

Saga 6:
Ascension

Hall of the Champion

Narrator:

Such sweet thoughts of home pervaded Gosan's mind, and so which one should he choose to remember? That which came most sweetly into thought first was of that wondrous garden that he and Goku had strolled together in so long ago, or so it seemed long ago. So, quickly as Gosan came, did he and Gahey then leave the war-ridden planet of Nirosune and arrive gently on Namek only a moment passed.

Upon arriving, Gosan nearly fell into desperate sobbing at the sight he beheld. The great city itself stood half-destroyed, the landscape ravaged by war and battle, and the air smelt of rotting flesh and burning trees. In the distance he could see plainly the marching legions of demons as they ravaged and plundered the paradise lands. What terrible atrocities they both saw.

Gahey, too, appeared ready to cry, the bitterness of the sight only further reminded him of his own losses. Truly this was a dangerous and terrible time for the galaxy. Gosan saw those legions, saw how much devastation had already been caused, and doubt began to overshadow his hopes. Could he save the Universe, not just his own galaxy but also fifteen others?

Gosan saw too, to the far East - he could feel their pain - how the demons enslaved and punished the peaceful Namekians. They made them toil in the fields, harvesting the mighty soils and snatching up the wondrous fruits that adorned the planet. It felt to him as if the entire planet screamed out in misery and woe. His heart tore to shreds at the wale of life, an innocent child abused by demons.

Gosan finally gained enough composure to see plainly his desired course of action. He took Gahey to the hidden basement of the palace, hiding him there for protection. Inside, Gosan turned on the power to the dim room, and left Gahey then with some water and food. The two friends had reached an understanding by that time: Gosan would fight the war, and Gahey would wait in earnest for the return of the hero...

Gosan vanished from the room thereafter, arriving above, where no Demons stood. He felt no fear of them, and instead intended to incur his wrath upon them. Therefore, he left the palace as he had long ago come, the front door, and rose his consciousness to seek a Demon out.

Still concentrating, Gosan walked down the palace stoop into the square, where he awaited his detection by a Demon guard or someone he could extract information from. Finally, his opportunity came as a band of Demons came flying over him, heading to the palace. They saw him down there, a Saiyan on the wrong planet and thus descended to attack him.

They landed, arguably in the same foolish position that he had seen before back on Earth when Frost's guards came to him. All around him they stood, unknowing his immense and brave power. They smiled and laughed endlessly upon seeing him. They stood like tree trunks around him. He, however, was not amused with their chicanery.

“I have come back to the seat of my peaceful empire, upon word that you conquerors have done the unthinkable, and all you fools can do is laugh stupidly?” they continued to chuckle and kid with each other, “Now I see the destruction and slavery you wrought on these poor people, and it angers me...Tell me! Where is your prince!?” Gosan spoke, staring straight out into the distance, not eyeing a one of the hideous Demons.

They all burst more into laughter. This first must be known: that they understood clearly his language, the product of gifted military schools, and they understood also his heritage. Yet they didn't know the Truth about him at all.

Finally, the one spoke who had adorned on his body Saiyan armor, Namekian technology, and other rich items Gosan recognized, “You came to the wrong planet, Saiyan! I don't know how you got this far into space, but this is your last stand,” the ignorant brute josted with empty and dull words.

Gosan's eyes quickly turned to the right, and they sent a hot and straight beam through the foolish Demon's forehead: he fell like tree too. “If none of you insolent and uncaring Demons speak up now,” he allowed no time for grief, “I will give you all a more unpleasant death than that,” Gosan still did not move a muscle.

The Demons grunted, surprised by such a strange sight. They, the children of Dragulon, who long ago conquered all the other races of the unliving, stood affront of the greatest warrior in history, still unseeing their errors. One of them leapt forward, “You'll pay for that, Saiy...” he spoke, though interrupted by Gosan's quick action.

Gosan's arm raised up to point his finger at the doomed speaker and he fired a Ki beam that punched a hole through the Demon's chest: the Demon exhaled smoke as he tumbled to the ground, eyes whitening like fog.

“If I am not clear about what I say, then tell me. Otherwise, speak up or die. Where is your prince?” Gosan's strength and speech baffled them all.

Stepping back in disbelief, one by one each began to take flight, till all four were fleeing like flies from the open Venus-mouth. Quickly, Gosan seized one with his energy, pulling him to the ground. The Demon turned to Gosan, still standing still, his eyes filled with terror. “Don't worry, you'll live a bit longer than your friends,” Gosan spoke direly. The demon turned his face back to the traitors, only he then saw them all explode more violently than they had fled and left him. Now he cowered like a dog below the master.

“Please, please don't kill me...I'll tell you anything,” he grasped Gosan by his knees.

“Tell me the past and I may leave you the future. But the prospect looks dim, my friend,” Gosan dealt him the Truth.

“I...I'm new, just fresh from our world, come by Prince Darbura's orders. He...he's on Vegeta trying to squash your people, while he left us here to strip the planet of resources to send back home,” he quivered, his voice trembled.

“Where are the Namekians?” Gosan commanded to know.

“Those that are left alive are slaves or in the rebel forces to the south. But soon the prince will return and they will all be killed by him.”

“How many of you are here?” Gosan now stared into the wiggling eyes of the Demon.

“I don't know, maybe ten thousand.”

“Ten thousand...are they all warriors?” Gosan would still kill them all.

“Yes, all of us here serve the regular infantry,” the foot soldier shook.

“I see. When is your Prince expected back?” Gosan asked; his power surged.

“I don't know, maybe two days,” he lied.

Ki told Gosan that the Demon lied, he could imagine why. "Tomorrow, I'll bet," he smiled, "Yes, that's what you meant to say, isn't it? Tomorrow I'll meet him and take care of that,"

"So, are you going to let me go?" the youth still trembled.

Gosan did not answer the liar. Instead he raised his right hand from his side, he didn't look down to the soldier. Soon, Gosan's palm covered the Demon's vision; he knew his impending doom. In the next second, heat of a thousand-degree fire incinerated his body, leaving a pungent smell in the air. Gosan did not smile or smell the victory, instead he walked back inside his home, thinking to himself, 'I will wait for the Prince to return before waging my war. There is no point in fighting the entire army, it may only cause suffering of these people.'

As he entered, he sealed off the palace doors with his thoughts and energy. The few guards that remained inside, he destroyed indiscriminately, and then released Gahey from the basement. While Gahey grew impatient to leave for Earth, Gosan remained atop the palace's up most tower, watching quietly the arrival of the Prince, who by common bond, could sense the enemy on Namek also.

By nightfall, the Demons had by the many taken to attacking at Gosan from as close as he let them be. But they never harmed the palace or Gosan in their futile attacks. By morning, they had ceased the assault and their travel. Gosan could hear then in the distance the roaring engines and fire blazing upon the entering ship.

Gosan's eyes opened from meditation as he watched the comet burn the clouds away and crash amazingly into the landing pads in the distance.

Out of the pod, half a kilometer away, stepped a Demon unlike any he had previously seen. The creature dressed lavishly with many metals and beautiful cloths about his body. He, in fact, also stood taller and more muscular than the other Demons; a noble figure for sure.

Thinking about it, Gosan realized that he remarkably resembled one of the forms taken by the Hell-spawn many years before. Yet his countenance seemed all the more noble. Yet most of all, his eyes really struck Gosan: they were clever, deceiving eyes, that pierced your mind like twin nails.

The Demon, standing next to his pod, turned his head about, till at last his sight landed on Gosan's hovering form. His eyes closed more as the two met face to face at last. The prince, besides sensing Gosan from afar, had heard about the old emperor on Vegeta. When he had finally crushed the last Saiyan standing, the president's loyal bodyguard, he heard the dying monkey utter out something about the King returning soon to save them all. He spat on the filthy Saiyan before he crushed his skull, laughing with the general over their victory. He had seen, too, the photo of the great Saiyan, but not contemplated he would return so soon. Now he watched as Gosan stood from his spot began drifting like a quiet cloud toward him.

'I'll take that insolent glower from his face,' Gosan thought. The prince watched, angered by the moving nuisance, when he saw how Gosan ripped space-time and leapt through the new hole. Suddenly, Gosan hovered front of him. The Demon grunted, while Gosan smiled: his fist went out gingerly and pounded the unprotected Demon in the face.

Upon impact Prince Darbura was sent bolting into the pod, straight through the hull and into the steel wall behind the port. The metals sung in their extreme vibrations. Quicker

than they could breath, Gosan decapitated all the guards on top of the spaceport, leaving them suddenly both alone.

Again he smiled, standing above the ruffled prince. Then, Gosan formed a protective bubble around them both. The Demons had renewed their interest in Gosan now, yet they could get no closer than Gosan allowed.

Gosan, seeing his fallen enemy coming nigh, spoke to the prince with disgust and outright demand. "You made a mistake by coming here, Prince Darubra. You have made war with my people, enslaved my nations, desecrated my world, and then still you dare to face me with such harrowing eyes? You will rise now and face me, foolish leader of the Demons," he used his power to lift the bloodied prince up.

The prince stumbled a bit till he finally controlled his legs, then turned to reveal his bloody and mangled jaw. Gosan grinned and spoke again, "You are finished already, and I haven't yet begun. Your reign of genocide and your war is ending here with me taking back my kingdom!" Gosan shouted at the dizzied, yet coming-to prince.

Suddenly, the prince started to quiver, and Gosan stood watching as the prince began to concentrate his power. Right in front of Gosan, the revived prince's body reformed his jaw. Gosan stood unamused as the prince stood fully, as though all had formerly been an act. He again eyed Gosan with those uncanny eyes. "You thought you had me?" he felt clever, "Yes, I was surprised indeed, to hear how one lowly Saiyan had taken back my palace from my own guards. I just came from Vegeta, you know, where the Saiyans now lay wasted, writhing in their own cold blood from the brutal war I finished with them. So I was disappointed and unbelieving the report I heard from here that I had not, in fact, killed the last one yet.

"Now it appears true that The Saiyan that started it all has come back from his long journey away. Are you not He?" The Demon asked Gosan at last; he was clever.

Gosan nodded in reply, the two muscular warriors stood on that platform facing each other. And though the prince felt sly in his observation, he failed to see that Gosan had not revealed his true self.

"I see. So now you expect that you should come back and take all this from me again, and send us Demons back to the hell we inhabit? You live so selfishly?"

Gosan nodded again; his deep eyes perplexed the prince.

"Ha! You are perhaps more myth than truth. You are wasting your time," he shifted his speech, "coming back here and challenging me. You'd have better luck in the depths of space!"

"As for your taunts, they earn you no mercy or fame, so feed them to your children when I send your Family packing to Hell. As for my past, it concerns you not a bit, and it matters not to this situation: you will leave now, or I'll place pain so deeply into your body that you would wish for the life of a slave."

"Ha!" he smiled, his cunning face shown only grim desires, "You? One Saiyan? I am not so easily frightened, puny man, that I would leave this endeavor for your words. I plan to leave this place a desert, dry and barren from my plunder. And there's nothing you can do about that!" the prince spoke with such confidence: idle threats.

"I know one thing for sure, prince of Demons. You are no match for me, though you believe my power as common as a Saiyan's. In fact, I am far beyond your scope, for I can destroy your armies as easily as I may whistle on a bright sunny day," he was sowing his trap.

“You must be joking,” the prince chuckled, “You expect me to believe that lie?”

“Bring them then, since you’ve no belief, to Flushon to face me. Or let me impress upon you the dire situation you find yourself in.”

“What idiocy! I know you may think your power beyond mine, and beyond my army’s, but I can tell from my own judgment it is not. You may have several magic tricks, but I’ll unleash upon you more pain than you can imagine. Not to mention elite and powerful warriors from the greatest schools of military.”

“It is your choice,” Gosan remained pushy, “I will fight either you alone, where you would die a most dishonorable death, or I’ll fight your entire army to satisfy my hatred for your ways. If you choose the latter and I prove it to be in my own favor, you would still have time to escape,” he lied (he could find this guy no matter where he went).

“I don’t need to escape from you,” the prince lied.

“I know that that punch hurt,” he reminded the prince of only moments before, “...don’t be a fool,” Gosan assured the prince of further hardships.

Around them, the bubble of protection thwarted all of the Demons’ attempts to pervade their conversation. The sky still smelt of thick smoke, wrapping its tentacles around the throat of life. In the fields below, countless Namekians had stopped their slavery to watch on, wondering if maybe their Lord had come back for them.

“Hm,” Darbura grunted in disbelief, “You are a brash, confident one. But if you are so strong, why would you waste time to fight the long battle if you can really kill me?”

“Although my actions may seem alike to yours tomorrow on the battlefield, I am not of the same vile origins. I don’t want to waste my life seeking out your filthy race, thus I want to eradicate your assault all at once!” he said outright and with unwavering confidence.

“HA!” he burst with laughter, “I see...well then I will give you your death-wish. In fact, I’ll make a sport of the situation! You see this actually amuses me quite a bit,” he lied about his level of fear, “for I don’t really care if you kill my army. I’ve already crushed this galaxy, and I can destroy you whenever I want,” he failed to see Gosan’s strength.

“I can sense, you must know now, if any of them are in the city and not on the battlefield. You must have them all present for battle or I’ll come for you first!” he wanted assurances.

“They’ll all be there, I wouldn’t lie about that. I am actually quite interested in the outcome of this little challenge,” he added at last.

Gosan then turned away from him, “Tomorrow, all must be present in the fields by noon, or I come for you faster than before,” with those sure words, he vanished, arriving back at the palace very little passage of time.

The prince smiled, as his servants ran to his aid, released by the bubble’s power. Still he kept his eye on Gosan, who resumed his position. Then at last, the confident, prideful prince turned to leave and make the preparations.

Prelude

Narrator:

The strong prince spent the rest of that day, and night preparing his army for the next day’s battle. He set up, meanwhile, a place to watch the event at the spaceport where he could escape to his pod if he had to...he was nervous.

Having done this, Darbura proceeded to give the orders to his people. To pass it down as not cowardice on his part he whooped it up as a contest to see who could kill the infidel. The first one to do so would become his financial advisor and right hand helper, a true prize to the race that adored him so much. Gladly all captains entered their platoons into the contest, unaware of the slaughter they should receive. Their confidence was far beyond rational levels. Gosan was adorned with many names, each taunted and run through the mud in insulting fashions.

Indeed, the battle was publicized even in the farthest reaches of the Universe to other lords in other galaxies: "The Infidel vs. Prince Darbura's Army".

At the same time, Gosan spent his time discussing with Gahey the future. He was not afraid of the coming battle one bit, and in fact did not feel the need to prepare himself at all. Instead, he comforted Gahey with his plans for the war and his subsequent victory...

Gosan watched the prince disappear into the building as he sat there. All around him, insolent pests launched energy attacks upon his palace, unable to harm it the slightest bit. 'This will be far easier than I could have imagined...I still have to be on guard,' he thought, grinning. At last, Gosan turned his attention to one of the Demons. Using his powers, Gosan pulled him inward till he could reach out and grasp his silly, blue outfit. The Demon jolted in fear. He understood too late Gosan's strength. But Gosan was not out for cheap thrills, and instead brought the Demon inside the protected palace to serve him like a slave.

Descending into the basement, Gosan freed Gahey, letting him know they were safe from now on. Gosan then ordered the Demon to bring them a meal as they both sat down at a table to eat.

Gahey's face had not changed since before, and the darkness of the night barely reflected accurately what troubled his mind. "Gosan," he spoke, acquiring his friend's attention at once, "about your promise: when shall I go to Earth?"

Gosan stared at Gahey, planning his words. He had begun to understand more and more about Gahey every minute, and now he would explain the future a little more. "The truth is, Gahey, I cannot take you to Earth myself, and so you have to travel by ship," he had said so before.

"But you still haven't told me why, or when," Gahey asserted; Gosan leaned sideways, placing his head on his hand.

Gosan's black, spiky hair sharply contrasted the form he had first come to know Gahey in. "I suppose, then you deserve a proper explanation. Any person who has gone through as much as you have deserves that.

"I cannot go to Earth, my friend, because the pain I endured there is more than I care or wish to bear. On that lovely jewel of a planet, my wife and son reside; he is now grown to a man, and he has come to love another father. It seems ridiculous, I know, that though I may see any star in the sky and fight even the greatest of guardians with ease, I fear that planet so much.

"But I cannot explain why this is so. I only know that when on the Wizard's Planet only a short time past, I saw them both in a portal that offered me solace from my solitude. Yet my heart was broken as is yours. I could not travel home from that place of sorrow without what I came for.

“I suppose, that it doesn’t seem right for me to have traveled on such a lengthy path, when all along I could have been a happy man. I could have, when I restored the life of my wife, remained on Earth with my son and my love, and my extensive powers, and my friendships.

“But I could not, I could not stay there because something inside drove me on. That drive, the dream that occupies my soul and mind every day – the very dream that caused me to have this tattoo attached to my flesh,” he pointed to his back, “ – caused me to lose my wife and my son in the end.

“I could have remained too, in moderate happiness, on this planet here. This jewel of the Universe where peace reigned as did I would provide a happy home for any Emperor’s remaining days, till I died and entered Heaven with a hero’s welcome. Yet, I could not do that either, even when I was told my people would need me soon by the Dai Kioushin himself. I was again driven by the thought that knowing the origins of myself could help me find what the dream meant.

“I came close, many times, on that planet of hell beyond Hell, to ending it all. To quitting what I had started like Life was some board game I controlled! Yet I remained alive and driven still. My core burned hotter than the plasmas of White Dwarf stars.

“At last I came to learn of your planet. I learned how all that had kept me from it was myself – my own fear of knowing myself. You don’t know what horrors I planted in my mind, how I blinded myself from the Universe, invented terrific environments and creatures, hid my power from my own mind! You can’t imagine how hard it was to see those faces, those lovely faces, and those sad, helpless faces, of people I had come to know, and turn on them, following my own path because I knew I could not have both!” a tear formed in his eye.

“And then I came to your planet, Gahey, your world. I came to the land of my people’s creation and found many things. I found hatred, fear, love, and friendship. Most of all, I found the Truth. That which I had searched for my whole life, that which I had fought to find even in the Crystal Desert that tried one last time to keep me from it by polluting my mind with lies, now I held in my grasp. I held it like some great thing, some golden trophy that had inscribed on it myself.

“But no sooner did I have grip on that Truth then I learned it had been for nothing, that I had failed even what I thought I had achieved. I returned with you to your people, as if the world was suddenly anew. As if my dream meant I was to be your Lord that would guide your people back to greatness! As if it even meant that what I now believed true mattered!

“Instead I learned your people had been slaughtered,” his voice trembled, “I learned that my surge in strength had caused the Demons to go beyond the threshold of formidable strength and led them to attack the Living World. I learned that I still had no control, true control, of Ki, and thus my follies became your tragedies. I failed even my friend who had helped me, blindly believed in me, and followed me,” tears streamed from his eyes on recollection of those girls’ lifeless limbs.

“But you can change all of that! You can take me to your home and make the wish to reverse things to the way they were before!” Gahey had the idea brought up, foolish and benevolent friend.

“No,” Gosan cleared the liquid from his eyes, “No Gahey, I cannot. I realize the words you speak seem true, yet they are not. The future has been determined now, my mind set it long ago, and only now I come to realize it.

“I will avenge your loss, my loss, these people’s losses in a bloody and horrific battle. I will destroy the Demons once and for all, and then I will finish what I started by earning my valor. I will combat in battle more ferociously than ever before, and I will set the Universe aright. I have skewed the worlds long enough, my friend, and I will soon rectify that which I begot,” he foretold like a true prophet.

“But what about me?” Gahey still sat confused, “Why does it have to be this way?”

“You, my friend, will travel to Earth in a space ship once you are safe from Demon attack. Ki itself will guide you - believe me. The reason for that is the same that satisfies the second question. But you’ll know soon enough,” Gosan’s vagueness was infamous.

“But what will happen to me? I cannot find the Dragonballs alone,” Gahey seemed desperate.

“You will find them alone in physical body, but not in mind. You will first be led, as was I long ago, to the tower of Earth’s Guardian. There he will give you assistance to find the Dragonballs. It will be a long, treacherous journey for you, I guarantee. But your will and love for your family and home will deliver you.

“When you have them all, and they are small enough to carry with you all seven, you can then summon the ancient dragon Shenlong by calling his name, invoking him to come and grant you three wishes.

“You will then ask him for whatever your heart desires, but beware that words matter and choose that which you ask wisely. He will grant anything within his creator’s power, and so you may ask of many great things, including the lives of all those destroyed by Demons,” the mystical power of Shenlong was revealed at last to Gahey, who now knew, but feared his future.

At last the Demon-slave brought them the food, and they ate there, in silence. While Gahey mulled over his food and future, Gosan did so over his past. He knew enough of the future for a lifetime. Now he only desired to remember the past. He could sense it: the end was coming for him: the time to attain that which plagued him so long. He did not doubt himself now. At last he desired to speak with Goku.

‘Goku, are you there?’ he thought, sending his message across the dimensions.

‘Yes, Gosan, I am here,’ Goku answered.

‘I trust you have been listening, but spare me your thoughts. I wish instead to know other things,’ Gosan thought, as Gahey stared at him, eyes drooping like the winter moon.

‘What would wish to know, Gosan?’ Goku was not cheery.

‘First, how is Earth? Is my family still fine? What of Mikinko, is he still the Guardian?’

‘Why, Gosan, when you never spoke to me in many years, do you now call upon my powers to ask things to which you already know the answers?’

‘I see,’ he had wasted his time

‘Now, what did you really call for?’ Goku was still powerful: he had taken his job very seriously.

‘I wanted to know, old friend, what you all were doing? You weren’t, perhaps, thinking of joining the war?’

‘We hadn’t joined in for a reason, Gosan: you should know this. We knew you were alive, as you weren’t dead. We also know that you are the one to defeat the Demons

anyhow. But still you shun to ask me what you really desire to know. Come, come, what is on your mind?’

‘Well, I was thinking about Prince Darbura’s power. I know he is weak and almost evenly matched with his lords. But what should happen if I destroy the lords, and his entire army, but not him?’

‘Well, Gosan, that seems a bad idea to do, because then there would be no way to stop him. He would gain all the immense and sacred power of his people due to the Lords’ deaths and then he would be possibly equal to even your death. You see, many things go into balancing out the Universe, not just Living World vs. Nonliving.

‘The truth is that he also occupies the evil section, and you the good. But you eliminated all the other main evils of the Universe by sending them to oblivion. Now many good powers remain and so few evil ones do. Since Heaven and the Guardians with it are slightly over the power of Hell now, you remain all that is left that can balance the great weight of the Demons, understand? You must defeat them at all costs, and then they will all be in Hell to still balance you out. It is a dangerous game you play though, that is certain,’ Goku finished.

‘Thank you Goku,’ Gosan knew now all he needed to know, ‘One last thing, great hero of heroes, do not ever come to my aid and never allow any of the others to come either. I will handle things, alone. Can you do this?’ he wanted another promise.

‘I gave my word before, and it still stands. Though I have no idea what you intend by your words, I trust in you as I did long ago in that chamber. I promise, Gosan, that you alone shall carry the burden of Justice,’

‘Thank you Goku,’ Gosan ended the call.

“What are you doing?” Gahey finally asked; Gosan had been staring into the ceiling, smiling slightly.

“Just remembering days gone by, and speaking with old souls,” Gosan reassured him, smiling a bit at his joke.

“I see,” they continued to eat.

Narrator:

At last they finished, and walked together about the palace, Gosan recounting the story of how he first came to Vegeta, showing Gahey the past in new shades of glory (it had been in shades of gloom). Gahey and he spoke of many things, when at last he developed the nerve to ask Gosan another question...

“Gosan,” Gahey addressed him as they strolled beside the beautiful art on the walls; they always reminded Gosan of the shogun castle’s walls, “How did your wife die?”

The question was a painful one to bring up, but Gosan felt no irritation to it. They seemed good enough friends that Gahey deserved to know that much. Gosan had seen the death of Gahey’s wife, and now he wished to share with him similar tragedies.

“Once upon a time, when I was merely a human,” he joked, “I lived with her in a simple life, far more pleasant than this one. Yet even then I could not escape my childhood dreams. One night, some men broke into my home and took her from me. They had been paid by another to do this, and I spent many sad years searching for her. You see, my luck was that I had killed the informant that knew where I should go to find her.

“After many months of agony, I happened into a martial arts master. This was no ordinary man: he showed me the truth about Ki and also the past about some of myself. I suppose it was about that time I developed the obsession with knowing who the Saiyans were, and who I was.

“Once I found Ki, my world grew like an interstellar explosion and soon I found this enemy. He was, far weaker than Darbura, but he was frightening to me then. Still, something made sure I was ready for him.

“First, I came across one of his men, who told me the truth: I was too late to save her, and I was too weak anyhow. At last I burst in my anger, turning to this,” Gosan flashed up SS, letting his golden hair flutter in the aura, “I killed him and continued on.

“But I was not enough for the being, Frost, who had come for vengeance against the last Saiyan, me. His father had justly suffered at the hands of my ancestors, and he had suffered unjustly because of that. I suppose, though, his blood was as evil as his father’s and so it burned in him to have revenge.

“He captured, me, healed me, and then ravaged me in terrible battle. I should have died if he had not told me another terrible truth: that my wife had been pregnant with my son. And he tortured me with my love for the thing not there. I again burst,” Gosan flashed up to SS2, “into this, and eventually I was able to defeat him.”

“Wow, that’s a terrible story. But you got to wish her back?” Gahey was curious.

“Yes, as will you,” he did not wish to retell all his adventures, “Trust in me, Gahey, you will. As for now, the sun rises in the East and battle calls to me,” as did the Sirens to Odysseus.

“Please, Gosan, let us change it all back, let us make it right. Don’t place yourself against all those vicious creatures: it won’t change the past!” Gahey pleaded a last time.

“No, friend, the time has come. You remain hidden, safe from explosions. While I shall test my skill against the wicked, wretched souls,” he finished; they now stood in the throne room.

Gahey was no happy with the answer, but he could change the mind of that great Dragon-Warrior, and so conceded finally to go into the basement of the palace.

Having hidden his friend from all danger, except one, Gosan walked forward to the front doors. He stepped outside, smelled the death in the air, and smiled. Then he pulled hard on the short yolk of his servant. The plotting and evil Demon crashed heavily into the stone wall aside the door, thus crumbling it from the inside, yet not going through. Now Gosan had eliminated all threats to Gahey, and so happily transported to Flushon Plains.

The Battle of Flushon Plains

Narrator:

Gosan arrived, as he had so many places before, quite speedily on the great, vast plains of Flushon. These plains, though smaller than before the dragon made the wish true, still seemed to stretch beyond imagination. Though most the planet still lay covered with ocean, this large continent where the people had lived held many great beauties of incomparable fertility.

Once there, Gosan meditated while watching the sun rise before him. His body flowed with more energy than before as he trained it to make natural the recycling method of using Ki. In the distance, he could see a cloud of dust arising with the sun. He did not

pay it attention, though, only kept his mind on his goal.

Already he knew the outcome of the battle, only now he struggled to make brave his actions. He had destroyed armies before, but he did not see them as people, only beasts that, in fact, turned out to be of his own creation. But now, the people to die were real, their deaths really painful and really depressing. Yet he could spare them no mercy, for they had given none. It would be prove to be the bitter taste of unwanted necessity.

Soon they approached, the many infantry in their proud formation, and saw him above. At last he found them all there, and he sensed but only one Demon soul in the city. The Namekian slaves now were locked up in shackles, waiting their slaughter after the battle. They had heard Gosan was back, and hoped for his power to aid them. Yet still many only wished for the end to all the suffering: he would bring it, dear people.

Finally, the Demon regiments halted their movement, and Gosan descended before them, they were far fewer than the millions he had slain on the Wizard's Planet. They would prove no match at all for him...

The prince now sat in the spaceport office, watching the battlefield with a satellite camera while outside his pod awaited his quick escape. He laughed then at the camera's picture of Gosan, thinking he the victor already and Gosan the fool.

Gahey, too, watched the battle on one of the sets in the palace. His face more grim than any before: he feared the outcome might be unpleasant. Though he was wrong, he could not help it because his life had become accustomed to such atrocities and woes that death brings.

In the heavens, Goku and others watched in meditation, their great powers focused only on observation; still, only Goku could travel quickly to Flushon to help Gosan. Yet, he also remained loyal and trusting, for he did not fear a negative outcome.

'They are all here,' Gosan thought after he had searched the city for signs of betrayal.

"Although my blood boils over the brim for vengeance, I am not uncivilized as you Demons. Hence I offer now a last retreat, for those who feel remorse or fear right now can leave, and I will not pursue your death. But I warn you that if you stay, you will receive no mercy, and none of you will live to see another day," he addressed them with a loud, clear voice.

The various captains roared in laughter, as did their soldiers, and at last Gosan came to understand that none of them would leave: he summoned his strength. They too, began to bring forth their evil, immense powers. The many elite warriors at the front stood dressed in wondrous outfits, their shirts removed and their body covered with weaponry. The soldiers began their approach, running with increasing velocity. Their front soldiers closing the gap of a quarter kilometer like speedy racing cars, all converging with swords in hand on the central point that was Son Gosan.

It seems so redundant to describe it like before, but the action of describing can barely fathom the truth about how it was to see this admirable hero at work. If only we describe it once, we should miss how great it is. So instead we will once again try to put to words that wonderful picture, in hopes that this time, we may cover how it would be to see it completely.

At first he only yelled, his voice reverberating across the plains, penetrating the beating hearts of wicked warriors. Soon, the common yellow flares flew up around his body in a circular manner, like a cyclone's angry core had swallowed him. The ground, too, began

to shake violently, causing the army itself to slow, and then stop. Of all the Saiyans they had crushed, of all the armies across the Universe, no one soldier had shown them such strange powers as this one. One after another the elite tried to get closer to the glowing jewel of the morning, twin brother to the risen sun. Yet none succeeded in approaching closely to the great veteran of ancient warfare. They were all tossed aside – cast down like low dogs. Finally Gosan's tilted body released that last chord, and his hair burned the sky, going golden and scraping the air as he pummeled the planet till he stood Super Saiyan.

At last they saw their master before them, and the prince in his home shook with confusion. Gosan, the legend cometh, prepared his assault. His Gi, fluttered in the cyclical winds as did his hair, and beneath the shirt his blazoned emblem burned his back. The army now crowded around him, the elite and everyone pushing towards him: whether for murder or curiosity one could not tell. Yet Gosan remained still, summoning inner strength.

After a few moments of looking into their angry and hateful eyes, Gosan started to power up far beyond his current level. The Demons felt the winds accelerate around them while wild and colorful lightening struck his electrified body. The sound of the terrible power became too much, and the army started to retreat. Yet no longer was that an option, and Gosan now held them in their places...he controlled their Ki and their destiny.

The sight they witnessed then, especially those few hundred elite who stood close to him most, was absolutely fantastic to behold. In truth, there was nothing like it ever seen in history of the Saiyan race (something that Gosan had made a common occurrence). Flexing his boy, his power, his mind, Gosan began to perform each dazzling transformation, one at a time. Each time he rocked their hearts, and the hearts of those who watched: Demon lords, Darbura, Gahey, Goku too. The massive flux of inner strength, mind control came out as never before. He revealed then the intention of the Nirosunian scientists...the absolute perfection of the Saiyan warrior.

They cowered in fear. Some fell to their knees to behold such a dazzling sight, the sight of godlike supremacy. Gahey still remained somewhat convinced that Gosan was the resurrection, loving fool of a friend, and Darbura sat unbelieving what he saw: shimmering silvers and purples and various hues of crimson-red.

Then he surpassed even his former level of power, reaching farther beyond the limit he had last attained: his hair turned black again, drooping as low as his tattoo. Then it flew up wildly, into a pure-white crown. Finally it dropped from excessive growth, till it hung, at most, to his knees. Though it may seem ridiculous, such extreme lengths served a purpose, and that he knew too. His eyes had not remained the same, either, and now came to reflect a steel hue. They seemed hard as titanium.

Around him the force of his strength was too frightful to bear, yet still none could flee him. Electricity danced freely between fluxing poles on his body, and energy balls from every corner of the planet darted to his gravitational being. He knew how close he was. 'Forgive me, dragons of old, for I earn no valor here, either,' prayed Gosan as he released the summoned, cycling energy at last.

Such eruption cannot be measured with words or numbers. What, must be known is this: the blast was directed so that the heat and flare spread out in concentric conic flames, consuming all those bodies surrounded, yet touching only a kilometer wide stretch of land.

Darbura, and others onlookers alike, were blinded in their seats. Such was the intensity of those light waves that the sets shone them the blazing fury and then exploded each. Darbura, stood, angered in his sudden blindness; he could not stare at the screen, nor could he at any other object in his room. He turned to the window, his blinded eyes fooled his mind, and so thus the light blinded him more. "What is this!?" he could not believe the Truth.

Never had any warrior released his energy in such proliferation and intensity, but with such accuracy that he did not harm the soil below a meter's depth. Needless to say every part of the army, grass, and the soil touched were evaporated in the burning rage.

After only a few seconds, Gosan had exhausted all that energy and Ki and lowered his hovering and quivering body. His eyes remained closed waiting for the light to clear the planet's skies in what would seem like a false supernova to other planets. The air was filled with tons of ashes that scattered in the breezes of the plains and eventually settled, they would yield good crops on happier days.

In Flushon, Darbura scrambled to the space pod. He realized how weak he was, blinded, and that his army was gone as promised: fear overcame him. Cursing, he ran to the wall, finding the door, then jetted as fast as possible to his pod. His blurry eyes could discern it just enough. How comical it was to Gosan, who upon eating a saved Senzu bean from past years (it was bitter) could feel the panic in Prince Darbura's energy. Gosan quickly transferred himself.

At last Darbura made out the entrance of his pod, running fully towards it. When finally he nearly made it, he saw the blurry image of the green dragon appear. He crashed into a wall, and fell over.

It took Darbura a minute or so to fully recover, and when he did at last, he gazed up at the great warrior, who rested on one foot, smiling victoriously. "Where do you think you are going Darbura?" Gosan asked, "I hope you didn't think I would actually let you escape me?" he smirked.

"You!" he almost sobbed, "You tricked me! You aren't a Saiyan, you're a...you're a..."

"I am the bringer of death to those who cannot remain alive," Gosan cut in, "Did you think you could live on, plundering and pillaging people? Did you think the wisest of all, Ki, could not understand your intentions well enough to stop you? I guide Ki as it does me, and thus showed it your horrendousness. Now you will pay the death-price, and I know that Hell awaits you voraciously," he taunted the prince, who sat up, leaning on his hands.

"No! You cannot do this; you cannot stoop to my level. Please, Hero of the Living World, spare me the cruelty given to my brethren. Cold-blooded murder here will ruin your name in more ways than you think. I know the guides that King Enma enforces, and I tell you now that your vengeance will afford you no victory, only bitter life in Hell with me. You do not want to inhabit the same realm as us evil ones. But spare me and I will order my kind back to the demon world, never to return again."

"Once upon a time, you may have persuaded my kind heart, Prince Darbura. But I am hardened by time and my wrath grows stronger with you. What benefit is there to saving your soul now when it cannot be saved at all?"

"If you spare me, your life is favorable to my kind, we will be your inferiors and follow your whims. We will replenish what we have taken with that which we have in abundance in our own lands. You will be no one's fool, I swear by my father's death and

kingdom on it.”

Thus did the prince falsely claim as Truth a promise that should not be expected to uphold. Yet, the final weakness of Gosan was being exploited, and his desire for greater peace outweighed his own future. He felt the need to be the forgiving and to find the easier way out. In his mind he saw two paths that emerged from here. Either, surprisingly, brought to an end the lengthy war by combining the Demon forces in some fashion. But he could not foresee direct outcomes. So his decision came to reflect the great calamity of many heroes: empathy.

“Alright, you will fly to Vegeta now and remove your army. You will call to the other lords to do so too. If they refuse, threaten to take their lands in your own world, and their assets in total. Their greedy prides will send them home, where you can do whatever you want with them. But do not forget your promise, ever!”

“Yes, thank you,” he rose to his feet, “I am your debtor for sure.”

With that he ran to his pod and took off to Vegeta, due to arrive only in a day’s passage of time. It must be known, I think, that once deep in space, the vile being gave another promise, and such he felt more important than the first: canny smile creaked from his demonic lips.

Elation, Deception, Decision

Narrator:

At once Gosan flew to the fields, elated with victory, pushing aside all bad feelings to show the people his great news: they were free! Upon his arrival, so many of those green people shouted out with joy. Their leader had returned at last to save them, and now the demons fled at sight of his awesome power. What joyous smiles burst from the mouths of those pacifistic people who were liberated with one quick swipe of Gosan’s powerful hand.

Thus at last, they entered the city, and though it was in shambles, they fretted little because the miracle that had occurred right before their eyes – all had seen the wondrous light and battle from afar.

So began the night’s celebration while Gosan spoke with the remaining elders and Gahey about the battle. It was a somber night for the people, still, and the celebration could not take away the obvious pang of knowing how great the population of Namek, and indeed of the Universe, had dwindled. But the last survivors still gazed upon Gosan in continuous admiration, unaware how their lord had let the prince himself go...

“Gosan, we all are happy you liberated this planet, but it is only one of many, many more. What will you do now to save the rest? Do you plan to go and defeat the other lords in likewise fashion?” Gahey did not see it probable that all would fall victim to the same attack.

“The truth is, my friends, that I did not kill the prince before he escaped. Instead he begged for his life and I let him go...with the understanding that he must take his people with him,” Gosan revealed; they were shocked.

“You can’t be serious!” the shout stirred the Namekians who had been curiously trying to decipher the situation; they figured it out soon enough, “You are saying you let him go!?”

The leader of the most vile people, the destroyer of my race?" Gahey's blood longed for revenge.

"I let him go with the promise he would take his people away from this dimension, that way I can avoid a lengthy war that will only prolong the dying of people. I cannot go to all the planets, Gahey, and kill all those people," he rationalized.

"But...but what about their debt to us?" his hands pointed to his chest; he had already forgotten the future.

"The prince will forever be my underling, have no misconception about that, Gahey. As for recompense, do not forget your mission on Earth. You will leave tomorrow, now that space is safe to travel,"

"But, how could you make such a decision, so calmly and thought out when you were so overrun with adrenaline? How could you let yourself free him when you would rather send him to Hell?"

"You don't know, friend, the ravage such carnage as I performed today has done to my soul and my mind," his words were sharp, "I have been a warrior for many days now, and I have spilled more blood than any Demon could wish. True it has all been wicked and disgusting blood, but still it tears at my heart, and I found that at last, maybe I could end it. Now I shall keep my promise, because my honor I will not diminish."

"I wish I could say I understand, I am sorry Gosan," Gahey stood and left.

Narrator:

Though it seemed Gosan had failed to convince Gahey of the future, such was not true. For in fact, Gosan guided the old scholar down the wrecked streets to the spaceport. Once there, Gahey found that somehow he had wandered onto the roof, where he found also a pod set up. A Namekian boy stood to the right of the pod, smiling and waving to Gahey to enter it. The old alien at first was weary: he had never been in a space pod. Yet he found that some warm force he could not see or touch compelled him to obey the boy. He entered the pod, after some deliberation, seeing a satellite image of the planet Earth on the screen, and some food to his side.

Finally the old scholar understood what had led him there, he smiled into the distance, waving good-bye to his friend. He realized at that moment that certain powers were to guide him, if he only listened, and now it was his time to listen. The life of a scholar proved to be merely a prequel, a warm-up, for the true life of learning he would soon enjoy.

Without further adieu, the pod, Gahey inside, took off towards the azure planet with new hope for the Universe.

The sun set on that celebration, and soon Gosan watched another it rise up above again, accompanying him in solemn song and dance atop the roof of his palace. He had nearly finished when a great disturbance shook his mind. Below he saw a short, green creature approaching him, frantic eyes bouncing, bouncing, bouncing...

"Emperor!" an elderly Namekian came running to Gosan, speaking in Namekian, "Emperor, our scanners have picked up approaching armies," he shouted to Gosan.

"What!?" he should have known, he had failed to see ahead again; faith can blind the mind more than the eyes.

“Our satellites have picked up massive forces heading our way! We tried to contact Vegeta, but no answer came. We don’t know why yet...” he spoke rapidly.

Yet Gosan now knew quite clearly why there was no reply; he had in his meditation, established a near-perfect connection to Ki, and it foretold to him now the truth: all the forces of the Demons now approached Namek. He could sense them, millions upon millions of souls bent on annihilating him in vengeful and guileful force. Their power remained terrible, their derision unbearable and unmistakable. ‘Damn him! Damn you, Darbura, you have made your last mistake!’ he thought angrily.

“Alright,” he turned to the elder calmly, “order the immediate evacuation of everyone, now!”

“But we don’t have that many pods,” the elder did not offer help.

“Try your hardest, and hurry!” the elder ran fast back to the city, sending telepathic messages to all the Namekians at once.

He almost wept. He couldn’t believe his folly: the ships approached too fast for him to organize an escape, and few would make it off.

‘All these people may die! Damn me. Damn me to Hell!’ he punished himself, crumbling to the ground and pounding it with his fist. Then a voice came again into his head, ‘Giving up already? Still you haven’t learned, have you? Still you don’t know what your dream means, and still you fail to see that this was meant to be,’ Goku spoke reassuringly.

‘Goku!’ he realized, ‘Goku, I have failed again! I have failed the last time, and now all of these people will die!’

‘Yes, this is true, but you have already forgotten that they will be revived. Trust in yourself, Gosan, because no one else can do it for you. You have to be strong, you have to win the battle and earn your valor. If you do not, what does that mean for everyone else? Does it then mean that I mean nothing, that I should not even try to guide Gahey through his path?’

‘They are coming for you, Gosan; the Demons now have had their chance and they must pay the price. Enma awaits them, while they believe they can gain victory. But they shall not as long as you follow the path. No one else can do it. Although my heart is with you, you alone must face the adversary. Like I said, I am the Universe’s guardian, not its warrior nor its hero any longer,’ Goku finished finally.

‘You are right, Goku, what was I thinking? Now I am sure, now I see the image clearly, and discern its meaning truly. Thank you, Goku, for the last time. I no longer need your help,’ he thought, standing up and drying the tears from his eyes.

‘No, thank you, Gosan, for showing me many things I never would have thought possible,’ Goku said his good-bye also, and the two parted.

Outside the mass evacuation had begun and the one day’s celebration had been replaced by a massive spread of panic and fear for life. Gosan walked to the roof’s edge and watched the people below scramble for their pods, families hand in hand and running about in a hurry.

“Go peacefully, my friends, I am sorry you suffer. It will all be over soon,” and he spread a calmer Ki on them, helping them to think clearly.

In the distance, Gosan felt the sixteen distinct, huge powers approach fast. Around the powers was a dense cloud of intense warriors, each talking to friends about the upcoming battle: they didn’t believe their lords.

As for the lords themselves, they approached in one ship, standing side-by-side, summoning ancient powers descendant from Dragulon himself. The fifteen lords remained equal in power, while the prince was far beyond theirs – he inherited the royal blood.

Feeling his vile laugh, Gosan could almost see the traitor standing with the lords in his useless armor. He had betrayed Gosan and lied to his face. ‘Now he will not be the debtor to me. He will be the debtor to Life!’ Gosan saw the last pods escape safely, and guided them away, hiding them from the Demons’ sight. Too, he heard the screams of the remaining Namekians, they cried for love.

Gosan made the last decision for them, and instead of letting them suffer pain, he raised his hand to them and placed each mind in a glass box. The bodies of those remaining fell, lifeless to the ground. ‘Forgive me friends, but this will ease your suffering the most. The dragon will later revive you from sadness, breaking that glass with ease, no doubt,’ he prayed for them, then turned his last attention to the sky – he could hear them speak and growl their obscenities.

The Battle of Namek

Narrator:

Soon the green sky above him began to burn a nasty orange: the clouds evaporating as tiny, balls began to puncture through like steel hail. What started as a few of the meteorites soon turned to hundreds, and thousands, and then millions. Until the entire continent and some ocean had been overshadowed by the cloud of evil pods.

The pods were not all the standard type, either. Some, by his senses descended to the ground with fifty warriors each. Yet all pods fell on fire.

But the fire that swallowed such things compared little to the fire that burned in Gosan’s chest, he powered up for a last battle with the Demons. He cycled the Ki through him, causing it to flow freely like a river until his body vibrated with strength. The Ki came at last to him, questioning him a final time, but once again his kind mind convinced it to trust him, and he compelled it to guide and defend him this one last time...

He stood there watching them all, in amazement at their numbers. They would crash into the ground, creating hard craters that cracked the ground. Then they would emerge, and run towards him, avoiding the oncoming of other pods that landed in falling away position from him: the center protected by strength.

He powered up to SS15, stood in stance, and then awaited their arrival. Eventually, he saw the first of them running towards him, firing high-tech weapons of destruction and yielding weapons of ancient war too. They lunged at him foolishly causing him to begin to fight.

There is much to be said about the skill of that dragon-warrior. The sight of it shook the mind so violently, that not the slightest word could portray accurately how much skill he wielded then. But it should never be denied the right to try, and so we shall.

The warrior’s abilities, his movements, his finesse, could only be seen as perfect to any martial artist. The arms and legs, indeed the entire body right down to his head movements, glided back and forth with utterly fascinating motion. The impetus of his attacks could not be withheld by the strongest of reins.

When he flung out his fists, or open palms, the bodies fell. So it seemed to those Demons who came at him that he killed more of them at once than he threw strikes. All too late did the poor infidels realize his maddening skill.

Thus the sky, still burning in intense fury, watched over that horrific battle, where hordes of Demons came streaming across the forests of crashed pods and burnt craters, only to meet their gruesome, dishonorable death. They had not even the time to say a last rite, or prayer for life: the stroke of the hour-hand moved quickly for them.

Soon, he felt the pang of thrusting his hands through thousands of Demons' bodies, and so felt obliged to grab two wide-bladed swords brought by the enemy, and start slaying. His motion created no haze, no blur, for it was as if no light touched him at all. Truly those poor, brainwashed Demons died without seeing the coming of the hero.

At length he took to holding the blades out and making like an edging machine ran down the line of Demons back and forth, decapitating wildly the unjustified beasts, laying them low with their fathers and forefathers in the depths below.

Soon Gosan's intense mind flamed the enemy too, scalding them with hot air, just prior to his own brutal force. His aura whipped them around like some angry twister, eating the alive and dead bodies alike, incinerating them in midair. O detestable people, if only you had seen your evil ways, He would have spared you a death so valorless!

All the while he pummeled the forces, the pods kept falling through the sky and landing; now on each other they landed because the continent and coasts had filled with their devilish invasion. The environment screamed out for justice, and Gosan could hear the screams grow louder till they ceased. His rage increased all the more. The warriors emerged from them to see the battle raging on and they would spring into immediate action.

But it was not as though Gosan received no help at all. Truthfully just as many as he slayed, friendly fire and crash landings claimed all the same. Thus the warrior would emerge and make haste at the epicenter, and only half of the soon to be dead could make the travel before death awaited them; never had Death's job been so tiresome!

Whole pods of fifty Demons each would often land in his way as he moved along the circular route, and not even the doors would open before he destroyed them all. The number dead was no paltry amount, yet he could not be blamed, so valiant the warrior, only those Lords that brought the misery could be given the terrible fame.

Hours past, and still thousands upon thousands of Demons from across the Universe were entering the atmosphere! Even some came from their own world when learning of the battle, using the ancient Inter-Dimensional technology stolen from the guardians by Dragulon.

Yet he kept slaying them there, as he glided artfully back and forth, up and down. He punished the deserving (and all there were) with ironically their own negative energy. So thoughtlessly he slay, he noticed not even their faces anymore, they were given judgment already upon arrival. For all the Nirosonian foolishness, they had created a perfect war machine without any flaw in murderous capabilities.

Suddenly, and yet he could not notice in his busywork, the raining of the pods ended. Though he flung out at them, wielding swords and frenzied feet, blazing Ki beam from the eyes and mouth, they managed still to remain in the millions. All still traveling to his gravity.

But all at once, he felt Their presence above him, and thus turned his gazing head up high. A space ship, so huge that it was the size of a small moon, filled the burnt sky above him with dark, grim sensations. His arms continued to fight so amazingly, killing as if they were tiny warriors of their own. He saw then, the big gun on the front of the ship, the one used to annihilate whole people with one severe stroke, turn to him and take fire. The plasma-radiated laser blasts, coupled with rail-gun Ki shots, pounded the ground around him, inaccuracy its failure. Finally, he was forced at last to leap back as the blasts hurled to him. In his supreme thought, he anticipated their speed, moving at once diagonally through ripped space-time. The ship could not see his new location fast enough, and in retaliation he fired two Destructo Disks of huge diameters that sliced the ship in three.

The defeated cruiser exploded some as it fell, crashing over dozens of square kilometers of fleeing Demons (not all could fly). Yet the crash was so light, because of the ships engines, that still millions of new warriors could emerge from the pod, in their jets and hovercraft, or flying if they knew how, and come to him, sword in hand and firing energy with the other.

From the wreckage, too, he saw the Lords emerge to the top, above those wicked flames that covered the fuel-ridden landscape. There they began to summon new ultimate amounts of energy, homing their evil intents on the infallible hero, hoping he would fall to their injustice. 'I am burning to much of my energy, even with recycling. I have to end their assault!' he thought as he looked higher, transporting up to the highest water-crystal clouds.

Far below, the world now rested with the weak warriors firing their beams around, thinking they saw him, yet did not. So with some sort of new peace, Gosan began his meditation, over five thousand meters high, clearing at once away the sweat that once flowed over his body. Though it was cold, he did not feel it a bit, and instead found that even with all his attacks, he had been able to calm his mind and speak to the planet's Ki. It listened to him, beckoned him to end the pain. He would fulfill its desires, the poor mother of those kind, eradicated people should suffer no longer.

Curling first into a ball, clenching his fists until blood flowed freely from his palms and down his arms, and allowing his molars to crack under the pressure he gritted on them, he radiated energy from his body, drawing all from the great sun and sorrowful planet he could. Then, he released the position, flexing his body around him, spreading his legs and raising his hands up to space. The air around him swirled violently, moving the clouds around him in circles.

On the ground, the lords prepared to give a final assault to end Gosan. They saw the swirling clouds above, and thus turned their attention upwards. They chanted to the ancestors of the past, prayed to the evil and ancient powers that held them so powerfully atop their kind.

At last Gosan had drawn enough energy from the planet and the sun to form the great ball of light above him. "I call upon you Planet Namek and all those of evil. Give me your power and energy! I call to you Ki, listen to me and only to me, lend me your strength and trust!"

The ball grew, swirling with more velocity every moment more he spoke. Finally he pumped his own energy into it, causing it to turn white as the hair of his that flutter about. The ball was absolutely immense, and below Gosan's hovering, dark silhouette, the

Demon warriors stood transfixed with the glowing ball of light. It illuminated their wicked ways, they felt the pleasant, yet angry energy from it, yet they could not move. When finally, the lords had formed their ball of energy to the utmost power they could, they released it at him, letting the giant, oblong sphere of black energy fly towards him. Gosan eyed the ball of energy with disdain, frowning at it. It flew to him like some bullet, intent on his demise, but instead he merely moved his in front, facing the Genki-Dama towards the planet's surface. The great ball of his collided with theirs and a bright flash ensued.

When the brightness had cleared, leaving the revelation of victory to come thereafter, the Demons could see with terror that their ball had not exploded at all. It had not crashed into him and exploded his body, but instead his had absorbed theirs and the Genki-Dama had expanded even further; angry energy combined with hate made new wrath. Finally, he released the ball of white light. The severe heat of the ball, and from attempting to grapple it had burned his hands. Now he released the destructive force to the people below. "Rest now..." he spoke, watching the ball descend to the planet. Then he left, transporting away to Vegeta to avoid the terrible fate that awaited those Demons.

It fell to Namek with terrible speed; the Lords all fled to the escape ship, only to discover Darbura had already fled. They cursed with disdain the vile and fraudulent traitor, and then turned just in time to see their painless end.

Darbura watched from his pod as he flew off and away, seeing the ball strike the planet and then light release from it and swallow the planet whole. The explosion itself was like no other in the assorted history of planets destructions. It effectively ended the war completely, all the forces of the Demons destroyed in a grotesque ball of dominating light. If only they realized the horrible punishment to befall their people till the end of time.

Kingdom of the Demons

Narrator:

After the explosion, Gosan, still in full form, broke into tears over the ultimate loss of all the lives. Lying on the steps of the great palace, his home, he cried bitterly to have destroyed such a place as Namek. But soon he cleared his eyes, remembering that Goku would guide Gahey to Earth, and all his people, the Saiyans, and destroyed Namekians would be replenished.

At length he went into the palace, now burned halfway from the terrible war that ravaged the planet. All around, the Demons had strewed the bodies of Saiyans, dying honorably in last defense of home. He quietly went to the top of the tower to survey the losses, thinking the whole time about the planet Namek.

Atop that once great tower, Gosan stared into space, so recently he had been across it, eliminating life like it weren't miraculous. Suddenly though, even as he stared into space, he felt a growing uneasiness in the continuum. Distinctly, a sudden onrush of devilish power came from across the worlds to him.

He closed his eyes, to find its location, to find the source of his errors. His eyes opened, it was Darbura! Looking down at his body, he remembered again the concept of balance. What Goku had said was true: Gosan had failed to eliminate all the Demon

forces at once, and now the prince, already the superior, had gone home to claim the power as his own...

Gosan almost collapsed from the feeling of desperation. 'Where can I end it?' and the answer then came to him. A vision in his mind: an unfolding of the widest and longest books. He saw clearly the life he had taken, and he saw clearly the life Ki had wanted for him. He saw, too, more clearly than any other vision, the last chapter coming to him. It seemed blurred...unwritten.

Yet he smiled, and gladly accepted the challenge now presented. He did not fear the opponent any longer. Nor did he fear what he had sensed long ago, the movement to something beyond where he stood now.

Looking to space, Gosan spoke, "I see now, guide of guides. Thank you," and so Gosan transported to the source of the Ki.

Much time must be spent to describe correctly the new place in which Gosan arrived. For this was his first notice: how the world of the Demons looked to those of the Living World.

In truth, what he saw so reminded him of Snake Way, he felt the resurgence of nostalgia, 'I wonder in they ever fixed that path?' his mind fluttered thoughts. Around him, though, the pink sky swirled continuously, lightening crashes darting across its form so uncontrollably. The ground he stood upon, was solely stone and concrete. No vegetation or environment dotted that flat realm he saw before him. Too, around him a vast and modern city expanded to great heights, scraping the sky, yet struck by continual crashes of lightening. But that was off to front.

When he turned about him, he saw in the distance a great, three-sided pyramid of black, the top openings drawn back to expose the center to the swirling sky's axis. Gosan frowned at the sight, where reddened and orangish lights often burst out, to the sky above: he could feel Darbura there.

At last, he ripped space-time once more and traveled to the top quickly, arriving in the center so effortlessly. What he saw then, indeed surprised him. In front, around a tall, stone statue of Dragulon himself, stood Darbura with his hands raised to the air chanting in foreign and demonic tongues.

Finally, Darbura noticed Gosan behind him, and turned to face him again, his cunning eyes facing the hero. Above lightening crashed heavily on the pyramid.

"So, you found me again, Saiyans warrior. You are surprising to the end, that's for sure! Yet I am afraid that this is your end...you should not have come here."

"I have only come to give you what should have been given before: the just punishment for your crimes," Gosan retorted.

"HA! You fool, I am beyond you by far now, and I know this. Do you think I didn't know your strength before? Do you think now I never played you for a fool till you destroyed my enemies totally? Now I've inherited the great power of Dragulon himself!"

"I realize your cunning now, but I shall make right the idiocy I displayed before. You will pay most dearly - more than you can imagine - for all the suffering you caused the Living World, and your own by making war when you knew you could not win it."

"Oh, so you now know? You are a talented warrior, for sure, Son Gosan," his eyes widened to end his attempted slyness, "Yes, I knew long ago, when I visited your realm that you existed. I hid the knowledge, though, and thus convinced my brethren to make

war with our newfound resurgence in power. The fools! They did not realize I cared little for your realm, only what He,” Darbura pointed to Dragulon, “had to offer me. I am his ancestor, and I shall control his supreme power in full.”

“Yes you shall,” Gosan admitted, turning around to take off his Gi top and reveal the dragon that rested on him, “But unfortunately, without knowledge comes regret. You, my enemy for all time, shall regret your ignorance, and scorn your birth, in only moments to come.”

“Ha! I’ll show you ignorance, fool! I’ll show you what made Dragulon himself, the great power of powers!” he yelled out, beginning to concentrate his power.

Gosan did not turn about, only spied the very distant sun above him. He sensed the great expanding growth of Darbura behind him.

The prince, growing to giant size like some new, extreme power bursting in him, thus grunted with his power. His skin turned a dark, crimson red, and his horns themselves grew till they curled at massive length. Soon he resembled some great baron of hell with massive muscles. The lightening merely tickled the God of Demons, who laughed over the puny Gosan with increasing deepness.

Yet Gosan did not turn to face him, merely formed a tiny ball in his hand and flung the white thing into the air. The prince watched the ball go up, then laughed, “You must have lost your mind, fool, if you thought a toy like that could harm me!”

Finally Gosan turned back to him. He began to summon all his powers left in him. He would make sorry that fiend that towered over him, so ignorant of the True dire nature he inhabited.

Gosan then transported backwards, off the pyramid into the open area. The city in the distance focused on the giant Darbura, they hailed him.

Gosan’s hand, still raised in the air, finally squeezed shut, and above them the ball suddenly exploded into a familiar ball reflector. The ball, so brilliantly designed by its creator, then began to pump into Gosan that wondrous, powerful Ki emanating from the distant sun.

Darbura watched him in confusion, casting his eyes up to the ball, then down again, confused to why the Saiyan stared at it so. “What do you think you are doing? You can’t possibly imagine that that little thing could harm me in the least bit!?” his voice rumbled across the open stone.

Suddenly, Darbura’s eyes quivered with this, Gosan began to grow too. His height becoming like that of the prince’s. “What in the Hell!?” Darbura growled.

Soon Gosan stood shorter than the prince, yet vicious and brutal. The prince laughed, “That is quite a trick, but you are still nothing to me!” he stepped off the pyramid’s top, to the stone.

Yet Gosan had not finished his staring and suddenly, with a mighty bellow to the sky, transformed once again. Suddenly, he grew more muscular, vicious, and golden. His face became bluish, and he roared loudly with Ki beam tearing the sky.

“What’s this!?” the prince was baffled; he began to concentrate his power, to quash the radical foe in front of him.

But Gosan grew once again, more stout, and up. His power leapt to exciting heights, closer to the prince’s own. His silver body reflected the pink sky, while his face grew gray.

“You! Take...THIS!” the prince flung the energy he had at Gosan, the ball screamed out terrible wails of phantoms; at the last moment Gosan turned and smacked it away.

Again he roared, and again he grew! He stood taller now, almost to that of the prince. His power surged, yet he remained in control, and calmer than ever before – calm as the steel that laced his fur. His eyes squinted. He shook. Then, he turned to Darbura. “Behold the beginning to the end!” You now face more terror than you could have wished for anyone else,” and having taunted the confused prince, he took stance.

‘I never imagined to do something this horrific again,’ he thought, bringing to memory the ancient technique taught to him by Goku.

Suddenly, behind the giant Demon prince, a slit streamed across the realm. The prince turned to it, peering at the distant and strange crack. “What!?” he growled in anger.

Still Gosan pulled, pushing away fear first, then pulling the crack open. He braced himself. The portal opened wide then, like an expanding emptiness the hole and entrance to the Dead Zone grew. Suddenly the world was being pulled into its great and terror maelstrom of force. Soon too, the hole was wider than the giants who stood there. The force that pulled immeasurable to any senses.

Yet, if it weren’t for Gosan’s distance away, he would have struggled more to stay put than that prince, who merely grunted. Instead, now they stood equal, and the whole Demon’s realm would be in it before they. Stone slabs lifted from the ground, shattered and then fell into the huge hole. Gosan recognized that he must pull harder, and he did.

Eventually, the entire pyramid, heavy as it was, was lifted and slowly swallowed by the great mouth. ‘I still can’t make him budge!’ he thought, ‘It’s like I have the power, but something else...something in me holds me back.’

Behind them, the city was crumbling, Demons fled farther north, struggling to get away. Something, though, perhaps distance, kept them safe. Yet the world was still being swallowed, and the prince had not fallen in. “You’ll destroy yourself,” Darbura grunted, “urgh...before I fall in!” the prince shouted out across the plain.

‘Why can’t I get this; what restrains me?’ Gosan thought.

But, at that most needed moment, a voice came to him...or rather, a whisper from somewhere deep in his mind. It echoed in his deepest recesses of his apish head. “Earn your valor in battle, and you shall be the Eternal Guardian,” it spoke so clearly to him.

‘Yes, yes: I understand now the final chapter of my life. I understand it totally; I discern the way to control Ki completely, and this is needed,’ he had reached new epiphany.

It must be known, that what the hero did soon do thereafter was of his own design, and he needed no help from any other force.

Reaching from within, Gosan at last grasped his last fear and flung it into that void in front of him, sending it away from the Universe to purge it from his system. He defeated all that restrained him completely, and sent to the abyss all that kept him from his valor. Thus doing so, he gave one last roar, rearing back in pure ecstasy and transformed a final time.

The prince winced at the bright spectacle. The ape he saw soon became one sight he could not bear to see, for suddenly the metallic fur that shimmered so beautifully in the light burst into pure, heavenly white, while his face became like night.

The prince did, though, in those last few moments of his animosity, managed to feel the sting of the blast that pummeled him so intensely that he lost consciousness. He felt too,

only later, the terrible sensation of waking up and seeing all around him the Dark, which more than aptly reflected his loneliness and cruel heart.

The blast Gosan did not watch; his eyes transfixed on glorious Revolution and all her splendor. As for the rest of Demon-kind, let's just say that Gosan never planned to harm anyone of them, and none were harmed. The hole of that great abyss, of course closed as quickly as it came, allowing everything to fall in swift motion back to the ground.

Gosan himself, found the end to that great Life he had led. He followed the Path of Saiyan Transformations, till at last he expanded it to infinity, and beyond. His body changed forever into a form not you nor I could detect so easily.

Narrator:

So went the Legend, Warrior, and King, to forever inhabit the realm of the dragons. He became the great Eternal Guardian of the dragon-kind, and more importantly, the ruler of all Truth and energy that binds the Universe still...