

Saga 1:  
The Awakening

The Station

*Narrator:*

*It has been several decades since the elderly Pan saw Goku at the Tenkaichi Budokai. The young boys they once watched in jubilation have long since died. Though the events of the Great War set the stage for the fall of the Saiyans completely, the wake of their history would not beat offshore and away from the life of Son Gosan, that very baby they left behind.*

*In his life he has known many terrible pains and losses. His father, stricken with cancer on his deathbed, and without another friend or relative in the world to talk to in his final days, revealed at last the truth about Gosan's past...or what little he knew. Gosan was still a boy, and after Chen died, he became cast out into the sad world, alone. His vast knowledge of martial arts, taught to him by Chen, saved him, and delivered him into the job he now has. By virtue of that luck, he also found the lovely arms of his wife.*

*Tonight, as with every night, he trains in the basement-gym of the police department, searching for his past in the punching bags, pondering his dreams and innermost feelings. Echoes of the night bounce in his chest, and he felt a strange tingle in his back. He punched them away.*

*Gosan himself is an extraordinary man of medium height, but built sturdily with broad, arching shoulders. His spiky hair frays out in several, awkward directions, dark as Ironwood. Only his eyes, though, are an even darker black. When these eyes fall upon the enemy, ultimate dread flows through their deepest cores while primal fear seizes their bodies. Of course, there are always those who do not know fear and do not comprehend wrath; they are the foolish ones...*

“Hey Gosan!” shouts Detrius as he rounds the corner by the entrance.

A formidable man with an overly stupid tendency to fight Gosan, Detrius continues to speak, “It’s time for your ass to get beat!” he shouted in an obnoxious tone as he pointed at the man boxing the bag over in the corner.

In the past, the battles in the ring have been short-winded and one-sided, with Gosan always obliterating Detrius in a swift, sudden strike of various sorts. Last time, though, Detrius landed a lucky punch to the gut that cost him a broken leg, arm, rib, and some groin pains. Yet, for the glory of battle, he always comes back to fight Gosan; as if this time he might win.

“Get lost Detrius,” replies Gosan, without turning even his eyes and continuing only to punch the bag.

“I am challenging you to a fight!” shouts Detrius, his voice booming and echoing throughout the complex.

By now, his words have attracted the attention of other cops in the gym. They stroll over to where Gosan is punching the bag, and Detrius standing behind him with a stupid grin on his face and thick arms stretching down till his hands rest on his waist.

“I don’t think so, Detrius. You aren’t worth the trouble,” he continued pounding the bag as he had nonstop for almost two hours.

“Come on chicken-shit, you won’t get any of that karate bullshit in on me this time! I am going to pound you to dust.” He continued, grinning like a big stupid dog.

‘Typical trash,’ thought Gosan ‘I am not going to get convinced into kicking this guy’s ass again. Last time I got suspended.’

He threw a couple more punches at the bag, pretending to not hear to mindless jabber of his nemesis. Gosan thought again how he had saved Detrius’ life in an ambush. Ever since then, Detrius has been trying to prove he is better than Gosan.

“Hey asshole, I am talking to you!” Detrius shouted angrily as he got more impatient with every punch Gosan threw at the bag.

‘How much beating can a guy take?’ Gosan thought rolling his eyes, ignoring Detrius.

“Alright guys,” Detrius says to his cronies that follow him around like lost puppies, “I guess the bastard just can’t fight. Must be thinking about how his daddy left him in that garbage can; that can really take up someone’s time. Hey Gosan, how did that trash taste?”

This threw Gosan over the line, “You want to fight? I’ll give a beating you will soon regret,” he replied, not looking to the ignorant ape.

“Bring it on, wussy-man,” he was straight out of a movie.

Gosan turned then to face him, and sent a glare into Detrius that defiled all life. He seemed a demon of the light, mysterious power bursting from his eyes; the bringer of Detrius’ doom. The others cowered at that look, but Detrius only smiled at the thought of glorious victory. They walked to a nearby ring.

There were a couple guys sparring, but they quickly moved aside to see the department’s two best fighters, and two biggest rivalries, go at it. The two fighters entered the ring from either side, no great feat with that. Yet it seemed that Gosan’s elegance could only hope to be matched by his skills.

“Knock his ass out Detrius!” shouted one of his lapdogs.

“Alright asshole, get ready to get beat,” were the mundane, clichéd words that Detrius uttered as he literally tore his shirt off of his body.

Gosan said nothing as he prepared himself. Standing, facing away from Detrius, Gosan performed the same ritual he liked to do before every spar. He first removed his tank top, covered with sweat, and dropped it at his arm’s length. His skin gleamed in the fluorescents of the department basement. Significantly smaller than his opponent, Gosan seemed to be at odds with reality; that he was the superior fighter, a true David against a Goliath. He was a machine, purely uncontested power, with a rigid and superb body mass that could strike with the force of a jet. Then, he turned around slowly to face Detrius, revealing his back to the crowd. There, an elongated dragon, curled its full length and flickered its tongue menacingly.

The crowd fell into immediate whispers; few people ever saw the dragon but even once. It was an urban legend, ‘the dragon cop,’ the one that criminals feared the most. “Ready for your demise, Detrius?” Gosan finally spoke, facing the behemoth Detrius.

“Whatever, fucker,” was the reply of the low-IQ giant.

They started to move, Detrius bouncing like Ali side to side, front to back, rippling the canvas, making balk punches into air, and Gosan walking, hands down relaxed around the ring. “I’m gonna pound your ass, I have been practicing and studying your moves. You’re finished,” the seven-footer called out, his long hair swaying back and forth.

“All right, Detrius, if you really want to fight me at full strength, hit me as hard as...”

Even before he had finished the sentence, Detrius landed a punch to the jaw of Gosan. Gosan's head swung back at the raw, untamed power, pounding his face and sending blood into the crowd. The audience gasped at Detrius' frightful speed, Gosan looked defeated, hurtling back into the ropes and falling to the canvas. A smile smeared Detrius' face with the punch's success. "That one, was free," everyone heard Gosan utter as he spit onto the canvas.

Detrius' eyes widened as Gosan slowly rose again and smiled, blood seeping from the corner of his mouth; the punch had reddened the entire right side of his face. The smile revealed the truth about him: as a Saiyan, he adored fighting and rivalry, but most of all, he adored superiority. Gosan's grin stemmed from a greater evil, darker than any a human could ever grasp. True, Gosan was pure of heart, like all from his family, but his heritage burned like an emblem emblazoned on his chest with fire and forged from a powerful ancestry.

The crowd now waited, looking back and forth between the mid-sized myth, and the powerhouse of a man that stood across from him, still confused. "How, how can you just stand up after that!?" Detrius asked aloud in disbelief.

"After what?" Gosan said tauntingly.

Detrius didn't wait any longer and rounded for a kick, but found his strike was blocked rather easily, with one arm simply jutting straight up in an 'L'. Detrius pulled back and threw one last fist at Gosan. But Gosan simply palmed the arm upward with his left and drew his right back behind him. His hand then moved so fast, it created a blur of images, and a "THUDDDD." The crowd could hear a crack as the force of the right tiger palm flung Detrius through the air, out of ring, and into the brick wall.

Gosan dried his body with a towel hanging on the ropes, then put back on his tank top and shoes, and left through the gawking gathering with a face that defined his very self: content and power, yet restraint and humble beginnings. Detrius, however, didn't get up for quite a while.

### Evening Assault

#### *Narrator:*

*Gosan arrived home that night as usual, and greeted his wife with his normal love. He was relieved, however, for having forgotten something no man should ever forget: her birthday. His wife was a very commanding woman, the only person he ever feared, and it seemed as if his Dragon Power melted at the heat of her words. Yet she could be kind and gentle at the same time, like a perfect mother.*

*She was not kind and gentle right now, of course, because Gosan had made a fatal mistake and also came home with the evidence of his mid-evening's skirmishes on his face. He slumped his proud shoulders and moved quickly to her words.*

*They went out to dinner, and he treated her very well without any withholding of money and even bought her a gift. When they got home, she therefore satisfied him with her affection; she had forgiven him.*

*But, Gosan's nights were not blissful rests: even in his dreams he was fighting. He fought everything, from demons to beasts, from criminals to wars. His life was an eternal, internal-conflict, ready to burst out into real life. He never felt rested and*

*generally slept very little, and this night - well this night would prove to be very restless indeed, even after the night's pleasure had soothed his carnal temptations...*

The full moonlight shone through his open window as the curtains fluttered in the summer breeze. The cool air gently kissed his skin and the shadows of the dark faded not on his body this night. He lay, though, quivering about like a troubled soldier, mumbling panicky fragments. Beads of sweat covered his brow as he squinted in anger. Gritting his teeth and gripping his shoulder, in a sudden shudder of movement he sat up and threw his clenched fist out into the air, striking nothing. He looked around him frantically, slowly realizing it was a dream, attempting to catch his breath again.

For a while he just sat there, staring off into space, his face covered with confusion and irritation. He looked down at his wife and rubbed her stomach, then peered out the window into the moon, in wonderment at its size. He continued to stare out into the summer night when he began to feel the pangs of nature. He pivoted his body left and placed his bare feet on the cold pinewood floor. The sweat still ran over his face, his pores secreting hot, salty liquids that cooled his agitated body. He stood up, and walked to the bathroom, turned on the light and took a leak. "Oohhh, that feels better," he uttered quietly.

As he stood there, staring sleepily and blissfully into the mirror, scratching the small of his back, he felt something. 'Woahh, there's a bump there. What the hell?' He turned sideways and looked down at it in the large oval mirror. The bump was slight, but visible and the more he stared at it, the more of that strange Déjà vu he felt. He was about to call for his wife when....

The hair on his neck grew; he heard the patter of feet on the softwood floor. Three men were whispering something indecipherably. 'Damn it, they must have come through the window. Damn crooks, don't they know I'm a cop?' he thought as he prepared himself for mortal combat. He thought about his gun, 'Shit, I left it under the pillow! I'll just have to take them on by hand.'

After a second he jumped out, but the only thing he saw was a large dark figure in front of him. He was met with a hard "whack" to his nose, and stumbled backwards, falling into the tub. He tried to get up, angry and beginning to bleed, but dizziness kept him down for a few moments more. He heard them talking cordially in the other room, "We'll take the girl, just mess the guy up and give him the info on where to go," one commanded.

There were three of them all right: two jumped out the window carrying his struggling wife while the third, bigger one stayed to fight. Gosan finally gained his eyesight back, straight, and pushed himself up out of the tub. "Hey, who the fuck do you think you are!? Bring her back here before I get really angry!" demanded Gosan in a fit of confusion and rage; he began to move towards the window.

But the entity in front of him headed no words. He instead stepped in front of Gosan and let out a deep frightening grumble. Horror reached over Gosan, causing him to stumble as the light revealed the details of the kidnapper. This beast was not only gigantic, but his arms were attached to blades on the sides! Muscular, far more so than Detrius, the beast's eyes glowed a bright shade of green that Gosan had never before seen in any man. Gosan decided to move quickly and rushed him. But, he was again met with a blow from each of furious hand. On the floor, he was pounded by one kick that flung him through

the drywall into the adjacent room, his study. Next door to the apartment, Gosan could hear the neighbor banging on the wall shouting about the noise. Gosan stood up slowly and unsteadily, beaten worse than ever before and through his blood-covered eyes searched in the darkness for his enemy. Instead, he spotted his katana and ran to his rack above the desk to get it. Hearing the beast tear the wall out from behind him, he turned fearlessly and swiped at the beast. But, the brute was quick and dodged him easily. Then he turned offensive too and attacked with several furious punches, causing Gosan to drop the sword and sending him hurtling into the wall above the desk. The beast quickly moved to grapple Gosan, but Gosan slid beneath him and clambered over to the sword. Blood covered his whole face as Gosan desperately sought out the weapon. Then as the animal closed on him, he saw the blade shimmer in the moonlight, and with the shadow of the beast coming from the moon-rays in the window as his guide, he threw a mule kick that flung his adversary into the bedroom. Quickly, he grabbed the weapon and ran through the human-sized hole, ramming the sword into beast's still chest, shooting blood everywhere and onto Gosan's chest.

Gosan didn't remain to watch him die though, and lunged out of his four-story window, landing like a leopard gingerly on the ground. He was far too late however: nowhere could he see the accomplices and his wife. They were all three gone...

#### Satan City Ghetto

*Narrator:*

*Some months passed as Gosan searched heavily for his wife. He had already abandoned everything, his job, his home, and his entire life in search for her. She meant everything to him, more than anything he could think of. But, alas, she was nowhere to be found. He began to travel to far-fetched corners of the Earth searching for clues to the whereabouts of his lost-love. He didn't care about even his own body and took nothing with him for his own comfort as he wandered in a lonely and sorrowful search for the only love he had ever known.*

*Finally, after a half a year's searching and passing the nights alone and drunk, he came to a tavern notorious for criminals. As he sat at the bar, in a drunken stupor, beard unshaven and eyes blood shot, he began to overhear a man seated four seats down at the bar who bragged about doing a job for someone out of town. What caught Gosan's attention was the guy said something about 'the Dragon Cop' and laughed at the words. He told his companions seated between Gosan and he about stealing the wife of 'the dragon cop' with this other mercenary and raping her, then getting paid a fortune by the medium to some big shot boss in Satan City.*

*Gosan's face grew red with anger and determination. Without the first thought of anything but revenge, Gosan reached over and pulled a gun from his neighbor's belt and shot the man in the face, right there in the bar. The companions stumbled back and then ran off. Some people began to surround Gosan when he removed his shirt and revealed the tattoo on his back. Quickly, they left his presence and allowed him to walk towards the door.*

*He wandered into the darkness, sobbing in grief as he thought about his wife again. He blamed and cursed himself for having let her get taken so easily. He thought about what that guy had said, about raping her, his beautiful wife... Guilt pounded his mind with*

*anguish made of rusty nails, pounded into him with a hammer of injustice. He cried out openly into the rainy night for her, "Sha-rei!!!!"*

*In the morning, he arose from his pathetic, drunken slumber lying in the broken pavement of the ghetto, drenched in muddy water, and began to walk again. He had dreamt of her again, as he had every night since 'that night'; he dreamt of those eyes he glimpsed as she was taken from their home, disappearing behind the window.*

*He decided, suddenly and out of a strange defiance of reality, to travel to Satan City and find this 'Boss' the man had sold her to with so little care for his own future life...*

Traveling alone in the rainy night in this loud and strange colored south-side ghetto, Gosan stared blankly at the puddles as he walked. He still thought about that creep he killed back in the Tavern. 'Did he really rape her?' His heart ached in horrific agony that caused him to collapse occasionally onto his knees and cry. One time, the thought of the man forcing himself on Sha-rei made him heave off the side of the road, somewhere deep in the city's sewer of homes.

It was at this point that an old man walking towards him was jumped by a gang of brightly colored and drunken youths. He yelled out in pain and surprise as they beat him viciously with clubs and fists. Gosan immediately ran to the youths, jumped in, and quicker than a blink knocked all of them out cold. The old man looked around him on the ground, still clutching his groceries, and smiled. "Thank you, young man. It seems you have saved me and my groceries from a violent separation," he smiled, peering at Gosan with wrinkled eyes, "What is your name friend?"

"Gosan. Are you alright, old man?" he quickly changed the conversation.

"Yes, yes, of course, they are far too weak to hurt me. Unfortunately, they are hungry mongrels, looking for an easy meal to take from an old man," he smiled still.

Gosan stared at the feeble decrepit looking man and smiled, 'Something sure is funny about this old geezer,' he thought, "Well, you look fine. Guess I'll be going now."

"Wait a moment, friend, where do you live?" the old man reached out and grabbed the turning Gosan's arm, "You look famished and poor as these hoodlums," the old man observed, gesturing to the still out-cold punks.

"I, uh, don't live anywhere. I am from somewhere else," Gosan saw the vagueness of his answers, "I am searching for someone."

"Do you know his name?"

"No...I mean, well kind of," Gosan was avoiding the topic.

"This city has over 20 million people in it, are you going to ask everyone?"

"I don't know what I am doing anymore," he admitted with the comfort of the old man securing his feelings.

"Come with me, to my home. Get a bath, eat, and let us talk of your quest further. Maybe I can help you out," the elder offered with a cordial smile

"First, what is your name, old man?"

"They call me Tsu, Master Tsu," he replied, confidently and proudly.

"THE Master Tsu?!" Gosan exclaimed and questioned at the same time, "Oh man! What a coincidence, I can't believe I have actually met a former grand champion of the world! You are the best fighter in the world! You didn't need my help! Oh, how foolish I feel."

“From the looks of it, I don’t know that I didn’t need your help,” said the sly old man as he smiled and led Gosan through a doorway and up the stairwell of an apparent Brothel, then into his humble and small abode.

After enjoying a quiet meal, at which Gosan stared into space, still, and longing for his wife’s arms, Gosan shared with Tsu his past, his travels, and his sorrows. The master listened with great care and sympathy, studying his physique and thinking the whole time of the man in front of him and his strangely familiar power.

The room was a cozy little bedroom/living room, small and cubed with no color. On the walls were paintings and bookshelves. Candles lit the room rather than electricity and no modern items bestowed the room that sense of contemporary life. Gosan stared at each item around him after telling the story. In the next room, the kitchen, he could hear the stove still burning, heating the room since the fall nights in Satan City were bitter cold.

On the wall adjacent the table they kneeled before, was a scroll written in ancient text he could not read. Several miniature statues, carvings, and busts sat on the carpet beneath it and incense burned slowly there too, the smoke rising and curving about the scroll trying to age it.

Gosan then became keenly aware that he was being evaluated by Tsu and turned back to him. He tried to speak, but then closed his mouth and stared into Tsu’s eyes as he stared into his. It was as if he knew something, and it would only be a matter of time before Gosan would figure it out

“I have never sensed a power like yours, Gosan,” Master Tsu stated aloud and abruptly.

“Power, what power?” Gosan looked at him, surprised by the odd statement

“Never mind that,” he dismissed the inquiry, “Tell me about your past.”

“Well, I grew up in the home of a martial artist. I was abandoned as a child and left for dead. My adoptive father found me in an alley down in Briefston and took me in. He died, though, of cancer when I was still young. Eventually I became an officer of the law to search for the man who took my life away from me, but, I never found him,” he briefly and bluntly summarized.

“And what did you say was your name, again?” Tsu inquired further.

“Son Gosan. It was the name on the hospital ribbon wrapped around my wrist. But my father could not find anyone who was looking for me. I guess my luck isn’t too great.”

“I see,” Tsu said thoughtfully, bringing a pipe to his lip and lighting it, staring off into space, thinking about something.

“Master Tsu, is there something you know?” inquired Gosan, already too eager to find his man and now excited by the master’s reactions.

“Nothing that can help you, I’m afraid,” he responded, noting the drop in Gosan’s hopes,

“But I think that there is another way I may help you

“Yes?” asked Gosan with a hopeful ear edging closer to Tsu. “What can you do?”

“I can teach you the art of Ki and then you can find whom you seek.”

“Ki? What are you talking about?” he said as though the conversation was out of context.

“Have you not heard of it?” he asked, observing Gosan’s confusion as to how this would help at all, “Ki is the energy that flows around and through our bodies. It is like water, ever moving and like air, transparent, and like light in its warmth and breadth. But, it is also like money, you can store it and use it when you wish and hold it waiting for better times to use it. Most importantly, most notably, and what you must never forget from now on, it is a guide, a symbiotic guide. You guide it and it can guide you.”

“A guide?” said Gosan with a sarcastic tone, “How come I cannot hear it?”

“Ki is always listening to you, no matter what, but it takes practice and a finely tuned mind to listen to it,” he spoke wisely and philosophically.

“I see...” Gosan said in disbelief.

“No, you do not, and that is why you must stay and learn the art of Ki. You understand nothing of the world outside the one you grew up in. You know nothing of power and the ongoing struggle for it. You are but a small piece of a larger shape-shifting puzzle.”

“Right...Look, if you don’t know anything, I’ll just get going...” Gosan was starting to lose his patience with the senile old man.

He got up and began to walk to the door when he felt a glow around him; the room slowly turned brighter and brighter. He turned slowly towards the source and saw Tsu still sitting with legs crossed and with his palm facing out to Gosan, holding a glowing ball of light. The ball was the size of a tangerine and glowed a deep pacific blue, deeper than anything he had ever seen. It intrigued Gosan and he stared at it, with wide eyes and amazement. Never in his life had he seen anything like it. ‘It must be a trick,’ he thought, “Your magic can’t keep me here, old man, I’ve got to go. My search cannot wait another minute; my wife...she is waiting for me.”

He turned to go when Tsu let go this ball and it shot out towards Gosan. Gosan seeing the door grow brighter and the moving reflection on the knob, lunged sideways just as it blasted a hole straight through the door. The explosion shook the building and Gosan could hear people screaming outside as they were interrupted from their nightly romping with their clients. Gosan slowly stood up and stared out through the hole, and turned to Tsu. They stared into each other’s eyes for a few moments, and finally Gosan understood why the old man was so famous, “Alright, I’ll stay.”

## The Dojo

*Narrator:*

*They left the small apartment, locking it up with a newly fashioned wood door, and first stopped at the local market to buy some supplies on Tsu’s tab with the owner. Gosan carried all the items, carefully balancing them as he stepped through the crowded street while he attempted to follow Tsu, who of course moved like grease through the steady stream of people. Soon they arrived on a side street that was completely empty. Walking down the street, Gosan looked out to his left and noticed the expansive graveyard that straddled the road. It was empty too, abandoned and aging. He observed that most of the stones read the same year, the year of the Great War. A time most assuredly desired to be forgotten – by everyone. He looked back again at Tsu and then to the end of their road. There stood their destination...*

A tall shogun castle towered above the road and graves, a lookout for evil spirits with vines and vile moss scaling its sides and shingles shattered about the base, fallen from the long years of weather. The place appeared ancient, older than the war for certain, but the Dojo plaque said it was only 76 years old. Gosan was in complete awe at the entire site, something not known to people. Not even the youths braved to travel in here, too afraid to disrespect the dead.



When they entered, he noticed it was completely deserted, and had been for several years; maybe even decades. He set the items down and Tsu threw out a small trinket. 'Poof' and an entire capsule kitchen set appeared right in front of them. Gosan put the items on the table and then followed the ever-silent Tsu to the main hall.

All along the wall were scrolls and pictures. As he passed each he studied them and noted the years going by, how some seemed to age. Young warriors, from a time when Gosan was but a mother's dream, yet they were so grown up and worrisome; one of them, even, was not unlike how he looked, as if he could be family. They all stared back at him, dressed in their Gi's, prepared for battle it seemed.

"They were my students twenty nine years past," finally said Tsu, having not spoken since leaving the market.

"What happened here, where'd they all go?" Gosan questioned naively.

"That picture was taken right before the war," replied Tsu pointing with his elongated and thinned arm, a look of sorrow and reflection lying upon his wrinkled forehead.

"Oh, did they *all* die?"

"Yes, all of them, except just two of the bravest and strongest. They fought in that courageous last battle that ended the war. These few boys against many thousands, overcome by sheer odds. All to save us from the terrible tyranny threatening life as we knew it. It was like a nightmare for them, when they fought the Massai forces. I watched them die, too, from my dreams, I saw how gallantly they fought to protect the world...they were great warriors. I myself was far too old to fight, well," he raised his head thoughtfully, "I wanted to go, but one of my students tied me up the day of the final battle. He thought he had really gotten me, but really I just took the hint that he feared for my life too much, so I stayed behind and meditated."

"Wow, and I thought I was having bad dreams," Gosan joked.

"You have been having bad dreams? About what? Describe them to me," Tsu manner changed, he picked up on the sincere and forlorn nature of Gosan's voice.

"Lately about my wife, but before she was taken from me, I never remembered what they were. I always woke up sweating, with this itch on the small of my back. The last night I had it I even woke up with a bump there, a throbbing one. But I haven't had that dream since... since my wife was taken that night," Gosan said as his eyes fell away from Tsu and stared into the picture.

Tsu, seeing this, took Gosan by the arm and led him to a mat. "We will sit here now, and meditate. When we have found that dream of yours, then I will teach you the art of Ki."

"Well, how long will that take?" Gosan was surprised as much as confused.

"It all depends upon you, Gosan. There are doors in your mind that only you may unlock, and that all depends on how badly you want to see what's behind them," he spoke his Zen.

Gosan looked into his eyes as he spoke, he felt the strength of the master's voice and mind and decided to go along with it. With the confident advice of the master across from him, he relaxed back onto the floor and let his body drift into the deep abyss.

*Narrator:*

*There they meditated for several weeks. Occasionally they would rise to stretch and eat, but never talked. When out of supplies, Tsu left for more, alone and without a word. He never gave advice. It was all up to Gosan to find the dream out in his own mind.*

*Sometimes he stared at the pictures and at that man that looked so much like him. He too was average height, and his shoulders were broad, slanted. His sides sloped down to his trim waist and his legs were well shaped. His wild hair pointed in several directions, just like Gosan's. But most of all, his eyes had that same deep look. Power, even in the picture could be seen and felt. But Gosan could not make out what made this man mean so much to him.*

*They meditated everyday, all day. If they fell asleep, they awoke in the same position. They never moved around unless it was business. Finally, Gosan became impatient and angry one day, awaking from sleep to Tsu, still sitting there, but staring at him as if he still was hiding something...*

“Why don't you cut the crap and tell me what you are up to!?”

“You will sit here and remain quiet!”

“Why? What is the fucking point of...!”

Then Tsu's arm shot out and his fist caught Gosan in the mouth. “You will also respect the dead and honor them with polite words.”

“I am sorry,” said Gosan rubbing his jaw, and catching his temper, “but I have got to leave. I must find her before it is too late.”

“You will remain,” his voice was calm and stern.

“Why should I?” asked Gosan still the pupil.

“Because if you do not, you will never find her. How can you find her, if you cannot find yourself?”

Gosan stood still and stared at the old man for a moment. Then, he took his seat and closed his eyes again, breathing steadily and calmly to suppress the excess energy he felt before.

Some hours passed and they remained there, still meditating. Outside, the sound of birds in the morning, and howling of wolves at night echoed in the graveyard; each time seeming to tell stories to the dead who were too silenced to speak to each other. Finally, one night, Tsu opened his eyes and spoke, “It is the full moon,” he declared, “You can tell by the increase in Ki around us. The power of the sun is magnified greatly by the moon and the Earth basks in the warmth of the Ki. Can you feel it?”

“Shh! I am meditating,” Gosan replied abruptly, not from irritation or spite, but of true concentration; he had began to feel strange things around him ever since Tsu showed him the ball of light, and now he felt whispers in the darkest recesses of his mind trying to speak to him clearly.

They remained a while longer, meditating together, until finally Tsu drifted to sleep. Gosan too began to feel weary, thinking about his wife, and soon, he couldn't remember at what moment, he was not thinking about her any longer, but instead the moon. He stared deep into the moon and felt its glow encompassing his body, bathing him. He even thought for a moment, that out of the corner of his eye he saw he had an appendage extending from his body. But it didn't seem funny to him as he stared into the moon; nothing about it all seemed funny to him. Then he felt warmth and the beat of his heart and his flesh felt as if it was stretching. Soon a mighty beast rose up from the graveyard and partially blocked the moonlight from him. The giant ape was monstrous in proportions, dozens of feet tall and roaring louder than any Dinosaur could ever hope. It ravaged the land and buildings along the street, eating and crushing people and shouting

Ki blasts from its mouth. Then he saw his wife, in the cemetery, and he stood to approach her. But the beast had other plans; it turned and grabbed him up as he held out his arm desperately reaching for Sha-rei, screaming in desire. He realized, as the darkness consumed him he had been swallowed as others had. Soon he landed head first into a pool of acid. He felt a burning sensation and swam in the vile liquid unable to breath and struggling to look about him. Other people drowned inside the beast and his wife was there too. She was drowning, and he tried to save her from death again, but instead she only sank further into the acidic liquid. He reached hard for her but she was gone again and he gave a thought to diving into the pool further to search for her. Suddenly a dragon emerged and looked at him with deep eyes of darkness. It burned him with a breath of torch-hot fire. And at that point, when his flesh began burning a bright, hot purple and orange, he awoke from his dream, sending a fist out into where the dragon had been. Instead, he saw Tsu, staring with eyes open and jaw dropped; he had caught the fist from its voyage to his face and now looked on in wonderment. Sweat covered Gosan and his tailbone itched from beneath. His nose smelt of acid and his heart raced uncontrollably. "That was it. That was the dream, wasn't it?" finally Tsu spoke in reflective awe.

"Yes. I suppose it was," Gosan answered calmly as he realized the meditation brought out his nightmares to him.

Gosan turned his face to the photograph that had captivated him before; the last photograph of the Dojo. He looked around at the faces, at the man standing alone with arms crossed and eyes turned to the center. Gosan then looked at the center of this happy photograph. There stood that same man with his goofy smile and crazy hair, hand raised in a 'V' and arm wrapped around a second, spiky-haired man. Behind those men was something though, and Gosan looked harder into the photograph. He suddenly realized that the warrior in the photo had a tail. Gosan had never noticed it before; now he was linked to the past in more ways than one. He was the son of someone and the dreamer of another; yet either way, fighting seemed to seep into his life, integrated with his very core of being.

### Satan City Park

#### *Narrator:*

*Tsu knew that Gosan was indeed a descendent of that man, Son Goken, but he dared not tell him. Ki had brought Gosan to him and eventually his destiny would emerge. He decided that it would not be very hard at all to teach him the art of Ki and packing up their kitchen and items, took to the streets again.*

*He led Gosan in the opposite direction of the general movement of the crowd, it was Satan Day, and was even astonished to see Gosan move almost as fluidly as he did. Soon, they emerged from the busy streets, leaving the noise and business behind them as they entered the empty park on the outer rim of the suburbs.*

*Quiet and colorful, the park seemed a perfect background for a day of great importance. Tsu felt the disturbances in the air, the change to something that had not been seen or heard of for over three decades. He was mindful also of the disturbance coming from the forest adjacent to them, yet he was unaffected in his thoughts. He knew exactly what it*

*would take to awaken Gosan to the world of Ki. Fighting was his basis for all his life, and fighting would teach him.*

*They passed through the thicket deep in the park and below the tall canopy of the great hard-woods; a small pasture of land that laid silent and waiting for the shifting winds of life to brush them...*

They stood there for a few moments, each contemplating what would soon follow. It seemed that the trees only knew what magnificence filled the air.

“Master, I have waited a long while for this moment, meditating as you have suggested,; please tell me, what is the art of Ki?” said Gosan, finally, with anxiousness flowing openly and mixing thoroughly in his veins.

“You have no idea, do you, about the nature of your presence. You will know Ki soon better than I could ever imagine. Still, you are the apprentice, and the first lesson comes tough; you must hit me to get it.”

“Hit you?” Gosan said while Tsu nodded his head, “That doesn’t sound very hard,” he smiled slyly as if he was jesting, but not at the same time.

“Then try - earn your lesson,” replied the confident, thin man who stood now poised for defense.

With that Gosan rushed him, running with steady and beautiful strides, and jumped for a swift kick to the chest. But as he approached the unmoving feeble-looking man, Tsu simply disappeared, leaving only a blurred image for Gosan to strike. Soon, he landed steadily on the ground and upon landing, he searched quickly around him; he could not see Tsu anywhere. Then, a whistle echoed out amongst the tree-trunks and Gosan glanced up in utter surprise. There, in the trees and at least ten meters high was Tsu with arms crossed, standing superiorly, and now on a tree-limb.

‘What! How? He was so fast, no one has ever been that fast!’

“I am waiting. You’ll have to move a lot faster than that to catch me, by the way,” the master spoke, tauntingly.

‘Damn, I’ll have to climb the tree,’ thought Gosan as he strode over to the mighty poplar. He began climbing the ageless giant, but, when he looked up, he noticed Tsu was not still standing above him. He looked back over his shoulder to the ground and, there, Tsu was waiting. ‘What the HELL! Where was the sound? How does he move so fast!?’ thought Gosan.

“The concept is very easy to understand, learner,” Tsu answered the thought of Gosan’s. Frustrated and fearing his first loss since childhood, not to mention the fact that Tsu could read his thoughts, Gosan leapt from the tree with an artful roundhouse forming his descent like a seedpod from the arbor. This time he struck his mark and a ferocious sound rocketed from the crash. But, to his great surprise, he had not actually struck the old man. Instead, the wise master had blocked the kick with a smooth forearm sweep. Then, as Gosan continued to fall, Tsu’s sleek and elderly left limb jutted out and a palm sent Gosan into the tree he had just leapt from.

Standing up slowly and coughing weakly, he gripped his abdomen and spoke, “I give up. You are simply too good for me to win. Tell me your secret, your form.”

Having conceded defeat, Gosan waited while the old man thought of his answer. “The form I use is not an issue here; it has no relevance in my level of fighting. In fact, your form is flawless and mine is far inferior to the teachings of your father; I can recognize

the master of Chen Ngyu when I see it. The secret is Ki, my guide, which has allowed me to move at speeds greater than you have ever known," he revealed.

"I still do not understand why," Gosan stared blankly at him, sweat beginning to emerge from his forehead as he stood fully now.

For the first time, Gosan began to realize that this old man was not at all feeble or overcome by the venomous serpent, age. He was actually quite well designed; slender arms with powerful, sleek muscles. His short stature, although due to an aging back, was perfect for fighting and increased speed. It seemed, somehow, that Gosan had either misunderstood the flow of power in the body, or he had been blinded by his pride. "Ki is the energy of the universe. It binds everything together. It forms all you see and all you cannot see. It harbors life and destroys it when it wills - an unseen force that guides the Universe. Ki is like a stream of water that flows through your body as if you were a screen filter. You can learn to use it, to harness its untamed and infinite power. You simply have not because you are blinded by man's inherent defect: ignorance.

"Ki also determines your health and life-force. If Ki is cut off from your body, your body would become more like glass than a screen filter, and you would die.

"Fighting is a simple thing really, but strength and speed only get you so far. It is based on the Ki bound in your body. If you can harbor the Ki flowing through you like I can, you will become much more powerful than you had previously ever dreamed.

"The answer to why this is all true is simple. The mind is the yin and Ki is the yang. In between is your body, acting as the border. Your body acts as a connection to the world of Ki for your mind. There are several channels located throughout your body, and some species have more than others. Humans have the most of all natural Earthly creatures, hence we are the best fighters. The channels' power is measured in descending order. First your head is the strongest, using the mouth, eyes, and ears as portals to the mind, then your chest, next the abdomen area, and finally the genitalia; all along the center line of your body," he spoke gesturing and demonstrating with his hand, moving it slowly along his center, "Every animal has these aspects and uses them. Most also have peripheral connections such as your arms and legs, to add power. At the end of these are more portals and they can be used accordingly. Because man has evolved to use hands more, they are easier to control Ki with; though the feet can be very handy in times of need.

"If you teach yourself to open this connection to Ki, you may control it as it has controlled you. You can then persuade it to do anything you like," he finished his lecture.

"What happens if you always control Ki?" queried Gosan as he contemplated the meaning of everything he had heard.

"No one knows, but it is believed that you can become Ki yourself. But such things are best understood by the guardians of the Universe," he declared in a test of Gosan's knowledge.

"The guardians?" Gosan was thoroughly confused by now.

"The guardians are the protectors of planets. They are wise beings of ancient times who have conquered their minds and seek to control Ki for the good of others."

"Where are they? Who are they?" Gosan tried to quiz Tsu as if he was speaking total gibberish.

“I myself only know one personally. But I do know that on the low end of the ladder is the Kami, a guardian of a planet. Then is the Kaio, guardian of a section of a galaxy. Next is the Dai Kaio, guardian of that galaxy. A Kaioshin is guardian of four galaxies. Finally, the Dai Kaioshin is the ruler of four Kaioshins and, presumably, the universe itself.”

“I have never heard this before, none of it. How come no one seems to know these things but you?” he was not convinced.

“Such knowledge is from ages past, known only by the most wise and confided in of warriors,” he mused with his thoughts, “But we are getting off track. To control Ki you must find the connection within yourself to communicate with Ki in order to learn its will and to tell it yours. But, remember Ki has levels in you too; your body will fill with it again, but if you use it all up, you are dead.”

“How do I do this? How do I *talk* with Ki,” he was now curious; he felt somehow as if it had been trying to talk to him the whole time since the dream he had; he now desired to reply back.

“Well...first you meditate,” Tsu said smiling as Gosan’s shoulders slumped and he sighed in dismay and frustration. But Tsu knew it would take only a few hours of tough focus for Gosan to do it, “Gosan, you have a warrior’s focus and strong confidence; if you focus completely, it will come to you faster than you think,” he spoke confidently to Gosan, who smiled at the kinds words that filled him with pride once again.

*Narrator:*

*Several hours passed as they sat there, still among the giants that stood unmoving, with legs crossed and humming in meditation; their concentration was far beyond the level before, in the Dojo. Gosan now knew what to do, how to set his mind up, and Tsu spent his time trying to ‘connect’ with Gosan. After a while a slight, warm glow developed between them and Tsu focused even harder on pushing his Ki into Gosan’s mind. Soon Gosan felt very overheated and started to breath heavily, grunted occasionally as he felt as if some force was pushing through his pores into his heart. It seemed first like a trickle of a mountain spring, then a steady flow with tingling edges of his body breaking away with the flowing force. Suddenly a rush of water was breaking through the dam of his mind as its gate opened for the first time, the power was sudden and frightening, but elevating and historical; an event unreplicable in the Universe...*

He held out his quivering hand and opened his eyes. Through the pain, he saw that he beheld a glowing, red ball, floating and bobbing up and down in his hand. It was the most wonderful thing he had ever beheld, “Why can I now see this Ki?” he asked in complete amazement and honest naivety.

“Controlled Ki glows the color of your mind. Mine was blue because I am calm, but strong. Yours is red because you are enraged and inexperienced in your life,” he explained wisely, but with a smile; so many students had he mentored in his long life, but never any so strange and skilled as Gosan, not even Goken or Centura.

“Fabulous,” he admitted.

And then, he let go of it and watched as it flew out and exploded harmlessly in the air above him. He noticed how it seemed to follow every thought and desire he had.

Afterwards, he sat and thought awhile; he was testing his abilities, learning what his body already knew at a faster rate than Tsu had ever seen before. Then, looking very puzzled, he looked up at Tsu. "I can feel yours too. You are weakened by your teaching me, but I can feel your presence very clearly."

Tsu was very surprised, to hear such astonishing news. Smiling, he spoke, "I am old, and my energy is far less than yours already. You have now passed lesson three, my friend."

"So you can feel others' Ki, and find their locations too?" his amazement grew as his mind stepped whole-heartedly into a new realm he had never felt before.

"Yes. It is very useful, and important to use these skills. Ki can guide you, as I have said, in more way than one. The things you see with your eyes are only but a fraction of what Ki sees," Tsu focused very hard on Gosan now, squinting his eyes to listen to Gosan's thoughts, as if awaiting an event to reveal itself to Gosan.

Gosan only stared into Tsu's brow when suddenly he knew the reason for the old man's glare. Soon a horrified face came over Gosan and he stumbled back a moment. His face showed pure terror in what he saw...or felt. His head shook for a moment as he mumbled. Standing slowly, he turned to the dark forest off to their left and just stared. He let out moans of disbelief and shock. Horror formed itself in beads of cold sweat upon his forehead. He finally managed to utter, "Wha...what is that? It's unbelievable, I have never felt anything like it. So strong; far beyond either of us...how can this be? How!? I feel an evil coldness rushing upon my body. How can this Ki be so wrong? It is like nothing of this planet as far as I can tell."

"What you sense," finally the old man revealed what he had been hiding, "Gosan, is an evil presence that arrived here on Earth over eight months ago. I traveled to see it myself, and before I reached to it, its power repelled me; I was no match for any of the two great powers I felt. I fear that in my old age I can do nothing, and it seems I was not meant to," he turned to face the forest.

"I always thought it was strange," he continued, "also, that this being did not present itself as a threat immediately, but instead lied there, waiting in the dark corner of our warrior world. I heard rumors in the city of a 'new boss' that was scaring everyone, looking for a certain person, a fighter of unequalled abilities. I thought they would come to me, but instead I was never even bothered. Slowly, too, I felt the dark powers seeping over the city. Then, as I contemplated going again to the forest, those hoodlums attacked me. You came to my rescue, and I knew that you were the answer, a diamond in the rough; you were the only hope. I know this with my whole being."

"What are you saying? Why me?" he turned again to face Tsu, to read his face; his heart raced uncontrollably with this sudden onrush of a new world.

"They were searching for you, my friend. I know not of your wife, but it seems logical that she is there. I cannot tell you if your wife is even alive, but it is no accident you have arrived here," Tsu revealed, "I will not lie, you must go now to face this new enemy. It has become clear that everything has been built up to this. Your Ki has now grown to levels far beyond mine and it swells even more with your anger. You must learn to control it, however, if you wish to be any match.

"You are nearly ready to destroy this evil and Ki wills it so; Ki favors justice and good. But Ki may also be misled by those who wish harm to others. If evil minds were to take control of Ki, an end would be upon our universe. Therefore, you must cease this evil for the good of everything you have ever known."

“But, I am too frightened. This is so sudden, I have just learned of Ki and now you want me to go there and fight this great power? An evil of such power must have unimaginable skill and I cannot be any match to such a creature.”

“No, you are wrong: skill is of the mind only, not of Ki. Your mind is pure and your skills complete. You will continue to master more of Ki as you go along your journey, but you are ready. You must go soon - ask your innermost feelings, they will guide you,” he commanded.

Gosan then closed his eyes tightly and focused on the deepest recesses of his mind. Whispers in the dark came to him, and he immediately opened his eyes upon hearing them, “Yes, you are right,” he was suddenly calm and in control again; he was ready.

“But first, we eat. It is my custom before battle; a custom I learned from a dear old friend long ago.”

### Forest Walk of Fire

*Narrator:*

*Tsu led Gosan to a local restaurant just outside of the park. The parade had ended and Gosan watched the people returning to their homes as Tsu explained some of the techniques he could try. Gosan barely heard much of it as he focused on his future instead.*

*After eating, again on Tsu’s tab with the owner, Tsu took one last walk with Gosan, taking him to the edge of the forest. They still enjoyed each other’s company, talking cordially, but their minds dwelled on the battle at hand. Tsu gave him a few more tips and revealed others powers of Ki. He explained carefully the ability of Ki to protect your body from harm. The trick, he explained, was to tell the Ki to protect you because you are its friend. Tsu explained that if one treated it like it did, it was far more useful to you than if you treat it like property.*

*Before he had realized, Gosan found himself at the edge of the Satan forest again. The forest had once been vast and not easily measured or traversed, but years of war and lumbering had taken most of it away. Despite that, it still stretched for kilometers in many directions and housed many dangerous creatures that had claimed countless lives. But Gosan thought not of them, but of the great evil it possessed within its borders. With one last look and a smile, they shook hands, and Gosan walked off into the forest cover; above him hovering those inexorable titans, seeming chained down by forces of time...*

As he strolled along his chosen and unbeaten path he stared at the trees. They were of many different kinds and all quite tall, old in age and great in beauty. One oak he noticed was as big around as a car, planted perhaps four centuries earlier. ‘These must be ancient trees. Veterans of the Great War, forgive my intrusion,’ he spoke to them quietly as he strolled hands swinging slowly at his sides, occasionally brushing the tree bark. He felt very comforted in this place and soon forgot the evil that persisted in the deep forest. In no time, it seemed, he had gone many miles and now the sun hung low in the sky. Yet he paid no heed to time while he strolled, but merely listened to the great, gentle giants as they guided him through the darkness. How well he listened now.

Then all at once, they screamed out to him. He felt a chill send through his body and he stopped walking. Whispers came from the emptiness of everything, chilling voices of



evil. He looked quickly around him, glancing from tree to tree, canopy to canopy. Something was definitely wrong with the air: its taste became almost putrid. His body juttred in quivers and spasms responding to fear and adrenaline. His strange hair stood on edge as he glanced around quietly taking in the scenery and looking for any movement.

Then instinct took over his body and he quickly ducked, falling to the ground and catching himself with his hands. And there, where Gosan had been standing a figure's leg stuck in the air: it all seemed to move so slowly, and he found himself marveled at the response he had. Gosan sent up quickly a foot into the body behind the leg, but when he did, it vanished. Gosan flipped himself up and focused his senses to find where the figure went. From the corner of his eye he saw it over to his right, landing gently.

Slowly the figure stood completely and turned to Gosan, he was cocky in his stance. The two looked at each other, each smiling for their own reason. It came as only a slight surprise to Gosan that he was able to do such acrobatic movements at high speeds; long before the present he had practiced these battles in dreams he could remember only so far when he awoke. But now, he was truly awakening, and the first sign of his ascension to a new world of fighting looked promising – it looked golden, and felt so too.

Gosan, a slight smile smeared on his face, then got into his own fighting stance and placed one leg in front of the other, moving one hand back to his right hip and placing the other in a claw-formation in front of him. In his cat-like stance he was poised to strike, yet wholly ready for defense. The creature only smirked, and slowly reached to his shoulder to throw off the light jacket he was wearing - body armor of an alien world – it ruffled in the air until it landed on the dead leaves below. Gosan studied carefully the body of his new foe, his eyes taking in every aspect; this creature was only slightly taller than he but his body was much slimmer, and he wasn't human. His muscles were tight, compact, and Gosan could tell he was built for speed. As Gosan analyzed him, the being reached to his back and pulled out his sword. He displayed it, swinging it gingerly and studying Gosan's reaction. Gosan simply smirked, portraying no intimidation, he was not afraid of steel any longer. Smiling, the alien heaved the sword at Gosan. Gosan's reaction was amazingly fast. Already the sword traveled at high speed towards him, but Gosan felt the force guiding him and with little effort, he leapt to the side. The broadsword supplanted itself into the tree behind him, splitting wood as it vibrated violently, while he leaned over in a one-armed stance, staring at the creature while his body hung in balance like an intricate and calibrated tool.

He felt the power of Ki rushing through him, guiding his movements and obeying his every whim. His mind flexed powerfully and grew in understanding. His natural abilities became more prevalent and obvious with every passing second. He was a virtuoso unlike any ever born. Gosan flipped again and with brilliant motion, got back into his stance as he watched his opponent carefully. The creature again only smiled, standing slightly turned and squinting as he studied Gosan. Too, Gosan studied the features of the creature once again.

The creature was bipedal and had long, slender limbs and hands. His skin was smooth, colorful, like that of a flower. He also was vastly uncovered, except for the armor that was strategically placed on the reddish epidermis. His hair was of a bluish hue that sharply contrasted his skin, as if to accent his fiery demeanor. On his ears, several jewels rested, dangling in the near-twilight as if to want stardom.

“So, you’re the one who He is waiting for? You don’t seem much to me,” he spoke in a familiar language, his accent kind of British-like.

“Maybe I am not much. Maybe I am, but it doesn’t really matter at all what you or I think...once you’re defeated. But tell me first, who is waiting for me?” Gosan was surprised it spoke his language, but even more surprised that he was truly being waited for: he still would give it no display of fear.

“Doesn’t matter, you will never get to see my master,” his voice was joyous, while his eyes squinted – they too were the color of blood, “I am here to collect you for His majesty, and I don’t expect you to be too difficult to take. Still, you aren’t going to see my master, because when I am done defeating you, I am going to take your eyes out of your head – I got special permission for that,” he smiled, “Your skills are no match for mine,” he spoke as he reached to his temple and pressed a button; the contraption there made a small noise and then was silent, “Your power level is far below my own, I’m afraid. It is, to be blunt, laughable.”

The taunt made Gosan grunt a bit in anger. He couldn’t believe it had technology that read his Ki level, “I believe that you are only the second alien I’ve ever met, friend,” he remained cool, “But the last one was unfortunate enough to receive a painful death from my favorite katana. I think I will make it a two-for, what do you think?”

“I think you haven’t the slightest idea what you are up against, boy,” the being retorted.

“We shall see soon enough,” he retorted, “but first tell me your name, where have you come from?” Gosan asked, and then added, “After all, I must know who to ask these trees to pray for, when I send you to Hell.”

“Ha!” the being laughed, “You are witty. Hmm...my name, I suppose I can tell you. General Jinho-Mai. I am a warrior bodyguard for my master,” he said proudly, “I command the seven legions of His majesty’s military: the Onten.”

“I see, well I am Son Gosan, the Dragon-cop, or so they call me. Maybe if you are fortunate enough...or live long enough...you’ll see why,” Gosan laid it on thick.

“If the chances seem equal to my concern for such niceties, then I highly doubt the situation you present. Now, Son Gosan, it is time for you to feel pain unlike any other.”

It was clear the mercenary meant there to be no more talk, and he got into his stance once again. He lowered his arms to his hip without moving his slightly bent legs, and then they stood there for a while. The form of the enemy was weak, but Gosan could tell it was meant to make him underestimate his enemy. Without warning, Gosan rushed him. As he swung out first with a swift upwards axe-kick, Mai vanished and Gosan immediately stopped then jumped up. Moments later, a flash let out, filling the darkening forest with sudden light as Gosan came crashing to the Earth from several meters up. He flipped his body over and landed softly on the ground as if he were a spider, then releasing his weight, jumping backwards to avoid a stomp that came down from above like lightning. The leg pounded deep into the ground, rumbling the earthen soil and cracking it. With a shout of anger Mai ran it through the ground in a kicking motion sending a blast of power into Gosan ahead of him. He then moved swiftly, drawing back his arm and flinging it forward. Then again, a flash emerged and Gosan was flung into a tree, causing it to break over and fall while the air reverberated the cracking and crashing. For a moment, Gosan lost his sight and control of Ki, and then it came back to him, just in time to roll sideways to avoid a left-hook. As he rolled he shot out a Ki blast instinctively that struck Mai in the gut and flung him the other direction into a tree,

exploding and splitting the poor giant. Gosan stood up and quickly fired two more red blasts that swirled around each other and then exploded seconds later, hitting nothing. He was shocked for just a moment, searching around him in disbelief that he had missed. Just as he looked behind him, Mai's elbow jetted down into his collar. He tried to use Ki to protect him, but the pain was still immense.

Gosan yelled out in pain, but was silenced with a palm to the back that sent him reeling into a tree. Coughing, and breathing hard, he stood up slowly, rubbing his shoulder and staring at Mai. At first, Mai seemed very surprised and unbelieving. He quickly read his little machine and gritted his teeth when it beeped again at him. Then he regained composure. "It seems, Son Gosan, that you have managed to increase your power two-fold in just the last minute," he declared standing lightly with hands on hips, "I don't know if the machine is broke, but I do know that you are still no match for me. Yet, it still interests me...how did you get your power to go up?"

"You wouldn't believe me, I suppose," Gosan spoke, breathing hard and coughing as he held his back, glancing up, "if I told you that I had no real power level at all only yesterday," he smiled.

"If I thought you had reason to lie, I would not believe that, but I sense that you understand your weakness, and also that you are still no match for my power. In fact, I am so certain you cannot win, that I will remove my Scouter and remaining armor," he was cocky indeed.

Mai then took off the Scouter, casting it into the dirt, then removed the armor from his body, "Just to let you know, you would probably cry if I told you the difference in our powers," he smirked.

"It doesn't matter to me what you do. I am ever learning more of my new world and soon I will find a way to defeat you," Gosan spoke, standing upright again, blood dripped from his lips.

"Ha!" Mai laughed aloud, standing ten meters from Gosan, "You make me laugh Gosan. You have no chance to survive, yet you still bluff openly. Your powers are paltry compared to even my weakest subordinate. What can you possibly expect to do to even harm me?" he was smiling big.

"Even now you are blinded by pride, Mai. I'll show you, then, what I can do, just watch me."

Gosan stood and clenched his fists, then as Tsu had instructed concentrated on delving into his 'pool' of power. It seemed as if the sprinkling of energy turn to a monsoon and with a yell, a white aura formed around him, he could tell his power had multiplied. It was less like he was learning, and more like he was remembering from some deep part of him how to do all these things. He felt like his entire being was made just for this. He wasn't sure, but he hoped he now could beat Mai.

Unamused, and still confident, though a bit shocked, Mai spoke, "Your power grows even now. But it cannot prevent your timely death!"

Then he spread his legs and got down lower to the ground. He brought his hands together and started to grunt a lot. He seemed to Gosan to be focusing on his Ki. Gosan felt it growing far beyond his level. A small ball formed that began to expand in size. When it was the size of a basketball, he then looked at Gosan and grinned maniacally. "See this, this is your end."

He pulled the ball back behind him and then with a yell, flung the glowing sphere at Gosan. It moved at a frightening speed, but Gosan was not ready to die and with little effort jumped over the ball and Mai, his arms sprawled forth in soaring position. Just as he landed, he felt the rumble of the ground and heard a loud blast emerge behind him. Immediately, he felt too the pang of the air that rushed to him and flung him even further past Mai. The gigantic explosion filled the darkness with whitish, hot light while the air seemed to get hotter even as he panted to catch his breath. It seemed a long time to him in the air, and he prayed to avoid...too late: he landed with a loud “thud” up against a tree.

After a moment, he came to and let out a moan as he opened his eyes. He found he was upside-down, crunching his neck, and he rolled over, looking to where Mai had been. His eyes grew wide with a childish surprise as he saw in front of him the forest ablaze in a frightful image of destruction. His senses resurged, the Ki filling his breast again; he heard the screams of the tress calling for help, and he knew he could not help them all. Getting quickly into a stance and giving a solid shout, he used his newfound power to fling dirt from the ground onto the inferno, in true dust-storm fashion and managed to encircle the fire with a hill of dirt. The hero's first salvation in his new realm.

It was only after his sudden action that he realized how powerful he had become in that time of need. His heart grimaced at the sight of the trees burning; spirits of old and powerful, yet powerless to their end. He eyed the carnage with a deep sorrow and regret, remembering the enemy then. ‘He will pay for his carelessness!’ Gosan thought, staring into the blaze's beautiful chaos to try his senses. His face changed from pain to serious anger as his determination grew. He jumped over the hill among the raging forest-fires to where he had been. But Mai had long ago taken the chance to move.

Gosan stood there for a moment and listened to the Ki from within. He tried to tune out the dying trees and heat as he searched frantically for Mai. The darkness was strong in the destruction. And at first it seemed like using a flashlight in space; soon that light grew for Gosan, exponentially. Then he found him. His face suddenly displayed, not joy, but his disgusted feeling for Mai, and he began to walk in his direction. Getting closer and closer to the signal, he stepped lightly listening to the sounds of fire raging beside him; the screaming of the poor creatures so carelessly destroyed by Mai. Then in an indistinguishable change in movement, he ducked and threw up his arm. ‘Flash!’ The light grew and dimmed quickly, the fire flamed high in the sudden air gush, then fell again, and Gosan now had his arm meshed into the jaw of Mai who had tried to land a hook into Gosan's back. Not waiting for a reaction, Gosan flung a roundhouse that caught Mai by his surprised face and sent him into the flames. But no sooner had he landed, Mai was rushing Gosan again, his flesh seared by the licking flames. His face was evaporating blood, from either anger or heat, but Gosan was undaunted by the aggression.

With his leg, Gosan flung out a jab that sent Mai wheeling in a back flip as a crashing sound entered their ears. It was too fast for human eyes, but lo we try to describe! Again before Mai fell, Gosan disappeared and reappeared over him to deliver a hard hit to the gut that folded Mai and sent him plowing through the ground. Creating a human-sized crater. Gosan's power had swelled even further with anger now, perhaps tripling in the last few minutes. He landed softly on the ground some small distance away, watching the crater and waiting in his defense.

Mai, first opened his eyes, surprise in them, then stood slowly, and keeping his face low while he brushed his skin of the dirt, began to speak, “You have surprised me, indeed, Son Gosan. Your fighting skills are pure, intense like this fire, but you still have no chance. Hmm...yes, you seemed to have not noticed how I was purposely easy to touch,” he checked Gosan’s face for disbelief; there was none, “I was careless with my moves, but it was all a gag anyhow,” he explained further to make sure Gosan understood, “You didn’t really think you were actually beating me of your own raw power did you?”

Gosan stood speechless, he could not judge the creature’s bluff or truth, and knew Mai must be up to something. He sensed Mai, checking his levels, learning suddenly to compare their powers...it was curious, Mai seemed equal to Gosan.

But that soon faded as Mai’s Ki again began to surge, seeming to feed off the destruction around them. “I should have known you could survive that blast, but, no matter. You will die very soon as I have grown tired of placating your pride. But first I think that I should tell you a story, since you have come all this way for a reason, and I know why,” he continued as he saw Gosan’s face revealed his interest.

“Only eight months ago it was, when my master sent his cronies, my legionnaires, into the cities to search for, well, for what he wanted. They, under my expert training, did not fail him...you see they brought to him news of a special man in the world, one that mystified the criminal world with his skill. Yes, he was intrigued, and using his special skills, determined that this was the man he searched for,” Mai stood non-chalantly, “He ordered the wife be taken, for the most cruel torture. So I sent my weakest underlings and they did their bidding, with some help I believe – only one did not make it back, you know.

“Hmm...it was troubling that the man never came for her, yes, her heart was broken that her knight in shining armor never came, never found her scent in the air. My master has little patience, you know, and that was her unfortunate circumstance,” he watched Gosan’s eyes swell in anger and fear, “I watched it, you know,” he said still grinning, “I watched her die that disgraceful and terrible death. She screamed until her voice went hoarse. She was distraught, I think, that the hospitality of my master had suddenly been stripped away...like the clothes she clung to.

“I listened, with my stern face, as she pleaded for her life. Tears, tears of pity came from her eyes, she was afraid they would violate her...I myself was repulsed by her pale and colorless complexion, but intrigued by my master’s ruthless torture. I watched with glee as he cut off her head in one smooth stroke with his hand. I was sad, I remember, that I came all this way to Earth, and you never showed. Now, I think that it was worth it...if only to see your wife die so beautifully.”

Gosan stared off into space, eyes quivering, unbelieving, ‘Sha-rei, no you can’t be gone...’; suddenly pain and agony ripped into his very being. He saw those eyes again, the portal to her soul, he saw her beautiful face and then he remembered the dream. How she had vanished into the darkness, leaving him to suffer in lonely sorrow and fear, his flesh burning the open, acidic, furnace.

Mai pitied him none, and without warning flung out and struck the shocked Gosan, allowing his muscles to expand and pound as one unit. Mai struck him hard in the gut and sent him into a tree, cracking it, and sending sparks everywhere, the fire had raged so

long, and the smoke was thick above their heads. Mai, feeling saddened by the ease of this attack walked slowly towards Gosan, to allow some recovery.

Gosan lay there, though, not thinking of the hit or fight anymore. On all fours, he stared to the ground, 'Sha-rei...no. Why did you leave me so alone, why couldn't I save you? I can't seem to save anyone in my life,' he remembered Chen, 'Why does life spite me so?' tears flooded the gates of his eyes, pouring over in mad streams of love.

Mai, standing over Gosan, saw the tears, reached down and grabbed Gosan's hair to lift his head and punched his in the face. Gosan's head went into the tree, blood spattered. Yet, Gosan felt nothing externally as he thought about her smile and her touch, her eyes haunting him in the dream...and then he thought about her death. The Ki that flowed through the dam of his mind like a placid river now raged to a mighty tsunami, roaring like the tiger over its kill. The already pitiful barrier broke with the slight swell of the wave and everything in his world let go. Pulling up to rest his haunches on his calves and lowering his clenched fists beside him, he let out a scream that defiled all nature and silenced even the flames. Mai jumped back in surprise.

All this time, his hopes had been growing of finding her; ever since the tavern, all he had imagined was to hold her again, and now she was gone for sure. His yelling shook the ground violently and the world seemed to vibrate beneath them. Mai stumbled back with his eyes flared as he saw the aura surrounding Gosan swell from white to a hot medium of golden. The dirt began to fly around him in a vicious cyclone and Mai covered his face with his hands. The moment was magnificent. Then, after such dramatic and violent action, the climax came: a blast from Gosan flung Mai away with ease and knocked over the charred trees, sending dirt and rocks everywhere like shrapnel. The flames that at first grew in the wind, died a cold death in the rush of smothering air. A flash of blinding energy blanketed the night with light. His hair stood further to end and his deep eyes widened. His hair then morphed to a blinding gold while his eyes went first blue, then all green. Yet he was not calm as green, but shook with pure quivering energy and rage.

Mai stood up, after a moment's silence, among the dirt, groaning from the pain. Shaking his ringing head, he looked in front of him - he became afraid, in a most internal and deep way. For in front of him kneeled a warrior not seen for decades in the Universe. Gosan had entered the pit of Hell a mere human, and emerged a Super Saiyan!

Rising up from his position, Gosan looked at his bloody hands demarcated by his nails. 'This blood I shed is for you, my love; I will avenge you,' he whispered. He hated, with all his vehemence, the creature in front of him. It seemed his anger could almost kill Mai alone, and if Mai only knew Gosan's power, he would have wept for fear.

Gosan's body was tired, indeed, but his mind was not and Ki flowed through him like the mighty Amazon in the ancient forests.

His eyes, they pierced Mai's cold ones with icy spikes, and his hair that fluttered wildly in the aura seemed to cut the night. Mai felt a chill of death and he shivered in fear; he didn't need a Scouter to know he had crossed a line. The eyeshot from Gosan tampered with his innermost instincts. Mai opened his mouth to speak...

Gosan struck. With a speed unseen to Mai's mind, Gosan darted linearly forward and with a wonderfully perfect tiger claw, rammed through Mai's chest thrusting his heart into his hand. Mai, quivered for a moment more, eyes wide, as Gosan brought his head back to stare into the vile alien's eyes. The red blood of General Jinho-Mai flowed freely

over Gosan's glowing skin. The moment shifted the Earth, seemingly, and yet Gosan's eyes spoke softly to the fallen general, 'You regret only now your stupidity and ignorance. Soon, you will descend to the fiery pits of Hell, heartless, because I took what you stole from my wife and I...you cannot have it back.' Mai soon felt the glass barrier cover his body, and he drowned in that pool of green, deeper than the deepest ocean, whilst blood still curdled in his gaping mouth, unbelieving.

### Ship of the Damned

*Narrator:*

*Gosan released the body from his death-grasp and turned around, thrusting the corpse into the fire's dying embers; there the fire would feast on Jinho-Mai's energy before dying out. Gosan then searched, focusing on his surroundings; he felt the evil stronger now, his senses heightened and feelings clearer than before by more than a hundred-fold. Crispness had developed where there had been blur. He was a completely different man. He felt as if all his being was meant for this stage of himself, and he was inwardly amazed by this transformation. The old man had been right after all.*

*Now he wanted vengeance; he wanted it in a way that no one could describe with mere words. He had lost her, but he would not dishonor her death with cowardice. The evilness from the dark was powerful, possibly more powerful than he, even in all his golden glory, but he was still unafraid. If he should die, he would only find bliss. But he was determined to save his people, his planet. The Ki guided him to a judgment – he would confront this shadowy figure and fight with all his being, lose or not. With ambition and confidence replacing his old fears, he rushed into the thicket towards a power that frightened the spirit of life into hiding...*

As he rushed forward, passing trees with a blazing speed, he did not notice anymore the beauty around him or the voices of the energy flowing between them. Instead he found a thread of energy and focused on following it towards something deep in the vast forest.

As he ran, he tested his abilities, sending Ki out in blasts and flexing his aura. Yet, even as he did this, he remained focused on the string he followed. Little did he know, his power was growing moment by moment, but even if he knew it would not matter to him – he was resolute.

At last he slowed his pace as he came to a cliff edge. He peered over the steep crevice into the large crater below him. A small stone fell from the base of his shoe, he watched it descend steadily and roll along the crater floor until running into a mound.

There, he saw an entrance below the pile of dirt in the very center of the crater. Bushes now grew in this crater, and especially over the mound as if someone had dug a hole, then filled it again, allowing the jungle to consume its location and conceal itself. 'Like a burrowing predator,' he thought as he ran down the cliff-side, body forward and arms back to streamline his body.

At the bottom he again slowed and carefully paced his way towards the entrance. There he found a large door, very sturdy and ominous, made from some unearthly metal, 'This has got to be Mai's master's spaceship,' he was intimidated somehow by the unknown behind the door.

Finally, he worked up enough courage to approach it and try to open it with his strength; yet he did not get that far...“Hey, get away from there,” someone suddenly shouted from behind him.

The voice had startled him since he didn't expect anyone to get outside without leaving through this door. He turned and saw a small army of men, who looked, essentially, like foot soldiers. They all were different species of aliens, but dressed like Mai. ‘They must be Mai's legionnaires guards,’ observed Gosan as he eyed each one carefully. Then one came forward a bit and said, “You must be the asshole we are looking for. What do you think you are doing? What have you done with General Jinho-Mai!?”

“Your general is dead,” he saw their faces shudder with disbelief, “and unless you desire the same, sad fate as I gave to him, then you had better let me in here and leave.”

In response, the men ran to surround him and Gosan got into their respective battle formations. “Alright, I suppose this means you want to do this the hard way,” Gosan responded to the movement.

Surrounding him, the men seemed apprehensive, as if they wondered the validity of his words – meaning they were being suicidal. He could see their eyes quivering with fear, no one of them willing to risk the first attack...or death. He found the one in particular whom he felt like he recognized. ‘Where have...oh my...yes, that is him, that is the one that came in the night with the other two!’ he knew at once the criminal-guard that carried his wife from the window. Gosan stared into his eyes, glaring into the creature's scared soul with intensity and malignant malice. His green eyes scared the alien, and when Gosan knew he had him, he squinted, scaring the guard to pull the trigger and fire the first blast. Then at once, they all fired Ki blasts from the guns that rested on their arms at him; each gun was linked to the Scouters on their heads. Randomly they shot, but pointedly they missed because none of them could hit Gosan at all. His movements were so fast, that he had time to watch and observe every single Ki ball that went by, and study its properties. He found they weren't personally guided, ‘I don't think they can use Ki at all,’ Gosan thought as he dodged the sporadic blasts, ‘Mai never had a gun mounted to his arm. This will be a pathetic massacre, but they had their chance.’ Left, right and up he swiveled to avoid contact with the blasts, and not a one ever touched his Super Saiyan skin.

Foreseeing that this defensive skirmish could last a while he jumped out of the circle and decided to strike. At first, they searched for him in the dirt cloud, until one noticed he was outside the ring. As they turned to face him, he began to remove his shirt and reveal his dragon.

At first they paid no heed, but then the one yelled out, “It's him, it's the dragon-cop!” he was pointing to the tattoo.

They all stopped then to stare, murmurs erupted from the soldiers as they all stared into his tattoo. Gosan turned his head slowly to face them all, “Yes it is I, the man you so brutally tortured many days ago. I have spent so much time searching for her, searching for my love, and now I have learned from your dead master, that she was killed long ago. Now, I have no need for you people, and I feel no pity either. You,” he pointed to the one, “will die the most painfully here, but you will all die a inglorious death,” their eyes grew wide, believing their impending doom as the truth, “Now that you have seen the serpent's eyes, feel the wrath of its claw!”



After a crashing crack in the air, the men found themselves being each pounded one by one with single blows, of different types each, until all died in succession. Soon, the only left standing was that one whom Gosan would repay handsomely now. The lone guard watched as Gosan finished them all before the first hit the ground, and how they fell like rubber dominos. They had never known their end would be so unfulfilling and that their lives would carry so little meaning. Gosan, watched them fall, and then turned to the eyes of that one kidnapper. "You broke into my house, you stole my life, and for what? So that your master would spare your life a few days longer?" he sighed, "I suppose you never thought it would come back to you, friend, but you were wrong. Yes," Gosan's eyes grew slim, "you were very wrong. It always comes back...and now I tell you your grim future: you will die here, after I slice you into a hundred pieces with my Ki. Then, you will find yourself at the mercy of the guardians from beyond. You will enter Hell and endure terrible pains and hardship. Then, when one day I am dead, if I should go to Hell too, I will find you, and I will make you miserable again, and again," he had truly frightened the guard, who now trembled.

Gosan made no new warnings, made no compromises. He formed with his snake-like hands reddish Ki blades, and when he had powered up gloriously, he swept his hands back and forth in only a second, ninety-nine times. The guard, looked down at himself, and then at Gosan, who turned away. The guard fell at last, dead and gone, ingloriously fallen.

At that moment, the main entrance opened, with Gosan staring into its gaping mouth. Dirt fell from around the entrance and plants tore, both falling into the darkness beyond. Gosan grabbed his shirt up to enter the ship, putting it on as he walked inward.

After he had entered, the door closed and the lights came on, but they were far too weak to give sufficient light. The ship was definitely of a different planet; the floor rang softly with his step, and the walls were of the strangest type of design. Each had a smooth surface, with only crevices of metal to break the transitions, and along the ceiling ran metal piping unlike any seen on Earth. The ship, too, was strangely cryptic. The entire setting felt alien and futuristic to him. He saw some of the technologies in one room, through a small red glass window as he passed it. 'This place makes Capsule Corp seem like burger joint,' thought Gosan as he peered into the digitalized room with a tank of water and several hoses running out of it.

As he walked inwardly, he noticed that all the doors were closed off, as if he was expected to follow the path and not just bust one down. Soon, he confirmed this as he passed through a gigantic archway where the doors had obviously been opened for him to enter; all was silent and only the whirring of the electricity in the ship broke that silence. As he entered through the passageway, the air quickly changed into a dense haze. It was dark, so he could not see the size of the room. Yet, he could tell from the whirring of the power that the room was large; the echoing was not that of a small room like he had seen before.

Across the distance, a light burst through as a door opened. He held up his arms to block the great sudden glare and after his eyes had adjusted he could see a figure walking towards him. The figure was, from what he could tell, very short and had two points jutting out from acute angles on his head. A large tail attached to his body swerved back and forth as he walked with his arms crossed.

But Gosan still could not actually see this enemy, this evil in the dark now revealing itself in the light. Gosan prepared to battle by powering up, though tired from earlier fights. He would face this new enemy for already he planned his revenge against the great power he felt across from him. Yet, he hadn't noticed that such a battle was perilous and impossible to begin with.

Soon he started to feel very tired in the legs. Uncomprehending why his legs struggled, Gosan looked to the floor. He now felt the entirety of his body being weighed down by some great force. All at once he collapsed as he searched about him for a way out. But, alas, there was none and the figure still approached. He became more anxious, 'What the Hell is happening to me!? I feel so heavy!' Yet the figure continued to move closer.

Finally, he could not take it anymore and he lost total control of his Ki and faded down to normal, his hair receding into black. With a sudden chest-flat fall to the floor, he was unable to move as he peered up to the ominous and slightly illuminated figure above him. "I see you finally made it," a deep, raspy voice emerged above him, "I am pleased that you did, although I should have preferred you came sooner. How are you young warrior?" he asked, waiting a few moments, "Feeling speechless I see. You didn't sound speechless when you destroyed my legion and General in combat. But, I am pleased you aren't the weakling I had once predicted," he spoke to Gosan as he stared down to him—had he seen Gosan the Super Saiyan?

"I believe that you have come looking for something. And you will not be disappointed with what you find for soon we will fight in mortal combat: a battle to the death."

At that moment Gosan felt a sudden strike on his neck, like a sharp pounding limb, and he completely blacked out.

### Dining Room Conversation

*Narrator:*

*When Gosan finally awoke, he found he could not move. He couldn't even remember the last thing he saw. But, as he looked up he recollected very well what he had seen. He bit his lip in anger, yet he realized only now that the true nightmares had just begun.*

*Of course, in his sleep Gosan had dreamt of many terrible things. He saw the sadness in his life replayed and his mind even took him so far into his tortured life that he was replayed the night Sha-rei was taken from him. He saw her face, so innocent and beautiful, and he saw it vanish into the chilly night. Yet it seemed to him in his dreams that a great golden light had been cast over all things, and when he was again confronted by the great ape, it paused before his glowing essence and asked him, 'So now you think I am defeated?' The beast again gobbled him up – he had not conquered the power inside him yet.*

*As his vision more and more came to, Gosan tried to rub his eyes, but he was restrained somehow. Eventually they cleared and he found that across from him sat that same figure from the room, with his pointy horns, in some sort of pod-like chair. Gosan, was amazed, to say the least. The purple creature in his chair seemed like some sort of exotic demon, disgusting in appearance. This, Gosan realized, was Mai's master, and he tried to summon power to attack. But as he tried to, the being spoke to him of his powerlessness and vain struggle for freedom...*

“You can’t move because you are sitting in a gravity chair. It is pointless to try, you’ll only pass out from exhaustion. Hmm...though you are strong, your body is tired. If you were at full strength, I suppose that you would be able to do it. But for now, you’ll have to maintain your patience and talk to me briefly now,” the raspy voice emerged from the short creature.

“I don’t care what you have to say,” Gosan grunted trying to move, “But I want to know what you have done to her! What have you done to my wife!?” Gosan screamed out, struggling to move.

The being sighed, “You should have known this from the outset, but from your apparent ignorance, I must assume you simply killed your informer. Pitiful, I have been very irritated with your absence. I sent for you again, but you were nowhere to be found. I suppose that you went looking for her, uncomprehending that your closest link had been he whom you killed. As for your questions, yes, I took your wife, and yes she is dead. Mai told you, I believe. Not that such information is even relative to your situation, at all. No, to truly understand why you are here, I will first give you a history lesson.

“Once upon a time,” the creature’s face turned sullen, “there lived a tyrant who ruled as no other had, ever in the history of the Universe. His will, stronger than steel, and his power, unequaled by any outside his family. He used his powers of...persuasion to go from planet to planet conquering them, stealing their resources and occasionally, blowing them up. His name was Lord Frieza, and his father was King Cold.

“Of course, he didn’t conquer every planet on his own. Instead, he employed several races that helped him conquer the universe. Most notable and important were the Saiyans. They did everything he asked and more, the fools. They loved the money and technology he gave to them in exchange for what they did best: fight, make war, and kill. Eventually, however, the Saiyan king grew tired of Lord Frieza and led an insurrection against him to save his people’s freedom, and his own son. Frieza and his loyal bodyguards destroyed the King and his little revolt, with ease and even joy – he hated the Saiyans. But they spared his son, Prince Vegeta, because Vegeta did not know the truth, and he was quite a tool for Frieza.

“After that, Frieza went on to destroy all the Saiyans, for he feared and loathed the...monkeys. But, he was a fool to leave so many Saiyans alive after the event, in fact there were seven left, and this would be the undoing of Frieza’s world. Frieza’s fall from the top, though, came not from one of the grown and powerful warriors, but from a lone Saiyan named Goku.

“His brother came for revenge, but failed miserably, and ergo an empire more vast than your imagination came to an end,” the creature across from him finished his tale and took another drink from his glass on the table.

Gosan grew more irritated by the minute, “I don’t see your point, and I don’t care to see it either. I want you take my revenge on you and that’s all I care about,” Gosan finished and began to concentrate his power, bringing to a boil his anger.

As Gosan was about to begin his struggle, the creature interrupted by increasing the chair’s gravity and speaking to the crushed Gosan, “That tyrant, foolish boy, was my father. I am King Cold’s grandson, and rightful heir to the empire he built with my father’s power. I am King Frost,” he revealed the nature of the story’s relation.

“What is happening to me?” Gosan struggled to speak.

Frost reached to the dial on his chair and turned it, while Gosan felt the release of force on him. "I will keep this dial turned down, if you agree to keep your mouth shut, listen, and not struggle...it irritates me when my inferiors disobey me!" his raspy voice increased.

"I grew up abandoned after his death," Frost now stared off into the table, remembering his rough life without a father, "my mother was killed by her own slaves when all heard of Frieza's fall. My uncle never had children, and so I was alone. I was sold into slavery myself, you know, but I personally made it a point to learn to fight. Fighting comes naturally in my family, as it does in yours, and I was soon known by many to be a dangerous foe. Eventually, I assassinated the highest military officer who was my master and I was sent to Namusen 12 as punishment, a planet with immense gravity.

"There, I learned the harsh realities of life and death. There is where the struggle to survive showed me my true self, revealing my gifts and powers. I lived in that terrible place for six years, until I managed to escape. Rouge in the galaxy, I traveled to many planets, looking for clues to the prior events that destroyed my life. I had always believed political rivals somehow assassinated my father. But I had seen no one on any of the planets I encountered as powerful as I was becoming, let alone my father, who was described as unstoppable.

"At last, I found some information on Namusen 7 that revealed that my father's last location had been Earth, after he had been rebuilt from his notorious demise on Namek. So, I set off to Earth to learn the truth myself. This was his last known destination and upon arriving I sent out my men for weeks in search of the vessel he came in. Finally, they found its remains and brought me them. I was not expecting much, though I have to admit I planned to eliminate this planet when I was finished. That was until I found in the remains a detailed log of the events that led him here and to his death. Of course, I didn't have all the details, but I assumed that Goku, having beaten him on Namek according to the log, destroyed him again on his home planet.

"It was like the answer to everything I had ever imagined, I could now get my revenge, even in my old age, and I could die a very wealthy King. You see, I managed in my life to rebuild what I have lost, and restore my control over many planets. I destroyed that Hell Namusen 12 years ago, and I have managed to conquer all my powers. It seems I am at my peak of my very long life, and when I finally located this source of hope, I vowed revenge against all those who caused my suffering," his face was wry, anger seeping into his eyes; he clenched his fists in crushing power, "I should have been Frieza's right hand man," he refused to say he wanted Frieza's love as a father, "We would still be a ruling family, conquering even this pathetic planet. But, instead a few monkeys ruined my call to destiny. Oh how I wished so long that Goku could pay heavily, that I could squeeze his head in my hands till it popped! But now, Gosan, now I have found how I can have my revenge.

"You see, I have determined that you are a descendent of a Saiyan. I know so because I can feel it in my mind. I...know it with all my wisdom and power...and I hate you for it! I don't need a Scouter to tell me your power is extraordinary - you are one of them. I cannot, of course know whose descendent you are, of the seven, but I don't care, because I just want one of you! And you appear to be the last there is, so it is you that I have chosen for mortal combat,"

“Your story, well, I don’t feel sorry for you at all, Frost. I suppose our hatred is now a match because you have offended me without even knowing the truth. If what you say is true, and what I feel is true, then yes, I am a Saiyan. But your past requests no pity from me, for you have killed my love, my wife, and now your words anger me only more. You give me more reason to stop you, and more reason to fight.”

“Yes, yes that is what I want to hear Gosan. That is what I like to think about, the two of us, fighting with all our fury, until the other breaks...I happen to see myself the victor, for you are weak. Until we battle again, my men will heal your wounds, restoring your power. Then, you will come to me, and I will give to you a very painful death. It will place closure in my mind and when I finally die, I will be happy knowing that when you died, misery had replaced Sha-rei as you closest companion,” Frost did not give Gosan the opportunity to speak, instead snapped his fingers, and Gosan felt a sudden prick in his neck.

### Gravity Room

#### *Narrator:*

*Somewhere between the dizzy spells and blackouts, and the dreams Gosan had of Sha-rei, he managed to reflect on his strange journey. At one time, Gosan recalled to himself, he had been a much feared officer of the law, and for all he knew Earth was alone in the world of intelligent life, and spirituality and gods were myths of the past. He smiled at the prospect...oh how his world had changed. Now, he sat alone in a gravity prison that had force-field like bars, and he had been fed drugs by alien guards. He soon would be healed and fight against quite possibly the most powerful warrior in the galaxy. His wife was gone, and ironically if he hadn’t gone in search of her she would be alive. Let one not forget, and he found this amusing, that he was a descendent of an alien race, of whom one man managed to ruin Frost’s life and so Gosan became the victim years later...and he did not even know such a world existed! The drugs were good, he thought to himself. Yet even in his semi-steroidal coma, where sometimes he would stand up and shout at the guards/delusions he saw, and sometimes fight the terribly powerful force-field that shocked its prisoners, he found solace in hating the King and foreseeing how the good in him would conquer through his hatred over the pure-evil and selfish Frost. Yes, they were good drugs.*

*When at last Gosan awoke, sober and aware, to the buzz of bright prison lights, he found he could move unhindered by the force field and gravity machines. Slowly looking around him and at his body, he stood up and walked cautiously out of the unbarred prison cell, following his senses down a dark corridor. All the guards, delusions or not had left, and eerily Gosan felt guided by a malignant and terrifying force down the corridor. His body, for all he could tell was healthy, and his sense of Ki restored fully. His thoughts dwelled on Frost’s face, and how much terror lay in its aged wrinkles.*

*As he walked down the empty and silent hallway, he noticed again how the doors all along the way sat shut up again, leading him on somewhere else – beyond the beyond it seemed to him. At length, he arrived at the end to the hallway and walked through another familiar archway. He recognized immediately where he stood, only now the lights hummed above, revealing the vastness of the room to his eyes. The doorway shut behind him as before, just as another door opened at the other end. Through it walked*

*his enemy, the purple creature aptly named Frost, and Gosan knew the time for revenge was at hand...*

“This,” said Frost as he approached Gosan, “is the Gravity room. It is located in the center of my ship. I have always, ever since my incarceration, had a fascination with the ability to fight at higher gravity. I often train in here alone at hundreds of times the gravity of this sad planet. As you probably guessed, this is where I caught you four days past,” Frost’s deep voice rumbled in the room, the rasp in it began to grate at Gosan’s ears.

The air was still very dense and hot, the haze blurred his vision only a bit. Frost continued, “In here, we will fight with no escape out, until one of us is the absolute victor. As we fight, our rising power levels and battle techniques will increase the gravity accordingly. At some point, you may succumb to it and die. But, I would hope that your meager strength will allow for me to first thrust my hand through your gut and to taste your blood in victory!”

“Sounds to me like you have made an advantage for yourself. Ha! What cowardice...but I am afraid I will not fall so easily, for my cause is just!” Gosan had confidence.

“You seem to not doubt yourself, and that will serve you well. But, you underestimate me, and my experience. If you found Jinho-Mai to be difficult, then you had better begin begging now while you can,” Frost mused.

“You will get no such satisfaction from me Frost. I am determined and I have history as my side to show I have the advantage,” Gosan found pride in his ancestral power, “You will die here today, Frost, I promised Sha-rei that,”

“Then when I send you to Hell to greet her, you can remind her how you failed not once...but twice!”

With that he rushed Gosan and struck him in the face, the pounding set off the gravity machines, which began to do their work. The sheer momentum was hard for Gosan to counter, even with Ki’s aid. He had already failed to move fast enough to stop Frost, and now he flew back uncontrollably. But instead of striking the wall like he figured when he pivoted to position himself for it, the increased gravity pulled him into the titanium-steel alloyed flooring. “Konggg,” was the sound that emerged from his severe impact with the flooring.

‘Oh shit,’ thought Gosan just as Frost rushed again. He could hear Frost’s powerful footsteps on the floor, each slamming quickly as he charged him. As Gosan got to his feet under the intense gravity, he saw, with barely enough time to react, Frost’s foot screeching through the air, posed to catch him in the throat. Gosan this time managed to leap over it and flip forward, but was caught by yet another factor: Frost’s tail swatted him so hard, it made a crack of noise, and he again flew across the room, only to land on the floor in similar fashion to before. On the other side from behind him, Frost’s feet screeched on the metal floor as he stopped to launch himself back at Gosan.

The ever-increasing gravity was taking its toll; hence Gosan barely managed to stand up again. Frantically he searched with weighted eyes, struggling to focus on both sensory and power. He couldn’t find Frost anywhere since Frost moved so naturally and speedily in the gravity and Gosan was unable to capture his movements. Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his lower left back. The low punch caught him completely off guard and sent him reeling in agony. Shooting forward he finally landed on his feet and reacted with speed

and agility by leaping back at Frost. But, Frost was far too fast and with his arms still crossed, he vanished and repositioned himself above and to the right of Gosan as he landed on his feet again and then proceeded to hit Gosan with his heavy, brutish purple tail.

‘How can I beat him in this room, he is just too fast! If I power-up, it will only serve to increase the gravity,’ he thought, trying to devise a plan. Across from him in the air still, his foe half-turned and peered at him coldly, waiting. With a strategy in mind, he ran at Frost and leapt towards him with a flying sidekick. This time, when Frost vanished he used his Ki to reach out behind him and grab Frost’s tail. Then, swinging him hard into the floor, and giving out a grunt, Gosan sent a Ki blast into Frost’s back.

Quickly, the irritated Frost regained control and rotated completely over. With an angry grit of his teeth, he sent a firm and solid kick to Gosan’s groin. Gosan stumbled a moment as Frost moved to his feet and then proceeded to pound the protagonist with a fist to the gut. But even as he did, Gosan took the opportunity to head-butt Frost in the nose and both of them slid back with the powerful hit. The strikes produced sharp bursts of air and noise, vibrating the ship, panicking the remaining guards.

At this point, Gosan was feeling the gravity grow beneath him while Frost was beginning to realize the tenaciousness of a Saiyan. Each glared at the other with intense, thoughtful purpose. They both hunched over a bit, Gosan panting from the tough battle, and Frost feeling slowed by age...or was it age? Frost did not know if it was, he felt as if this battle was not what he had imagined, although he still knew the advantage was by far, his. But, could he lose to Gosan now? He wasn’t sure, maybe Gosan only held back in fear of the Gravity Room...well then he would test him. “How about we turn things up a notch?” Frost shouted across to Gosan, as he took his stance and began to concentrate.

‘What does he mean?’ Gosan’s confusion was abated at once when soon he felt the dark Ki surging into his opponent. Then, Frost yelled ferociously, permitting his voice to echo loudly in the large arena while he concentrated his power into a temporary reservoir. Suddenly, with a flash and a blast that sent Gosan careening into the meter-thick-steel wall, Frost exploded in size to an immense three times his previous mass.

Gosan squinted at the pain inflicted to him once he hit the wall and then crashed to the floor. “Shit,” he grunted, as he struggled to his feet, raising his head against the super-powerful gravity.

Upon opening his eyes, he found that horror was far worse than actual pain. ‘Oh no!’ thought Gosan. The face he made amused Frost greatly, “The form you now see me in is only the second of many. It is a family trait, and it took me years to master them all. Don’t be fooled by my size, for my power and speed have increased equally, while yours are greatly hindered by the gravity,” he burst into a joyous laughter.

‘Shit, shit, now I have to turn,’ his face grimaced as he struggled to stand, knees cracking under the weight, ‘but I think that I should be stronger then,’ he determined. “Well then, Frost, you have given me no choice but to reveal to you my true strength!” Gosan shouted, as he began to gather power.

“You lie!” Frost was prideful and denying of the statement.

Gosan slowly removed his bloody shirt from his sweat-soiled skin. His back to the transparent metal wall revealed once again the omnipotent dragon carved into his flesh for all time to the frightened guards. Acidic liquids still attempted to run into his eyes as he closed them, gathering more strength. He searched out, searched for the inner light,

and brought it ahead. It almost seemed too natural to him, as if it were eased by fate. First pulling his body into a ball and then pushing upward while screaming out in pure ecstasy, a golden aura was awakened from his deepest inner-being and consumed his whole body. The ship again began to quake with the transformation and the gravity machine now nearly maxed itself out to match the powers in the room. The dense air seemed to catch fire with his radiant aura, his yelled echoed in hollow screams. Soon his hair and eyes had changed and the feeling he had had four days before of rejuvenation and rebirth returned. He bent over fully to stretch his muscles in his back, feeling the gravity increasing, yet unaffected by its touch. As he bent over, Frost caught sight of the tattooed dragon upside down on Gosan. He was immediately and utterly fascinated by its beauty as the colors he saw radiated through the golden aura to his eyes.

“Your power has increased substantially, Gosan, though I doubt it matches my own. But you appear to have tapped into your ancestral strength, and that confirms for me my primary hatred of you. I hoped the gravity would overwhelm you with the transformation, but I imagine we are close to the peak of the ship’s abilities. But, before we continue, tell me,” said Frost as he glared at the emblem with wide eyes and pointing to Gosan’s back, “how did you get that?” his ultra-deep voice frightened the guards outside the wall.

Gosan lifted up his head first to look at Frost and then stood to hide the tattoo again. He stared at the giant seriously and began, “I owe you nothing Frost, and I fear you none, but I have hear and respect your own story. Our paths have entwined us together and woven a strange fabric of hatred between us and I find that strange, as if other purposes guide me here to defeat you. But, I respect a warrior’s last wish, even if they are cold to the touch, and so I will grant you your last wish.

“When I was a child I had a dream I was running alongside a dragon of unimaginable size and length. I ran fast as I could and jumped high over the hills and mountains trying to keep up with it. These places I saw are all mystical and lost to the world now, but I remember them well. The beauty of it all is unmatched by any place in the world now that I have seen – a lost realm. Suddenly as I came to the edge, the great emerald dragon swerved out in front of me and spoke ‘One day, you shall bear onto yourself my emblem. And if you prove your valor in battle, you shall take my place as the Eternal Guardian.’

“Strange enough, life has led me here, and now I feel as if this may be the moment it spoke of. Then again, the feeling is elusive, as if I am to carry on to somewhere else.”

“Fascinating!” Frost was amazed and frightened, “You truly are a worthy adversary, full of surprises and deepened with mystery. I thought that when you entered here I had seen everything there was to you. But I seemed to have missed this technique you perform now also. I understand now how my father had been so easily defeated, for he misjudged you Saiyans’ abilities. However, I am sorry to tell you that you are still no match for me. Welcome to the end, my friend,” Frost spoke, his eyes closing slyly at the end.

They both vanished as they rushed each other began a fistfight that sent flashes of light around the room. It raged on at speeds not comprehensible to any mere person. Outside, the personnel began to abandon ship because the violent fistfight caused them to fear for their lives. Inside, kicks, punches, blocks, all precipitated in the form of martial arts at speeds not seen in decades. Each struck the other occasionally and with equal strength; a tail-whip here, a roundhouse there, a dragon fist, a tiger claw, a leopard’s paw, a crane’s bill. Every time, striking with forces that defiled belief and terrorized the ship.



The gravity, too, increased until it maxed out the reactors, draining power everywhere else. Gosan soon found himself being weighted down, fast. He decided to pull out all the stops. He jumped back and concentrated his power into a ball and flung it at Frost. Frost swerved and the ball struck the wall, uninhibited by gravity. Frost returned fire and Gosan dodged the sharp ray that came from his finger. But, the beams served to only increase the reactor tension more. 'I have got to do something, or this place is going to go up in nuclear fire! But, he won't consciously let me destroy the gravity machines,' pondered Gosan in a fleeting second. He quickly formed a plan and moved in towards Frost. He tried a sliding sweep, torquing his body left as his right leg juttet straight out. Frost, however, took the bait and grabbed a hold of the leg and tried to slam Gosan over his head onto Gosan's back on the floor. Gosan saw this as his opportunity and fired a large beam upward at the floating Frost who vanished only to kick Gosan from the side. But the trick had worked and the beam careened upward continuously and ruptured the roof, thereby short-circuiting the machines and turning off the Gravity machine. Frost first looked up at the machine and then gritted his teeth angrily. "You'll pay for that, you sly monkey!" his voice rumbled. In response, he grew a medium-sized ball of energy and flung it at Gosan who, with a cunning smile, palmed it and slung it to the floor...

The ensuing explosion blasted the floor and walls clear out from around them. Light filled the entire room as neither could see and all that could be heard was a mighty rumble that rocked the Earth around them. Each was flung back and even lost sense for a moment as the fire and light took over everything around them. When the rumbling had finally stopped and the light cleared, each stood up among the debris and dust. 'That was close,' thought Gosan, as he strained to see through the cloud of dust. He could tell that Frost, too, had survived. When the dust had cleared, to Frost's unhappy surprise, he saw they were now standing in the light outside.

### Crater Battle

*Narrator:*

*Frost, was at first unaware of the damage he had done. His rage at Gosan had blinded all his thought, and now he had paid for that folly. He could not help but stare in complete disbelief, at all the wreckage that lay around him, and falling from the sky still. His ship, his men, and everything else was gone. Frost has a sharp mind and a keen sense of reality: it took him no time to realize that he was now royally fucked – stuck on the Earth and still he had not beaten Gosan to take his revenge. He reared back in anger, holding his arms to his sides as he shouted out into the air. Immensely powerful as he was, Gosan had ruined him...at least for now.*

*Frost now was doubly angry and cursed everything about Gosan. He had let pride take hold and the cunning style with which Gosan fought paid off. Frost's eyes swelled with rage and sheer anger that this mere weakling of a Saiyan descendent could outsmart him, a King. But Gosan simply stood there while Frost threw his tantrum, and looked around. He saw the dead aliens in the debris, the damage inflicted by Frost on himself and he could not help but laugh joyously as his revenge had begun. It was a pure laughter, purely of hatred and happiness in Frost's partial demise. Yet he also knew the anger of Frost made him powerful and thus the laughter ceased at length to give way for preperation – but it had relieved some of his fears.*

*First Gosan tested his muscles out, extending arms and legs into stretching movements. He even performed an old form-dance Chen taught him long ago, to signify the coming of the dragon-spirit in time of war. How aptly it fit the situation. Gosan realized that without the weight of the gravity, his power had grown ten times what it was before, but was it enough? He decided to find out, and took a stance to power up fully again. The wind created by his flexing Ki's aura pushed the dust out away from the two super-charged warriors and when it had all cleared, both realized that the blast had made the crater grow deep and very wide, albeit still littered with debris and corpses...*

Powering up still, and with a gigantic smile, Gosan finally uttered, "Well, at least there is a grave big enough for your ass!!" and he began to chuckle, seeming to not care nor notice the power suddenly swelling up in his opponent.

"Think we're clever...think you are so smart, so strong!? You haven't done anything, fool, except beleaguer me by delaying my destruction of this planet! But take heart, Gosan, after you are dead, I will take good care of the humans here!" Frost shouted.

"We'll see about that. Now that I am out of that Gravity, I am going to enjoy fighting someone of your strength!"

"Whoah, maybe you should watch what you wish for. You...never know...grrr...what you...are going to regret" he smiled at his sly little rhyme, "Rarr!" he leaned back and began to power up.

"What are you up to Frost!?" Gosan shouted out across the open crater.

Frost stopped roaring and stood upright, the ground vibrating slightly as he stood still, the rocks around him lifting and breaking in the air. He spoke, "If I fought you now, I would lose for you are stronger - but not for long. Prepare for my third phase!" he said as he again took a stance and squeezed his fists, drawing more power inward from somewhere.

The volume of power surged within him and soon, Gosan could tell it was for a transformation. 'This can't be happening!' Gosan thought in vain as he compared the size of Frost's new power to his own; he was far lower than Frost who had begun the transformation. But despite Gosan's disbelief, it was true. A sudden and forbidding blast of light and sound arose from Frost and shook the ground violently.

The power was like something dreamt only by gods and the light so blinding, Gosan was forced to place his arms over his eyes. When he removed them, he was shocked to see a hideous beast had formed in front of him, with elongated head and spikes jutting out from the armor-skin; yet Frost was still in stance and meditating, drawing power from somewhere. Gosan, though disgusted with the creature, was confident in his own powers, 'He's lost a lot of power, and I've got him still...'

At that moment, he was completely blown backwards by another blast as dust began to swirl everywhere in the crater, forming a cyclone-like barrier between Frost and the blinded Gosan.

After protecting his eyes for so long from the torrential event, he removed his arms and waited for the dust to clear. Time seemed to delay only the worst of things in Gosan's life and now this was true. As he peered to the center, when it had all cleared, there now stood a completely revamped and different Frost. Now his sleek skin gleamed like armor, purple and silver covered his entire body and even on his rounded head, arms crossed as he peered out as if he was bothered by some trivial thing, and a calmness in his power remained while his stature was reduced to slightly more than that he had started with. He

was far beyond the level of a mere Super Saiyan. Gosan was finished, “Marvel at me, Gosan, be amazed at the form you see here now, for it is almost the perfection of my blood. It will suffice for your demise, I can assure you, and you will feel my wrath and punishment for your mockery. Take your last look into the sun and sky, Gosan, for today you die!”

“Herahhh!” his hollowed shout echoed across the gorge to Gosan, while Frost fired an incredible blast from his eyes that landed square in the right shoulder of Gosan. As he yelled out in pain and fired back with his left, a foot struck him from behind. He roundhouse kicked, but was again struck by Frost from the other side. His movements, however fast, looked sluggish compare to the speed of the new Frost. So sleek and smooth, Frost’s speed through the air was amazing. He did not walk either, but floated continuously, placing craters were he pushed off to move.

As Gosan stood in pain, quivering violently as if some invisible force savagely beat him, Frost came from every direction, leaping and striking and landing again only to leap once more, sending blood everywhere. Gosan at length made another sad attempt to kick Frost, but was instead met with a sudden shot from a fist to his jaw. Time seemed to slow as the blast ruptured the air, blood spraying from Gosan’s mouth everywhere. Then Frost halted in mid-leap and flung the point of his tail into Gosan’s left leg, spouting Gosan’s ruby liquids on the ground and creating a large entry and exit wound. He removed the tail from his wailing adversary and placed the end in his mouth, licking away the blood illicitly and grinning in victory. “Tastes like...monkey,” he grinned as Gosan groaned in agony, gripping his profusely bleeding leg. The pain was particularly strong because Gosan’s had so much muscle there that now had a gaping hole in it. He had not taken care to protect his body from attacks and now had paid a terribly high price for his clumsy defense.

Frost took hold of Gosan’s neck with his right and flung him aside then walloped him with a Ki blast that ripped through the silent surroundings with a Sonic Boom. Gosan was flung like a rag doll into the dirt and debris around him, being cut by shards as he rolled and finally landed on his back. Grimacing and gingerly touching his leg, he lifted his head to peer through one eye at Frost as he approached the fallen hero. ‘But, I must win. I have to avenge Sha-rei. I must save the Earth! I must fulfill my dreams! If I lose, so much more is lost than this battle’ he thought, ‘I’ll get you damn it, Frost!’ he shouted angrily at his adversary.

“What is that I hear? You’ll get me? I think not. You are finished, already lost when you thought you had won. You are going to die, and I to live. You cannot win, nor could you ever. It has always been my destiny to rise to glory! You and your revenge are nothing but desires - lost causes,” he declared with a laugh so evil it chilled Gosan’s heart.

Gosan, who had summoned enough Ki to begin fixing his wounded leg, found new determination and thrust his arm out at Frost, but instead of striking, Frost caught the fist and drew back his own, allowing the muscles to swell with power and then releasing it down. “Thrapow!!” was the sound of him pounding Gosan’s face in, breaking his bones and dizzying him with tumultuous flight backwards.

Gosan landed at the other edge of the crater, hundreds of meters away: what a punch! The sound of his terrifying crash shattered the silence of the forest around them. The

large graveyard acted like a megaphone for the sounds of the fight and stirred with dust with every power filled punch. But the dead guards didn't mind the noise.

On the ground, and lying in an upside-down 'L', angled upwards, he watched in bitter agony as Death approached him, bearing his scythe of pain and torment; Gosan had no will to move, he was broken, gravity pulled him over. For him, Frost held no remorse and no pity. Having tasted blood, he now strove for vengeance with immovable footing.

As he lay there, Gosan thought of the Earth. He imagined the great pains soon to come if Frost was not stopped. Tsu was too old and weak to stop Frost if he failed and nobody on Earth could prevent the immediate oppression. What of the guardian? Gosan didn't imagine that the Kami could win, especially since he never showed up in the first place, and so it was all on Gosan. Not only that but the entire Galaxy, places and people he had never seen, would become the subjects to Frost's untamed power. He was the only hope; yet, he didn't care so much for his heart had been shredded with the death of his own dear wife.

Then she came to him, a memory of her once when he was in the hospital. She had come to him when he had lost his only friend in the Force to a gang shootout. She spoke to him with encouragement and commitment as she sat next to him, "Gosan, don't blame yourself, you aren't responsible for the losses caused by others. Your friend was a true one to you, and you were to him. But don't waste your life worrying for him when you could be out there helping to save the next person. He wouldn't want you to waste your strength like that, and neither do I. Get up Gosan - the people need you. Get up!" her voice rang in his head.

"Sha-rei!! No, I won't fail you, I won't let you have died in vain!" he shouted out in his dizziness.

He stood up from his pathetic position; his whole epidermis smeared with blood, sweat, and dirt, and clasped his hands together. Gathering as much energy as he could, from everywhere in his body, he created a ball of energy. He powered up as much as possible, the blood mixed aura flaring to a huge diameter and the heat creating waves in the air. Across from him, Frost was smiling still with his arms crossed. "What are you doing, now? Trying to do the impossible still, eh? Alright, let's finish this. The sooner it's over, the sooner I can rid my mind of your pathetic race!" Frost shouted as he got into a stance too.

Gosan finished gathering all the energy into one ball, and with a yell that echoed through the entire forest shot it at Frost.

But, Frost merely laughed and fired his own blast that countered Gosan's and absorbed it, then struck Gosan in the chest pounding him back into the dirt and up the side of the crater. The explosion rang out the truth in plain prose to Gosan: he was done-for.

Frost vanished then and reappeared over Gosan. He drove Gosan with his mighty tail back into the heart of the crater. Gosan landed in the center, face up, and stared into the deep blue sky, aware only of his defeat and not of the serious pain he had been inflicted with. 'I'm sorry Sha-rei, I am so sorry. I am a failure. I am sorry Master Tsu. I am sorry master Chen. There is nothing left in me to fight with. It's all over,' he wept inwardly.

Then Frost came into his view, looking down upon him with arms crossed. He kicked Gosan over onto his stomach and Gosan coughed in agonizing and excruciating pain. "You are dying, you pathetic low-level Saiyan. Afraid, aren't you? Hmm-hmm-hmm,"

he chuckled in recollection, “Do you know what? I could have finished you off back there, but I had a second thought. I came to a realization that I had forgotten to mention something to you, and I never pass up the opportunity to torture a pitiful soul, so I allowed you to live...a while longer,” stated Frost at this point, pushing his sole into the dragon on Gosan’s back “I was thinking back there about that ‘blood’ business. I was always fascinated by my victim’s blood, but yours reminds me of a intriguing thing.

“How sweet the taste of her blood seemed when I lick in from my hand,” he was now turning the knife in Gosan’s dying back, “Vengeance makes blood so much sweeter, wouldn’t you say?” he said waiting, “Yes, you know as well as I you don’t need to taste it with your tongue to find it sweet – just like when you killed my general, Jinho-Mai. Tasted his sweet blood, didn’t you? Hmm,” he sighed, “I wish you could only know how much sweeter it is to have a revenge of this magnitude. To taste your blood...literally...is, ecstasy.

“I noticed back there, though, that your blood is a bit different than hers, despite the vengeance factor. Again, you surprised me because I thought that all monkeys’ blood would taste the same. Interesting, isn’t it?”

Then taking Gosan by his long golden hair and pulling it back, observing the Saiyan descendent writher in pain as blood dripped sadly from his chin, he said into his eyes, “You know what I love most about this though? You don’t, do you? It’s that not only will I have your head to add to my collection of glorious victories,” as he studied the bloody mangled face of Gosan’s, “and not only have I had her pretty little head with her long neck and flowing brown hair, draped with her tasty blood” he described as Gosan’s mind cried out in pain at the sight of it – he wept, “but I will have that little one’s head,” he said as he noticed Gosan’s surprise and confusion; opening eyes, “Yes, I’ll bet you didn’t know about it did you? That makes me very happy, indeed. Want to know? Inside her, foolish man, was a baby – a son, to be exact. I, myself, was very surprised to tell the truth,” he still hung Gosan’s dizzied head in his grasp, “But I realized that you Saiyans have tried to make it hard on my family and this was just another extension of that...insolence. I realized that here was the chance to repay my unfortunate family life to you, with interest I might add. Ooh, he was very undeveloped and ugly, but I tell you it was unmistakable...the son of a filthy Saiyan!” Frost shouted in psychotic spasms, “Do you know how I knew he was one – a Saiyan child?” he whispered to Gosan now as they stared each other in the eyes; pain and agony evident in Gosan’s deep green organs, “Because on the end of his mushy, little corpse grew a tail that had wrapped all the way around him tightly. Hairless, but none-the-less a tail, a Saiyan’s monkey-tail! And seeing this I took the tail and ripped it off and held it out for all to see, laughing uncontrollably at the proof as I beheld my coming revenge!” he finished by letting Gosan stare into space, the image too horrible to not see in his mind.

Frost let go of Gosan’s head and reared back in laughter, unable to stop his contemplation of torture and victory.

‘My son!’ Gosan’s very soul wept bitterly, like a child who fell in the mud, ‘Sha-rei, no. Did she know? Why didn’t you tell me!? Why is this happening to me?’ he was ripped apart again like a ravage pig under the jaws of wolves, ‘I don’t care anymore, I don’t care to live, I don’t care about anything! Do you hear me cruel world, demons of my mind!? I...DON’T...CARE!’ Gosan then caught grasp of something. He felt the tsunami

rushing again, pushing on the levee with inexorable force. A tear developed on his cheek under his eye, but as it descended it evaporated and the dam broke its hold.

The Earth began to shake as Gosan, crying terribly, reared back suddenly on his knees, “Sha-rei!!!!” Frost stopped his laughter and bent back glaring in shock at Gosan’s rejuvenation.

“No!!!” Gosan let out in an unstoppable scream that echoed the forest and rumbled the entire ground all the way past Satan City. The scream itself could be heard by the pitiful souls of Hell, haunting Mai like phantom banshees. It was as if two Gosans cried out now, reaching for the burning flames of the sun to calm his white-hot rage. Boulders, huge bedrock boulders of the pre-Cambrian period, rose from beneath the surface. Large cracks in the crater were sent to its rim as the crater widened further in Gosan’s outpour of pure untapped power. All that he was, all that he could be, all that made him be formed a fission bomb that threatened to sweep the Earth away in terrible furious rage. His Ki rose beyond the brink and yet for all this, he was still not yet done.

His eyes flashed, like sword blades gleaming again and again in the floodlight. His hair immediately stood up higher on end, glowing as gold as ever before. With its growth he yelled more, slightly in pain, more so in rage, until it stood much higher than before, like a natural crown on his kingly head.

At last, when Frost felt fear most gripping and troubling; when he could barely stare into Gosan’s silhouette without closing his eyes, a blast exited Gosan’s body because his mind sought to vanquish his enemy. The blast, stirring up dirt, rock, debris, and dead guards’ bodies, flung a defending Frost backwards while the cyclone of moving objects came down to meet with Gosan’s aura. The mad, towering aura kissed the tip above his head gently as it swirled the debris around violently.

Then, with one last grunt and a flex of his body, he released this energy and lightening struck his body from the surrounding clouds. Soon, the air stopped moving and the debris began to rain from the sky. Entire boulders fell around the fallen Frost as he stumbled to stand. Dirt and dust-clouds blinded his view of his profound enemy, but he saw the glow. At once, the clouds dissipated and all was revealed to Frost.

Across from him, Gosan rested in a lax stance, fists clenched and eyes coldly pointed to him. “The sleeper has awakened, Frost, and no I bring you a prophecy: this is your final moment. This is where my destiny takes over!” he declared, waiting a moment for the effect, “You have offended my family, you have offended my people and planet, and most of all, you have offended the guardians with your insolent actions. Now, you will pay for your crimes. You will pay through the teeth and until the lineage of Cold chills the universe no longer with tyranny and oppression.”

Frost rose up from his cowered position and faced him, his frown turned to a smile as he opened his mouth to speak, “Well spoken, Gosan. It appears that you still have fight left in you after all. But, you can never beat me. Fool, no matter how powerful you have become you will never get her back. She and your son are gone; they belong to me now. Even with your superb strength, you are nothing to me. I will have my revenge!” he shouted back as he clenched his own fists and powered up to maximum, increasing in power and size until his smooth head erupted with four spikes and a mask covered his mouth.

He looked fearsome. “Gosan,” his voice was hollow and deep, “This is the ultimate form you see now, and it will be your downfall. You have spouted your last words, and now you die!”

They both got down into stance and began to bring all the power left in them to the front, to face each other. The Earth quaked beneath them as they eyed one another. Gosan stared into the sociopathic, uncaring eyes of Frost while Frost stared into the deep green eyes of his enemy. Both Frost and Gosan contained more spite and anger than felt between any two warriors in over a hundred years! Frost offered a last comment, “Here we will find out the fate of vengeance in our minds. A grand finale, an end to you most certainly!” said Frost as he released his beam of energy that flew across the crater towards Gosan.

Gosan then released his stream, pushing forward with all his might and ability. The two beams glided across the ground at backbreaking speeds, swiftly crossing to collide and ultimately decide the fate of the entire planet.

They struck each other, finally, in the center with a brilliant flash. Gosan’s bluish one met evenly with Frost’s yellow beam of putrid power. They each grunted hard as they pushed all their Ki from themselves, purging every crevice of their inner cores. Gosan’s war-ravaged body, even in its truest form yet, managed only to match the powerful foe.

Their energy was draining fast and yet the tie had not broken. Gosan felt it slipping as his body crumbled in so much pain. With every passing second, the danger increased in multiples.

Feeling his enemy slipping under all the pressure, even through the blinding light, Frost urged him on with a push and a shout, “You cannot win, Saiyan! Do you hear me!? I am destined to rule. Your fight has all been in vain – your wife and son have died. You want them back!? Here, I am sending you to them. Here they come to greet you!” he pushed even harder into the beam.

But Gosan, the humble and just warrior, was determined and in him resided the strength and willpower of a thousand warriors. Never had such resilience emerged since the end of the Great War. He gave everything and would give everything, even his life, to beat Frost. And that’s what it took, his sacrifice of himself.

He pushed with all the rest of his Ki, and a newly formed large ball of energy surged through his beam and pounded Frost’s back. Though Frost tried hard, he could not overcome its strength and was consumed wholly, without mercy, by the ball. It disintegrated his body entirely in a brilliant flash of light and the blast continued through the crater wall unhindered, edging out into space in its straight trajectory.

Gosan let go of the bead of energy, and collapsed to his knees. Looking at his hands, he thought once more of his wife, ‘Sha-rei, I did it for you. I did it for your love,’ and then he passed out among the dirt.

*Narrator:*

*Gosan, despite his sacrifice and even wishes, did not die that day. Instead, a surveillance team that had flown over the crater in search of the cause of the mighty earthquakes only moments later found him. In that crater though, all they found was a man lying face down into the dirt with many strange dead creatures around him, and a lot of debris from*

*an explosion of some sort. In front of him was a canyon that ran straight through the Earth for miles. Since he alone needed medical attention, they took him to Satan City. After a few days, the authorities came to question him about the strange occurrences that happened out in the deep abandoned heart of the forest. But, when they entered the hospital room, Gosan was gone with the window left open and the pretty silk white curtains fluttering in the night breeze. "Why the hell is the window open?!" yelled the inspector at the nurse. She replied with complete honesty and shock, "He said that he wanted to feel gentle wind and bright moonlight land softly upon his skin while he slept. With that answer, I just couldn't refuse him," she finished, her heart filled with love for those words. The officer in his white collared shirt and blue tie did not say anything upon hearing her words, but only stood at the window peering out at the moon into the dark night...*