and woe, strengthened by instinct. Back there, when you fought for your people, I...I couldn't even see you in your eyes," she cried now, "I will always love you Gosan, but you and I will never be the same as we were."

In Gosan's eye formed a tear, 'How can she say this?' he tried to ascertain though he knew it true. He had wanted and longed for her for so long, and now brought back, she could not deal with him.

She was right, however, that he was very different from that fateful day more than three years ago. The change was just too sudden for her broken heart. There, alone less the dead ape lying behind them, they wept together there as he slowly realized what her wishes were and what was best.



## 6: Deliverance and Tortuous Futures

*Narrator:*

*After a few days, and after he gave her everything he could find to help her, Gosan took her back to Earth. Arriving in Satan City, he took her to Tsu to give her shelter and to find her a home. They never made love again; she felt too strange around him and instead they parted with only a goodbye hug. Behind them, and beneath his shades, Tsu teared, feeling the cold Ki around him that flowed out from the great Saiyan. With no more words, nor glances, Gosan vanished.*

*Landing back on Vegeta, he walked, tears in eyes lingering still, and thought about the unborn son inside his lost love. He decided eventually not to try and contact him, but to leave the boy behind for her to raise alone. The thought of never getting to hold his son in his arms left a deep gash of pain upon his heart, a trench in the ocean of life. But, despite his emotions, he knew that the boy would be better off to think Gosan was gone than just not coming back because he didn't love him. He remembered then the sad life of Poshku, alone on his tower, yet life still full of meaning.*

*Thus he returned to his palace to begin the Renaissance. First Gosan started a government that was more democratic and moral, with judges and laws and systems to help un the lives of the Saiyans. Eventually he began educational systems that helped the raving psychotics deal with their pasts and teach their children some other useful parts to life than fighting. He contacted other planets and refuted the Saiyans' reputation, instead forging new economic gains and bringing in outsiders to show them how to do things. His friendliness was first met with hostility and mistrust from conquered peoples. Yet, his persistence paid off and soon planet Vegeta was found to be very resourceful. Its growth was marked by an expansion in overall knowledge. Within a few years it was the leading planet in several systems of trade. The military too was destroyed as a sign of goodwill and Gosan instituted, as a substitute, legal and violent fighting to sate the thirst for battle in the Saiyans' blood.*

*As time went on, Gosan focused less and less on the planet's government and more and more on its past. He meditated often, first thinking about that night of eternal dread, about his beloved wife he could never hold again for fear of destroying her heart and spirit, about his two dreams, and about Shenlong.*

*Finally, he thought about the Saiyans and their strange existence. The more he learned and thought about it, and the less he found out, the stronger his urges became. Soon he was determined more and more to do two things: fulfill the other of his two dreams, and to find out more about where his forefathers and the kings of ages past came from...*

First, he went to the best scholars and archeological finds on Planet Vegeta to learn the known history of his planet. But nothing went further back than the wars with the Tsufurins. It was as if a dark void filled the history of the Saiyans, shrouding the truth with mystery. There was nothing known about evolution. What was known was that Vegeta's reign marked the first major step into order from the caves and huts their ancestor's occupied.

Usually, the scholars couldn't tell him anything beyond what he already knew, that Frieza became their lord and boss and had eventually destroyed them all. Gosan, of course,

knew more that happened after that, yet it wasn't what came after that mattered to him now, but what happened before.

He still wanted to know why there was even a trace of a connection to humans and why when he was mostly human himself, his Saiyan blood dominated so. This void was one that had to be filled in Gosan's mind because the absence of his true father left him devoid of something necessary in all men: to know their pasts. Soon, he decided that there was only one solution, he must go back to Earth and ask Shenlong for the answers to his question.

It took him a day to get up the courage for the trip. He hadn't seen Earth in several years and by now his son would be born. He feared that he would be unable to resist going to his wife. He feared that Kami would mention it or that some part of his past would come to haunt him, reminding him of all his mistakes he had made. Yet, the urge, the burning desires to learn drove him on and he caved into them. He left in the morning, and arrived in an instant more at Kami's lookout.

Strolling inside, staring into the beautiful blue sky he hadn't seen in years, he was greeted with surprise by Mr. Popo. Yet the greeting was less than what he expected of these old friends. Immediately, he knew something was very different about them both. As he looked on, searching Mr. Popo's wide eyes, he realized Kami was dying. He was very old now and was a paler green than even before. Approaching his side and kneeling next to him, he placed his hand on the arm of the old guardian, "Kami, how are you old friend?" he asked with sincere concern.

"Ohh, Gosan," he opened his eyes to view him, "You look marvelous, whereas I am dying. My time as Guardian is closing in."

"But you can't die Kami, I need the dragon to grant me a wish. I seek to learn of the history of my people. Besides, what will the people do without you here?"

"The people here will live on until a new guardian comes. They have been without the ability to use the Dragonballs for quite some time now, and war is not a threat at this time. If you wish to speak with Shenlong, you must hurry. Take the Dragon Radar and gather the balls for a wish. Your time is limited, so do not wander on for long; I may live another year, or another day, but the guardians of the past whisper in my ears when I dream and call me to them," he squeezed the arm of Gosan and closed his eyes as Mr. Popo left the room, tears in his eyes.

As Gosan watched Kami breathing, Mr. Popo brought him the Dragon Radar. Thanking him, Gosan left to gather the balls.

He moved as fast as time allowed, thinking constantly about the dying old Kami. He was amazed that Kami could die, but he was perplexed at how a new guardian would ever come to guard the Earth.

Using the instant transmission, he gathered them all within the day's end. He spent very little time anywhere, hastily searching for the balls and bringing them back to the lookout when he had found one. Yet, even with his speed, he still managed to come across many things, islands of wrecked and abandoned homes, country places, far grounds of battles, sometimes things he recognized in Goku's memories.

Finally, when he had all seven, he invoked the dragon. Kami had used his strength to come out from the throne room and watch as Gosan made his wishes. "What does a great king like you, Gosan, need the eternal dragon for?" he asked Gosan, unsure about his intentions.

“I need him to show me the way to my true path. I feel as though I have become sidetracked and Shenlong will help me get back,” Gosan replied looking at the balls and then at Kami, “I am not supposed to be a great leader, I am supposed to fulfill my dreams and to do that, I must follow a road not taken by any Saiyan.”

Kami thought long and hard about that statement, “Gosan, the dragon grants wishes, and Ki guides people. So follow your feelings and leave other things to Shenlong,” he advised.

Gosan thought about this and decided that the dragon was still needed for the question he wanted to know, so he rose his hands to the air and spoke, “Shenlong, rise from your lair and grant me three wishes!”

With a flash, just like before, the great dragon arose from his fiery realm and faced Gosan, “You have summoned the eternal dragon. You may ask of three wishes, and I will grant them.”

“Shenlong, all my life I have not known who I am or where I am from. Now, I rule the world that you resurrected for me, the world of my forefathers’ birth. Yet still, I only know part of the tale of my ancestry. A void fills my heart and I can’t help but think that there is a path greater for me. Dragon, I wish that you tell me the history of the Saiyan Race, where we came from and how we came to war with the race of the Tsufurins, the beginning of known Saiyan history,” he spoke to the dragon, out of breath and quivering with excitement – this was his moment to Truth.

The dragon hesitated for a moment, his long, green whiskers flickering back and forth beneath the darkened sky. Kami squinted hard at the dragon. He knew that the dragon could only do things within his own powers, yet for all his knowledge, he could not remember when he had created Shenlong or how powerful he had created him.

“I cannot grant this wish,” was the reply the elongated serpent finally gave; and the reply surprised Gosan greatly, “I cannot because it is beyond the power of my creator since he knows not the history of the Saiyans.”

‘What now?’ thought Gosan staring down and clenching his fists in irritation, ‘I counted on this, now what do I do?’

Looking again to the dragon, he had an idea. “Shenlong, as you are unable to grant me my wish, I wish for you to tell me who may further help me in my quest.”

“On the planet Namek, is the set of the original Dragonballs of the Namekian people. The eternal dragon, Porunga, may be able to grant your wish.

“What is your second wish?” the dragon requested without diddling on about his answer any longer.

Gosan, thinking for a moment turned to Kami, “There is another dragon? Kami, are you Namekian?”

Frailly, Kami looked to Gosan. He could not reply easily. Then, Mr. Popo spoke, “Yes, long ago Dende was brought by Goku from the planet Namek to be guardian here. You may go there to use the Dragonballs, but you will not be able to without the aid of a Namekian. You have to speak the language of the dragon to receive a wish. I am afraid Kami has forgotten Namekian in the one hundred plus years he has been here. But when he created Shenlong, he was fluent in his native tongue.”

Gosan, first with a feeling of defeat, looked above him upon hearing that, “Shenlong, I wish for you to give me the ability to speak Namekian so that I may summon the dragon Porunga!”

“It shall be done!” replied Shenlong and the air was filled with sounds and light as a stream of energy passed from the dragon’s eyes to Gosan, lifting him into the air and shaking him violently. “What is your third wish?”

When it ended Gosan landed again and turned to Kami, “Now, I may converse with the ancient dragon Porunga and will travel there. I only need you to show me a vision of your home planet.”

Kami shook his head and replied, “I am sorry, Gosan, but I forget all the visions of my homeland. When one approaches my age, more than just wrinkles seep into his body; sickness and senility creep into his mind as well,” he felt terribly guilty and incompetent.

Gosan, then turned to the dragon and had two separate thoughts. He knew the dragon could give Kami youth again and that would cure his sickness and memory problems. But he also realized that his son would now be a strong young boy and that the dragon could give him a view of what was going on below the lookout. He thought long and hard and finally made up his mind, deciding it best to not ask the dragon to see his family, for the Earth needed a guardian. He finally addressed Shenlong with his last wish, “Shenlong, though I long to see my family that I left here on Earth so many years ago, I realize that you and Earth both depend greatly on the life of Kami. As my third wish I ask that you give Kami his youth once more so that he may live on for several more years as the guardian of the Earth!” he was happy and felt very prideful at this wish. Kami himself was shocked, and stared back up at the dragon, who looked down at him. It seemed to be seeking his permission, to be testing the limits of his powers. Kami again squinted his eyes and slowly shook his head.

“I cannot grant this wish,” was the reply of the great dragon, “It is beyond the power of my creator to make himself young again so I may not do so for him. What is your third wish?” he repeated as if the last wish had never been said.

Gosan thought now to himself, ‘Damn! I was sure he could do that, but I guess he can’t. What now!?’ He had two large problems. Earth needed a guardian to replace Kami, but Kami could not show Gosan the planet Namek. He had to ask the dragon to take him to the planet Namek. He turned to face Kami once more before making the wish, “Kami, I tried to extend your life, but I cannot. You must promise me that you will stay alive under Mr. Popo’s care until I return from Namek with a pure soul to replace you.”

“I will attempt this favor for you, Gosan,” Kami replied as he smiled, “But you must not ask Porunga to extend my life either. It is the natural role for guardianship to pass to new souls so that former ones may rest in the graveyard within the confines of the Sanctuary. Besides, on Namek you will find many good people, choose wisely, and be careful.”

“One last thing Kami, please tell me something,” he bit his lip as he realized his weakness had overcome him, “How is my family?”

“Hmm. Yes I remember you bringing them here a few years ago and I have watched over them bringing as much good fortune to them as I can. Your son is strong and pure of heart, as has been his lineage since the time of Goku. But already, Ki is weaving his fate and I cannot determine his path for you. I can only say that fighting will undoubtedly be part of his life, like is father’s.”

This slightly pleased Gosan and he thanked Kami, shaking his hand with a warm smile. He then returned to the dragon, expressionless and waiting for the third wish, “Shenlong, as you cannot save the guardian of Earth, I wish for you to send me to the planet Namek to find a new guardian and to summon Porunga to grant me my desires!” Gosan shouted

as he turned back to Kami and Mr. Popo behind him, waiving to them with another friendly smile. He planned to hurry and return, to fulfill his end of the bargain and repay the old Kami for all he had given to everyone and to Gosan's wife and son.

"It shall be done!" was again the reply Shenlong gave.

With a blinding flash of light, he moved Gosan across the galaxy to a planet far removed from Earth, and with trouble brewing in its core.

Planet Namek

*Narrator:*

*Gosan watched around him as he passed through a tunnel of light. Surrounded by warmth and amazing colors of the passageway similar to the one he used for traveling between planets, Gosan soon spotted the planet approaching and then arrived with a sudden stop.*

*All around him, green blanketed everything. It was a green planet, like Vegeta a red one, and Earth a blue one, and the sky was deep as any he had ever seen. The air was sweet and easy to breath, yet he shared it with no creatures around him. Quickly he noticed that the planet was much more empty than Earth or the bustling hub Vegeta. He instantly felt very lonely here, standing on the blue grass-tufts and yellow dirt.*

*Gosan, as he walked, noticed there was a very large amount of water surrounding every scattered region of uninhabited islands. Several dead and pale-blue bushes and trees, he noticed, covered the ground. It appeared to him, and was confirmed by large cracks in the dirt, that even with the sea all around the islands, it had not rained in a very long time. Up above, he noticed too that no clouds blocked the sight of the deep green sky.*

*There were few trees or animals around him and so without spending much time he searched for large signs of life. He felt only a small amount of Ki coming from an area to his right, but, without much else, that was his only hope. So he began to fly towards it, in pursuit of any signs of intelligent life...*

As he approached, he took the Dragon Radar from the pocket of his Gi. The top given to him by Goku, battle-worn but repaired, flapped in the wind as he rushed towards the small Ki presence. But, looking on the tool he saw that he was also heading towards at least one of the seven balls. 'Well, that's hopeful news,' he thought as he watched the marine life below him swimming about. The air rushing into his face was magnificent and refreshing. He had only been here a few minutes and already he really enjoyed the lonely and silent feelings that he felt here. Ever since leaving Sha-rei behind, he had felt an inner sorrow, yet only now was he able to reflect back on his days.

Behind him, waves rushed up into walls of water as the air masses around him shifted at his presence. At his rate, he was unable to keep count of the hundreds of islands he passed. One time even, his speed didn't allow him to spot a mountain in time and he plowed right through it, discovering that his power was beyond even the depths that he recognized. Behind him the mountain shattered and crumbled as though some godly force had smashed it.

After that he passed over a vast ocean, without islands in its middle. But, eventually, he saw a large mountain, or more of a sudden plateau jutting from a large land mass and he gained on it quickly. 'The coast,' he thought as he accelerated. Passing over it, he

noticed a city off in the distant right and changed direction. In no time he arrived over it and halted his flight abruptly.

All around the large metropolis was desert; the land had been long ago stripped away by agriculture and mining. The city once appeared to be growing but was now deteriorating in the strong winds and desert landscape.

He descended quickly and landed in the streets to investigate further when he noticed there was no one around him. There were thousands of homes and other buildings surrounding his view, yet all seemed abandoned for a long period of time. He began walking down the street, looking for signs of residence, but still saw none. He came to the end of one street and into an intersection. Yet there were no vehicles, and no people in them. So he went down to the right.

The whole time he was searching, he observed the architecture that surrounded his view. Short buildings, shaped a lot like those at Kami's Sanctuary, lined all the streets. Everywhere, broken glass and crumbling stone filed the streets. Winds that swept uninhibited through the city creaked the structures and rattled the metal and other objects that lined the street.

Finally, he came to the end of this street where there was one home that looked promising. The small hut, with no vehicles, animals, or even plants outside glowed from within - evidence of use of fire or electricity. Gosan approached it with preparedness for anything, though there was no indication that any great powers were around him; just that faint signal he felt before.

Finally, Gosan reached the home and studied the dome-like white structure. Before he had wondered why there was no trade with this planet, but now he knew; there were few people. 'If only I'd have known about this planet. If Namek truly had a drought problem, I would have helped them,' he thought, blaming himself now for even this problem, thought it now appeared as if it was too late for that.

He stuck out his hand and knocked on the door. There was no answer. He knocked again, he could here the fire inside crackling on dry brush and wood. Out of the back, he could see smoke rising, too. He reached for the doorknob when he heard the patter of feet from around the side. Getting into a quick stance he turned around to face whoever was approaching. There, though, all he saw was a young, short green Namekian carrying some grain and wood in his arms, followed by a strange creature sort-of like a dog in its movements. Gosan's aggression soon turned to fascination as he saw the Namekian boy had antennae and pointy ears that stuck straight out. 'He looks kind of like Kami,' Gosan thought.

Across Gosan, the boy had stopped, and stood staring into Gosan's eyes, looking a bit frightened. The six-legged yellow animal beside him made a funny noise a lot like growling, but less menacing, as it showed its sharp teeth. Gosan, smiling and placing his hands on his hips, still in that orange and blue Gi, watched the boy set down his items and begin to draw a sword from his belt. "Come now," Gosan said in Namekian and placing one hand out to halt the boy, "I am no enemy of yours, put away the sword and talk to me as a friend."

The boy, first gave a confused and frightful look. Then, staring into Gosan's eyes he found comfort and sheathed his weapon. 'Uh-oh, maybe they speak differently now-a-days,' thought Gosan wondering why the boy was silent. He went to say something but

the boy caught him off guard, “How do you know my language, you are no Namekian. Who are you?”

“Very observant,” replied Gosan with the perfect accent given to him by the dragon, “I learned it on a far-away planet and have traveled to Namek seeking two things. I wonder if you might help me?”

“Maybe, depends on what you do. For now you are welcome to come inside my hut and eat with me.”

“You are kind, though I do not ask for food, only your time,” Gosan could see that below the boy’s pretension and fear was a gentle, kind Ki.

“Time is one thing I have that I can give,” he answered, smiling, “but I insist you come eat with me over the warmth of a fire.”

“Alright, you have convinced me,” Gosan replied with a smile that immediately relaxed some of the boy’s tensions.

The boy and Gosan carried the items inside and the animal followed, sniffing Gosan excitedly as he closed the hut’s front door behind him.

### Mikinko’s Hut

*Narrator:*

*The boy and Gosan set the items on the table in the wore-down Kitchen area. It seemed to Gosan that if there was a place that described dilapidated, this was it. The small green boy first attended the fire and threw the brush on it, raising the flames higher. Beneath the lone window of the domed hut was a mattress with some torn blankets. The floor itself was dirt, yet it seemed as though one rain could sink the whole hut into mud. Above the bed, and scattered around the hut were dozens of photos of other Namekians, some young, some old, some smiling, and some expressionless. On a rack opposite the bed were several farming tools and a broken pole that appeared to be used for fishing. Some books were spread around the place, all covered with dust and ash from years of neglect.*

*The kitchen, or what part was dedicated to it, was fairly empty with nothing but a table, a chair, and a stove. The sink was rusted and broken. Instead a pump pulled water from underneath them into a hose to the sink. The life of this young boy was sad, indeed, and Gosan stared at the young lad with a bit of pride; that this young boy could work so easily and live so well in such conditions. He literally had nothing of any value except the photos and books.*

*So as Gosan sat, the boy began to prepare and move things about him, hastily preparing items for use with precision of a professional. Every once in a while he gave Gosan a glance, suspicious of the sudden and strange intruder. He still wasn’t quite able to make sense of the friendly, spiky-haired, dressed in orange Gi, and built well Saiyan; who incidentally was trying to do the same with the tough little creature working around him...*

“So, who are you anyways? I have never met someone like yourself,” queried the boy, after returning to the Kitchen to prepare a meal.

“My name is Son Gosan, I am the king on a distant planet called Vegeta,” Gosan replied with complete honesty.

“A king?” the boy said with a hint of disbelief in his voice, he faced Gosan to evaluate his face.

“Yes...you don’t believe me, do you? That’s alright, I don’t expect you to take the word of a total stranger,” Gosan’s voice was reassuring, calm, and reasonable.

“Well, it’s just that why would a king be on such a miserable planet as this one?” the boy turned back to his work of moving items around.

“I am not sure how much you’ll understand, but I am here searching for the Dragonballs,” he continued as they conversed still in Namekian.

“Oh, I see...another one of those types,” he surmised with a tone of disgust.

Gosan was taken aback at this small boy’s cynicism. “Another one of those types?” Gosan echoed, “No, you misunderstand, I haven’t come here looking for riches or something, or eternal life. I am on a few missions here. One is that I need to find a pure-hearted soul to become the guardian of the Earth.”

“Ha!” the boy smirked, “Well you came to the wrong planet ‘King’ Gosan. All the pure-hearted beings here are long gone. You are many years too late for that,” he spoke now in a sad tone, staring off into the window.

At that moment, Gosan knew that this boy was older than he looked. His childhood was long gone, stolen from him many years past by some terrible thief. He suddenly remembered he had not gotten the boy’s name. “What is your name young Namekian?” he asked, feeling rude to have forgotten to do such a thing.

“My name is Mikinko,” he answered, turning around to face him, a tear in his eye, “But names don’t matter if no one is around to say them.”

“I see...where is your family?” Gosan asked gesturing to the photos.

“They are with the rest of those pure-hearted souls your looking for,” he turned again, unable to look at the photos.

“Oh,” said Gosan with a feeling of guilt, “what happened here? I mean, I envisioned a great civilization when I saw the city from a distance, but it seems deserted.”

“You could say that,” Mikinko replied, now focusing on preparing the meager grain on the table, “It’s a long, sad story, Gosan...”

“I have heard and seen many sad stories in my lifetime, too. Some of them as woeful as anything out of Hell itself. Besides, I have nowhere to be and no one to see,” he spoke to him, reassuring him.

“OK, I’ll tell you. I’ve got nothing else better to do,” he mumbled the last part.

“It began many years before I was born. After a huge civil war among the tribes for a leader, a new government was formed under one great leader. This leader, according to the textbooks, led all the Namekians into a new age of discovery. He took our people out of the ‘savage’ lifestyles we used to have, guarding the Dragonballs and growing trees. Until his revolution, our culture had always been based on agriculture, and sharing of trust and respect.

“With the discovery of certain scientific phenomena and methods of doing things we had never done, the Namekian population boomed. You see, all Namekians are unisex, to reproduce we create an egg that shoots out of our mouth fully prepared to hatch. With the expansion of food base, more Namekians were hatched to fill the needs of expansion. My family alone had seven of us children to one parent.

“About that time, scientists were working with weather predictability. From what I have read, they were trying to optimize the downfall of rain in certain areas using chemicals.



One day, at a plant for manufacturing the chemical, it's anti-product, an inhibitor of rain, was sprayed into the sky uncontrollably, just long enough to spread across the globe. Apparently it cooled the waters and air everywhere by blocking sunlight and clouds ceased to form. Soon all crops died and we reverted to fishing. But as the fish moved farther away from the cities, millions began to die. As a way to avoid death, many people began to fuse into one being."

"Excuse me, fuse?" Gosan interrupted, he thought the story was rather odd already.

"Yes," the boy was now cooking some sort of bread, "a Namekian, being unisex, can fuse with another and combine mind and soul into one being, permanently. You place your hand on the chest of the one joining you, and synchronize your bodies," the boy gestured to his right to demonstrate, "Anyhow, thousands began to fuse in massive numbers as fear gripped the world when the rains did not come again.

"Soon, one clever and powerful Namekian offered safe 'housing' to thousands. Thousands of souls he had in him and greedy for more he began to force whole families to join him. He came to this city just a few years ago. My entire family was forced by his men to join with him when I was young. My parent hid me in the mountains when he had first come to the city, so at least part of the family could live on.

"Living alone, I was forced to learn how to take care of myself, and by the time I learned how to get back here, the city was all deserted; absorbed by his greed and lust for power. He has millions in him now. His body towers above any other's body and his knowledge is great. He is good deep down, but his shell is evil. I would kill him, but even if I could, I'd lose hope of ever getting back my family," he clenched his tiny fists and tears ran down his cheeks freely.

"Wow," Gosan said after a few moments; he was in shock at how such a beautiful fusion of people could turn into such a horrible source of evil and annihilate an entire people.

By then Mikinko had finished preparing the flat bread on the stove and they sat together around the fire and ate. Both sat silently as they each recounted their own stories in their heads. It seemed desperation had guided both their lives for many years now. Staring into the fire, remembering the burning flesh of his body beneath the dragon's breath, Gosan pondered a solution to his new friend's problems. Then Gosan finally had a thought. "He can't split himself once the drought ends?"

"No, it is a permanent process. He can instead make eggs of new beings, but he'd have to raise each himself and probably would only have a few. None of them would be my family or friends," his bitter thoughts shown on his face.

"Well, I know that the dragon could probably fix this. If the creator is still alive," he stated in a questioning manner, turning to face the young boy who stared hungrily into the fire.

"Oh, yes, he's alive," he turned to face Gosan, "He hid himself from everyone, though, during the scientific revolution as a protest to change. He and all the elders who were alive hid the Dragonballs and themselves so well that no one has ever found them. They are very large and probably plowed deep into the planet's crust by now. If someone could have found them this drought would have ended long ago, and the people would have been freed from their bondages," he had long ago given up hope.

"I know one way to find them," Gosan smiled slyly as he stared at the young Namekian in the glow of the dying fire.

"Right," said Mikinko, chuckling at the King, belittling the Hero before he spoke.

“No really,” he reaffirmed as he reached into his pocket and pulled out the Dragon Radar, “On Earth, our guardian created Dragonballs just like here and a long time ago, someone invented this device to locate the balls quickly. Look,” he said showing Mikinko how the device beeped with the picture of one only Kilometers away.

“What does that mean?” Mikinko asked unbelieving, staring at the funny round tool with a green face and yellow, flashing writing.

“It means that there is one only three units away from here, probably in the city,” he said pointing to the symbols flashing.

“You trying to tell me that this little thing,” he pointed to the radar, “can tell you where all seven of the Dragonballs are? Yeah right,” he thought it was the stupidest thing he’d ever heard.

“How do you think I found the balls to get here?” Gosan questioned him, to prove his point.

“You are crazy. You probably landed in a ship. You just want my knowledge of the planet to get your hands on the Dragonballs,” he was still untrusting

“Alright I’ll prove it. Stay here and I’ll be right back with one,” Gosan said defiantly.

He then concentrated on what the balls looked like and disappeared right in front of Mikinko; who continued to stare, wide-eyed at the spot where Gosan had just been.

Gosan arrived at the spot only 20 meters from the ball and looked around. Floating in mid-air, Gosan could see that the radar located the ball as being right in the middle of the large plateau mountain that sat next to the city. Following the radar, he flew in closer to the side found where the ball was buried. Gosan had no doubt he could get the ball out, only he wanted to know how hard to blast. Upon inspection, Gosan learned that the rock was actually just a sandy type of stone. Then he looked back to the city, ‘I don’t guess a landslide will harm anything – Mikinko’s house is way over there,’ he stared off three kilometers away, where he could see the little hut and smoke rising from it. Turning back to the mountain he tried to pinpoint as much as possible where the ball was and then moved back. Placing his hands in a triangle, he zeroed in on the spot where he’d decided and pulled a bunch of energy inward. “Tri-beam HA!” he shouted as a laser tight blast rocketed from his body and slammed into the rock below. Instantly the mountain was halved, rubble came crashing down, rolling uncontrollably into the city, and smashing the buildings like paper-houses. Then he flashed up SS and started to concentrate on swirling the wind around him. Lowering to the still crumbling mountain, he made the winds sweep away into a cyclone all the dust and rubble that occupied the heap. Soon, in the great swirling cyclone, Gosan could see a glint of orange developing. “Hyaa!” he shouted, as his power blasted away all the dust linearly, allowing the rubble to rain down on city and ocean. Reverting back to normal, he lowered himself to the ground again, smiling. There in the center, was a humongous Dragonball, the five-starred one, shimmering in the light of the green sky. Gosan placed his hands on the ball and transported back to the hut.

There, Mikinko was standing at the door, watching the dust and rubble rain down from the sky. Upon seeing the boy standing there, not seeing him, he spoke, “Soon that’ll be real rain falling from the sky,” he smiled.

The boy turned, surprised by the words behind him, and unable to speak, just stared at the huge, orange ball lying on the ground. He couldn’t believe his eyes; Gosan had retrieved the first Dragonball since their reformation over two hundred years ago!

“Wha...how...where did you get that!?”

“Well it was deep in that mountain over there, so I had to blast it away,” Gosan pointed with his thumb over his shoulder

“You blew off part of Mt. Guru!?”

“Actually, I blasted away about half – but it was the good half,” he scratched the back of his head.

“Unbelievable! How did you do that? I mean, that’s a mountain! And how’d you disappear and reappear like that!?” he was so confused and amazed at Gosan’s abilities.

“I used my Ki...don’t your people know about Ki? The guardian of Earth does at least,”

“Some of us, but most have forgotten. And no one has that kind of power except Jobey, and he isn’t half that strong,” he was amazed, as he, for the first time, observed the powerful warrior with a sense of hope and admiration.

“Who’s Jobey?” Gosan asked, happy eyes turning inquisitive.

“He is the Super-Namek I was talking about, the one with all my family,” Mikinko continued to stare at Gosan’s muscles and then back at the ball, finally approaching it and placing his hand on the surface to test it.

“Ohh,” Gosan said unsurprised, watching the boy with happiness, “well, I think you should come with me to get the rest so we can set the planet straight. Although I can get around, I need a guide and a companion. Besides, I think that your life is going to change now and you don’t need to live in this little hut anymore,” he decided.

Mikinko looked around at his meager apartment and then back at the giant ball, then to Gosan, “What about Churi?” he pointed over to the pet who lay watching them.

“Get him some food for the next few days and leave him here. When we’re finished, we’ll come back for him. Besides,” he added, “the fight with Jobey will be no place for animals.”

The kid laughed and nodded with agreement, “I’ll just leave the door open, he eats grass and doesn’t need water, so he’ll be fine,” he answered smiling.

Gosan laughed at the funny little boy who now seemed more like a kid than ever, purely happy with not a drop of greed in him. He really just needed a friend and someone who actually cared about him. He could see in Gosan’s wide eyes that deep down, he was a pure-hearted guy with good intentions. With that, Gosan took out the Radar and planned out their next stop and Mikinko gathered his few belongings he wanted to keep, and the rest of the bread they’d eat on the way.

“Ready?” Gosan asked him when the boy had on a pack, standing there in his rags, smiling at thoughts of seeing his family again.

The boy looked at him and nodded, then strolled over to Gosan. Grabbing his shoulder, Gosan concentrated on the next Dragonball and when he found it pushed them both through the changes needed to travel. Suddenly, they left the small, rounded hut, and Churi, behind with only swirling smoke from the dead fire swirling in their empty void.

Flushon Plains

*Narrator:*

*The two spent the rest of the day searching for the other six Dragonballs. There wasn’t much trouble with any part of the journey, although three had landed under the water*

*and Gosan had to move the water completely out of the way once since it was too deep to get to the bottom.*

*They set the Dragonballs on land when they had to go out to the ocean. Gosan had intended to go alone when he discovered that Mikinko could fly all along. So, Mikinko went with him every time to find their Dragonballs, watching in amazement as the great king manipulated Ki to constantly get what he desired. The sight was a most awesome feeling to him.*

*The whole time, too, they talked and Gosan told him about Kami and the other Dragonballs on Earth. Mikinko spoke mostly about his own family and what life was like before it was taken from them by Jobey. How his parent had been a agricultural and environmental leader that opposed the chemical development but failed. But Gosan never spoke of Sha-rei, his son, or Frost. Anything past the life he had on Vegeta seemed too painful to think about, even his own childhood. Yet, he found pleasure in hearing Mikinko's refound hope, and anger that a being had taken away the innocence of him at such a young age.*

*Soon, they had all seven of the gigantic spheres. Gosan decided he wanted to use the dragon to attract Jobey, so they spent the next day flying to where Mikinko was sure they would attract the attention of Jobey: Flushon, a section of depleted ruins sitting in Flushon Plains, located outside the only city that Jobey had not conquered yet.*

*The city in Flushon was in perpetual war with Jobey and his small army of fused Namekian pirates. Jobey only kept them around, Mikinko told Gosan, because each performed a task that was vital to Jobey's lifestyle. Some were doctors, others cooks or servants; most were warrior bodyguards paid handsomely to guard Jobey's expensive life. They have camped out on the outskirts of the city for a couple years. They have been unable, thus far, to penetrate the thick dome over the city, constructed after the beginning of the dreaded Drought. Inside the city was a large freshwater lake that they protected from evaporation and used to feed a strictly populated mass. The dome was guarded by specially designed sentinel-guns that targeted moving objects and fired pulse rounds. Jobey, unable to penetrate the parameter of the guns' sights, has camped outside awaiting his chance to raid the city, and taking the lives of anyone who is unfortunate enough to cross his path.*

*Gosan and the short, intelligent Mikinko arrived there late that night, as it was located across the planet, and made camp on the far end of the action. Gosan went to the ocean and caught them a large fish of some kind, letting Mikinko prepare the marine animal while he gazed out at the stars. At dinner, Mikinko soon discovered the ferocious appetite of Gosan as they sat there around their fire; and he was worried the fish would go to waste! Tiredly, they slept under the towering image of the dome covering lake Flushon, watching the fireworks and explosions created by the sentinel guns in their attempts to thwart Jobey's men's raids on the city beneath them...*

Throughout the night, it had been mostly quiet, but in the morning, they both awoke suddenly to a large explosion that lit up the sky with immense light and shook the ground intensely. Mikinko remarked that Jobey must be trying to use launched missiles again, "I use to watch it on the news back home by intercepting the right frequency from an antenna in my home city. That was while there was power in the city though. This city stole the power systems from my city a few months ago and so I had no more power.

Anyhow, I saw Jobey's men launch these missiles at the dome's only entrance only to see that the guns calculated the movements of the missiles and shot them down.

"One time," he came up with another story, as they sat staring at the cloud of smoke rising in the distance, "the city's engineers found tunnels Jobey's men had dug trying to get into the city. They filled them with a tough plaster and celebrated as Jobey sent them an angry broadcast from his headquarters about how he would never end his war on them," Mikinko recounted the sad story of Flushon.

Finally after watching, Mikinko took Gosan into the plains and showed him what made them so special, yet dangerous. They came upon a hole in the dirt, surrounded by vines on a bush with beautiful berries, tender and red, dripping with moisture. "This is a Cachua plant," Mikinko pointed to the bush, "It's berries are the tastiest thing you'll probably ever eat. But, for us Namekians, before the revolution and bioengineering, the Cachua was a vicious carnivorous plant. The lure is the fruit. If you take one, though, the plant comes out of its labyrinth and swallows you whole. It was a popular sport here in Flushon to catch the berries and kill the plants. But, people don't try anymore, few know how to kill the plant. If you want the best breakfast you ever tasted, this is it. But don't be surprised – it is a very fast plant," he dared the great hero.

"Hmm...sounds scary, for you maybe," he boasted, though a little worried with all the hype Mikinko gave it, "But I gather it's well worth the fruit," he looked back at the boy, "I suppose I got to share this with you huh?"

"Well, if I hadn't told you about them, you'd either never have one, or you'd be in its belly by now," he was sly, and hungry.

"Alright, stand back," he pushed the boy back; though it wasn't necessary – he ran away! Flexing his muscles and concentrated, Gosan flashed up to SS.

Then, slowly, he reached down and grabbed ahold of one of the large, palm-sized fruits. He could feel Ki flowing suddenly into the ground, sending word to the Cachua that a meal was coming. Just to be careful, Gosan increased his power. Then, he gave a good quick snag. "pluck," the vine made a small noise.

At first, nothing happened and Gosan looked at the fruit, then back at the ground, "Hmph, mischievous child," he groaned.

Then, all at once, the ground began to vibrate. Around him the ground rippled into snake like directions, moving swiftly around. Then, vines, like appendages began to emerge partly from the ground; each round as trees, they blocked his sight of Mikinko. Then he heard the grumbling. Staring back into the hole, he saw the skin of it move deep in the chasm, his eyes widened with fear. Suddenly, the entire ground burst out from beneath him as the beast's head emerged. "Holy shit!!" Gosan was tossed up into the air, then hovered up high to get a view.

Below him, he could see Mikinko sitting up on the rocks, crying with fear. Slowly the entire plant finished emerging from the ground. 'It looks more like a monster than a plant!' he thought, feeling safe at his height. On top of it, he could see that the plant really was like a green massive body; on top, dirt and vines with berries covered his head, below emerged several dozen tentacles, each the size of Redwoods, and equal in length, all with a sucker of sorts on the end.

In the city, an alarm sounded as the chief watchman noticed the plant emerge. All the guns moved to face the beast in case of attack. Gosan felt so clumsy and stupid at the move that he did not see the vine coming towards him. Even at his height, the vine was

able to nearly reach him. His surprise at its length was only increased when suddenly, tiny vines reached out from within the suction hole and grabbed his lowest leg. He then realized he still had the fruit in his hand, which probably attracted the plant upwards.

But this attack was all the plant would get from him. “Hyaaa!” he shouted as he flamed up in power, burning off the sinews of the outstretched vines.

The arm shot back with pain as Gosan raised his empty left hand, flattening his palm. Above it, a round disc formed as another tentacle was reaching up into the sky. Widening it around him, soon he seemed a helicopter, with his rotating blades hovering overhead, bright as the sun above him. “Destructo-Disc,” he shouted hurling the disc down, slicing the vine at its base, allowing it to crash, lifeless to the ground.

Then, using his left hand’s index and middle fingers, he guided the blade around, slicing each and every one of the vines till the plains were covered with these tree-sized, ropelike appendages. The sap oozed freely like blood across the plains, moisturizing it, as the beast gave out a roar of pain. Finally, the plant tilted its body up to face Gosan, he could see its sharp, bladed teeth that lined the round mouth. Suddenly, the mouth opened and fired up a steady bursting stream of liquid; it smelt of acid. Gosan barely avoided it. He was sorry he had disturbed the old beast, but now he had to kill it. Reaching his arm back above him, he formed a ball in his left hand. “Haa!” he yelled out as he fired the ball downward, yellow streaking through the sky as it crashed into the face of the plant, exploding it into bits.

The top half managed to land upright, the fruit exposed to him and all became silent. Slowly he descended to the plant and stared into the large gaping hole that once formed a mouth. Behind him, Mikinko came running up to him. They both stared down into the crater, awe over the boy’s face. He could tell Gosan was irritated. “Here,” Gosan said, handing Mikinko the fruit, “take your fruit.”

“I’m sorry Gosan, but I didn’t think...”

“What? That this one could be so huge. I am not angry that I had to fight so much over a piece of fruit. I am irritated because I just killed hundreds of years of a gorgeous plant. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t think he’d be so huge! Usually they come out of the hole. I thought he’d be about your size. But, this one owned all of these plants. In fact...” he thought placing his palms on his head, “I’ll bet. No...is it possible?”

“What are you gibbering about now!?”

“Well, I read somewhere that the first Cachua plant came from a meteor that landed here thousands of years ago. It seems possible that this one just might be the grandparent of them all! Look at him,” he pointed to it, “he’s huge! No one has ever killed one this size. If it’s true, Gosan, if this is the original Cachua, then you have just performed a legendary feat. It says also in the legend that only the greatest warrior ever could defeat the mythical beast!”

“Killing such a creature does not make one great,” he scolded, “Still, I suppose that it’s killed his fair share of animals and Namekians. I don’t see how it could live off of little old me for so long. The hole there means it must have either been there awhile, or taken another one’s hole.”

“Probably both,” Mikinko confirmed, “It has been well documented that the plant migrates slowly over many years, underground, moving only centimeters a year. It probably came here a few years ago and ate the Cachua already here, moving towards the

city. So you probably just saved all these people from a vicious and painful death,” he concluded.

“Hmm...maybe you’re right,” he decided, “Well, there is no waste in the circle of life, so let us eat the fruit before the bacterium do,” he said as he walked over and started plucking the fruit from the vine.

Mikinko nodded and followed Gosan as they both picked all the fruit they could hold and went back to camp, leaving the huge plant to decay out in the sun, providing energy for life to continue on the great plains of Flushon.

Sitting down on the ground, Gosan and Mikinko immediately bit into the fruit, hunger driving their stomachs into a rampage of angry growling. Gosan immediately discovered that the boy’s words were no lie: it was the best thing he’d ever tasted in his life. He could not halt his eating, and soon had devoured every one of his own fruits and ran back to the plant to gather more.

Mikinko laughed at the sight, feeling joy at tasting the fruit that reminded him of days long passed, and how soon it may be possible that his family could return to him.

Eventually, Gosan grew full and they both collapsed on the rock, lying beneath the sun. ‘That fruit was so filling, so tasty, and juicy!’ he thought as he realized he wasn’t even thirsty, the perfect food, ‘I feel like my energy has gone up too.’

Finally, they both finished basking in the heat and sat up, looking at each other with anticipation. “Well, are you ready to get your life back?” Gosan asked the boy with a warm, sincere smile.

Mikinko nodded excitedly at the question, wiping the juice from his mouth.

“Good, but remember, I get to say the wishes. You’ll just have to trust in what I say, alright?”

The boy, whereas before would have been suspicious, had no worries now. In his mind, there was something so special about Gosan, so different – like an energy of a greater good - and he felt no mistrust anymore. He would trust Gosan with his life and with his people’s lives if needed. Eagerly, he nodded and shook Gosan’s hand as a sign of promise.

Together they walked over to the pile near them. Uncovering the Dragonballs in the brush (they had covered them to hide them from scanning pirates), Gosan lightly brushed them all clean with his hand and then pulled Mikinko back a few meters. “Get ready,” he said turning to Mikinko, who clenched his fist with hope as Gosan raised his arms into the air, “Porunga, rise from your lair and grant me three wishes!”

He stepped back for a moment and then waited, anxious to see this dragon. Then, the balls began to glow, and as had the ones on Earth. Mikinko leaned forward now staring into them as above them, the sky grew dim in mid-day light. Suddenly, they all exploded with rays of light and a stream of energy spouted forth from them, rising upwards swift as the wind. Mikinko covered his eyes from the blinding light, while Gosan closed them and absorbed the energy, sharing its magnificence with his own, mystical Ki. This one was far more powerful than Shenlong, and he could tell.

When the light had cleared, Gosan stumbled back a bit, as did Mikinko. The sky, even with the explosions and sun overhead had turned a dark, impenetrable green. Above them rose a brutish dragon thousands of feet high with muscled arms stretched down to the city and huge, black horns coming from his head. He was not the long serpent Shenlong was, but instead appeared very tough and warrior-like, eyes glowing an angry

red. The green aura that glowed around him lit the ground, illuminating Gosan and Mikinko, who had taken refuge in fear behind Gosan's legs.

"You have summoned the eternal dragon," said Porunga in Namekian, his voice roaring, cracking into the night like thunder, "You may ask three wishes, and I will grant them. What is your first wish?"

On the far side of the city, the explosions had stopped and the alarms again sounded from within. All of the guns turned immediately to face the dragon, who paid them no head or attention. Great spotlights were cast from towered stations onto the great dragon as the Namekians inside stopped their daily lives to gaze in wonderment at the creature hovering above their homes.

But the dragon paid them no mind, either, nor the criminals on the far side, camped out as they awaited an opportunity to perform dastardly deeds. Instead, Porunga focused on Gosan with his hands still raised into the air. Finally, after Gosan had caught his throat, and his breath, he addressed the great wonder of the Universe, "Porunga, while on another planet named Earth, I had summoned another dragon," he spoke as though Porunga must know of him, "Shenlong, however, was unable to grant me my initial wish because it was beyond his power. So he sent me here, to you and your powers, for help. Dragon, I wish for you to grant me this: tell me of the ancestry of the Saiyan race - how we came to be and why we know nothing of our past beyond the war with the Tsurfurins." Gosan stood a while and awaited his response with a great deal of hope in his heart. Above him the dragon eyed him and focused his energies to performing the task. Gosan waited, sure he would get his wish, smiling triumphantly. Finally, the dragon responded, "I cannot grant this wish as it is beyond the knowledge of my creator. He does not know the history of the race of your forefathers because he was born afterwards. Therefore, it is beyond my power to grant this wish! What is your first wish?" he bellowed.

Gosan's heart sank at this. 'I can't believe it, he's no more helpful than Shenlong. Damn, what now,' he thought as he looked back at the boy, who though eagerly awaited Gosan's wish that would help him and displayed his sincere disappointment that Gosan would not find out the answer to the question that took Gosan on his epic journey.

Gosan then repeated what he had asked Shenlong earlier, "Porunga, I wish for you to tell me who may further my investigation?"

To this the dragon did reply, "On the far edge of the galaxy, there is a wizard who inhabits an entire planet alone. This planet, orbited by six suns, and surrounded by several moons, is barren and a wasteland of desolation. Here he has lived in exile and hiding for well over 2000 years. He will be able to tell you the information you desire. What is your second wish?"

Gosan knew that again he had several paths to take. In the one hand, he could learn what planet this wizard lived on, or even bring him here (although Gosan thought it rude to take him from hiding). In the other he had to be able to fulfill his promise to Mikinko. To do that he needed to not only undo the fusions, but to reverse the epidemic that had swept this planet into devastation. Two wishes, one promise. He knew, too, that a true hero had no doubts about what was noble and just. But who said he had any doubts?

"Porunga, my friend here," he spoke, pointing to Mikinko, "has been witness to a terrible atrocity. His family and millions of others were forced into fusion with one, powerful being to save their lives and to give gain to a being named Jobey who is on the other side



of this city. I wish for you to undo all the fusions of his and others' bodies in order to bring back Mikinko's and others' families!"

"It shall be done!" replied the great dragon and his eyes glowed bright red in saying so.

With a flash and a bang, a stream of lightning shot out over the city and struck at the encampment outside of its walls. At first, the Namekians inside the city ran for cover when the bolt neared them. They worried now that Jobey had summoned the dragon and meant their city harm. But, after a moment, people inside began to move towards cameras and the glass dome and use telescopes to see the amazing sight occurring outside.

The lightning flash had struck Jobey, a giant Namekian, and now separated him from his men. It looked at first as though the dragon's bolt was going to kill Jobey, until he began to change shape. Suddenly after a last attempt to retain them all, Jobey's body quivered as souls began to emerge from his body and pour out onto the ground around him. They were piling up on each other, so many came out, and soon the dragon moved Jobey with the bolt as thousands more poured out. Eventually, their bodies began to form around these souls when a new bolt from the dragon appeared and renewed their flesh and minds. Meanwhile, Mikinko and Gosan flew up into the air to have a look, behind them their bodies, the towering Porunga flashed and grunted with powers. But, on the other side of the city, they could see a sea of green bodies filling the ground up. There too, they could see the body of the giant slowly shrinking as souls ripped free, painfully from his body, lying naked on the ground around them. Each looking blankly into the sky and then back up to the dragon to realize the sudden force that had brought them back into existence. Some feared the worst, death by starvation or dehydration. Some feared Jobey's men, who stood behind him, perplexed and shaking with fear. But most were gleeful that such a miracle could have ever taken place.

When the bolt finally ended, the people outside stood there, unknowing of what to do next. Some of them looked around to the city, to walk towards it, only to be shot by the sentinel guns. Inside, orders ran through to shut off the guns temporarily, until they knew what devilish plan this was of Jobey's. In the passage of only a few minutes, the planet Namek had grown in population to well over 2 million. The entire ground was nothing but endless green, bodies everywhere as they all attempted to stand next to each other, looking up into the sky at the dragon.

"Your wish has been granted," Porunga roared again, not paying attention to the strangeness on the other side of the city, "What is your third and final wish?"

Gosan, hovering beside him in amazement, turned slowly to face the dragon. He grabbed Mikinko and they both landed back on the ground. "Mikinko, stay here, you can find your family in a moment, but things are about to change drastically, so stay put," he ordered the boy. Turning back to Porunga, Gosan already knew the final wish, "Porunga, these people you have brought back are now in great peril. They long ago damaged their planet and created for themselves a dark doom. But the ignorance of these people should not be an eternal punishment. Instead, I wish for you to turn Namek back into a planet of everlasting technologies and resources; a planet where the people live in a harmony known before their great Cultural Revolution, but with resources that they should never suffer again. I wish for this planet to be an everlasting paradise," Gosan's heart swelled with brotherly love.

“It shall be done!” was again the reply, and another flash of light took hold of the otherwise dark planet.

At first, the change went unnoticed, until behind them the dome began to disintegrate right before their very eyes. Gosan watched in amazement as lightning bolts began to pour from the dragon’s great, beastly body and strike the ground, raising up whole forests.

Above the people there, clouds began to form and swell with rain. Across the planet whole cities were leveled, as the last inhabitants were right there in Flushon. The oceans began to immediately swell and teem with new and flourishing marine life. The plains grew with new plants and great fruit-bearing trees. All things great and good came to pass by the work of the dragon and soon the whole world swelled and burst over full with rain-forest like abundance of life.

Then where the city once stood, and people fully clothed now stood, whole buildings were formed. Special buildings of modern, enhanced structures, ageless in their formations towered up above the people. Soon, the skies around Flushon were dotted with this modern and medium sized city, open to the air and awaiting the two million new inhabitants.

The Namekians themselves gaped at their surroundings, at the miracle that formed behind and around them, unable to comprehend what any of them would do next. It was a day that would be soon recorded in the history of the Universe – the day Utopia came to Namek.

“Your wish has been granted, and now I bid you farewell!” shouted the dragon, uncaring about his great achievement surrounding him.

Then, as Gosan still gazed around them in the plains, lined with beautiful forests and rains that drenched the vegetation with godlike precision, the great, boulder-sized balls rose up above them all, and exploded away in seven different directions leaving the millions of Namekians standing there, without a clue of what to do. Yet all watched in amazement around them – their lives had new meaning, new adventure in it, and the peace of the planet was nearly restored, only now they needed a leader to emerge, and show them what was next to occur.

Even Jobey and his men still stood there, staring out, as the rest of the mammoth crowd did, into the distance, pondering new life and miracles never imagined on this planet so often in history wrecked with woe.

In all its glory the city was there in front of the masses of Namekians. Jobey, almost unrecognizable at first quickly emerged as one of the first to head to the city, acting as a leader. He and his men began to force their way through to the city. Some who had the powers flew, while the rest walked. The people, too, began to flood into the city and suddenly, the stirring ocean of green men became dangerous. Hundreds, maybe thousands would soon be crushed to bits if no one did something to stop it.

‘This could get bad,’ he thought, realizing his help as a leader was needed. “Mikinko, stay here, I am going to begin to help your people. The need of them to get to the city safely is more important than finding your family right now. Soon we will take care of that, don’t worry,” he promised as he leapt up into the air.

Yet, even as he did, the people in their hurry didn’t seem to notice. The moving group of people soon turned to a dangerous flood of bodies, ahead of them, Jobey’s men leading the way to the city.

‘They don’t see me,’ Gosan realized. Suddenly gathering all his energy, he exploded his body into an array of golden light, a rare jewel hovering above all of them. Though the sunlight had returned, the clouds kept it darker than before. But now, sudden bright light shone from above and frightened them all. The Namekians in shock stopped and looked above them. Gosan eyed them all, a speech coming to mind that might impress the people and shed light onto their future.

“People of Namek,” he spoke to them in Namekian, remembering the language as though it were his own all along, “I am Son Gosan, a Saiyan king from the far away planet, Vegeta. It was I that summoned the dragon Porunga and brought you to life again, and it was I who made the wish for this planet to be a great paradise for you all to enjoy. I first came here in search of a guardian for another planet, but when I met this young Namekian, Mikinko, and saw the plight of your people, I could not fulfill all my wishes with full heart. So I ended the reign of the evil one, Jobey, and created for you a new life unlike any seen in the Universe,” Gosan lectured to the masses in a voice very loud and distinct.

“But your people are now without a leader and being the king of Vegeta, I offer my services to be your leader and teach you how to deal with this sort of society,” he ended his speech and awaited their response.

Gosan, of course, was waiting the time to elapse that the news would filter through the people talking to each other since all two million Namekians could not hear him. ‘Damn, I should have waited for my own question and asked the dragon to place these people in the city beforehand,’ he thought, irritated at his lack of foresight. But, of course, the truth was clear: he would be their leader now and that was not such a bad thing – after all, Gosan had led the Saiyans into a great life of economic boom and peace, and now he could with the Namekians.

When the chatter had finally stopped, it became evident to Gosan that they agreed. ‘They really are a peaceful people at heart,’ he thought.

Below, however, while the Nameks discussed with each other the newcomer, Jobey and his men began to plot action and vengeance, realizing that Gosan had cost them a lot and was all that stood between them and payback: the city.

Across the crowd, Gosan descended back to where Mikinko stodd, smiling with happy thoughts as he couldn’t believe the two miracles that had transpired. He knew no other way to describe what he had seen; but he knew that the wonder of all had not just been the work of the dragon, but of the goodness in Gosan’s heart. A being uncorrupted by his own power, and unlimited in desire to give.

Landing on the ground, still SS, Gosan was greeted by hundreds of Nameks, coming forth with their hands to touch the golden hero. The crowd surged towards him, the people unafraid of the alien being who would be their new king soon. But soon the murmur lowered as a hush came over the crowd, closer and closer to Gosan. Soon, he could see the bodies moving aside and heads turning as he realized what force drove the people into silence. From among the crowd, soon emerged Jobey and his men, pushing their way and beating anyone who had gotten in their way. The words of Gosan had now filtered to all the people of Flushon, only now they awaited his leadership to commence. Gosan, seeing the band, pushed Mikinko aside, knowing his emotions would alter his judgment, which could make Gosan’s life harder in a fight. “Mikinko, go to find your

family, I'll handle this. Go now," he commanded sternly as he turned back to the pathetic band of potentially dangerous fighters.

Soon, Mikinko and the surrounding people had receded away from Gosan and stodd watching Gosan as he faced the terrible troop of mercenaries and bandits. After a short while, the thin, bright-green Jobey came forward to him, face scrunched with irritation and antennae forward with readiness, "What did you think you were doing!?" he shouted in uncontrollable anger, "In one wish you have ended all my work and my empire. You have taken what was rightfully mine and turned it into your own," he referred to his fellow Namekians around him, "Now I'll have to punish you for your crimes, and start all over again at absorbing these people! I do want to thank you, however, for supplying me with the wonderful resources around us. But that won't earn you any mercy from my men, I pay them handsomely, and you are no match for them. Fool," he suddenly burst out, "you didn't realize they have more power than you, did you!?" he pointed at Gosan, who stood listening and glancing at the pirates behind Jobey.

To this, Gosan couldn't help but laugh a bit and walked over closer to Jobey, tall and never slouching. Jobey didn't seem amused as he stared then deep into the eyes of Gosan.

Now came the terror: Gosan's deep, welling eyes flashed something, showed something to Jobey, who's soul soon quivered with fear at the slow revelation that he had provoked something beyond the power of even Porunga. The great Cachua plant was now gone, turned into dirt, and so he had no inclination before. But now he could feel it, even he who had learnt of Ki only a bit, could feel the rushing flow of energy into the warrior-king. Soon stones rose around him, and the ground began to vibrate. Small breezes began to twirl in from around them and the clouds above began to swirl slowly over Gosan as his laugh had turned to a deathly cold glare. Jobey glanced around him, as did his men, watching as their very environment swayed under the power of the great king in front of them. "You!" Gosan raised his arm to point to Jobey, ripping up earth beneath them, "Who do you think you are to speak of crimes? I have proven that justice always prevails, and you dare to call me the criminal! HYAA!" then he flared up to SS7, silver hair grown to his hips, red fur surrounding him; his aura ripped a crater into the ground and formed a twirling cyclone of wind above him, "I will lead my friend's people into the next age, whereas you will stand trial for all your crimes! How dare you speak to me as though you were superior!" he flared up more powerfully, lightning striking at him and frightening Jobey's men, "You are nothing! I have defeated tyrants and demons beyond your imagination, and you bother to threaten me!?" he was furious at the insolence of Jobey, "What foolishness, what arrogance, what outrageousness that you would speak to a golden king of a warrior race like you have!" Now the ground and people all shook with horror and power, "But, I will resolve my anger towards you by punishing the treacherous behind you. The people of Namek will decide your fate, and then you will pay!"

Jobey now began to flee, turning heel and running to his men as the swirling ball of energy and light behind him flared up more, his long hair rising up on end behind him as Mikinko and the other innocents stared at the angry vigilante.

Gosan turned to face him, "Get your people far away, to the city as quickly as possible. Do not fear me, friend, only those guilty of crimes against nature and against people

should fear my wrath, as do these few souls who will remain before me if they hope to live,” he turned to face them.

Mikinko went and found some elders, who feeding off the abundance of energy around them spoke to the people, commanding them to the city. Soon, all began to move towards the city, in huge crowds, going towards to town square to await the great hero’s leadership.

Meanwhile, Gosan watched as Jobey fled towards the city too, running for the cover of the crowd in a chance to maybe hide. But Gosan merely allowed him. One guard misunderstood this intention and Gosan’s words and attempted to flee. But before he could take two steps Gosan appeared in front of him and struck him in the chest so hard his back snapped and he fell dead, unable to heal his own body because it was so far destroyed.

Upon seeing this, the other men held their positions, facing Gosan, who had allowed the cyclone and clouds to recede. Their faces quivered with terror of death, and the air smelt of their own doom. It could be assumed that all things in their lives became bitter memories, soured by the prospect that what they had done had consequences.

Banding together, feeling the hopelessness of their lives, they made their last moves, attacking all at once at him, throwing fist and flying foot at the virtuous fighter who stood, awaiting their pathetic pleas with life to come towards him. Gosan caught each one separately, taking the time to use hand and Ki beam to slaughter every last one of those fighters who had squandered any chance and hope for remittance in order to deny the truth – the had acted unjustly, and now the swift hammer of good came crashing down, driving the nail into their coffins with indiscriminate murder.

*Narrator:*

*After a few days of sorting, in which everyone grew very tired, hungry and thirsty, everyone finally was in their proper homes. Food, to feed the hungry and sick, was taken from the stores in the city by the first to arrive and filtered out to the needy. Overall, it took Gosan several months to get the city’s economy going; he was lucky the population was so small.*

*First, he brought in aid from other planets, making contact with them and utilizing old alliances to seek help. Gosan selected some Saiyans from his own planet to help run the government. New ideas began to flow. The growth of the city was very similar to that of Planet Vegeta: fast, efficient, and spectacular. Education, energy and food production, and health systems all fell into their roles as Namekians used telepathy to teach each other quickly how to utilize the technologies. Even the best scientists in the galaxy came to figure out how to use the dragon’s perfect technologies and teach others.*

*Though it took time, the city soon became prosperous, rivaling even the entire Planet Vegeta. As expected, the Saiyans began to worry a bit over the loss of their king to another planet, that evil would revisit them and throw their lives into chaos again. So Gosan signed a brotherhood treaty between the two peoples that guaranteed certain trading routes and information be shared. The Namekians were to be brothers to all the Saiyans’ allies in the galaxy and they would use their paradise wisely...*

But, eventually, Gosan remembered his promise to the people and to Jobey. He, in his anger had promised vengeance and now he’d have it. With all the new trade routes, it

was possible Jobey was on another planet now, but even that didn't matter. Gosan simply brought up a mental image of the now far away infidel and transferred to him. Soon, Jobey found himself, though on a distant planet of Epsilon, face to face with the great, golden king. He had, however, no time to think before Gosan grabbed hold of him and transported back to Namek. "Did you think you could get away from your past, Jobey?" Gosan asked him, staring into his frightened eyes of disbelief and horror.

"No, please forgive me," he dropped to his knees in pleads and tears.

"I am not the judge," Gosan pointed slowly away in front of them as Jobey began to ascertain his true location.

Jobey felt around him the stares of eyes, the silence of death, and the hatred of hearts; he understood, too, that he was on trial. The court had been in the middle of another case but had stopped at the unexpected intrusion. Gosan addressed the court, "Forgive me, but this trial must cease to give leeway to his," pointing to Jobey.

"Certainly, your majesty," the judge answered in a smile as he looked down at Jobey.

"Thank you," he replied as he set Jobey in the prosecutioner's booth for the trial, glaring at him with an angry eye.

*Narrator:*

*Gosan spent no time of his own in the trial, instead leaving it as he promised to the people themselves to take care of. Though the jury found him guilty, they could not find it in their hearts to kill him outright. So, they sentenced him to solitary confinement on a very hot planet far away from the planetary network. On Fury13BE he could live a very long and miserable life, alone and confined...*

Soon peace and alliance spread throughout more than three hundred planets, all fascinated by the sudden importance and greatness of the twin powers Namek and Vegeta. The people of these races, who once reviled and hated the Saiyans soon signed the peace treaties Gosan presented at the annual Namek Accords. These planets received reparations and aid whenever disaster or war took place, and the Alliance proved to be very popular. For the first time, peace blanketed the north quadrant of the galaxy like a warm sheet.

After a few more years, Gosan again felt the urge to call upon the dragon to grant him his wishes and continue his quest. But he knew he had one more promise to keep. Gosan spent little time thinking about who would be the next guardian for Earth. He had known it for quite some time, ever since he arrived almost. He knew before he had even decided to go back to Earth that Mikinko was perfect for the job.

Though he had been cynical in his youth, he was now trusting and wise. In his youth he had blossomed like a spring flower awaiting it for so many years in the dark. Gosan had often spent time with the boy, watching this change in Mikinko. He felt pure rapture when Mikinko even came to him for lessons in the martial arts; becoming the first Namekian warrior to emerge in decades. He also became an elected officer by his own people, attempting to help them all out with any powers he learned. He was quickly growing in heart and spirit to a great leader.

Gosan, one day, sent for Mikinko's family and had them brought to his palace throne. In with them, Mikinko came with his usual smile. His body was now lean and strong, true art in the Namekian body. He had mastered, even, rejuvenation of his limbs, among

other Namekian powers. Gosan smiled joyfully at the young warrior growing before him and then began his query, "Have all your dreams come true, Mikinko? Does your life have meaning that was not there before? What I mean is: have I not fulfilled my every promise to you and brought you happiness again?"

"Of course," he replied, "I have never been so happy in my entire life," his smile turned to confusion, "You called my family here to ask me that?" his voice, now deep, echoed in the hall.

"No, Mikinko," Gosan said on a more brotherly term, "I have called you here to ask you a favor. I do not require you to fulfill it, and it would require great sacrifice. But I know no other I trust more than you, nor any other I am as confident as in you," he spoke openly.

"Yes..." Mikinko said in waiting, "I suppose I owe you a favor."

"I did not do all of this," Gosan said, hair golden all the time now, while gesturing around him as he sat in his lavish chair and robed in bright silken and linen clothes, "to earn a favor from you. I only ask it because it is you I need help from,"

Mikinko sensed now that he was going to ask something big of him, something familiar that he could not remember, "Mikinko, I want you to take Dende's place as Kami-Guardian of my home planet Earth."

Mikinko's eyes widened and he stumbled back for a moment, turning to his parent to see his nodding smile. Again he looked up to Gosan's throne, as if to test for truth, but he already knew it was the truth. Mikinko turned again to his family, who all smiled at this wondrous opportunity. He didn't know what to say. If he agreed, he knew he would have to leave his family behind, forever. If no, he would pass up an opportunity to join the Gods in rank, to save a planet losing its Kami right at this very moment. He would let down even his best friend, he who had done more than he could ever imagine for him.

Once more, he looked up at the great emperor, sitting still in his throne and smiling at the young Namekian knowingly. "Yes," he said with a slight smile. He turned then to his parent and reassured him, "I'm sorry, but I must do this. I owe everything to what Gosan has done for me. If I don't do this, it would be for selfish reasons. So, I must go," he concluded, placing his strong hand on his parent's shoulder, "But, one day, I will see you again. I will see you all again, someday," he hugged his family one last time.

Gosan by now had stood and walked over to them – descending the steps to level himself with Mikinko. When the family had finished hugging, Gosan placed his hand on the shoulder on Mikinko. With a tear in his eyes, but a smile on his face, Mikinko waved one last time as they vanished. Mikinko, as he waved his hand to his family, smiled at the thought of seeing them again in the future; when once again joy would erupt from his heart like a great geyser and his childhood, for that brief moment and probably close to death, would return to him and remind him of the great many days he enjoyed on the paradise planet, Namek.

### Transition and Change

#### *Narrator:*

*They arrived on the courtyard of the lookout in the Earth's morning time. The sunrise reflected over the tiled surface a ray of hope and sunshine. Mr. Popo had been watering some flowers when they arrived. Upon their sight, and seeing the young, green warrior*

*who so much resembled a young Piccolo, he dropped the pale and ran towards them. First greeting Gosan and the young Namek, Mr. Popo explained who it had gotten so much worse. He then led them inside as he spoke, hands behind his back. Kami had now grown very sick and was close to death. But he had held on in his supreme age for Gosan, in wait, keeping his promise for the good of the Earth.*

*When they entered, Gosan went to the old Namek and, placing his hand on his arm, pushed some Ki into him. The energy revived Kami and brought him fully awake, face-to-face at last with the young one Gosan had brought...*

At first, Kami sat confused, but eventually, his eyes widened enough to realize Gosan had returned. His senility had nearly taken over, yet his great old mind still held all the memories from long ago, locked away. Finally, he smiled at the young Namek, thinking about how much younger he had been when Goku came to Namek looking for a replacement for Kami. Then he looked up to Gosan, "Yes, well it took you long enough."

They both laughed, but Mr. Popo began to tear up. He always hated when the guardians began to fade away. He had seen many guardians he loved all of them. But he had grown especially close to the two Namekian ones. Now he would lose another one, and his loss would be great.

"Yeah, well Namek needed help and I thought I would help it out, stay for a while. You know, push your limits?" he smiled coyly to test the old man/

"Yes, I see," he replied shifting his focus to the one in front of him, "and what is your name, my friend?"

"My name is Mikinko, sir. Are you really from Namek?" he asked; he had never seen a Namekian so old before.

"Yes, a long time ago I was. But, a fellow who looked a lot like Gosan here once came to Namek to replace the Kami before me. He was a Namek too. I guess these Saiyans don't think they're good enough to guard this precious planet of theirs," he said jokingly. Gosan laughed, but Mikinko still stood there. "Well, what's it like to be here?" Kami asked him.

"I don't know, I haven't decided yet," he answered.

"I know what it's like," Gosan joked, "To be here because I always get hungry when I come here," they all heard his stomach growl.

"Well, it just so happens I have a table of food ready in the other room," Kami laughed as he faced Gosan again, placing his weak arm on Gosan's.

Mikinko and Gosan helped him stand and they all followed Mr. Popo into an empty room.

"Well, guess I really am old, I thought there was already food in here," he said as another joke.

Then Mr. Popo went into the other room and began to prepare dinner. They all sat around the table and Kami talked candidly to Gosan, every once in a while asking the gaping Mikinko a question to disrupt his staring at him. But Gosan grew worried the more they sat, he could sense Kami growing tired. 'Kami,' he spoke telepathically to him, 'when you fuse with him, will he acquire your old age?'



‘No, it’s a combination of mind and soul, not the body. My knowledge will pass onto him and his youth will remain. He then will have to create a new set of dragonballs for the current set will disappear with my going,’ he answered Gosan.

“In old age, friends,” he spoke aloud now, too tired to use telepathy, “when your body becomes as useless as the clothes that cloak it, your mind, too, grows tired. Soon you begin to spend your last...” he took a few deep breaths “...days thinking about whether you have lived your best and fullest. For me, whether or not I measured up to those that came before me. Or if, when I die they’ll reject me from the graveyard that lies within the sanctuary,” a tear formed on his eye.

“But, after seeing you,” he turned to Gosan as Mr. Popo brought in some food, “and all you have done for my people, for your peoples, for the Universe, and after hearing the praise of Goku, the Dai Kaoishin, I feel no need to linger on here in this life. I have done all that my spirit may allow and now will do the next best-thing for this planet I have come to love. Eat, friends, for soon Mikinko, you will become the wisest guardian to ever inhabit this sanctuary,” he promised them, gesturing to eat while he was still awake. Finally, after they had eaten their full and thanked the amiable Mr. Popo for the splendid meal, Kami led them out into the courtyard. After being stood up, he refused their help and crept out as strong as possible to the center of the Sanctuary tower. There, he stopped walking, dropped his staff, and turned with full attention to Mikinko.

“Are you ready young guardian?” he addressed him, eyes focused.

Gosan could feel the shift in energy forward to the chest of Dende.

“I guess so.”

“No, you are ready or you are not. Are you prepared to make this sacrifice? To spend your life living here in order to protect these most innocent of people and to learn to care for them?” he asked sternly.

He thought for a second and then focused on Kami, putting his family out of his mind, “Yes, I am ready,” his face hardened.

“Good,” replied Kami, “because this is it. You and I shall become one, I will enter your body and you will know all that I know,” he let it sink in to Mikinko, who realized he meant fusion, “You will then have all my abilities. Afterwards, you shall take the model of Shenlong and create a dragon again, as mine will go away with me. You will know all of this by the time we have fused. Now, take this,” he directed and took off his outfit with ancient writing on it, gave it to Mikinko.

Mikinko took the suit and put it on, over his current wardrobe, and looked again into the old eyes of Dende. “Now, place your right hand on my chest and try meditate. Focus on my energy and close your eyes,” he directed as Gosan felt more energy flow down into the chest area of Kami.

Mikinko then placed his right hand on Dende’s chest and closed his eyes. Dende began to chant with him telepathically and to place his mind on the same wavelength as Mikinko’s.

Suddenly, with a brazen glow of light, they were both illuminated, thus blinding Mr. Popo and Gosan. Yet, Mikinko’s eyes opened wide as he stared into the eyes of Dende, who shouted with energy that seemed to come from nowhere. Their bodies shook violently and blurred a bit, obscuring their views of each other.

With a sudden outburst of light and a screech, “Arghhh!!” from Dende, he vanished from the spot where he once stood and allowed his soul to enter Mikinko’s body. When Gosan

and Mr. Popo opened their eyes again, there only stood Mikinko, hand out and wrapped with steam; a stick lie to his side and the wind fluttered against his body and his outfit.

Mr. Popo teared a bit more now, and Gosan walked over towards the new, young guardian. His Ki was strong and it penetrated all around them. Kami lowered his arm and turned to Gosan. Already now, his face and posture was more supreme and godly than before. In a flash, he had grown up and become the Guardian of the Earth. He reached out again to his side, opened his palms, as he still stared into Gosan's bright, shimmering eyes, and using his new powers pulled the walking staff to his hand powerfully. Then, he flexed his muscles tightly and grunted, changing suddenly his outfit, except the shirt, until he had shoulder weights, a turban, and a cloak hanging from his shoulders.

Still, he stood, eyes unmoving, without fear, staring into those of Gosan. It was then that Gosan realized too, that besides only growing up and in power, the young guardian had acquired all knowledge of him. He now knew the long, sorrowful tale of Gosan, and now made a silent vow to fulfill the favor to him by guiding his son to a joyous life.

### Ceremonial Banquet

*Narrator:*

*The last thing Gosan ever did on Earth was watch the creation of the new dragon. He spent the rest of the day talking with Mikinko, who of course now understood so much more about the mysterious powers of Gosan. He was also amazed at the amount of information he suddenly knew, things about the past that could only be understood in written text became first hand information to him. Eventually, that day, Mr. Popo brought out the model of Shenlong he had designed and set it on the large tiled patio. Using some Namekian words, Kami turned the small model into seven beams of light that all screeched across the sky, striking the hidden dragonballs, and renewing their stone surfaces with orange gleam and starred identifications.*

*Gosan and Kami shook hands once more before he left. Kami promised he would continue to watch over Gosan's family as Dende had before. He knew too, deep down in his heart, that this would be the last time he ever saw Gosan. Somehow, the greater path would keep Gosan astray from this humble home, protecting it from all the dangers that followed heroes in their conflicts with evil.*

*Gosan thanked Mr. Popo for everything he had done in his service. Gosan, with a wave of goodbye and a happy smile on his face, transported back to Planet Namek, where he was welcomed home with warm smiles from Saiyans and Namekians alike.*

*In his daylong absence, the counsel of planets had elected him Emperor and protectorate of all the planets in the trade network, hoping his leadership would lead them all into economic prosperity. In this great honor, Gosan was thrown a great banquet in which all the counselors attended and any others of Gosan's choosing. But, in fact, they displayed it on telecast galaxy wide and urged all the people in their planets to celebrate by feasting and toasting to Emperor Gosan.*

The night before the banquet, Gosan had the dream again where the great dragon spoke to him. Now, though, there were several dragons of several shapes and colors, surrounding him as he stood over the fallen beast. They all spoke to him, prophesizing that his valor

would be earned in battle. When he asked them what they meant, and when this battle should occur, they did not answer the question, but only repeated what had been already said, swirling around him with their hot, fiery breaths licking at him. It drove him mad as he screamed out, "Tell me!! Tell me what you mean!" and suddenly he sat up, awake, sweating as he had years before, the same night when his life changed forever.

Standing up, Gosan moved to his palace window, peering out into the great paradise forest that lay out in the distance. Below, the entire city slept, and soundly too, in tranquil peace that did not rest easy with Gosan's blood. He thought of how right then, Saiyans would be battling each other valiantly in tournaments, money being exchanged all in the name of fighting. As though some force below their skins, itching to be known, drove them.

Sitting down in the dim light of the morning sky, Gosan meditated in an attempt to analyze the depths of his minds and speak to Ki. He tried long and hard to speak with the Counterpart, but it said nothing. Outside, the sun rose and lifted over him as he sat in isolation, connecting himself to the world outside, to his body.

All day he spoke to Ki and tried to clear his mind. Finally, just as he began to grow weary and nearly to give up, he reached to the Ki and it spoke to him, guiding him as ever before. There was no voice, only his understanding. It's Truth became his Truth, and there was no difference of opinion. He must continue his journey and answer the question that had once sent him far away from Earth.

The night of the banquet was probably the largest party ever thrown in the history of the Galaxy, maybe even the Universe. Walking in, Gosan could see that a good deal of planning and energy had been spent in this party. The center of it was held in his main hall where, as he strolled through with cheering onlookers, he could see business was being conducted at extraordinary rates.

When he finally passed through, having talked to various guests who treated him so highly, he made his way to the dining table, a full fifty meters in length, lined with people and covered with food. As he walked towards the end where he was being led to sit, Gosan could see that Goku was sitting there next to the end, surrounded by several servants trying to get him to sit in the higher chair. He could even hear him talking, "I'm not Gosan! Are you listening?" Goku shouted one last time at the obnoxious servants who poked him towards the seat.

Gosan chuckled at the seen, 'If only they knew he was the supreme god of the Universe they wouldn't be shoving him around,' he smiled. "Excuse me," he spoke as they all turned to face him with drunken faces, "I believe you are bothering my friend, so I would appreciate it if you let him be and brought him some food," he commanded as the servants bowed and ran off. "Goku, you can have my seat if you want, an Emperor is nothing compared to the Ultimate Guardian," he smiled.

"No, no, this is your party. I just came for the food. Then your drunken servants strated trying to get me to sit in the chair," as he spoke people at the end of the room began filing in to fill the seats.

"I wasn't aware you were coming, this makes me a little embarrassed," Gosan admitted, "But at least you are here for the big announcement I have," he spoke, bloacking Goku's telepathic abilities.

"I see," he smiled, "Well, you didn't think I'd miss the largest feast ever did you!?" he laughed, knowing Gosan was keeping him from reading his mind.

All night speeches were made about Gosan's greatness, stocks traded between companies from different planets, toasts passed as they watched Goku eat excessively, and treaties signed over the table. It was a great moment of peace and friendship never known as such in the Galaxy before. Goku, after finishing five helpings of full course meals, sat back and watched all the scenery, observing the drunken laughter of the people and the peace around the network of planets. He found that everything was just absolutely amazing how Gosan had done all this, yet he also knew other things. He had already guessed what Gosan had to say, and even had made a self prediction he did not care to share with anyone at that time. Yet, he still talked openly with all the party guests, as Gosan sat silently, hands over mouth in a praying position, as he thought about his new path. Seeing Gosan grow more impatient as the night went on, Goku finally gave him the chance to make his announcement by standing up and silently guiding all attention of everyone in the network of planets to focus on him. Then he spoke to them, "I think it's time we hear from the great Emperor himself," he saw Gosan glance up at him, "he has been quiet all night, I am sure he has something to say," he concluded, directing the attention to Gosan.

Soon silence fell over the crowd as Gosan continued to stare at the funny, food covered guardian who stood smiling coyly over him, 'He must know what I have to say,' thought Gosan. Then, a young servant brought him a microphone and handed it to him, aiding him in his global broadcast. Nervousness began to create prickly feelings under his skin as he stood to speak. Soon, as he saw all the eyes on him, it turned to a raging fire. 'How can I tell them, they'll be devastated,' he thought as he gazed out on all the watching minds.

'Just tell them,' he heard Goku whisper in his mind, 'They won't understand, but that's ok. They'll survive; it never was your path to be the emperor of trillions of beings. You have done more than enough, and your kind heart has done more for these people than they will ever know. So just tell them,' he finished as he smiled at the staring Gosan.

Suddenly, his nervousness disappeared, and he opened his mouth to speak. "Well, I hope everyone is having a good time," he spoke, voice echoing in the hall and on the Telecast, "because I expect every one of you watching to be at work on time tomorrow, Emperor's Order 1," he said jokingly as the people all laughed, "But, seriously, I have some good news and bad news," the crowd stopped laughing and watched him now carefully, "I guess I will give you the bad news since it creates good news," he added, his fake smile disappearing as he became sternly serious, "I am leaving tomorrow to travel to a planet in search of a great wizard. He has been hiding a very long time and I have some questions for him," he explained, "All my life," he began to walk around, not noticing the stunned faces in the crowd, "well...all my time here, you all have known me as a great leader. But truthfully, I am a student searching for the truth to who I am. The eternal dragon will answer some of my questions and then I'll go to this planet. It appears as if the planet is very inhospitable, so...no one will be going with me," he continued peering now at Goku who only smiled slyly, "I know this is a shock to you. I know you thought I would be around for a long time to help your people all prosper, but I cannot stay. The honor you have given to me is not mine to take. I am ending my very short reign tonight and allowing the counsel to select a new emperor, with my approval. I assure the counsel all treaties are forever binding by the enforcement of the Galaxy Court and Saiyan Military if in case I do not return. The leader I approve will most certainly be a person of great

honor and dignity and I encourage now that the festivities continue,” he turned off the microphone and went to sit down.

“So what’s the good news!?” said a member of the counsel in utter shock and fear, they were horrified.

“Well,” he spoke, turning back on the mike, “the good news is that you aren’t fired now that I am Emperor!” Gosan replied. The joke fell short of its intended relief as the jostled crowd continued to stare at him in disbelief, “The good news is...well, it’s really only good news for some...I suppose,” he knew they wouldn’t understand him, “The good news is,” he tried again, looking at Goku, “that I am going to find out the history of the Saiyan race. I know this sounds a little unimportant right now, but it isn’t. I have been trying to do this for several years now, I just got a little side-tracked. In fact,” he chuckled a bit, “that’s the whole reason I even came to this planet. I suppose that if such a journey could produce so much good, then my continuance will only do more good. Anyhow, I vow that I will achieve my goals and prove that my efforts won’t be in vain,” he added, looking out into the quivering eyes.

Then, he realized their fears – war, poverty, famine, bickering, all things he prevented and forced them to leave out now were reality for them. He spoke up again, “I promise, too, that if this galaxy, my people,” he pointed out to all of them now, “should ever come into danger, I shall return from wherever I am to save you all and lead you to victory by surmounting even the most impossible of obstacles. Thank you,” he ended, returning to his seat.

The room was silent and they all kept staring at him as he sat hunched sideways, resting his golden head on his hand. Then Goku stood with a smile and a mouthful of noodles between his lips and started clapping. Slowly, everyone, one by one, around the galaxy began to clap and cheer. They broke out in a chant, louder than any chant had ever been, “Gosan, Gosan, Gosan...”

All across the galaxy, even on Goku’s planet, everywhere the people cheered for him. He raised his hand and waived to the people, turning back on the mike, “The night is young, everyone, don’t stop because of me, let your souls feast on joy and peace. Be free while you can!” he shouted out as the people began to party again, eating and carrying on.

Of course, the counsel was no longer in a festive mood, and all of them met in a separate room to select a new leader, a Jovian, be their most trusted advisor. Gosan asked Goku what he thought and Goku looked at him and agreed. “He is young and ambitious. He admires you and your ways. He will do his job fine,” he concluded.

“By my powers,” Gosan spoke standing over the kneeling Jovian prince, “I name you the new Galaxy President, protectorate of the people of the Great Alliance. I hereby pass on,” he boomed loudly and proudly for show in front of the cameras and councilmen, “all my power, vested into you with my utmost trust and confidence that you will do everything you can to keep peace and defend the common good. Do you agree?” Gosan asked him.

“I do,” and the young, blue prince rose up with a hearty and humble smile to face his new constituents, whom cheered heavily, though worried deep down.

Departing the council of men with a waive and a smile, Gosan and Goku the Dai Kaioshin walked out of the palace patting their bellies and talking to each other candidly.

“Wow, what a party! I’ll tell you Gosan, I am really jealous of you,” Goku declared

“No you aren’t, you’re the god of gods. You have no reason to be jealous; I am not the Emperor anymore,” he retorted.

“Maybe not, but you are still the strongest in the Universe,” he faced him, testing his words.

“Strength, I have a feeling won’t matter anymore. I feel, Goku, as if being the strongest isn’t everything. That no matter how strong I am, where I am going it won’t mean anything. Even if I am strong, there is a chance for me to die. I realized this last night, and I came to the conclusion that it is not my destiny to die Emperor,”

“This is true,” Goku answered, impressed by the wisdom of Gosan, turning his head to face the stars shining over them as they walked next to the paradise forest.

“Goku, you must promise me not to aid me on the planet. I must do this all alone,” he added.

“Sure, I promise. I understand that you have specific things you want from this, and even though I want to, I cannot protect you from anything. Besides,” he added, “you are far beyond needing my help.”

“Maybe, but even if I am not, I don’t want your help. If I die, I die honorably. I don’t think I will die, as if something greater than sudden death awaits me,” he spoke openly to the man he had shared home with for over a year, his teacher.

“Gosan,” Goku stopped him by placing his hand on his shoulder and facing him, “I must warn you; this planet is one of utter desperation. I myself have known of it’s existence for years, and I dare not go. It is said that people who go there never come back. Yet, even I know nothing about it: the Ki of the planet eludes even the best of Kaioshin foresight techniques. It will test everything you have got in you. If you go, you must promise me you will overcome all,” he sounded sincerely concerned.

“I plan to, Goku, but why do you worry so much? If I die, you’ll see me again, right?”

“It isn’t that I worry about seeing you. It’s because your need here,” he spread his arms, palms up to signify the Galaxy around him, “is not yet over, so don’t get used to searching for the truth of our forefathers,” he advised.

Gosan thought for a moment into what Goku could possibly mean, but eventually gave up the worry, “I promised my people, and I intend to keep it,” he reiterated.

“Good,” Goku smiled again, “I know you are a man of your word. That’s a rare thing, you know. You truly are a different kind of warrior. Hmph,” he exhaled as he thought about something, “But now, I must get home. I can practically hear my wife getting angry at me all the way over here!” he said, laughing and thinking about Chi Chi looking for him with a table full of food.

Then they shook hands, spitting images of each other, standing in the starlight, alone and connected by some force unseen to either of them. Then, stepping back and bringing his fingers to his forehead, Goku vanished into the tunnel connecting his home and his current place in time.

Now alone, Gosan lifted his head to stare again back out into space. Here he stood: the most famous emperor ever known, wife and son on another planet, trillions adored him, his power unequivocal, savior of the Universe...twice, and with more power than even the greatest of Guardians. Yet, all he was willing to give up, all he had given up, all he would give up if only he should find in return that which had eluded him his whole life: the Answer.

The Fate of Gosan

*Narrator:*

*Gosan left the next day, without speaking or letting anyone know, in search of the Namekian Dragonballs. He used the Dragon Radar, which hung beneath his neck always on a chain, to locate all seven of the Dragonballs. By the time Dawn's fingertips of rose had crept across the Psimilian Islands, halfway across the world from Flushon, he had his hands high in the air, soaking in the sun's great rays of energy as he prepared to make anew his adventure...*

“Porunga, rise from your lair and grant me three wishes!” he demanded of the eternal entity as his golden hair radiated beneath the rays of light behind him.

Then, as expected since the time required for their restoration had elapsed, the dragon arose from the balls to confront the once great warrior, hero, and emperor and grant him his every desire. “You have summoned the eternal dragon,” exploded the voice of Porunga, “You may ask three wishes, and I will grant them. What is your first wish?”

Gosan, smiling at the sight, renewed of his confidence and joy, drew his breath to speak. “Porunga, now that I know it is the wizard of a distant planet who may help me, I wish that you show me a vision of this planet so that I may travel there when I am done!”

“It shall be done!” the dragon declared and his eyes glowed red at his words.

Lightening then lowered from his glowing eyes and struck the great hero, connecting them with binding energy. Then a vision came into Gosan's mind of the planet he sought. It seemed almost as if he walked on its surface, his mind able to move around and gather in a perception of the surroundings.

Above him, he could see and view with no pain the many stars that rotated at great distance from the planet. He could see too the several satellites surrounding the planet, quietly turning about on their axis's. Below him he saw how the land was filled with nothing, a complete wasteland. Before his very mind lay a vast, infinite plain of desert with seemingly nothing in its domain, worse than Hell in apparent heat and closer to a living Dead Zone!

Without warning, the vision dissipated from his mind and Gosan regained sight of the great dragon in front of him: the lightening had stopped. The invigorating sensation of touching with greatness ended and he was freed of Porunga's grasp. “What is your second wish?” the dragon echoed the thought Gosan had.

‘Hmmm, what is my second wish?’ he wondered. He hadn't even thought about his second wish in this situation. For a while he had been thinking about that first wish, but now he had to make another one.

But, then an idea of what he should ask for came to him. It seemed all too natural for him to avoid, “Porunga, for a while now, in fact throughout my entire existence, a great dragon has foretold to me that battle is my key to valor and that it will lead to me becoming the Eternal Guardian. Yet, I have never been able to interpret this dream, this curse almost on my mind. I wish for you to tell me its meaning.”

His soul rose up within him, like a child to peer over a tall fence, as he waited anxiously for the dragon to speak. All this time, and now he would know; all this time and now he would be shown the Truth. He would be beyond himself.

The dragon thought for a moment, then his eyes grew red and shaking beams of light pulsed through Gosan as the dragon pulled the meaning an unraveled the truth behind all that was Gosan. Then he looked again at the hero, his face almost seemed smeared with surprise. "The...dream...means..." and the dragon stopped. His body convulsing, his arms waving about with violent and powerful strokes, he gurgled and looked off into the distant sun that rose behind them. His glowing eyes ended their red shimmering and faded to black, with no more energy coming from them.

With a brilliant flash of light his image exploded away, never to be seen again. The Dragonballs that had been floating in the air now slammed heavily into the earth below, crushing stone and plant beneath them.

"No...it can't be! Why?" he fell to his knees at the cruel savagery of Fate and its irony. "I was so close!" he pounded his fist into the dusty grain and slender blades of blue grass while the sky above him lit up more and more. Around him, the balls had turned gray as if into stone and he grunted angrily at his luck.

But, as he sat there, he suddenly felt different, as if the touch of the dragon had changed his core being. He didn't wholly understand the dream, but he came to realize he wasn't meant to – not until it was time to know, time to do something that no other had ever done.

*Narrator:*

*Rising from his position, Gosan decided that the planet should need no new Dragonballs, and that a new Guardian would surface eventually anyways, given time. So, he left the huge stones out in the open where he was, unafraid of their discovery any longer.*

*He then began to think about his last wish, what he was planning to ask. He would have asked the dragon to see his family, to see if they were indeed still well without him. His heart tore at the knowledge that he was a failed father and husband. His heart tore more at the understanding that Fate had deemed him to never see them again. He cleared the tears in his eyes and began to concentrate, trying to blur out the vision of his wife's beautiful smile. He still loved her more than anything, yet there was no being in the Universe he cared for that loved him the way he loved her.*

*Suddenly, he remembered his promise, his goal, and dried his teary eyes, standing up to face the sun climbing off in the distance. Then, alone, he waived to it, his only witness, his only companion.*

*Bringing the picture of the planet into his head again while he grasped the sack of water in his hand, and focusing on the image, shifted his being into the absolute desolation of everything. Beyond life, but less than death, became his destination.*

*Soon he arrived, sooner than the soul desired, and around him now laid an everlasting desert that personified his loneliness in his heart and disparity in his search. It echoed his soul and mocked his past, it defied his ambitions and laughed at his spirit, yet he – he who deserved the rewards of a legend - embraced the emptiness of it with all his desires. He was free from everything in the Universe here, free from all whom he knew, except himself...*