

Saga 5:
Nirosune, Planet of the Ancients

Nirosunian Ruins

Narrator:

Gosan reappeared only an instant later on the planet portrayed by the Wizard, Nirosune. There, he was first encountered by total darkness. Of sweet serenity he found that darkness. It came of no vile hatred or from no unnatural realms. Peaceful night in which the stars shone from above calmed him.

Deciding to wait till Dawn spread her lovely form over the landscape, Gosan hovered instead in meditation, concentrating on scanning the planet. The whole time he remained in the SS11 form, attempting to turn this high form of evolution into his natural form.

Meditating quietly and illuminated by energy's great aura, he began to feel the many things that characterized his new home. It seemed to his unequivocal mind that the planet remained mostly not one whole environment of Ki, but many. In each he found many interesting things: life and death, emptiness and fruitfulness, love and hatred. This planet sat shrouded in more history and mystery than any he had thus found. He knew that within that planet's circumference, its boundaries, there remained the knowledge he desired.

Through the night he meditated. Late, just before sunrise, he began to research on how to pull in Ki at a rate equal to the usage of it. He began to understand the way to recycle what was emitted in his radiation and how to store more. Thus the balance of energy in the Universe became his knowledge, and his alone. Glorious night of relaxed and revealing thought!

At length, just as the corona of the sun kissed the horizon, the light bending around to run into him, he philosophized and thought again of what lay beyond. The math revealed to him in simple geometries of the Universe. Connections, curves, paths, all that described the dimensions of all things he understood in better ways than science. He began to see the paradigm in Path of Transformations. His mind raced to greet the knowledge.

With a jolt of surprise, some understanding he knew pounded through his head, scaring him to wake. The sun had risen and now shone across his face.

He put the thoughts to rest, though the truth remains that when the string of the harp oscillates, it never fully ceases, as does thought ring about the head until plucked again...

Taking in the glorious beauty of the gentle giant (Gosan begrudged stars none), he turned about to see what had been revealed. His eyes widened in amazement.

Across the vast distances, for as far as he could see or even cared to for that matter, stood structures. Yet each and every one, he observed, stood old and in ruins. 'How long,' he thought, 'have they been here?'

Yet he knew the answer without reply: thousands of years. At once he descended down into the city, landing in a courtyard between two great palaces. Around it he listened for signs of life, he heard none. Turning to the sun, he saw there a tree, and approached the leafless organism. It stood petrified and still, hard as granite and gray as it too.

'Unbelievable!' he thought, touching the surface of the stone-tree, 'This city could be tens of thousands of years old.'

Like a deft pupil, he patrolled the ruins, studying the architectures, the stone-buildings for signs of writing or some clue to what he desired to know. Off in the distance, he felt some energy of life, yet the city captivated him too much to leave. 'Could this entire city be deserted?' Gosan questioned; unable to imagine the entire planet being a city, or the entire city being abandoned wholly. It seemed highly implausible that a city of such amazing and heavenly creation could bear no population, 'Pure irony,' he observed.

Yet, it seemed to be the Truth, and as he walked he began to see a common pattern. 'It doesn't seem like so many people could live in this city,' he thought, noting the vast neglect of wells and other evidence of sustaining tools.

About the city, too, he found many writings and murals of great interest to him. The entire city, almost, was smeared with endless writings and other items of symbolic meanings. The age of the city, little to say, impressed Gosan, as did the culture it once held.

So, he spent the day, searching and studying the murals and hieroglyphics until at last he came across something that sparked his interest greatly. On a large wall outside of a grand palace, rested a mural of grand proportions. It stood several meters high and wide, and although he was no anthropologist, he could tell that at one time colored materials had told the immense story. Now far gone, the picture was barely legible. At the base it depicted a group of seven men, each carrying a ball in their hands', gathered together in front of the palace. From the balls arose an immense dragon that spoke to them.

A smile swung across Gosan's face, 'Amazing!' he thought. He knew what the dragon had to say, and offer. As he moved to the left across the wall, he saw how the city had grown and how the dragon had given all that the people needed. Finally, on the very left side, a picture depicted the dragon turning to stone, like a corpse, and it spoke no more to the people. He knew then what had happened to the people. The guardian had died and the Dragonballs turned to stone. Without the wishes from the dragon, the people of the great city dispersed, in a struggle to survive without resources. The city became a coffin rather than a paradise. 'I guess someone forgot to tell the others how to make a dragon,' Gosan found that rather funny that such a needed thing was not cared for as it should have been.

Curious, he flew upward to have a look at something. Rising up a few hundred meters, he stared with wide-eyes out into the distance. The ruins he had spent the day crossing on foot still expanded to the horizon. Like some great gray ocean that never swayed the city sat without its schools of fish to keep it company. Death trap!

Gosan knew of course that he could never find food or even what he desired by searching each home and building individually. He began to fly then, towards the nearest source of life he could detect.

Looking forward, he concentrated and pulled the energy forward. At once he tore the Universe and lunged forward into the tunnel. When he emerged, he found that the command had taken him no farther than the edge of the city (albeit probably a great distance). Looking below him he recognized a rather large city, advanced in technology, but small in comparison to the ruins around him. 'It's like they settled as soon as they left the city! Yet, the people don't inhabit the ruins at all,' he stared curiously at how the lights and bustling portion of life ended promptly at the edge of those ruins. Shrugging off his confusion, he descended into the town, and without fear or concern to the reaction of the people, landed in the middle of the street below.

New Nirosune

Narrator:

What a sight to behold! The great Saiyan King stood in that square with arms crossed, face blank, surrounded by his aura of pure power. The apish Hero gazed at the onlookers. He soon found discouragement in their fearful faces. Approaching one alien, he smiled and reached out his hand to shake the Nirosunian's. Suddenly there was a massive panic attack throughout the square. Aliens screamed and shouted at him in angry words. Most fled him, and others threatened him from distances. In vain he attempted to console them with open palms to the sky. He pleaded for their relaxation. But soon the people had all fled the square, leaving him alone. From the distance he heard sirens.

Soon, a force of soldiers arrived in vehicles all around him. They leapt from the vehicles, forming a military-style formation all around him, and then began to shout orders to him. The amazing thing was, he understood every word they said, as if they came straight from Earth, or Vegeta.

After the alien with the speaker finished his shouting, Gosan attempted to move toward him. The men opened fire at once, pelting him with an endless barrage of weaponry. Gosan quickly grew irritated. Squeezing his fists he flared up from his current state to a highly excited form. His angry aura swirled about him like a furious maelstrom that swept the vehicles and soldier up.

Letting go of them all, he lowered his power and again tried to approach the speaker. This time, the ruffled men stood in fear, unable to understand the events that had just unfolded. Then, the speaker shouted to his men to open fire once more. This time, Gosan pulled the guns away from them all. He brought them in plain view in front of them and then with a wave of his hand, disintegrated them into fine dust in a dazzling and hot release of bonded-energy.

The alien soldiers screamed in terror. Once more, Gosan approached them, this time speaking loudly to them, commanding them to remain calm, for he came in peace. Then, he reached the leader, and tall, decorated warrior with a shrunken face of fear. Standing in front of the speaker, he lowered his energy level and spoke to the captain of the force, his desires to protest...

“You have no reason to fear me, friend,” Gosan had forgiven them for their ruthless attack; his voice rumbled in the air.

The captain, fearing Gosan's amazing and awful power, knelt before him at once, grabbing his hand and speaking rapidly, “What reason have you come back here, oh lord of lords, what purpose have you to revive yourself and reveal in your glorious light yourself to us?” beads of sweat dripped from his face.

“Lord? I am no lord...” Gosan spoke, dazzled by the strange words that emerged from the creature.

He, at once, found intriguing the features of the captain who knelt before him in humble servitude. The face, pale and saggy, but the eyes deep like their sky. He dressed in some form of traditional wear, laced with golden, silver, sable, and black cloths. On him, he

adorned various colorful badges of orange, red, green, gold, silver, purple, sable, and white.

“Lord, tell me your desires: why have you come before us, only to be offended by our thoughtless actions?” he dared not look to Gosan.

Perplexed, but bothered by the haunting words, Gosan spoke to him now in a calm voice, “Rise up, friend, I am not he you think,” he lifted the captain up; around them the soldiers had all collapsed to their knees and bowed before him.

The captain slowly lifted his body, still not staring into Gosan’s eyes, “You are not our lord?” he was confused.

“No, I am not, I come from another planet to seek your help,”

“If you are indeed an outsider, and not simply testing me, then how do you know our language?”

“I don’t know, sir, I am as surprised as you are, but I have come here to find the answer to many questions that may relate to that one. But tell me why you fired upon me if you thought me your lord,” he found the actions of the captain weird, to say the least.

The captain glanced into his eyes, then in his amazement at Gosan’s face lifted his eyes again to stare into Gosan’s. He spoke, amazed at what he beheld, “The ancients spoke of the evil in outsiders and that they must be destroyed. They also speak of the rebirth of our lord in all his gloriousness to come and rescue his people from this tragedy and return us to the great city,” he pointed to the ruins beyond them; beads of sweat dotted his forehead.

“Such a thing I have done before, but it was not my attention to do so here. I am not your guardian from ages past. But, I promise you, I am no evil force to destroy you. I fear that the ancients were foolish to decree such a thing. You can trust in visitors, I assure you,” he smiled warmly.

The army of men began to rise behind the captain, glaring at Gosan in shock. Murmurs danced through the crowd as the band of soldiers tried to understand the meaning of Gosan’s arrival. At length, Gosan spoke, “Friend, I have come here looking for answers to a question concerning the creation of my race. I need to speak with a scholar, or someone who can decipher the language in those ruins. I need someone who can recall information of long ago and aid me in my pursuit,” he requested.

“We will help you,” the captain spoke of his people; he still stared into Gosan’s form, as if he saw something he knew, “There is a school of education there,” he pointed in the distance to a worn building, “where you’ll find an educator named Gahey. He can help you more than I.”

Gosan turned to face the distant building. At once a distinct murmur flew across the crowd. Gosan knew, of course, that his tattoo lay behind the discussion, its emblazoned symbol of power. ‘It’ll be hard to convince these people I am not their lord, especially with the tattoo on my back.’ He turned back to the captain, who had been staring into the tattoo with even more amazement than the soldiers. ‘He still thinks I’m his lord,’ Gosan understood.

“Thank you, sir, I will go there now. We will be in touch, I assure you, as I don’t believe that our time together is up yet. We still weave a symbiotic relationship, I assure you.”

With his kind words, Gosan shook the captain’s hand and took flight, leaving behind him the amazed crowd of civilians, soldiers, and that captain who looked on so intrigued.

New Nirosune University

Narrator:

How little Gosan truly understood the nature of that captain. What cruel irony plotted against him, for the captain knew for certain that Gosan was not his lord, but something else foretold of by the ancients. After, watching the Saiyan leave, the captain frantically left, driving off to the city hall instead of the army base with the soldiers. What may be known about his thoughts is only that nothing good pervaded them. Fear and anguish ran through his heart as he truly began to contemplate all of the wise teachings of the ancients.

Yet, while he raced to meet with his superiors, Gosan raced to meet with Gahey, the scholar. He found his mission to be even easier than he had planned. What could have turned to disaster quickly turned to success and his patience with the people had earned him new recognition that he had never had: God. Below him, the word had spread quickly as the people pointed to him, shouting in reverent prayers and joyous hopes. Who knows? Maybe his mission could bring to light new answers, and maybe he will save these people after all...

Soon Gosan landed in front of the dilapidated, worn-down structure, donned by dreary décor and prison-like tempers. The color was definitely wrong for a University, a bland beige that sucked the life out of the students for sure.

Gosan's face cringed at its sight, and then entered. 'Totally empty!' he couldn't believe his eyes. The place was a desert, and dirty too. Walking down the aisles, he studied the grotesque walls, the lack of anything extraordinary. Outside, he could hear people surrounding the building, but inside, there wasn't any sound at all.

He climbed the stairs to the next level, walking by tiny windows, the floor creaking under his feet. Outside, the officers were keeping the Nirosunians from entering the college. They were afraid of Gosan still, and that he knew, yet appreciated. Turning a corner, he came to a hallway where on the far end, light shone out into it, illuminating the drab path ahead. 'That's probably Gahey, he seems like the only person here,' Gosan smirked at the lack of educational system in the city, 'What is wrong with this city? There doesn't seem to be any passage of time to these people, like education and economy doesn't matter...' he was perplexed by the lost senses he detected from the population.

At last, he came to the door, and looking in the open vestibule, he knocked lightly on the wall. "Hello, anyone in here?" he shouted out, clear as a bell to any Nirosunian.

"Go away! I'm working!" a voice came from an office farther back in the room.

Slowly entering, Gosan continued to speak, "I'm looking for a scholar..."

"Well, you seemed to have found the only one!" the distant voice interrupted Gosan, "Now go away, I don't have time for hecklers!"

"Pardon me, sir, but is your name Gahey?" Gosan asked politely.

In the office, he heard an angry growl and a chair scruff backwards. Then came the footsteps that plodded heavily on the floor. "Damn it! I am sick of you youngsters coming in here and disturbing..." he emerged from the room, looking at Gosan.

His face sank, and the creature stumbled back a bit. "What in the Hell!?" the alien's face grew pale as milk-cream.

“Excuse me, I didn’t mean to disturb your work, but is your name Gahey?” Gosan was wholly polite about his question.

“Yes, who are you?” his voice trembled.

“My name is Gosan, and I came here looking for you. The captain...or whatever you’d call him...said I could get your help here,”

“Th...the captain?” he became terrified.

“Yes... Is something wrong?” Gosan didn’t expect this kind of fear from a learned scholar.

“You, you speak my language!?” his face was anguished.

“Yes, I suppose you’ve noticed I not Nirosonian?” it was a pointless question.

“The guards sent you here?” he was fear-stricken.

“OK, Gahey, calm down,” Gosan commanded calmly, “I came here seeking your help. I am not either of the things you think I may be, and if you would just calm down and speak with me, I’ll explain everything,” Gosan promised with open hands.

The weary scholar nodded and came closer to Gosan, who had taken a seat. The scholar slowly approached and sat down too, eyes fixated on the warrior. Gosan, sensing still the fear in Gahey, summoned his powers to ask Ki to help and calm the alien. After a few minutes, Gosan noticed the breathing of Gahey become quite normal, and knew he was ready.

“Alright, here’s the deal. Outside, there is an entire population of your people who followed me here, waiting to see what happens. They all think I am their Lord, your Lord, but I’m not,” he cautioned Gahey.

“The military attacked me when I was first spotted, because your ancestors called all outsiders evil. But I am not here to do any harm either. It was after I had halted their attack, that the people thought me their Lord. But, I don’t care about any of that especially. I have seen the ruins,” Gosan explained, “and I know the plight of your people, but I am not your Guardian reborn to save you all.”

“I came here searching for answers to questions about my own people, the Saiyans. I was guided here by a Wizard’s words and now I seek your help,” Gosan finished, leaning back to allow the craziness he had explained to sink into Gahey.

The middle-aged, wrinkling and pale scholar leaned back in his chair, his eyes wide as the gaping door behind them. He thought about what had been said for a while, and then stared at Gosan. “You expect me to believe all of that?” he was so confused.

“No, I don’t, but what else is there to believe?” Gosan smiled.

“You, you’re just a...ah...a costume, yes, you’re a youngster in a costume, trying to pull a prank on me...” suddenly his face lit up, “No...no you’re here to kill me, aren’t you? The government finally decided to kill me off, huh? They’re tired of me stirring up dissention from their practices...” he was hysterical, paranoid.

“No...no, Gahey calm down,”

“Get out! Get away from me, don’t make me hurt you...” he was flipping out.

Gahey stood quickly, grabbing a hold of his chair, he had obviously been assaulted before. Gosan stood too, speaking to calm Gahey down, “No, Gahey, put the chair down, you need to calm yourself, now!”

“Get out of here! Get out!” he started to swing the chair.

Gosan grunted, “HYAA!!!!” he flexed his body, the energy in him bursting outward, wrenching the chair from Gahey.

Suddenly the room was a maelstrom of wind, with Gosan at the center and Gahey at the end, holding onto a wall behind him. He screamed in terror. "Gahey, I am telling you now to calm yourself and listen to me. If I had come to kill you, I would have done so already. Do you understand?" he yelled over the violent noise.

Gahey nodded, and Gosan quickly dropped the energy around them. Gahey fell to the floor on his knees, "I am sorry, dear Lord," he pleaded.

"Get up, fool, and listen to me: I am not your Lord!" he shouted, using his hand to guide Ki in lifting Gahey up, "Now, I want to talk to you, so come with me," he gestured, leaving the room.

Gahey's head was dampened with sweat, he watched Gosan leave, and then with his right hand grabbed his journal and ran out the door.

Narrator:

For hours they walked, Gosan explaining all about his journey to Nirosune, seeing the city and its murals, and traveling to this city. Gahey asked and answered many questions. Soon, much was explained between them, confusions about time and space, people and places.

Gahey explained to Gosan how the people had long ago abandoned education in desperation and frustration. They had instead taken up the hope of religion, waiting long centuries for the Lord to return. Gahey himself had given up on such things and he and his colleagues devoted their lives to deciphering the ancient language in the ruins. Yet, they couldn't quite understand without searching the city.

Unfortunately, over time, assassination and old age, and even becoming lost in the city claimed all of his friend's lives. Now all that was left to Gahey was his family, who lived in constant fear that he would be killed by the government's religious ties. Now, his work was but a joke to the people of New Nirosune.

Gosan explained to Gahey how he had come across the mural that explained so much to him: a coveted prize for Gahey, yet so far away from where they were. Gosan showed him too, the dragon on his back, and how the people had become convinced of his Godliness. He finally explained his past, how he had come to Nirosune in his quest and where he had been. The tales of these two were unlike any ever told in eons of time. Admiration spread into Gosan's and Gahey's minds as they came to develop a new friendship...

Gahey took Gosan later that night, to his home not far away. The people outside had not dispersed completely, and molested them the entire way. Gahey found it interesting how none of them would come even a little bit close to them, as if some force kept them away. If only he knew!

In the morning they rose from their slumber and discussed their plans for that day. "Alright, Gosan, I think we should go visit the city. Are you rested enough to make the journey back, it must have been a long way?" Gahey asked as they sat around a table, eating.

His wife and children were not home that night, but had went to stay with their grandparents: they sat alone. "You needn't worry about my health," Gosan shrugged, he spoke over his full, hungry mouth.

"I see, well, it'll take a few days to pack all the things we'll need..."

“Why?” Gosan interrupted.

“Well, we need supplies, and food, and...”

“No we don’t,” Gosan interjected again, “We won’t need anything but some water and your most coveted and useful notes.”

Gahey was dumbfounded, “Well how do you suppose we eat, or get there?”

“Don’t worry about that,” he commanded, finishing his meal, “We’ll leave as soon as you’re done there, and we’ll return tonight so you can sleep in the comfort of your own home.”

Gahey just stared at him. “Look, Gosan, it takes three days to make it to the Vitriol battleground, and who knows how far after that?” he was adamant about his assumptions.

“Wrong again, Gahey, now finish eating so we can go,” he pointed to the food, “I’ll take care of things, don’t worry about that.”

Nodding at those words, Gahey finished quickly and collected his journal, a pen, and two sacks of water. Then with a backpack of those few items, he told Gosan he was ready. How little did he understand!

Expedition into the Ruins

Narrator:

Placing his hand on Gahey’s shoulder Gosan brought up the mental picture of that petrified tree. He smiled at the remembrance of the sunrise. Soon, they vanished into the air, Gahey unknowing that he would be traveling the speed of light.

They arrived only a moment later in front of that very tree. Gahey turned quickly around him, unable to comprehend the events that had just transpired. Before he could even think about it, they had arrived farther away from New Nirosune than he had ever been. His amazement swallowed him up, as dizziness tugged on his mind. Turning about, his eyes fell on that tree that had drawn Gosan back.

He immediately fell to his knees, tears enveloping his eyes like crystals of love. He laughed uncontrollably with joy as he clenched his fists. His face smeared end to end with a smile. Gosan, however remained confused, scratching the back of his head. He thought that Gahey would be happier to see the mural...

“Oh joyous day!” Gahey called out to the sky, having already forgotten the amazement of their arrival.

Quickly he pulled from his sack his journal, flipping through it till he came to a rough sketch of a tree. Gosan looked over his shoulder, still confused, “Gahey, what’s the meaning of all this?” he pointed to the journal; he couldn’t read the writing.

“Gosan, do you know what you found!?” he shouted back, looking wildly to Gosan with childish eyes, “You found the Tree of Resurrection,” he declared.

“I did?” he stared back at the stone-dead giant.

“Yes, do you know what this means?”

“No...”

“Well, according to a mural we found, the Tree of Resurrection holds the key to all the hieroglyphs.”

“What? Why would that be true?” it seemed ridiculous that farthest away from the people’s flight laid the key to modern understanding.

“There is a myth that once upon a time, during the Great Fallout, a man named Shumey Jishra prophesized the return of our Lord to Nirosune, and that he would resurrect our people. To do so, he would need the aid of a tablet that deciphered the hieroglyphics,” he smiled as he spoke/cried.

“So Shumey left our people, and traveled to this tree, that had been here for thousands of years, and placed the tablet in the stone foundation around the tree, face-down to protect the writing. Then he returned to us and refused to tell our people where the tree was.”

The irony of the story struck Gosan. “You found this tree, Gosan, you did, and now we will find the key to understanding my language. Then, we will find your answers, I am sure. I think now, they are answers that I seek too,” he laughed, looking again to the sky, tears streaming down his cheeks as they reflected the blue hue.

Gosan thought about it, then looked to the tree. ‘Have the dreams been wrong, or am I to be fooled so easily?’ he thought, ‘Only one way to know.’ He raised his hand up, grasping the energy around the tree. Then with a minimal exertion he lifted up the entire ground of stones, straight up around them, till a ceiling of stones blanketed the sky.

Gahey fell over at the sight, he now more than ever believed the prophecy’s truth. “Go underneath, Gahey, and find the stone,” Gosan commanded, holding still the giant stone floor.

Gahey did not hesitate a moment, and instead moved beneath the stones. Quickly he walked, looking up above to study the clean stones. At last, he came to the one, and looking back to Gosan shouted out as he pointed to it, “Here, here it is Gosan!”

Gosan did not flinch; instead he released the stones, allowing them to crash heavily onto the stone ground below. Gahey jumped, fearing the same fate for his stone, yet it did not fall. Instead, he opened his crunched eyes to see Gosan pull the stone aside and flip it onto its smooth back. Then the thin stone landed softly on the ground. Gahey ran back to him, slowing as he approached.

His face lit up with joy, and he stared back to Gosan. He truly believed our Hero his Lord.

Narrator:

For the next hour Gosan meditated above in the sky, basking in the mighty sun’s glow. Below him, Gahey worked fast to translate the tablet and understand the ancient writing in modern writing. Meanwhile, Gosan searched his mind, asking Ki for guidance again. He now became confused about all that had happened. He was confused about his dreams, about the occurrences on Nirosune, and most of all about the ties to the Saiyans. He did not understand at all the puzzle that lay fixed before his mind’s eyes. Soon, Gahey finished and called above to Gosan. Looking down, Gosan descended to Gahey to see the work. He still couldn’t read the writing...

“I still can’t read that,” he pointed to the book.

“That’s ok, I can read it and tell you what we see, let’s go looking around,” he looked up, “Where is that mural you spoke of?”

Gosan was still perplexed about the meaning of all these things; he knew nothing happened by accident, but Fate was still a slippery siren.

They spent the next few hours inspecting the mural, and nearby writings. But, they soon found even the mural to be of little help (Gosan already knew most of what it said). The

writing mostly depicted traditions, dances, fables, myths, and other aspects of lost civilization. Gosan became more and more dismayed, but Gahey was ecstatic. "This is wonderful, I cannot believe I lived to see this day."

"Yes, well, it isn't helping me at all," Gosan pouted.

"Cheer up, Gosan, we'll find what you seek, I am sure," he inferred Gosan would soon realize his Lordship. Gosan remained doubtful, yet he didn't count anything out.

They had found government offices, farms, technologies, ways of life, but the ancient people understood none of it. Whatever had happened, it had forced all the Nirosunians out of the city quickly; they found no bodies of mass death, only the remains of an ancient society.

What Gosan did find interesting was that Gahey was opposed to most of the practices observed in the writing. They learned that the farmers used the eternal dragon to make the ground fertile. Also how the ancients welcomed trade with other peoples but kept the dragon secret. There were no schools because families taught everything. Flight was impossible and apparently, not even comprehended.

Religion, still, lay centered all around two gods, the Rash-ha-sham (dragon) and the Rim-ha-sham (guardian). Those two gods were the protectorates of the city and hailed for all their likeness. Not any different from the newer philosophy.

No place, however said anything of how the guardian had died. Gosan and Gahey assumed that sometime shortly after New Nirosune was founded as billions of Nirosunians died in the Great Fallout.

At last, they entered the guardian's palace. The guardian's body, of course, was not there, but everything remained as it was so many thousands of years ago. "Seems to me that not even thieves have been here!" Gosan remarked, "On my planet, the archeological sites are usually robbed or degraded," he found that eerie.

"Well, besides the ban on entering the ruins without permit, my people fear the city. They think it's haunted by the endless amounts of souls that perished in its walls. But, I think that religion has plagued my people so long, nothing can be known anymore."

"Really?" Gosan replied looking at Gahey, who was studying a book on a table at the end of the throne-room.

The book was far too decrepit to understand. When he tried to open more pages, it fell apart in Gosan's hands. The only surviving part was the cover. Gahey came up behind him, watching the book crumbled more in Gosan's broad, pale hands. "Tihjerjas," he spoke.

"What does that mean?" Gosan asked him.

"No, that is the strong material you fondle now in your hands. It's an ancient form of cloth, but, the plant died out long ago when my people over harvested it."

"What does the cover say?"

"Hmm," Gahey opened his journal, "Verses...of...the...dragon," he announced.

"Shit...so much for calling the eternal dragon," Gosan declared, "I suppose that it doesn't matter anyways," he couldn't see how he even personified the resurrection: he had just destroyed the very book he needed to call the dragon itself, if he even knew how to make a dragon.

Gosan dropped it, and after searching around some more, noticed the dusk outside. "It's time to go back, Gahey. We can search tomorrow," he said authoritatively.

Gahey nodded, and grasping the cover of the book, placed it in his pack. Then he stood next to Gosan as he placed his hand on his shoulder.

Treacherous Night

Narrator:

That night Gosan met finally the wife and Gahey's two daughters. The girls were fond of Gosan from the start, pulling on his tail and long hair – he didn't mind a bit. But the wife did not share such openness. She had heard the people speaking, the rumors, and she feared more than worshipped him. She seemed a devout and pious woman, yet feared the unknown as much as any normal person.

That night Gahey prepared dinner for all of them, and sitting around the table, Gosan couldn't help but notice how they all followed his every movement. Gahey, he knew, believed the prophecy as truth, and the daughters adored him like a pet. The wife, she almost cried to see him, her fear encased her like a thick glass.

After dinner, Gosan departed to his room to meditate, and Gahey to his study to go over his journal. Already, in the night's mist, Gosan felt a strange nagging feeling that something in the air was not right...

At length, Gosan rose from his position and entered Gahey's study to discuss their ideas. As Gahey spoke, Gosan reached into his pack and pulled out the cover from the Guardian's palace. He studied the engravings in the Tiherjas over and over, listening to Gahey ramble on and on about the amazing results of their find. Still, in Gosan's mind, something tugged at it like a greedy child in the store.

Turning over the cover in his hand as he did the world in his mind, he searched for clues to something that may aid him. He had blocked out Gahey's rambling out-thinking while focusing on a new level of mind. The back cover simply showed the chair, nothing he hadn't seen before. And the front still held that engraving. 'This is such an old cover, Tiherjas must have been an amazing material,' he felt as though he had touched the material before.

Harder and harder he stared into the cover, folding it out to study both at the same time. He nearly put it back down, when at last he was able to block out his nagging feeling and Gahey completely. Suddenly, he found something that had not caught his eye before.

He was about to mention it when the nag at his heart reached his ears. A noise emerged from outside the window, so faint only a dog would hear it – or some superpower like Gosan.

Quicker than flashes of lightning Gosan moved between the rooms, gathering Gahey's daughters and wife, and then back again. He quickly wrenched in his grasp the journal and Gahey too, and transported them outside.

Behind them, an explosion rang out across the city. The family, girls confused, wife shocked, and Gahey stirred, turned to what used to be their house. Gahey's wife screamed out in terror, recognizing the terrible flames to engulf their home. Around the military had surrounded and launched an attack on the home with deadly explosives. "They tried to kill us!" Gahey spoke in disbelief, "You saved us," he turned to Gosan, who stared out into the flames, anger wrenching his face in bitter contortions.

"I'm not so sure I saved you more than put you into danger," he answered.

The little girls stared into the flames, confused and tired. “What do you mean? You think they tried to kill you?” Gahey sounded doubtful.

“I know they did,” Gosan was ready to vaporize the entire army.

He remembered, though, the advice of the Wizard, ‘I can’t go burning bridges before I get to them. I’ll deal with them eventually, but there are more important things to do now,’ he thought to himself, remembering what he saw.

“It isn’t important now, however,” Gosan spoke, turning to Gahey, “I’ll get my answers and revenge later on, but for now we go to the palace again.”

“Why?” Gahey asked, his wife sobbing in disbelief behind him.

“I found something, back there, just as I was able to block out my nagging consciousness of danger. It involves the engraving of the Guardian’s throne on the Tihervas cover. Since it’s too dangerous for your family in the city, they too will come with us. We’ll worry about things in the morning, for now take my hands,” Gosan finished, extending them to Gahey and his wife. The two daughters clung to their mother and father like dewdrops on a morning bud. Soon, he wipped the away as fast as they came; behind them the flames died out as the military fired into the destroyed home – wretched and foolish beings!

Throne Room of Rim-ha-sham

Narrator:

Gosan had, of course, already formed a plan on how to deal with the government later on, but pushed such thoughts out of his mind: they weren’t important right now. Only what he had seen, only that which he knew he saw in that sketch.

For the night, Gosan meditated outside in the air. Hovering above in the windy medium, Gosan eyed the storm that approached from the East. Unable to sleep or keep his eyes shut, he left instead to a forest he sensed in the West and gathered some food for Gahey and his family. All the while, Gosan thought about that sketch. He wanted to try out his thoughts that very night, but Gahey’s family needed rest and besides, the morning after the storm would bring renewal and recovery for everyone.

The storm blew past, he noted when he arrived at the palace again. Inside, Gahey lay with his wife and daughters, who shivered in the chilly night’s air. Using his energy, Gosan blanketed them all with the warmth of Ki, meditating till morning when Dawn brought forth new rays to glisten on the ancient city’s walls.

When all had woken, and while the family ate, Gosan took Gahey by the arm and led him to the throne-room...

The grin of a mischievous child covered Gosan’s face as he led Gahey into the darkened room. Using his energy, Gosan lit the place as though day shone straight through the ceiling onto them both. “Gosan, why are we in here again? We’ve already been in here, and we didn’t find anything,” Gahey protested; he was bitter about his home’s destruction, and his wife’s wrath.

“Just before we fled your house, I noticed something on the engraving from that cover. I wouldn’t have really known what it was, if I had never seen such a thing before, but I had. Back on the planet Vegeta, when I was king, I lived in a lavish palace not much different than this one. In fact, it was already built long before I had gotten there.

Although I couldn't quite understand why, I knew that the architecture was not native. Often, I would wander about the palace, looking for clues to whatever may be there. Soon, I found one.

"One day, while searching around the throne room, I found on the side of the throne itself, a small switch. The button seemed merely part of the throne's elaborate design, but I could see it wasn't. And it became obvious to me that no one else had ever paid enough attention to the place where they sat to see it.

"Taking my index finger, I gently pressed the button. When I did so, the throne actually sank mechanically into another chamber that had been hidden from the rest of the palace. Using my power to create some light, I found that I stood in a small laboratory with different communications technologies and magnificent setups. But, it appeared to me that some angry force had smashed everything by the use of a hand.

"In the center of the room, I also found, remained a pod-like capsule, that appeared to me to be a chamber of some sorts. I never figured out what it was for, but now I have an idea."

"What?" Gahey gave his full attention into the story.

"Well, let's see."

Gosan reached down to the throne and moved his finger over the button, and pushed. For a moment, nothing happened, but then a light came on and a buzz was heard from below. Soon, the chair started to sink downward, grinding in a slow movement along the stone sides. Soon, they both stood in a secret room below the palace.

Gosan, flared up to provide some light in the room that was making only minor noise, mostly mechanical. What they saw shocked them. There, in front of them both, sat the remains of a pod-like vessel, deteriorated by time. Scattered around unevenly, too, was seven large, round stones with perfect surfaces. "Dragonballs!" Gosan exclaimed.

"What?" was the reaction from Gahey, "You mean those are the Dragonballs?"

"Yes, but they are stone, as they have been for centuries," Gosan answered, moving forward to one near them.

Gosan placed his hand on the gigantic stone. It was the size of a Namekian ball. Slowly, too, Gahey approached, and saying slight prayer, placed his hand on the ball. The smooth surface seemed impenetrable.

Gosan, then turned his attention to the pod. It was exactly the same, as he suspected. Looking around, he saw similar equipment in the room, only this building didn't appear much older than the rest; it was if this place was the hub for the Vegetan palace. 'Yes, that's it,' he smiled, "This is an interstellar transport," he revealed his confirmed idea.

"What do you mean? Do you mean to tell me that my people used this to travel to your planet and vice versa?" Gahey doubted it.

"Not exactly, I think your people actually built my palace on Vegeta, like they controlled Vegeta too, and who knows how many others?"

"No..."

"Yes, it is the only thing that makes any sense," he concluded, "But for what reason they had done it, and why it stopped, remains beyond me," he stared out into the air.

"Why didn't they just go to Vegeta, then, if the planet was under some sort of need for supplies?"

"And why did someone smash the equipment on Vegeta?" the two were perplexed; Gahey began to understand the implications.

Unable to figure it out, they left the room; it was obvious none of the computer systems worked anyways.

While the two girls played in the courtyard outside, and their mother prayed at the tree, Gosan and Gahey stared at the large mural, discussing possibilities, neither of which added up correctly.

They knew that Vegeta and Nirosune were linked by technology and language, and Gosan brought up that Earth was somehow part of it, too, since that is where he came from. They also knew that the dragon had been the source of all this wealth and grandeur, but the guardian's death ended the great era of the planet and therefore the dragon. 'What else?' something nagged at Gosan.

He sat down in front of the mural, remembering and going over his trip to Nirosune. Suddenly, an image flashed in his mind: the captain's face. 'That face he made, I thought it was because he thought me their Lord...but was it?' he pondered hard, 'Why did the dragon upset him so? He would have to know something about the dragon, something that made him upset. Something about my powers, too, set them off. His leaders, the government, they feared me, but why? Do they fear the Saiyans? They must know something!' he thought of the torrential flames that night before.

"The government knows something," Gosan announced to Gahey, who read in his journal, translating.

He closed the book, looking at Gosan, "What do you mean?"

"They have to know something, to want to kill me," he reasoned; Gahey's eyes tilted upwards in thought, "The captain was deeply disturbed by this," and Gosan showed him the tattoo again; it resembled exactly that of the mural.

Behind him, the daughters stopped playing to stare at the tattoo, the mother came running over and grabbed them, glancing up at the mural. Tears streamed over her face. Gahey looked at his wife, and then to Gosan. "What will you do? My family already fears for their life, and now the government wants to kill us all," Gahey explained the thoughts of his wife; it was as if those people were slightly telekinetic.

Gosan, staring at the girls, whose innocent faces smiled handsomely back at him, decided that his best chance to find the answers to all was to go to New Nirosune's government facility and find out what this information was. "In the morning, I will travel back to New Nirosune, alone, and infiltrate the security to find some answers," he revealed.

"With your power, why go in secret?" Gahey wondered.

"With power comes the danger of not controlling it. I don't want to let them know I exist, and therefore they won't attack and I won't be detected. The least they know, the more I'll find," his wisdom was infallible.

Most of the day, Gahey's wife prayed at the Tree while the children played in their own little world. Gosan used his powers to lift Gahey up into the sky with him, allowing them both to watch the sunset and see into the horizon the million-colored ballet. At length, Gosan stared up into the stars above; once again this part of the city receive no clouds: a chilly night would come again. But more interesting to Gosan was what he had noted long ago: the absenteeism of a moon.

New Nirosune Military Complex

Narrator:

The next morning, as the sun rose and before the family had awoken, Gosan transported back to New Nirosune, landing on the roof of the abandoned University. Looking at his body, he decided to revert to normal because he believed he was too obvious. Thus, this might give him a disguise. Then using his ultra-speed, he ripped a hole in space and moved till he stood on the roof of the military complex. A smile covered his face: he always loved spy movies as a kid.

Sneaking in through a back door past cameras, he hid in shadows and listened to the guards' movements as he wandered about the building. He passed several rooms where he noticed that the military had higher technologies than any he had seen in public, but that didn't surprise him. Often he saw religious leaders in those rooms, mingling with the government officials; they only contributed to keeping the public uneducated to remain in power. He grew irritated, most of all that he was still unable to understand their writing. He moved on to other rooms without computers.

After an hour of moving with the stealth of a flea, he came across what appeared to him to be a library. All along the walls, shelves and shelves of books lined the room and in the middle of the room, stacks stood in towering prowess. The room seemed to be the largest in the complex, and the most restricted. The information he wanted was here, he just knew it. Quietly he moved to a hidden corner, reaching in front of him with cautious and concerned skill, removing the book directly in front of him. Flipping through it quickly, he noticed it held a series of biological diagrams on a particular alien race, one he had not seen before; it was as if the government had a lab where they collected aliens and tested on them. The diagrams were disgusting, the procedures they used horrific; he replaced the book.

Taking another book, and found the same thing. He realized after a third book, that the entire library was simply intelligence information on all aspects of spying, testing on, and understanding of other alien races. The government already disgusted him, yet he tried to maintain his composure. It seemed impossible to search the entire library for the book he wanted, yet somehow, he knew that the information he wanted was more precious than what rested in front of him...

Still he wandered around the library, empty of all personnel, looking for any indication of some way to differentiate between the book on his race, and the thousands he saw before him. As he wandered around he passed through another door and found himself suddenly outside the library. 'Oh shit,' he thought. He turned to go back in when something caught his eye. He now stood in a corridor, easy to see, but at the left was only a wall. At the other end, projected across the hallway, came a blue glow. His curiosity overcame him as he stared into the doorway of deep blue. The Ki flowing down that hallway was hideous, just plain horrible. Soon, the light flickered, and he felt a soul scream out in anguish; his heart cried. Slowly, he ventured down the corridor to have a look.

At the end, pushing his head through the doorway, he found that a glass wall wrapped around a lowered auditorium occupied by a few military personnel. In the center were some doctors, occupied with their work on something. The room reminded him of one of those scenes where doctors give some kind of demonstration in front of an audience...

And he wasn't that far off. On the white lab coats of the doctors, purple substance smeared across them. Suddenly, a voice rang out over the intercom, "Now, we will make

an incision over the central lung. You'll see that when we do so, the lung responds by pumping out a toxin that eventually stuns our nervous system," and as he finished, Gosan saw the purple blood spray across the doctor's coat: he cringed as the silent soul screamed out; terrible and dishonorable death: a puppet show for the devils.

An angry vein swelled in his forehead; he couldn't bear any more, returning up the hallway and into the library. "Those sons of..." his thoughts were interrupted by voices in the library, "They found no bodies."

Quickly, Gosan hid behind a stack to the right, listening to the two walking by him, "They appear to have gotten away, but we'll find them," one continued.

"Good, because we don't want this outsider to know the truth or to have him do to us what the other did before," was the response of the apparent superior; he was dressed in religious attire, rather than military outfit.

Gosan peered around and watched as the two walked over to a stack on the far left. There the military man yanked on the stack, revealing a door for the religious leader. The pious old alien moved forward, punching some numbers into a digital keypad to the right. Gosan watched carefully remembering the code, '7-2-4-9-2-6'. Then he watched as the door opened, sliding left to reveal an illuminated vault inside. In the center there stood one file cabinet where the superior moved to, opening each drawer, as if he were making sure they were all there. Then, the officer moved forward, opened a briefcase, and allowed the religious leader to remove a folder and slide it into the bottom file.

Then, they closed the vault, replaced the stack, and left, walking down the library to the door they had come from. As they walked, one of the men spoke, "So, what do you propose we do with our newest prisoner?"

"That demonic one?"

"Yes."

"What we do with the rest, we'll analyze him in case more of them come here looking for a war," the religious leader had no qualms with such atrocious actions.

'Demon?' Gosan mouthed, 'Hmm. Now for that vault,' Gosan thought as he crossed the library sneakily, like a serpent with purpose. With small effort, he removed the stack and punched the code in. Acting quickly he opened the vault and walked over to the cabinets and opened them. But he knew he wouldn't be able to read the material. Checking the cabinets to see if they could move. He found they could, so he decided to steal them. First he used his mind to close the stack and vault doors. Then, he walked back to the cabinet. Lastly he grasped the cabinet, transformed back to his previous form, and brought a picture in his mind of the throne room. "Whoosh," he was gone. No one would ever know he had been there.

Palace of Rim-ha-sham

Narrator:

Gosan reappeared in the throne room at the next moment and to the bewilderment of Gahey and his family, had brought with him something. In front of them there, next to Gosan stood a filing cabinet, tall and gray, military-like looking. Outside, the last rays of the day descended upon the city, the Tree basked again in ageless and endless light. Gosan gave Gahey the go ahead to begin his search, while he left to the woods, to gather wood for fire, and food for fuel.

Upon returning again, Gahey's wife started a fire, and cooked some food for them all, her face as stern and sad as ever before. The daughters warmed themselves by the fire, while Gahey pulled out one of the older files to translate...

"4237 PAE," translated Gahey.

"What's PAE?" Gosan asked, looking back at Gahey who was studying the cabinet.

"Pre-Apocalyptic Era. What's the military doing with this kind of thing if no one but you or I understand the least bit about ancient writing?" he couldn't believe how much the government had withheld.

"Well," Gosan said shrugging his shoulders, "I guess they've always known."

"Yes, you must be right," Gahey agreed as he opened the file.

As they rummaged through it, Gahey began to remove the files one by one from the cabinet, arranging them in some order on the floor. In the other room, his wife sang a song to the children, trying to coerce them to sleep next to the fire, while Gosan and Gahey worked in the adjacent room.

On the right Gahey placed all the files written in ancient words and on the left those written in modern language. In his lap he had a pad of paper and a pen, translating the ancient stuff.

After a moment of this, Gosan spoke up, "Well, anything interesting?" he asked, his voice serious; he had been thinking about the thousands of tortures that government had performed.

"Yes, lots," responded Gahey after a moment of concentration, "I have found a number of articles concerning information about your race. It's almost like they researched your race down to the minutest detail," Gahey's words reminded Gosan again of the victim, "In fact, all of it this seems like some kind of schematic, as if..."

"As if they enslaved my race and performed terrible autopsies on them to study our weaknesses?" his angry interruption puzzled Gahey.

"Umm...not exactly. I was going to say, 'As if they designed your race,'" he finished.

Gosan's eyes widened: that thought had never occurred to him. "I mean," Gahey continued, "Here are detailed descriptions of genetic codes, attributes, functions, systems and it goes on and on. I remember that when I used to design robots, years ago, this was the standard way to do it, but not so advanced," he seemed amazed.

Gosan stood, and walked over, carefully, he picked up one of the files in front of him. Gahey looked up and peered at the file Gosan was holding, "That one appears to me to be coordinates to something. I compared it to one of my maps in my journal and found it is in the mountains far out on the South side of Nirosune. They are not known very well, but what is known is that the area is very, very dangerous. The storms there whip around salty crystals that can form around your body in seconds, or so I've heard."

"Sounds interesting...must be hiding something there."

"What?"

"The military must be hiding something there. If you don't want anyone to find something, that sounds like the best place to put it."

"I suppose so," Gahey responded studying his files some more, "This is all great, but it is so strange. On each page, there are comparisons to something else, like a previous version of the 'prototype' they were...well...I guess 'designing'.

“I am no biologist or military expert, but it appears as if they are making improvements on a biological weapon.”

“Show me,” Gosan was beginning to fit pieces together.

Gosan followed Gahey to the file he spoke about. It amazed Gosan how fast the scholar worked, he already had the ancient language down in his head. “It appears,” Gahey spoke as he read through the file, “that they took a species from one of their planets to Vegeta. Once they had enough, they started to do perform experiments on the species, improve lifespan, health, strength, and etcetera. But after that, I can’t figure out what happened. It looks like they gave your race a tail. But for what reason I don’t know. It looks like it wasn’t for balance.”

Gosan began to think about his tail and how it made him feel. In his Saiyan-like form he could clearly see his skin and the tail that connected to him. The files said they had started this project about 4000 years back. ‘Hmm, what is the tail for?’ “Well, I remember when I was on Earth, I never had a tail,” he declared, still thinking.

“What was that?”

“Well, I never had a tail.”

“You mean you aren’t pure Saiyan!?”

“Well, no, I am only a descendent...”

“They must have taken your race from Earth then.”

“What?”

“They got them from humans!” exclaimed Gahey.

“What do you mean?”

Gahey, with a triumphant smile, began to explain, “OK, the Nirosonian government in 4300 PAE began to form a military. It says here in an older file I was reading that the government had just changed and fallen under the hands of Rim-ha-sham. He was never the only Guardian, but in fact took the throne at the death of the other one,” the news was shocking.

“I suppose he wasn’t the most kind person. He shunned friendly peace with neighbors and began subjecting other species to secret tests, preparing to take over the Universe. His ultimate plan, I am speculating, now, was to take a race and make it his slave for warfare. At the time, I didn’t know which race the file referred to, but now I do. They took some humans from your home planet, which was their subordinate thousands of years past, and brought them to another colony,” Gosan’s eyes danced at Gahey’s words.

“Using the palace there, the guardian kept a watchful eye on the progress. They modified the human race to become their weapon of war by using information about other species!”

“Well, I’ll be damned,” Gosan knew it must be true, “But that doesn’t say anything about my tail,” he remarked, looking again at it.

Suddenly, like a hit in the head by a pop-fly, Gosan understood its purpose, “Of course! To wield such power, the weapon needed a way to get stronger,” he turned to Gahey,

“What do you know about Ki?”

“About what?”

“You don’t know anything about Ki?”

“What’s Ki?”

“Of course you don’t know,” he smiled, grasping his tail, thinking about when he was on the Wizard’s planet, and how this planet had no moon, “because the military never

revealed its secret! Yes, to make a dragon, Rim-ha-sham had to have known about Ki,” he smiled at the now thoroughly confused Gahey, “I see you still don’t understand. Your people have been fooled for centuries, in thinking that the Guardian was extremely powerful. In truth, all his strength and knowledge was based in his understanding of Ki. Ki is the energy all around us.”

“Energy?”

“Yes, energy that binds the Universe, and wields the reign of power. There are two living parts to the Universe, us and Ki. By us, I mean all what you would call ‘living’ organisms. But really, Ki is alive to. All that which you have seen me do was with the aid of Ki. I figured you knew, but I don’t guess you did. With the help of Ki, by communicating with it, I can do many things one could not do if blindness restricted him. I can fly, fire beams of energy, and fight better. But, all this Ki is under my control because it allows me to. It trusts me with itself.

“To control a destiny, one’s own or others’ you need but control Ki. The military knows about its power, but I don’t think anyone but the guardian could control it. Which is why when he died, they were unable to create another dragon.

“My race is prolifically able to sense it, as are others they tested on. All we have to know is where it is. This is the benefit of humans.

“So, they took some of Earth’s children and traveled to a lab on Vegeta. There, they performed their experiments and tried to perfect the species. Still, none of it explains why everything went bad...” he thought aloud.

“But why the tail? Why was the tail important?” Gahey said still confused.

“The tail was added back, and with new abilities, to wield the power they wanted to conquer the Universe. Come outside,” he gestured to Gahey, leading him past the sleeping mother and children aside a dying fire – Gosan flamed it anew.

Outside they walked till they stood in the courtyard, the Tree behind them, glowing in the starlight from above. Turning to Gahey again, Gosan queried, “What do you see?”

“I see a tree, sky, stars...so what?”

“Yes, but what don’t you see?”

“What?”

“You don’t see satellites. You know, moons.”

“Moons, no, no: Nirosume has never had a moon,” he felt the query to be stupid.

“That is what the tail is for,” Gosan grabbed his tail from beneath his Gi, showing Gahey the furry appendage; it revealed little.

Looking even more confused, Gahey stood there staring at the tail. Gosan looked up again. “The moon is like a mirror,” Gosan continued, “but instead of reflecting it magnifies and warps the amplitude and frequencies of Ki waves coming from nearby stars.”

“Well, we don’t have a moon.”

“Precisely!” Gosan shouted, “That is why they went to the colony planet where the Tuffles lived, it had a moon.”

“What about Earth, doesn’t it have a moon? And, you still haven’t said anything.”

“Yes, but Earth is much more pleasant to the eye than Vegeta, and a bigger loss than Vegeta, or whatever they called it back then,” he satisfied Gahey with answer number one.

“And let me tell you my friend,” he began number two, “The tail is used to absorb the abnormal amount of Ki radiating off a full moon and begin a transformation which Saiyans then become the most fearsome of warriors.”

“How do you know?” Gahey pleaded to know the whole Truth.

Memories of Goku’s and even his own journeys flooded Gosan’s mind, a grin jutted across his battle-worn face. Gosan rose up his right hand, palm upward, he looked into Gahey’s eyes. Suddenly, a white, glowing ball of light formed in his hand; gahey’s eyes reflected the luminescence he beheld, “The sun will rise soon, my friend, and so I am going to toss this ball of concentrated Ki up till the sun’s rays strike it. It will simulate a full moon, the only moon that can correctly magnify Ki,” he informed Gahey who was staring at the ball of light; he wanted to hold it in his own palms.

Then, without warning, he tossed it straight up into the air. The ground lit up more and more, in a moonlike haze as the ball rose thousands of meters into the air. Then in a very sudden and unexpected fashion, the ball of light burst into a very bright glow – the sun had struck it.

Gahey looked at it, then back to Gosan, then again at the ball. He stood still, staring confusedly, when from pure silence he heard noise coming from Gosan. He looked to the great hero, his friend, and with a frightful face he began to step backwards from Gosan.

In front of him began to form a beast. He thought that somehow the beast had swallowed Gosan alive, that the Lord he thought to be alive was gone, replace by this horrific creature of the night. The black ape rose up in height, growing exponentially in mass, using the Ki of the ‘moon’ it watched to grow like a plant. Gahey stumbled back, fear gripping his aged heart, arms swayed away in thought of whether to run or not.

Then Gosan gave his roar; it echoed out over the stone city like an amphitheater with an opera. It was so deafening, Gahey’s family burst from the palace to see the beast, they quickly grasped dear father, pleading for him to run. He did not budge.

At last Gosan looked down to him. Gahey saw into the red eyes, he became afraid, wondering if the beast would grab a hold of him and swallow him up as a meal. It opened its mouth and...

“This, Gahey, is what the tail is for,” Gosan bellowed in a roaring voice.

Behind Gahey, who had been wincing in wait for the pain, his wife and daughters fainted. Gahey ceased his shivering, listening to his friend speak with wonderment and extremely blunt implications. Yet all Gahey could say was, “You...you can speak.”

“Yes, I can. I can also fight with superior strength, as you can imagine. But the most frightening thing I can do is transform into higher stages of this.”

“Higher...” Gahey echoed, he couldn’t believe it.

But before he knew it the ground was shaking and with a roar, Gosan, staring into the ball, transformed into a bigger and harrier Golden Ape! Gahey was amazed/frightened. How adrenaline flowed so freely in his veins, “Only two other Saiyans have ever done this,” Gosan announced, reaching into his memories to see the past.

“What have you done?”

“I have taken the energy, and found a more useful method of transformation,”

Looking up again, Gosan gave another roar and transformed yet again. Now he was Silver, larger, more muscular, and seemed more in control. “Get the picture?” he asked Gahey, who stood under the glow of the white light, seeing easily the genius and weakness of his ancestor’s designs.

Gahey in amazement nodded his head and watched Gosan turn back to the ball of light and open his mouth. Instead of a roar, this time, a fierce ball of light burst from his mouth and blew away the ball of light, briefly illuminating the ground, then going dim again. Gosan then gave out a loud grunt and began to shrink. When at last he shrank completely, he stood in regular form, normal looking as any human. Grunting slightly, a new Gi cloaked his pale and ripped skin.

“What is this?”

“This is what a Saiyan and Human normally looks like.”

“So, what about how you came here?”

“That is the hightened version of the warrior race. I don’t know why the scientists incorporated two versions of warrior,” he thought about it for a moment, “Perhaps they knew one was harder to get to than the other, or that if the tail was lost, the Saiyans would need another method, like me,” Gosan concluded.

“Maybe...or maybe they had some big enemies, and some others that were too strong for the ape?” Gahey asked, unable to sense the difference in Gosan from before.

“Yes, being Super Saiyan is better, mostly, but there are those enemies...” he chuckled.

Gosan led him back, using his energy to gently move the family inside again, resting them next to the warm, crackling fire.

Narrator:

Once they were back inside Gosan went to the notes and looked through them. His mind was in Utopia with the knowledge he now had. He knew everything he had came for. He knew now where his race came from and why they were so similar to the Humans. He knew too for what purpose the tail served. He knew also that somehow the experiment must have gone awry: but how?

What drove him, also, was the fact that most Saiyans could not attain enough power to be either Super Saiyan or an advanced Ape. So why design more stages to go through? Perhaps some deep underlying greed for ultimate power drove the Guardian; as if He could control such things, ‘Fool,’ thought Gosan.

He focused again on the files in front of him, looking for something in specific, something he had seen earlier, but passed by it unable to understand the gibberish on the page...

“Yes, here it is!” he shouted in his discovery.

“What’s that?” Gahey asked pointing to the file Gosan was holding in front of him with a triumphant smile on his face.

“This,” he said pointing to the file, then opening it, “is a schematic of a tool designed for a specific use.”

“What tool? What do you mean, how do you know!?” he grabbed the file, unable to believe he had missed that file.

“Calm down and translate it, doc,” Gosan now had a nearly complete idea of what was happening.

Finally, at the end of the file, they found a final, digital picture. Grotesque tool – how much destruction it seemed to wield. Gahey shivered at its sight. The long, metallic barrel held a sphere at one end with several prongs. The other end held a magnifying glass that pointed to a drawn in moon. The apparatus’ base was hooked to a rotating machine. “It looks like a...” Gahey uttered.

“Like a gun!” Gosan said.

“What for? They already were designing a terrible weapon,” Gahey shuddered at the warlike life of his ‘Lord’.

“The gun would take in the moon’s rays and pump them into a Siayan at the other end. These brute rays would make the ‘controlled’ warrior so powerful, he could annihilate entire planets with one wave of his hand,” Gosan himself knew the destructive force he wielded, and that the subject would wield.

“Do you think they ever built it?”

“I’d guess they did,” Gosan figured

“Well, where could it be, it isn’t below us or on Vegeta, you think?” Gahey was the pupil now.

“No, I’d say that the government would keep an expensive toy like that hidden nearby. In fact, I’d say it’s probably here,” he guessed, pointing to the map they had looked at earlier.

“Yes, that would be one place to hide it. I wonder what else is there,” Gahey looked around.

“Well, what is missing?” Gosan and Gahey eyed each other, the answer unknown to them both; there was one thing that neither of them had seen so far, or even heard of in any myths, legends, or secret government files.

For a few more hours, Gahey stared at the files while Gosan went to the forest to collect bountiful food for them all. Upon arriving back, he cooked a meal for the wife and her daughters, who now looked at him with fearful eyes: they had not forgotten the terror of the night. Still, Gosan soothed them with his gentile energy and calm movements.

“Hey, look at this!” Gahey shouted, interrupting the long silence that had befallen on them all; Gosan approached, leaving the family to eat, “These files are labeled on the back according to a system,” he pointed to a specific set of files.

“All say project 724926 and then are followed by a serial number,” he spoke as if he had made an amazing discovery.

“And?”

“Well, the serial numbers all appear to be dates.”

“AND?” Gosan repeated in his tired, hungry state.

“Well, the last in ancient writing I have ends at 324 PAE. The newer writing didn’t start until after the observed founding of New Nirosune, 12 NNE...”

“NNE?” Gosan interrupted.

“New Nirosunian Era.”

“Oh,” he was losing his interest, “sounds like the dark ages was 336 years long.”

“Well, yes, but that’s not my point. They actually went back and rewrote what did happen, in modern language though,” he was losing Gosan.

“My point is that the new files are all present, in increments of six years each, except one.”

“Really?” Gosan was visibly tired.

“The file missing is from 312-318 PAE. The one after it talks about famine and the Great Fallout’s beginnings, and the lost project. In other words, the missing file fills in the gap between the gun, and the famine.”

Gosan was wide awake now, “Where is that other file?”

“Well, we don’t have it and neither does our government,” he supposed.

“I’ll bet it’s in that mountain! I’ll bet, in fact, it’s with the gun and maybe other things too.”

“Maybe.”

“Wait, take a look at that newest file, what are all the new ones about and what does it say?”

“Well, the new ones on the project have seemed to not be about the experiment, but instead like a search.”

“A search for the mountain?”

“No, they already know where that is. Something else, what would they be looking for though?” Gahey asked rhetorically.

“Maybe for my planet.”

“Yeah!” he exclaimed, “Yeah, that makes sense, they could be looking for your planet to get back to the experiment. But, wait, that doesn’t make sense. Why would they not be able to get there anyhow?”

“Only one way to find out, I have to go get that file!” declared Gosan in a new determination.

Crystal Desert of Nirosune

Narrator:

Gosan first went to the forest and gathered supplies for his journey, he had no idea what he was looking for, and since the picture he had of the gun wasn’t real, he couldn’t rely on it. After he had plenty of water and food for a couple day’s trip, and some extra for Gahey’s family, he pressed Gahey for what he knew about the Crystal Desert.

The Crystal Desert was 65 degrees Celsius in the daytime because of the reflective properties of the crystals, and negative 14 degrees at night for the same reason. From the legends told by bounty-men, rapid and random storms swept across its surface, turning comrades and property alike into crystals right where they stood.

It sounded so surreal to Gosan, he had never heard of such geology. Still, he trusted the word of mouth, preparing for the worst. He did not make the mistake of thinking the Wizard’s planet had proven the worst in the Universe. Instead, he mentally prepared himself.

In the morning, he set out, flying at an unbelievable rate across the planet’s landscape. Through mountain and buildings he burst, unhampered by less important things. He had to hurry, he felt a strange urgency pressing him from somewhere in the continuum of Ki. Still he made up his mind that nothing really did press him so; he hurried on nonetheless. The planet’s topography changed a lot on the way, going from city to plains, to forests, to mountains and oceans. Finally, he saw it, the sudden and serene desert that lay stretched out for kilometers in front of him. Landing on the edge of the plains before the desert, he brought out the map and Gahey’s Messo-compass...

‘Well, looks like a few more hundred kilometers that way,’ he thought looking to the Southeast, ‘and I’ll be there.’

He then put the items away, pulling out some water and looking in front of him. ‘Why and the hell does it turn to crystalline desert all of the sudden?’ he thought. ‘Must be some sort of strange mineral in the water around here.’

He was right, too. The rivers that spanned out across the plains were miracles of chemistry: a mixture of the water and the special minerals found only in Nirosume's mantle. Both now came from the high crystal volcanoes where he was traveling. When the rivers hit the desert, they evaporated in the heat and deposited the crystals on the ground. The storms around then would whip up the newly deposited crystals around the rivers and send them across the basin. The inability to absorb heat made the environment very volatile, getting worse over time as the desert spread.

Gosan, taking a deep breath, formed with his powers a small cloth to cover his mouth and nose from the crystal winds. Then, he stepped onto the slick desert landscape, and began to walk across, afraid to irritate the landscape with the rushing air caused by flying.

But as he went farther and farther, the heat around him began to swell, far beyond that he knew back on the Wizard's planet. To say the least, the heat was unbearable. Soon, to keep his mind off of it, he focused on the purplish crystals below him. There he saw funny and changing reflections of himself, as he also saw that the clear crystal surface lay atop several meters of jewels. The desert had swallowed the ground.

At last, he couldn't bear the heat anymore, and ascended, taking flight across the landscape to receive cool air. 'This is worse, than the Wizard's planet for sure,' he thought about how the reality of the physical environment pounded him.

He looked to the sky to see if he could fly higher away from the desert – no, he could not as the sky whipped violently over him with crystalline clouds. The angry sky deterred his ascension any higher than a hundred meters.

Moving faster, he felt better, until he looked down and saw that his legs were covered with crystals. "Hmph," he breathed out a puff of air, 'Fascinating,' he was moving fast across the desert, yet it seemed to be so long. 'This is taking a lot longer than I expected,' he thought, 'Maybe I should rest,' and he went to land when he saw how his legs were covered in crystals more than before, slowing his progress more.

Normally, such flight would be mere child's play, but a problem occurred. First came with his decision to go across the desert: curiosity became his enemy now as he realized he should he just traversed it by teleportation. Secondly, what he thought was great speed at which he moved was only because he relied on what he saw and felt, and now he realized the desert had played a cruel mind-trick on him.

'There's something about these crystals...'he thought, remembering his days as a policeman, 'Sometimes drugs can skew your thoughts,' he thought again about the crystals, as he landed heavily on the ground. They were so dense and so heavy, he thought they must have been heavier than mercury by far.

Soon, he became dizzy though, he reached into his backpack to get his water and food. Both, too, were covered with crystal: he couldn't reach them through the rubesque blanket. 'Damn mineral, what is going on here, I can't quite concentrate...I've been drugged...' he realized, in his drunken stupor how the travelers became frozen in time here, they were unable to leave or think of ways to leave!

He looked again and saw that the crystals were now several decimeters thick. He stooped to take them off, but as he did the clouds moved and the heat soared around him, causing him to move his hands to block the light that pounded his eyes. Again, he reached to the crystals, 'I've got to go,' he thought. Now, however, he found the obelisk crystals were super hot, like the surface of the planet! 'Damn it, so hot!' he thought, giving a swift kick to each leg and shattered the crystals.

He began to fly again, moving across the surface in a drunken flight, so near the mountains that offered little to him. In the distance, he could see how the sun seemed to advance in accelerated time frame. His mind moved so slow, on his legs already were more and more crystals. He couldn't comprehend anything at all, 'What's...going on here...?' his mind was trying to sleep. Sly death crawled like a sullen fox upon him! Almost instantly when the sun hit the horizon, he felt the temperature began to drop. It dropped so fast that within the minutes the temperature had dropped over 90 degrees.

He was now freezing. Soon, in the frigid cold, his drunken state forced him to crawl across the ground, as if he were reduced to childhood by the extremeness of nature's wrath. He felt as though his bones shattered upon hitting the ground. Looking up, his sagging eyes spotted the mountains: Hope arrested his bosom and he smiled – he felt he could make it.

But, the desert's cruel breath had not blown its last, and off to his right, in the darkness, a cyclone of horrific wind and crystals swept across the desert at him. Slowly, he heard the winds in the distance, he was far too confused to take flight, instead he stopped to face the darkness beyond. He shivered, without much control of Ki he could die, and would have if he had none at all.

Soon, the noise became so unbearably loud that he covered his ears with his hands to shut out the noise. Gosan turned, then just in time to see his undertaker cometh. Moving at a frightening speed, the cyclone enveloped him. Its sharp winds lowered the temperature even farther, while pounding his weak body with tiny shards of crystals. Somehow, he managed to clear his mind enough to plan an escape.

Standing again, Gosan protected his skin from puncture with all his remaining energy and tried to run.

Yet, his body could not budge; by that time, his body was in its coffin. Within seconds the tiny crystals carried in the winds had covered him. They now formed hundreds of tiny, jagged little pyramids over his body. Soon, the winds caused those little pyramids to accumulate until gigantic obelisks encrusted his entire body. He kept his eyes shut while feeling his body mummified in the crystalline tomb. Soon, his back, front, and broadsides were sheltered in complete cover with a crystal covering, rough and hard. He was covered with meters upon meters of thick crystals.

Terrible pain racked his body as for hours he stood there, somehow able to breathe while he felt the drugging effects of the crystals invade his body more...perhaps keeping him alive. Yet he thanked it none, for if it did so, Death would soon come marching over the horizon in its chariot of fire. His drunken mind laughed bitterly, how could he have known?

His mind finally fell to Sleep. There in this new world, dancing visions came tangoing into his eyes; the drug made him see everything around him. Did it mock him? He couldn't tell in that world he occupied.

In it, he walked amongst a pit of fire and heat, without pain or anger. No emotions, indeed, slid into him. Around him mountains towered beyond the sky and galaxies floated like balloons above him. Fiery impetus guided the world, as though cool thoughts hindered it none. Gosan stepped forward, watching how the ground obeyed his wills, bending around him and placing ice there instead for his tender feet. 'Fire and Ice,' he thought, 'What a lovely pair,'

As he walked farther, he at last felt the ground tremble like something else he remembered. From it, then burst the very dragon he had tattooed upon his back. Infinite sage! And then it spoke to him, "There is War, Gosan, in places that you will come to soon enough. In this war, there can be only one victor. You must decide who shall be that victor. In the final battle you will prove your valor, and then you will become the Eternal Guardian," and the dragon vanished.

Suddenly, Gosan's mind awoke. He knew he still remained inside the crystal. 'Bothersome, drug! You can't keep me here! You can't have me, cruel planet, I have a War to find!' he gave an inward grunt and focused all his energy. From outside, the crystal started to glow bright, 'The sun!' he knew he had to leave. "DAI KAI-O KEN" he yelled out in sudden and world-shattering fury.

Lifting his hands into the air, he pushed aside the impurities around him. The force of that blast not only accomplished this, but cracked the very crystal-laden ground his feet rested upon. Long splits jutted out away from him like streamers from a firework's explosion. The air around him grew hot with his mind-boggling energy while the environment wept at his fury. He shunned its infinite offer, to marry his soul to the planet, and then he spited it more with his furious wrath. The flow of air swept around him like some mad, torrential beast. His body glowed brighter than the very sun above those clouds that parted over him. Yet his anger subsided none with his brilliance and liberation.

He pulled in more energy, flexing his body, and powered up to SS11. His mind raged with spirit and determination while his hair shimmered in striking contrast to the violet crystalline surface. His veins swelled as if to burst: as does the levee after the spring rain seizes the Amazon Basin. Quickly, he burned away the drug inside him entirely, grasping more and more his control of Ki with his freedom. "HYAAAAAAA!!" he shouted out, swirling around him a malevolent aura that tore at the landscape, raking it with claws of rich and illustrious power.

Thus reawakened and rejuvenated by Purpose, Gosan turned his attention to the mountains. The sun raised aside of him, yet its simple rays only glanced off his countenance; he was untouchable. At last, he ripped space open again like a wild raptor, and leapt through, arriving later at the mountain range: the victim of his wrath.

Hecatomb in the Crystal Mountain

Narrator:

Gosan, no man to bow to another, or another force by that measure, did not hesitate to blast away the first mountain he came to. The planet shook in terror, quivering like a scared criminal. He searched the mountains, Ki as his guide, and blasted those he deemed useless. There was no life on those desolate mesas and peaks, so he felt no pity for the dead giants.

Each blast created huge dust clouds. It seemed that the sun withdrew behind its veil as he worked, ashamed of its earlier insolence. Endlessly, and tirelessly he worked, pounding the planet with his meaningful and precise attacks, leveling an entire mountain range with his blasts.

When he had destroyed all those mountains, and at last reached the tail of the range, he saw below a wide gap in the mountain's side, and now tired from his hours' labor, de

descended to it. The purple mountain rang with his footfall, and hard as cast iron it stood; last, and first, of its kind. He entered without hesitation, his feelings confirming his hopes...

As he walked, glowing in his celestial aura like an angel of light, he thought about the dragon's words. He tried to understand what War he spoke of? The image of the Counsel in that portal came to mind, 'Could my people be at war with someone...or each other?' he thought when at last he passed the entrance tunnel and came to an open area.

His eyes widened with the sight revealed by his light: a casket lay stretched out, adorned in lavish decorations and extravagant inscriptions and hieroglyphs. Jewels of far off planets and gold from Earth itself lined the sides of the rich coffin. He could only guess its attendant, 'Could it be?' he moved closer.

Even through the excessive heat and cold, and such violent temperaments that this harsh environment offered, the coffin had remained intact and easily comprehensible. It was that of Rim-ha-sham, no doubt about it came to mind. Still, he irked, leaning forward. Wouldn't it be strange...?

Anxious, he grabbed a hold of the side ridges and lifted. "Nothing!" he gasped; how could this be?

'They must have had an entire funeral service, lavish and everything, yet no body had ever occupied the casket,' he thought. Yet, as the light from his aura shone into that box, his eye did catch sight of one thing: the missing file. They had placed it here sometime ago, never believing it possible that anyone would find it. How wrong they were.

With that he covered the tomb again and thought about Gahey's friendly energy, transporting quickly back to the throne room of the missing dead guardian's former home.

Revelations

Narrator:

Gosan arrived back in the next moment to see Gahey and his family sitting together reading the files of the newer age. The daughters got up and ran to greet him. They had obviously suffered from worry about his life. He too was grateful to see them.

Gahey rose from his spot, shaking Gosan's hand: he saw that Gosan had returned victorious as well as healthy. Gahey's wife even seemed a bit relieved, perhaps fearful of their family's fate and the meaning of his absence.

Soon the family relieved him, and while his wife brought Gosan food, Gahey listened to him tell his latest tales, clues to the truth unraveling fast...

"The tomb was empty," Gosan spoke to Gahey as the two daughters fetched him some water, innocent and joyous smiles covered their youthful faces.

"What?" Gahey almost couldn't believe him, "You mean that his body went away completely?"

"There in the mountains truly laid the casket of Rim-ha-sham. It was undoubtedly his, trust in that, but it was devoid of remains. From what I could see, it never had a body in it," he leaned forward to whisper those blasphemies to Gahey, "All I found was this," he said handing Gahey the file.

“The government! Damn them!” he cursed their treacherous lies as he took the file from Gosan and stood to go find his journal.

It took him only minutes to translate the file in whole; it amazed Gosan how fast his mind could work. Then, when he had finished, he turned back to Gosan, “This is a very gruesome history Gosan. It will explain all to you, are you ready?”

“I have seen worse things than anything you could tell me now,” he had indeed.

“Alright, I’ll relate it to you. According to this, they finished the gun about 4 years after the plans were started on. You were correct, according to this, in believing that the idea was to create a warrior under his control that was beyond the power of any being in the Universe; a perfect warrior. After years of the experiment, they had their test subjects programmed and ready for war.

“So, they went to Vegeta and collected the most brute Saiyan, took him back through the pod transport (which, by the way, was the invention of the dragon) and took him to the gun. All of the military’s elite was present for the secret experiment, including the ‘General’ and ‘Lord’ which I presume to be Rim-ha-sham. They placed the Saiyan in the chair in front of the gun and raised it out into the sunlight.

“Using the gun they pumped ‘energy’ into his body. The experiment went just as you demonstrated to me outside. Once he became the Great Beast of that size, they tried to command him, but he was very angry and difficult to control. So they grabbed a hold of the tail, which happens to be a weak point, and tried to strong-arm him. In his anger he reached down and grabbed up the Lord and smashed him to the ground, then ate him whole. Hence the dragon balls were gone and because no one knew how to create them...well...you know how my people suffered because of His arrogance.

“Afterwards, the uncontrollable ‘prototype’ completely blasted away the army and the gun! According to the file, he shrunk down and they took him back to Vegeta to execute with the rest of the race. But, through some sort of revolt, they eliminated the military and possibly the other race inhabiting the planet. Their palace was abandoned and the whole incident was covered up,” Gahey finished the gruesome tale.

“I suppose they eventually formed New Nirosune,” Gosan surmised, “Well, it is obvious that they eventually relearned the language. They haven’t changed their ways, either. I saw, while I was in that military complex, them torturing another victim, still cataloguing other aliens. It is time for your people to know the truth, and for you to lead them in revolution. I will help you, besides, I have a score to settle.”

“A revolution!? You can’t be serious. I mean, you are the only person who can fight them, you are our chosen savior, I know it!”

“You are wrong, Gahey, I am not. The chosen leader must take people from the darkness to the light, and only an educated person can do so. I don’t know how you will do it, but you must. As for me,” he lowered his eyes and voice, Gahey’s wife listening in on them, “the dragon that has always beckoned me warned me again of War, and I fear for my own people. I have felt, lately, that something is askew in the Universe, and now I will help you and leave.”

Gahey came to understand Gosan’s words; he was not their savior at all: his path lay farther beyond Nirosune’s rebirth. “I thank you for your help, Gosan,” he placed his hand on the back of the warrior, who had unknowingly reverted to regular form while speaking.

“Gather your family, we leave tonight,” Gosan ordered, looking again to the throne sitting in front of him.

Thrice now the call to becoming a great king came to his ears, and thrice now he shunned it. It would be the last time.

Genocide and Revenge

Narrator:

That night, they gathered everything and everyone into one small area. Gosan stretched out his hand to Gahey’s shoulder, and the other to the cabinet. Gahey held firm one daughter in one hand, and his wife in the other, as did his wife likewise. With confirmation from Gahey, Gosan brought an image of New Nirosune into sight, and they disappeared.

But upon arrival, what they saw was not the shimmering night-lights of a city, but the burning flames of a hell. What terror shook Gosan’s breast! He sensed no more life, only screaming and dead souls while the blaze crackled in the silent night. He had been too careless to know of the disaster, and too foolish to know of its designer...

“What?” Gosan’s face drooped at the amazing spectacle.

Gahey’s wife screamed out in disbelief, while her daughters stood, frightened by the strange reaction of hers and the lack of recognition to home. Gahey himself, fell to his knees, unable to believe his own eyes. Tears welled up in them as he grasped the grass upon the hill they rested on. “Gosan...what happened?” he asked as though the mighty hero could know such an answer to so horrific a question.

Gosan, too, remained dumbfounded, disbelieving. He would have moved to stop the flames, yet his senses felt no survivors and shock restrained his reflexes. ‘Why? I...I don’t understand. Could the government have...? No! They wouldn’t,’ he struggled to reason with reality.

Gosan left them there on the gentle hill while he went and searched the dying city. As he flew inward towards the military complex, he felt a dark power grow stronger. ‘the evil of genocide sways my senses,’ he hid his power.

When he got closer to the complex, he could see thousands of bodies outside the complex scattered evenly around it, as if slaughtered in one quick sweep. He descended to them and looked around. They all had first been facing the complex, and judging from the ammunition on the ground even been firing at it. But the complex was unaffected by their rounds. Finally, he saw the general lying among the rabble and lifted his head to check for signs of life. There were none. ‘He died a warrior’s death, but I don’t think he ever had a chance. Just death or not, the people could not have done this. This is no revolution, this is Genocide...what in the Hell happened here!?’ he thought, a tear coming to his eyes, he felt partly responsible for the deaths.

Suddenly, as he thought that question, a familiar voice rang into his mind, ‘The War is what happened there Gosan,’ Goku’s voice echoed clearly, Gosan’s head tilted up to the sky: he’d almost forgotten Goku’s voice.

‘Goku!? Goku, tell me what happened here! Tel me what War,’ he pleaded.

‘While you were away, Gosan a war erupted that has engulfed the entire living world,’ Goku revealed the shocking, yet anticipated news.

‘War!? Between whom? Who did this!?’ his blood boiled for revenge.

‘Between the Demons and their world and your world’s people.’

‘The Demons!?’ he thought, remembering the conversation of the two leaders back in the library, ‘You mean another world exists that is full of one race called Demons!?’

‘Yes, and they have risen to wage a war that has not taken place since before a thousand or so Dai Kaioshins past.’

‘Why did you never tell me!?’ he was irritated.

‘I couldn’t find you, and I only did when I sensed your extreme grief, your realization,’ Goku lamented.

‘Why are the demons attacking the living world now?’

‘Because of you and your power Gosan,’ he was harsh.

Feeling defensive and unable to grasp he thought, ‘But, I never attacked their world, what do you mean!?’

‘You may have never done anything, Gosan, but your power has,’ Goku still remained vague.

‘Wha, what?’

‘Gosan, have you not figured such things out, do I have to teach you this lesson?’ he waited for a reply, there was none, ‘If you must know, then I shall teach you again. In the Universe there is always a balance of power. Between good and evil, justice and crime, mind and Ki, this balance is always preserved. It is a rule beyond even my power to bend as Ultimate Guardian. Your extreme rise in power has created a huge surge in the living and undead worlds. Every time you got stronger, the Universe responded with donning more to the Demons. Now, it seems almost all is lost.

‘Enma is finding it hard to even begin separating out the good and evil souls. It is utter chaos. In this attempt to balance out your latest power surge, the Demons have far exceeded the power of your people. Being eternally young, they are difficult to fight and already several worlds have fallen. It was only a matter of time till they found Nirosune. It remains only a matter of time till they find Earth and unleash their fury on it too,’ sorrow filled his words

All at once Gosan began to cry. His feelings of guilt overwhelmed him as he thought about the innocent who lost their lives during his constant search for power. ‘All this time,’ he thought, ‘I’ve been a fool to living out my dreams.’

‘No, Gosan,’ Goku continued, ‘You aren’t a fool, you are following your path. This war came because of you, but it was meant to come already,’ Goku consoled the fallen legend.

‘But it has caused so much pain! Now my friend’s people are all gone...’ he sobbed.

‘Yes, but what can you do now? If you give up, yours and everyone else’s destiny will be dominated by the demon world. Remember our training; remember your battle throughout your life. If you fight strong, you can end their reign of terror.’

‘But how!? I can’t fight the entire Universe. I can’t destroy every demon on every planet!’

‘You, Gosan, must find the way to do it; you are the living world’s only hope, and its only Hero,’ Goku’s voice faded away.

With such copious amounts of guilt, it would have been reasonable for any man to give up. It would be reasonable that such grief would break his soul in two, and that he should end his pursuit there, among the other dead warriors. But Gosan did not. Instead, he

thought about his family, about his friends, and about his promise to his people and he grew steadfast in resolve. If it took him a hundred years he vowed he would end the assault of the Demons.

With this resolution, he flew back towards the hill where Gahey's family was. There he found them still crying there, huddled like lost souls, unable to understand what had happened. They looked to him as he approached, looked to him for hope, but he had none for them; they were the last of the ancient race of Nirusunians.

"Gosan, what did you see!?" Gahey pleaded, half-sobbing.

"Nothing, no one survived this massacre," his head hang low, "Brutal enemy, I'll kill whoever did this!" his anger swelled in his mind, blocking his senses.

He thought nothing now of peace or tranquility. His angry blood poured over the brim like froth from a boiling kettle. How much the world trembled in his ferocity, his desire for revenge grew and grew, till at last he barely felt the approach.

Alarmed as is the rabbit when it beholds the wolf-pack, Gosan turned to face the onslaught: a Ki blast hurilly approaching without warning. He barely had time to save himself such was the ridiculous unpreparedness he feigned. There too, the family saw it, Gahey having paced aside a bit, tears streaming, and his family huddled together meters away from Gosan. Tragedy wafted its foul scent in the air as Gosan turned at last to see that he was too late for them! "Kaboom!"

The powerful blast sent him reeling in bitter defeat. Yet he worried not for himself...quickly he pushed away the force and the flames, eyes open to see...

The hill, now ablaze was minus Gahey's family. Gahey himself lay half burnt, turned over, farther away than before. Gosan's face quivered, his hand reached forward, "Gahey..." he whispered.

Then he turned to the source of the assault. He detected him now in full form, the terrible creature of the night. His body floated in the air above, armed crossed in sinister and gauntly fashion. His pinkish skin contrasted immensely with the blue outfit he donned. His pointy ears were accompanied by two short, stubby horns while his eyes glowed a sinister yellow. Only his features impressed Gosan, though. "You! You did this to these people, you killed my friends!" he accused correctly.

The Demon did not answer, accursed creature of damned people. "Insolent fool! You will die with or without words, why not explain yourself to me before my wrath overcomes my senses!?" Gosan's anger surged beyond comprehension of the apathetic beast.

Finally, the Demon spoke in plain language, "Ha! I am surprised you survived that blast at all, and now you make idle threats! Idiot, who do you think you are!?"

"I am the one who will avenge these people you so unjustly slaughtered..." Gosan retorted.

"Wrong again: I did not slaughter them unjustly, do you know what intentions these people hid from your eyes!?"

"Yes..." Gosan answered, yet the creature continued, descending to face Gosan.

"I came here to simply give a message, and these people seized me as though I could be their prisoner. I laughed inwardly at the thought, and decided to play their silly game. Then they tried their own evil works on me, torture. I escaped their grasp and told them the final message; they laughed, the fools. I hated their repugnant stupidity, this religious

foolery and lack of anything of worth to my people. So, I killed them, and no remorse troubles my brow,” he ended his short tale.

“I don’t care much about your reasons for killing the government, or the people, but that family was my friend. Now, you’ll pay dearly for your extreme lack of control...with your life,” Gosan began to power up.

The Demon, at first only chuckling, felt stirred then by the sudden change in the conditions around him. He saw the earth below him crack and the winds he felt swirl. His eyes widened with disbelief as he beheld at last the mighty roar of the Super Saiyan, he recognized him all too late, “No, it can’t be...You, you’re supposed to be dead,” he recalled the media he had seen on Vegeta, his former battles showing him something of Gosan’s past.

“So you know a bit about me, eh? Now let me show you what you’ve been missing,” and saying thus he released a final fury that ripped the soul at its seams.

His aura erupted like a impetuous cyclone, torrential power smacking the Demon. The pathetic creature shook terribly with fear, and at last took flight from Gosan’s wrath, heading to his ship to send this news to his masters. But, he would get no farther than a hundred meters.

Raising his hands up in front of him, Gosan formed that famous triangle, and used his powers to focus in on the fleeing Demon like a riflescope. His grunted lower face then sagged with his disdainful frown, “Tri-beam HA!” the beacon of light sprang forth as does light from cloud-cover. The sky above turned orange till it matched the flames below while his hands glowed angelic white. Within milliseconds, the body of the demon exploded in midair.

Gosan, turned away from that sight, clouds of fleshy smoke hanging in the air, and strolled over to Gahey’s body. He saw father over the flaming crater on the hill, with the lifeless body parts of Gahey’s family. Opened wounds cry more bitterly.

He stooped to his motionless friend, tears welling in his eyes. He lifted the alien’s body into his arms, “I am so sorry, Gahey,” he felt the chill of death in his own heart. Tragedy had struck the benevolent man again; his poor soul betrothed with Agony.

A teardrop descended like the rain then, and struck the forehead of his friend, and suddenly, Gosan felt the flicker of life. Ki smiled on Gahey at that moment, when Gosan desired nothing more but life from the friend.

Quickly, the surprised Gosan moved his hand to the being’s chest, then pumped energy to him. After a moment more, breath was inhaled by Gahey, and at last he opened his eyes to see Gosan, who sat him up, a grim smile on his face.

“Gosan...wha...what happened?” he was confused.

Gosan’s eyes fell to the ground. “I was so angry at myself, and at the person who did all of this, I failed to see his attack. And, um,” he teared up again, “I failed to protect them,” his voice choked up.

Gahey looked to his left, standing, and then walking over to the crater. His eyes quivered with depression, jewels crystallizing in those sockets like the richest caves and mines of Moria. He fell to his knees affront the ashes and dust. Those flames had since burnt themselves dead. “NO!” he cried out into the air, Gosan’s face turned to the ground.

Gosan finally stood and walked to the poor, sobbing alien. As he approached, Gahey turned, his angry eyes full of senseless hatred. He flung out his fist to the hero, who let it strike him in the face: unaffected as expected. “Why!? Why did not let me die here with

them!?” Why did you bring me back to the bitterest of homecomings?” he shouted out to the venerable Saiyan.

“Ki smiled upon you, Gahey, and I felt moved by its generosity,”

“Its *generosity!*? You idiot! What generosity? I have nothing now, not even people who hate me...”

“Calm down and listen to me, Gahey,” Gosan spoke, his eyes and mind clear, his voice reclaimed, “There is yet a way to get all this back, and more. You can have all your family back, all your people, and all your people’s glory. You can bring back the greatness of this planet again,” Gosan spoke the truth, and Gahey’s eyes looked to his friend with wonder.

“How? How can this be true?”

“On my home planet of Earth, where the squalid conditions of War have not yet wrecked its splendor, and the Demons have not yet come to attack, there is a guardian. This guardian is my friend and the Earth’s trustee. He has his own dragon, like that once here on Nirosune, and it can make these things and more true if you wish it.

“Take me there, Gosan, take me!” he pleaded with all his heart.

“I am afraid I cannot just take you there. I have a war to fight now, and people to protect. I have a promise to obey. But, I will take you to Namek, set you up with a ship, and send you on your way,” he promised.

“But what about the dragonballs?” Gahey had not forgotten.

“You will one day go find the wondrous Korin’s Tower by my friends’ guidance, and you will struggle greatly to climb it. Once there, you will be given the tools to make your dreams reality.

“But come now, we leave this place of forsaken memories, and make way to a place of endless beauty. Do you trust me?” Gosan reached out his right hand to Gahey.

Gahey saw his hand, then looked the hero in those deep, silver eyes. He firmly grasped his hand, shaking, “That I do, Gosan, that I do,” Gosan and he stared, allegiance formed, and bonds grown stronger.

They vanished, finally, leaving the charred past of Nirosune behind them, but only for a time.

Narrator:

So ended the trip of Gosan to the planet of Nirosune. Once a thriving planet of billions, greed mixed stupidly with technology proved to be its downfall. The ruins of New Nirosune will forever tell the tale of destruction and bitter and unhonorable death. The only hope of the last survivor of the race now lies with the great hero Gosan.

Now they travel to another part of the galaxy, besieged by war for three months. A small army of the Demon prince now constantly bombarded this once proud planet paradise.

Almost all other planets had fallen to massive destruction, their races enslaved by the Demons. The only planet not completely fallen in the alliance was Vegeta, whose proud fighter-elites struggled endlessly to fight of the hordes of Demons.

As for the prince, he shared an alliance, too, with several other Demon nobilities. Each leader took on separate galaxies, promising not to wage war with each other. Of course, the Demon prince, who was the strongest and proudest of them all, had a mind to take over all of them after he won his own very coveted galaxy.

Little did the prince know, however, that coming to its defense was the great hero Gosan who would fight valiantly to the end and beyond, if need be, to protect the galaxy. Little did Gosan know was that the Demon champion had magnificent powers of magic and other strange abilities that would prove very hard to thwart.

Although no one in terms of power matched Gosan, he was but one man facing an army of people that were spread out over a distance seemingly unbounded. Yet he didn't care for any excuses to lose, only the reasons not to...