

Saga 2:
Legend of the Super Saiyan

Korin's Tower

Narrator:

After his escape from the hospital, Gosan wandered the Earth in search for consolation. Saving the Earth was not enough for he who had lost everything, and therefore he tortured himself in continuous agony and pathos. He rarely ate and slept, and even in his sleep his mind never rested. He thought always about his unseen and yet loved son and what he would have looked like. When he did eat or drink water, it was only to keep him alive and further his torment. It was as if weight held his body down with continual pain. He wandered through polar ices and deserts, through storms and floods. He beat down his body with all his pain, and eventually began to lose his sanity. Unclean, and unable to think of anything but his lost family, he talked to no one. When he came to towns he wandered through without any sort of interaction with its citizens. He wouldn't even glance, as any normal man would, at the whores that inhabited the streets, wearing few clothes and calling to him, seductively. He was a sight to behold, a physical ghost, pale and malnourished.

Finally, after two years of pain and suffering, he came upon an obstruction in his path. He had not seen it as he walked with his head down and when he walked into it, his surprise shuddered him out of his shell. This thing that stood in his way was like nothing he had ever seen in his life. It was a tower that looked like it stretched to the heavens above, endless and unbound by gravity and other forces. The architecture seemed too perfect for man, and even as he contemplated its meaning, he felt the momentum shifting above him. With a final resolve, he dropped the weight of grief behind him and grasped the tower's side, lighter and more full of life than he had been in more than two whole years...

As he climbed, he literally felt the internal pressure of his body increase. The height was so much; it seemed to stretch to infinity! He climbed and climbed, thinking not even about his wife or his son, but just merely holding on and finding the top. The struggle was magnificent and it preyed upon his competitive drive. The trade winds of the stratosphere blew across his body in raging gusts that felt as if they were trying to pry him from life itself.

He looked down at one point only to find he could no longer see the ground. All around him he could only see the Earth's jewel-like surface, blue hues to the East and North, orange deserts to the South and bright green forest to the West. He looked up again and still he saw no end; so he climbed more. He watched the moon and the sun both rise and set two times over. The stars at night above the clouds he towered over felt almost like they burned holes into his back. His shirt and pants-legs had long since been ripped from his body by the inexorable winds. His dragon felt the whip of cirrus-cloud vapors and ice crystals slashing at his back, unwilling to let him reach the top. It all was so surreal, and yet he felt driven by forces.

At last, after climbing for so many days he could not remember, he bumped his head on something. With a cramp in his neck from being in the same climbing position for so

long, he slowly looked upwards as the winds again attempted to pull him from his grasp. Above him was a ladder extending from sort of behind him, yet above, like under a sphere. With one arm holding tightly to the wall, he grabbed hold of it. Painfully and with every ounce of energy he could muster, he pulled his frail body up and then climbed the adjacent stairway, holding tight to the handrail made of gold with a fear of falling from the terrible height.

When he arrived to the top of the stairs, he found a gate and an open area. Here the winds did not touch the surface and the gentle calm worried him. He slowly entered the gate, looking cautiously around, and strolled along the edge of the rounded floor, grasping the railing as he eyed the area. It was quiet here, too, so quiet he could here the panting of his lungs. As he walked around the circle, he came across a small garden with hand-cultivated plants growing in even rows and columns. 'Strange, no one seems to be here,' he thought staring at the garden.

He again looked towards the sky and clouds below and above and then to the garden. 'What a weird place for a garden. Am I losing my mind?' he thought. He starved for food and for water, but his body's urges were easily controlled by his Saiyan strength. He reached out and gently touched one of the little, vibrant, green plants. With his hand he felt its soft stem and ran his index and thumb up to a shoot. He plucked the pod-like shoot from the plant and brought it close to his face. He then tore open the soft covering and saw in it were seven beans. He was so hungry, yet he was still cautious. He took one, and slowly placed it in his mouth. 'Well, I have nothing to lose, I guess,' he thought, and began to chew it slowly, then faster, 'Tastes like raw beans all right.'

Then all at once he felt a snap and his eyes widen. He stopped moving completely as he felt the sudden rush of energy flowing through his veins and occupying every portion of his body. His muscles swelled with power as he envisioned the reconstruction of his body. He felt his Ki again and it flowed once more as strong as the swift Nile. He flexed in test as he watch his body fill the thinned areas with meat and strength. 'Wow, I could live off of these things alone. I wonder what they are!' he thought jubilantly staring at the rest of them

"They're called Senzu beans!" said someone from behind.

The words startled Gosan as he turned around. There, he saw a cat standing upright with a long, wooden staff in hand and smiling. He took another surprised step back, guilt giving him a little push and suddenly, he fell. It was too late to grab hold of the edge now, and soon his view of the cat-like figure was completely obscured by his sudden acceleration towards the Earth. The frightening speed scared even his mind. 'Oh no, this is it!' he thought as he remembered his wife, 'This can't be it, this doesn't feel right. I have got to do something!' He turned golden for the first time in two years and concentrated, bringing all his power to his mind, but he couldn't even reach the tower's side to grab it. He fell at increasing speed. Now he could see the ground again, it was close.

Suddenly he heard a voice that said nothing, but said everything. It was a voice that called to his senses – a remembrance like those he had had before in battle. He felt the flow of Ki release from his center and shoot to his legs. His eyes were closed as he tried hard to not see his death and to stop it, too. He felt the deceleration as he slowed and slowed and slowed. All at once he stopped and the thought came to him that he had died. Yet, when he opened his eyes, he was saved.

His body tingled with new sensations. 'I can FLY!' he rejoiced and smiled as he had not since that last meal with Tsu, "I can fly!" he shouted aloud, echoing his words upon the surface of the Earth.

He flared up into his highest strength as he joyously glided about the air, performing stunts and learning the extent of his new powers. Finally, when he had had his fill of fun, he looked towards the sky and rose himself upward. Faster and faster he flew, reaching forward with happiness, 'Too bad I didn't know how to before!' he thought, 'Man it really would have been helpful. Funny how Tsu never mentioned it,' he smiled at his emergence, he had beaten the elements and now he was unstoppable.

Finally he arrived at the height of that rounded building and reduced his energy to stop himself. He moved over and landed on the floor again. And still, standing there smiling was this short, funny-looking white cat. "Hello, have a nice trip?" it said with a smile.

"Now I've seen everything. You are really a talking cat!" he spoke with disbelief

"Yes and you are a flying golden thingy, so what?" he said, not really seeming offended.

"Sorry, I just have never seen a talking cat before. What's your name?"

"Poshku. What about yourself?"

"My name is Son Gosan. What is this place?" he asked as he pointed around him.

"This is Korin's Tower. I live here; it's my home. That over there is my garden," he said pointing to the Senzu beans.

"Oh, sorry about that, but those Senzu Beans are great. Thank you so much for letting me eat one," he apologized, placing his right hand behind his head and smiling.

"That's OK, it's not like I could have stopped you anyways. How about we go below and eat while we talk?" he said smiling more.

"Sure, sounds great!" replied Gosan with a glee that had not entered his voice in many years.

Narrator:

Poshku led Gosan to the center and down some stairs into his home. Gosan looked around as they descended and studied the carvings that covered the walls. This all reminded him very much of Tsu and his journey there; how he was supposed to meet Tsu. He then looked back at the little cat walking in front of him with his staff.

They entered the room and moved into the kitchen. The tower was surely a miracle of construction to hold all of the things it held. Gosan sat down at the table and watched as the standing, talking cat began to prepare a meal for them both; he hadn't eaten a home-cooked meal in years...

"This must seem so funny to you, right?" Poshku finally asked still turned and cutting the food up, preparing a salad.

"Yes, well, it's just that I don't understand how this place is like it is. I've never seen anything like it. If I wasn't here myself, I'd never believe it true."

"It is very simple young adventurer. It is how it is because it is. The truth really is relative to who you are. Your life, I'd say used to be much different, but now the truth has taken on new meaning to you."

"I see," he replied, "But how do you get food up here? What about plumbing or electricity?"

“Simple enough, everything I need is delivered to me by the Briefs family in little capsules.”

“The Briefs family! They are so rich, how in the world do you know them?”

“It’s a long story, going back to a young warrior named Goku and his adventures.”

“Hey, I’ve heard of him before,” Gosan declared remembering what Frost had told him.

“I hope...he saved the world you know?”

“Yeah, so I’ve heard” he said thinking about his own fight with Frost, “So, where is Korin?”

“Korin died a long time ago.”

“So how did you get his home?”

“Full of questions today, aren’t we Gosan? Alright friend, I guess I’ll tell you the story.

“A long time before you were born, I felt an urge to meet the Guardian of this planet. With my sack of belongings, I kissed my wife goodbye, and headed for this tower. When I started to climb it and even found it very easy. This may seem strange since you know it is very difficult. But, mysteriously I found it child’s play and after only two days reached this tower. When I entered it as you did, and ate a Senzu bean I found out a cat like me was watching the whole time. Though, I didn’t fall off,” he chuckled.

“Feeling revived I asked if he was the Guardian. He said no, that Kami lived far above him in a larger structure. I asked how it was that I got there and he brought me into his home to answer the question. In it I listened to his own tales and let him describe to me his life. Still unanswering my question, he posed his own. He asked me to take over his job of growing the sacred plant that healed virtuous warriors in need. I thought long about the job and my family and the reasons I had truly come here and decided I would.

“I never have regretted it, but I never told my family. It was better to let them believe me dead than think I would like to grow beans more than live with them. The truth was it was my destiny to do this. After accepting, Korin died and I buried him in the garden.”

“Did you ever get to meet Kami?”

“Of course. I have met him and speak to him all the time!”

“So he does exist!”

“You had doubts?” Poshku said turning to face Gosan and holding a knife in his funny little paw.

“Well, a little, but not now.”

“I see,” Poshku turned back and continued to make the meal, “Glad I could help you out.”

Narrator:

During their meal, Gosan explained his past, just as he had with Tsu. Only now, he admitted he had no goal or direction. He told Poshku all about where he had been and his war against Frost. Poshku listened carefully, giving every bit of his focus to Gosan. Gosan described his travels afterwards and his arrival at Korin’s Tower, even the sudden ‘learning’ of flight. His tail was a tail of triumph in pure sorrow.

And yet, through all of the bitter memories, Poshku smiled. One would think Gosan would feel irritated or alienated by Poshku’s smile, but instead Gosan felt better. The pleasant smile and hearty meal was very enjoyable and well worth the climb up. He felt that somehow he was right where he was supposed to be...

After the supper, Poshku led Gosan upward to the top and led him over to the garden. He then plucked off one pod and gave it to Gosan in a small, hemp sack. “Here you are going to need these,” he said smiling.

“Why?”

“Because you are going to go see Kami.”

“Is he going to fight me?” he said in disbelief, “Why would I need Senzu Beans?”

“No, but someone else is.”

“Who? How do you know all of this?”

“I am going to give you a lesson, friend, in the art of Ki.

“What is Destiny? We use that term often and blame many failures in our lives on it. You yourself described your dream that destined you an Eternal Guardian. But what is it? Destiny is not uncontrollable and determined by pure Fate. Destiny is the struggle between minds and Kis.

“When you are controlled by destiny, Ki becomes your enemy. It takes over your life and determines your outcomes. When one controls Ki, he takes control of his own destiny and determines his own path in life, as you did against Frost. When someone does this, they can use Ki to control others’ destiny too. And right now, someone else is controlling yours. But remember, the balance of Ki is always maintained.”

“So destiny wills me to see Kami?” he queried, thinking about the lesson, “Well, I guess I have to go,” he finally said, answering his own question and smiling at the short and wise cat.

“You don’t have to go if you really don’t want to. You have the power to avoid it,” he replied, smiling about the absurdity of such a thing.

“I know, but I want to go up and see what force drives me on. If someone is so powerful that they control my future, I want to know why I can’t sense their presence,” he looked up at the ceiling with a grin.

Poshku had given him a new set of clothes, some blue sweats and a white t-shirt. Gosan took them and the beans and walked to the edge. At last he turned back to Poshku, “Thank you very much for everything!” he yelled through the crosswind.

“Don’t mention it, I really haven’t done anything,” Poshku yelled back with a smile.

Then, looking up into the deep blue and cirrus clouds, Gosan elevated himself towards Kami’s tower sanctuary.

Kami’s Lookout

Narrator:

It took him only a few seconds of flight-time, but yet it seemed like minutes. He spent this short trip reflecting on his free-lesson he had received from Poshku. The whole thing had only served to spark his curiosity to see the top and meet Kami.

Ripping through the air, hair black, eyes deep and watery in the wind, and his body cold on the outside and warm inside, he flew up with a sense of purpose that had not been in him since defeating Frost. He continued up, posture in an modeled position, like a statue; a slight arc in it from head to feet, arms to his side, and hand grasping the sack; he was a real sight to behold – the hero’s ascent...

Gosan finally arrived at the top and swerved around the large hemispherical structure, swirling around it as he checked it all out. What amazed him the most was the way it rested in perfect balance on Korin's Tower, which was only a straight, thin, round column. The presences he felt there was soothing too, like the mystical powers that be were at peace with him. So, he landed on the edge to have a closer look around.

The first thing he noticed were the striking, reflective tiles that shone deep blue under the sky, occasionally interrupted by tones of green from the many trees and plants on top. Even so high up, these plants had no trouble finding air to breath. The wind was only light here, like before at Poshku's, and felt a bit tamed by the forces residing here. Across the courtyard were several other buildings as well. Each was home-sized and very ancient looking in architectural style, white concrete with golden roofs and high archways. But, they were all in exquisite condition, seeming unchanged by the passage of time.

Finally, he started across the courtyard, walking between the orchards of trees when he felt a very distinct energy change. The power shifted in a way he had never experienced. The extremeness of it was neither threatening nor familiar to him.

Homing in on it, he approached it cautiously. He could feel the energy almost like it was a heartbeat that quaked the tower slightly. He felt compelled to follow its lead to the central structure. When he had at last come close to the building it stopped. With the halt, he too quit his movements and peered into the dark, open archway.

Out from the uninhibited doorway walked a very tall creature. He walked with a tall staff in hand not unlike Poshku's and wore a turban and cloak. He was accompanied by a squat, all Black and wide-eyed man that walked behind him a bit. The appearance of this smiling, tall figure startled Gosan as he discovered that it was not a human at all. The stout being approaching him was in fact a green, pointy-eared alien!

The alien did have a very friendly smile upon his face, though, as did his counterpart as they walked closer to Gosan, and the smile served to calm Gosan's feelings about his discovery.

Gosan could tell, too, that the alien was very, very old. But the being walked as if nothing hindered his movements, no cares or worries or old age stopped him. Gosan was in true awe and without truly deciding too, found himself waiting as the being approached. But as he studied the alien in front of him, he could tell that the Ki here was friendly, and all at once he knew for sure that this being was the Kami of Earth.

"Hello, Gosan, I have been waiting for you."

"Hi," Gosan said, blinking, a little more than surprised at the greeting, "How do you know my name?"

"There is a lot I know about you. I know you are the one that saved the Earth two years ago, and I know that you are a descendent of a Saiyan. I even know all of your torments and anxieties. I know your past and your present."

"OK, I get the point," Gosan said cutting off the old alien, "but who are you? Are you the Guardian of Earth?"

"Well, that is a difficult question to answer, but I will try.

"Many years ago, before even Poshku came to Korin's Tower, I was brought here from my home planet by Goku to replace the former Guardian. Goku's friends generally liked to call me by my real name, Dende, because they always called him the old Guardian

Kami. That was not his real name, but the name he acquired after purifying himself,” he explained the details with perfect memory.

“But none-the-less he was gone and I took his position only a mere boy. Since then I have done my best, even in my old age to protect the Earth. But, the older I have become, the less able I am to do much, especially with the end of the Great War. If I could have, I would have helped you out in your fight with Frost, but other forces hindered my attempts,” he spoke lower as he stared to the tiles, remembering terrible days.

“This is Mr. Popo,” he said, looking up again and gesturing to the dark being beside him with no expression on his face and ever-widened eyes, “He was here before me and has been for longer than can be known by any of us. He is the permanent assistant to the Guardian and takes care of the gardens and home. This assists me in protecting the Earth from evil doing and for it I am eternally grateful,” he thanks Mr. Popo informally.

“What kind of Guardian are you if you can’t stop beings like Frost? Aren’t your powers beyond that of even mine?”

“No, you must understand two things.

“First, a guardian has only certain powers, and is not generally a warrior. The last was before he became Kami, but not during. We can fight, but are not as strong as others. If I had fought, I would have died. My powers are more peaceful. I can heal anyone I wish to and do so frequently when they are worthy of it.

“Second, I knew you were coming. Frost had done something to you beyond repairable, and justice was to be yours. Every planet acquires a hero over time. You are the Earth’s chosen hero, the Ki of Earth trusts you. I simply helped guide you to where you needed to be.”

“I see. So you were the force that led me to Tsu?” he asked, seeing the truth emerge in front of him.

“Yes. After your family lost you, they searched across the globe, but only I knew your true whereabouts. The truth was that you were meant to be lost and I had to respect that. Your family has long since died out, and now you are the last. I knew, too, that when your wife was taken from you that Destiny had chosen a path for you and I did everything in my powers to help you along in it. I felt great pain in my quest, but it was for the good of the Earth. If you had lived with your family Frost would have still come and he would have destroyed it without contest.

“After your battle I allowed you to wander to find yourself again and to reconcile your emotions. Your path is not to be tampered with any longer by me. I have fulfilled my acts as Guardian here and your power leads you beyond my reigns,” he ended with his sorrowful tail.

The job of Kami was no easy task. In the past, Dende was forced to hide terrible things to the friends he was trusted by. His innocence forever changed when such tidings came to be and Gosan, the last Saiyan hope, was taken from his family. He had foreseen in his meditations the two possible futures laid out before him, and he knew that his job required him to go beyond loyalty and friendship. In one future, Gosan would grow up as a Saiyan child without training in the martial arts and Frost would come still. Frost, upon seeing the weakness of his enemies would destroy the Earth and all the hidden powers in Gosan and there would be no hope for the Galaxy. He saw the opposite outcome in the other and decided it best to go with it. So, he forced himself to live long enough to finish

what he had started, and now that his job was over, the weight of guilt lifted from his heart.

“But why did Poshku tell me my destiny lies up here?” Gosan asked after understanding the nature of his past path more clearly.

“Because, I am not the only one who has been waiting for you,” he answered gesturing towards the doorway with an open hand sideways, “Follow me to meet with someone very special,” he smiled, placed his hand on Gosan’s shoulder, and led him into the foyer.

Narrator:

Gosan followed Kami alongside the still expressionless Mr. Popo, as he prepared himself for a stunning revelation. Truly, he was hoping that in the doorway would stand his wife, in her glorious beauty and voluptuous body; little did he know, the surprise would be even greater.

They entered the darkness of the doorway and Mr. Popo lit a candle in the center of the room. There, leaning against the right wall was a man, about Gosan’s height, with spiky hair and a smiling face. His body, shaped very similar to Gosan’s, was cloaked by an orange and blue Gi that looked like a warrior’s outfit more than anything else.

As the light reflected on his familiar face, the man stood and faced the group, nodding to Kami and then returning his gaze to Gosan. The tension mounted in the room even more as Kami and Mr. Popo left the room...

They stood there for a while longer, each trying to analyze the other as best as possible. As far as Gosan could tell, this man had to be a good guy if he was here. But he couldn’t quite figure it out, the power was just so strange to him. It was like Kami’s but a thousand times more. He studied the features intently, trying to match the face with something he felt inside of him. The man actually reminded him more of himself than anyone else, and as he stared into the face, he felt it coming to him faster and faster, until it hit him. This man was related to the guy in the picture!

“Hello, my name is Goku.” he spoke, finally, almost simultaneously with Gosan’s idea, “I guess you have heard a little about me, huh?” he asked as he gestured for them to sit down at the table together.

“You could say that. You could also say you’re the reason my wife was taken from me,” he spoke sternly, still wondering if he could trust the great hero across from him.

“You might, but I know in your heart that you don’t really blame me for that, do you?” he smiled to let Gosan know he was sorry for his loss.

After thinking for a moment about the question, he replied, “No, I don’t blame anyone but Frost and myself. I know Kami had a hand in my path, but he didn’t know that Sha-rei would be taken from me. It doesn’t matter now. Frost is gone and so is she, only I am left to mourn the losses. But I am starting to wonder if my life is not someone else’s chess game,” he lamented.

“Yes, Gosan, I could see what you mean. Your losses are already great and your world has changed so much in the past few years. I am surprised you even have tried to live it anymore,” he reflected, thoughtfully.

‘Strange - how does he know my name? Why does everyone know my name?’ Gosan thought.

“Simple answer, friend,” Goku replied as he leaned forward, “I am the Dai Kaioshin.”

Gosan jumped up from the table and then stumbled back a bit; his eyes wide in amazement and mouth gaping open. 'I can't believe it! Why...why would the Guardian of the Universe be here? Why would he be waiting for me?' he thought.

"The answer to both of those questions is the same. I need your help," Goku replied as he stood too, now a serious look on his face that was not there before, "Peril and danger face the Universe in a way as never before. Only you have the power to stop it. Will you help me?"

His words shocked Gosan to the core. Not only was this great hero/highest guardian here before his very own eyes, something he didn't imagine happened very often, but he was asking Gosan to help Him perform a great task as though He could not do it alone. 'This is unreal,' he thought.

"Real or not, Gosan, will you help me?" he answered Gosan's thoughts.

Surprised again, he answered, "Yes, I will help you," his trust had grown and his confidence in the good nature of Goku was present.

He now felt a purpose and a desire to go on, he was useful in his life. He wouldn't pass this chance up for anything, well, almost anything.

Room of Spirit and Time

Narrator:

Goku, having revealed his intentions yet not explaining them, led Gosan through a doorway at the end of the hall. Mr. Popo and Kami then guided the two heroes to another room on the left where a doorway was the centerpiece. The architecture really fascinated Gosan as he studied the ages-old columns and walls, covered with vines and bushes from all over the world. He felt really special to even be here; he felt as if he was supposed to be here, and this feeling he had not known for most of his life.

Goku explained to Gosan as they walked that they were going to enter a wonderful room to train together, and that it would be the most strenuous task Gosan had yet experienced. Gosan, however, welcomed it, he felt ready for anything. Upon arriving at the wooden door, Goku turned to Kami and Mr. Popo and thanked them for their help. Then with another smile at Gosan, he opened the door, waving him through as they walked in...

Immediately upon entering the room, Gosan felt the air thicken and become hotter. It instantly reminded him of the Gravity Room aboard Frost's ship, which was an unsettling feeling for him even if for only a moment. He looked around for a moment and then followed the Ultimate Guardian as he explained the quarters, thinking again about how strange it was that Goku was here. 'Why should the Ultimate Guardian need my help?' he pondered.

Goku then stopped talking and turned to Gosan, "This," he said, eyeing Gosan and gesturing around him, "is the Galaxy's first Room of Spirit and Time. I first entered it as a boy many, many decades ago to train and so did my son and my other friend's. Inside here, you may spend a whole year of your life, and when you leave, only one day will have passed on Earth. Amazing, isn't it. It was even more amazing when I learned how to make one," he declared.

“No way!!” Gosan yelled in amazement and disbelief, “How is that possible?” he couldn’t believe that one year would be only a day outside. It was beyond comprehension, ‘How can anyone make such a thing?’

“It is quite complicated, really. A former guardian whose powers were concentrated on sciences and time continuum designed this one. He lived a very long time, for a human.

“But, even his powers are limited. In here, the catch is that you can only spend two days, maximum, before the room locks you inside, forever.”

“Oh, well, what about you?”

“Since I have already spent about one day, we will only train for a year in here. Then we’ll leave.

“On my planet, I created one that would let you train for forever. But we can’t use it, because the limit of use is one person. And one person is already using it,” he said laughing and scratching the back of his head as he remembered something, “I told him he could use it, and he still hasn’t come out. Funny thing is that it’s been about twenty Earth years.”

“That is a long time. Are you sure he isn’t dead?”

“Oh, he already is. So he can be in there literally forever. Personally, I think he just likes the food in there better than my wife’s cooking,” he said laughing tremendously at his joke.

“Wait, I don’t understand. Are you dead?”

“Oh, no. I guess no one has finished explaining everything to you have they?”

“It works like this: when you die you follow a path called Snake Way until you reach the palace of King Enma. There he judges your life and either sends you to hell or heaven or to resurrection.

If you are a great hero, or an upper god requests special treatment, you may keep your body and visit other higher gods. I did this long ago after I died the first time...”

“Excuse me, the first...time?” Gosan said with a confused look.

“Long story, let me finish. I will answer any questions you have when we train.

“So, after I had trained under this galaxy’s North Kaio, I was brought back alive. Later, I trained under others, too. But, when I finally died and after wars had destroyed many lives and planets, the Universe had been left without a Dai Kaioshin. The former was gone and so the Higher Gods created a tournament to pick the next one. I won the tournament, beating Vegeta only after he willingly forfeited, and so I became the Universe’s next Guardian.

“It took me a few decades to get down all the thousands of things I had to learn, but after learning the way of the Dai Kaioshin, I restructured the Universe’s hierarchy. The new hierarchy joins with me in council every few years to have tournaments and decide agenda and positions. Anyhow, my family resides with me on my planet far in the depths of another dimension where I rule, keeping watch on all the planets, especially this one, for good reason,” he finished with an indication of Gosan’s fight with Frost.

“What do you mean by ‘Dimensions’?” Gosan inquired, curiously.

“There are several dimensions that all lie in parallel to this one. Given the ability, you can travel between them. Like, say, the Demon World, Living World, Dead Zone, and any artificial ones created by people, like this one. But, when you die from any of them, you go either to Heaven or Hell and await resurrection.

“But, I am not dead,” he interjected, “as you can see I have no halo above my head. If you die, you will receive a halo. When you are resurrected it goes away. I was resurrected when I won the tournament. Everyone can get resurrected, but not all at once; only some of the good ones and some of the bad. It really all depends on how long King Enma thinks you should be dead. That sounds funny, but that’s how it works,” he finished again; each of them facing the other as they still stood in the foyer of the Room of Spirit and Time.

“Goku, I’ve been wanting to ask you this the whole time. I realized as I listen to you and see you, that your power is way beyond my own, and it makes me think – why in the Hell do you need my help?” Gosan was sincere in his speech.

“Oh yeah, I forgot about that,” Goku said scratching the back of his head again, “Sorry for making you wait to hear it. So here’s the deal...

“There are only three ways out of Hell. The easier way than getting wished out, or looking for the door that leads to King Enma’s desk drawer, don’t ask why its there, is resurrection. A couple of years ago, a group of evil scientists in Hell found a way to mesh the spirits of all the inhabitants of Hell into a single soul by harnessing the energy released by people being reborn, thereby losing their Ki in the process. They had studied the machine that ‘washes’ their souls and each contributed to the design in their own time. They managed to build it without anyone ever noticing, since most of us had focused all our energies on watching the Living World and you.

“When the latest names were called, the merged beast was resurrected by default because he contained the named soul within it. Its power is unimaginable, Gosan. The terror of it has caused all of us great worry and recently I realized, only you can stop it. The sheer evil is beyond me and I can feel it even here in this room. There is no way I can stop it, even with all my eternal knowledge. The only way I know how to is the Dead Zone.”

“The Dead Zone, one of the other dimensions?” Gosan asked, listening to the wildest tale he had ever heard, and trying to keep up with it.

“Yes, the Dead Zone is like mixing this room with Hell; eternal darkness and nothingness. It really is like the world outside all the rest, a place without prior organization. You see, the outsides of dimensions don’t ‘exist’ per say, since they are outside. And outside of the two living worlds is a gap that is between the dead and undead. The gap widens with the presence of inhabitants to form a new realm between the former and that of the undead, and squeezes thin when people die and have to pass ‘through’ it. The dimensions all shift and move, as you must see, changing according to the balance of Ki in the Universe. This gap’s main function is to hold back those who are neither dead nor undead. If someone falls into the Dead Zone, they inhabit it alone and isolated, without anything around them, until they die. As of now, there is only one inhabitant, to my knowledge, and twice it took my older son to put him there. Unfortunately for him, he is immortal and will remain there forever, without contact to anybody. If someone can get this Hell spawn into the portal by opening it, he too will be trapped.”

“Why don’t you do it?”

“Because you have to be strong enough with Ki to do it. I am not powerful enough to force this beast into the portal and not end up in there myself. You must understand this beast has been resurrected. His future body is being formed as we speak into a massive creature with millions of voices, most of whom are simply prisoners. He can regenerate,

live in space, everything. He can transport himself anywhere he likes. He only needs to pass through the portal of rebirth to the place of his choosing and grow up. Due to certain underlying forces at work, he will at sometime learn of his destiny through communicating with Ki, and we can't let that happen," he emphasized.

"Then how can I help? I am obviously no match for him," Gosan said as if the fight was over before he started.

"You are wrong, Gosan. You were born for this. Maybe you have not known this because no one else would be able to tell you this, but I am telling you now: you are the hero of the Universe. I am only the Guardian. You must understand that Ki wills it so, I have no control over your path, yet it is not all set in stone. Destiny is something highly misunderstood, Gosan, by people of all walks of life. Nothing is set in stone, and from every point in your life infinite paths radiate from where you are. There are three factors that go into deciding your 'Destiny': your will, others' will, and Ki's will which follows a set of laws and guides to function as a balance in the Universe.

"If the beast dominates Ki and controls it wholly, it will control the destiny of the entire universe. But you alone can stop it. I can feel it as a guide; I know you alone can persevere. Remember the dream."

"How did you know?" Gosan asked, then seeing the answer already.

"I watched you battle Frost and listened on. I know a lot about you, Gosan. I had a reason for not stopping Frost myself, you know? I knew that you would emerge the great victor. Dende is a wise Guardian, but he was following my orders, whether he knew it or not, for a reason. You had to emerge the great power you are today. This is so for a reason I cannot explain to you, it is beyond even me," the mysticism around the whole ordeal transfixed Gosan's jewel-sized eyes on Goku.

"I do, however, know where the portal opens on snake way for resurrection. If you can intercept him, you can win; I know this is true, it just has to be. Everything in the Universe balances on your shoulders, now. What are you going to do?"

Gosan, still gazing in imagination, thought long on this. The easy thing would be to wait for the beast to emerge as a power and go and beat him, except that Goku was suggesting that would be impossible. If he allowed Goku to fight, more terrible things would happen. He realized now what Goku meant by paths, and that nothing was set in stone. He had a choice. Yet, he still felt his choices were guided by some other factor, some unseen variable behind hidden doors.

"I...will rise up to this challenge. I will help you Goku. For honor, for justice, for life, for pride, I will do it. When does this resurrection take place?"

"Tomorrow."

Gosan nearly fell straight over, "Holy shit, why did you wait so long?"

"I didn't, you did. Remember Gosan, the struggle of destiny lies primarily with you. You had to be ready for this. You needed all the time you had taken, wandering on Earth in pain, to become ready for the next lessons in the art of Ki.

"Everything is a delicate balance not unlike the yin and the yang. You have been chosen because you are special in ways deeper than even I can understand. You have the power. The entire Saiyan race was a planning for you. Nothing is a mistake, only a delicate process that is everlasting. You are part of a plan that extends beyond today, beyond yesterday, and beyond tomorrow. With this thought, we must now begin."

Arisen

Narrator:

From out of the deepest trenches, the truth has come to the surface, caught there by our two heroes as they begin to prepare for a year of the most intense training. Not even Goku was planning for the events that would occur over the span of one Earth day there in that artificial dimension.

Goku first showed Gosan the accommodations, laughing about when he was last here with his son, Gohan, preparing for the fight with Cell. He showed him the kitchen and the bath, and finally, he went to the closet and pulled from it the armor they would wear to fight and train with.

While Gosan got changed, Goku prepared their first meal together. During the course of the meal, Gosan was to discover that Goku was an eating machine. It was surprising to him that they would have enough food for the whole year at the rate Goku ate.

After finishing the meal, Goku led Gosan back to the foyer and out onto the patio. There, they gazed in silent wonderment at what lay in front of them...

“Here it is, the place where we shall train. The plane here extends in all directions forever,” explained Goku, “Every Guardian, with training, can learn to create their own dimensions. There are many others in the universe. I haven’t even been to them all, but generally then all expand infinitely.

“The genius of this place lies not with its plainness as any fighter can see. It lies with the fact that the dimension has increased gravity, temperature, and most of all, the ability to make true every horror you imagine. It can manifest anything your mind wills by reading the Ki coming from you. This place can be better than Heaven, or worse than Hell,” he stated looking at Gosan now with a serious face, “this is the ultimate training room.

“For the first few weeks we will stay close to the building here,” he continued, pointing up at the structure that looked much like Kami’s Lookout, “When you have mastered Instant Transmission, then we will use as much area as we want as our training ground.”

With that, Goku stepped out onto the white blanket and walked a ways out and then turned to Gosan, “Well, what are you waiting for?”

“You mean now?” he was scared.

“Yes now, let’s go, we haven’t got all day you know,” he smiled at his little joke.

Gosan then looked at the white floor and stepped out. Immediately he stumbled under the crushing gravity, at this point, he wasn’t a Super Saiyan, and so he did not have control of his Ki enough. Goku laughed aloud, remembering his son’s first time in the room. Gosan couldn’t stand the humiliation and so, he let out a yell and flexed his Ki until he turned Super Saiyan. He then found it very easy to stand. A smile covered his face as he heard Goku become silent while his aura whirled and whined, breaking the emaciating silence. But, as he looked over to Goku, he saw in shock that Goku too was golden. In fact, instead of the raging aura, Goku simply had golden hair and green eyes; everything else was normal.

“How...how are you like that?” Gosan asked gasping for air, still just slightly past the edge, he was amazed and shocked the Goku could do it too; not only that, but he was so calm while Gosan’s veins flowed freely with emotions and adrenaline.

“What? Oh, you mean Super Saiyan.”

“A Super Saiyan?”

“Yeah, that is what we Saiyans used to call this form you mastered realized in such a short time.”

“But how are you so calm? I always have this gold stuff fluttering about me.” He said, pointing to the aura around him.

“Really? Hmm...I find that very strange. You didn't seem to be loosing any Ki that way, though. Usually, after a few moments, a Saiyan can tone down the form into this relaxed state and still fight above normal levels. It seems natural to me and other Saiyans, but I suppose you can't. I would say that once you learn more about this ability, you'll learn too. But, I am not surprised that you find it difficult, it almost seems natural to you to have it,” he ended as he studied Gosan

“Oh,” Gosan replied as he grimaced, “I feel like it is getting harder to stand here! And harder to breath,” he spoke after he had noticed the environment changing drastically while they stood there.

“It is, I am telling the room to do this,” Goku spoke as he concentrated harder, pulling them both downwards with great force.

“Why? I feel like I am going to die!” he exclaimed as it worsened, causing him pain.

“If you do, I will just have to train you in the afterlife!” Goku replied laughing hysterically, “Seriously, I am testing your Super Saiyan abilities. It appears that all that time wandering has made you weaker. But I know it won't take long for you to regain what you have lost.”

Gosan grunted as the gravity increased more and more; he felt like his tendons were being stripped from his bones, like his muscles were shredding into pieces. Then, out of anger at losing control, and seeing Goku unaffected by the gravity he turned SS2 and let out a yell of pain, as his body seemed to tear from the inside out. “Ah,” said Goku, “good thinking,” and he too changed to SS2.

Gosan then felt the gravity increase more, ‘Oh no, that wasn't so great an idea. I didn't know he could do that!’ he thought, feeling his bones beginning to crack underneath him. He looked at Goku again and eyed that goofy smile, ‘How is he doing it?’ Gosan thought, crouching down under the weight.

“Remember Gosan any controller of Ki can control your destiny if you do not stop them.” ‘Of course,’ he thought and began to try and control Goku's destiny. He saw then Goku begin to collapse under the weight. ‘Yes, yes!’ But then, Goku smiled and let out a terrible yell and blast that flung Gosan back onto the edge of the building's patio.

Gosan sat up, feeling the gravity gone and stared out at Goku. There Goku stood with a shocking change having transformed his body. His hair was now to his hips and his eyebrows were gone. He looked very different from before, ‘almost Cro-Magnon,’ Gosan thought. “This,” finally Goku spoke, “is Super Saiyan stage three. There are several layers to a Saiyans powers, as you shall find out. But for now your body must rest after that grueling gravity warm-up,” he spoke; and Gosan knew Goku was truly a golden god.

“It hurts when I ascend higher, doesn't it hurt to go to your level, too?”

“At first, but, after awhile it feels good. Like you are more alive. It wastes energy to transform too, and so I don't like to do it often. I haven't transformed to this stage in over 50 years. But, it is definitely something else. I'll bet you noticed how much larger

my Ki is than yours. The beast we are preparing you for is way beyond this,” he added as though regretting the level he was at.

Goku then powered down and walked over to Gosan. He lent him a hand up and they both went to the quarters. Gosan had had a long day, and so he lay down to rest for a few hours, while Goku meditated. So far, it was to be a promising one year.

Narrator:

Every day, they trained thus and with Goku's aid, Gosan's abilities steadily rose. Eventually he learned to counter even Goku's powerful will, no matter what battle. He could match him blow for blow, move for move, and hold his own very well. He learned after only a few weeks to master the Instant Transmission; a move that allowed a mind to use Ki to transfer itself to another place in the next nth expansion in time. This connection was based on memory of the mind, and Ki detections and allowed him to travel anywhere in the immeasurable room.

Goku talked as they fought, seemingly invulnerable, as Gosan could barely ever touch the Ultimate Guardian. Gosan remained silent and resolute, however, focusing on getting Goku sometime. He listened day-in and day-out to the endless chatter of Goku and the past.

As he tried to maintain his fighting in SS2, he learned all of the Ki moves and techniques of the legendary Z warriors who fought valiantly years before even the Great War.

One day while fighting, Goku decided it was time to push Gosan further than he had ever been before...

“Your training has been good...but your skills are not approaching the level you need to be at. You must be able to beat me with little effort in order to defeat this beast,” Goku explained.

“How? You are too strong. I cannot catch your power level. It would take years for me to be able to do that, not months,” Gosan said, out-of-breath from their last battle and sweat dripping from his brow to the white, shapeless floor beneath them.

He turned, frustrated, and began to walk towards the building when he felt a sudden blast of Ki pushing on his back. The lighting of the room had changed, dark and ominous, he could tell that it was not friendly. Behind him as he tried to stand upright, he heard Goku begin to shout, “Ka-,” Gosan turned around to face him, “me-,” Goku was saying in a crouching stance and holding his arms behind him, “ha-,” he said again, creating a small ball in his grasp and then powering up to a form that Gosan had not seen before! His hair was black again, but his chest was covered with a reddish fur and his eyes were no longer pure green, but goldenrod. He was well built, and a tail, apparently hidden beneath his clothing the whole time twitched about, reminding Gosan of Frost for a moment, “me-,” he repeated, grunting now, Gosan could feel the Ki gathering in Goku at levels he had never contemplated, ‘Is he serious? He can't be!’

Then with a yell that shook the entire dimension and echoed the vast region that swallowed them, Goku thrust his hands forward, tail twitching and face scrunched, “HAAAAAAAAA!!” he shouted so loud it nearly snapped Gosan's ears.

The ball flew towards Gosan, who turned raging SS2 and stuck out his hands just in time to catch the beam. He looked on in fright, feeling the burn of his flesh on his hands. The power was immense, more than Goku had ever fought against, more than he had ever

imagined the Beast or Goku could ever have. He could not do it, he just couldn't he was scared and he was pushed to the farthest limits of his mind. He was being forced to do something he didn't think he could, and he was slipping. To make it worse, he was in front of the building, if it was let go, they would be trapped; certainly a double-blow to his morale!

He concentrated as hard as he could and tried to hold his position. 'I have got to do this! Why is he doing this! Doesn't he know I am too weak!' he thought. He grunted, sweat pouring from him and then evaporating into the air from the heat. 'No!' he thought just as Goku pushed harder, forcing the ball closer to Gosan's chest. 'I can't lose, I MUST win,' he thought as he pushed back with all he had, sliding on the floor in his shoes. The entire room seemed to shake beneath him as he attempted to repel the great energy ball. The noise it made was enough to frighten him, a whirring synthetic sound – the sound of impending doom if he lost control. And yet, with all his might when he pushed he could not get the beam off his hands. He was not in control. He saw across the way that Goku was in complete control, that he could do it. No one had ever, in his life, been able to do something he couldn't! And now Goku mocked his abilities, all he had gained. Had he toyed with him the whole time? His anger grew at this, distracting him.

Goku feeling Gosan slip, urged him on with a guided sentence, "If you don't do something now, you will see your wife sooner than you thought!"

At this, Gosan envisioned her and then thought of Frost and how he took her from him; the injustice of life - was it worth living? He was angry now, beyond the anger he felt before. He was raging inside with hatred. He would be part of that beast, and that beast would trample the Universe. Frost would rule again. "No, he can't win, I am in the right! He took her from me, and I...won't...let...him...win! Ah!" he screamed aloud.

He felt the Ki rushing now into Gosan, at a rate beyond his imagination. Behind him the emptiness turned to vivid color, lightening came unto his body and stuck at him with all his power. A void seemed to form behind him as he let his very mind flex with ability and strength. His strength was warping the shape of the room itself, even and he was not done.

He then pushed harder than before as he felt the tingle of hair growing. The more sensation he felt the further he desired to push his body. The feeling was not of pain, but ecstasy, pure joy and unearthly satisfaction at his deepest senses. He felt his brow deepen and his eyebrows pull below his eyes; he became SS3 with his hair flowing down to the length of his hip, and his aura raging like a maddened cyclone of terror.

But the beam of Ki was still upon him and even now he could not force it back! This feeling of defeat and hopelessness forced Goku to urge him again.

He drew up a mental picture of the entire Cold family standing behind him, pointing and laughing at Gosan, mocking him. Gosan watched in as Frieza placed his left hand on Frost's shoulder and laughed, pointing with his right at what Frost held. In one hand, was Sha-rei's head, held by her long brown hair and in the other was his son's mushy tail, all stretched out. Yet the worst was on his face, that hideous face of pure evil; there a smile protruded until he mouthed clearly to Gosan, 'Now they're all mine,' and he continued to smirk. Suddenly Gosan didn't care about Goku anymore and again drew Ki inward. "No! Never, Frost, do you hear me!!" Gosan yelled out as though Frost was really there.

'This is it,' thought Goku with his mouth open as he felt the megaton power enter Gosan and pour out of his hands.

Gosan let it all flow freely, Ki going into the beam passed through him first at an unbounded rate. His body ripped in new shapes, changing there with raw instinctual precision, yet his hands faltered none. Instead they channeled all of this new energy into the beam and poured it forth across towards Goku and the image of Frost.

Only with great ability and experience could Goku quickly dodge the ensuing ball that flew by where he once was. Eventually Gosan let it fall and upon striking the ground, it created a thermonuclear-like mushroom cloud, and sent a blast ring around that cracked their home and lit up the sky in blinding fury. Goku barely managed to shield himself from the blast erstwhile Gosan stood with no movement, allowing the vacuumed wind to pull on him harmlessly.

Goku had since lost concentration of the image and through all the blinding light, of Gosan. When it all had cleared, the fruits of his lessons became known without words: he could see Gosan in SS4 form, the red fur, golden eyes and black hair that formed a mental picture of the raging beast inside. “Just as I suspected: you don’t need to be Oozuru, it just helps cope with the energy transfer,” he thought aloud.

Gosan slowly took hold of his feelings and focused on his hands, he brought them up to see them closer and then realized his entire body had changed. He felt as though life had entered into him again; now what was blindness was now foresight and what was darkness had been revealed in the light. He looked to Goku and spoke in total tranquility, “I envisioned a giant monkey and my tailbone began to itch like in my dreams,” he said looking again at his hands, “in my dream the ape swallowed me. A moment ago, a pain ripped through me as my tail shot out from somewhere. ‘Where was it hidden?’ I asked myself. ‘It wasn’t’, was the answer. It just needed to come out of hiding,” he was enlightened.

“I am a Saiyan,” he now spoke in complete understanding of himself, “and like all Saiyans, I live to fight. I will meet this creature, and I will destroy it,” he said turning his attention to Goku again, “Teach me to open the Dead Zone.”

Then he turned to walk to the building. Goku then was given one more shock. There, underneath the spiky black hair was an emblem he had not seen before; a dragon like the one he had once merged with himself. He was further shocked to see the fur that had grown on his skin even maintained the emblem in the beauty and color it had before; only now it danced and moved vivaciously and in waves behind the beautiful aura that glowed around Gosan’s body.

Narrator:

Gosan remained in this form the rest of the time they spent in the Room of Spirit and Time. Goku, too, remained as much as possible in the same form. They fought full strength, blow for blow, every time nearly dying, and then healing. The battles they engaged in were unlike any ever seen in the history of the Universe, more glorious and unbelievable than any he had had with the great Prince Vegeta. Each time they grew more deadly and each time the winner alternated up until Goku never won again, by then Gosan exploited the clear advantage he had over controlling his powers. Fight, meditate, eat and then start all over. Goku continued to teach him all he knew for he did not envy Gosan’s abilities because he knew that it was beyond him to be so strong. So, he showed him the Kaio-Ken, the art of Dai Kaio, and the Kaioshin fighting techniques.

Most importantly he taught him to open the Dead Zone while moving around by it, until he was comfortable controlling its power.

Every day they fought, up until the last month. Then Goku decided that Gosan was ready and so they began to meditate. In the middle of nowhere, lost in the vastness of nothing, there the two godlike warriors sat, cogitating in and out of a dream-like state...

As he sat there, Gosan felt the surroundings compose to his and Goku's every will. When he thought of his wife, fire raged around him. When he thought of Goku and the others who had taught him, a wind swept around him gently. When he thought of himself he felt like he was falling again, like from the tower. And though he wanted it, peace was never his vision, only Goku's. His mind was filled with conflict and desires that were not of pacification. Their birth lied in war and hostility and hatred.

Disgusted by his anger, he eventually found something else to think about. Goku had told him he was indeed a descendent of the Saiyans. 'Is Goku my ancestor?' he cogitated. The question had never truly occurred to him before, but now that he knew for certain whom he came from, he wanted to know. So he first searched for the answer, probing Goku's mind. He focused on the Ki in Goku and what it revealed, poking at the memories he could glimpse until Goku finally awoke and smiled. With their eyes closed still, they could not see each other's faces, but Goku knew what was going on.

So, he let go of the barrier and he showed him what he wanted to see. Without any words, only pictures, he showed him the world of the Saiyans. He revealed all about the family, the rivalry between he and the other pure blooded Saiyan named Vegeta that led to so many epic battles. Yet how it also led to a friendship of families that lasted to the War. Gosan saw images of others, his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and his great great-grandfather. Mothers, sisters, wives, aunts, uncles and cousins he saw too. But he focused on the direct Saiyan lineage. He especially noticed his grandfather who stood out because he had a tail just like the man in the picture. He saw entire histories and stories, places and peoples of un Earthly origins, dragons and beasts. He even saw Goku merge with the dragon and immediately wondered about his dream. 'Where did it come from? How could I achieve valor in battle?' he wondered. At one time he had thought he knew what valor was, but now he was not so sure.

Then, all at once, yet seeing no divide between before's thoughts and now's, he fell into a dream where he was surrounded wholly by a warmth. There a voice of now identity known to anyone called to him. "What is thy desire?" it said.

He did not reply, yet his mind spoke for him and she replied, "It will be true if you follow the path of the Saiyan Transformations. Through it you will achieve your wanted destiny."

The voice seemed to fade without words even being spoken and then another, very familiar, deep, rumbling voice came to him. "Earn your valor in battle and an Eternal Guardian you shall be." Gosan sat there in the darkness of deep trance and listened, knowing it was the dragon. Then he turned to the light behind him and beheld a giant ape, very much alike the first in his dreams, only colored Silver. It tried to swallow him but Gosan instead struck the ape with a powerful kick to the chest. The beast then shrunk down to reveal himself, only different from his current state. He was now covered with a darker, wine-red fur while his hair flowed strong silver. He then understood what the Path of Saiyan Transformations was: all was revealed from within.

A sudden shudder awoke him, as though his body was quivering with anxiousness. He opened his eyes to see that Goku had been watching him and studying his facial expressions. Goku noticed how Gosan's eyes grew deep with confidence and strength of a dragon. He understood before understanding was reached that Gosan had expanded far beyond his level. "You are ready for your battle, friend. You have ascended to the deep regions of the Super Saiyan, but I am not sure you can defeat this beast even now with all your power. But you must try anyhow. Remember, the future is not set, you must fight in the mindset of now," Goku warned as Gosan stood and stretched, checking the time on the building clock.

"No," he spoke as he studied the falling sand in the huge, cracked hourglass, "I will defeat him. I have chosen my path and no longer will I doubt myself. There is a level beyond this state you see before you, and using the Path of Saiyan Transformations, I will attain it. Then I will defeat this beast with my own power!"

"What do you mean?" asked Goku in a strange reversal of order in leadership and mastership, "A power beyond that we have now? How could you have reached it? I did not see this, when did you do it?"

With that he turned to Goku, staring into his eyes, and changed his level right in front of him. There appeared to be no level of effort, just simple and complete metamorphosis in smooth transitions. His hair flared up high like a SS2 and in streams of silver. His eyes turned a happy cyan. His fur brightened red and he bulked up slightly. Goku stood up and peered in amazement at the renewed Gosan. He was far different from before. He was the true Legendary Super Saiyan, with no effort he could achieve what no other could: the ultimate level of the Saiyan race!

Snake Way

Narrator:

They left the Room of Spirit and Time the next day and on the outside, as Goku had promised, only one day had passed. Goku already had reverted back to his normal form while Gosan remained so until they even left. Goku had never known that Gosan, even though e was special, could be so powerful.

Gosan reverted to normal only upon passing through the door where Kami and Mr. Popo handed him his sack of Senzu beans met them. Gosan gave one to Goku and then took one himself, allowing the bean to work its magic on what small portions of his body that needed it. Goku then had Mr. Popo bring Gosan a box he had brought from his planet. He pulled out a Gi Chi-Chi had made that was blue and red with a label on the back. Goku explained that in ancient writing, it read "Master of the Dai Kaioshin" symbolizing he was a student of Goku. Kami and Mr. Popo agreed it was a gift well worth a lifetime of work for. Gosan only smiled, said he'd try to keep it in good shape, and then laughed with Goku, each scratching the back of their heads like a couple of twins.

After a short meal (in which each ate an astounding load), Goku showed to Gosan, by telepathy, the place where he would find the creature he sought. With a vow to see him again someday, Goku left them waving amiably and vanished to return instantly to his home planet.

Gosan then turned to Kami and Mr. Popo, thanking them for everything they had done. Kami spoke with great pride in knowing he had done everything he could to protect Earth

and now he would place his total trust in Goku's student. He wished him good luck and waved one last time while Gosan brought the picture to mind. He placed his index and middle fingers to his forehead, then disappeared too, to arrive the next moment in a destination far, far away...

When Gosan reappeared, not even knowing how long it had taken him, he saw that the transfer worked perfectly. He had landed on solid stone and what he saw in front of him was exactly like the picture Goku had shown him. All around him, as he scanned his surroundings, were puffy, orangish clouds and a pinkish sky. He looked at the ground and saw that he was indeed on a giant snaking pathway that extended for as far as he could see one way. The path itself was flat on the back for walking on and had snakelike patterns carved on its sides. Goku had said that this was the path people used to get reborn, yet he didn't see many people at all; in fact, he saw none. When he turned around to face the other direction, what he saw startled him.

Right next to where he stood, was a large, life-size picture of the Earth. He came to two conclusions, either only people came down this road or it responded and changed form to where you belong. Goku had warned him, too, not to touch it until he had finished his battle and won, or he would be sent back to Earth and there would be a window of opportunity for the reincarnation of evil to get through. What intrigued him the most about the picture, though, was how it rippled like a vertical pond in a soft autumn wind, coolly and sleekly.

Behind him as he gaze at it, he heard some footsteps and turned in time to see a line of entities coming straight towards him with happy little faces and halos hovering above them. They all ran straight past him without stopping at all, and into the portal. Every time one went through, it changed pictures effortlessly and instantly for the next inhabitant. A couple were humans going to Earth, but most were people he had never seen before. The line was somewhat long, but soon ended. 'Must be the entire days worth of resurrections. Damn me, I should have paid more attention!' thought Gosan angrily just as he heard a low rumbling and vibration forming in the road. He turned to see millions, shoulder to shoulder back to back running on the path towards him. 'Jeeze, this picture isn't going to change fast enough!' Then he noticed they were lined up based on what planet they were going to. As they neared he decided to rise over them to get a better look and flew up above their heads. Then he noticed something very odd about the line. They all seemed to be smiling, all happy and totally at peace with their rebirth. Yet, amongst the massive amounts of humans, there was one strange fellow who was frowning and he simply seemed to Gosan to stand out. He remembered that Goku had said the beast would be made of all the souls of evil people, which would explain why everyone else was happy while he was in a sort of dark anger. Goku had told him though, that he was looking for a beast of unimaginable proportions; yet what he saw in front of him was a mere human.

He decided to not take any chances. He flew over to him, only a few hundred meters away from the portal and addressed him, "Hello sir, where are you going to?"

The creature pretended not to listen, then spoke, not turning his head, "I am going to Earth," he replied with an eerie sound of millions of voices pack into a sentence. Gosan was so surprised, he lost track of the being. Then he saw him; he decided it must be who he was looking for because it seemed the only logical explanation he could find. The

creature was almost at the gate when Gosan grabbed a hold of him and slung him backwards into the air with a surprising force that did not even stop the people in the line who continued to file through the portal dozens at a time.

He rushed towards the creature as it stopped itself in mid-flight. Gosan, seeing this confirmation of his beliefs, stopped too when he had come close enough to him. Below, when the line had all finally gone through, the creature looked at Gosan. "Who are you?" the creature asked him.

"You don't recognize me?" Gosan asked; the question posed seemed strange since if Frost was in him he should know Gosan immediately.

Gosan stared at the creature a while, thinking, 'Goku had said he'd be an unstoppable beast, but this guy doesn't look so tough.'

"No, should I?" the creature was now looking slightly angered by this seemingly pointless interruption.

"My name is Gosan. Who are you?" he replied, then posed his own question.

Then the creature's expression changed. Completely, the anger smeared away with understanding and he shifted his defensive stance one of focus. He began to change form. Where he had once looked like a human, he now took the form of... of Frost! The effect was just as the creature had predicted, Gosan was wholly surprised and quickly got into stance as they flew high above Snake Way. He had expected to meet Frost again, but the shock of it was more than he had predicted.

"Ah, Son Gosan, the great hero of Earth who took my life so unjustly two whole years ago. Yes, I remember you well. Have you returned to try and stop me? Sorry I didn't recognize you, but you look different Gosan. Still I doubt that even your newest powers will be able to stop me," he said, his voice no longer millions of souls, only that of Frost.

Gosan looked at himself. He wasn't normal anymore. He had changed to SS4 sometime between arrival and meeting the creature, probably when he threw him out of sudden fear. The being was so strong that Gosan must have needed a lot of strength to do it and didn't even notice the change. "Yes, you are right about one thing Frost, or whoever you are," he said, composing himself to appear stronger, "I am much different. But you are wrong about your being unstoppable. To the contrary, I am here to take you back where you belong Hell spawn!"

"Hell spawn, I like that!" he jested, "I don't know how you knew where I'd be, or how you knew where I am from, or what I'd look like, or even how you got here, but I do know one thing: now that you have presented yourself to me, you will die. I and the rest of my family will exact our savage revenge upon you, letting you taste defeat in knowing that soon the Universe will crumble before our feet as we rule like no other has dreamed."

"Right...look demon, you aren't going anywhere except to a hell beyond that which you inhabited before! I am sending you to a place where you'll merely wish that you could be back in Hell, let alone be safe from your darkest nightmares."

"You bluff strongly, Gosan. I know you are too weak to defeat me. Soon you will be dead and I will be reborn on Earth, and evil child unlike any other who will eventually grow up to terrorize the people everywhere."

"Why have you chosen Earth, aren't there other untold billions of souls, all with their own with desires in you?"

“Yes, but the powerful ones that make me strong, Cell, Buu, the Cold Family, Broly and the Saiyans, Super 17, Bebi, and Hildegarn all have a vengeance to seek against Goku and his home planet of Earth. After we have had our revenge, we will rule as no one has ever in the history of histories. We will be supreme.”

“Well, I’d hate to burst your bubble, but you aren’t going anywhere. I am going to finish what no other warrior could, and that is destroying you,” he spoke clenching his fist and smirking to indicate his confidence.

At that moment, Gosan heard a voice from inside his head, ‘Hey Gosan, this is Goku, there is only one problem - you can’t send them all to the Dead Zone,’ Goku spoke to him from beyond.

‘All who?’ thought Gosan in reply.

‘All the souls infused in him. You have got to get the weak ones out of him and send only the strongest ones to the Dead Zone. If you do not, the realm of Hell will disappear without bad souls to go into it, and then the overcrowded Heaven above it will fall for eternity, like a collapsing tower!’

‘Oh shit,’ thought Gosan, ‘Goku! Why didn’t you mention this before?’ he sent back.

‘Oh, well, it sort of slipped my mind...uh...until Gohan mentioned it to me. Gee, I am really sorry, Gosan. But you’ll just have to find a way to get him to fall apart,’ Goku’s voice repeated before fading away.

‘Damn, this could give him the edge,’ Gosan thought to himself as he focused on the infusion in front of him.

He realized that during his conversation, the entity had changed form. Now he appeared as a silvery creature with pink flesh and horns; his armor like shell smooth with ripples and waves that formed a strong barrier. He stood now, although floating in the air in a defiant position with one shoulder closer to Gosan than the other and arms held out to his sides; his tail swerved about behind him as he smiled maniacally. “You are much weaker than we,” he said now speaking in a different tense to emphasize his power, “We are the strongest force in the Universe, and we cannot be defeated.”

“That is where you are wrong, hell fiend, I am the strongest warrior there is.”

“We shall see,” was his reply to Gosan.

With his words the devilish creature took a stance placing one arm out in front to prepare for ultimate battle. Gosan prepared himself too, getting into a cat-like stance with one hand out in front of him. The beast did not know his true power, and soon Gosan would reveal it; but not yet, first he would exploit his deceit.

The beast chuckled a bit at Gosan, and then made his move, flying at a speed that rocked Snake Way with a sonic boom! He slung his palm at Gosan, using the tiger form to try and crush Gosan, but Gosan had already moved. Then the beast felt a sharp pain to his neck as Gosan drove his right foot into his neck, pointing his toes to the clouds below them. With a swift, perfect left roundhouse he slammed it in the face sending him reeling. Then with a quick raise in Ki, forming his raging aura, he focused on the beast. He intended to not spend too much time beating the enemy and decided to start out large. He formed a triangle with his thumbs and fingers and used his mind to focus in on the enemy. He watched as it raised his head, choosing the moment when the vile opponent would least expect to get slammed. “Tri-Beam-HAAA!!” Gosan yelled out, sending a concise, high speed beam straight into the head of the being.

The blast hit the demon hard and sent him crashing through the clouds while the sky glowed bright orange around them both. The being now fell faster and faster than Gosan had planned, 'Maybe I hit him too hard,' he thought. Down towards Hell he fell, but as he neared the dimension below he looked up just as he slammed into the glass ceiling. He did not fall through as Gosan had thought he would, just landed hard and lay there a moment. 'Damn it! If only I could get him back into Hell, maybe he'd separate again,' Gosan thought.

Again, he heard a chime noise ring and suddenly Goku's voice spoke from afar, 'It wouldn't have mattered anyway, in one year he would be resurrected and you would have to fight him. But this does remind me: you can't let yourself fall into Hell, for being alive you can do that and you would not be able to get out quick enough to stop him from reaching Earth. Just do not fall into Hell,' Goku repeated to Gosan as his voice faded again.

'Great!' thought Gosan as he hovered looking at the body of the beast laying down below him, 'Another obstacle.'

But the enemy was not to remain long in his fallen state. When Gosan blinked, he realized he had made a mistake for now It was coming fast from below. It slammed Gosan hard in the gut with a knee, and then slammed down on his arched back with an elbow that rocketed him towards Hell. Gosan managed to slow down and move just in time to avoid the "Special-Beam-Cannon," the devilish creature shouted above him.

The beam approached him fast, yet he was able to dodge its incredible speed. But, to Gosan's dismay, It had moved behind him. Changing forms as he moved, the monster became like Frost, or Frieza and swatted Gosan in the back with his powerful, silver-armored tail, sending him falling uncontrollably to Snake Way.

The subsequent crash cracked Snake Way, sending pieces of it all around, dancing like shrapnel in the air as Gosan's body cried out in pain. He had miscalculated the speed and power of this opponent and lay there now chest on the rubble, angered by his stupidity. Slowly, he stood and brushed off his Gi and looked up at It.

Although, he was not actually hurt, and no blood was coming from his body, he decided he had to get stronger. With a yell and a flash of light he turned SS5, shifting his ever-moving aura sliver in the pinkish backdrop.

The horrid creature, frowned at this transformation as he stared down to Gosan and changed forms again, suddenly becoming an oversized Super Saiyan – yet his hair was not golden, but greenish and in shape it radiated out like a star. Gosan could feel that he was strong, 'He is the one they called the legendary SS!' he remembered Goku's story about Broly. Yet, in his heart, he knew that Broly was nothing of the sort. Gosan was the one who had realized the true potential. In such few years he had come to know true power and he had trained with the gods to achieve power beyond the meaning of the word. Meaning was something that came to him in memories on strength beyond any known to mere mortals. He was a dragon-like warrior, a true mark of the Saiyan power, and he would not be mocked by this has-been.

So he did not fear Broly, nor would he ever because Broly would never become any stronger. Gosan then got into stance and stretching out his hands to his sides. 'I'll wipe that smirk off his face!' he thought while bringing them together and gathering a large amount of Ki from around him. Finally, he let out a yell, "Final Flash!" and sent the ball hurtling towards Broly, the beefed up golden warrior in front of him

The beam of wide light raced at his opponent but hit nothing. Brolly then appeared behind the unguarded Gosan and attempted an elbow. But the superior Gosan blocked it, and using a quick arm move, took hold of Brolly's arm and swept his right leg, slamming into Brolly's head and then running it back again until it crashed into Brolly's face, bending him backward under the power, "Ha!" Gosan grunted as he moved.

The move did its job and Gosan smiled upon seeing Brolly's head snap off and limp behind him, attached with some sort of supernatural flesh. But, his smile quickly changed to a shudder as Brolly stood and his head became reattached to his body. Then, the creature began to morph again, in an attempt to regain power.

Suddenly again, Goku spoke to him in his mind, 'Gosan, I just talked to King Enma and he says you won't be able to kill him because he is resurrected and will not die until he has been reborn. But if he passes through that gate, he will be born as a child unseen by even the highest Guardians and grow up anonymous. He will then learn of his power and proceed with his destiny. By that time, you may be unable to stop him.'

'Damn it, Goku, how the Hell do you expect me to beat this buy now!?' he thought angrily; but Goku had already faded out and he was on his own again.

Gosan again focused on the fighter in front of him who had finished his transformation. He had changed shape to some sort of an alien, tall and green with spots, large pointy ear things and extensive wings. Gosan thought hard about Goku's memories and the image came to him, he knew now it was Cell in front of him. "You thought you had beaten me?" he asked with a chuckle and a hand waving to his side, "Not a chance. You have yet to realize and it is my destiny to be reborn in my ultimate perfection! I cannot be beaten, that is apparent now. You must give up, fool."

Gosan, in his uncontrollable anger, clenched his fists until they bled as he listened. "Gosan, when will you understand that you are fighting for nothing? This battle is pointless because sooner or later, I'll find a way to get to that portal," the evil incarnation continued talking, his eyes a dark purple and face silvery.

With those condescending words, Gosan flared up to SS6, the silver hair suddenly becoming higher on end and tail moving swifter now. He was determined to make a difference, no matter what the cost. But, every move takes its toll and every transformation requires power.

He rushed It and just before landing the uppercut caught a glimpse of the beings' face of surprise. Gosan's speed was incalculable, beyond the imagination of the being. He was no match in strength or speed for the great Saiyan warrior. The punch landed hard and snapped the sinews of the beast's neck, and twisting the head around to the right with cracked jaw and pounded face.

Again Gosan waited in irritation, allowing the beast head to be reshaped back to normal until he looked back at Gosan with a smile. Gosan's anger grew and so he changed form yet again, ascending the Saiyan ranks with ease. Now extremely long hair draped below his shoulders.

"Go ahead and grow in your power, but I won't die. Now I want to show you something," the fiendish Hell-being spoke dauntingly.

Before Gosan knew it a powerful, but not deadly beam crossed the short distance at him. Stealthily he had dodged it, but suddenly, the pariah warrior was behind him, clasp his tail. He looked at the creature in confusion and fear as he watched It turn into some kind of blue, brutish guy with orange hair.

The evil one smiled now as he squeezed extremely hard on the tail. Gosan immediately felt his power slip and screamed out in pain. He had never felt pain like this before; a pain that sent shooting spasms to his brain and paralyzed all his muscles. He never knew his weakness. The suffering, the torment, the agony before, none of it compared to this new pain that paralyzed his whole body. He screamed out as the beast laughed aloud and twisted his hands, feeling the cartilage in the tail snapping beneath them. Gosan knew he would too soon be drained of his strength if he didn't do something. Thinking fast he brought his splinted hands up to his face and yelled aloud, "Solar Flare!!!" his voice echoed as his Ki rushed out of his eyes.

In the blinding light that formed and caused pain in his retinas, the tyrannical being let go of Gosan, providing the opportunity for him to transport away. Gosan hid himself under Snake Way, as the light began to clear away. He panted heavily as he took his tail and wrapped it close around him and under his Gi. Floating there beside the path and keeping an eye on the portal he thought, 'I cannot kill him, put him in Hell, or let him through the portal,' above him the blue, muscular creature was rubbing his eyes, 'and I cannot send all of him to the Dead Zone. How the Hell can I beat him? How can I split him up?'

At that moment, he was surprised by the sudden appearance of It in front of him. Gosan barely had time to react, still in form he glided sideways to avoid the punch thrown through the body of Snake Way.

Sweat and nervousness doused Gosan's body as he struggled to gather strength again. The shock of the tail attack had severely rattled his confidence and so had his thoughts about his chances for victory. It seemed possible that he could now end up fighting the beast until he became too weak and either perished or allowed him to go through the portal. 'What could turn this apparently invincible warrior into a weakling?' he thought as he moved backwards away from the crumbling pathway.

The being saw now how the dust had cleared and he had only struck rock. Glancing over his shoulder he stretched out his arm and sent over a powerful beam that struck the unprepared Gosan. Reeled by the attack, with eyes closed and teeth grit Gosan yelled out in retaliation, sending a Ki beam at his immortal enemy.

The powerful stream of energy not only hit, but went through him. The being took the hit and gurgled a bit at the well-placed hit. Then, he focused again and flexed all his muscles, shaking vibrantly as he changed shape once more. Now, his body took the form of a red-fleshed creature with gray, rippled armor, curly and twisted ram-like horns, and a heavy, pointed tail. The creature stopped and looked back to Gosan again, smiling maniacally, and then fragmented himself into tiny cubes and puzzle-shaped pieces. This new attack frightened Gosan, who slowed and looked around him, 'Was that the Instant Transmission!?' he thought in disbelief. Suddenly, an arm reached from out of nowhere, next to him, literally, and grabbed his Gi-top. Then another arm came down in an overhead punch that landed compactly on the top of his head, causing his teeth to chatter violently. The hit sent him flying uncontrollably down and he even lost consciousness for a moment.

The thoughts of Gosan were an amazing thing, for his brain moved faster and more advanced than any being could dream of. In his short time of unconsciousness, he envisioned a dragon being eaten by a giant ape, torn to pieces as it writhed in pain and failed to fight back.

He awoke. 'No, I must win!' he thought as he stopped his fall suddenly and looked up. Above him appeared the form of a man with long flowing black hair and a sleek body. The man then pulled his arm back, swelling the bicep as he prepared to pound downward and send Gosan to Hell.

Gosan had other plans and as noted thought too fast for the creature, vanishing only to reappear above him. The arm, though, could not stop and crashed into that unbreakable glass ceiling, splintering into shredded and broken fragments of flesh, making the creature shout out in pain. His ultimate strength was more than the body he inhabited could bear.

He stumbled in his pain, a bizarre formation of collected souls, and kneeled on the invisible glass as Gosan hovered above him, gloating. Yet, It was not upset, or revealing. Instead, he stood and changed forms again, turning pink and thin with an elongated extension of flesh extending from his head. His arms bubbled like boiling water and then reformed. His body stature was uncanny, a warrior of structure like Jinho-Mai's, but far more dangerous.

Gosan, though in shock at the sight of Buu, expected this self-healing because he had already seen these powers. The two stared at each other with burning eyes that touched their cores and rattled the dimension with energy. The whole Universe now revolved around their wills, nothing mattered. The being realized he was no match, yet he was indestructible. Gosan realized the being intended to merely last until the chance arose to pass through the portal. He knew, too that he must be careful for Buu's special weapon. He had seen memories of Buu in Goku's mind and so he recognized each antagonist presented before him.

Gosan lowered himself to about the same level as the creature who still stood on Hell's ceiling. The creature now smiled at the sight and his vile and detestable mind formed a new plan of attack. He suddenly disappeared and reappeared above Gosan. Gosan was lost for a moment until regaining sight of the unnamed formation above him. Grunting in irritation, Gosan then boosted his strength. He went SS7; now long, flowing silver hair drooped to his mid-thigh, as his skin tingled in its stretched limits.

The power he possessed was wholly unchained and untapped. There were no limits to it and nothing held him from pushing further than his own fears. All advantage of knowledge had been revealed from deep within, as if planned or fated. But what made Gosan's power so legendary was the fact that he did not let any expansion of it fill him with overconfidence. He was indifferent to it all, as if he had always been powerful. Now, even more importantly, he knew he could raise his power all day and he would not beat the beast. He had to think, 'Power is nothing, relative to the situation. My Ki is nothing without reasoning. I have to win with more than brawn.'

But, as he thought, the creature had started frowning and shaking violently, until it was clear he was changing shapes. Suddenly it spoke to him, "How are you doing that?" said the beast changing into a short man with hair spiky and crown-like, "How are you changing to a Super Saiyan so easily? You are far more powerful than any Saiyan I have ever known, even than my own son."

"It is all a matter of seeing clearly what is first unclear. I can see that you struggled to emerge to speak to me, as if the souls in your being clash in a great battle of wills. Are you someone desiring revenge too? Who are you?" Gosan's piercing, observant eye had aided him in speaking to the short man floating above him.

“I am King Vegeta, a Saiyan like yourself. You are right, warrior, there is a great clash of souls here in this body, and even I was forced into this prison of a body only to learn I was a pawn. Yet, I don’t care about their revenge. It is dark in here and even as I speak I fight off the will of so many powers. Chaos occupies this body, it cannot be a real soul, too much opposition and struggle. Only the goal of those scientists remains as the bond of the souls. I wish I were no a part of it, but...arghhh!!” his face suddenly turned into a cringe of skin and gritted teeth were bared as he struggled inwardly.

Then the creature let out a yell, as if trying to avoid something, and changed forms again, “Pesky Saiyans,” said the emerged soul, Frost, turning back to Gosan who was gritting his teeth in anger, “Monkeys never know when they have had enough. Hmm...you seem to change every time I turn around, your power is something else. But by now, you must realize power is meaningless.”

Gosan, thought about the crimes Frost had done to him. His anger grew with every word. “Maybe I can’t kill you, but I will never let you go through that portal! You hear me Frost!?” Gosan screamed out and threw out an energy ball in his anger.

The being hovering high above was no match for the sudden and ripping velocity of the Ki; struck unknowably, It was slung backwards as the beam passed unhindered through his chest. Gosan transported so fast, it seemed beyond even instant and then proceeded with a series of moves that was too fast for the creature to even ponder or predict. Gosan’s power was more godlike than any words may describe, his power more fierce and ferocious than the murderous rampage of any fiendish creature.

Before hardly any time had passed, the creature was sent flying back into the glass. It crashed powerfully into the invincible surface, breaking in half and houting out in pain. Gosan then began his descent going to try and somehow annihilate the being when a noise interrupted him.

Stopping, he looked in the distance and saw that more souls were running their way. He looked again at his enemy, rising up from his crash and reforming his body effortlessly. ‘Damn, I can’t lose him in this crowd,’ Gosan thought seeing the creature reformed and ready for more action.

“Look, you might as well give up. You will never enter the portal!” Gosan shouted trying to keep his opponent’s eyes diverted from the oncoming crowd, “Why don’t you just give up and go back to Hell? I know that these savage poundings must hurt...just call it quits, I will never allow you to taste revenge,” Gosan promised as he saw the eyes of the entity below divert quickly to the side where the line of souls approached, then move back.

“We’ll see about that,” was the reply as Gosan saw the smile of his most hated enemy.

The being then disappeared with a transportation and hid his powers. Gosan grunted in anger, ‘Damn it! Oh no, what if I can’t find him?’ he thought as he began to fly over to the crowd, searching frantically. ‘He’s got to be here! But I can’t see him. He must have changed shape!’ Gosan was getting more and more nervous. The crowded line was nearing the portal. “Nooo!” he shouted out in sudden frustration, ‘I can’t let it end like this!’

He looked harder and harder, searching for Ki, but he found nothing. He looked at the gate, only a few meters now stood between the front of the fast moving line and its offered freedom. “Arrgh!!” he grunted,

Then, he did the last thing he knew would work. He transported in front of the gate and let it fly. “Masenko-ha!!” he shouted, reaching above him and slinging his arms in front of him with hands together to form a wide beam.

The Ki blast hurled downwards and struck the path with merely meters between the souls and the portal. It did as he planned – it shattered the entire path for entire kilometers and caused every single one of the souls to fall down from Snake Way. He quickly transported in front of the portal and powered up, preparing for the enemy’s onrush. Down the souls fell, screaming and terrified, formerly joyous with thoughts of rebirth and no descending towards Hell, Gosan felt terrible sending all these good people to hell. But it was all he could do right now, Enma could fix it later. But, as he watched, he saw they weren’t going through. ‘Oh yeah, they have been resurrected just like the creature; they can’t go anywhere but through the portal,’ he laughed to himself.

Below, they were all screaming at him, unable to fly and get back up to the path. But what struck him wasn’t the massive amounts of souls yelling at him, but the one human shaped soul who wasn’t even paying attention to Gosan. He was looking at the portal, fists clenched and bearing teeth. Gosan knew then who he was and gave a smile. Gliding effortlessly and feeling momentarily triumphant, he flew over to the soul and addressed him, “What’s wrong - thought you had me, didn’t you?”

“You insolent fool...you really think you have managed to do anything? All you have done is delay the inevitable,” he responded with a million voices.

The humanoid being then leapt and flung his arm at Gosan, leaving behind the clamor of the thousands of souls below who shouted in protest to Gosan. But, the being was nothing to Gosan and with little attempt, he caught the arm and threw the body behind it high above. Gosan then reached out for him and pulled, using his own Ki to govern the movements of the enemy. The flailing, weak body of the enemy slammed down into the rubble of Snake Way, lying on the ceiling-surface of Hell. Gosan again transported himself in front of the portal, to prevent any exit. His confidence had grown, but he realized, that to keep battling was only holding back destiny. ‘I can’t just hold back Fate, I have to change it,’ he thought, ‘I have to figure out a way to defeat It,’ he resolved as he saw the creature begin to emerge from the pile of rubble.

Gosan then got down into stance and pulled his arms behind him, clasping Ki and rolling it into a tight ball with his powerful will. “Ka-me-ha-me-HAA!!” he shouted and shot the streaming beam across at the beast to delay the emergence of the power.

Looking up at the last moment, the creature’s head was caught by the beam and blasted off. Changing again to the winged-form of Cell with green armor and black spots, he sprouted a new one. “When will you learn Gosan? I cannot die, you can’t defeat me,” he laughed in his multiple voices.

“When will you understand that I will NEVER let you through!?” retorted Gosan in anger across the distance.

“Never can be a long time; how long can you last?” shouted back Gosan’s rival as he charged.

But, Gosan was unafraid. Instead he braced himself as the powerful steel-like fist landed upon his face. Blood shot out in all directions, yet Gosan did not flinch in pain, nor did his head turn under the pressure. He smiled at the pathetic punch that rippled the Dimension and took his enemy by the peaks over his head and kneed it in, collapsing the face inward and causing cracking noises to echo around them.

Narrator:

Below the souls were knocked back on their rears as the knee landed and the ceiling vibrated. They watched the battle with anguish and fear. Never had they seen such an important event. They stared helplessly at the mighty fighters battling in front of their eyes. Yet none of them understood truly the sheer power and meaning behind the war waged in front of their eyes.

Elsewhere, all the Guardians of the Universe had been instructed to pay attention to the battle. Entire schools of fighters and heroes from the past gathered around their masters as they intently watched the sudden unseen event unfold. It had powerful meaning for all because none, not even Goku the Dai Kaoishin, could do what Gosan was doing.

As they watched the raging battle ensue and hours of savage hits pass on, they saw time and time again where Gosan pounded the being to the point where nearly nothing was left. Yet the being always came back, despite their hopes and deepest desires. The genius of the scientists whom hated Goku so much was apparent to the blindest to Ki. Gosan's power was far beyond that of his opponent, yet he could not win.

As the ground in the battle-weary dimension rattled at the power, all began to lose faith that Gosan's pure power and fighter's spirit would be able to protect them all from the dark and grim future that lurked, still within possibility...

Back on Snake Way, Gosan landed a Kick that snapped Its leg off. Again It reattached itself. Finally, Gosan stood back as they eyed each other. He was growing more and more weary as time went on. He was still mortal and the being was not. Yet, he knew no solution but to delay the beast until something could be done. 'I can't keep doing this. I have to beat him. What is his weakness?' he thought.

Sweat dripped heavily from Gosan's brow as both of them breathed continuously and tiredly. The battle had dropped both of their Ki levels, but yet, Gosan's had begun to dwindle at a higher rate, soon to be even or below that of his enemy, now shaped like Frost again, only with many horns radiating out from his head – Coola.

"What's the matter?" Coola spoke as he breathed, smiling when he saw the saddened look on Gosan's face, "Getting tired of seeing how pathetic you are? Doesn't your blood just boil with the anger over your demise? You may be more powerful, but the family of my father will emerge once again and for all your power, you will be unable to stop it!"

'No, I can't hold out forever! No matter how weak he is he will not die. How can I beat him, he has no...wait, that's it!' thought Gosan suddenly with an idea that had not occurred to him, 'It is his weakness that makes him weak! Frieza, Cell, frost, all of them desired to be the most powerful and he can't stand it. I know it,' he smiled at his discovery

Goku listening in, spoke suddenly to him, 'But how does that help you Gosan?' he spoke to a surprised Gosan.

'Goku! Listen. He is afraid of how weak he is. You thought he'd be so powerful that not even you could beat him. He is powerful beyond normal, but not as much as that scientist had counted for. The truth is he can't stand being weak. He is bluffing and has been the whole time. Really, he is wondering if he'll ever get to the portal before something happens. He hates powerlessness. If I can make him angry and defensive of

his pride, I can maybe drive him apart. Then I can send the beast where he should go' Gosan finished with a plan in mind.

"Well, I don't see what everyone was so worried about," Gosan started as he smiled and stood like he wasn't even affected by the fight, "You don't seem that powerful to me. I mean, I have used maybe half my power, pounded you to dust over a dozen times, and you still can't get past me. What a joke," he continued without allowing for a reply; he could see anger growing in his enemy's face, "I am so disappointed. Goku built you up to be an unbelievable power, yet you seem like a child to me. Ha! Beat by a mere Saiyan. No, worse yet, not even half a Saiyan. It is laughable, you know, for you to think at your current state that you'll ever get past me. In fact, I have a whole bag of Senzu beans and as soon as I get low on power, I'll just take one and continue pounding you in," he laughed and placed his hands on his hips as the creature groaned and growled in irritation.

"Why are you so pathetic, anyhow? Goku said you are made of the most powerful enemies ever, and yet, you are nothing to one good soul. Hmm...it is strange," he acted as if he thought, then snapped his fingers, "Ha! I've got it. I'll bet its because you also have all those weaklings like Saiyans and regular people who don't care a bit about 'revenge'. No one else cares about it except you few eccentric weaklings who couldn't even beat Goku. And I am so much stronger than he is, yet you think you can beat me!?" he said, not stopping, "You had better get your facts straight, you can't win, ever. Even if I died, I'd be right here again to keep you from leaving, forever. What are you going to do about it?" he smiled coyly.

They stood there for a bit more, Gosan testing his bait and watching his enemy maul over the proposition. Anger virtually oozed from the creature as he thought about Gosan's words. His pride was beaten and trampled upon; his bluff had reversed and now his frustration overflowed at the insolence of the Saiyan warrior across him. "All right," Gosan said to urge some more, "I guess I'll have to prove it!" he powered up, swirling the aura swiftly around him.

He started to rush It when the entity threw his hands into the air. A brilliant light came from him and Gosan thought of the Solar Flare, guarding his eyes. Yet, as he searched for the truth, he could feel different results. It was not the solar Flare, but instead it sounded to his mind as though millions of souls were battling in chaos with some collected force. Gosan suddenly realized that at that moment the plan was working. Moving back, he looked on as the creature concentrated, all muscles flexed and shouted a terrible yell that frightened the entire dimension with its terrific noise. The creature was transforming right in front of Gosan as he spoke and suddenly, It released, lifting his arms into the air and letting Ki burst forth.

Gosan became shocked at the sight. For across him souls of people of all races began to spill out from the being, bursting forth like a sprung water leak in a pipe. Uncontrollably they came forth, each screaming in pain and terror, and the creature who remained continued to shout inexorably at the purging. It was the most horrid sight Gosan had ever beheld. The horror was magnificent and just awesome, so unexpected and rare, that even the oldest of Guardians were in shock.

Millions and millions were flung out and let fall scared and pitifully down into the far depths of Hell. 'I have to get these souls to the portal before I can open the Dead Zone!'

thought Gosan as he turned and quickly addressed the large crowd of people, "Hold each other's hands according to your destination and I will get you out of here!"

As they gathered hands, the beast in front of him continue to fling out souls, only retaining those who desired ultimate revenge on Goku, one human, and the soul of the resurrected name. All else were purged completely and without care.

Below, when the people on the glass had all clung to someone, Gosan transported to each group and then back to Snake Way. Quickly he worked - faster than the eye could see he rushed them all through the portal getting them out of the way. Just as the last group went through, the enemy let out a scream and a blast that formed a sphere around him destroying the last bit of Snake Way in front of the portal. He had finished and now the being's Ki soared to new heights far beyond the level it had once been. Gosan had woefully and correctly calculated the results of the action, now he had one last course of action. This beast was now far beyond his level of power, at the level at which Gosan had been when he first began to fight.

Gaining senses again, Gosan focused on the being in front of him, who abruptly and climatically finished his transformation. The being was a dark shadow of the worst nightmares. His body was unshaped and smooth, it could change shape at any time without effort. Now that all souls were of the same desires, nothing would halter his ability to glide between powers.

Gosan stood amazed, peering at the beast, unbelieving that the plan actually worked so well. The being, first with eyes closed, silver skin wrapping about his entire being, then focused in on Gosan and his red eyes sent shivers into Gosan's very core. They were alone now, and Gosan started to focus on making his move when the entity dozens of meters away from him let out a roar and flexed his muscles.

The energy caused Gosan to cringe a bit as it pushed on him and sent the clouds around them flying back. When he again opened his eyes he was shocked to see it already changing shape. But now, the being not only shifted in looks, but he began to grow in size, laughing uncontrollably as he did. Soon he grew to the mighty size of Hildegarn, whom Gosan saw in Goku's memories, yet was the body of Frost! Gosan was mortified as he heard the beast speak now for the first time with one voice, "The power, oh the power, the absolute POWER!!!" Frost laughed with a billowing rumble as he finished growing and peered down to Gosan, who stood unable to move, "You are a fool, Gosan, and now I'll send you to your wife like I promised so long ago."

Gosan's fear was evident, but yet, he was unaffected by the daunting enemy. He was the great hero and now he would prove it by not letting down his lost wife. He never faltered, never lost faith in his path, instead he chose to rise and claim it. He focused on Frost's titanic face and spoke into his eyes, "You are wrong, Face of Evil, no one will die." He revealed to Frost, seeing the look of confusion turn back to a smile again as Frost began to gather Ki to blast at Gosan.

But, Gosan did not prepare for that; instead, he got into a stance as the giant beast formed a ball in his hands behind him. Gosan then concentrated all his energy, focusing on the dimension as Goku had taught him. The large beast looked at him and shouted in pleasure, shaking the surroundings with his rumbling voice of Frost, "Now, Gosan, I finish what I started years ago, then I go to Earth as a new reborn being to begin to the annihilation of all the Universe."

But Gosan's concentration was uninterrupted, even with the memories of his first battle with Frost. After so many years of anguish, he had finally conquered his pain of loss. Frost began to try and fire the ball when he discovered he couldn't. He looked down behind him and at the ball with irritation, and then back to Gosan. He grunted in anger as he started to realize Gosan was up to something.

Then he felt the change around him. Suddenly, off to his left a hole opened up breaking the pink skies with a dark void. The hole didn't stay the same, though - it opened up wider and wider. Suddenly, the clouds around them began to be sucked into the hole. The darkness revealed nothing because it was nothing. Horrified, Frost realized Gosan was up to something. He turned back to him, "What the HELL do you think you are doing!?"

Gosan didn't answer with words, but instead grunted harder and spread the opening up more. The vacuum pulled more into its darkness, a hungry beast that desired to consume all into nothingness, like a lonely entity at the obedience of Gosan. Soon clouds and pieces of Snake Way that rested on Hell's roof lifted and flew into the gaping hole. Frost suddenly realized why Gosan had been in a hurry to get the people away from them and into the portal...the Hell he spoke of that was worse than true Hell was an empty void that he intended to fill with the hellish infusion!

The titan struggled with all his power and concentration to remain there. Yet, he still slipped unavoidably towards the hole. Desperately he shouted aloud, cursing the Saiyan warrior. Faster and faster the storm swept him up, the force undeniable. Out of anger, the giant began shooting Ki blasts at Gosan. Alas, it was too late for that, and Gosan was too powerful; they did not phase him. He simply concentrated harder, sweat evaporating into steam that was sucked up by the abyss from his forehead as he commanded Ki to push the giant into the hole; communicating with Ki to gain its trust. A screaming wind was all each warrior, juxtaposed in battle, could hear while everything moved inward to the black hole of eternal emptiness.

Finally Gosan gave one last attempt and screamed out in a release of pure Ki. The wave of Ki slammed into his enemy, ripping apart flesh and rippling the great portal violently as it went, sending all the rest of the pieces to Snake Way into the hole. The giant stumbled more and lost his control over his balance. Sideways he flew as he released more Ki blasts that struck the well-protected Gosan, who watched in hope as the giant fell horizontally to his doom.

Yet, Gosan knew it wasn't over. From the corner of his eye, he could see that the titan held on to the edge of the hole for his dear life, afraid of the darkness that would consume him as his evils had consumed all those victimized down the path of history. As he struggled, Gosan knew he had to act fast, or Heaven itself would be pulled in too! The air was growing faint and the clouds were beginning to all disappear. Now, planets of Guardians were moving to fill the lost areas of matter in the dimension.

'Gosan, what are you waiting for?' he suddenly heard a memory of a voice he had not heard in years. He pictured his wife standing there, outside his room in the hospital on his last day there. He had long since healed, but now found difficulty in leaving the bed that had been his sanctuary for months. 'Gosan, what are you waiting for? Do you think this world or any of those that you fight to keep from doing harm will wait for you?' her voice rang clear to him. "Sha-rei! No, I'll wait for no one!" he shouted as he gathered all his remaining Ki.

With a final push of all he had Gosan widened the hole beyond the size of the titan, “No! I will be back Gosan, do you hear me!!?” the beast’s words faded as he fell helplessly into the great void of emptiness.

His judgment passed by that warrior whom he had slighted as nothing than a mere monkey. Those were the last words of Gosan’s immortal enemy he would ever hear. Seeing his victory, Gosan let go of his control over all Ki and the hole closed. Around him, the clouds still rushed around him filling the loss of pressure with matter.

He looked down to his hands and smiled a second, picturing Frost in the endless void, lost and alone, scared like a little child. He then reverted back to his normal self, and collapsed, nearly passed out. His energy was low, he felt death slipping its tight grip over his mind.

He had found peace in this, for he feared it not. In fact, he began to welcome it as he lay on the edge of the formerly extensive path of Snake Way. Behind his limp body, the portal rippled as it tried to come to equilibrium, a gorgeous picture of Earth covering it. He saw his wife and laughed aloud. But as she approached him and her, his vision of her was replaced by a dragon and he stopped smiling. Then, he felt a sudden compelling emotion, the desire to live, as if something lay beyond. The dragon then was replaced by a vision of the King Vegeta, as he stood looking down to Gosan. He found meaning and hope in this vision and out of some inner drive he now wanted to live.

Suddenly he remembered. Reaching down to his Gi’s pocket, Gosan pulled out a Senzu bean and ate it. He watched intently as the vision vanished in front of him while he felt the sudden rush of energy flow back into him. Standing up, he looked at his body and then around him.

Twice now, Gosan had come against unbearable odds and defeated the enemy. Though not invulnerable, something powerful guided his ability to beat the most insurmountable odds. Whereas at the end of his first battle with Frost, he felt lost and hopeless, he now sensed a greater path in front of him that he knew he must follow. A great many questions loomed over him even as he stood there, just defeating the great Hell-beast, and he wondered where they came from. Before, as he understood it, Goku and Kami had a hand in controlling his path. But now, he felt as though he could move freely in his own judgment, unhindered by any force other than his own inner will.

Narrator:

Amazed at his vast growth in purpose, Gosan turned to look at the portal. He wasn’t terribly worried about Snake Way, after all, that was Goku’s job. He missed home and as he stared into the portal again for the first time in hours, he realized how beautiful, yet estranged he felt to his home planet.

Goku had told him not to go through it until after the fight. Now, he allowed curiosity to take over again. He reached over and placed his hand into it. The disruption caused the vertical pond to ripple gently, and his shifting reflection peering back into his eyes gave him a strange feeling of inner peace. Without fear, he shut his eyes, and with faith he walked forward.

When he opened them again, he was on Earth and the portal was not behind him. He was full-grown and the same as before. Although a bit disappointed with being the same and not reborn to live a new life, he realized he had been alive, so the effect was not the same. Besides, he was not ready to be reborn, he had yet to earn valor in battle.

Then remembering Kami, he transported himself to Kami's Tower. There he surprised Kami (Dende) and Mr. Popo who looked at him with a glee that Gosan hadn't felt from anyone since his wife. Gosan was happy to be back and greeted by someone friendly. He knew Kami would want to hear the story, so he told him everything that transpired up till he went through the portal. When he had finished, Kami congratulated him and thanked him, too. Then, as though he had wanted to for a long time, he posed a question. He asked him how bad did he want his wife back. Gosan didn't reply to the question but asked Kami 'Why?' It seemed to him a cruel question to ask after his ordeal, but little did he know the relevance of the query.

Kami then related to him the story of the Dragonballs and their powers. He explained why he had not been told of them before and why they had been hidden for so many years. Taking a sack from Mr. Popo, Kami removed a small, silver compass like object with a green, gridded, cracked face and handed it to him. This was a Dragon-Radar he had collected from years past (a gift designed to keep the invention away from people) to help find the Dragonballs. After all this time, it still worked and Gosan felt overpowering joy begin to enter his body. Already the absence of Frost had lifted a curse from his shoulders and life was to begin anew. He would soon know joy as he hadn't in years! With the radar in hand, Gosan waved goodbye, promising to return soon for another adventure to regain his life...